

EL GÜERO

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

SALSA MUSIC begins. (Think - La Vida Es Un Carnaval by Celia Cruz)

Establishing shot of a tropical coastline.

The sun slowly makes its way down toward the crystal clear waters of the pacific ocean.

SUPER:
Sayulita, Nayarit, Mexico.

EXT. SAYULITA RESORT - BEACH - DUSK

Some resort guests lounge, while others make their way back to their rooms to prepare for another memorable night of their Mexican vacation.

EXT. SAYULITA RESORT - BEACH BAR - NIGHT

The bar is beautifully lit with cabana lights and tiki torches. A live *SALSA BAND* moves the crowd as they mingle and watch the stunning sunset.

CARLITO (20s), a young bartender, flare bartends as some Guests take pictures and videos of his moves.

Carlito assembles a drink and places it in front of LOGAN JACKSON (30), a good-looking man in boardshorts and tank top who confidently slaps the bartop to the beat of the music.

Logan takes a sip of his drink and excitedly claps his hands.

LOGAN
Holy shit! It's delicious. A round
for the bar, ON ME!

Logan raises his hands and turns, expecting some laughs, but no one pays him any mind. Carlito rolls his eyes.

CARLITO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
It wasn't funny the first time you
said it, asshole.

Logan picks up his drink and bobs to the music as he makes his way through the crowd.

PHIL (50s), a heavy-set man in a Chicago Bears hat, who's seen too much sun today, proudly watches the sunset with his wife and two kids. Logan approaches over their shoulders.

LOGAN

I bet you don't get sunsets like these back home in Chicago, do ya, Phil? Kinda makes you wish you could live here all year round, huh? You know, this reminds me of the time...

Phil and his family roll their eyes and walk away. Unfazed, Logan shrugs his shoulders and continues on.

EXT. SAYULITA RESORT - BEACH - NIGHT

A group of COLLEGE KIDS (20s) party to the techno sounds of their own portable speaker. Logan approaches the group.

LOGAN

Well, alright! Looks like we have some new faces around here. When did you get in?

COLLEGE KID #1

About two hours ago, bro.

Logan smiles and scopes the glassy-eyed group.

LOGAN

Looks like you've put in some work already. Mind if I join?

COLLEGE KID #1

Sure, man. Take a seat.

Logan drops into a lounge chair. He pays close attention to the conversation, anticipating where he can jump in.

LOGAN

(to College Kid #1)

So, where are you guys from?

College Kid #1 continues his conversation with his friends with his back to Logan.

Logan turns to a COLLEGE GIRL who sits next to him. She's mid-conversation with a friend of hers.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

(to College Girl)

How's it going? My name's Logan.

Logan reaches out his hand, but she ignores him. He looks around for an awkward moment before he stands.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 Alright, well, it was nice meeting everyone! I'll see you around.

Everyone ignores Logan as he makes his way along the beach.

A YOUNG COUPLE (30s) cheers their glasses of Champagne as they enjoy the last sliver of sun.

LOGAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I bet you don't have sunsets like these back in Minnesota.

The Couple turns to Logan with a smile.

MAN
 No. We sure don't.

The Couple goes back to romantically enjoying the view.

LOGAN
 Kinda makes you wish you could live here all year round, huh?

The Couple awkwardly smiles and nods. Logan disconcertingly finishes watching the sunset behind them.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 What was that?

MAN
 (annoyed)
 We didn't say anything.

LOGAN
 Right. Well, you two lovebirds, have a good night.

Logan continues on. The Woman looks at the man, confused as if to ask, "who was that?" The Man shrugs his shoulders with the look of "I have no fucking clue."

EXT. SAYULITA RESORT - POOL - NIGHT

Logan saunters past the pool. CESAR (20s), a young-looking, short pool boy, rushes over to Logan and suspiciously hands him a Ziploc bag.

CESAR
Hey, Güero! I got what you asked
for, my friend.

LOGAN
My name's Logan, remember?
(unfolds the baggy to find
only two joints)
This is all I get for fifty bucks?

Cesar rips the bag from Logan's hand and stuffs it into
Logan's pocket as he scans the poolside for witnesses.

KATIE, TRIXIE, and MEGHAN (20s), a group of beautiful bikini
babes, lounge by the pool. They've caught on to the deal
that's going down. They pay closer attention.

CESAR
What do you expect, Güey? That
shit's illegal here in Mexico.

LOGAN
Sure, but--

Cesar rests his hand on Logan's shoulder.

CESAR
Nah! Not if you want the good shit,
my friend.

LOGAN
Alright, well, I rented a car
today, so do you wanna go for a
drive and smoke these bad boys? You
can show me around a little.

CESAR
No mames, Güey. I have four kids at
home. My wife would kill me if I
got busted smoking that shit.

Cesar walks away.

LOGAN
(calls after Cesar)
We don't have to smoke anything. I
can just give you a ride home.

CESAR
I'm good, Güero. My son is on his
way to pick me up.

LOGAN
(to himself)
Jesus. How old are you?

Logan dejectedly makes his way toward the hotel.

KATIE (O.S.)
We'll go for a ride with you.

Logan turns and sees the girls. A smile grows on his face.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Logan cruises down the road with all four windows down. The cool breeze, along with the weed smoke, flows through the car as Katie sits in the passenger seat and sparks a joint.

KATIE
So, let me get this straight. You came to Mexico on vacation by yourself?

Katie passes the joint to Trixie. Trixie smokes it.

LOGAN
That's right!

MEGHAN
You couldn't find *anyone* to come with you?

LOGAN
Well, I wasn't the most popular guy growing up. But hey, isn't vacationing all about making new friends?

Trixie passes Meghan the joint and looks at her like, "yikes." Meghan takes a hit of the joint.

TRIXIE
I always thought it was about getting fucked up *with* your friends.

The girls *LAUGH*. Meghan passes the joint to the front. Logan reaches for it, but Katie steals it and puffs.

LOGAN
I guess you're right. But look at me now! Making besties with three beautiful women.

Logan *LAUGHS* to himself. The girls don't seem too convinced.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Where we headin' anyway?

Katie continues the joint rotation.

KATIE
Just take a left up here and look
for a place called Club Sombra.
There's an epic underground party
happening tonight. We're gonna get
fucked up!

The girls, *CHEER*, and Logan, awkwardly joins in.

LOGAN
I'm so excited. We need to take
lot's of pics. My nana is not gonna
believe this!

The girls look at each other. Meghan passes what's left of
the joint to the front. Logan manages to get his hands on it,
but it's so tiny that he tosses it out the window.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Okay, we're here. Where should I
park?

KATIE
Just drop us off at the front.
You'll see the parking lot if you
keep going way up the road.

Meghan holds in her laughter.

LOGAN
Sounds good.

Katie grabs Logan's last joint from the center console.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Woah. Where are you going with
that?

KATIE
Well, I--

TRIXIE
She's just gonna take it in for
you. Bouncers never check our
purses, and you'll definitely get
patted down.

Logan thinks for a moment.

LOGAN
Good idea! See you inside.

The girls exit the car and giggle as they run for the entrance. Logan continues down the road. All he finds are club after club and no parking lot.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Where the hell is it?

Logan continues driving until it becomes clear that there is no parking lot. He pulls past the last club and finds nothing but the beach.

Logan breathes out a very lonely sigh and rests his head on the steering wheel.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Logan saunters onto the beach. He sits in the sand and gazes out to the moonlit ocean.

LOGAN
(to himself)
What is so wrong with me?

After a moment of gazing, he lays down and stares up at the stars. He slowly closes his eyes and listens to the soothing sounds of the waves *CRASHING* onto the shore.

EXT. JALISCO HIGHWAY - DAY

A high-speed chase flashes by. A TRUCK swerves in and out of traffic trying to lose a BIKER driving a black CROTCH ROCKET.

The Biker is dressed in an all-black leather suit with a black helmet. Strapped to their back is a loaded rocket launcher. They fire off an Uzi at the truck.

The truck passes a "Bienvenido a Sayulita" sign.

EXT. SAYULITA STREET - DAY

The chase continues down a back road.

As the truck turns onto the beach... *BANG! BANG! BANG! POP!*
The Biker shoots out the truck's back tires.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The truck careens around the corner as the Biker opens fire.

Logan stirs from all the commotion.

The Biker stops, drops their spent Uzi clip, and quickly reloads. The truck is too far away to shoot, so they reach for their rocket launcher.

The Biker levels the rocket launcher and fires!

BOOM! Logan springs awake on the beach.

He sees the explosion that sends the truck onto two wheels. It doesn't flip, but it stops it in its tracks.

LOGAN

Holy shit!

Logan jumps to his feet and makes a run for his rental car.

THREE MEN crawl out of the now steaming truck.

One of the men is CRISTOPHER LLANTADA, a.k.a. "CRIS" (30), the leader of a cartel known as LOS AZTECAS. He's a handsome man with a scar across his brow and a hard look in his eyes.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish; to his men)

Get to that car now!

Cris motions toward Logan's rental.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

In a panic, Logan feels around for his keys. He watches as Cris and his two men, MEMO and CHICHARITO, head for the car.

LOGAN

Come on. Come on!

The Biker pulls up to the truck. They look inside and find the truck empty. They track Cris and his men and open fire.

EXT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

BANG! BANG! Chicharito and Memo return fire as Cris pulls Logan out of the car at gunpoint.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Get the fuck out of the car, Güero!

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Cris jumps into the driver's seat and reaches to start the car. He realizes it's a standard transmission and steps out.

EXT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Cris ducks behind the car door and calls out to his men as bullets *WHIZ* around him.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Does either of you know how to
 drive a standard?

BANG! BANG! BANG! Memo and Chicharito fire off a few rounds as they jump into the car's back seat.

MEMO
 No.

CHICHARITO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Me neither, boss.

Cris turns his gun back to Logan, who cowers on the ground.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Güero! Get back in the car, now.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Logan crawls into the driver's seat. Cris jumps in the passenger seat and *SMASHES* out the window.

CRIS
 ¡Maneja! ¡Ya!

LOGAN
 You could have just rolled it down,
 you know. Now I'm gonna lose my
 deposit.

Cris presses his gun to Logan's head.

CRIS

¡Maneja!

LOGAN

I'm assuming that means go? Is everyone buckled up?

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The Biker empties a clip and reaches for a new one.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Logan struggles to get the car started, and Cris panics.

CRIS

¡MANEJA!

In the distance, the Biker reloads and takes aim.

Cris presses the gun even harder to Logan's temple.

CRIS (CONT'D)

¡AHORITA!

Logan manages to fire up the car, throws it into reverse, and stomps on the gas.

EXT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

The car races backward as the Biker speeds toward them.

Like a move out of the Fast and Furious, Logan whips the front end of the vehicle around and, in one smooth motion, throws it into first gear and takes off.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Logan sweats as he scans his surroundings. He passes Club Sombra and notices Katie, Trixie, and Meghan haggardly leaving the club.

EXT. CLUB SOMBRA - DAY

Katie, Trixie, and Meghan watch the commotion.

MEGHAN

Oh, my God! Yay! The loner guy made some friends.

KATIE

And he's not even gonna give us a ride back to the resort? What an asshole.

The Biker chases after Logan and shoots.

EXT. TOURIST SHOP - DAY

The merchandise of this sleepy shop blows in the breeze as the SHOP KEEPER tosses a bucket of water on the front steps.

In the distance, you can hear the *HUMMING* from the car chase along with *GUNSHOTS*.

As the Shop Keeper peeks down the road, Logan's car slides around the corner, with Cris hanging out the window shooting.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Logan's knuckles are white as he grips the steering wheel and the shifter. He throws it into gear. He's scared shitless.

EXT. SAYULITA MAIN STREET - DAY

TOURISTS run and *SCREAM* as LOCALS, nonchalantly, watch the chase with a smile. It's just another day in cartel country.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Adrenaline takes over, and a smile grows on Logan's face as he whips the car around another corner.

Memo, Chicharito, and Cris, hold on tight.

EXT. SAYULITA BRIDGE - DAY

Logan drives over the bridge, and the car catches air.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

SLOW MOTION:

Logan has a maniacal look in his eyes. Cris, Memo, and Chicharito fear for their lives.

END SLOW MOTION.

EXT. SAYULITA BRIDGE - DAY

The Biker does the same but botches the landing and swerves.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Logan's shocked at how well he drives. Meanwhile, Cris stares at him as if he's fucking nuts.

They're coming up to an intersection.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
South! Head south!

Logan fishtails onto the highway.

The Biker slides to a stop at the edge of the intersection just in time to watch a FEDERALE TRUCK drive by.

The Biker punches their handlebars in frustration.

INT. FEDERALE TRUCK - DAY

OFFICER ANTONIO TORRES (30), a strapping young cop with perfect posture and a go-get-'em attitude, drives down the highway. His eyes widen when he sees Logan's rental car.

COMMANDANTE CABRERA (55), a weathered, older cop, weeks away from retirement, is asleep in the passenger seat.

TORRES
¡A LA VERGA! Cabrera, we got a 10-
32.

Torres turns on the lights and pursues Logan. Cabrera *GROANS* and waves off Torres.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Logan swerves through traffic down the highway.

Memo, Chicharito, and Cris *LAUGH*.

Cris looks at Logan, who's still in shock, and *LAUGHS* even harder. Logan joins in but has no idea what's so funny.

Cris sinks in his seat and takes a breath of sweet freedom. He places his hand on Logan's shoulder.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Okay, Güero. Pullover at the next
 exit.

Logan stares at Cris, dumbfounded.

LOGAN
 Huh?

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Pullover.

LOGAN
 I'm sorry. I don't speak Spanish.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish; slowly)
 Pullover!

LOGAN
 (like a tourist)
 Yo no hablo Español.

Cris pulls his gun on Logan again.

CRIS
 Pull the fuck over!

LOGAN
 Jesus! Why didn't you just say so?

MEMO (O.S.)
 (Spanish)
 Umm, boss. We got company.

Cris turns and sees the Federales coming up fast with their
 lights on and *SIREN* blaring. He slumps down in his seat.

CRIS
 Shit, shit, SHIT!
 (to Logan)
 Speed up!

LOGAN
 You're sending mixed signals here.
 Which is it? Pullover or speed up?

Cris glares at Logan.

CRIS
Speed the fuck up!
(looks in the rear-view
mirror)
Why did you have to drive like a
pinche pendejo anyway?!

