

THE WIDOW

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FADE IN:

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1 **EXT. CITY - DAY**

1

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The sun beats down on a mountainous Latin American city.

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Clusters of ochre, yellow, and blue hillside dwellings.

Spired colonial churches dominating cobblestones plazas.

*

2 **EXT. SEEDY BUSTLING STREET - DAY**

2

*

Lined with street vendors, bars, night clubs. Blaring music, sputtering motocarros, drunken revelry.

Track with a WOMAN as she strides through it all. An air of isolation about her.

The woman is our hero, CLEMENTINE BOYER. Wearing a tank-top. Fierce, world-weary eyes. She's on a mission.

Clem approaches the entrance to

3 **I/E. GRINGO CANTINA - DAY**

3

*

Watering-hole packed with foreigners. Several play tejo, the sport of throwing metal discs at targets on a clay board.

Clem walks in.

She looks around at the unsavory, sun-baked clientele. Appears to be searching for someone --

She spots a LARGE MAN (expat, distinctive scar on his cheek), seated, engaged in a game with cups and dice at a back table.

The table is surrounded by a circle of expats guzzling beer and placing bets on the action.

Clem pulls a creased, yellowing Polaroid from her pocket.
We only see the white back of the photograph.

She glances between the large man and the Polaroid.

She thinks for a moment.

Then she simply turns around and walks out of the bar.

PRE-LAP: jeers, bottles clinking, gloved-fists thwacking into flesh --

CUT TO:

4 INT. SHABBY GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

4 *

Two cut FEMALE MMA FIGHERS crack each other on the feet in a tattered ring that dominates the center.

The patrons, mostly tourists, sit at plastic tables set up around the ring, pound booze as they watch the action and cheer for blood. Brightly colored cash exchanges hands. Bets are placed. Frosty brown bottles of cerveza being served.

FIND CLEM --

Sitting at one of the tables with a man, their bodies pressed close, having an intimate conversation. In their own little world amid the chaos.

The man is RICK (friendly smile, built like a linebacker).

RICK

You didn't even talk to him?

CLEM

I saw what I needed to see.

RICK

What about giving him a chance?

CLEM

Like he gave her?

RICK

It's not about him.

CLEM

Let's drop it. It's in the past.

Wanting to change the subject, she leans in and kisses him passionately then whispers in his ear --

CLEM (CONT'D)

I'm looking forward to the future.

Rick smiles, shakes his head.

RICK

You're good.

CLEM

What?

RICK

Never mind.

Rick turns his attention to the fighters going at it.

RICK (CONT'D)

I needed this.

CLEM

Helping with the jet lag?

RICK

(nods)

I can feel my testosterone rising.

CLEM

I'll need to verify that later.

He laughs.

They interlock their hands. Matching wedding bands.

A WAITRESS arrives with two bottles of water and two cervezas. She's sweating, flustered, over-worked.

As she sets the drinks down she accidentally drops one of the cervezas -- an explosion of glass on the ground. Foamy beer soaks Rick's leg.

WAITRESS

Oh no!

RICK

No problem.

Clem watches as Rick helps Waitress clean up the mess with some napkins, then he holds out a wad of cash.

RICK (CONT'D)

This is for you. Just put another one on our tab.

Waitress smiles, takes the cash, then heads to the bar while Rick hands Clem the remaining bottle of cerveza.

CLEM

This is why I married you.

RICK

Why?

CLEM
Because you're kind.

RICK
That's a low bar.

CLEM
You'd think so.

She rests her head on his shoulder as they watch the tail-end of the fight.

Good spirited BOOS and LAUGHS from the table next to them, which is filled with a group of AUSTRALIAN TOURISTS --

Young men in their prime. Muscles bristling underneath rugby jerseys. Table blanketed in an army of empty cerveza bottles.

Waitress drops off a fresh cerveza for Rick as the fight ends in a draw. The combatants embrace, then exit the ring.

A nimble, older Hispanic man hops into the ring. This is the ANNOUNCER. He barks out --

ANNOUNCER
GIVE IT UP FOR THE LADIES.

The crowd grumbles. Unsatisfied.

As Rick and Clem clap, the apparent Alpha of the Aussie group, a BURLY, hairy tank of a man, yells over at Rick --

BURLY
Hey mate, where you from?

No response from Rick.

BURLY (CONT'D)
(a lot louder)
HEY MATE, YOU'RE A BUM!

RICK
Huh?

BURLY
That your girlfriend, mate?

Rick can't help but beam, proudly holds up his ring finger.

RICK
She's my wife. Honeymoon.

BURLY
CHEERS. WELL DONE, MATE.

Burly reaches over and clinks beers with Rick.

RICK

Thanks.

ANNOUNCER

BEFORE THE MEN'S HEAVYWEIGHT MAIN
EVENT, IT'S TIME FOR A FUN SPARRING
MATCH BETWEEN TWO VOLUNTEERS! WHO
WANTS TO TRY?! WE GIVE GLOVES, HEAD-
GEAR. STAY IN THE RING ONE ROUND
AND FREE BEER FOR THE REST OF THE
NIGHT! NOBODY GETS HURT!

BURLY

(to Rick)

WANNA HAVE A GO?

RICK

No, thanks.

The announcer hops down from the ring, holds out a pair of
gloves for any volunteers to take and accept the challenge --

Burly grabs the gloves.

ANNOUNCER

WE GOT A TAKER!

Cheers from the patrons.

BURLY

(smirks at Rick)

COME ON, BIG GUY. JUST A LIGHT
SPAR. WINNER GETS YOUR GIRL.

RICK

(shakes his head)

I'm a lover, not a fighter.

Burly shrugs, hands the gloves back to the announcer.

BURLY

You're a pussy is what you are.

This gets Clem's attention. Burly's buddies crack up. One of
them high-fives him.

Burly slaps Rick on the back.

BURLY (CONT'D)

Just some banter, ease up, mate.

Clem stands, reaches over and takes the gloves.

CLEM
Challenge accepted.

Burly turns back to Rick -- thinking he's changed his mind.
Takes the other pair of gloves. But then --

CLEM (CONT'D)
(to Burly)
I'll give you a round, mate. Let's
see what you got.

Burly blinks at Clem. He appears dumbfounded by this plot
twist. He looks back to Rick, who seems unfazed.

Finally he snorts -- *this lady can't be serious...*

But the look on Clem's face shows she is indeed serious.

SLAM TO:

Burly and Clem square-off in the ring, wearing 4oz gloves and
head-gear. The bell DINGS.

Burly seems uncomfortable, taking it easy, feigns going for a
takedown then throws out a few soft jabs, not much power
behind them.

Clem parries.

Then POPS BURLY IN THE NOSE, snapping his head back.

Burly's buddies cackle from the sidelines. Burly does not
like this. He starts throwing massive haymakers, like an ogre
trying to decapitate Clem with one mighty blow --

WHIFF. WHIFF. WHIFF.

Clem ducks, dodges with ease.

Burly really doesn't like this.

He charges --

In a flash, Clem rips a thunderous SWITCH KICK into his
liver. He doubles-over, then collapses onto the canvas.

A beat. The announcer lifts Clem's arm in victory.

The crowd erupts.

Rick looks over at the table filled with Burly's buddies,
just shrugs -- *that's my wife.*

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF THE CITY - NIGHT

Pulsing with energy.

EXT. VIBRANT NIGHT MARKET - NIGHT

Find Clem and Rick, walking hand-in-hand among the throng of tourists, families, and vendors.

RICK
You know I could've taken him.

Clem holds a skewer of mango slices, feeds Rick a bite.

CLEM
Of course you could've sweetie.

Off her look --

RICK
(mouth full)
I could have.

CLEM
Definitely.

RICK
I had plenty of scraps on the ice.
It's easy. You just drop your
gloves, pull up the other guy's
jersey, pretend to punch each other
a few times--

He playfully demonstrates on Clem, wrapping her up in his arms in the process.

RICK (CONT'D)
Then you grab onto each other and
wait for the ref to break it up.

She laughs.

CLEM
Oh yeah, that's exactly how they
trained us at the academy.

The play fight turns into an embrace.

CLEM (CONT'D)
What's next on our itinerary?

RICK

We can see if there are any other
obnoxious drunks around here that
need to be taught a lesson.

She pulls him into a seductive kiss.

CLEM

Or we could go back to the hotel.

RICK

There you go again.

CLEM

What?

RICK

Reading my mind.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. SIDE-STREETS - NIGHT

7

*

Rick looks at a map on his cell as they walk along --

RICK

We're supposed to take Calle 59 to
Calle 60, and... OK, I have no idea
where we are but the arrow points
this way.

They turn away from the bustling main thoroughfares.

Back here it's a maze of narrow roads under exposed
electrical wires.

Just then something grabs their attention --

TWO SKETCHY MEN drag a YOUNG WOMAN out of a ramshackle
apartment complex --

The young woman could scream if she wanted to, but she
doesn't. She looks too frightened --

SHE CATCHES EYES WITH CLEM AS SHE'S HAULED AWAY.

The two men carry the young woman around a corner and
disappear, gone into the night.

Clem starts after them --

RICK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

She stops, turns back --

CLEM
She needs help.

RICK
Then we should call the police.

Clem is torn, an internal battle raging.

RICK (CONT'D)
Clem...

SLAM TO:

Clem trots along looking for the young woman as Rick begrudgingly follows after her.

Clem turns a corner into an

8 **EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT**

8 *

And sees --

The two sketchy men loading Young Woman into the back of a parked pick up truck, its tailgate open --

Sitting on the truck bed are several more YOUNG WOMEN huddling together. They all look extremely scared.

The two men notice Clem. Rick appears next to her.

(Italics denote spoken in Spanish)

SKETCHY MAN #1
Hey, you shouldn't be here.
(accented English)
Fuck off. Go away.

This is their chance. Clem and Rick can just walk away.

CLEM
OK, I'll fuck off. No problem.

But Clem approaches the truck with her hands in the air.

The two men are momentarily confused by Clem's words not matching her actions.

And just like that, Clem is within striking distance --

SKETCHY MAN #1
You hear me? I say --

The two men try to react in time, but --

THWACK! CRACK! THWACK!

A flurry of super fast blows. Clem drops them both --

A broken leg and a shattered knee cap.

Clem looks at Young Woman, who's seized with fear, quivering.

CLEM

Go. Run.

Clem motions with her arm, points away from the truck.

Young Woman runs off as Clem moves to help the other girls out of the truck bed.

As the girls flee, a SLEEK SUV eases to a stop at the alleyway's exit.

Clem and Rick freeze.

The driver's-side and front passenger's door open --

Two GANGSTERS, one tall, the other heavysset, step out. Better dressed than the sketchy guys --

They survey the scene: the two men on the ground, incapacitated, the last of the girls fleeing into the darkness. The TALL GANGSTER locks eyes with Rick --

TALL GANGSTER

Who the fuck are you?

Rick holds up his hands --

RICK

Nobody. We were just leaving.

Rick's heart is beating out of his chest.

The back passenger-side window on the SUV lowers --

The gangsters turn to look.

Sitting in the back of the SUV is a MAN. He's silhouetted, totally veiled in shadow.

His arm extends out the window. Calm, measured, clad in a freshly-pressed suit. He appears to be the boss. In charge.

*

Clem peers into the shadows but can't see the man's face...

RICK (CONT'D)
We didn't see anything. We don't
want any trouble.

