

A bold text appears on a black screen: "The war on drugs was an ideology the government came up with, and there never really was a war on drugs. I mean, to stop the importation of drugs in the United States is an impossibility" - George "El Americano" Jung

EXT. STREET ALLEY - LATE MORNING

Juan leans against the outside wall of a housing complex. In the right corner it says TIJUANA, MEXICO. Juan checks his watch and looks around.

JUAN  
Where is that guy?

A Mexican man walks up to Juan.

MEXICAN MAN  
(In Spanish) Well, do you have it?

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Ten thousand, and it's all yours.

MEXICAN MAN  
(In Spanish) How do I even know it's any good?

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Look pal, I've had this argument with about a dozen other guys just like you at least a thousand times. If it ain't good; then don't buy it from me.

Juan turns and proceeds to walk away. Mexican Man pulls his wallet out of his pocket.

MEXICAN MAN  
(In Spanish) Wait, wait, wait sir.  
Don't go.

Mexican Man takes money out of his wallet and hands it over to Juan. Juan counts the money. Juan takes a dirty FedEx package out of his backpack and hands it to Mexican Man. Mexican Man opens up the package and finds a wrapped up kilo of cocaine inside.

MEXICAN MAN (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Thank you sir.

Mexican Man walks away with the kilo smiling.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Go crazy pal.

Juan counts the money again then puts it in his pocket and walks off. Juan stops near a small market, takes a beat up old journal out of his backpack and writes in it.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Another satisfied client.

Juan puts the journal back in his backpack.

JUAN (V.O.)  
A lot of people these days tend to say that drugs are just a good way to die quickly. How every day someone, somewhere in America, has just overdosed after shooting up heroin in a bathroom stall. That is only fifty percent true.

Juan wanders through a Mexican market talking with local sellers.

JUAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Drugs may take life but they also give life. For example, Tylenol, Oxcarbazepine, Lamotrigine, Penicillin. All of em keep you healthy and alive, while your doctor gets rich from giving them to you. You see, drugs can also make you a shit ton of money.

Juan purchases a bottle of Tequila and starts to drink it out of the bottle as he walks through the market.

JUAN (V.O.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Drugs have always been a thing in my family. Or at least played a vital role in our lifestyle. My granddad worked as a pharmacist for forty-two years. Selling stuff ranging from weak painkillers to Tamoxifen. When he died, not only had he paid for my college tuition, but my dad had inherited over three million dollars from him. He told me. His biggest regret was that he only had one child.

As Juan walks through the market people continually stare at the colorful dragonfly tattoo on his wrist.

JUAN (V.O.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
My old man is a kickass salesman. The man can sell almost anything. Especially himself, according to my mother. He started as a drug rep when he was twenty-two making a hundred k a year. By the time he retired, he and my mother were living in a five floor house in Manhattan and owned summer homes in Myrtle Beach and Fort Lauderdale. According to him, his only regret was not honeymooning in Paris.

People begin to stare and point at Juan.

SECOND MEXICAN MAN  
El Viajero! El Viajero!

Second Mexican Man points at Juan and people stare at Juan and his wrist tattoo.

JUAN (V.O.)  
I on the other hand. Well, I spend every minute of my life living with regret.

A group of three men with guns start to walk towards Juan.

JUAN  
Oh Shit!

Juan runs throughout the market while the three men chase him. One of the men trips and falls on his face. The second man nearly grabs Juans shirt. Juan slams the bottle of Tequila against his head and the man falls with blood and glass on him. Juan steps to the side and takes off his backpack. The third man aims his gun and Juan slams him in the head with his backpack. The man falls to the ground unconscious.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Adios bitch.

Juan spits on the man's head. Juan hears numerous people screaming "Americano". Juan runs down an alley and climbs up a ladder attached to the side of a building. Juan gets off the ladder and sits on a rooftop peering down at the commotion on the street. He opens up his backpack, pulls out

a camo bandana and wipes the sweat off of his forehead, then wraps the bandana around his wrist covering the tattoo. Juan's iPhone rings in his pocket. He takes it out and answers it.

JUAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Hey cuz, how you doing?

TITLE SEQUENCE: A montage of photos and footage about drug deals, arrests, and violent cartel activity show on screen.

INT. SAM AND JULIETA'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Sam's iPhone vibrates while the clock alarm goes off. Sam picks up his iPhone, yawns and stretches. Julieta wraps her arms around Sam. In the right corner it says NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

SAM  
C'mon babe. Time to get up.

Sam kisses Julieta on the cheek then gets out of bed and gets dressed.

JULIETA  
Do we really have to get up now? Can't we stay in bed and cuddle a little longer?

SAM  
Babe, it's a fifty-five minute drive to Providence, and if we don't hit the road soon we'll be stuck in traffic for at least an hour. Plus, I think you got enough action last night.

Julieta stretches and sits up in bed wearing nothing but a bra and a thong.

JULIETA  
Well I want more.

SAM  
Don't worry, you'll get plenty more tonight.

JULIETA  
You sure your parents won't mind?

SAM  
Trust me babe, they go at it like cats  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
and dogs all the time. Used to keep me  
awake all night when I was a kid.

JULIETA  
Damn, I didn't think your parents were  
that fun.

SAM  
Ugh, their mood is never the same.

Sam and Julieta shower and get dressed. Sam sits down on the bed while Julieta puts gel in his hair and starts styling it.

JULIETA  
Now just sit still. This won't take  
very long.

SAM  
That's what you say every time. And  
every time you have to add more gel or  
comb it differently because there's  
some sort of knot in my hair or it's  
still greasy despite me conditioning  
it.

JULIETA  
Oh, stop whining and sit still. There,  
perfecto.

Sam goes into the bathroom and looks in the mirror.

SAM  
Not bad babe. Not bad at all.

Sam walks out of the bathroom. Julieta slaps Sam in the butt while he walks over to a nightstand to get his wallet and keys. Julieta puts on a jacket and picks up a suitcase and a stack of wrapped gifts.

JULIETA  
Let's go.

Sam and Julieta walk out of the bedroom.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - MID MORNING

Sam and Julieta are driving in Sam's truck.

JULIETA (CONT'D)  
I'm nervous.

SAM  
About what?

JULIETA  
About spending Christmas with your family.

SAM  
There's nothing to be nervous about. You've spent holidays with us before. Thanksgiving, New years Eve...

JULIETA  
Yeah, when we were still dating.

SAM  
So you think that us being engaged is gonna make things different. It's just like the last few holidays you spent with us. Except this time you're wearing a very shiny diamond ring on your finger.

Sam holds Julieta's hand while he keeps driving.

JULIETA  
And the stylish Kate Spade necklace I got for my birthday.

SAM  
That too. As while I have two new tattoos on my arm.

JULIETA  
So, let's go over it again. It's your mom, your dad, your brother Jerome, your two sisters, Ella and Ana, your aunt Melanie, your cousin Javier and his wife Eliza...

SAM  
And their six year old daughter Heather.

JULIETA  
Right. What if they don't like me?

SAM  
Trust me, they're going to love you. You won over my parents in a fuckin heartbeat. They absolutely adore you.  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
I'm sure the rest of my family will  
love you just as much as they do.

JULIETA  
Yeah, but your brother has a bit of a  
grudge against me.

SAM  
Jerome doesn't hate you. He's just  
pissed at me. His fiance dumped him  
after they'd been together six years  
and we got engaged two weeks later.

JULIETA  
Don't you think that's still a little  
harsh to keep reminding him about  
that?

SAM  
Not really. Sucks for him, rules for  
us.

JULIETA  
Yeah, you're right. Plus Jerome was  
cheap. Didn't he like, buy the  
engagement ring at a thrift shop?

SAM  
It was a flea market. And, it only  
cost him fifteen bucks.

JULIETA  
What a cheapskate.

Sam and Julieta drive up to a large house and park in the  
driveway.

SAM  
Here we are.

Sam and Julieta get out of Sam's truck, take the suitcase and  
gifts out of the back of the truck and walk up towards Sam's  
parents house.