LOGAN
Me?! You're the one who kidnapped
me and forced me to carpool you and
your boys through a goddam war
zone!

The Federale truck pulls right up behind Logan's rental car.

CRIS
What do we do?

LOGAN
Why are you asking me? You're the
criminals here!

EXT. JALISCO HIGHWAY - DAY

Logan swerves in and out of traffic as Torres stays on him.

The back bumper of Logan's car has a RENTAMEX RENT-A-CAR
sticker on it.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Cris gives Logan the stink eye.

CRIS
¡OYE! We are not fucking
criminales, Güey.

LOGAN
Umm, well, where I'm from, when you
point a gun at someone's head for
any reason whatsoever - that makes
you a criminal.

Cris *GROWLS* and grips his gun.

Logan signals right and slows down.

CRIS
What the fuck do you think you are
doing?

LOGAN

I'm putting a stop to this.

Logan pulls over to the side of the road.

CRIS

Oh no, you are not!

Cris and Logan play tug of war with the steering wheel.

LOGAN

Hell, yes, I am!

Logan pulls the car onto the side of the road.

INT. FEDERALE TRUCK - DAY

Torres watches in awe.

TORRES

Cabrera, I think we got another
junkie on our hands!

Logan's rental car swerves on and off the road.

Cabrera peeks with one eye but continues to pretend to sleep.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Chicharito and Memo look at each other and shake their heads
as Cris and Logan continue to argue.

Cris is fed up and holds his gun to Logan's head.

CRIS

You want to die in Mexico, Güey?!

LOGAN

Yeah, go ahead. Shoot me. Because
you know what will happen? The car
will careen into the ditch and kill
you all.

CRIS

Not if I push your body out of the
moving vehicle first.

LOGAN

Pfft. Good luck. I'll grip this
steering wheel so tight that rigor
mortis will set in instantly. And
you know what will happen then?

(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)
You'll wind up with a murder charge
on your hands. Real smart!

Logan stares at Cris as he slows the car to a stop.

EXT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

The Federale truck skids to a stop behind the car.

Torres is out of the truck with his gun drawn without even a thought. He sidesteps to the front of the car carefully.

INT/EXT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Logan rolls down the window.

LOGAN
Officer, thank God you're here.

Cris, Memo, and Chicharito hide their guns.

Torres takes one look at Logan and lowers his weapon.

TORRES
Oh. I'm sorry, sir.

Torres holsters his gun.

LOGAN
You need to help me.

Torres leans on the car.

TORRES
(chuckles)
You're lost, I see. What resort are
you staying in?

LOGAN
No, you don't understand.

TORRES
Of course I do. It happens all the
time.

Torres leans in and looks at Cris, Memo, and Chicharito. They all avert their eyes. Torres sniffs around.

TORRES (CONT'D)
Who do you have with you? Some
groundskeepers from your hotel?

TORRES (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
 (Spanish)
 Help this man back to the resort.
 And for the love of God, take a
 shower. You're representing all of
 us at these resorts.

MEMO, CHICHARITO, AND CRIS
 Sí, señor.

Torres slaps the roof of the car.

TORRES
 Well, you enjoy the rest of your
 stay here in Mexico.

Torres straightens his posture and proudly marches away.

LOGAN
 But...

Logan looks at Cris, who looks back with a shit-eating grin.

CRIS
 Man, it feels good to see white
 privilege work against one of you
 mother fuckers for once!

Logan hopelessly lowers his head.

EXT. VILLA LLANTADA - DAY

At the back of this large picturesque mansion is a horse pen where three WORKERS watch EMMANUEL LLANTADA (14), a young boy in equestrian riding gear, trot along on an expensive horse.

A tall, handsome, well-dressed Ranchero-type, RICARDO LLANTADA (35), leans against the back of the pen. He's the leader of the nefarious cartel known as LOS CHINGONES.

Ricardo picks at his teeth with a toothpick as he watches his son break in the new horse. There's something eerie about this man. Even the Workers keep their distance.

Ricardo's phone *RINGS*.

RICARDO
 (to Emmanuel)
 ¡Arriba, mi Charrito! ¡ARRIBA!

Ricardo answers the phone.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

Bueno!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DRUG DEN - DAY

FRANCISCO ORTIGUEZ (30s), a mean-looking man with a handlebar mustache and rancho outfit, strolls around the facility.

FRANCISCO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Sir, the shipment is being packaged and will be loaded and ready for tomorrow.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

All of it?

FRANCISCO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

All 150 kilos, sir.

Francisco watches a WORKER bundle up the coke into bricks. Francisco picks up the brick and inspects it. He puts it down and nods at the Worker.

FRANCISCO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

I also received word that Los Aztecas were spotted in Michoacan.

Ricardo walks toward the mansion.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Aztecas? What is Llantada doing in Michoacan?

FRANCISCO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Maybe he's running around with his old flame?

Ricardo enters his mansion and closes the door.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

If that fucking rat is sneaking around, we better play it safe and move to plan B.

FRANCISCO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 On it.

Francisco hangs up just as the Worker stamps the coke with an INSIGNIA of an EAGLE CAPTURING A SNAKE.

Ricardo pockets his phone.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish; to himself)
 What are you up to, little brother?

INT. BARRA JUANITOS - DAY

TWO POLICIAS (40s), in full Michoacan Municipal uniforms, sway at the bar top and slam back shots in this dark, dank bar nestled in the beach town of Playa Azul, Michoacan.

They each do a line of coke off the bar. ROSA (30s), the bartender, nervously takes their empty glasses.

POLICIA #1 (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Give us another mezcal.

ROSA (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 You need to pay first.

POLICIA #2 (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Do you want to go to jail, puta?

POLICIA #1 (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Or would you rather suck our dicks instead?

Both Policias *LAUGH* and grab their crotches.

Policia #2 hobbles behind the bar as Rosa backs away.

He grabs her by the arm and tries to force her to her knees as she cries. He's about to pull out his dick when...

BOOM! The door is kicked in by someone who looks similar to the Biker from the first chase.

They pull off their helmet to reveal MARGARITA NERI (30s), a strong, sexy woman with a glare in her eyes and the posture that tells you she's not to be fucked with.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Put your dicks away, boys.

POLICIA #1 (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Fuck you, Margarita. What are you
 doing here?

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 I'm here to stop the corrupt
 assholes of this country...
 starting with you.

POLICIA #2 (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Oh yeah? What are you going to do?
 You don't have your precious Las
 Adelitas here to help you.

POLICIA #1 (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 This is our town, perra! It's time
 you learned that the hard way.

#1 takes a swing at Margarita. She dodges the punch and
 bounces his face off a table. He's out cold.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish; to #2)
 Michoacan is my territory, and
 while I'm alive, you will respect
 our women.

POLICIA #2 (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 While you're alive?
 (reaches for his gun and
 takes aim)
 We can change that.

Wrong move! Before he can blink, Margarita throws a knife. It
 hits #2 between the eyes. His body falls as Rosa *SCREAMS*.

#1 gains consciousness.

Margarita goes behind the bar and grabs a bottle of mezcal.
 She steps over #2's body and pulls the knife from his skull.
 Margarita grabs #1 and body slams him onto the table.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Any final words before you die?

POLICIA #1
 Fuck you, puta!

Wrong answer! Margarita grips his throat tightly and dumps mezcal into his mouth as he *GURGLES* and chokes.

Margarita's phone *RINGS*. She answers the phone, still gripping #1's throat.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 ¿Si?
 (beat)
 You're sure it was Aztecas?
 (disgruntled)
 And you let them escape?
 (beat)
 ¡A LA VERGA!

She hangs up the phone and empties the bottle of mezcal all over #1. She ignites her zippo lighter and lights the mezcal in #1's mouth on fire.

He spits up fire and mezcal all over himself as the fire gets higher. He drops to the ground and *SCREAMS*.

Margarita tosses money on the bar top and struts out.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

It's eerily quiet as they cruise down the highway. The silence is killing Logan.

LOGAN
 (to Cris)
 So... my name's Logan, but everyone's been calling me El Güero. I'm kinda feelin' it, actually.
 (reflects for a beat)
 No one's ever given me a nickname before.

Cris *CHUCKLES*.

CRIS
 Do you even know what that means?

LOGAN

Not really.

CRIS

It means whitey, white boy, blondie-

LOGAN

Okay, okay... I get the point. I'm white.

CRIS

You are not just white. You are like fucking Casper, the friendly ghost, white.

Chicharito and Memo *LAUGH*.

CHICHARITO

Pinche, Casper!

LOGAN

I don't see how that's such a bad thing. Casper was a fantastic friend. And skincare is super important to your health, okay. This Mexican sun could kill a güero like me.

Cris rolls his eyes and throws his head back in frustration. The car falls silent again for a moment.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

So what's your cartel name?

CRIS

(grows serious)

We are not a fucking cartel! We are a movement known as Los Aztecas. We stand for what is right in this country.

LOGAN

I like it. Strong, yet it has a hint of cultural significance. The Robin hoods of the cartel world! It's cute.

CRIS

Would you shut the fuck up, güey?

LOGAN

You know you don't have to be so rude. You kidnapped me, okay?

Cris shoots Logan a look.

CRIS
Which I'm really starting to
regret.

LOGAN
We're two hours in, and I'm already
underappreciated.

Cris glares at Logan.

CRIS
You are very annoying, do you know
that?

LOGAN
If I'm so annoying, leave. I saved
your life, so the least you could
do is show some manners.

Cris sees an OXXO convenience store up ahead.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Besides I serve no purpose to you,
so cut me loose.

CRIS
Pullover at that Oxxo.

Cris sneakily slides the bullet clip out from his Uzi.

EXT. OXXO - DAY

Logan pulls up outside the Oxxo convenience store.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Logan turns off the vehicle.

LOGAN
Well, gentlemen, my momma raised me
to be kind to everyone and leave no
bridge burned. Despite the
circumstances, it was sort of nice
feeling like one of the guys... but
all good things must end.

Logan extends his hand to Memo and Chicharito; no takers. He
holds it out to Cris, who stares at Logan and smirks.

CRIS
Oh, we are not done with you yet.

LOGAN
Come on!

CRIS
We are hungry. Go get us something
to eat.

LOGAN
Now I gotta buy lunch? No way!

Cris places his Uzi on Logan's lap.

CRIS
You will not be *buying* anything.

Logan looks at the Uzi, then at Cris.

LOGAN
Oh no!

Cris nods his head yes.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
What makes you think I won't pull
it on you, huh?

Logan quickly grabs the gun and points it at Cris.

CRIS
Seriously?

Logan lightly trembles.

LOGAN
Get out of the car. Right now!

Cris stares deadpan at Logan. The silence is broken by the
sound of a shotgun *COCKING*. Logan lowers the Uzi.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Any food allergies in here that I
should know about?

Cris slowly shakes his head no. Logan steps out of the car.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I'm starting to feel like we're not
friends at all.

EXT. OXXO - DAY

Logan saunters toward the entrance and hesitates.

LOGAN
 (to himself)
 What are you doing, man?! This
 isn't right.
 (he paces)
 What if you get caught? It's jail
 time for sure. Mom, Nana, and Aunt
 Deb will be devastated.

Logan reaches for the door handle but stops.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 No. I can't.

Logan turns back toward the car.

He sees Cris shaking his head. Cris points at Logan and makes
 a shooting motion, then imitates Logan dying.

Logan faces the store.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 I suppose Nana would be more
 devastated if I died before she
 did.

He takes a deep breath and storms toward the door. He sees
 his reflection and stops.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 Oops. Almost forgot!

INT. OXXO - DAY

Logan enters and feels around. He has his shirt oddly wrapped
 around his head and peers through the armhole of his sleeve.

A skinny, geeky CLERK (20s) unenthusiastically stands behind
 the counter and counts the change in the cash register.

PEDRO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Hi, welcome to Oxxo. I'm Pedro.

Logan pulls the Uzi from the back of his pants.

LOGAN (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 I am a robbery.

PEDRO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Excuse me?

LOGAN (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 I am a robbery. Give food!

Pedro shakes his head.

PEDRO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 No, no. It's 'this is a robbery,'
 not 'I am a robbery.'

LOGAN (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Oh. Gracias, Pedro. This is a
 robbery!

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Cris jumps in the driver's seat.

MEMO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 What's the plan, boss? Are we gonna
 shoot him and ditch his body in the
 valley?

Cris adjusts the seat.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 No. We're leaving this idiota here.

CHICHARITO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 We're gonna kill him and leave him
 in the parking lot?

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 ¡No! We are not killing anybody.

Cris is able to start the car. He strenuously attempts to get it into reverse. He succeeds. He gently lets the car roll back, and... it stalls.

CRIS (CONT'D)
 ¡Put a madre!

INT. OXXO - DAY

Pedro holds up a plastic bag and points at it.

PEDRO
Bolsa.

LOGAN
(slowly)
Bolsa.

Pedro holds up a hand full of cigarette packs.

PEDRO
Cigarros.

LOGAN
Cigaros.

Pedro shakes his head no. He repeats but accentuates the rolling of his Rs.

PEDRO
Cigarros.

LOGAN
Cigarros.

PEDRO
(applauds)
¡Si!

Logan holds up a bag filled with bottles of booze, money, and chips. Pedro drops in a couple packs of cigarettes.

Cris storms into the store, gun in hand.

CRIS
What the fuck is taking you so long?

Pedro pulls out a shotgun COCKS it, and aims at Cris.

PEDRO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Get down, Güero. It's a Mexican!

PLOW! Pedro shoots at Cris, who luckily jumps out of the way. The door explodes behind him, showering him in glass shards.

Logan jumps in front of Pedro's barrel.

LOGAN
No, no! He's with me.

Pedro motions that he's sorry.

Logan helps Cris off the ground. He dusts the glass off him as he walks him out.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Gracias, Pedro!

Logan runs back and places some cash on the counter.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
For you and your family.

Pedro smiles, pockets the money, and waves goodbye with the smoking shotgun.

PEDRO (SUBTITLE)
Adios, El Güero!
(Spanish; to himself)
What a nice guy.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Logan speeds onto the highway.

Cris inspects his grazed arm.

CRIS
You almost got me fucking killed
back there!

LOGAN
Me? I had everything under control
until you came in. You need to
learn to be patient.

Cris ignores him as Chicharito leans forward.

CHICHARITO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Are you sure we can't kill him and
toss him in the ditch?