The man in the truck makes a downward motion with his hand
toward the gangsters --

Signal sent.

The car window goes up.

Rick turns to Clem, hoping they can still walk away.

RICK (CONT'D)
Come on, babe, let's go.

Clem takes a few cautious steps toward Rick, never taking her
eyes off of the gangsters.

Tall Gangster reaches into his waistbands...

RICK (CONT'D)
Wait--

Rick takes a step in front of Clem, desperate --

RICK (CONT'D)
Listen, this is all just a
misunderstanding--

TOO LATE: the muzzle flashes illuminate the night as both
gangsters open fire!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Rick absorbs multiple hits just as Clem grabs him and pulls
him backwards behind the cover of the pick up truck.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

More bullets ricochet off concrete and metal!

She tries to cover his body.

The gunfire finally stops for a moment as they run dry...

CLEM
Rick! Rick!

She shakes him but he's unresponsive.

No time to waste, she scrambles onto all fours and, in a feat
of strength, drags his limp body further into the darkness
behind some trashcans.

WE HEAR the sounds from CLEM'S POV:

The two gangsters conferring in Spanish...

The sound of an empty clip ejected and echoing as it falls to the pavement...

The hard metallic SNAP of a fresh clip jammed into place...

Clem's eyes dart around, looking for a weapon. She seizes a broken bottle.

We HEAR the FOOTSTEPS as the gangsters approach... There is no escape. And then --

A POLICE SIREN pierces the night. The strobing red and blue glow of an approaching cop car illuminates the walls of the alley.

The gangsters' footsteps stop. Then retreat.

The sound of car doors opening and closing and the SUV peeling away.

ON CLEM

As she finally looks down at Rick, cradled in her arms.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Hang on honey, it's gonna be okay.

She puts pressure on his bleeding chest wound.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Rick, babe, help's on the way. You
just gotta hang on for a little
bit, until...

She trails off. Silent. The bottle she was holding slips from her grasp and shatters on the ground.

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO FOLLOW her gaze --

There is a bullet hole in the center of Rick's forehead.

She stares.

The sirens stop as the police vehicles arrive at the alley. We can hear the police approaching.

But Clem is oblivious. She just stares at Rick in disbelief.

As she lets his body gently down to the ground, that's when she notices something else. On her own shirt, right in the center of her chest... a spreading red bloom.

A bullet has passed through Rick and into her body.

She touches her chest and probes the bullet hole distractedly. As if it had nothing to do with her.

The blood loss and shock kick in. She starts to sway.

As a flashlight from a POLICE OFFICER falls on her, Clem looks up. Then... she topples over.

CUT TO BLACK.

PRE-LAP: mechanical beeps and whirs of medical equipment.

CUT TO:

9 **INT. HOSPITAL - CLEM'S ROOM - DAY**

9 *

Sunlight slices through the blinds. A few mosquitos buzz around the fluorescent lights. *

Clem is lying in the bed, tubes snaking out of her.

A youngish AMERICAN MAN in a rumpled suit sits at her bedside. He is holding a clipboard and a tablet and has the air of a Boy Scout. This is SPECIAL AGENT MOSS.

Clem slowly blinks awake.

She groggily peers over at Moss, like she's coming out of a horrible nightmare. As she takes in her surroundings, she remembers, deflates. The nightmare is real.

CLEM

Rick...

She coughs.

MOSS

Here.

Moss offers her a cup of water. She sips.

Moss doesn't really know what to say.

MOSS (CONT'D)

I... I'm so sorry.

CLEM
(softly, to herself)
It's my fault.

MOSS
No, ma'am. I don't believe that.

Clem stares up at the ceiling.

CLEM
What the fuck do you know?

Moss absorbs that. Thinks of replying but stops short.
Finally he clears his throat.

MOSS
I'm Agent Moss. I work for the
office of the FBI legat. They sent
me down here to assist with all
the... arrangements.

Clem shifts her gaze to Moss as he holds up the tablet --

MOSS (CONT'D)
I've got some forms we're going to
have to fill out when you're
ready...

Clem simply turns away from him. Closes her eyes.

MOSS (CONT'D)
(beat)
I'll give you some time...

Moss stands.

FADE TO BLACK.

10 **INT. HOSPITAL - CLEM'S ROOM - ANOTHER DAY**

10

Morning rays filter through as Clem wakes.

An older NURSE pads in, sets down a tray with food, checks
Clem's vitals.

Clem's mind is elsewhere, gazing out the window.

NURSE
(smiles)
You're strong.

She pinches Clem's bicep, trying to cheer her up. Notices the
scars along Clem's arm.

NURSE (CONT'D)

And very lucky. The bullet went straight through.

A perfunctory knock on the door as it creaks open --

Moss leads CAPTAIN SALAZAR (50s) into the room. Salazar is impressive in stature. Dark bags under world-weary eyes.

Moss deferentially motions to the chair beside Clem's bed --

Moss clears his throat --

MOSS

This is the Captain Salazar. He's head of the municipal police here.

Clem is still gazing out the window.

MOSS (CONT'D)

He has some good news.

Finally, Clem turns, looks at Salazar.

SALAZAR

(slight accent)

My deepest apologies on behalf of my city and my country. The killing of an American tourist is intolerable.

(beat)

I mobilized all of my available resources to track down those responsible for the death of your husband--

CLEM

Murder.

SALAZAR

Murder. Of course.

(continues)

A few hours ago we were able to track down the gunmen who murdered your husband. Both gunmen were criminals with lengthy records.

Salazar motions for Moss' tablet --

He pulls something up, then shows Clem a pair of mugshots.
It's the two gangsters from the alley.

MOSS

Recognize em'?

CLEM

(nods)

Are they in custody?

SALAZAR

We tracked them to a hideout in the favela. Surrounded them, but they refused surrender. A shoot out ensued. Other than a superficial injury to one of my officers, it was a successful operation.

MOSS

They're dead.

CLEM

(to Moss, dry)

Thanks.

Salazar thinks she's addressing him --

SALAZAR

You're welcome.

CLEM

What about the man in the SUV? Any leads?

Salazar clears his throat.

SALAZAR

Regrettably, no. Nothing on that front, but--

CLEM

He was the boss.

Salazar nods sympathetically.

SALAZAR

We will do our best. You have my word.

CLEM

Thank you.

SALAZAR

Of course. You rest now.

Salazar's knees crack as he rises.

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

I understand that you are a former
law enforcement officer, is this
correct?

Nothing from Clem.

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

I'm sure you understand the nature
of our job. These things take time.
Especially when there is so little
to go on... A glimpse of a light-
skinned man in the back of an
SUV...

*
*

CLEM

He was in charge.

SALAZAR

I don't doubt you.
(then)
I wish you a speedy recovery and a
safe journey home.

Salazar turns to Moss --

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

If anything turns up, you'll be the
first to know.

Salazar leaves. As the door creaks closed Moss moves beside
Clem's bed, sits down.

MOSS

So you worked at HSI? You must have
seen a lot of things...

CLEM

(ignores his question)
Do you trust him?

MOSS

Salazar? He has a good reputation.

CLEM

I want to review the case files.

Moss takes a deep breath.

MOSS

They're very gracious people here,
but they have pride. We're
outsiders.

(MORE)

MOSS (CONT'D)

And any attempt on our part to help implies that they don't know what they're doing. My job is to let them do their job.

CLEM

Federal Bureau of Investigation.
You're supposed to investigate.

MOSS

I fill out forms.

Clem looks away in disgust.

MOSS (CONT'D)

I can help you arrange your travel home--

CLEM

I'm not going home.

MOSS

They got the killers.

CLEM

I want the guy who gave the order.

MOSS

It's a matter for the police.

Moss stares at her, sighs --

MOSS (CONT'D)

No offense, but you're not even law enforcement anymore. You're private security. And if you go poking around trying to figure out who ordered your husband's death you're going to get into trouble.

Moss stands to leave --

CLEM

You married?

MOSS

What?

CLEM

Ever been married?

MOSS

No.

CLEM

Ever been in love? Felt that
someone else is your entire world?

Moss reacts. Clearly he hasn't.

CLEM (CONT'D)

He's dead because of me.

Moss absorbs this...

MOSS

I really wish I could help you. But
my hands are tied.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

11 **INT. HOSPITAL - CLEM'S ROOM - ANOTHER DAY**

11

Clem finishes getting dressed. The hospital gown on the bed.
An untouched tray of food on the table.

The door opens and Moss walks in. Clem turns --

MOSS

I'm glad to see you up and about. I
heard you were checking out. I
though you might need a ride.

CLEM

I'm not going to the airport.

MOSS

I understand. That's why I'm here.

She slows.

MOSS (CONT'D)

If you're not going to leave this
alone, I figured I could at least
try and point you in the right
direction.

CLEM

I thought your hands were tied.

MOSS

I'm not here in an official
capacity.

Clem nods, reevaluating him.

CLEM

Maybe there's hope for you after
all, Agent Moss.

Moss looks down at his feet.

MOSS

Don't get your hopes up. I just
want to make an introduction.

CLEM

Who is it?

MOSS

A friend.

SLAM TO:

12 **INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY**

12 *

Packed with dancers, prostitutes, greasy foreigners.

LT. TOMÁS TRUJILLO (30s), plainclothes, badge on his belt,
clean shaven with a boxer's physique, strides through the
debauchery toward a back hallway.

13 **INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

13 *

WORKING GIRLS cat call Tomás as he cuts through. He ignores
them. A cool operator, inscrutable at all times.

14 **INT. BACK ROOM - DAY**

14 *

Tomás stands opposite the OWNER of the establishment, an
Eastern European man in his 50s, sitting on a plush chair in
front of a desk. A bank of surveillance monitors plaster the
wall behind him.

Two BIG, EASTERN-EUROPEAN BOUNCERS stand on either side of
the door.

Owner finishes pouring two shots of aguardiente.

OWNER

Drink with me.

TOMÁS

I don't drink.

OWNER

The other guy drank.

TOMÁS

*I'm his replacement. Lieutenant
Tomás Trujillo. Vice squad.*

OWNER

The other guy didn't have a stick
up his ass.

Owner slugs down both shots.

OWNER (CONT'D)

(off Tomás' icy glare)
My apologies, Lieutenant Trujillo.

Owner opens a drawer, pulls out a packet of US dollars,
thickness indicating it's about \$5k. Slides it toward Tomás.

TOMÁS

What is this?

OWNER

Your monthly cut.

TOMÁS

That is not going to work.

OWNER

You can have a girl too, for an
hour, do anything you want. No
offense, looks like you could use a
little relaxation.

Tomás just stands there like a stone statue.

OWNER (CONT'D)

You don't fuck either?

TOMÁS

Any agreement you had in the past
is over now.

OWNER

Is that right?

TOMÁS

The law is the law. You're allowed
to run a strip club. You're not
allowed to run a house of
prostitution.

Owner scoffs, can't believe the balls on this asshole.

OWNER

You're definitely new here. Let me
introduce you to how things work.

Owner motions to the two big bouncers. They close in on Tomás, who presents no resistance as they grab him, lift him up off the floor, and haul his ass out of the room then slam the door in his face.

Owner pours himself another shot of aguardiente.

15 **INT. HALLWAY - DAY** 15 *

A YOUNG ROSTITUTE watches as Tomás carefully straightens out his shirt, rolls up his sleeves.

16 **INT. BACK ROOM - DAY** 16 *

A knock on the door.