INT. SAM'S PARENT'S HOUSE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Sam and Julieta walk into the house.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Merry Christmas!

JULIETA  
Feliz Navidad!

Sam's mom rushes up to them and hugs him.

SAM'S MOM  
Merry Christmas dear. It's so good to  
see you.

SAM  
Good to see you too mom.

SAM'S MOM  
And Julieta, you look fantastic.

Julieta shows Sam's mom her ring and necklace.

SAM'S MOM (CONT'D)  
Oh my god, it's stunning.

JULIETA  
Thanks, compliments of Sam.

Sam's brother Jerome walks up.

JEROME  
Damn bro, you're a big spender. How  
much?

SAM  
A lot more than you spent, I can  
promise you that.

The rest of Sam's family walks over and starts hugging Sam and Julieta.

ANA  
So, I can already tell Jule's got her  
Christmas gifts early.

ELLA  
Yeah, can we expect any surprises this  
year? Or did you stick to the Jerome  
budget and just get us gift cards?

SAM  
Let's just say, you and mom really  
torpedoed my wallet this year.

Ana and Ella high five.

ANA

Yes. Are we talking two months salary  
torpedo or more.

SAM'S MOM

Girls! Christmas is supposed to be  
about family. Not how much your  
brother spoils you.

SAM

Well...

JULIETA

Let's just say we did a lot more than  
simply go ice skating in Central Park  
when we went to New York City last  
week.

ELLA

Damn. I didn't think you were willing  
to spend that much.

SAM

What can I say; the women in my life  
get the best.

SAM'S DAD

Yeah, but son sometimes you gotta  
think about the future. Kids ain't  
cheap. And the average wedding in  
America costs between thirty to fifty  
k.

JEROME

Yeah bro. You might need to sell that  
truck of yours. Trade it in for  
something more family friendly. Like a  
minivan.

SAM

I know what you're thinking Jerome.  
The answer's no. No fucking way am I  
gettin rid of The Beast.

SAM'S MOM

Honey, you may have to. You've had it  
since you were twenty, and when it  
comes time for you to become a dad.  
Well, you can't fit a carseat in a  
pickup truck.

AUNT MELANIE

Everyone, let's stop bickering and relax a little. Come on, the appetizers are getting cold.

Everyone goes into the kitchen and gets paper plates and food from off the counter. Julieta puts all of the gifts underneath a large Christmas tree in the living room then sits on the couch with Sam.

INT. SAM'S PARENT'S LIVING ROOM - MID MORNING

JULIETA

Mrs. Gutierrez, I have to say that your Christmas tree looks beautiful.

SAM'S MOM

Thank you Julieta. It's not as big as last year but at least we were able to get it into the house without getting sap all over the floor.

JULIETA

It's definitely nice to see that you have a live tree. My family has been using the same fake Christmas tree every year since I was five.

ANA

Well, in this house the tree has to be real. Even if it's something Will Ferrel found in Central Park.

Everyone starts laughing and then Sam's iPhone rings. His ringtone is the jingle from The Office. Sam pulls his iPhone out of his pocket. It's an unknown number with two star symbols next to it.

SAM

Oh crud. Not now.

JULIETA

Babe, what's wrong?

SAM

Oh, nothing. It's probably just someone from the hospital who misplaced a catheter tube or something...you guys relax...I gotta take this.

Sam gets up and hurries out of the living room.

JAVIER

Aren't catheter tubes used for your  
dick?

Everyone stares at Javier. Sam goes upstairs and locks  
himself in the bathroom then answers the phone.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - MID MORNING

Juan opens up a door and stares around at a musty dirty hotel  
room. The hotel owner is standing next to him. In the right  
corner it says JUAREZ, MEXICO.

HOTEL OWNER

(In Spanish) It's forty pesos a night.  
The bathroom is down the hall to your  
left. There's a few restaurants in the  
area. I recommend you eat early.

Juan pulls some money out of his wallet.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Here's two-hundred. Don't  
bother knocking, I'll be gone before  
sunrise.

HOTEL OWNER

(In Spanish) Thank you very much sir!  
Leave the key on the desk in the  
lobby.

The hotel owner walks away. Juan closes and locks the door  
and drops his backpack on the floor. He looks around and sees  
a bed, busted dresser, and a nightstand with a half drunk  
bottle of gin on it.

JUAN (V.O.)

Now, I've never really been one for  
classy, high quality, or overly  
hospitable. But, as long as the bed  
isn't too rotten and there are no dead  
rats or mosquitos in the room, I'll  
settle for it.

Juan opens up the window and looks outside, then sits down on  
the bed, pulls his iPhone out of his pocket and makes a call.

INT. A BATHROOM - MID MORNING

Sam is sitting on top of a toilet on his iPhone.

SAM

(In Spanish) Ugh, Juan, this isn't  
exactly the best time.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - MID MORNING

JUAN

(In Spanish) Well that's a charming  
hello. By the way, Happy Holidays.

INT. A BATHROOM - MID MORNING

SAM

(In Spanish) Happy Holidays to you too  
cuz. I take it you're in a bit of a  
bind right now?

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - MID MORNING

JUAN

(In Spanish) Not really, but I had to  
avoid some trouble earlier. You sound  
tense. Is something wrong?

INT. A BATHROOM - MID MORNING

SAM

(In Spanish) Not per say. However, I  
am currently at my parent's house with  
Jules trying to enjoy Christmas with  
my family.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - MID MORNING

JUAN

(In Spanish) Are you at least alone?

INT. A BATHROOM - MID MORNING

SAM

(In Spanish) For now, yes. And you?

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - MID MORNING

JUAN

(In Spanish) If I weren't alone right  
now I wouldn't be calling you.

INT. A BATHROOM - MID MORNING

SAM

I'm telling you man. You have really gotta start strategizing a bit more. Every time you call me it really screws things up. Jules and I wanna try and enjoy our family Christmas without any hostile interruptions.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - MID MORNING

JUAN

Yeah, yeah I know. And don't go ranting to me about that. My plane leaves in six hours. I gotta book it to the airport if I plan to enjoy my Christmas as well.

INT. A BATHROOM - MID MORNING

SAM

Wait, what? You aren't stateside? Normally you're in Manhattan on the twenty-third. Where are you anyway?

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - MID MORNING

Outside of the hotel there's loud gunfire and sirens going off. Juan immediately closes the window and locks it.

INT. A BATHROOM - MID MORNING

SAM

Wait a second, was that a machine gun?

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - MID MORNING

JUAN

Yeah, that was definitely an M-four. I'm in Juarez.

INT. A BATHROOM - MID MORNING

SAM

Jesus Christ. You're calling me from the fuckin lion's den. By the way, you have really gotta download WhatsApp. All these long distance calls of yours keep amping up my phone bill every month.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - MID MORNING

JUAN

Yeah, yeah, I know. It's on the to do list. By the way, congrats on getting engaged. I'm proud of you man.

INT. A BATHROOM - MID MORNING

SAM

Wait, what, how did you know?

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - MID MORNING

JUAN

Well, the last time you called me you were in a shopping mall near Zales. So I assumed you had popped the question by now.

INT. A BATHROOM - MID MORNING

SAM

Yeah I did. Earlier this month. And if you have any questions about the wedding, or invites, don't bother. We don't even have a guest list yet.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - MID MORNING

JUAN

Might I be on that guest list?

INT. A BATHROOM - MID MORNING

SAM

I really can't answer that question. When you're no longer on the list of unknown fugitives, then we'll talk. Look, I gotta go. My family needs me.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - MID MORNING

JUAN

Yeah, so does mine.

Juan hangs up the phone then drinks the remaining bottle of gin.

INT. A BATHROOM - MID MORNING

Sam flushes the toilet, then walks over and opens up the bathroom door and sees Julieta standing in front of him.

SAM

Ahhh! Babe you scared me.

JULIETA

What were you doing in there? I heard talking and ranting. Were you on the phone while taking a shit?

SAM

Yes I was. Probably had a little too much coffee this morning.

JULIETA

Oh my god babe. I've told you not to do that. That's disgusting.