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
NO! NO ONE IS KILLING ANYONE!

INT. LAS ADELITAS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Four all-black Crotch Rockets pull into the warehouse and park their bikes. The lights flicker on to reveal the warehouse is filled with weapons and motorcycle parts.

Margarita pulls her helmet off and *SLAMS* it on a counter.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 How in the hell did you let them
 get away?

The other three Bikers pull off their helmets to reveal they too are Mexican hotties who will not hesitate to cut you: BOMBON (30s), RAKEL (20s), and SAMANTHA (30s).

BOMBON (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Lo siento, Margarita. I had them
 until they switched vehicles.

Margarita takes a deep breath.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 It's okay. It's not your fault. I'm
 sorry. I just can't understand what
 that cockroach was doing on our
 turf. If Ricardo finds out that
 Llantada has resurfaced, he'll be
 on the hunt for blood.

Just then, Margarita's phone *RINGS*.

Bombon and Margarita look at each other like, "no way."

Margarita looks at her phone and nods.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RICARDO'S MANSION - NIGHT

This massive, luxurious mansion is warmly lit by the prominent fireplace in the living room. Ricardo sits on a couch by the fire and sips mezcal with his phone in hand.

Emmanuel works on his homework at the kitchen table.

IRAI LLANTADA (30s), an unbelievably beautiful woman with a strong air about her, struts past Ricardo and kisses him. She sits next to her son to help him with his homework.

MARGARITA (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Ricardo.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Margarita. It has been a while.

Margarita slowly steps away from Las Adelitas.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
I was hoping it would be longer.

Ricardo chuckles.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
You still have your sense of humor,
I see.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Cut the shit, Ricardo. Why are you
calling?

Ricardo sips his mezcal.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
A little birdy told me my brother
was seen in Nayarit today. Have you
heard anything about this?

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
I can't say that I have.

Margarita leans on the edge of her motorcycle.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Strange. Because this same birdy
told me it was one of your Las
Adelitas that chased him there.

Margarita thinks for a moment.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Listen, I don't know why he came
through Michoacan either. Your
guess is as good as mine, but your
brother and I haven't spoken in
years.

Ricardo swirls his glass.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 I would hope not, Margarita. Any
 friend of Cris is an enemy of mine.
 Do I make myself clear?

Margarita stares at the ground.

MARGARITA
 Sí.

Ricardo hangs up the phone and stares into the fire.

EXT. LOS AZTECAS COMPOUND - NIGHT

Hidden deep in the jungles of Guerrero, Mexico, is Los Aztecas' hideout. It's a rather big compound occupied by a wooden house, a warehouse, and a small clearing at the back.

Logan's rental car slows to a stop in front of the large fire pit in the middle of the compound.

EXT. WOODEN HOUSE - NIGHT

JULIO CAMACHO (60s), an older, jaded man who's been living in the jungle a little too long, strolls onto the porch.

JULIO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish; re: Logan's car)
 What the hell is this?

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 It's a long story.

Cris passes Julio and enters the house. Julio follows.

INT. WOODEN HOUSE - NIGHT

On the kitchen counter is a bottle of mezcal. Cris grabs a couple glasses, takes a seat at the kitchen table, and pours himself a drink.

JULIO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 And the fucking gringo?

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 I don't want to talk about it!

JULIO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Let me get this straight. I came up with a very simple plan for you, and you fucked it up? You lost one of our trucks but came back with some piece of shit car and a fucking güero?

Cris takes a swig of his mezcal. Julio paces behind Cris like a disappointed father.

JULIO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

Your father is probably rolling over in his grave right now.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

I don't like your tone. Let's not forget who he left in charge, Julio.

Julio stands down. He takes a seat and pours himself a drink.

JULIO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

We're gonna have to try again. We can barely feed ourselves for the rest of the week.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

I'll come up with something.

JULIO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

What do you plan on doing with the güero, huh? He knows where our camp is now. You should have killed him when you had the chance.

Logan stands by the doorway and waves at Julio, who reciprocates with a glare.

Logan leans toward Chicharito.

LOGAN

What does matar mean?

Chicharito does a throat slitting motion.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Kill, kill, kill! Is that how you
 and my father solved all your
 problems? From here on out, let it
 be known, Los Aztecas do not kill
 anyone unless their own life is at
 stake.

Cris looks to Memo, Chicharito, and Julio.

CRIS (CONT'D)
 ¿Comprende?

Memo and Chicharito nod.

JULIO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 What has this güero done that
 warrants his life being spared?

Cris takes a drink.

CRIS
 (sotto)
 He saved our lives.

Logan smiles as he can finally understand the conversation.

JULIO
 Huh?

CRIS
 (under his breath)
 Because he saved our lives.

Julio looks to Chicharito.

JULIO
 What the fuck is he saying?

LOGAN
 (to Cris)
 I don't think he can hear you.
 Maybe try and say it a little
 louder.

Cris shoots Logan a piercing glare and *GROWLS*.

CRIS
 BECAUSE HE SAVED OUR FUCKING LIVES!

Logan goes to give Memo a high five.

LOGAN
Yeah, I did!

Memo looks him up and down and walks away.

JULIO
But he is a fucking güero!

CRIS
Despite how much I despise him...
he is a pretty good driver... and
he has some serious cojones.

Cris pours a hefty shot of mezcal. He walks it over to Logan.

CRIS (CONT'D)
We need you for one more job. If
you help us complete this, you have
my word; we will grant you your
freedom.

LOGAN
(holds out his pinky)
Pinky swear?

CRIS
What are we? Teenage girls?

LOGAN
(tauntingly)
Come on. We're friends now. This is
what friends do!

CRIS
We are not friends, and I am not
doing that. In this country, we
shake like men.

Logan holds his pinky up to Cris. Cris slaps his pinky away.
This goes on, back and forth, for a moment until...

CRIS (CONT'D)
Fine!

Cris pinky swears Logan. Logan grins.

LOGAN
Alright, I'm in. What's the plan?

Logan takes the shot. It's too strong, and he spits it up.

CRIS

Tomorrow a very evil man is moving a lot of cocaine to a buyer in Colima. This man has done nothing but destroy our country from the inside out. We plan to intercept the shipment before it reaches the buyer. You help us succeed without fucking anything up. You will have your freedom.

Cris pours Logan another shot of mezcal.

JULIO

Is that not the exact plan you fucked up this morning.

CRIS

It is different. Los Chingones will be off their turf and at a disadvantage. Not only that, Las Adelitas will not think we are dumb enough to try and pass through their territory again... the very next day.

Julio looks at Cris like, 'Yeah, no shit.'

LOGAN

Alright. I'm in.

JULIO

(to Logan)

Do you have a death wish or something, kid?

LOGAN

No. But after what I've done today, what's a highway robbery? If this guy's as bad as you say, he needs to be stopped. You know, he reminds me of this one bully I knew from high school where--

CRIS

We don't care. Are you any good with fixing cars?

LOGAN

My uncle was a mechanic. He practically raised me and every spring-

Cris covers Logan's mouth with his hand.

CRIS

Do you think you can get that car
in off-road shape by morning?

Logan nods.

CRIS (CONT'D)

Perfecto. Get started.

Logan hurries out of the house.

JULIO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

You know. I think you might be on
to something.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

What do you mean?

INT. LOS AZTECAS GARAGE - NIGHT

REGGAETÓN MUSIC begins. (Think - Atrevete Te Te by Calle 13)

Logan lifts his rental car onto a very ghetto-looking hoist.

MONTAGE:

- Logan pulls off a tire.

JULIO (V.O.)

Let's use the Güero as a diversion.

- Logan fires up a welding gun and flips down his visor.

JULIO (V.O.)

He will be the visible frontman
during the robbery.

- Logan pulls the roof right off the car.

JULIO (V.O.)

As we know, word spreads fast in
Mexico. In no time, the legend of
El Güero will be out, and the
Federales and cartels alike will be
looking for a fucking white guy.

- Logan welds steel roll bars on the back of the car.

JULIO (V.O.)

Then we'll cut him loose, which is
what he wants.

(MORE)

JULIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He'll have his freedom, and we'll
 have Ricardo's cocaine that we can
 sell.

- Logan throws open a roll of shag carpet.

JULIO (V.O.)
 Worst case scenario, the güero gets
 sent back to his home in America
 with a slap on the wrist.

- Logan flattens a long window sticker strewn across the top
 of the front windshield. He takes a step back and proudly
 appreciates his work.

END MONTAGE.

INT. WOODEN HOUSE - NIGHT

Cris pours himself another drink.

CRIS
 This all sounds very dangerous.

JULIO
 Sure. For the Güero.

Cris takes a sip of his drink.

CRIS
 Won't Ricardo catch on when he sees
 the Güero with us tomorrow?

JULIO
 I know your brother well. He won't
 be around for a shipment this
 small.

Julio grins, but Cris doesn't seem so sure.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Ricardo and Francisco place three large DUFFLE BAGS in a
 CHARTER BUS luggage compartment and enter the bus.

EXT. COLIMA HIGHWAY - DAY

An ARMY TRUCK, driven by two of Ricardo's men, cruises along
 at top speed. The bus is not too far behind.

EXT. WOODEN HOUSE - DAY

Julio stands on the porch. Cris saunters next to him with a cup of coffee and looks in the same direction.

CRIS

You know I was thinking. Selling the cocaine is still putting it back on the streets. We'd be doing exactly what we're trying to put a stop to.

Julio pats Cris on the shoulder.

JULIO

Not when you're giving the money back to the people. Trust me, this is how your father would have handled it.

Logan jogs up the steps.

LOGAN

All shined up and ready to go, fellas.

Julio hands a gun to Logan. He hesitates before taking it.

JULIO

Have you ever shot a gun before, Hijo?

LOGAN

Yeah... yeah, of course.

Logan fidgets with the gun. He has no clue where to put it. He tries the side, the back, and the front of his pants but decides it's best in his pocket. He struts away.

Julio shakes his head and chuckles.

JULIO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish; to himself)

This kid's gonna die.

Cris seems even more concerned.

EXT. COLIMA FIELD - DAY

Julio's JEEP is parked on the side of the highway, hidden by a patch of cacti.

Another Azteca, CARLOS, and Chicharito kneel in the back.

INT. JULIO'S JEEP - DAY

Julio scans the scene, ready for action. Another Azteca named ROCK sits shotgun. Julio grabs the CB radio.

JULIO
(into the radio)
Cris. Come in.

CRIS (O.S.)
(filtered)
I'm here.

JULIO
We're probably looking for a transport truck of some kind. When I give the word, you slow it down. Me, Carlos, and Chicharito will pull up and create a barricade a half-kilometer ahead.

CRIS (O.S.)
(filtered)
Claro.

EXT. COLIMA HIGHWAY - DAY

The Army Truck passes.

INT. JULIO'S JEEP - DAY

Julio fires up the Jeep.

CRIS
That has to be it.
(into radio)
Go for the green truck. GO! GO! GO!

EXT. JULIO'S JEEP - DAY

Julio kicks up dust as he pursues the truck.

EXT. COLIMA HIGHWAY - DAY

BANDA MUSIC begins. (Think - Bum Bum Bum by Banda El Recodo)

Julio steps on it.

Logan and his new, supped-up ride pull into view. The car's been seriously modified. A long sticker across the windshield reads, "¿Quién es su Papi?" (Translation - Who's your daddy?)

Not too far behind them is the Charter Bus.

INT. CHARTER BUS - DAY

The DRIVER wipes his brow on his sweaty polo shirt and nervously adjusts his rear-view mirror.

PASSENGERS fan themselves to keep cool. They notice the commotion out on the highway.

Francisco and Ricardo sit at the back of the bus. Francisco watches as Julio catches up to the Army Truck.

FRANCISCO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Sir, we've got action.

Ricardo looks out his window and sees Logan's car pull onto the highway.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Who the fuck is this?

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Shag carpet on the dash blows in the breeze as a Jesus bobblehead sways to the music. This will now be known as LOGAN'S CAR.

Logan's hair flutters in the wind as he stares uneasily at the road ahead.

EXT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

As Logan pulls away, the bumper's littered with Virgin Mary stickers. The Rentamex Rent-A-Car sticker has been removed, but there's still a remanence.

EXT. ARMY TRUCK - DAY

Logan pulls up to the back bumper.

Memo climbs onto the hood of the car.

LOGAN
Oh, jeez. You're just gonna get
right in there, are ya? Let's see
if I can get you a little closer.

Logan inches closer. Memo jumps into the box of the truck.

INT. CHARTER BUS - DAY

Ricardo rushes to the front of the bus and watches. His frown
grows into a maniacal grin.

INT. ARMY TRUCK - DAY

Logan pulls up to the driver's side. The driver, MIGUEL,
quickly glances. He takes a second look and...

EXT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Cris, wearing a luchador mask, hangs out the window and waves
at Miguel with his pistol. Then motions for him to stop.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Cris climbs to the back as Logan watches in confusion.

LOGAN
Woah! Where are you going?

CRIS
(to Logan)
Get me in front of the truck.

EXT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Logan cuts in front of the Army Truck. Cris stands.

LOGAN
You know this feels incredibly
unsafe!

CRIS
(to Logan)
Slow it down just a little.

Logan's back bumper inches closer to the truck. Cris jumps.

EXT. ARMY TRUCK - DAY

Cris lands on the hood and holds on for dear life. Jose struggles to get his gun out as he watches the insanity.

Cris has control but sees Jose pull out his Uzi. Jose empties the magazine clip while following Cris, who rolls to the driver's side door and opens it.

INT. ARMY TRUCK - DAY

Jose accidentally shoots Miguel. The truck veers toward the ditch as Jose reaches for the steering wheel.

Cris grabs Miguel.

INT. CHARTER BUS

Ricardo and Francisco watch as Miguel is tossed from the moving vehicle. They can't make out who's the culprit.

INT. ARMY TRUCK - DAY

Cris jumps behind the wheel.

Jose aims at Cris. *CLICK!* His Uzi's jammed.

Cris bounces Jose's face off the dash, opens Jose's door, grabs the Uzi, and kicks the dazed Jose out of the truck.

Cris unjams the Uzi and slows the truck down in front of Julio's Jeep.

INT. CHARTER BUS - DAY

The Driver slows down.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
What the fuck are you doing? Do not
stop!

DRIVER (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
But, sir-

Ricardo puts a gun to the Driver's head.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
I said, drive!