Owner shakes his head, looks at the big bouncers --

OWNER

Break his legs.

As one of the big bouncers opens the door --

KER-THWACK!

Tomás shatters his nose with a head butt. *

Tomás proceeds to take on two men the size of UFC heavyweights. He takes a punch to the side of the face, but quickly separates them from consciousness with a flurry of surgically precise blows. *

Tomás 1. Big bouncers 0.

Owner isn't thrilled about this.

Tomás, calm and matter of fact, wipes a bit of blood from his a cut on his lip.

TOMÁS

Your men put their hands on me. I
responded with necessary force.

Tomás turns to leave, stops in the doorway --

TOMÁS (CONT'D)

Next time I come back this place is
above board.

CUT TO:

17

I/E. TRADITIONAL WEAVING STUDIO - NIGHT

17

*

Moss eases his car to a stop in front of the studio. He and
Clem hop out.

Moss leads Clem inside. A large studio scattered with
STUDENTS practicing the traditional art of weaving alpaca
wool into sweaters, blankets, etc.

ANGLE ON Tomás, meticulously criss-crossing thin strands of
wool. He's utterly absorbed in the task.

AN OLD INDIGENOUS INSTRUCTOR pads over.

OLD INSTRUCTOR

You're late, Señor Moss.

*

MOSS

(slight bow)

*Apologies, instructora. I'm
actually not here for class, I came
to speak with--*

She cuts him off.

OLD INSTRUCTOR

(re: Clem)

Who is she?

MOSS

A friend.

OLD INSTRUCTOR

*Get to work. You can show her how
to get started.*

MOSS

Yes, instructora.

He bows respectfully as Old Instructor moves away.

MOSS (CONT'D)

(looks at Clem)

Come on.

He leads her across the room and they take spots at the table
with Tomás, who looks up --

TOMÁS
Hello, Señor Moss.

*

MOSS
(nods)
Lt. Trujillo.

Switching to English --

MOSS (CONT'D)
This is Clementine Boyer. She is
the American who recently--

TOMÁS
I know.
(bows to Clem)
My condolences, Mrs. Boyer.

MOSS
Mrs. Boyer is a former police
investigator herself. She is hoping
to find more answers about what
happened.

TOMÁS
I thought the case is solved. The
killers are dead.

MOSS
Perhaps not entirely. I was
wondering if you might be able to
help.

TOMÁS
I don't work in homicide.

MOSS
The men responsible were
trafficking girls... I'm just
asking you to share what you know
about how things work here. Maybe
you can shed some light on what
happened.

OFF TOMÁS, considering --

CUT TO:

18

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

18

*

A dilapidated building in need of repair.

19 *

Clem and Moss follow Tomás as he quickly strides through the lobby toward a staircase --

Shakes his head. Can't believe this place. His city deserves better.

Then he heads down the flight of stairs --

20 *

A dusty concrete box away from the action. Whiteboards peppered with mugshots. Tables blanketed in case files.

Low-tech. Old-school. Tomás's own private obsessive project.

The door creaks open as Tomás ushers Clem and Moss in.

MOSS
Nice office.

TOMÁS
It is only temporary. Salazar is
starting to put money back into the
precinct. He is a reformer.

TIME CUT TO:

LATER

Moss looks on as Tomás and Clem go back and forth.

TOMÁS (CONT'D)

It sounds like you and your husband were unfortunate to stumble upon this operation. The girls were likely en route to a safe house in the countryside, where they might stay, or be sent internationally to brothels. They are never seen again. The families are devastated.

CLEM

Who runs the networks?

TOMÁS
Difficult to know. Local gangs work
with organized crime. Sometimes run
by outsiders... Foreigners.

(MORE)

TOMÁS (CONT'D)

(beat)

The seed of evil.

Clem nods at this.

TOMÁS (CONT'D)

Typically the bosses don't get
their hands dirty.

(beat)

Perhaps the man in the SUV you
spoke of was inspecting his
operation that day. You just got
very unlucky.

Clem walks over to the white board dominating the center of
the room --

Photos are arranged on it in a pyramid with interconnecting
lines. Clem looks at the IMAGE AT THE VERY TOP --

MOSS

Is that the guy?

Clem squints at the fuzzy surveillance shot of a MAN wearing
sunglasses and smoking a cigarette. Clad in a freshly-pressed
suit. Air of confidence and authority about him.

CLEM

Maybe.

TOMÁS

Francois Durand. A French expat. I
believe he's top dog.

CLEM

(to Moss)

Ring a bell?

Moss consults his secure digital tablet --

MOSS

Interpol has a Red Notice on him.

TOMÁS

He is elusive. Like a ghost.

Clem's gaze shifts to an image lower down on the pyramid --

A CCTV still showing an older, distinct-looking man with a
talon-shaped scar on his cheek.

Her eyes narrow --

It's the same guy Clem saw at Gringo Cantina in the opening scene.

CLEM

What about this guy?

TOMÁS

Ernest Tribe. He is a middleman.
Lots of contacts in the underworld.
(then)
I hoped to get him to help me
locate Francois, but that has
proved... difficult.

CLEM

Maybe I can get him to cooperate.

A beat. Tomás turns to Moss --

TOMÁS

I can't allow this.

MOSS

(shrugs)
She got you to cooperate.

Tomás looks back at Clem --

TOMÁS

He doesn't cooperate with police.

CLEM

I'm not police.

TOMÁS

He won't talk to you.

CLEM

But if he does, if I can get
Francois' location, let me ride
along when you make the arrest.

TOMÁS

Nonsense. I can't have foreigners
participate in official police
business.

CLEM

I'd strictly be there as an
observer.

A beat.

TOMÁS
Tribe won't talk. But... you are
welcome to try.

That's all Clem needs.

SLAM TO:

21 **EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

21 *

Clem strides out. Moss hurrying after her --

MOSS
Hey-- how do you plan on getting
this Tribe guy to talk?

CLEM
Thanks for your help, but I can
handle it from here.

MOSS
Bullshit.

CLEM
What?

MOSS
Maybe I want to stick around and
help.

CLEM
Maybe you just want to keep an eye
on me and make sure I don't cause
any trouble.

She's got him there.

MOSS
Are you going to tell me how you
know Tribe or not?

CLEM
Or not.

Clem hails down a motocarro.

OFF Moss watching as Clem zips off --

DISSOLVE TO:

22

INT. ERNEST'S HOME - DAY

22

A belly poking out of a guayabera shirt with a hideous floral pattern.

Wearing the shirt is a large figure. Presently snoring. This is ERNEST TRIBE. A silverback gorilla of a man.

Three inch talon-shaped scar along his cheek. Old war wound. Shrapnel. Impossible to say exactly how old he is, maybe 50, maybe 65. He's seen some miles, but his powerful physique is undiminished.

It's hard to see in here.

Curtains reinforced with bedsheets and flattened cardboard boxes cover the windows and seal the room off from the outside world. A sliver of light slices through a crack here or there, but we're mostly swallowed in darkness.

Can barely make out the sun hats, more guayabera shirts, and take-out containers scattered about.

And other than the WHOMP-WHOOSH of a rickety wooden ceiling fan, there is stillness... Then --

The stillness is violated by a NASTY HACKING COUGH --

Ernest sits up, hunches over the side of his unkempt bed, matching his unkempt appearance. Groggily picks up a half-empty bottle of cerveza. Inspects it. Flicks a dead fly off its lip. Then chugs it.

A thousand-yard-stare.

CUT TO:

23

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

23

*

FOLLOW ERNEST, as he hobbles along, receiving the occasional nod of recognition. He's a figure of some importance here.

There's a pronounced limp in his gait. Tucked into the back of his pants is a scratched and weathered Glock 19, bobbing up as he walks.

He continues on through hordes of tourists under garish ads for liquor, custom suits, and cheap jungle tours.

CUT TO:

24

INT. GRINGO CANTINA - DAY

24

*

Ernest is sitting at a table ringed with a rowdy crowd. He is like a king here.

Bets are placed. Cash exchanges hand. Cerveza is spilt.

Ernest sits across from EXPAT #1. They are playing a local variation of the game Liar's Dice. Dice are rolled from cups. Then concealed by each player. Then a stare down between the players. Betting. And revealing of the dice.

What's important is that it involves reading the other player, are they lying or not about the total number that their dice roll adds up to.

FIND CLEM, in the back of the crowd, watching.

The crowd erupts as Ernest wins the game. Scoops up the pile of baht in the center of the table with his giant paws.

ERNEST

Double or nothin'?

EXPAT #1

You must take me for a fool.

Ernest grins, chugs the rest of his cerveza.

ERNEST

Good to be king.

CLEM (O.S.)

I'll play you.

Ernest peers around as Clem pushes her way forward.

Expat #1 can't stop staring at Clem's face. Whistles.

ERNEST

(to Expat #1)

Shut up.

Ernest sizes Clem up.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

How much you want to play for?

CLEM

10 minutes.

ERNEST

I'm lost.

CLEM

Ten minutes of your time.

Ernest can't help but be intrigued.

ERNEST

If I win?

CLEM

I'll match whatever's in your pile
there.

Ernest cocks his head for Expat #1 to get up. He does. And
Clem sits down across from Ernest.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Best of three.

ERNEST

Only way I play.
(then)
Know the rules?

CLEM

I'm good.

Ernest shrugs -- *whatever*.

They both roll their dice, then cover them up with their
hands, peek at the results.

Now for the showdown. They stare intensely at each other.

CLEM (CONT'D)

20.

ERNEST

21.

CLEM

Bet.

ERNEST

Match.

A tense moment. They reveal their rolls.

Jeers from the crowd. Ernest smirks.

ERNEST (CONT'D)
You lose this next one and it's
over, sweetheart.

CLEM
Thanks for clarifying.

They roll again. Another showdown.

ERNEST
18.

CLEM
20.

ERNEST
Bet.

CLEM
Match.

They reveal their rolls.

Ernest frowns.

ERNEST
You got lucky.

CLEM
We'll see.

Ernest looks at her, intrigued.

ERNEST
Where'd you learn to play, anyway?

CLEM
My mom taught me.

He motions for them to start up the third and final round.

They grab their cups, rattle the dice around.

A determined, confident look spreads across Clem's face, and
we know that she's got this --

Clem wins. The crowd reacts.

SLAM TO:

25

INT. BACK TABLE - DAY

25 *

Clem and Ernest sit across from each other. Ice water for her. A fresh cerveza for him.

She glances at his face, that talon-shaped scar.

ERNEST

How'd you beat me?

CLEM

A good player never loses twice.

ERNEST

Your mom taught you well.

CLEM

All you need is to establish a benchmark of what the opponent looks like when they're telling the truth or when they're lying.

ERNEST

Thought I didn't have any tells.

CLEM

You're drunk.

ERNEST

Rematch when I'm sober.

CLEM

Sure.

ERNEST

(laughs)

It'll be awhile.

(then)

Anyhow, what's your name, young lady?

CLEM

Clementine Boyer. Yours?

ERNEST

Ernest.

Ernest glances at his Army-green watch.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

You have 4 minutes, Clementine Boyer.

Clem opens her mouth to speak but --

ERNEST (CONT'D)

You're not a cop. I know that much.

His eyes scan her over.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

But you carry yourself like one.
Who do you work for?

CLEM

I'm an independent contractor.

ERNEST

You and me both.
(beat)
What do you want from me?