SAM

Lots of guys do it. It's pretty common these days.

JULIETA

Yeah, well, it's fucking gross. Plus I'd think being a paramedic and all that sanitation means a lot to you.

SAM

Yeah, when I'm at the hospital.

JULIETA

Well, I prefer it when you keep things clean. Now let's go, your mothers waiting, and I'm hungry.

Sam and Julieta walk downstairs.

EXT. NYU CAMPUS - EARLY EVENING

Marco is eating a cheesesteak sub while Juan talks to an NYU Student. In the far right corner it says NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK 2000.

JUAN

Alright, here you go man. Two bags of Brooklyn Raw Boner. That will be three-hundred bucks.

Juan gives NYU Student two bags of marijuana. NYU Student gives Juan three-hundred dollars in cash.

NYU STUDENT  
And you're sure this stuff is good?

JUAN  
Dude, the last guy I sold this to got laid three nights in a row, and some. If you know what I'm talking about.

NYU STUDENT  
Oh boy. Someone is getting high and fucked tonight!

NYU Student puts the bags in his pocket and runs off.

JUAN  
Go crazy my man. Have a satisfying night.

Marco walks up to Juan still eating while Juan counts the cash.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Sucker.

MARCO  
That guy's not gonna be getting any action tonight is he.

JUAN  
Oh fuck no. He'll be high as a kite, I can promise you that. But he ain't getting laid. That stuff just makes you get really weird erections.

Juan and Marco walk off across campus.

MARCO  
I don't know how you do it man.

JUAN  
Do what?

MARCO  
Waltz around campus, selling weed to desperate strangers. Doing deals with freshmen who can't even legally drink yet. I mean look at you. You're like the kingpin of NYU. I'm telling  
(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)  
you, broaden your horizons a bit.

JUAN  
Wadda you mean by that?

MARCO  
Like, expand your market. Sell off campus. Try doing deals in the city. You can't be so contained.

JUAN  
Marco, I don't need to strut my stuff and go selling pot to every other person in Manhattan. Sometimes it's better to just play it safe and stick with what I'm good at.

MARCO  
That's the problem Juan. You're not good. You're the best. How long have you been doing this again? Five, six years?

JUAN  
I started dealing weed when I was sixteen. It was just a way to make some extra cash. I grew up surrounded by stoners and potheads, so business was good.

MARCO  
I get that. But I know you Juan. You're the kind of guy who doesn't want business to be good. You want business to be the best. I'm just saying. Expand your audience a bit, look for some new clients, and you could be very well off.

JUAN  
Yeah, but that's the problem. I'm a salesman, not an advertiser. Doing deals and making money is what I'm good at. I don't know jack shit about marketing.

MARCO  
Hang on for a second.

Marco pulls out his cellphone and makes a call.

MARCO (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Hey, my man. I got a friend here who I think you should meet. Yes he's your kind of guy. Salesman, smooth talker. Knows how to win people over. Yes he has experience. How much? Five years. No, he just needs some guidance. You will? Ok, we'll be there.

Marco hangs up his cellphone and puts it in his pocket.

JUAN

What was that all about? And what do you mean by guidance?

MARCO

Dude, tomorrow night you and I are going out. I'm gonna introduce you to a close friend of mine who knows a thing or two about marketing.

Marco and Juan walk back to their dorms.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - EARLY AFTERNOON

Juan walks through the terminal as they repeatedly call for his plane to board. Juan shows the men at the terminal his boarding pass and passport to the terminal worker.

TERMINAL WORKER

(In Spanish) Alright sir you are all set to board. Have a safe flight.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Thank you sir. Have a fantastic afternoon.

Juan boards the plane.

INT. AIRPLANE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Juan sits down in a seat right next to the window. He puts his backpack between his legs and looks around as other people board the plane.

JUAN (V.O.)

Flying hasn't always been my thing. Not that I'm afraid or anything, but I travel constantly and am never in the same place. What I loathe most about  
(MORE)

JUAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
flying is flying alone. Not having  
someone next to you who you can talk  
to or watch a free movie on board  
while drinking cheap Coca Cola and  
eating slightly stale crackers.

Juan leans back into his seat as the plane starts moving and prepares to take off.

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING

Juan and Marco walk into a busy restaurant. Marco points at a man sitting at the bar who has two tattoo sleeves, the word FUCK tattooed on his fingers, and a subtle scar on his neck.

MARCO  
That's him. Right there. Marco and  
Juan walk up to the man sitting at the  
bar.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
Hey Jose.

Jose gets up and hugs Marco.

JOSE  
Bro, amigo. How you doin?

MARCO  
I'm good. How bout you?

JOSE  
Well I'm not drunk yet. Only had one  
beer so I'm still getting warmed up.  
Who's this guy?

MARCO  
This is my friend I was telling you  
all about. Jose, this is Juan. Juan,  
meet my cousin Jose.

JUAN  
Pleasure to meet you.

JOSE  
Good to meet you too. Marco's told me  
all about you. Here boys, sit down and  
have a drink.

Juan and Marco sit down at the bar next to Jose and order

drinks.

JOSE (CONT'D)

So Marco tells me you're one heck of a dealer. One of the best salesmen he's ever seen.

JUAN

I wouldn't say I'm the best. I mean, I'm good. And I got some decent clients. But definitely not the best. I take it that you're also a salesman.

JOSE

Yes I am. More than half my family is in the business. And business is good. Very good. So, what do you sell?

JUAN

Weed, and lots of it.

JOSE

How much are we talking, when you say "a lot"?

JUAN

Well, I have a pretty decent number of clients. Several regulars who are always looking to have a good time, and I normally have at least three, sometimes four surprise clients on a Friday night or Saturday morning. Every other day I make a sale.

JOSE

But what's your weekly average? Five, six?

JUAN

I'd have to say I'm averaging at least eight sales a week. Ten if it's the holiday season or spring break.

MARCO

See, I told you he was good.

JOSE

I'm impressed. Now the real question is, how much are you charging? How much do you rake in on a weekly basis?

JUAN

I charge three-hundred to five-hundred a bag. Depends on how good it is. Most of the time folks just need one bag for them to go stir crazy. But I know a few who are total stoners and will buy an average of two bags.

JOSE

So we're talking roughly four-thousand bucks a week from eight different clients.

JUAN

Yeah. But that's good. That's good money. That's more than some of my friends make in a month with their low life part time jobs.

JOSE

Look champ. That's good. But it will only get you so far.

JUAN

What do you mean by that?

JOSE

It's not simply about how many sales you make and how much they want. It's about what you're selling, and what it's truly worth.

JUAN

Ok?

JOSE

Here's the thing about weed. Everyone's buying it. Everyone smokes it. It's only a matter of time before they make it legal and you don't have to worry about the whole illegal, underground, shadiness of selling it. You broaden your horizons and expand the number of clients you may make some more money, but soon, the value will go down. I can promise you that.

JUAN

So, let me get this straight. You're telling me that sooner or later Mariuana will be legalized and buying  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
it would be the equivalent of paying  
for Tylenol?

JOSE  
Pretty much, yeah. What you need is  
something that's low volume, high  
value.

JUAN  
What do you mean by that?

JOSE  
You have to start selling something  
where you have fewer clientele, but  
the cost of the product they're buying  
is huge, and will pay you well.

JUAN  
What do you recommend I start selling?

Jose takes a bag of cocaine out of his pocket and places it down in front of Juan.

JOSE  
Here's the product. All you need now  
is people who are willing to pay.

Juan picks up the bag of cocaine and examines it.

JUAN  
Dude, this is coke.

JOSE  
Yeah....and it's also your new product.

JUAN  
No way man. Can't do it.

JOSE  
Why not?

JUAN  
For starters, I don't know where to  
get it from. I can easily get my hands  
on weed. I grow it behind the dumpster  
near our dorm. I don't know a thing  
about growing and harvesting cocaine.

JOSE  
Look, my man. Chill. I got you  
(MORE)

JOSE (CONT'D)  
covered. I can get it to you easy. All  
you gotta do is sell it to the right  
people.