The Passengers panic.

EXT. ARMY TRUCK - DAY

Logan pulls up to the back of the truck.

Memo steps out of the box empty-handed.

MEMO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish; to Cris)
It's empty, boss.

CRIS
That can't be.

Cris jumps in the back to see for himself.

Logan hears the sound of the bus *ACCELERATING*. He watches the bus speed down the shoulder of the highway.

LOGAN
(lights up)
It's a decoy!

CRIS
(popping his head out of
the truck)
What?

LOGAN
THE TRUCK IS A DECOY!

The bus blows past them.

INT. CHARTER BUS - DAY

As the bus passes, Ricardo watches Logan yell and wave his arms as if he's calling the shots. Logan, Rock, and Carlos jump in Logan's car.

Ricardo's confused.

EXT. COLIMA HIGHWAY - DAY

Logan's car cuts in front of the bus and speeds up.

Logan gets a significant distance ahead of the bus. He pulls the emergency brake and slides to a stop.

He steps out of the car and pulls a bandana over his face along with Rock and Carlos.

The bus continues toward them.

Rock and Carlos open fire. *BANG! BANG! POP!* A tire explodes and melts away. Sparks fly as the bus sways.

INT. CHARTER BUS - DAY

Bags fall on the Passengers as they *SCREAM* and hold on for dear life as the Driver pulls on the steering wheel.

EXT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

The bus is dangerously close. Logan takes the gun out of his pocket and feebly aims.

LOGAN

Oh shit! I'm gonna die!

Logan closes his eyes and fires.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna die! I'm gonna die! I'm gonna die!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! POP! The second tire explodes.

The bus comes to a *SCREECHING* halt inches away from Logan.

Logan opens his eyes and makes eye contact with the driver.

INT. CHARTER BUS - DAY

The Driver squints.

DRIVER

(Spanish; to himself)

Is that a fucking güero?

Ricardo and Francisco storm off the bus, guns drawn.

EXT. COLIMA HIGHWAY - DAY

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Ricardo and Francisco put two bullets each into Carlos and Rock, who drop dead.

Logan stands alone and afraid with his gun out.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Who the fuck are you?

Logan's confused. He and Ricardo have their weapons on each other. It's a mother fuckin' Mexican stand-off.

Logan pulls out his phone and opens his translator app. He holds it out to Ricardo and presses play.

TRANSLATION APP
(robotic-like)
¡Esto es un asalto! Entregue el
envío.

Ricardo studies Logan's gun. It vibrates as Logan quivers. Ricardo reaches out and pulls down Logan's mask.

RICARDO
You don't speak Spanish?

LOGAN
Mucho poquito.

RICARDO
Who are you?

Logan stands confidently.

LOGAN
I'm El Güero, and your days of
terrorizing this country are over.

Ricardo looks to Francisco. They burst out *LAUGHING*.

Logan holds his gun closer to Ricardo.

Ricardo and Francisco *LAUGH* even harder.

Julio's Jeep pulls up. Cris, Memo, Chicharito, and Julio run over with their guns out and masks on.

Cris' heart sinks at the sight of Carlos and Rock bleeding out on the highway.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish; to Ricardo)
You mother fucker! Drop the guns.

Ricardo and Francisco raise their hands in the air. Julio walks around and collects their guns.

Logan sighs in relief and lowers his weapon.

CRIS (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
(Spanish)
You fucking animal! Look what
you've done to my men?

Ricardo eyes up Cris.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Your men?
(turns his gun back to
Logan)
Who's in control around here?

Ricardo moves his aim onto Cris.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
(Spanish)
And why do you sound so familiar?

Cris looks away.

Logan walks over to the luggage compartment and finds nothing but three large duffle bags.

LOGAN
It looks like I was right about the
decoy.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish; to Memo and
Chicharito)
Load the bags into El Güero's
trunk.

Ricardo suspiciously watches Cris.

RICARDO
Hold up! I'm supposed to believe
there's a new cartel in town run by
this fucking gringo?

Logan looks at Cris, who insinuates to say something.

LOGAN
Who you trying to get crazy with,
ese? Don't you know I'm loco?

Logan spits on Ricardo's boots.

INT. CHARTER BUS - DAY

The Driver and the spectating Passengers' hearts sink.

DRIVER & PASSENGERS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 No. Not his boots!

They all do a cross symbol over their chests.

EXT. COLIMA HIGHWAY - DAY

Ricardo grits his teeth and steps to Logan.

RICARDO
 You're lucky your men are around.
 I've killed for less.

Ricardo takes his boot off and wipes it on Logan's shirt.

SIRENS sound in the background.

Memo and Chicharito close Logan's trunk and pick up Carlos and Rock's guns.

JULIO
 Hurry up. Let's get out of here.

Cris drags Carlos' body to the Jeep.

JULIO (CONT'D)
 What are you doing? We don't have
 time.

CRIS
 We leave no man behind!

Memo and Chicharito follow with Rock's body.

JULIO
 The Federale's are almost here. We
 need to go now.

CRIS
 Then shut the fuck up and help us.

Logan watches with an immense amount of respect for Cris.

Julio grabs Carlo's feet and places him in the back of the Jeep. Rock is placed beside him.

RICARDO
I'll be seeing you around... El
Güero.

Logan and Cris jump in Logan's car and take off. Julio, Memo,
and Chicharito are in the Jeep right behind them.

Ricardo takes a mental note of the Jeep's Guerrero plates. He
grabs his phone and dials.

RICARDO (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
A car and a Jeep with Guerrero
plates are heading your way. I want
them stopped at all costs!

The Federales circle Ricardo and Francisco with their lights
on and guns drawn.

EXT. MICHOACAN HIGHWAY - DAY

Logan's car passes a "Bienvenido a Michoacan!" sign riddled
with bullet holes.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Logan drives while deep in thought.

Cris sits in the passenger seat and grips his gun. He looks
over at Logan.

CRIS
You are being so quiet for someone
with such a loudmouth.

LOGAN
Am I? I didn't notice.

Logan stares forward at the road.

CRIS
Are you scared?

Logan looks Cris in the eyes and then back on the road.

LOGAN
No.

CRIS

You should be. The people we are dealing with are very dangerous, but that is not me... at least not anymore.

Suddenly three of Las Adelitas pull onto the highway. Logan slams on the brakes.

LOGAN

Christ! What now?

EXT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Las Adelitas circle Logan's and Julio's vehicles. They *REV* their motorcycles.

A fourth Adelita rolls up and kicks out their kickstand. They approach the driver's side of Logan's car.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Cris pulls down the sun visor and checks himself out in the mirror. He fixes his eyebrows and tries to freshen up.

Logan watches in confusion.

LOGAN

Do you know these people?

CRIS

You could say that.

The Adelita *KNOCKS* on Logan's window.

LOGAN

(confidently)
Let me handle this.

EXT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Logan rolls down the window and smiles.

LOGAN

Hi, there. Don't worry, I'm just a white tourist passin' through. Can you point me in the direction of the beach?

The Adelita opens the car door, grabs Logan by the throat, and throws him to the ground. They step on his throat as they lean forward to examine the car.

They see Cris.

THE ADELITA
Cristopher, PINCHE, Llantada!

The Adelita pulls off their helmet and *SLAMS* it on the roof.

Logan watches from the ground.

SLOW MOTION:

Margarita shakes her hair. Logan's mesmerized by her beauty.

Bombon, Rakel, and Samantha do the same. Logan is smitten.

END SLOW MOTION.

MARGARITA
I should have known it was you.

CRIS
Nice to see you too, Margarita!

Margarita pulls a gun out from her thigh holster and makes her way to the passenger side while aiming at Cris.

Cris exits the car with his hands in the air.

MARGARITA
(Spanish; to Las Adelitas)
Search the vehicles. If anyone
tries anything funny... shoot them.

EXT. JULIO'S JEEP - DAY

Bombon and Rakel empty everyone out of Julio's Jeep.

Rakel and Samantha search the Jeep. Bombon stands guard.

RAKEL
(Spanish; to Margarita)
We've got a couple bodies over
here.

EXT. MICHOACAN HIGHWAY - DAY

Margarita is face to face with Cris.

MARGARITA

You're stealing from your brother
and carting around dead bodies now?
What kind of sick fuck have you
become?

CRIS

Baby, it has been so long. I have
missed you.

Cris leans in for a kiss.

BANG! Margarita shoots Cris in the leg.

He drops to the ground and *HOWLS* in pain.

Julio tries to run to his side, but Bombon *COCKS* her Uzi.

Logan gets to his feet and calls out to Cris.

LOGAN

Yeah, women don't like it when you
just go for it.

Margarita shoots Logan a "shut the fuck up" look.

MARGARITA

(to Cris)

I asked you a question, now answer
me!

Margarita aims at Cris' head. Cris glares at her.

CRIS

Are you working with Ricardo, now?
You two-faced fucking, perra!

Margarita kneels next to Cris and jams her finger in his
bullet hole. Cris spits and *WRITHES* in pain.

CRIS (CONT'D)

¡Ai! ¡Pinche, puta!

MARGARITA

You are the one that brought Las
Adelitas into this mess. Now, what
are you up to?

CRIS

That money deserves to be in the
hands of the victims who lost
family members and loved ones to
the senseless violence Ricardo has
brought to our country.

MARGARITA

What money, Cris? You just stole
150 kilos of fucking cocaine!

Both Bombon and Margarita have their backs to Logan.

Rakel and Samantha pop the trunk.

Logan creeps up behind them.

CRIS

We're going to sell the coke and
give the money to our people!

MARGARITA

What kind of backward fucking logic
is that, Llantada?

Cris looks at Julio, who looks away.

The trunk *SLAMS* closed and startles everyone.

Margarita, Bombon, and Samantha turn their guns on Logan, who
pulls Rakel's gun from her holster and points it at her head.

LOGAN

Nobody move. We don't want any
trouble. We're just passing
through.

(Logan smells Rakel)

You smell terrific, by the way.

Margarita turns her attention back to the bloody Cris.

MARGARITA

We? Are you so hard up that you're
recruiting gringos now?

Margarita grins from ear to ear.

MARGARITA (CONT'D)

Classic Llantada. All you think
about is yourself! Does he know
what you just dragged him into?

CRIS

(re: his facial scar)

Look what Ricardo did to my face!
Don't you think he deserves payback
for this?

MARGARITA

So that's what this is about? Well, if you would stop looking in the mirror every once in a while, you'd realize you just started a fucking war!

Cris struggles to get to his feet.

CRIS

(writhes in pain)
I'm tired of letting that cocksucker bully this country around. I'm tired of him tarnishing my family name.

MARGARITA

And you think Los Aztecas' hands are clean?

Cris looks away, knowing very well they are not.

LOGAN

Hello! I still have a hostage over here.

Margarita turns her attention back to Logan.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

That's more like it. Now, put down your guns and kick them over to me.

Las Adelitas reluctantly listen.

Margarita stares at Logan; he just made her shit-list.

Memo grabs the guns as Chicharito helps Cris into the car.

MARGARITA

Llantada! You're no different than Ricardo... or your father, for that matter. This is no way to save our country.

Margarita storms up to Logan.

MARGARITA (CONT'D)

(re: Cris)
And you'd better watch with that Cucaracha. He'll kick you to the curb the first chance he gets.

Logan walks backward to the car and awkwardly waves.

MARGARITA (CONT'D)
 And, Güero. I'd tell you to stay
 out of Michoacan, or I'll kill you,
 but... you're already a dead man
 walking.

Logan's face drops. Definitely not what he wanted to hear.

LOGAN
 (to Rakel)
 Sorry about all this. It was lovely
 meeting you, though.

He pushes Rakel away and jumps in the car.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 (to Margarita)
 And sorry about interrupting
 earlier. If there's one thing I'm
 starting to enjoy, it's watching
 Cris get in shit!

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Francisco sits on a bench while Ricardo paces.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 I can't believe that fucking
 gringo.

FRANCISCO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Don't worry, boss. We'll get the
 coke back.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Not the coke. I meant how he spat
 on my boots. What kind of animal
 spits on another man's boots?

Ricardo falls back onto the cell bench.

FRANCISCO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 What's our next step, boss?

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 That Jeep had Guerrero plates. Put
 out a warning to any of our
 affiliates in that area.

(MORE)

RICARDO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
 We're going to get our hands on
 that fucking güero no matter how
 many people we need to kill.

FEDERALE #1 *CLEAR*S her throat outside the cell. She's heard
 the whole thing.

FEDERALE #1 (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Ricardo Llantada and Francisco
 Ortiguez... you're free to go.

She reluctantly opens the cell doors.

EXT. COLIMA PRECINCT - NIGHT

Ricardo and Francisco straighten themselves out as they make
 their way down the steps and into a BLACK SUV.

INT. FEDERALE TRUCK - NIGHT

Torres watches, looking perplexed.

TORRES
 I just don't get it, sir. We have
 the most dangerous Narco in Mexico
 at our fingertips, and he gets to
 walk? It's as if Ballena is behind
 this.

Cabrera *LAUGHS*.

CABRERA
 Ballena is nothing but a myth.
 Ricardo and Francisco were unarmed,
 and the witnesses confirmed they
 were the victims.

TORRES
 Yes, but the abandoned green truck
 with Jalisco plates? The two bodies
 we found in the ditch? You can't
 tell me Los Chingones aren't
 involved.

CABRERA
 If we're going to focus our
 attention on someone, it will be
 this fucking güero. You heard the
 statements. He's the one we need to
 be after.

TORRES

But a güero? This all just seems so
made up.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Irais drives and Francisco rides shotgun.

In the back, Ricardo lights a cigar.

IRAIS (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Where to, mi amor?

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Take me to Guerrero. I want to be
around when this güero shows his
face.

Irais nods and steps on the gas.

Ricardo puffs on his cigar as he stares out the window.

FRANCISCO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish; to Ricardo)

Is everything okay, señor?

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

That luchador's voice. I recognize
it from somewhere.

EXT. LOS AZTECAS COMPOUND - NIGHT

Cris, now bandaged, shakes a Huichol stick over two burial
plots as he *CHANTS* an ancient ceremonial Huichol song.

Memo and Chicharito finish burying Carlos and Rock.

Memo stops and places his hand on Cris before walking away.

Cris sadly finishes his song and lowers his head. Logan walks
up behind him.

LOGAN

I'm sorry for your loss.

CRIS

Gracias.