CLEM

I'm on the clock to find someone
here. This is your turf. Maybe we
can work something out. One
professional to another.

ERNEST

Who are you looking for?

CLEM

Francois Durand.

ERNEST

(shakes his head)
A man makes his living here off his
reputation. Start spilling secrets--
(snaps fingers)
You're finished.

CLEM

What will it take?

ERNEST

I don't need your money.

CLEM

Wasn't offering money.
(then)
We trade services. Maybe I can do
something for you. Something
stateside.

Ernest thinks.

CLEM (CONT'D)

A warrant cleared. A new passport.
Tracking someone down.

Clem waits. Then she pushes her chair back, as if to leave.

ERNEST

Hold on. There is something.

(beat)

There's somebody I think I'd like
to locate. Somebody stateside...

Clem leans in.

CLEM

Who are you looking for?

ERNEST

A woman. Name's **Claudia Barksdale**.
But...

*

Ernest pauses. Clem waits for more.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

She may not want to be found.

CLEM

You're in luck. This is what I do.

(then)

Got anything to go on?

ERNEST

Born here. March 9th, 1986. U.S.
citizen.

Clem finishes tapping the info into her cell.

CLEM

This Claudia... She an ex-wife,
girlfriend or something?

ERNEST

What do you care?

CLEM

Just wondering what you're going to
do once you find her.

ERNEST

I'm not asking what you plan to do
to Francois, am I?

CLEM

Fair enough.

ERNEST

(grins)

Don't worry. Not gonna hurt her.

(MORE)

ERNEST (CONT'D)

Just want to talk to her, that's all.

CLEM

I'll find her. Give me 24 hours.

Ernest cocks an eyebrow.

ERNEST

Francois has a weekly meeting with a money launderer in a few hours. I'll text you when I have the exact time and place.

CLEM

Deal.

They shake. Then --

ERNEST

Phone.

Clem hands him her cell. He thumbs in some digits.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

My number.

He hands her cell back.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. BUSTLING STREET - FOOD VENDOR CART - DAY

26

*

Clem walks up to Moss and Tomás, who have been waiting for her, munching on grilled corn on the cob.

CLEM

Francois has a meeting soon. Tribe is going to send me the location.

*

*

MOSS

How'd you get him to cooperate?

*

*

CLEM

I offered him something he wants.

*

*

Tomás is skeptical --

*

TOMÁS

And you think he's telling you the truth?

*

*

CLEM

Only one way to find out.

Moss and Tomás exchange a glance. Clem receives a TEXT -- she shows it to Tomás.

CLEM (CONT'D)

You know where this is?

TOMÁS

Iglesia de San Marco. It's a drive from here.

CLEM

Do you want a shot at catching Francois or not?

CUT TO:

27 **EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

27

Birds whirl around the grand but eroded spires rising up over the plaza.

Moss pulls up in his sedan --

Moss, Clem, and Tomás hop out.

All three are in plainclothes.

They scope the entrance. Moss turns to Tomás, concerned.

MOSS

(lowers his voice)

Tomás... maybe you should call for back up. A SWAT team?

TOMÁS

A SWAT team? My friend, you are mistaking me for somebody more important. I am a rookie vice cop in this city, investigating a case nobody asked me to investigate, chasing a tip from an American tourist who isn't even a cop.

(to Clem)

No offense.

Clem shrugs, none taken.

TOMÁS (CONT'D)

Nobody is sending me a SWAT team.
In the event that Francois Durant
is actually in that church, I will
just have to arrest him myself.

*
*
*
*
*

Tomás cracks his knuckles, shakes out his legs, like a boxer
about to get in the ring.

*

Then he crosses himself, looks up to the heavens, then back
at Clem and Moss --

TOMÁS (CONT'D)

Vamosos.

*

SLAM TO:

28

INT. CHURCH - DAY

28

*

Clem, Moss, and Tomás walk in --

Spattering of candles. Shadows. Swirls of dust and smoke from
burning candles.

TOURISTS milling about, talking softly or sitting cross-
legged or in the pews praying. NUNS in habits.

*
*

Dominating the back wall is a giant statue of Christ.

Clem, Moss, and Tomás spread out, comb through the sanctuary,
snatching glances at peoples' faces, searching for Francois
until --

*

CLEM SPOTS HIM --

*

Wearing dark sunglasses. Smoking a cigarette while sitting
between what looks like two super fit BODYGUARDS.

Francois whispers with a balding EUROPEAN BUSINESSMAN in a
suit, sweating profusely and fanning himself with a Havana
hat. They appear to be talking business.

Clem motions to Moss and Tomás. They see Francois now too.

Tomás nods. Gives them a subtle SIGNAL --

Clem cuts over to Moss, hooks his arm under hers.

And they WALK RIGHT UP TO THE BODYGAURDS --

Clem holds out her cell --

CLEM
(too loud)
You mind taking our photo in front
of that over there --

Clem points to the statue of Christ, right behind them.

BODYGUARD #1
Ask somebody else.

CLEM
Please. It would really--

A YOUNG NUN shuffles up --

YOUNG NUN
(whispers)
Quiet please.

BODYGUARD #1
I have nothing to do with this.

CLEM
Bullshit. You were harassing me.

Bodyguard #1 stands, then Bodyguard #2 stands. This is rapidly becoming a scene.

Francois and the European businessman have stopped whispering, wondering what's going on.

Tomás seizes the moment, SWOOPS IN --

Before Francois can react --

Tomás GRABS HIM, PINS his arm and STARTS HAULING HIM TOWARD
THE FRONT EXIT.

TOMÁS
You're under arrest.

Francois PANICS, WHISTLES.

THE BODYGUARDS TURN, see what's happening --

Bodyguard #1 pulls a pistol, but Clem slaps it out of his hand. Bodyguard #1 then BOLTS after Tomás --

TACKLES HIM. Freeing Francois, who scrambles away.

Bodyguard #2 KICKS MOSS IN THE BELLY --

Moss TUMBLES backward, CRASHES on top of a wooden bench --

Candles are crushed and extinguished.

Bystanders run out of the church, gawk, duck for cover.

European Businessman dips away as Clem RUSHES to Tomás' aid.

Bodyguard #1 is about to kick Tomás in the head while he's down, but Clem saves him --

JUMP-KICKS Bodyguard #1 in the back, sending him SMASHING into a pew.

Francois frantically peers around --

Crowds clog the main exits.

He DARTS to the back of the church --

ESCAPING through a SMALL DOOR next to the Christ statue --

Clem SPRINTS after Francois --

SLAM TO:

29 **INT. CHURCH, BACK ROOM - DAY** 29 *

Dimly lit nun living quarters, small kitchen, storage area.

Clem runs in. No Francois.

She notices an opened SIDE EXIT DOOR.

Then she quickly scans the kitchen --

Sees a knife rack. One is missing.

She grabs one of the remaining knives then rushes out the side door after Francois --

BACK TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

In the sanctuary, Moss is getting his ass handed to him --

Bodyguard #2 STOMPS ON MOSS' KNEE WHILE HE'S STILL DOWN.

Moss winces. Looks like he's done for.

But he RISES TO THE OCCASION --

Quickly SNATCHES a nearby metal candle holder and RAMS it into Bodyguard #2's chest --

Bodyguard #2's clothes CATCH FIRE. The blaze ENGULFS him as he CRUMPLES over. Several NUNS hurry over to try to smother the flames.

Nearby, Tomás and Bodyguard #1 go at it --

Blocks, parries, jabs, kicks.

Tomás takes control --

Bodyguard #1 is no match for his elite boxing.

Out of desperation, Bodyguard #1 grabs a NEARBY ELDERLY TOURIST, tries uses him as a shield --

But Tomás is so accurate that he continues to throw PUNCHES that somehow evade the elderly tourist and hit Bodyguard #1. Tomás is putting on an absolute clinic.

Bloodied and battered, Bodyguard #1 drops the elderly tourist and topples over. Unconscious or dead.

Looks like a typhoon shredded through the place.

Several nuns blink at the mess.

Remaining bystanders whimper, cower.

Tomás and the nuns look at each other.

Tomás shrugs as way of an apology.

Moss, huffing and puffing, moves beside Tomás.

They both look around --

No sight of Clem or Francois.

Tomás points to the ajar door next to the Christ statue --

TOMÁS

There.

They hurry toward it as we

SLAM TO:

Clem kicks him onto his back, then --

CRACK! Clem SLAMS his head down into the cobblestone.

CLEM
You gave the order to kill my
husband.

FRANCOIS
(sputters)
You're the American who should've
stayed out of our business--

She grabs his scalp, ready to slam it down again --

*

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)
Wait! Wait! You're looking for my
boss. I wasn't even here when it
happened. I was in Miami. Check my
phone. I'll show you. Please.

Clem analyzes his face, his eyes.

CLEM
I want his name.

Francois won't answer.

She PUNCHES him in the nose.

Clem snatches up the knife --

SHHNNNK!

She jams it into his thigh, just above the knee. He gasps.

CLEM (CONT'D)
Your boss' name. Now.

FRANCOIS
I-- can't--

Clem stabs him again. This time a bit higher up. CLOSER TO
HIS GROIN. Francois starts to QUIVER. Shock gripping hold.

She hovers the knife over his groin --

CLEM
Last chance.

FRANCOIS
Bla-- Blake.

CLEM

More.

FRANCOIS

Blake Yarborough.

Clem drops the knife. Backs off as

TOMÁS AND MOSS ARRIVE.

Francois gasps for air while Tomás slaps a pair of flexi cuffs on him. Tomás hauls Francois up, looks around --

*

TOMÁS

His men will come looking for him.
We can't stay here.

*

*

SLAM TO:

33 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

33

*

Moss's car zips by. As it disappears past a patchwork of brightly colored buildings, TIME LAPSE TO NIGHT --

*

*

34 **EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

34

*

A bus pulls away revealing Moss's sedan at a pump...

*

Clem sits in the back seat, changing a makeshift bandage on her wounded arm. Francois is on the back set beside her, still cuffed and passed out.

*

*

*

Moss pumps the gas.

*

Nearby, Tomás answers an incoming call on his cell, paces --

TOMÁS (INTO CELL)

Captain Salazar.

SALAZAR (OVER CELL)

Where are you, Lieutenant Tomás?

TOMÁS (INTO CELL)

I have captured an important criminal, sir.

*

*

INTERCUT:

*

35 **INT. SALAZAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

35

*

Salazar reviews a file on his computer screen.

*

SALAZAR

*Francois Durand. So I have heard.
Why didn't you inform me of this
arrest in advance?*

TOMÁS

*There was no time, sir. I was
acting on a tip I had just
received.*

SALAZAR

*Well... you did good work,
Lieutenant. Now you can bring the
suspect in to the station.*

TOMÁS

*There's an Interpol warrant for his
arrest. Shouldn't we hand him over
to them?*

SALAZAR

*I already spoke to the American
liaison for Interpol. They agreed
that we can question him first.*

(then)

Where are you?

Tomás peers around, hesitating --

TOMÁS

*At a gas station somewhere. I'll
text you my location as soon as I
hang up.*

SALAZAR

*The suspect needs to be put under
proper protection, Lieutenant. Send
the address and do not move from
there. Wait for me.*

TOMÁS

Yes, sir.

Tomás hangs up. Appears deeply conflicted.

AT THE CAR

Moss comes over to the open window. Clem finishes tying a makeshift cloth tourniquet around Francois' thigh wounds. Moss fidgets, amped up.