JUAN  
And how can you get me plenty of coke  
to sell? Better yet, who's willing to  
buy it?

Jose pulls a photo out of his pocket and hands it over to Juan. In the photo is a man who looks very similar to Jose standing next to Pablo Escobar.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Is that who I think it is?

MARCO  
Holy shit, it's the king himself.

JOSE  
My father was one of his most loyal  
and dedicated coworkers. And those who  
are left continue to do very  
satisfying business deals with us.

Juan gets up out of his chair.

JUAN  
Sorry Jose, you got the wrong man.  
This is way beyond my abilities. Come  
on man, lets go.

Marco gets up and starts to follow Juan.

JOSE  
How would you like to turn that four-  
thousand dollars into four-hundred  
thousand dollars?

Juan and Marco turn around and start to walk back towards Jose.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
And that can be from just one deal  
alone. In a year, you could be looking  
at four million. No tax cuts included.

JUAN  
I'm listening.

JOSE

So I know you two are graduating in May. What's your plans for post-graduation? Got any job offers, internships, joining the military?

JUAN

I got about four possible internships lined up right now.

MARCO

I got a job offer, but it's a contract position. So it won't last long.

JOSE

How much do those internships pay you?

JUAN

Nothing. All unpaid. Basically free labor.

JOSE

Fuck the internships and that cheap contract. Call them up, say no. You boys are joining me and my wife down in Miami this summer. I've got a really good internship lined up for you.

Juan and Marco look at each other then Juan shakes Jose's hand.

EXT. A PORCH - MID AFTERNOON

Sam and Julieta are sitting in two chairs on a back porch looking at the ocean. In the right corner it says KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

JULIETA

Oh my god. This is so nice.

SAM

Yeah it is.

JULIETA

Don't you just love that feeling when the sun shines down and all that vitamin D soaks into your skin?

SAM

As long as I don't get sunburned it  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
feels fantastic.

JULIETA  
I'm so glad we decided to spend New  
Years Eve somewhere warm and relaxing.  
I mean, I love home, but I can only  
tolerate the cold for so long.

SAM  
Same here. Plus it's been ages since  
I've vacationed in Florida.

JULIETA  
How long are we talking?

SAM  
High school spring break. It was a  
family reunion to celebrate my  
grandmother's birthday.

JULIETA  
That's sweet. For me, it was Disney  
World when I was nine.

SAM  
It's really been that long?

JULIETA  
Oh yeah. All I wanted was to take  
photos with Mickey Mouse. Now I just  
want us to have our own personal photo  
collection.

SAM  
Well, I already have a collection of  
over fifty photos of you on my phone  
already. But it's always nice to have  
some of the two of us together.

JULIETA  
Yeah, fifty still isn't enough. We  
need to make memories that will last a  
lifetime.

SAM  
I love you.

JULIETA  
I love you too.

Sam and Julieta kiss.

JULIETA (CONT'D)

Come to think of it, it would actually be nice to have a few photos with your family.

SAM

Well, we already have the holiday photos and everything.

JULIETA

No, I mean, like your whole family. The old and the young. Don't you want to take me to a family reunion. Introduce me to your aunts, uncles, cousins.

SAM

Oh, that most likely won't be happening.

JULIETA

Why not? Your folks were ecstatic when we spent Christmas with them. And your cousin and his wife are so nice.

Sam gets up, goes inside and comes out with two glasses of iced tea. Sam and Julieta continue to talk as they drink tea together.

SAM

It's not really about them liking you or not. It's just something that doesn't happen anymore.

JULIETA

Really? My family has a reunion every year. It's an absolute must. Is your family, not close anymore? Is it toxicity between siblings?

SAM

No, no, it's not that. After my grandmother died the close family bond sort of withered away. We stopped seeing each other. Holiday gatherings got smaller. And we really started breaking apart.

JULIETA

I'm sorry Sam. I know you try to always make things right. Fix what needs to be fixed and give people a sense of healing and caring.

SAM

Yeah but it just isn't enough. After Rose dumped Jerome and he was forced to move back in with my parents nobody really wanted to see him because they couldn't handle his immaturity. And nobody wants to be involved with my cousin Juan. Talk about an outcast.

JULIETA

Your cousin Juan?

Sam mutters under his breath.

SAM

Oh fuck.

JULIETA

You never told me about him.

SAM

Well. there isn't a lot to say about Juan.

JULIETA

Why? Is he not very interesting? Weird? Or just one of those family members you kepted locked up in the closet?

SAM

You were right on the third guess.

JULIETA

So, I take it he's the black sheep of your family?

SAM

Some might call him that. Don't get me wrong, he's a good guy. He just...well...Juan has a lot of bad luck.

JULIETA

What's he do for work?

SAM

He's a salesman. Got a huge base of clients, and probably makes more money than anyone else in my family.

JULIETA

If he's so successful and wealthy then why is he so unlucky?

SAM

He's just made some poor decisions in life that shamed him and pushed family away. I'm the only one who still sees a sense of good in him.

JULIETA

Well, you know how to see good in everyone. One of the reasons I fell in love with you.

Julieta holds Sam's hand.

SAM

I thought you fell in love with me because I had a handsome set of hair on my head.

JULIETA

No, that was just one of the things I loved about you. Your big heart, concern towards others, and strong sense of honesty is what won me over.

SAM

Yeah, honesty is the best policy. That's what my mother always says.

Sam's iPhone starts ringing. Sam pulls his iPhone out of his pocket and looks at the number.

SAM (CONT'D)

Uh, babe, I'll be right back. I gotta take this.

JULIETA

Well, don't take too long.

SAM

I won't.

Sam goes back into the room and brings his iced tea with him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MID AFTERNOON

Sam picks up the phone and answers it.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hey Becks. What's going on? Wait?  
What? Well...does he know? Ok then.  
What do you need me to do? I know it  
needs to be done. If you guys can find  
a way to cooperate and there not be  
any issues, I can promise you this  
time I'll make it happen. Ok, bye.

Sam hangs up the phone and puts it back in his pocket.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

Sam chugs the remainder of his ice tea.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Gonna need something stronger than  
this.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MID MORNING

Rebecca is putting some small ornaments on a Christmas tree. Her four-year-old daughter Allie is sitting on the couch watching "How The Grinch Stole Christmas" and cuddling a stuffed Minion. In the right corner it says STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK. There's a loud knocking at the door. Rebecca looks at the empty box of a pregnancy test lying in a trash bucket in the far right corner.

ALLIE

Mommy, someone's here.

REBECCA

I know sweetie. Just wait a minute.

The knocking gets louder.

ALLIE

But mommy.

REBECCA

I'll be there in a second.

Allie gets up off the couch and goes over to the door.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Sweety, no.

ALLIE  
Who is it?

JUAN  
It's Santa Allie. I've got some nice  
gifts for you. Allie starts jumping  
with joy.

ALLIE  
Mommy, it's Santa! It's Santa!

Rebecca eagerly gets up and walks to the door while Allie stretches her arm up trying to touch the doorknob. Rebecca opens the door.

JUAN  
Hey babe.

ALLIE  
Daddy!

Rebecca picks up Allie.

REBECCA  
Looks like Christmas came early  
sweetheart.

JUAN  
I told you Santa Claus was coming to  
town.

Rebecca kisses Juan.

REBECCA  
I don't know how you do it. And I  
don't think I ever will.

Juan walks into the house and drops his backpack on the floor.

JUAN  
A little bit of Christmas magic.  
That's how.

REBECCA  
Well, knowing that you're capable of  
traveling from Ecuador, El Paso, and  
at least half of South America all the  
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
way back here before Christmas eve,  
for the past four something odd years,  
I sort of am starting to believe that.  
Where were you might I ask?

JUAN  
Mexico. My plane landed at LaGuardia  
around 4am. I almost just missed the  
ferry.

REBECCA  
Well, I'm glad you didn't.

Juan walks into the living room and sits down on the couch with Rebecca and Allie. Rebecca leans her head on Juan's shoulder while they all watch the movie together.