Logan looks around and sees makeshift headstones and crosses littered around the clearing.

LOGAN
Are these all your men?

Cris keeps his head lowered.

CRIS
Margarita was right. Not too long ago, Los Aztecas were misguided by revenge.

Logan kneels next to Cris.

LOGAN
Sounds like your father was quite the guy. I get it. Mine was never around. You definitely have some interesting shoes to fill.

Cris looks up at Logan with a slight smile.

CRIS
But I do not want to fill his shoes. He was a great man, but something changed in him. And my brother, well, he has always been evil.

LOGAN
That's who we robbed today, isn't it?

Cris nods.

CRIS
All I want is to restore my family name. To start fresh.

LOGAN
And you will. It takes character... and you've got a lot of it.

Cris wipes his eyes.

CRIS
What are you still doing here, Güero? You are free to go. Leave before all this becomes your fate.

Cris motions to the makeshift graveyard.

LOGAN

I've decided I'm not going
anywhere.

Cris looks up with a slight look of hope.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

I've learned more about myself in
this one day than in the last
thirty years. After seeing you
leave no man behind today, I knew
that Los Aztecas is what I've been
looking for all this time.

Logan helps Cris to his feet. They make their way toward the
firepit where Los Aztecas keep warm.

CRIS

And what are you looking for?

LOGAN

Friendship... to belong... I work
so hard to make people like me that
I push them away. I'm startin' to
realize I didn't even like
myself... but that's gonna change.

CRIS

You must be pretty fucked up to
want to join this shit show, Güero.

LOGAN

Finally, someone who understands
me!

Cris *LAUGHS*.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Listen, I've been misunderstood my
whole life. But since I started
hangin' with you guys, I really
like who I've been becoming, and
I'd like to see that through.

Cris looks as if he's got something on his mind. He stops.

CRIS

Logan, I have something to tell
you. The robbery... it--

LOGAN

Save it. Tonight we celebrate
Carlos and Rock.

(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I barely knew them, but if they
were Aztecas, I am proud to call
them friends.

CRIS
Okay, enough with the friend crap.

Logan *LAUGHS* as Cris smiles. They head toward the firepit.

EXT. FIREPIT - NIGHT

MARIACHI MUSIC begins. (Think - Despedida Con Mariachi by Los
Cadetes De Linares)

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Los Aztecas and Logan *LAUGH* and joke by the fire.
- Logan takes a swig of mezcal and has to choke it down.
- Logan *LAUGHS* as Los Aztecas drunkenly dance by the fire.
- Logan's invited to dance but motions that he can't.
- Logan takes another swig of mezcal; it goes down easier.
- Cris drags Logan to his feet and teaches him some moves.
- Logan drinks mezcal a little too easily.
- Logan busts a move by the fire as Los Aztecas *CHEER* him on.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - DAY

The patio overlooks the beautiful Bahía de Zihuatanejo
coastline accented by blue crystal clear waters.

SUPER:
Zihuatanejo, Guerrero, Mexico.

Ricardo sits at a table and sips his mezcal as Irais
approaches with his phone.

IRAIS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
My love. The phone is for you.

She hands Ricardo his phone and kisses him on the cheek. She
rubs his shoulders while he talks.

RICARDO
 (Spanish; into the phone)
 Si?
 (sits up)
 I understand, but, señor--

Ricardo's glare practically pierces the pavement.

He waves off his shoulder rub and stands.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
 (Spanish)
 Claro. I'll have it sorted out in
 no time. I said I'll handle it.

He hangs up.

IRAIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Everything okay, Papi?

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 The buyers are growing impatient,
 and Las Adelitas let him escape.
 Now Ballena is on my ass.

Ricardo smashes his glass. He falls back into his chair,
 looking famished, and hands Irais his phone.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
 (Spanish)
 What kind of a world are we raising
 our son in, where a man can't do
 business without another man
 meddling in it?

IRAIS (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 It's a true injustice, mi amor. If
 Las Adelitas let him escape with
 your shipment, should it not be
 their responsibility to retrieve
 it?

Ricardo sits up straight.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 You're right! Get Margarita on the
 phone.

Irais vigorously dials.

INT. BARRA JUANITOS - DAY

BOOM! Barflies are blinded by daylight as Margarita kicks open the bar door. She's furious.

Margarita *SLAMS* her helmet on a table. Las Adelitas sit.

MARGARITA

My fault? How the fuck can Ricardo say this is my fault?

JUAN (50s), the bartender, rushes over with a bottle of mezcal, four shot glasses, and four beers.

Margarita pours herself a shot and drinks.

MARGARITA (CONT'D)

I should have never hooked up with that fucking Cucaracha.

RAKEL

Why didn't you tell Ricardo it was Llantada?

Rakel stares at the bottle of mezcal as feelings for Cris seem to bubble up to the surface.

MARGARITA

He can figure it out for himself. I'm not doing that pendejo any favors.

BOMBON

Cris was looking kind of cute, though. No?

Margarita rolls her eyes and pours herself another shot.

MARGARITA

Sure, he'll leave a handsome corpse, alright.

The dank bar is lit up again when BOTAS (30s), the sickly-looking local drug dealer, walks in and up to the bar.

He tosses money on the bar top.

BOTAS (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish; to Juan)
Gimme a beer.

Botas scopes the room and makes eye contact with Margarita.

He quickly glances at the door. Margarita notices.

Botas runs for it. Margarita cuts him off, grabs him by his collar, and throws him against the bar.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Where do you think you're going?

BOTAS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Margarita! Hi! I forgot
something... outside.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Cut the shit. I told you I don't
want your type around here anymore.

BOTAS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Entrepreneurs?

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Drug dealers!

Botas lowers his head.

BOTAS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Not anymore. My supplier's all out.
It will only be days before all of
Mexico is dry.

Margarita has an idea. She lets Botas go.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
What would you say if I told you I
had a job for you?

BOTAS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Me? Work for you? I'd say you're
full of shit.

Margarita is about to punch Botas but stops herself. She leans in almost flirtatiously.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Botas... come on. I know we've had
our differences, but we're both on
the same side of the law here.

BOTAS (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Oh, no, we're not. I'm on one side
of the law, and you're the pinche
locisima who thinks she is the law!

Margarita grabs Botas by the throat and lifts him off the
ground against the wall.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

You're going to help me whether you
like it or not. This is how it's
gonna go down...

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - NIGHT

Loud *CHEERS* emanates from what looks like a portable bleacher
system that surrounds a small cockfighting ring.

Feathers fly as RANCHEROS and beautiful LOCAL WOMEN, dressed
in all white, cheer on their respective cockfighters.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - ENTRANCE GATE - NIGHT

Chicharito sits in the Jeep as Julio, Memo, and Cris stroll
to the gate dressed like Rancheros.

CRIS

Are we sure Logan should not wait
in the Jeep?

Julio shoots Cris a look and shakes his head.

Logan, dressed in full Mariachi gear, struts up.

LOGAN

Get off it! I can blend in with the
best of 'em!

CRIS

Do you seriously think people just
walk around Mexico dressed like
Mariachis?

LOGAN

(deadpan)

Yes.

Logan marches past Cris, who deflates in defeat.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - NIGHT

The crowd in the bleachers explodes with *CHEERS* as the fight ends and the winners collect their earnings.

JULIO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish; to Cris)
 We'll keep watch while you and the
 Güero find Ojo Rojo.

Cris is reluctant but agrees.

JULIO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
 (Spanish)
 Make sure he does the talking. If
 Ojo Rojo finds out we're behind
 this, Ricardo surely will.

Memo and Julio spread out.

Cris catches up to Logan and strolls through the crowd.

LOGAN
 What's this guy's name again?

CRIS
 It's a woman, and her name is Ojo
 Rojo.

LOGAN
 Huh?

CRIS
 It means Red Eye. She will have her
 security around, so she will be
 easy to spot.

They continue to scan the crowd.

LOGAN
 So, I never got the chance to ask,
 but what's with you and that
 Margarita girl? She is a stone-cold
 fox!

CRIS
 Pfft. Nothing...

LOGAN
 Really? Nothing at all, huh? So you
 wouldn't mind if I asked her out?

Cris *LAUGHS*.

CRIS
You? Ask out, Margarita? HAH!

LOGAN
You don't think she'd say yes?

Cris shakes his head.

CRIS
I know she wouldn't.

LOGAN
You just don't want me to try
because you still have feelings for
her.

Cris *LAUGHS*.

CRIS
Not at all, güey.

LOGAN
Fine, I'll ask her out, then. Shit,
I'd do anything to see Margarita in
that tight sexy leather suit again.

Suddenly Cris doesn't find it so funny.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Ooof, the way it accentuates all
the right curves--

Cris punches Logan in the shoulder.

CRIS
(jealous)
Oralé.

LOGAN
I knew it!

CRIS
There she is.

Cris points out OJO ROJO (40s), a strong, beautiful Mexican woman dressed in a traditional style, sits at the back of the bleachers surrounded by THREE ARMED GOONS.

CRIS (CONT'D)
(deep thought)
How are we going to reach her?

Logan evaluates the situation. His eyes light up as he notices a group of MARIACHIS that warm up.

LOGAN
HAH! I told you I could blend in!

Logan reaches out to Cris, who hands him a brick of cocaine. Logan tucks it in the back of his pants as he hurries over to the Mariachis!

LOGAN (CONT'D)
¡Eh! ¡Mariachis!

THE MARIACHIS
(excitedly raises their
instruments)
¡MARIACHIS!

Logan reaches for one of the MARIACHIS' guitars.

LOGAN
¿Guitara?

MARIACHI
¡Ahuevo!

He hands Logan the guitar. Logan signals, one second, as he strolls back toward Cris with a shit-eating grin on his face.

LOGAN
Let me show you the kind of moves I
got waiting for Margarita! How do
you say 'song' in Spanish?

CRIS
Canción...

Intrigued, Cris watches as Logan saunters up to Ojo Rojo while strumming the same note.

Ojo Rojo's Goons grip their weapons and stand in Logan's way.

LOGAN (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Song for the beautiful lady?

Ojo Rojo peeks over her Goons, smiles, then waves Logan in.

Her Goons step to the side. Logan strolls up to her, kisses her hand, and strums a note that sounds like he might know how to play a tune.

Logan plays, and it's quickly apparent he has no clue how.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(sings)
Oh, Ojo Rojo, I have some CoCo.
From Columbia. For you to compria!

Ojo Rojo looks at GOON #1 and squints. He stops Logan.

She stands and glares at Logan as she approaches.

OJO ROJO
Who are you?

LOGAN
(nervously)
My name is El Güero.

She cracks a slight smile.

OJO ROJO
And what are you doing here... El
Güero?

LOGAN
I have some Columbian artifacts you
might be interested in.

She looks Logan up and down. She stares into his eyes.

OJO ROJO
Show me.

Logan produces the sealed brick of cocaine.

Ojo Rojo's eyes widen when she recognizes Ricardo's insignia of the eagle and snake on the package.

She waves over Goon #1 and whispers in his ear. He leaves, and she turns her attention back to Logan.

OJO ROJO (CONT'D)
Come with me, darling. Let us
discuss this further in private.

Cris watches as Logan is escorted behind the bleachers.

CRIS
(to himself)
I hope he doesn't fuck this up.

INT. FEDERALE OFFICE - NIGHT

Torres sits in the dark office. The glow of his computer screen accents his exhaustion as he types away.

Cabrera enters.

CABRERA

Listen, kid. I'm too old to be pullin' all-nighters. Let's say we go home and get some rest.

TORRES

I'm not sure I could sleep, sir. Not until I can figure out what's going on with El Güero and Los Chingones.

Cabrera turns on a light and sits next to Torres.

CABRERA

What is your obsession with Los Chingones? There's no evidence of their involvement. Colima is just as close to Las Adelitas and Aztecas territory. Have you considered them?

Torres rubs his temples, trying to piece it together.

TORRES

Sir, Las Adelitas prefer motorcycles as a mode of transportation, and we haven't seen Los Aztecas activity outside of Guerrero for years. My instincts are telling me Los Chingones or worse...

Cabrera slowly gets to his feet.

CABRERA

Let me guess, Ballena? You need to lay off the folklores. There is no one higher in the cartel world than Ricardo Llantada. Ballena does not exist. Get back to the basics. Did anything stand out in the witness statements?

Torres lights up. He digs around through his paperwork.

TORRES

As a matter of fact. One witness did mention...

He finds the file.

TORRES (CONT'D)

One of the culprits' vehicles
looked like it had a Rentamex Rent-
A-Car sticker on it at one point.

CABRERA

And there's your lead. Get a hold
of Rentamex in the morning and see
what you can find.

TORRES

Thanks, sir. This might work.

Cabrera rolls his eyes and exits.

INT. JULIO'S JEEP - NIGHT

Chicharito *LAUGHS* as he watches an episode of "El Chavo del
Ocho" on his phone with a headset on. He's unaware of
Ricardo's Black SUV as it pulls into the parking lot.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - ENTRANCE GATE - NIGHT

Ricardo, Irais, and Francisco ready their weapons and storm
past the GATEKEEPER who then runs in the opposite direction.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Goon #1 returns and smiles at Ojo Rojo.

OJO ROJO

(to Logan)

Alright, darling. Let us try some
of your Columbian artifacts.

Ojo Rojo cuts open the brick. She dishes up a pretty hefty
key bump and reaches toward Logan.

LOGAN

Oh, no thanks. Like Biggy said,
'never get high on your own
supply.'

Ojo Rojo's confused.

OJO ROJO

Who is this, Biggy?

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - NIGHT

Ricardo, Irais, and Francisco look around.

Julio notices Ricardo. He panics, quickly pulls Memo to the ground, and pulls out his phone.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Ojo Rojo's Goons glare at Logan as he continues to refuse a bump. Ojo Rojo holds the key under his nose.

OJO ROJO

What's wrong, El Güero? Didn't your friend Biggy teach you that a dealer who won't try his own product must be pinche Policia?!

Logan's hesitant but slowly leans into the bump of cocaine.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - NIGHT

Cris keeps an eye on Logan's location. His phone *RINGS*.

CRIS

(into the phone)

¿Sí?

Cris' face drops.

He turns around just in time to see Ricardo come through the crowd. They make eye contact.

Ricardo approaches with a grin and slowly pulls out his gun.

RICARDO

Little brother. I had a feeling you had something to do with this.