MOSS

*I'm going to go in to get a coffee.
You want a coffee?*

CLEM
You don't need a coffee.

MOSS
(nods)
OK.

CLEM
You good?

MOSS
My knee hurts.

Moss peers at her face --

MOSS (CONT'D)
Something wrong?
(then)
We got him. We got Francois.

Tomás strides up to Moss --

TOMÁS
Call your people and ask if a
Captain Salazar contacted them
regarding Durant.

Moss blinks.

MOSS
OK.

As Moss makes a call --

CLEM
Who were you talking to?

TOMÁS
My captain.

MOSS
And?

TOMÁS
He wants us to hand the suspect
over to him.

CLEM
You don't trust him.

Tomás looks grim. Moss hangs up and turns back to them.

TOMÁS
Well?

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

Moss shakes his head.

MOSS
Nada.

*
*

TOMÁS
As I feared. We need turn Durant
over to Interpol ourselves.

*
*

Tomás piles into the passenger seat.

TOMÁS (CONT'D)
We need to go. And we better stay
off the main roads.

*
*

Moss starts the car --

Then they both turn, notice Clem is no longer in the back --
She's now standing outside the sedan.

*

MOSS
What are you doing?

CLEM
Thank you both.

MOSS
You're not coming?

CLEM
This is as far as I go on this.
I'll get myself back to my hotel.
You get him delivered to the proper
authorities.

*
*
*
*

Clem reaches in and shakes their hands.

*

CLEM (CONT'D)
Thank you.

*
*

MOSS
You're sure?

CLEM
Better get going.

Moss smiles at her, then drives off into the night.

Clem's demeanor changes --

Game face back on. Ready to finish her mission --

CUT TO:

36

EXT. ERNEST'S HOME - MORNING

36 *

As a motocarro drops Clem off. She scans around --

There's a home overlooking a river, surrounded by teeming green jungle.

Isolated and private.

*

Clem walks up, double-checks the address on her cell.

Knocks. No answer. But lights are on inside.

Tries the door. Locked.

She scopes out the exterior.

Moves around to the yard to

*

The BACKYARD.

*

Clem spots a sliding door. Tries it. Unlocked.

As she yanks it open a RED LIGHT flashes on, bathing the inside of the house in an eerie glow. Some kind of makeshift alarm system.

Clem startles.

ERNEST (O.S.)

Morning.

*

She looks up --

Sees Ernest standing inside a shadowed corner of the living room with his fingers pointed at her in the shape of a gun.

CLEM

Cute.

ERNEST

Does the trick.

(then)

Always be prepared.

He mimes pulling the trigger.

CUT TO:

37

INT. ERNEST'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

37 *

Ernest leads Clem in then flips a switch on the wall and the red light goes dark.

ERNEST
Couldn't hear you knock.

He motions to his ears.

ERNEST (CONT'D)
They're shot to shit.

Ernest makes two glasses of tequila-something in the adjoining kitchen as Clem sets the duffel down, surveys the room --

There's junk everywhere. Empty cerveza bottles scattered, no TV, a couch with an old, tattered stuffed toy JAGUAR on it.

Clem walks over and it picks it up --

CLEM
Didn't take you for the stuffed animal type.

ERNEST
What?

Ernest peers over and sees Clem holding the jaguar.

ERNEST (CONT'D)
That's nothing.

Clem sets the jaguar back on the couch.

ERNEST (CONT'D)
How'd it go with Francois?

CLEM
Your intel was good.

ERNEST
Of course it was.
(looks her over)
Heard he got snatched at the church. All sorts of rumors flying around about who did it. Rival mafia. Corrupt police. American CIA...

CLEM
People have a lot of imagination.

ERNEST
How 'bout your end of this deal?

She sets down a piece of paper with a handwritten number.

CLEM

Claudia Barksdale. The woman you're looking for. That's her number.

ERNEST

You sure it's real?

CLEM

I'm sure.

He stares at it like it might bite him. Doesn't pick it up.

CLEM (CONT'D)

You got what you want. You don't seem all that pleased.

ERNEST

Neither do you.

CLEM

Turns out Francois wasn't the man I thought he was.

ERNEST

If I had a dollar for every woman who's said that to me...

Clem doesn't smile.

CLEM

What about you? How come you aren't picking up that piece of paper?

ERNEST

Tell ya the truth I'm afraid to call.

CLEM

Who is she to you?

ERNEST

My daughter.

He busies himself opening another beer.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

Not sure she'll speak to me.

CLEM

You must've been one helluva father.

ERNEST

(laughs bitterly)

You have no idea. It's been over thirty years.

He offers her a beer. She ignores him.

CLEM

So why now?

Ernest looks up at her, weighing whether to say more. Then --

ERNEST

I have no illusions about who I am. I've spent the better part of my days on the wrong side of the law. I've lied, I've stolen, I've betrayed friends and broken hearts. I've left a trail of tears and misery and never looked back. And I'm mostly at peace with that. I didn't invent this shitty world, I just live in it...

(beat)

For a little while longer anyway. About eight months ago the doc tells me I got a bad ticker and the clock is running out. So I figured...

(nods at the piece of paper)

Maybe I'd reach out to her. I sent messages to an old address but I don't think she ever got them.

Clem absorbs this info. A long silence.

CLEM

I'm looking for the man who had my husband killed.

ERNEST

Yeah.

CLEM

You already knew that?

ERNEST

It's my business to know things here.

Clem stares at him.

CLEM

And you knew from the start that
Francois was the wrong guy?

Ernest shrugs.

ERNEST

You came to me for Francois. I gave
you Francois.

Her anger mounts.

CLEM

Do you know the name of the man I
want?

Ernest shrugs again.

ERNEST

If I did, I wouldn't tell you.

CLEM

Blake Yarborough.

That gets his attention. He looks up at her.

ERNEST

What the fuck did you do to old
Francois to get that out of him?

CLEM

I asked. Really. Nicely.

ERNEST

I may have underestimated you,
Clementine Boyer.

Clem looks into his eyes.

CLEM

You know, my husband was a good
man. Rick. That was his name. He
wasn't like you or me. He wasn't in
the game. He was just a regular,
decent, kind-hearted civilian who
happened to fall for the wrong
person. And I dragged him down the
wrong dark alley on the wrong night
and into something he had no
business being a part of. That's on
me. And I've got to live with it.
Forever. But you know what I don't
have to live with?

(MORE)

CLEM (CONT'D)

Letting the scumbag responsible get
away scot free.

She crosses to him, softening her tone.

CLEM (CONT'D)

So I'm asking you-- help me find
this asshole. Point me in the right
direction. That's all. I'll take it
from there. Will you do that?

ERNEST

You want a favor?

CLEM

Just this once. Will you do
something because it's the right
thing to do?

He takes a step forward.

ERNEST

You want something for nothing?
I'll give you this free of charge.

(beat)

There are are a lotta bad people in
this world. Some of them get what's
coming. Blake Yarborough? He's not
one of them. He's the kind that
will always get away with it. Trust
me on this.

(hard)

You should go home.

CLEM

What if I can't?

ERNEST

Then it's your funeral. This is
over.

She searches his eyes for a shred of pity. Doesn't see
anything there.

CLEM

For you. Yeah. It's definitely
over. Have a nice life, Ernest.

(as she goes)

Or what's left of it.

She turns and walks out.

He watches the door shut behind her.

HOLD ON Ernest.

He's troubled. But fuck it. He knows how to handle that. He goes for the bottle of tequila.

As he pours a drink his eyes go to that phone number on the table.

OFF HIS LOOK --

CUT TO:

38

I/E. SEDAN - DRIVING - DAY

38

*

Empty two-lane road slicing through jungle.

Moss drives, still amped, fingers tapping the top of the steering wheel. Francois' head dips from side-to-side with the movements of the truck, still out cold.

Moss turns on the radio. A loud Spanish tune blares --

Tomás taps the radio off. Been a long day.

MOSS

You ever been to the states?

TOMÁS

No.

MOSS

What about Europe?

TOMÁS

No.

MOSS

Ever left the country?

TOMÁS

No.

MOSS

Why not?

TOMÁS

It is a beautiful country.

Moss ponders this.

MOSS

Fair enough.

Tomás rubs his temples.

TOMÁS
You transferred here, yes?

MOSS
Not by choice.
(beat)
I shot my supervisor.

Off Tomás's surprised look --

MOSS (CONT'D)
It was my first week out of the academy. My gun got caught as I took it out of the holster and I fumbled it... my finger got caught in the trigger guard and it just... went off.

TOMÁS
What happened to him?

MOSS
Oh it was just his foot. But he didn't take it well and he shipped me off the farthest outpost he could think of.
(beat)
Anyway, jokes on him. Like you said, this place is beautiful.

Up ahead --

A barrier comes into view. It's surrounded with UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS.

Two parked police cruisers block the on-ramp to the highway to the capital.

OFF Moss and Tomás exchanging a glance --

CUT TO:

39

EXT. ERNEST'S HOME - DAY

39

*

Rain starts to fall as Clem strides away.

She stops to compose herself, then continues down the street.

40

I/E. ERNEST'S HOME - DAY

40 *

Ernest downs one more shot of liquid courage, then snatches up the piece of paper with his daughter's number on it --

He dials.

Ring. Ring. Ring.

Finally somebody picks up on the other end.

He holds the phone to his ear --

ERNEST (INTO CELL)

Claudia?

A beat. Then --

FEMALE VOICE (OVER CELL)

I haven't used that name since I
was five.

TIGHT ON ERNEST

He reacts. He recognizes the voice. So do we.

ERNEST POUNDS HEAVILY to the front door and flings it open --

CLEM stands in the street, cell phone in hand --

She sees him, lowers her cell.

ERNEST

It's... you?

CLEM

I never needed you before. I sure
as shit don't need you now.

Her voice echoes over the still open phone line.

She hangs up. Turns to walk away.

ERNEST

Wait!

He hustles after her. She keeps walking.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

Wait, goddamn it!

Finally he catches up, huffing. Puts a hand on her shoulder. She shakes it off and wheels on him.

CLEM

Don't fucking touch me.

Ernest throws up his hands in a gesture of peace.

ERNEST

Okay, okay. Just slow down. Let's talk this over, okay? I'll help you, all right.

CLEM

I just told you. I don't need your help.

ERNEST

If you're going after Blake Yarborough, yes, you do.

Something in his voice stops her.

OFF HER LOOK --

BACK TO:

41 **EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY**

41 *

Moss slows the car to a stop as they approach the blockade. *

MOSS

Probably just a coincidence...
Looking for drunk drivers or
something, right?

TOMÁS

(grim)
Not out here.

In the back Francois blinks awake --

He takes a moment to realize where the hell he is. Peers at the blockade. Smiles. Senses his fortunes might be turning.

FRANCOIS

You boys arrested the wrong guy.
Now you are in real trouble.

Tomás is calm, but dead serious --

TOMÁS

Keep your mouth shut.

FRANCOIS

Fine by me. I don't need to say anything. I'll just watch.

Moss tenses as a YOUNG OFFICER approaches. *

Moss turns to Tomás --

MOSS

Let me talk. They won't mess with an American.

Tomás doesn't say anything. His eyes locked on the approaching Young Officer.

MOSS (CONT'D)

I have diplomatic immunity.

Moss opens his door, raises his hands into the air, slowly walks toward Young Officer.