JUAN (V.O.)  
I've always been a big fan of  
Christmas. When I was a kid it used to  
be about getting as many gifts as  
possible. These days my clients say  
that apparently I am the ultimate gift  
giver. How every year I make their  
Christmas really special. But for me,  
gifts don't matter much anymore. As  
long as I'm with Becky and Allie,  
well, that's all I ever want for  
Christmas.

Rebecca kisses Juan on the cheek and he picks up Allie who is asleep on his lap. Juan and Rebecca take Allie upstairs and put her to bed then go back downstairs and sit on the couch while watching "It's A Wonderful Life."

REBECCA  
How long will you be around this  
month?

JUAN  
Not as long as I wanna be.

REBECCA  
Can you at least give me an estimate?

JUAN  
Two weeks. Maybe three if I lay low  
and stay inside.

REBECCA

Then what?

JUAN

Then I'll go wherever they send me next.

REBECCA

But where too?

JUAN

I don't know. Wherever they decide.

REBECCA

Can they decide for you to stay here for once?

JUAN

I wish. That's all I ever want... But you know they'd never do that.

Rebecca starts to tear up.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Becky, please. Please, not now.

REBECCA

You have to get out. You need to stop. We can't keep doing this anymore.

JUAN

Do you remember what happened the last time I tried to get out?

REBECCA

Yes...yes I do.

JUAN

I want it to be over. I really do. I'm tired of running. Tired of traveling from country to country. Tired of the paranoia, and hearing gunfire when there's not even a gun around. But then something happens and I end up back there.

REBECCA

But we need you here. We really do. There are days where I find myself making memories, and Allie is the only one I have to share them with. I know

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
you mean well. And that without you we  
might have nothing. But I need you.  
Allie needs you. You have to get out.

JUAN  
It's not simply about getting out.  
It's about getting out safely. Not  
leaving a trail of breadcrumbs behind.  
Making sure they can't find me. Can't  
find you. That justice is properly  
served and that I'm incapable of going  
back.

REBECCA  
So you're saying that you'll never get  
out.

JUAN  
No....it's just....Becky, there is no  
easy way out. I need to make sure that  
my enemies cannot find me or be  
involved in my life ever again. That I  
can escape for life. And I'm really  
not sure how that's fully possible.

REBECCA  
Juan I'm pregnant.

JUAN  
What! Again! We're having another  
baby?

REBECCA  
I just found out five days ago? I  
truly wasn't expecting it.

JUAN  
Well, they say the gift of life is the  
greatest Christmas gift one could ask  
for.

REBECCA  
Yes it is. But you know what this  
means Juan?

JUAN  
Yes, I have to remain stateside. I  
can't leave.

REBECCA

No Juan. It means you have to leave.  
You have to leave them.

JUAN

That's easier said than done Becky. We would need to orchestrate the ultimate plan. A plan so precise and effective that there's a one hundred percent chance of success. Not ninety percent, one hundred percent.

REBECCA

Then start talking with your friends.  
Start planning. Do something.

JUAN

What friends? I got nobody left.

REBECCA

What friends? The people who have power. The ones who have ties with the system. The people who have been able to keep us safe and alive all these years. Those are your friends now. Whether you believe it or not Juan, they are friends.

JUAN

Do you remember when we first met?

REBECCA

Always. I can remember it as if it were yesterday.

JUAN

Do you remember what I said to you?

REBECCA

You said I was stunningly gorgeous and reminded you of Olivia Hussey.

JUAN

Yes, but I mean the other part. What else did I say to you?

REBECCA

You said that I deserved better. That you were the wrong guy for me and that us being together would be the biggest regret of my life.

JUAN

Exactly. And now, after everything we've gone through. And the hardships I've put you through, do you finally understand why?

REBECCA

No I don't.

JUAN

Wadda you mean you don't?

REBECCA

I don't regret marrying you. Or meeting you. Or us having a child together. I never have. Strange as it might sound, I like it this way.

JUAN

But...how? I mean, look at us. Look at how we live. I'm a disappointment to my family, and for many years I've seen myself as a disappointment to you.

REBECCA

You aren't a disappointment Juan. You're my husband. You're the father of our daughter. Yes, you have a very difficult and unorthodox life, but it's also an extraordinary one. And I wouldn't trade it for any other.

JUAN

But why Becky? Why me? Why put yourself through all this?

REBECCA

Because I didn't want a normal life. I didn't want to be practical despite my mother's insistence. I wanted adventure. To live a unique life that was not mundane and typical like the one my mother lived.

JUAN

I never really saw it that way. I always perceived my life as dangerous, and constantly question the things I've done and the people I've met. One thing's for sure though, I knew there

(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
was something special about you the  
moment I met you.

REBECCA  
So did I.

Juan and Rebecca look into each other's eyes and begin to kiss each other and collapse on the couch, proceeding to take off their clothes.

INT. A BAR - EARLY EVENING

Juan and Jose are sitting at a table having a margarita and talking. In the far right corner it says MIAMI, FLORIDA 2003

JOSE  
I'm telling you man, you are way  
better at this than I expected.

JUAN  
Thanks man. You know, I truly was  
apprehensive at first. I didn't feel  
like this was gonna go well for me.

JOSE  
Well I guess you were wrong then.

JUAN  
Yeah...I guess so. So, when's my next  
trip?

JOSE  
I got a big delivery for you to make  
in about a week in a half. A major  
buyer in Mexico City. He said if you  
get to him early he'll give you twenty  
K.

Juan nearly spits out his drink.

JUAN  
Twenty K!

JOSE  
Yeah, you heard me. He's a major  
buyer. You keep up with the pace and  
do your job right, the numbers will  
keep going up my friend.

JUAN  
Cheers to that. So, how's your wife  
doing?

JOSE  
Pregnant, and horny as hell.

JUAN  
Seriously.

JOSE  
Look, man I ain't gonna sugar coat it.  
We need to find you a beautiful young  
woman. A good looking, smooth talking  
guy like you can't be single forever.  
But here's some serious advice, when  
you meet a girl and knock her up. The  
mood and attitude she'll be having  
will drive you off the rails.

JUAN  
Guess I should hold off on having kids  
then.

Jose sees Rebecca sitting by herself at a table drinking a martini.

JOSE  
Speaking of beautiful young women.  
Check her out.

Juan turns his head and looks at Rebecca.

JUAN  
No way dude. She is way out of my  
league.

JOSE  
Oh stop with that bullshit. I hate it  
when people use that as an excuse.  
Look, she's by herself, and looks like  
she could use some company.

JUAN  
But doesn't that come across as being  
rather creepy if I simply waltz up to  
a random stranger and sit down without  
being invited.

JOSE  
No, you're not being a creep. Just  
(MORE)

JOSE (CONT'D)  
walk over, introduce yourself, be  
respectful, and see how it plays out.

Juan looks at Rebecca then takes a swig of his margarita and finishes it.

JUAN  
Ok, fine.

JOSE  
That's my man.

Juan gets up and walks over to where Rebecca is sitting. Rebecca is slowly sipping her Martini and scrolling through her cellphone.

REBECCA  
Dammit Josh stop calling me... Rebecca  
looks up at Juan.

JUAN  
Oh, sorry, I hope I'm not intruding on  
anything.

REBECCA  
Are you the guy who was eyeing me over  
at the bar?

JUAN  
Uh, no, that was my friend.

REBECCA  
Is this one of those peer pressure  
things?

JUAN  
Wadda you mean?

REBECCA  
Your friend spots a lonely single girl  
at a bar or restaurant. She seems like  
she needs some companionship. So he  
gives you a slap on the back and says  
"go get her." Meaning, ask her out and  
assume that she'll say yes.

JUAN  
Never really thought of it like that.  
I wasn't aiming to ask you out. Look,  
if you wanna be left alone that's cool  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
with me. Enjoy your drink, sorry for  
intruding.

Juan starts to walk off.

REBECCA  
Wait, that's it?

JUAN  
What's it?

REBECCA  
You're just gonna leave it at that?  
Not ask for my name or number? Walk  
off and let me have my privacy.