CRIS

As father always said, 'If you want a bull's attention, you need to grab it by the balls.'

RICARDO

Did he? I don't remember that one. I think you tend to forget you, and I saw different sides of our father.

Cris pulls out his weapon and holds it to his side.

CRIS

That does not give you the right to tarnish the family name.

RICARDO

And what about the years of violence and bloodshed you Aztecas have brought to Mexico?

Ricardo and Cris inch closer to one another.

CRIS

That was the old Aztecas.

RICARDO

Right. Stealing cocaine is a much more noble direction for you. I'm sure that was our father's dying wish.

Cris grips his gun tightly.

CRIS

Do not talk about our father as if you cared for him.

RICARDO

You're right. Sorry to hear about his death.

CRIS

Save your pity. You would have put a bullet in him if you had the chance.

RICARDO

Hmm. You're right. But at least I can still put a bullet in you.

Ricardo aims his weapon.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Ojo Rojo grins maniacally as Logan sniffs the coke clean off the key.

CLOSE UP - Logan's pupils dilate when...

BANG!

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - NIGHT

REGGAETON MUSIC begins. (Think - J.Balvin - In Da Ghetto)

Ricardo stands with a smoking pistol while Cris takes cover. The crowd runs for their lives.

Julio and Memo grab their guns.

Irais and Francisco scan the crowd. They spot Julio and Memo
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Ojo Rojo pulls out her pistol in preparation. Logan boldly grabs for it, and they wrestle until... *BANG!*

Logan checks himself to see if he's hit.

Goon #1 drops to his knees; he's been shot in the spine.

Logan manages to get the gun away from Ojo Rojo and shoves Goon #2 and #3 as he sprints toward the Taco Stand.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - NIGHT

Logan shoots at Ricardo as he dives behind the Taco Stand.

LOGAN (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
No one tries to kill my friends!

Logan dives over a rather large pile of dead roosters.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - TACO STAND - NIGHT

Logan rolls off the pile and lands next to Cris, who returns fire at Ricardo.

CRIS
(to Logan)
Since when do you speak Spanish?

LOGAN
(rapidly)
I don't know, man, but holy shit,
am I ever glad to see you, dude.
This is wild, right? Isn't this
wild?

(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Like I never pictured myself in a showdown, especially not in Mexico and *especiallly* not enjoying it this much, you know?

Cris peers at Logan as Logan licks his lips a couple times.

Logan grabs dead roosters and throws them at random people.

CRIS

What the fuck is wrong with you?

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - NIGHT

Julio and Memo return fire at Francisco and Irais.

BANG! Francisco catches a bullet in the shoulder. He grabs Irais and pushes her behind him as they back away and fire.

BANG! BANG! Bullets graze Julio's arm and Memo's leg.

INT. JULIO'S JEEP - NIGHT

Chicharito continues to *LAUGH* and watch "El Chavo del Ocho" on his phone while the crowd runs by like a wild stampede.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - TACO STAND - NIGHT

The Al Pastor roast is being riddled with bullets.

Logan's messing with something under the Taco Stand as bullets ricochet around them.

CRIS

What the hell are you doing now?

Logan pulls out and holds up a propane tank.

LOGAN

(rapidly)

Aw, dude. Check this out. I saw this shit in a movie one time and thought it was such a cool move. Not only that, if we don't get rid of this thing, we could definitely die or explode or something. I think it was a movie. Or maybe it was a video game.

CRIS

¡Tírarlo!

LOGAN

Right!

Logan tosses the tank at Ojo Rojo and her Goons and shoots.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Ojo Rojo notices the tank land in front of the Goons. She makes a run for it.

PING! PING! BOOM! The Goons explode. A shower of blood and guts falls from the night's sky.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - TACO STAND - NIGHT

Logan watches with a smoking gun in complete satisfaction.

LOGAN

(rapidly)

Holy shit, dude! Did you see that?
That was me! I did that. Man, my
nana's never gonna believe this.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - NIGHT

Ricardo ducks from the explosion and scopes the situation.

He notices Francisco is hit, and Irais is out of ammo as she cowers behind Francisco.

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Back to the SUV, NOW!

Ricardo, Francisco, and Irais retreat.

While the injured Julio, Memo, and Cris push forward.

INT. JULIO'S JEEP - NIGHT

Chicharito continues to watch his phone unbeknownst to Ricardo, Francisco, and Irais escaping.

The episode ends, and Chicharito looks up.

EXT. JULIO'S JEEP - NIGHT

Chicharito steps out of the Jeep.

CHICHARITO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish; to Los Aztecas)
 Ready to go?
 (looks around)
 Where's the Güero?

Julio glares at Chicharito as he holds his wounded arm.

Logan strolls up with a plate full of Al Pastor tacos.

LOGAN
 (mouthful)
 I'm gettin' pretty good at this
 cartel stuff. Yo! Best idea ever!
 We should all go get matching
 tattoos or something?

JULIO
 FUCK!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Julio bursts into the house, followed by Cris, Logan, Memo, and Chicharito.

Julio tosses his keys on the table, rummages through the cupboards, and finds rubbing alcohol and bandages.

Memo grabs a medical kit as he and Chicharito head to the living room area that's lined with hanging hammocks.

JULIO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish; to Cris)
 I need a word with you in private.

Cris places his phone on the table and follows Julio.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cris swings the door shut but it doesn't fully close.

JULIO (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Ever since we let that gringo into
 Los Aztecas, it's been one problem
 after another. This plan isn't
 working.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
I never liked it in the first
place, but Ricardo showing up out
of the fucking blue has nothing to
do with the Güero.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Logan sits at the table and places his keys near Julio's. He bounces his leg vigorously as the cocaine wears off.

Cris' phone *RINGS*. Logan checks. It's a call from a Michoacan number. He mutes the phone and puts it down.

The phone *RINGS* again. Logan picks up the phone and makes his way toward the room.

LOGAN
Hey, Cris. Your phone's ringing.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julio mends his wound as Cris leans against the wall.

JULIO (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Look around, Son. The only person
not shot around here is the fucking
Güero.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
He got us in front of Ojo Rojo.
That's no small feat.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Logan peeks through the doorway and listens in.

JULIO (O.S.)
Fuck Ojo Rojo! The Güero's like a
bad omen!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julio finishes patching himself up.

JULIO

The plan was to set him up to take the heat off us, and he's done the complete opposite.

Cris *SHUSHES* Julio.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

So what do you suppose I do, huh?

JULIO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

We need to sell this coke and kill El Güero.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Logan's eyes widen in fear.

LOGAN

(to himself)

Matar El Güero?

He knows exactly what this means. He panics.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Logan storms into the kitchen and looks around.

Memo is busy dressing his wound in the living room, and Chicharito is back on his phone.

Logan looks at his keys and then Julio's. He thinks for a moment, then grabs Julio's keys and heads for the door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cris is insulted.

CRIS

I would never kill the Güero. He's one of us now.

JULIO

Your father would have never let some fucking gringo into Los Aztecas.

Cris explodes and gets in Julio's face.

CRIS

MY FATHER was a great man, but it was only here, in this cartel, where he became the animal he was when he died. And I'm beginning to see where he may have gotten it from.

Cris hobbles out of the room.

INT. JULIO'S JEEP - NIGHT

Logan gets in the Jeep and gently closes the door. He checks the backseat and all the coke is still in the vehicle.

LOGAN

(to himself)

Travel three thousand miles to be met with the same bullshit as back home. I should have known better.

Logan starts the Jeep and drives off.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cris looks around.

CRIS

¡Oye! Güero? You in here?

He walks into the living room.

CRIS(SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

(Spanish; to Chicharito
and Memo)

Have either of you seen El Güero?

Both Memo and Chicharito shake their head.

Cris walks back into the kitchen and looks at the table.

CRIS (CONT'D)

Where the hell is my phone?

INT. JULIO'S JEEP - NIGHT

Logan cruises down the highway. Cris' phone *RINGS*, and it's the same Michoacan number from before.

Logan hesitates but answers anyway.

LOGAN

¿Sí?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Botas leans back in his chair with his feet on his desk.

BOTAS (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Is this Llantada?

LOGAN

No. This is El Güero.

BOTAS

Ah. The white boy I've been hearing so much about.

LOGAN

Who's this?

Botas sits up.

BOTAS

My name is Botas. I'm not sure if you're aware, but you and Los Aztecas have Mexico's only supply of cocaine. And I, my friend, am looking to take that burden off your hands.

LOGAN

Send me your details, and I'll be on my way.

Logan hangs up.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I'm gonna prove to these assholes I'm not useless.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Margarita pats Botas on the shoulder.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Well done, Botas, but I'll be
 needing you for just one more
 thing.

Botas glares over his shoulder.

EXT. LAS ADELITAS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Margarita enters the warehouse to find Bombon, Rakel, and Samantha knelt with their hands behind them, execution-style.

In front of them is an impatient Ricardo and Francisco. They both have their guns out.

RICARDO
 Our guest of honor has finally
 arrived!

MARGARITA
 Ricardo, what's going on?

RICARDO
 Is there something you neglected to
 tell me, Margarita?

Margarita's petrified as Ricardo *COCKS* his gun.

RICARDO (CONT'D)
 You don't think my brother being
 behind all this wasn't important
 enough to tell me?

MARGARITA
 Ricardo, I--

Francisco aims at Margarita, which stops her in her tracks.

RICARDO
 Margarita. You lied to me.

MARGARITA
 I didn't mean to. I swear.

RICARDO
 ¡SILENCIO!

Ricardo paces in front of Las Adelitas.

RICARDO (CONT'D)
 Now, don't get me wrong, Margarita.
 I've always liked this little
 operation you have going on. A gang
 of hot banditas running around
 Mexico's most dangerous state,
 robbing the rich and giving to the
 poor.

Margarita quivers as Ricardo stops in front of her.

RICARDO (CONT'D)
 (smiles)
 The problem I have is this sounds
 oddly familiar to what my little
 brother has been up to. It's as if
 you two might be back together.

Margarita shakes her head no.

RICARDO (CONT'D)
 WHERE IS HE?

MARGARITA
 I don't know. I swear!

RICARDO
 I'll give you three seconds to
 produce either my coke or that
 fucking rat. One.

Margarita sheds a tear.

RICARDO (CONT'D)
 Two.

MARGARITA
 Ricardo, please. I have a plan.

Francisco presses the gun to the back of Samantha's head as
 Samantha cries.

RICARDO
 Three.

Ricard nods at Francisco.

MARGARITA
 NO!

Francisco pulls the trigger. *BANG!*

Blood splatters all over the side of Rakel's face as she
 watches Samantha's body fall to the ground.

All three Adelitas tear up as they watch their friend and partner bleed out.

RICARDO

Who's next? As a man of my reputation, you know I won't hesitate to rid Mexico of Las Adelitas!

MARGARITA

Please! Stop! I'll get you your coke. We have a plan!

Ricardo lowers his gun and signals Francisco to do the same.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - BLEACHERS - DAY

Cabrera approaches the site of the gas tank explosion. He stops and takes in its horrendousness.

Something catches his eye, so he strolls over to investigate.

He kneels down and flips over charred remains to find Ricardo's cocaine brick insignia.

Torres approaches from behind.

TORRES

Find anything, sir?

Cabrera covers up the insignia.

CABRERA

Nothing yet.

Cabrera stands and saunters toward the entrance with Torres.

TORRES

You were right, sir. This Güero is out of control.

CABRERA

I know. Have you heard anything from Rentamex?

TORRES

Nothing yet, sir. I'll follow up shortly.

CABRERA

Good. Whoever this man is, we need to get our hands on him quickly.

(MORE)

CABRERA (CONT'D)
 He's clearly a threat to the safety
 of our country.

TORRES
 Yes, sir.

Torres rushes off toward the truck.

Cabrera stares off into the horizon with a smirk.

INT. JULIO'S JEEP - DAY

Logan pulls up to Barra Juanitos and parks.

He angles the rear-view mirror to see himself and the duffle bags in the back of the Jeep. He takes a deep breath.

LOGAN
 (to himself)
 I hope you know what you're doing.

He covers the bags with a blanket.

He checks the center console and finds a gun. He examines it, then shakes his head and places it back. He reflects for a moment before putting on a hat and sunglasses.

EXT. JULIO'S JEEP - DAY

Logan is immediately greeted by a YOUNG BOY (12), who saunters over to him.

YOUNG BOY (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 Que pedo, güey?! What can I get for
 you?

LOGAN
 Nada.

Logan tries to go around him, but the Boy persists.

YOUNG BOY
 Come on, man. Whatever you need, I
 got.

LOGAN
 Whatever I need?

YOUNG BOY
 Yeah, I got marijuana, tachas,
 acidos...

Logan's dumbfounded.

LOGAN
How old are you, kid?

YOUNG BOY
The fuck's it to you? You want to
buy some shit or not.

LOGAN
No... definitely not.

The Boy gives him the finger and storms off.

Logan's shocked. He scans the street and notices TWO
COKEHEADS, clearly withdrawing, who sit on the street corner
and beg for money.

Across the way, outside of a store, a COKED OUT MOTHER begs
and pleads with CUSTOMERS. She, too, is withdrawing as her
newborn baby *CRIES*.

Logan ponders what he's doing. He shakes his head, makes his
way back to the Jeep, and stops. Then turns back around.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
No. This isn't my problem.

Logan heads for the bar entrance.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Bombon watches from a building across the street.

BINOCULAR POV - Logan enters the bar.

Bombon lowers her binoculars.

BOMBON (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish; into her
earpiece)
We got someone coming your way. I
can't make a clear I.D.

INT. BARRA JUANITOS - BACK ROOM - DAY

Margarita watches Logan enter through the crack of a door.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish; into her
earpiece)
Copy that.

She picks up her phone and dials.

MARGARITA (CONT'D)
I think it's going down.

She hangs up.

INT. BARRA JUANITOS - DAY

The place is empty except for a table at the back occupied by Botas, who glares at Logan.

Logan struts over and sits across from him.

BOTAS
(looks around)
Can I help you with something?

LOGAN
You sure can. I have a few
Columbian artifacts I hear you're
interested in.

Botas eyes up Logan.

BOTAS
Where's the product?

LOGAN
You see the product when I see the
dinero.

Botas chuckles.

BOTAS
Listen, I'm not sure how they do
business in... wherever the fuck
you're from, but down here, we do
it my way.

Logan stands.

Margarita's about to burst out of the back room.