Tomás watches as Moss and Young Officer talk. Moss flashes his FBI badge.

FRANCOIS

Your friend has no idea who he's fucked with. It's not going to end well for you.

Tomás is too focused on Moss to react --

Moss gestures animatedly with his hands. Young Officer watches, betraying zero emotion, arms crossed.

Young Officer turns, gestures to SENIOR OFFICER, an older, stern man, to come over.

CUT TO:

42

INT. ERNEST'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

42

*

Sheets of rain batter the windows as the storm picks up.

Ernest and Clem sit across from each other.

Ernest swigs from a fresh bottle of cerveza with one hand, holds an old, yellowing POLAROID with the other (the same one Clem was holding in the opening scene) --

It's of a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, young and vibrant. She's beside a massive, distinct-looking MAN. The man appears to be in his early-30s. An encenillo tree in the b.g. *

There's a talon-shaped scar along the man's cheek. It's Ernest. A lifetime ago. And he's holding a ONE YEAR OLD GIRL, big grin on her face, clutching a stuffed toy jaguar in her tiny arms.

ERNEST

Where'd you get this?

CLEM

Mom gave it to me.

ERNEST

How is she?

CLEM

Dead. Cancer. 12 years ago.

ERNEST

She was a good woman...

(beat)

Whose idea was it to change your name?

CLEM

Mine. Fresh start.

ERNEST

Go through all that trouble to avoid me, yet here you are.

CLEM

It was my husband-- it was Rick's idea. He convinced me to come here to try and find you. Thought it would be good for closure.

(beat)

I found you in that bar. You didn't see me. But I saw all I needed to see.

Ernest hands the Polaroid back to Clem, who pockets it.

ERNEST

I'm sorry. I was young. I wasn't ready for responsibility--

CLEM

I don't want to hear it.

(then)

When I asked if you'd help me earlier, before you knew I was your daughter, I wanted you to say yes because it's the right thing to do. You failed.

(MORE)

CLEM (CONT'D)

Because you haven't changed. You're the same selfish prick you've always been.

ERNEST

That's not fair--

Clem is done with the small talk, stands to leave --

ERNEST (CONT'D)

Fine. You're right. I'm a piece of shit. I don't deserve any more chances. But, like it or not, I know this place and the odds are already stacked against you. You need every bit of help you can get if you want to go up against Blake.

A beat. Clem sits back down.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

How come you left Homeland Security?

CLEM

What's this got to do with Blake?

ERNEST

Jesus, I'll get to that.
(then)
Tell me.

CLEM

More money in the private sector.

ERNEST

Bullshit. I may not know a lot, but I know enough about you already that money wouldn't motivate you to do that.

(beat)

What really happened?

Clem sighs, then tells the truth --

CLEM

You could say I had a problem with authority. A problem with assholes in authority at least. Butted heads with some incompetent who was high enough on the food chain to wreck my career. I could have left well enough alone, but...

Ernest can't help but chuckle --

ERNEST

Pride. You and your old man have
that in common.

CLEM

Anyway, landed on my feet. Met
Rick. Fell in love. And then, here
I am. Because I couldn't leave well
enough alone, again...

Ernest falls silent at that -- can't argue.

CUT TO:

43

EXT. BLOCKADE - DAY

43

*

Tomás's still sitting in the sedan. Moss standing nearby.

Senior Officer ends a call on his cell, motions to the other
officers while BARKING ORDERS.

The officers swarm on Moss, who throws his hands into the
air. They CUFF HIM, SHOVE HIM to the asphalt.

MOSS

Hey-- Hey-- Hey-- Easy.

Tomás jumps out of the car to help Moss--

But the officers quickly surrounded him at gunpoint and
relieve him of his service Glock.

TOMÁS

Keep calm. I will talk to the
officers.

But before he can say anything --

A WHITE VAN pulls off the highway and comes to a stop at the
blockade. A pair of GANGSTERS get out.

The officers drag march Tomás and Moss over and hand them
over.

Moss and Tomás watch as --

The police help Francois out of the sedan and remove his Flex
Cuffs.

Francois smiles as Tomás and Moss are shoved into the van.
Calls out to them --

FRANCOIS
Va te faire foutre!

OFF Tomás and Moss as the door slams shut on them.

CUT TO:

44

INT. ERNEST'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

44

*

Ernest cracks open another cerveza as Clem listens --

ERNEST
He's built an effective network here. Works with local organized crime trafficking girls to International groups abroad. He's ruthless, smart, takes precautions. Usually he's holed up in his compound. And when does venture out he's well protected--

CLEM
You're telling me all the reasons I can't get to him, tell me how I can.

ERNEST
Relax. I'm just giving you the lay of the land. We'll figure something out but it may take a little time, is that alright with you?

CLEM
Fine.

Ernest gets up --

ERNEST
I gotta take a leak.

He disappears down the hallway, leaving Clem all alone.

*

45

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

45

Ernest splashes cold water on his face.

Stares at himself in the mirror.

BACK TO:

46

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

46 *

Lightning FLASHES, thunder GRUMBLES --

Followed by a LOUD KNOCK on the front door.

Clem quickly scans around --

*

Picks up a fly swatter. No good.

Picks up a metal lamp. Too clunky.

Clem sees Ernest has a BASEBALL BAT propped up against the wall by the sliding back door.

Picks up the bat. Just right.

Another LOUD KNOCK at the front door.

Clem maneuvers against the wall beside the front door, waiting like a cobra to strike --

KER-RACK!

The door is kicked open.

A THUG walks in, carrying a Glock --

Clem swings --

CRACK!

Shatters the thug's arm. The Glock goes skittering across the floor.

The thug turns, whips off a ferocious kick --

Clem uses the bat to deflect --

The bat cracks in half.

Clem uses a splintered, jagged piece to SMACK the thug across the face, then STABS him in the eye --

The thug SCREAMS as

Clem swiftly SNAPS his neck --

The SOUND of more thugs from outside --

Clem DIVES after the Glock --

Snatches it. Flips onto the ground, on her back, swivels toward the door and aims just as THREE MORE THUGS CHARGE IN --

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Three headshots. Three dead thugs.

Clem hears a NOISE, pivots, aims toward the source --

Sees ERNEST standing in the hallway, fumbling with his trusty beat-to-shit Glock --

ERNEST

It's me. Don't shoot.

Clem lowers her aim as the Glock slips out of Ernest's booze-addled hands and clatters to the floor.

Embarrassed, he bends down, scoops it up. Then surveys the scene --

He raises an eyebrow, impressed. Clem is a serious badass.

They cautiously check for any remaining foes.

Looks clear.

Ernest glances at the shrapnel cuts along Clem's torso --

ERNEST (CONT'D)

You okay?

CLEM

I'll live.

(then)

Who the hell were those guys?

ERNEST

Only person in the city who knows where I am and would send a hit team is Blake Yarborough. Which means he's connected the dots.

He looks up at Clem suddenly --

ERNEST (CONT'D)

What'd you do with Francois?

CLEM

My friends were taking him to the capital.

ERNEST

I don't think they made it.

A look of concern spreads across Clem's face.

She pulls out her cell. Tries Moss. No answer.

ERNEST (CONT'D)
He's got them.

CUT TO:

47 **EXT. FINCA - DAY**

47 *

An opulent estate bristling with security cams.

The white van pulls up and is greeted by a phalanx of goons on Blake's payroll.

They yank Tomás and Moss out of the van.

48 **INT. FINCA - HALLWAY - DAY**

48 *

Tomás and Moss are shoved into two separate holding rooms.

49 **INT. FINCA - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

49 *

Francois sits on a plush couch.

A man, average height and build, wearing a fancy custom-tailored suit, strides in --

This is BLAKE YARBOROUGH. Eyes like a Great White's.

Salazar trails behind him.

FRANCOIS
Blake--

Blake gives Francois a warm embrace.

SALAZAR
How is your leg?

FRANCOIS
I was stabbed. Several times.

BLAKE
I've already called for the doctor.
He's on his way.

Francois looks relieved.

FRANCOIS
Thank you, Blake.

BLAKE

You look like you could use a drink.

FRANCOIS

Absolument.

Blake motions to a nearby thug, that exact same motion he used when ordering Rick's death --

The thug pulls a fine bottle of blanco tequila off the shelf and hands it to Blake, who fills a crystal glass.

Francois downs it in one gulp.

BLAKE

(refilling)

So, this woman at the church--

FRANCOIS

The crazy one who stabbed me--

BLAKE

Yes. Tell me. What did you two discuss?

FRANCOIS

Discuss? Nothing. She's crazy. She attacked me.

Blake gives Francois a friendly pat on the back.

BLAKE

Of course. Of course. It doesn't really matter, but I just need to know what, if anything, she knows.

Francois is hesitant.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Don't be nervous, Francois. How long have you and I known each other?

(reassuring)

So long as you're honest with me, all will be forgiven. You have my word.

FRANCOIS

Well... It's hard to remember fully, I was in shock, you understand, but I might have mentioned your first name.

BLAKE

Just my first name?

FRANCOIS

I was in a great deal of pain. I
can't recall for sure.

A beat. A slight smile spreads across Blake's face.

BLAKE

That's it? Just my name, huh?

Blake turns to Salazar --

BLAKE (CONT'D)

He was worried about that?

Salazar chuckles. Then Francois lets out a relieved laugh.
Then Blake laughs.

Blake picks up the bottle to refill Francois' glass. But
instead --

KER-SMASH!

Blake cracks Francois over the head with the \$300 bottle of
tequila. Francois SCREAMS. Blood Oozes from his forehead.

SMASH! SMASH! SLICE!

Blake viscously BASHES Francois' skull with the bottle, and
when the bottle BREAKS, he SLICES him across the throat.

Blood GURGLES out of Francois' mouth as he COLLAPSES over
onto the floor.

Blake looks down at his bloody hands.

A goon appears with a white towel.

As Blake wipes himself clean --

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Let's go see about the other two.

OFF Salazar, trying to hide that he's disturbed --

CUT TO:

Ernest paces, chugging down a cerveza as Clem stands there.

ERNEST

It's over. You need to run.

CLEM

No. He has my friends.

ERNEST

Hate to break it to you, but
they're probably dead.

CLEM

I need to find out.

ERNEST

I think it's safe to say you're
outgunned.

CLEM

Maybe it's time for me to call in
the calvary.

ERNEST

Who?

CLEM

U.S. authorities.

ERNEST

You can't do that.

CLEM

Why not?

ERNEST

He's a protected asset.

CLEM

Jesus fucking Christ. A sex
trafficker?

ERNEST

(shrugs)

CIA turns a blind eye as long as he
keeps providing good intel.

Clem absorbs this.

CLEM

I'm not abandoning my friends.

ERNEST

I thought I was stubborn.

CLEM
You got guns?

Ernest takes a deep breath, stares at her, then --

SLAM TO:

51 **INT. ERNEST'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY**

51 *

Clem watches as Ernest gets down on his knees and reaches under the bed.

As Ernest fumbles around, Clem notices a pair of EXPLOSIVE DEVICES stuck to the wall on either side of the door --

Dangling from one of the explosives is a coil of wire.

A makeshift TRIPWIRE.

Ernest drags out a coffin-like, old WAR CHEST, flips it open:

Revealing a STASH OF WEAPONRY from perhaps the Gulf War or some obscure regional conflict the US was involved in.

Dominating the stash is an M203 GRENADE LAUNCHER.