JUAN  
Well, I saw you get kind of agitated  
there and felt like I was rudely  
interrupting so I don't wanna be a  
bother.

REBECCA  
You're not being a bother. Truth be  
told I could actually use the  
distraction.

JUAN  
Well then, would you like another  
drink? It's on me.

REBECCA  
I'd love one.

Juan sit's down and orders two martinis.

JUAN  
I'm Juan by the way. Juan Gutierrez.

REBECCA  
Rebecca Mendoza. But everyone calls me  
Becky.

JUAN  
Nice to meet you. So, what do you do  
for work? Do you live here in Miami?

REBECCA  
Yeah, I do. I grew up in Orlando and  
moved down here after I graduated  
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
college.

JUAN  
What did you go to college for?

REBECCA  
Photography.

JUAN  
Oh, that sounds like a fun job.

REBECCA  
Uh, not exactly. I haven't been as lucky and successful as I had hoped. I actually work as a waitress at a high quality restaurant here in Miami. I get gigs from time to time, but it's not as glamorous as I had hoped.

JUAN  
What kind of gigs?

REBECCA  
Weddings, maternity shoots, engagement photos. There's the seasonal Christmas card photos. But nothing really glamorous like I had hoped. It's more of an extra income sort of thing and not the job I had originally wanted it to be.

JUAN  
That still sounds pretty good.

REBECCA  
Trust me, it's not. Weddings are always complex, and they pay a pretty pathetic amount. Usually two-hundred fifty or three hundred bucks. Which is an absolute rip off for twelve hours worth of work. Plus I almost always end up getting more drunk photos than I want. Christmas card photos are a hassle because someone always has a crying baby, so it lasts longer than it's supposed to.

JUAN  
Wow, I never thought photography could be that strenuous.

REBECCA  
Well it is.

Rebecca starts coughing a bit and tries to choke down the last of her Martini.

JUAN  
Are you ok?

REBECCA  
Yeah, it's just so hot in here and the scent of people smoking at the bar mixed with the scent of Vodka tends to make me feel sort of nauseous sometimes.

JUAN  
Well then let's go outside then.

Juan pays for the drinks then he and Rebecca get up and leave the bar.

EXT. A BUSY STREETWAY - MID EVENING

Juan and Rebecca walk on the sidewalk together listening to the sounds of music and commotion in Little Havana.

REBECCA  
So, you never told me what you do for work. Better yet, where are you from anyway?

JUAN  
Well, I grew up in Queens, New York. I moved down to Miami after I graduated from NYU. I'm not exactly one for the heat but I've grown to like it.

REBECCA  
What about work? Do you have a job or are you temporarily unemployed?

JUAN  
Oh heck no, I haven't been unemployed since I got fired from a landscaping business at the age of sixteen. I'm a salesman. Most of the men in my family are or were salesmen.

REBECCA  
What kind of sales are we talking  
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
about?

JUAN  
Drugs.

REBECCA  
Really?

JUAN  
Yeah, and lots of 'em I might add.

Rebecca pulls a joint and a lighter out of her purse.

REBECCA  
Speaking of which, you wouldn't mind  
if I smoked a joint would you? It sort  
of helps to take the edge off and  
clear up my mind a bit.

JUAN  
Yeah, sure, go ahead.

Rebecca lights the joint and begins smoking it.

REBECCA  
So when you say drugs, what kind of  
drugs are we talking about exactly?

JUAN  
Well, my grandad was a pharmacist for  
a majority of his life. He sold mostly  
high quality medications to hospitals  
and medical care centers. Died a very  
rich man. My dad was originally a drug  
rep and also went on to be a  
pharmacist. And, well, he sold  
everything you could possibly think  
of.

REBECCA  
Was there any drug in particular he  
sold primarily.

JUAN  
Yeah, ecstasy.

REBECCA  
What the fuck? What kind of pharmacist  
sells ecstasy to clients?

JUAN  
No, I mean as in...

Juan starts thrusting his hips forward.

REBECCA  
Oh, that kind of ecstasy.

JUAN  
Oh yeah. My dad was a real player back in the day. He used to say to me "The only thing you should be addicted to if you truly wanna have a good time is sex."

REBECCA  
Wow, that's some pretty interesting life advice. My mom always told me that "Working hard throughout your life will pay off in the end."

JUAN  
That's definitely better life advice than what my old man gave me.

REBECCA  
Yes, she also told me that "You need to know how to read men in order to know if he's the right man for you."

JUAN  
Read men?

REBECCA  
Yeah. You know, understand their personality, what they do for work, how they treat you. All the qualities that make them who they are can help you to determine if they are the right person for you or not.

JUAN  
And based on what we've been talking about, what have you been reading? What kind of book am I?

REBECCA  
You remind me of a romance novel. But also a mystery. Not like Stephen King mysteries, but a rather unique mystery.

JUAN

And you remind me of Shakespeare.

REBECCA

How so?

JUAN

Well, did anyone ever tell you that you look just like Olivia Hussey. The actress who played Juliet in the 1968 film version of Romeo and Juliet?

REBECCA

No, I have not been told that. This is a first.

JUAN

Well, I have to admit you are stunningly gorgeous and look just like her.

REBECCA

Ok, you are becoming far less of a mystery and much more of a romance novel.

JUAN

Oh trust me Becky, I'm still a mystery. Everyone is a mystery until you truly get to know them.

REBECCA

Well what's so shady and mysterious about you? Is it your job, bad habits, are you a man with a sex addiction like your father?

JUAN

No, I am not a sex addict. Just like most people I enjoy the pleasure of having sex but am not addicted to it. My job on the other hand is not the cleanest occupation one could ask for.

REBECCA

Aren't you a pharmacist like your dad and grandfather?

JUAN

No, I'm not a pharmacist.

REBECCA

A drug rep who tries to smooth talk doctors and medical specialists into buying drugs that aren't actually medically proven to even work.

JUAN

Nope.

REBECCA

You sell weed on the streets of Miami?

JUAN

Not anymore.

REBECCA

So you sell recreational drugs. Not prescription.

JUAN

Yes. Stuff that makes people feel really good for short periods of time.

REBECCA

Well, you said you don't sell weed anymore. Bath Salts?

JUAN

Oh fuck no. I'm looking to make money not turn people into face eating cannibals.

REBECCA

Like Hannibal Lecter.

JUAN

Haha, very funny. No, but I do sell some, rather powerful stuff.

REBECCA

Heroine?

JUAN

No, but close.

REBECCA

Meth?

JUAN

No. I'm a salesman, not a chemist.

REBECCA

Ok, I'm running out of answers. Angel dust, methamphetamines, PCP's, quaaludes, cocaine...

JUAN

Bingo.

REBECCA

What?

JUAN

Your final guess. You were right on the money.

REBECCA

Wait, you sell cocaine?

JUAN

Yeah. Not as dope as it sounds now is it?

REBECCA

Ok, that is by far one of the corniest and most ridiculous jokes I have ever heard in my life.

JUAN

Yeah, I have a pretty corny sense of humor. I'm no George Carlin.

REBECCA

So why are you telling me all of this? That you make money by breaking the law. That you sell illegal substances for profit.

JUAN

Because despite my employment status, I'm not a liar. I can't lie. Especially to a woman as mesmerizing as you.

REBECCA

So, let me get this straight, cause this is a little difficult to process. I'm currently dating a drug dealing criminal who is also a total down to earth charming gentleman at the same time.

JUAN  
Wait, dating?

REBECCA  
Well, we just had drinks together,  
have been walking and chatting  
together for a few hours now. So I  
would call this a date. Wouldn't you?

JUAN  
Kinda, sorta... a bit of an awkward  
first date if you ask me.

REBECCA  
I have to agree with you on that. But  
I'm not disappointed with it.

JUAN  
How so?

REBECCA  
Well, unlike most men I've dated in  
the past, you aren't drunk. You  
haven't made an immediate attempt to  
kiss me without permission. You are  
totally relaxed and ok with me smoking  
weed. You haven't demanded that I get  
in your pants, or even so much as give  
you a blowjob. And above all else, you  
have been upfront, honest, respectful,  
and I have to admit, highly romantic.