BOTAS (CONT'D)
Woah! Chill out, Güero.

LOGAN

I don't deal with the help. Tell your boss that when they're ready to do business *my way*, they know how to get a hold of me.

Logan walks away from the table but stops at the door and turns back to Botas.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

And the name's not Güero. It's El Güero.

Logan exits the bar. He can't believe he just did that.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Bombon watches as Logan struts to the Jeep.

MARGARITA (O.S.)

(filtered)

It's the fucking güero. Don't let him get away.

Bombon *COCKS* her gun and takes aim.

EXT. BARRA JUANITOS - DAY

BANG! BANG! BANG! Bullets rain down around Logan.

LOGAN

Jesus Christ!

EXT. JULIO'S JEEP - DAY

Logan takes cover beside the Jeep. He opens the drivers' side door and tries to reach for the gun in the center console.

The rain of bullets stops.

MARGARITA (O.S.)

I wouldn't if I were you.

Logan turns to find Margarita with a gun pointed at his head.

Logan gets up with his hands in the air.

MARGARITA (CONT'D)

You have no fucking clue what you're doing. Do you, gringo?

The sound of *GEARS GRINDING* echoes through the streets.
Margarita turns.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Cris irritatingly sits behind the wheel.

Julio's body jolts as Cris struggles to switch gears.

CRIS
This fucking piece of shit! There's
something wrong with... I just
can't... ¡PUTA MADRE!

EXT. JULIO'S JEEP - DAY

Margarita turns her attention back to Logan, but he's gone.

MARGARITA
¡A LA VERGA!

EXT. PLAYA AZUL - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Logan sprints down the alley. He stops short in front of a corner and raises his hands.

LOGAN
¡NO MAMES!

EXT. PLAYA AZUL - STREET - DAY

Cris manages to pull up next to the Jeep before the car stalls. He and Julio jump out, gun in hand.

MARGARITA
(gun on Cris)
Don't even think about it,
Llantada.

Cris slowly steps to Margarita and the Jeep.

Julio looks around and notices Las Adelitas on the rooftops.

MARGARITA (CONT'D)
What happened to you, Cris?

CRIS
Margarita, I swear to you I'm still
the man you once knew.

Cris steps closer.

MARGARITA

Really? Because the man I knew would never put cocaine on the streets of Mexico. The man I knew had plans to change this country. To make it better.

CRIS

You're right. This whole thing was a horrible idea.

Margarita almost believes him.

MARGARITA

(tears up)

You have no idea what you've put us through, Cris.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Um, guys!

Everyone turns to find Logan held at gunpoint by Ricardo, Francisco, and Irais.

RICARDO

I must say, Margarita, you've done well. Cris, the Güero, and my coke? That's impressive.

Cris and Margarita make eye contact. She's ashamed and looks away. He's heartbroken.

MARGARITA

(to Ricardo)

After this, Las Adelitas are no longer indebted to you.

RICARDO

I'm a man of my word, Margarita. Güero, fetch me my coke!

Ricardo pushes Logan toward the Jeep.

CRIS

(to Logan)

You fucking idiot! Look what you've done.

LOGAN

Me? You're the one who decided to use me as a pawn in some sort of fucked up game. I thought we were friends.

CRIS

We're not friends. How could I be friends with someone so fucking stupid?

Logan's heartbroken.

LOGAN

I only did this to prove that I'm not as useless as you think.

CRIS

Classic, Güero. Always trying to please everyone! When will you learn that friendship and respect come after believing in yourself?

BANG! Ricardo fires a shot into the air.

RICARDO

Cut the lovey-dovey shit.
(to Logan)
Drugs. NOW!

Logan glumly grabs the duffle bags and walks them to Ricardo.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

That's a good gringo.

The sound of a rifle being *COCKED* is heard.

Ricardo turns to find a gun in his face. It's Botas and EIGHT BANDIDOS.

TWO BANDIDOS overpower Bombon and Rakel on their rooftops.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

You've got to be kidding me! Who the fuck are you?

MARGARITA

What do you think you're doing, Botas?

BOTAS

Margarita, please. You didn't think I would play along with your game, did you? We're on the same side of the law... remember? This is the last little bit of coke in this country which means I can drive up the price. I'm not gonna pass up on an opportunity like that.

Botas and two Bandidos grab the duffle bags while the other Bandidos start taking away weapons.

MARGARITA (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish; to Botas)

When I get my hands on you, Botas, I'm gonna--

RICARDO (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish; to Botas)

That is if I don't get a hold of you first!

Botas and the Bandidos take off down the back alley.

In a fit of rage, Margarita takes down one Bandido.

Logan jumps out of the way and runs for his car.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

After a struggle, Bombon grabs her Bandido and throws him off the building. In the distance, Rakel does the same.

EXT. PLAYA AZUL - STREET - DAY

The remaining Bandidos open fire at the rooftops. As they do, Irais and Francisco take them down.

Cris and Julio jump in the Jeep and flee the scene.

Ricardo watches as they speed down the street.

RICARDO

(to Francisco and Irais)

We're going after my cocaine.

Ricardo passes Margarita and yells.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

You and Las Adelitas get those fucking Aztecas.

Margarita knocks out the last two Bandidos.

EXT. MICHOACAN - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Julio's Jeep slide across the field and onto the dirt road that leads to the hills.

Not too far behind, Logan follows in his car.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Logan checks the rear-view; Las Adelitas are in the distance.

He grabs the CB radio.

LOGAN
(into radio)
They're comin' up fast, fellas.
What should I do?

CRIS (O.S.)
(filtered)
¡Vete a la verga! After what you
did, you're on your own, puto!

Logan throws the CB to the floor.

LOGAN
FUCK!

EXT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Bullets fly as Logan tries to stay out of their sights.

An Adelita pulls behind with her Uzi aimed.

She fires into the car.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

SLOW MOTION:

Logan ducks as the windows explode into a shower of glass.

Logan's shot in the neck and knocked unconscious.

His car spins to a stop and is draped by a cloud of dust.

END SLOW MOTION.

EXT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

The Adelita slows down to finish the job.

She flips up her helmet visor. It's Bombon.

She gets off her bike and looks in the car to find Logan covered in blood, still unconscious.

She's about to check his pulse when she receives a radio communication in her helmet.

MARGARITA (O.S.)
(filtered)
Bombon, come in. Where are you?

BOMBON (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
I went after the Güero.

MARGARITA (O.S.)
(filtered)
And?

BOMBON (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
He's dead.

MARGARITA (O.S.)
Copy. Get back here, and let's finish this.

Bombon gets on her bike, closes her visor, and takes off.

EXT. JULIO'S JEEP - DAY

Margarita and Rakel are hot on their heels.

Bombon catches up.

Like a motion out of a Mighty Ducks movie, Las Adelitas form a U shape around the Jeep.

They pull out their Uzis and aim.

MARGARITA (O.S.)
(filtered)
Ladies. You know what to do!

All three open fire.

INT. JULIO'S JEEP - DAY

Julio and Cris duck down as the Jeep's laced with bullets.
Broken glass and seat material fill the air.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Logan, motionless, slowly comes to.

He grips his neck and winces.

He angles the rear-view mirror to check his wound. He tilts it some more to look himself in the eyes.

LOGAN
(sarcastic)
Sure, dude. Try and make friends
with a Mexican cartel leader.

He brushes the glass off himself.

He tears the sleeve off his shirt and ties it around his neck. Looking like a busted-up flight attendant, he takes a deep breath and grabs the CB radio from his dash.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(into the radio)
Guys! Come in. Are you out there?

There's nothing but static.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
They could be hurt...

He reaches to start his car but stops. He looks in the rear-view mirror again.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
They wanted you dead. They don't
deserve a friend like you.

Logan stares at the dash, deep in thought.

INT. LOGAN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

MARIACHI MUSIC begins. (Think - Por Tu Maldito Amor -
Vincente Fernandez)

SLOW MOTION:

Cris jumps into Logan's rental car, points a gun at Logan's face, and yells for him to drive.

INT. OXXO - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Cris storms in and yells at Logan.

Pedro shoots at Cris, who jumps out of the way. Logan jumps in front of Pedro's gun.

EXT. MICHOACAN HIGHWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Margarita turns to find Logan with a gun to Rakel's head.

Cris lies on the ground and holds his leg as he proudly watches Logan in action.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARENA - TACO STAND - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Cris smiles at Logan like he's fucking crazy. Logan holds up the propane tank and talks a mile a minute.

Logan throws the tank at Ojo Rojo and her Goons and shoots.

END SLOW MOTION.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Logan looks in the mirror and wipes away his single tear.

LOGAN
We really are friends!

He struggles to get the car to turn over. It finally does, and he throws the car into gear.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Aztecas leave no man behind.

EXT. MICHOACAN - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Las Adelitas cruise down the road in a horizontal line.

Bombon and Rakel ride with an unconscious Julio and Cris on the back of their bikes.

INT. RICARDO'S SUV - DAY

Fuming mad, Ricardo drives down a road with Irais in the passenger and Francisco in the back on the lookout. Ricardo's phone *RINGS*. He answers and places it on speaker.

RICARDO
Tell me you have good news.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MICHOACAN - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Las Adelitas continue down the road.

MARGARITA
(into her earpiece)
We have Llantada and his old friend.

RICARDO
Perfecto. We've lost Botas. Do you know where to find him?

MARGARITA
Sí. He throws parties at a warehouse just south of Playa Palma.

RICARDO
Good. Meet us there.

EXT. JULIO'S JEEP - DAY

Logan approaches the Jeep in the ditch.

LOGAN
(calls out)
Guys. You out there?

Logan paces in front of the Jeep.

He checks the interior and finds lines of blood that lead from the vehicle.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Shit, they're hurt.

Logan analyzes the scene.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Come on. Which way did they go?

He notices four-tire tracks.

Excited, Logan jumps in his car.

INT. FEDERALE TRUCK - NIGHT

While Torres drives and chats on the phone, Cabrera's fast asleep in the passenger seat, *SNORING*.

TORRES (SUBTITLE)
 (Spanish)
 And you're sure?
 (excitedly makes a fist)
 Send us the serial number, and
 we'll take it from there.

Torres ends the call and slams on the brakes.

Cabrera snaps awake. His face is inches away from the dash.

TORRES (CONT'D)
 We got him!

Cabrera's not impressed.

CABRERA
 Jesus, Torres. What's your problem?

Torres clicks away at the truck laptop.

TORRES
 We finally heard back from Rentamex
 Rent-a-car. El Güero's name is
 Logan Jackson.

Torres turns the laptop screen to Cabrera.

CABRERA'S POV - There's a picture of Logan's Driver's License on the screen.

Torres turns the laptop back to himself.

TORRES (CONT'D)
 He's some kid from Seattle,
 Washington.

Cabrera *LAUGHS*.

CABRERA
 I can't believe this is the kid who
 cost me my weekend!

TORRES

Lucky for us, every Rentamex car is chipped. We'll be able to track him in no time.

EXT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ricardo's SUV pulls up in the back of the warehouse just as Margarita, Rakel, and Samantha roll up with Cris and Julio.

Margarita grabs Cris.

CRIS

Margarita, please. I'm sorry. You don't have to go through with this. Let's join forces and put a stop to him together.

MARGARITA

It's too late for apologies, Llantada.

Ricardo, Irais, and Francisco jump out of the SUV. Francisco tucks a machete into the back of his pants.

Margarita drags Cris over to Ricardo.

RICARDO

(to Margarita)
What about the Güero?

Margarita lowers her head.

MARGARITA

He's dead.

Cris is distraught.

CRIS

He's what? No. You're lying.

MARGARITA

(to Ricardo)
I held up my side of the bargain, and now it's time to hold up yours.

RICARDO

In due time, Margarita. First, you help me get my coke back, then you and your Adelitas can go.

Margarita opens the back door to the SUV and shoves a near weeping Cris into the vehicle, followed by Julio.

CRIS
Margarita! Tell me it's not true!

Margarita *SLAMS* the door closed.

MARGARITA
(to Rakel)
You stay here and watch these two.
Bombon and I will go inside and
help Ricardo.

Rakel nods as Margarita and Bombon storm into the warehouse,
followed by Ricardo, Francisco, and Irais.

INT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

There's a party going on, and it's off the hook! The speakers
vibrate with the latest reggaetón tunes while the PARTIERS
grind to the music in this two-level warehouse.

Margarita analyzes the crowd. Ricardo approaches.

RICARDO
Everyone split up and look for him.

EXT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rakel leans on the hood of the SUV, smokes a cigarette, and
listens to music in her earbuds.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Cris is torn up about Logan. He hangs his head.

JULIO
Okay, Hijo. How are we getting out
of here?

A MOMENT.

JULIO (CONT'D)
You're not givin' up on me now, are
you?

CRIS
What's the point? We lost. It's
over, and the blood of the Güero is
on my hands.

Julio's door opens.

INT/EXT. SUV - NIGHT

LOGAN

Don't count me out just yet,
gentlemen.

Cris is excited.

CRIS

Logan, you're alive! They said you
were...

(re: Logan's bandage)

What the hell's around your neck?

LOGAN

(proudly)

I got shot.

CRIS

You look like a surviving flight
attendant from a plane that crashed
in Vallarta.

Logan rolls his eyes.

LOGAN

Very funny.

JULIO

You have got to be one of the most
moronic people I know. What you did
today was not only dangerous; it
was stupid.

LOGAN

Fuck you, Julio. I heard what you
said back at the hideout.

Julio and Cris look at one another.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

I've been a punching bag for
assholes my whole life, and right
when I feel like I found people to
call friends, they want to kill me.

CRIS

We're sorry, Logan. I've allowed
other peoples' opinions to cloud my
judgment. What you did today was
the stupidest thing I could
imagine, but it was the best thing
to ever happen to me.

Julio looks at Cris like he's nuts.

CRIS (CONT'D)

You have ignited a change in me...
a change in Los Aztecas and soon
Mexico.

Logan cracks a smile. He and Cris embrace.

LOGAN

I knew we were best friends all
along.

CRIS

Woah, now. Who said anything about
best?

Cris playfully punches Logan in the shoulder.

Julio creep toward Logan's car.

LOGAN

Where are you going?

JULIO

We're gettin' the fuck out of here.

LOGAN

First, we have to find and destroy
the coke.

Cris pushes Julio to the side.