Clem fishes out a BERETTA M9 PISTOL and an M4 CARBINE, A SCOPE, SUPPRESSOR, A FEW MAGAZINE CLIPS as Ernest tosses her an Army green DUFFEL BAG.

CLEM
This'll do.

CUT TO:

52 **INT. FINCA - SIDE ROOM #1 - DAY**

52 *

Tomás sits in a chair, holding a paper cup of coffee.

A large GUARD in plainclothes stands by the door.

The door creaks open, Salazar walks in.

Tomás is not surprised to see Salazar here.

SALAZAR
Hello, Lieutenant.

Nothing.

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

A man named Blake is about to talk to your friend. Then he will come talk to you. And his methods are likely to go beyond just talking. My hands are tied... I need you to listen to me very care--

TOMÁS

(flat)

I thought you wanted to make this city a better place... I was misinformed.

SALAZAR

You really don't get it. See things as they are, Tomás, and not how you'd like them to be.

TOMÁS

What about the girls?

SALAZAR

This is how it is.

(beat)

You're stubborn. An idealist. And that is your problem. Now you are in over your head. Sometimes there is no choice but to work closely with certain criminals. It gives us more control--

TOMÁS

I thought your hands were tied.

(then)

Perhaps you are the one who is in over your head.

Tomás has him there.

SALAZAR

(beat)

I need you to tell me everything Francois said to you and the Americans. And tell me now.

Nothing. Salazar tries a different route --

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

This is an official matter now and I'm ordering you to cooperate. Are you going to defy your captain?

Tomás looks up at Salazar, gives him a small "Fuck You" smile.

Salazar shakes his head as if he pities Tomás, then walks out and shuts the door behind him.

CUT TO:

53

INT. FINCA - SIDE ROOM #2 - DAY

53

*

Moss is sitting in a chair, hands bound. Legs rapidly tapping up and down. Frightened.

Along the wall, there's a steel table with a heavy duty suitcase resting on it. Whatever is inside can't be good.

The sound of HEAVY FOOTFALLS approaching.

MOSS

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

A grim look of determination spreads across his face, like an athlete in the locker room getting ready to take the field --

MOSS (CONT'D)

You can do this.

He sucks in a deep breath and steadies himself.

Just then Blake strides in, flanked by a huge plainclothes guard with a sleeve tattoo -- we'll call him **HUGE GUARD**. And finally Salazar.

Salazar watches from the corner as Blake unties Moss' hand restraints, then hands him a paper cup of coffee. Huge Guard stand sentry by the door.

BLAKE

Where is she?

MOSS

Who?

BLAKE

Clementine Boyer.

MOSS

No idea.

Moss holds the paper cup to his mouth, his hand quivers slightly but then he steadies as he takes a sip --

MOSS (CONT'D)

This coffee taste like shit.

BLAKE

You're welcome, Special Agent Moss.

Moss betrays a small look of surprise.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I know Francois talked. Routes,
bank accounts, names. Whatever he
spilled, you need to tell me.

Moss doesn't blink --

MOSS

If I'm not in the capital by
sunrise, the calvary will come for
me.

BLAKE

Maybe.

(beat)

Or maybe you're out on your own.

MOSS

Why would I do that?

BLAKE

Maybe you felt bad for this poor
bereaved woman and you decided to
help out?

He stares Moss down.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I've seen her. She and her husband
were in the wrong place at the
wrong time. Unlucky.

MOSS

Unlucky for you.

A pause.

BLAKE

How so?

MOSS

She's a U.S. agent. One of the
best.

BLAKE

I heard she was fired.

MOSS

That was a cover.

(leans in)

If you're even a little smart,
you'll let me and my friend go, and
disappear while you still can.

OFF Blake analyzing Moss' face, mulling this over --

CUT TO:

54

INT. ERNEST'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

54

*

Ernest watches as Clem slings the now-bulging Army green
duffel around her shoulders.

CLEM

Where is Yarborough's compound?

ERNEST

You plan to walk in and start
firing?

CLEM

I'll figure something out.

ERNEST

You might be able to walk in, but
you won't walk out.

CLEM

I'm running out of time.

ERNEST

You should stop thinking about your
friends and start thinking about
yourself. You've got a target on
your back now. And so do I.

Ernest opens the sliding back door and walks outside.

55

EXT. ERNEST'S HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

55

*

The storm has passed. Late afternoon light. Water laps the
river bank. Ernest's home in the b.g. *

Clem walks up to Ernest who stands at the water's edge next
to a massive, Encenillo tree. *

ERNEST

You recognize this place?

CLEM

Should I?

ERNEST

That photo of you and your Mom you carried around all these years? It was taken right here. Under that tree.

*

CLEM

I'm not in the mood for a trip down memory lane. Give me the address to the compound.

ERNEST

You're gonna get yourself killed. Revenge isn't worth it.

CLEM

This isn't about revenge. It's a rescue mission.

ERNEST

It's a suicide mission.

CLEM

It's none of your fucking business.

Ernest looks out at the ocean.

ERNEST

I waited all these years to see you. I'd rather it not be just to see you get killed.

Ernest lets out a deep breath, turns and faces her --

ERNEST (CONT'D)

This is my chance to protect you. To be your father.

CLEM

You really don't get it. This isn't about you.

ERNEST

Will you at least slow down and think this through? Stay here. I'll go and see if there's a deal to be cut.

CLEM

What do you have to bargain with?

ERNEST

Just trust me. Will you do that?

He waits for answer...

CLEM

You only look out for you. Always have.

Ernest's face clouds over.

ERNEST

Yeah, well at least I knew when to fold a bad hand. You and your mother were nothing more than a burden. So I got out. You don't know when to leave well enough alone.

A stunned beat.

CLEM

Fuck you.

Ernest angrily grunts, storms back toward his home --

OFF Clem, watching him go, not sure of her next move --

CUT TO:

56

INT. ERNEST'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

56

*

Ernest slams the sink with his hands. A few tears streaming down his cheeks. He turns on the faucet. Splashes himself with cold water.

Then places a call on his cell --

ERNEST (INTO CELL)

Let's talk.

SALAZAR (OVER CELL)

You're alive.

ERNEST (INTO CELL)

The finca. Now.

SALAZAR (OVER CELL)

What for?

ERNEST (INTO CELL)
I want to make a deal.

CUT TO:

57 **EXT. FINCA - COURTYARD - DAY**

57 *

Salazar steps outside. *

Blake is calmly pacing back and forth, thinking, holding his cell.

SALAZAR
Tribe called. He's coming here. *

BLAKE
For what?

SALAZAR
He says he wants to make a deal.
(beat)
If you kill that American agent it
could cause a lot of trouble for
me.

BLAKE
Don't worry. I'll make sure you are
compensated.

Salazar shakes his head.

SALAZAR
There are limits to what I can do,
Mr. Yarborough.

Blake's phone beeps. He looks down at his text.

BLAKE
Well, you don't have to worry.
Nobody is going to come looking for
that American agent.

SALAZAR
How can be you sure?

BLAKE
Because he's full of shit.

CUT TO:

58 *

CUT TO:

59 *

BACK TO:

60 *

CUT TO:

61 *

I'm honored. I wish I could take the credit but it was the American girl who took them out. She's something.

BLAKE

So I'm told. You've got a lot of balls walking in here after you sold out Francois.

ERNEST

I'm a businessman. Nothing personal. Now I'm here to talk business with you.

BLAKE

What are you selling?

ERNEST

The girl.

(beat)

I want \$800K to give her up. And the target off my back. That's it. I'm leaving this place. I'm done.

Blake considers this.

BLAKE

400.

ERNEST

650.

BLAKE

500.

ERNEST

Deal.

BLAKE

You're smarter than you look, old man.

ERNEST

I'll take that as a compliment.

Ernest extends his hand to shake.

Blakes sizes Ernest up. Ernest does not blink.

Finally, Blake shakes.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

We should move. I've got her stashed at my place. She's waiting for me.

BLAKE

I'll get an escort party together.

ERNEST

Get as many as you can.

CUT TO:

62 **EXT. FINCA - NIGHT** 62 *

Ernest is escorted to an SUV by several ARMED THUGS. The Huge *
Guard climbs behind the wheel. Ernest is sandwiched between *
two more THUGS in the back seat. *

A second SUV is loaded with more goons as a follow car. *

The vehicles peel out. *

63 **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** 63

Clem looks at herself in the mirror.

CUT TO:

64 **EXT. ERNEST'S HOME - NIGHT** 64 *

As the lead SUV approaches it slows to a crawl. Tires crunch *
gravel. *

INSIDE *

Ernest leans forward and looks through the windshield: *

 ERNEST *
 Right here. *

They come to a halt. *

CUT TO:

65 **INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT** 65 *

Clem breaks a few bottles of cerveza over a towel. Wraps the *
towel around the broken glass.

CUT TO:

66 **EXT. ERNEST'S HOME - NIGHT** 66 *

The armed thugs and Huge Guard pile out of the SUV.

The other SUV trailing behind them parks, more thugs hop out.

Then they grab Ernest and prod him toward the front door.

Huge Guard motions for six of the thugs to fan out, circle around through the back of the home --

No one talks. Light on their feet.

One of the remaining thugs nudges Ernest forward with the muzzle of his AK-47 --

Ernest digs into his pocket, comes up empty.

ERNEST
(just above a whisper)
Shit. No key.

HUGE GUARD
Step aside.

Huge Guard prepares to kick in the door, or perhaps blow it off its hinges with his assault rifle.

ERNEST
Wait. Don't do that. Let me grab my spare.

Huge Guard stares, annoyed.

Ernest bends down awkwardly, reaching for a doormat, accidentally THUDS into the front door --

CUT TO:

67 **INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT**

67 *

As Clem zips up the towel with the glass into the duffel. She hears a THUD, turns and exits to --

68 **INT. HOTEL CABANA - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

68

REVEAL SHE IS NOT AT ERNEST'S HOME --

Another THUD, as someone KNOCKS ON THE DOOR --

Clem crosses, peers through the peephole, then opens the door to see a HOUSEKEEPER. Clem puts the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door handle, shuts the door.

Then Clem checks the clock beside the bed, grabs the duffel, slings it around her shoulder. She's ready to rock.

BACK TO:

69

EXT. ERNEST'S HOME - NIGHT

69 *

Ernest collects himself, then lifts up the doormat, and

THE FOLLOWING HAPPENS VERY FAST --

Ernest whips SOMETHING SHINY out from under the doormat --

A FREAKING MACHETE

In one fluid motion, he RISES, grabs the nearest thug with the AK-47, and

SCHNNK!

DIGS the blade up through the thug's lower back --

It comes out the other end, TEARING through his rib cage.

Ernest SHOVES the dead thug into Huge Guard --

Then TOMAHAWKS the machete into his chest.

Ernest spins around, THRUSTS his giant frame through the front door, KNOCKING it off its hinges --

The door swings and SMACKS against the wall with a mighty BANG as Ernest disappears inside.

BRATTT! BRATTT! BRATTT!

Huge Guard sprays with his assault rifle, emptying an entire clip.

Bullets SHRED into the home sending a confetti of debris into the air.

Huge Guard looks down at the machete embedded into his chest.

He grabs its handle, and as he yanks it out we

SLAM TO:

70

INT. ERNEST'S HOME - NIGHT

70 *

Ernest barrels into the bedroom --

*

Bends down, starts digging into the beat-to-shit WAR CHEST --

Sweating profusely now, he arms himself to the teeth, including several Beretta M9s that he tucks in his waistband.