JUAN  
Wow, this is happening a lot faster  
than I expected. Look, Becky, you seem  
like an amazing woman. Smart, young,  
beautiful, and charming. But you  
deserve better than me. I'm the wrong  
guy for you. I can promise you that us  
being together would be the biggest  
regret of your life. You truly deserve  
better. You deserve someone normal.

REBECCA  
You see, that's the only bad comment  
you've made all night.

JUAN  
That you deserve someone normal?  
Rebecca nods her head.

REBECCA

I don't like normal. I never have. My mother does. She always wanted me to have a normal guy. But that's what she wants. I prefer abnormal.

Extraordinary. Someone who can give me a sense of adventure and thrill in my life.

JUAN

So you'd rather be with a hustling, cocaine dealer, who dresses like Dave Grohl, and has eighties hockey hair on his head, than go for a guy who works on wall street and is loaded.

REBECCA

I think I'd go for the man standing right in front of me.

Rebecca and Juan lean in and kiss each other passionately.

INT. EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Sam and Paramedic One race into the emergency room with a man on a stretcher. The man is covered in blood and has multiple bandages covering his chest.

SAM

Coming through! We have a code blue here!

Nurse One runs up to Sam.

NURSE ONE

What happened?

SAM

We have here mister Robert Morry, age 26. Was found bleeding in the street 2 blocks from a local Wingstop. The patient has 2 gunshot wounds to the chest and a third wound approximately three inches away from his femoral artery. All his vitals are elevated and his pulse is fading.

A team of nurses runs over and takes the patient on the stretcher into a vacant room in the emergency department. Sam and Paramedic One step aside. Sam's pants are covered in blood.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Fuck that was a lot to deal with.

Paramedic One is looking in the room where a bunch of nurses and PCA's are trying to save the injured patient. Sam goes over and joins him.

PARAMEDIC ONE  
He's not gonna make it.

SAM  
How do you know he's not gonna make it?

PARAMEDIC ONE  
The guy has three gunshot wounds and is still bleeding out. No way he's gonna survive.

One of the nurses, CARMEN, walks out of the room the patient is in.

SAM  
Hey Carmen.

CARMEN  
Yeah?

SAM  
On a scale of 1 to 10. 1 being he's fine and dandy, 10 being he meets Saint Pedro, where is he at?

CARMEN  
He's a 9 at this point.

PARAMEDIC ONE  
Maybe there is a chance.

NURSE TWO approaches Sam.

NURSE TWO  
Ugh, excuse me.

SAM  
Yes.

NURSE TWO  
The police are here. They would like to have a word with you about the  
(MORE)

NURSE TWO (CONT'D)  
shooting victim.

PARAMEDIC ONE  
Looks like someone's in trouble.

SAM  
Shut the fuck up.

Sam walks over towards two police officers talking with Nurse Two.

SAM (CONT'D)  
How can I help you officers?

OFFICER ONE  
Where exactly was it that you found  
mister Morry?

SAM  
He was lying on the sidewalk 2 blocks  
away from a local Wingstop.

OFFICER TWO  
Was anyone present when you found him?

SAM  
Ugh, no. He was just lying there  
bleeding out. Based on the freshness  
of the gunshot wounds I'd have to  
guess that whoever shot him had fled  
only just 2 minutes prior.

OFFICER TWO  
Did you happen to catch sight of a  
motor vehicle?

SAM  
No. It was just him. Nobody else. Why  
do you ask?

OFFICER ONE  
We ran his fingerprints after you  
brought him into that room over there.  
Mister Morry sells drugs for one of  
the biggest cocaine suppliers in the  
northeast.

SAM  
What! How big are we talking?

OFFICER ONE

Enormous. The Boston PD hasn't seen activity on this scale since the Whitey Bulger days.

SAM

Damn.

OFFICER TWO

We're hoping to possibly interview him once he's stable or at least healthy enough to communicate.

SAM

Ok then. I'll let the nurses know and they or the PCA's can let you know when it's safe to interview him.

Sam here's shouting. He stares into the room where Robert Morry is getting medical treatment.

CARMEN

No pulse!

Carmen and the other nurses begin doing emergency CPR on Robert Morry then eventually stop.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Time of death 4:18 pm. Let's get a sheet and begin post mortem.

OFFICER ONE

Shit! There goes our lead!

OFFICER TWO

Now what the fuck are we supposed to tell the cheif?

OFFICER ONE

I don't know. All I got is this photo of a dumbass tattoo.

Officer One pulls out a photo of an arm with a bright dragonfly tattoo on it, shaking hands with Robert Morry.

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

Juan is holding a large stack of hundred dollar bills in his hand. He counts it several times then opens a locked cabinet. Inside of the cabinet is a journal and a package of cocaine. Juan closes the cabinet and locks it. On the dresser is a

wedding photo of Juan and Rebecca. Rebecca yells from downstairs.

REBECCA  
Hey babe!

Juan puts the money in his back pocket and walks out of the room. In the far right corner it says MIAMI, FLORIDA 2006

INT. A LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING

Rebecca is sitting on a couch watching The Devil Wears Prada. Rebecca is noticeably pregnant and eating a cuban pork sandwich. Juan walks into the living room.

JUAN  
What is it? Are you ok?

REBECCA  
I dropped the remote, could you get it for me?

JUAN  
That's it?

REBECCA  
Really, you try bending your back with a watermelon strapped to your chest.

JUAN  
No, I got it, I got it. Juan bends down, picks up the remote and gives it to Rebecca.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
I just thought you might be having contractions or were in early labor or something.

REBECCA  
Not yet I'm not.

Rebecca lifts her feet up on the couch and leans back against the couch pillow.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Damn, my feet are killing me.

JUAN  
Here.

Juan sits down on the couch and starts to give Rebecca a foot massage.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Mejor.

REBECCA  
Si, muy mejor.

Rebecca picks up the sandwich.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
You want the rest. I'm full.

JUAN  
No thanks. I got far more important things to focus on.

REBECCA  
Like what?

JUAN  
Being a husband. A soon to be father.

Rebecca smiles and looks at her emerald wedding ring.

REBECCA  
I still can't believe it. Just a few more weeks and we're gonna be parents. Man, I just want this to be over with.

JUAN  
I thought you were excited about being a mom.

REBECCA  
I am. But I'm not exactly enjoying pregnancy. You know it really is total bullshit. All the stuff they put in movies. The idea of this joyous, glowing soon to be mom. Esta mierda.

JUAN  
I wish I could relate. But all I can do is try to make things easier for you.

REBECCA  
And you truly have. But, I mean, my back is killing me. My feet are swollen and always sore. I can't even  
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
tell you how uncomfortable my boobs  
feel. And to think that some women  
actually like being pregnant.

JUAN  
You wanna know what my mother said to  
me about pregnancy?

REBECCA  
What?

JUAN  
One and done.

Rebecca laughs.

REBECCA  
That's a good one.

JUAN  
And she originally wanted five kids.

REBECCA  
Wow. My mom didn't want any. There  
were even times when she told me I was  
a mistake or an accident.

JUAN  
Well your mom is totally wrong. You're  
perfect in my book.

REBECCA  
Thanks babe. You know. I've been  
dreaming about this since I was 17  
years old. And for the longest time I  
thought it was nothing more than a  
dream.

JUAN  
Well, sometimes dreams become a  
reality. You just have to wait for the  
right moment.

Rebecca stops talking and stares at Juan.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
What is it?

REBECCA  
Nothing.

JUAN  
Are you still reading me?

REBECCA  
No, I stopped reading you a long long time ago.

JUAN  
How long are we talking babe? When you say a long time ago, do you mean last month or yesterday?

REBECCA  
The day you asked me to marry you. That's when I knew. I spent two and half years reading you. And the day you got down on one knee. That's when I knew the story was over.

Juan and Rebecca lean forward to kiss one another. They then hear a loud banging on their front door. Rebecca proceeds to get up.

JUAN  
Babe, I got it.