CRIS

He's right. It's what's best for
Mexico. Sooner or later, some other
narco will move in and bring
cocaine back to this country, but
if we can keep it off the streets
for the time being... then that's
what we're gonna do.

JULIO

You're both fucking nuts. If your
father was here--

CRIS

Julio, I don't want to hear it
anymore. I don't want to hear what
my father would have done or how
things were handled back in the
day. This will be a new era for Los
Aztecas, and we will do things my
way.

(MORE)

CRIS (CONT'D)
(he and Julio exchange
glances)
Understood?

Julio's reluctant at first but soon nods in agreeance.

CRIS (CONT'D)
(re: Logan)
He is one of us now and will be
treated accordingly.

Julio looks at Logan and nods.

LOGAN
(re: Rakel)
Okay, I'm gonna take care of this
one.

Logan tiptoes toward Rakel.

He creeps up from behind and pulls out one of her earbuds.

She jumps up and scans the area.

Logan sweeps her leg.

Rakel falls flat on her back, winded.

Logan gets to his feet and bounce-steps.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Sweep the leg! Get it?

CRIS
(to Julio)
What the hell is he saying?

Julio shrugs his shoulders.

LOGAN
Don't tell me you don't have Karate
Kid in Mexico?

Rakel gets to her feet.

CRIS
Behind you!

Logan turns in time to take a spin kick to the throat.

He drops to his knees and *GASPS* for air.

Rakel gives him a right hook, and he's on the ground.

Julio smiles.

LOGAN
(wheezes)
We have got to stop meeting like
this.

Rakel grabs a blade from her boot. As she thrusts the blade downward, Logan flails his legs, and luckily one of his kicks catches her on the chin.

She flies back and is knocked out cold.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Holy shit. I did it!

Cris picks up her gun, and they head toward the warehouse.

INT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Cris, Julio, and Logan walk through the back door.

LOGAN
You two check upstairs.

Julio and Cris nod.

INT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Cris and Julio make it to the top of the stairs. They notice an office at the end of the hall.

Cris points at the office door. He and Julio make their way through the Partiers.

INT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

TWO BANDIDOS stand by the doorway as Botas does a big line of coke off a tray on his desk. He pinches his nose and belts out a *MEXICAN GRITA!*

BOOM! The office door is kicked in. Without skipping a beat, Cris strolls right up to the desk with his gun on Botas.

INT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

RUMBA MUSIC begins. (Think - Pa'lla Voy by Marc Anthony)

Logan squeezes through the dance floor. He looks around and notices Margarita step out of the crowd across the way.

Margarita inspects the room. She and Logan make eye contact.

LOGAN

Oh shit.

Logan backs away. He looks around for help.

INT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Julio beats the shit out of the two Bandidos and takes their weapons. Cris flips the tray of coke into Botas' face. He then hops over the desk and punches Botas in the stomach.

INT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Margarita storms toward Logan and takes a swing.

Logan dodges the punch, and it look like they're dancing.

Swing after swing, Logan continues to salsa dance around the blows. The Partiers are impressed. They *CHEER* and make a circle around them.

Logan stops Margarita, and they begin to actually dance.

MARGARITA

What the hell do you think you're doing?

LOGAN

I'm... dancing? Oh, my God. I'm dancing! I seem to never stop surprising myself.

Margarita's weirded out.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Ooo, while I have you, I have to tell you that Cris still loves you.

Margarita's shocked but continues to dance.

MARGARITA

After what he's done, I'm not sure I could ever forgive him.

LOGAN

You have to understand none of this was his idea.

Logan does some crazy moves, and the Partiers go *WILD*. Margarita's dumbfounded.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

END MUSIC.

Ricardo stands at the entrance with a smoking gun in the air.

The Partiers *SCREAM* as they panic and run for safety.

RICARDO

Aww! Where's everyone going? The party just started!

Ricardo grabs Irais, dips her, and dances for a moment.

The beat-up Bandidos from the office run past. Ricardo notices and grabs Botas out of the crowd.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

I told you I would find you, you fucking rat.

Ricardo puts a gun to Botas' head. Logan runs up.

LOGAN

Ricardo, stop!

Ricardo glares at Logan.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

No one needs to die. We have your coke right here.

Cris and Julio walk down the stairs with the duffle bags.

Ricardo peers down at the trembling Botas.

RICARDO

Very well. My day is starting to look a little brighter. You may go.

BOTAS

¡Gracias, señor! ¡Muchisimo gracias!

Botas runs for his life.

RICARDO

See, Llantada, I'm not always such a bad guy. Now hand it over.

Cris and Julio toss the bags toward a DJ booth behind them.

CRIS

You're gonna have to come get 'em.

Ricardo's livid.

RICARDO

Why is everyone trying to fuck with me lately, huh?! I was trying to be nice...

Ricardo grabs Logan and puts a gun to his head.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

But now you've pissed me off!

Margarita and Bombon, shamefully, step behind Ricardo.

Cris lowers his weapon.

CRIS

Ricardo, please. It doesn't have to be like this.

RICARDO

You're right. That would be a boring ending, wouldn't it? Which is why I'm gonna mix it up a little.

Ricardo takes Margarita's gun and hands it to Logan.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

(re: Cris)

Shoot him.

LOGAN

I can't!

RICARDO

Then you die.

Ricardo *COCKS* the weapon and puts it in Logan's head.

Logan trembles as he raises and aims the gun.

Cris drops his gun.

CRIS

Just do it, Logan.

LOGAN

I won't!

Ricardo grins.

RICARDO

Very well.

CRIS

DO IT!

Logan scans the room and sees a speaker hanging above him and Ricardo. He closes his eyes and shoots at Cris, intentionally missing *BANG! BANG!* He then quickly aims upward *BANG!*

The speaker wire snaps and the speaker falls. Logan runs toward Cris and Julio.

Bombon, Francisco, Ricardo, and Irais jump out of the way, but Margarita is slow on the draw. The speaker explodes, shooting her back into a wall. She's out cold.

Bombon runs to Margarita's side.

Francisco, Ricardo, and Irais open fire as Logan scoops up Cris' gun.

Cris, Julio, and Logan jump behind the DJ booth.

INT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - DJ BOOTH - NIGHT

Sparks fly as the equipment is shot up in the background.

CRIS

(to Logan)

Holy shit! I thought you were actually gonna shoot me for a second.

LOGAN

It crossed my mind.

Logan hands Cris his gun. Cris smiles and nods.

JULIO

Alright, putos! I'll cover, and you guys get us the fuck out of here.

Julio stands and fires.

BANG! BANG! Julio takes two bullets to the chest and falls to the ground. Cris crawls to his side.

CRIS

Julio, no!

INT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Ricardo smiles.

RICARDO

Come on, Llantada. You're not cut out for this line of work. Just raise the white flag, and we'll be done with all this.

INT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - DJ BOOTH - NIGHT

Cris applies pressure to Julio's wounds, but Julio stops him.

JULIO

It's my time. I'm sorry for the way I have treated you. I should have been supporting you, not pushing back.

CRIS

(tears up)
Don't.

JULIO

Your father was a good man... but you're a great one. Finish what you started. Change this country, and never look back.

Cris buries his head in Julio's neck and *WEEPS*. Julio waves Logan over, who kneels next to him.

JULIO (CONT'D)

(feeble)
You're more of an Azteca than I have ever been. You encompass what it is to be an Azteca, and for that, I am forever grateful. Thank you...

Julio dies. Like a tea kettle about to burst, Cris grabs Julio's gun and *YELLS!*

INT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Cris hops over the booth and charges.

Logan tries to cover, but... *CLICK!* He's out of bullets.

Ricardo and Irais duck and make a run for the exit. Francisco stands strong. *BANG! BANG! BANG!*

Cris takes a bullet in the shoulder and drops to the ground.

CLICK! CLICK! Cris' weapons are empty, and Francisco knows.

Francisco slowly approaches Cris. Logan frantically looks around for what to do next. He notices the machete in the back of Francisco's pants.

Francisco stands over Cris, who *WINCES* in pain.

FRANCISCO
 (aims at Cris)
 Finally, I get to do what my boss
 never could. He's always had a soft
 spot for you.

Logan hops over the booth and sprints toward Francisco. Logan grabs the machete from the back of Francisco's pants, and in one smooth motion, he jams it through Francisco's spine.

Francisco looks down and sees the bloody blade of his machete protruding from his chest. He slowly glides off the blade and onto the ground.

Logan helps Cris to his feet. Cris picks up Francisco's gun.

CRIS
 Where's Ricardo?

LOGAN
 He went this way.

CRIS
 (to Bombon)
 Is she okay?

Bombon tends to an injured Margarita.

BOMBON
 She'll be fine.

EXT. BOTAS' WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Logan and Cris run around the corner to find Ricardo and Irais near their SUV.

Cris fires as Irais turns to shoot.

Irais takes one to the stomach.

RICARDO
 ¡MI AMOR!

Irais drops to the ground. Ricardo holds her.

Logan and Cris approach. Logan has his machete on Ricardo.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

Look what you've done, to my love.

LOGAN

It doesn't feel good to lose
someone so close to you, does it?

Ricardo cries as Irais wipes his tears and slowly fades.

CRIS

Our senseless violence has done
this to thousands of families.

LOGAN

But that's all coming to an end
right now.

Cabrera steps behind Logan with a gun on him.

CABRERA

You have it all wrong, Güero. The
only story coming to an end is
yours... Logan Jackson.

Logan drops the machete and raises his hands in the air.

CABRERA (CONT'D)

Assault with a deadly weapon.
Assault causing bodily harm.
Aggravated assault. And those are
crimes you're a victim of. You're
no Mexican Bandido. You're just
some gringo wannabe running around
trying to belong.

Torres takes Cris' weapon.

LOGAN

Call me what you want. I know who I
am now.

Cabrera looks down at Ricardo.

CABRERA

Get up. And quit your crying.

Ricardo picks himself up and wipes the tears from his eyes.

Torres is confused.

TORRES

Sir, what's going on?

Torres turns his weapon on Cabrera.

CABRERA

(to Ricardo)

Quit your sniveling. I should be the one crying. You almost cost me millions. Where the fuck is the cocaine?

TORRES

Ballena! Commandante Cabrera, or should I say Ballena? I'm placing you under arrest for obstruction of justice and corruption.

Torres slowly creeps toward Cabrera.

CABRERA

I wouldn't do that if I were you, Torres. I'm your commanding officer.

TORRES

This is why it pains me to do this, sir. Put your hands behind your head.

Cabrera reaches to put his hands behind his head. Torres holsters his gun to grab his handcuffs.

BANG! BANG! Cabrera quickly puts two bullets in Torres.

Cabrera turns his attention back to Ricardo.

CABRERA

See what you made me do! I was weeks away from my retirement. You fucked everything up.

RICARDO

Retirement? My wife lies here dead, and you complain to me about fucking retirement?

CABRERA

That's right. But I'm still going to retire, and before I do, I'm going to take care of your brother the way you never could.

Cabrera points his gun at Cris.

LOGAN

NO!

Logan makes a run for Cris. *BANG! BANG!*

SLOW MOTION:

Logan dives in front of Cris and takes the bullets.

Ricardo's stunned as he watches Logan hit the ground.

END SLOW MOTION.

Margarita hobbles around the corner, with the help of Bombon, and opens fire on Cabrera. *BANG! BANG! BANG!*

Cris drops to his knees. He lifts Logan's head.

CRIS

You stupid fucking Güero. What were you thinking?

LOGAN

It's what family would do.

They both smile. Ricardo approaches and places his hand on Cris' shoulder. Cris stands ready to fight.

RICARDO

I'm sorry for everything, little brother. Maybe I did take things a little far.

CRIS

A little?

Ricardo *CLEARs* his throat.

RICARDO

Alright... too far. But I want you to know I'm going to turn myself in. I promise to make our family proud.

Ambulance and Police sirens *RING* out in the distance.

Cris pats Ricardo on the back and nods.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

I have one small request.

CRIS

What is it, Hermano?

RICARDO

You must take care of my son. Make him proud to be a Llantada.

The Police slide to stop. Ricardo raises his hands in the air as the Police arrest him.

CRIS

I promise.

The Police take Ricardo away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Logan lays on the stretcher, all bandaged up. Margarita and RakeL are there to check on him. Logan looks back at the warehouse that's now on fire.

LOGAN

What the hell happened in there?

MARGARITA

One thing I have learned in all this is you can't trust anyone with that amount of cocaine. So, I decided to get rid of it myself.

Logan smiles.

LOGAN

Smart. This reminds me of this one time when my nana set fire to her garage accidentally.

Margarita rolls her eyes and walks away.

Cris is patched up while Torres is carted off to the ambulance. They make eye contact, and Torres nods.

Margarita approaches.

MARGARITA

Looks like you did it.

CRIS

Well, with the help of the Güero... but let's not tell him that.

RakeL steps to Logan's bedside and slaps him across the face.

LOGAN

What was that for?

RAKEL
How about kicking me in the face?
Or holding me hostage?

LOGAN
That's fair.
(extends his hand)
I'm El... I mean... I'm Logan.

Rakel's reluctant, but she gives in to his blue eyes.

She smiles and shakes his hand. She's into him!

Cris takes Margarita's hand.

CRIS
I'm really sorry for all this.

MARGARITA
(smiles)
It's okay.

Margarita overhears Logan going on his usual tangent.

MARGARITA (CONT'D)
Is he always this annoying?

CRIS
Oh, my God! YES! He's the worst.

Margarita and Cris have a *LAUGH* as they watch Logan work his magic on Rakel, who seems smitten.

FADE OUT.

CONTINUE TO TAG

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. RICARDO'S MANSION - DAY

DING DONG! The doorbell rings. Emmanuel pulls open the rather large doors to find Cris and Logan standing in the entryway.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Good afternoon, Son. Are you
Emmanuel?

Emmanuel coyly nods.

Cris and Logan step inside.

CRIS (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
(Spanish)
My name is Cristofer Llantada, and
I'm your uncle.

Emmanuel smiles.

EMMANUEL (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
Nice to meet you, Uncle.
(looks behind Cris and
Logan)
Where are my parents?

Cris' heart sinks.

CRIS (SUBTITLE)
(Spanish)
I'll explain that in due time, Son.
But first, how about we sit, and I
tell you all about our family?

Emmanuel smiles and nods.

Cris takes Emmanuel's hand as he leads him into the living room. Logan closes the door.

FADE OUT.