He grabs and loads the M203 Grenade Launcher.

Then he turns, moves toward the pair of EXPLOSIVE DEVICES stuck to the wall on either side of the door --

Ernest unravels the coil on the TRIPWIRE and pulls it TAUT, across the doorway.

Then wraps the end of it around the loop on the pin attached to the explosive device stuck to the other wall.

Ernest quickly scans over his handiwork. Looks good.

He steps over the tripwire.

Huffing and puffing, runs out into the

HALLWAY

BLAM! BLAM!

Ernest SHOOTS one the thugs as he creeps in through the front door.

The thug's head EXPLODES, SPLATTERING the walls with bits of white skull and brain matter.

Suddenly, Ernest's face is bathed in

RED LIGHT

A group of six thugs have crept in through the back sliding door.

Just as the thugs aims their AK-47s at Ernest --

THUMP-POW!

A M203 grenade round ROCKETS into the thug in front --

A millisecond later --

KER-BOOOOM!

The six thugs' bodies are EVISCERATED.

Blood, guts, and debris SLING everywhere.

Flames from the explosion LICK the walls.

What's left of the living room quickly transforming into a smoldering HELLSCAPE.

Ernest looks ill. The excitement has his heart beating of his chest. His shoulder wound now openly SEEPING crimson.

Huge Guard steps into the home holding a Glock.

Ernest draws a Beretta M9.

The two men aim at precisely the same moment --

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

A volley of gunfire.

Then Ernest SLUMPS down to his knees.

Hit in the chest, near his heart.

Huge Guard marches forward.

BLAM!

Shoots Ernest in the belly.

Then KICKS Ernest --

Sending him SPRAWLING onto his back.

But he's STILL ALIVE. Still breathing.

Huge Guard steps over him.

Reaches down and PRESSES the barrel of the Glock against Ernest's forehead.

Ernest coughs blood.

Then, Ernest SMILES. Red teeth.

Huge Guard blinks, glances down at a flash of movement --

Ernest's hand is GRASPING to pull the pin on the belt of grenades around his torso.

KER-RUNCH!

Huge Guard STOMPS on Ernest's hand before he can do it.

Digs his foot into the bullet wounds on Ernest's chest.

Blood Oozes out.

Ernest WINCES. Unimaginable pain.

Then his head lulls to the side. Eyes shut.

He appears dead.

Huge Guard collects himself. Looks down the hallway and starts walking toward Ernest's bedroom, searching around for Clem.

We stay with Ernest --

His eyes blink open. Alive.

He watches as Huge Guard enters the bedroom and

KA-LICK!

HUGE GUARD

Shit.

Huge Guard looks down at the TRIPWIRE.

KEEEER-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

71 **EXT. FINCA - NIGHT**

71 *

THREE BODYGUARDS stand around the main entrance.

Orange tips on their cigs glowing as they peer into the night, scanning the area for any sign of a threat.

Four hi-tech night-vision security cameras perched above slowly swivel from side-to-side.

CUT TO:

72 **EXT. FINCA - JUNGLE - NIGHT**

72 *

Dense foliage.

*

Then, the floor of the jungle appears to move.

IT'S CLEM.

Nearly invisible.

As she commando crawls a meter or so forward.

She's drenched in mud.

Blending perfectly with the environment.

She stops. Slowly props the carbine into position.

She wipes the scope clean.

Then presses her eye up to it.

The suppressor has been attached to the carbine, poking ever so slightly out of the foliage.

Clem aims, carefully --

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

Three shots. Three bodyguards CRUMPLE.

Clem raises the carbine a touch.

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

Shards of glass CLINK onto the ground as bullets destroy the four surveillance cameras perched above the entrance.

CUT TO:

73

INT. FINCA - NIGHT

73

*

Clem slips in, SWEEPING through with her carbine.

It's empty.

SUDDENLY

Dark shapes appear in Clem's periphery.

She SPINS, sees in the

ADJOINING HALLWAY

THREE GOONS with Glockes.

Before they can open fire --

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

Clem takes them out, surgical precision. HEADSHOTS.

She cuts down the

HALLWAY

Looking in the open doors as she goes.

Mostly storage and surveillance rooms.

No other goons in sight.

Clem reaches a closed door at the end of the hallway --

KER-RACK!

She kicks it open.

Chucks in a flash-bang.

KA-BANG!

74 **INT. FINCA - SIDE ROOM #1 - NIGHT**

74 *

Clem STORMS IN --

Finds TOMÁS inside, still cuffed to the steel chair.

He blinks, trying to regain his vision.

Clem walks over to him --

PFFT!

Shoots the cuffs off. They CLATTER to the floor.

She helps Tomás to his feet.

CLEM

You OK?

Tomás nods.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Moss?

TOMÁS

We need to find him.

A look between them. Clem holds out a Beretta pistol.

Tomás takes the gun.

75 **INT. FINCA - SIDE ROOM #2 - NIGHT**

75 *

Clem and Tomás sweep in.

NO MOSS. Just the empty steel chair.

76 **INT. FINCA - NIGHT**

76 *

Clem motions for Tomás to go around to the SIDE-DOOR leading to the backyard.

Tomás nods, slips away.

Clem proceeds past a flight of stairs, into the

77 **INT. FINCA - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT**

77 *

Clem creeps past.

As she goes, she shakes out the little shards of broken glass from her duffel out onto the floor, moving toward the OPEN-AIR PATIO on the far end --

She steps forward, out into the

78 **EXT. FINCA - COURTYARD - NIGHT**

78 *

Where she finds Salazar, and two armed HENCHMEN --

Clem's carbine raised. It's a stalemate.

BEHIND CLEM

We see A GOON TIP-TOEING DOWN THE STAIRS in the living room toward her --

He RAISES HIS AK-47 as he steps out onto the floor --

CRUNCH!

Steps on the little shards of glass.

Clem spins --

PFFT!

Shoots the goon in the heart --

Blood SPRAYS OUT, SLAPPING across some tacky, expensive painting mounted on the wall nearby.

The goon FACEPLANTS. Dead.

In a flash, Clem spins back around --

TOMÁS
WEAPONS ON THE GROUND!

Salazar, and the henchmen turn and see Tomás, standing by the side-door, the Beretta raised and aimed at them --

TOMÁS (CONT'D)
NOW!

Salazar is defiant.

SALAZAR

What are you going to do? Shoot me,
Lieutenant?

BLAM!

Blood ERUPTS from Salazar's thigh as he falls, dropping his
service revolver somewhere in the grass.

TOMÁS

I will not ask again.

The henchmen toss their weapons.

Clem motions with her carbine to them --

CLEM

Fly.

They don't need to be told twice.

CLEM spots movement in the doorway --

BLAKE STEPS OUT -- using Moss as a HUMAN SHIELD. His Glock
pressed tightly against Moss' forehead.

Moss is SCARED. Eyes wide.

Clem's finger coils around the trigger --

But she doesn't have a clean shot.

BLAKE

Nice to see you again. Now drop
your weapons.

CLEM

Let him go and we can all walk out
of here.

BLAKE

I'm not gonna ask again. Drop the
gun or I shoot him in the head.

MOSS

Don't do it.

BLAKE

(chuckles)

You've got some spirit.

Clem's eyes meet Moss's.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
I'm not fucking around. Three. Two.
One --

Moss GRITS HIS TEETH --

KER-CRACK!

Moss HEADBUTTS Blake in the nose, shattering it.

MOSS drops to the ground.

Clem squeezes her trigger rapidly --

PFFT! PFFT!

Blake falls face first into the ground.

Clem and Tomás rush over.

She flips Blake onto his back.

Blake's been shot twice in the chest. Still alive.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Bitch.

Clem bends down --

CRACK!

Clem punches him in his already shattered nose.

His head SLUMPS BACK.

CRACK!

Clem PUNCHES him the mouth.

CRACK! CRACK!

More punches land with BONE-CRUNCHING IMPACT.

She's beating Blake's face to a pulp. A mask of blood.

Clem raises her fist for one more hit to end him --

She holds her fist in the air. Clenched tight.

TOMÁS
Mrs. Boyer --

Instead of landing another blow, freezes.

TOMÁS (CONT'D)

It is over.

Clem's fist relaxes. She drops her arm. Exhales deep.

She turns her attention to Moss --

CLEM

You OK?

Moss nods.

CLEM (CONT'D)

You did good.

Off Moss's reaction --

DISSOLVE TO:

79

EXT. FINCA - MORNING

79

*

Several police cruisers and ambulances are parked out front.

Blake and Salazar, both cuffed to gurneys, are shoved into the back of the ambulances. Nearby a paramedic tends to the gash on Moss' head.

Clem and Tomás stand across from each other under the street lights. The road still slick from the storm.

CLEM

Finish what you started.

TOMÁS

I will take them both to the capital, and they will face justice.

Clem appears satisfied.

TOMÁS (CONT'D)

What will you do now?

CLEM

I don't know.

A beat.

TOMÁS

It was a pleasure working with you.

Tomás extends his hand.

They shake, firmly, while looking into each other's eyes.

Respect.

CUT TO:

80 INT. POLICE CRUISER - MORNING 80 *

Tomás gets behind the wheel. *

A look of resolve spreads across his face.

New Sheriff in town.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. ERNEST'S HOME - DAY 81 *

Clem watches from behind a tape barrier as police sift through the wreckage. Only a charred husk remains. Blackened bodies and human body parts littered everywhere.

We see bits of the stuffed toy jaguar scattered around.

Clem is impassive. Hard to read what she's feeling.

CUT TO:

82 INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY 82 *

We see Ernest, ALIVE, BARELY, resting in the bed, tubes
snaking out of him, all bandaged up like a mummy.

His eyes are closed.

The door opens, and Clem walks in --

Sits down in the chair beside the bed.

CLEM

Hey. Can you hear me?

Nothing.

CLEM (CONT ' D)

Move a finger.

Still nothing.

Clem remains stoic, inscrutable.

CLEM (CONT'D)
I was wrong about you...

She grabs his hand, shakes it.

But Ernest's hand remains limp. He's not responsive.

A beat.

CLEM (CONT'D)
Love you... Dad.

The room is silent.

As Clem stands to leave --

Something stops her. She looks down --

Ernest HAS GRIPPED HER HAND BACK, STRONG AS AN OAK.

DISSOLVE TO:

83 **EXT. ERNEST'S HOME - BACK YARD - DAY**

83 *

On the RIVER. *

A SMALL BOAT floats on the WATER: *

Clem.

Sitting in the bow. *

Clem is now wearing fresh tourist clothes.

She's tanned, relaxed. Indicating some time has passed.

She looks out at the jungle on either side. Peaceful.

Her cell BUZZES.

She glances at the screen --

Moss calling. She picks up --

MOSS (OVER CELL)
Just calling to check in on you.
How are you doing?

CLEM (INTO CELL)
I think I'm gonna be okay.

MOSS (OVER CELL)
I know you are.

A small smile from Clem.

CLEM (INTO CELL)
Stay out of trouble, Moss.

Clem hangs up. Tucks her cell away.

In her other hand --

Her wedding band and the Polaroid showing young Ernest, her,
and her Mom.

She extends her hand out over the edge of the boat.

She squeezes tightly, one last time...

Then, just...

Lets go.

SLAM TO BLACK.

THE END