Juan gets up and walks out of the living room and towards the front door. Juan opens the front door and looks around, but sees nobody.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Hello, anybody there.

Juan looks down and sees a small padded envelope wrapped in packing tape. On the envelope is a mailing label that says Juan "El Viajero" Gutierrez. Juan hurries back inside and locks the door. Juan examines the envelope and notices several dark red stains on it. Juan rips open the envelope and pulls out a bloody finger with a large F tattooed on it. Juan stares at the bloody tattooed finger.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING

Juan and Marco walk into a busy restaurant. Marco points at a man sitting at the bar who has two tattoo sleeves, the word FUCK tattooed on his fingers, and a subtle scar on his neck.

MARCO  
That's him. Right there.

Marco and Juan walk up to the man sitting at the bar.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
Hey Jose. Jose gets up and hugs Marco.

JOSE  
Bro, amigo. How you doin?

Juan takes a moment to look and admire some of Jose's tattoos.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S LOFT - LATE MORNING

Juan peers through the window next to the front door and sees a tall man dressed in black leather on his cellphone with a large glock 19 in his back pocket standing next to a palm tree. Juan rushes into the living room.

JUAN  
Babe, get up.

REBECCA  
What?

JUAN  
Just get up, we have to go now.

Juan rushes out of the living room and heads upstairs into their bedroom.

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

Juan hurries over to the closet. He opens the closet and shoves aside a large suitcase with bathroom towels stacked on top of it. Behind the suitcase is a large black safe with a backpack on top of it. Juan puts the backpack on the floor next to him. Juan turns the knob and opens the safe. He pulls out several large stacks of hundred dollar bills, two passports, and a thick sealed envelope. Juan puts all of it in the backpack then pulls a Springfield 45 pistol out of the safe. Juan looks at the gun, cocks it then picks up the backpack. Juan gets up, turns around and sees Rebecca standing at the bedroom doorway.

REBECCA  
Babe, why do you have a gun?

JUAN  
I don't have time to explain. Just  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
grab what you need now. We have to go.

REBECCA  
What? Why? Juan what the hell is going on?

Juan rushes around the room grabbing some clothes, a pair of shoes, his wallet, car keys, a cellphone, and the wedding photo. Juan puts the cellphone, car keys, and the wallet in his pocket and heads to the doorway.

JUAN  
Now's not the time to explain. We just need to go. Grab some clothes, your purse and anything you feel you need.

REBECCA  
No! I am not leaving this room until you tell me what the fuck is going on!

JUAN  
Go over to the window and look at the palm tree next to the driveway. Just don't let him see you.

Rebecca walks over to a window near their bed and peers outside. She sees the man dressed in black. The man dressed in black looks up.

REBECCA  
Who's that?

JUAN  
Someone who wants to kill me.

Juan takes the bloody finger that's still slightly wrapped and hands it to Rebecca. Rebecca holds the bloody finger, looks at it then throws it on the ground.

REBECCA  
Oh my god! Eww! What the fuck is that!

JUAN  
It's a warning. That's what it is.  
It's a threat.

Rebecca starts to hyperventilate and panic. Juan holds on to Rebecca's shoulders and looks her in the eyes.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Becky, calm down. Becky. It's gonna be ok. It's gonna be fine. We're not gonna die. Just get your stuff and lets go.

REBECCA

Ok, ok, what should I take with me?

JUAN

Just the bare necessities. Purse, wallet, phone, keys, and some clothes.

Rebecca takes her cellphone, purse, and keys off the top of their bedside table. She goes into the closet puts on a pair of flip flops and grabs a shirt, pants, and shoes. Rebecca then heads to the bedroom doorway and Juan helps her walk downstairs.

INT. GARAGE - LATE MORNING

Juan unlocks his Ford Mustang. He opens the front passenger door and helps Rebecca get in. He then gets into the driver's seat, hands Rebecca the backpack, unlocks the garage from inside of the car and hits the gas.

INT. MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE - LATE MORNING

Juan speeds down the driveway and catches a glimpse of the man in black running away from the palm tree and towards the street.

REBECCA

Is he gone?

JUAN

I don't think so. And if he's not, he'll be far more well armed next time.

REBECCA

So when do we go back?

JUAN

We're not going back.

REBECCA

What?

JUAN

It's too dangerous. If we go back,  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
I'll most likely end up getting  
kidnapped within a week.

REBECCA  
But, what about our furniture? My  
clothes? Our photos? What about us?

Rebecca holds on to her belly. Juan looks at Rebeeca's pregnant belly then looks into her eyes as a tear starts to roll down her face. Juan wrestles through his pocket and pulls out his cellphone. He quickly dials a number and puts it against his ear.

JUAN  
Come on, come on, answer already.

REBECCA  
Who the hell are you calling?

JUAN  
An old friend of mine from NYU. Ronny  
owns a moving company in Tampa. He  
owes me a favor. Come on, you little  
shit, pick up already! Yo, Ronny. No,  
I'm not selling right now. I need some  
help. What? Hang on, let me put you on  
speaker.

Juan places the phone on speaker and puts it down in the coffee holder.

RONNY  
Bro, what's the deal? You sound  
pissed.

JUAN  
I'm not pissed, I'm just agitated.  
Look, I'm in a bit of a bind right  
now.

RONNY  
What happened, your wife caught you  
with another woman?

REBECCA  
Excuse me!

RONNY  
Oh damn. Ugh, sorry Becky. Thought  
this was a guys only talk.

Juan mutters to himself.

JUAN

Fucking smartass. Look Ronny, I'm in a real bind here. We're talking code red, delta!

RONNY

Alright, alright. Cool down. You don't need to be such a prick. Wadda you need then?

JUAN

I need you at our place STAT. Bring a moving van, and an extra truck if you have to. There's a set of keys in the back corner of the mailbox. Load up all our stuff, make sure the place is spotless.

RONNY

I don't know man. I gotta a client in Palm Beach that's moving out around three. Like, I'm pretty booked for the rest of the week.

JUAN

I will pay you double what your last client paid you.

The phone goes silent for several seconds.

RONNY

I'll be there in forty minutes.

JUAN

Great; now stop getting high, get your ass in gear, and put together a moving team.

RONNY

Alright alright. You don't have to be such a bitch about it.

JUAN

Also, there's a kilo of Bogota blow in a locked cabinet in our bedroom. Consider it an extra tip for your services.

RONNY  
Did I say forty minutes, I meant  
twenty.

JUAN  
Fantastic. Text me when you get to our  
house and I'll give you the moving  
address.

RONNY  
Sounds good. Also, Juan, do you think  
you could help an old pal out. Kiki's  
kinda been in a mood lately, and I've  
been sleeping on the couch for like a  
month...

Juan hangs up the phone.

REBECCA  
Ok, I don't like to judge people, but  
he seems like a total asswipe.

JUAN  
Trust me, he is. But he does good  
work, and he never turns down business  
opportunities. Plus he owes me a lot.  
Like a lot a lot.

REBECCA  
I take it that he's a frequent client  
of yours.

JUAN  
You have no idea how many times I  
travel to Tampa.

REBECCA  
So where exactly are we going?

JUAN  
Someplace where they can't find us.  
Someplace where they'll never look for  
me again.

REBECCA  
And where might that be? We have no  
home, no money. No clothes.

JUAN  
Open up that backpack. Everything we  
need is right there.

Rebecca opens the backpack and looks through it.

REBECCA  
What the heck? Our passports?

Rebecca pulls out one of the stacks of hundred dollar bills.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
How much money do you have here?

JUAN  
We have forty grand in cash. That should be enough to get us up north, pay for gas, food, and cover moving expenses.

REBECCA  
Up north? Where are you taking us to?

JUAN  
Take that envelope there.

Rebecca rummages through the backpack.

REBECCA  
This one?

JUAN  
Yeah, that one. Inside there's a copy of a will, property statements, and a document specifying land ownership.

Rebecca opens the envelope and looks through it.

REBECCA  
Wait, is that my birth certificate?

JUAN  
Yeah, mine's in there too.

Rebecca pulls out a stack of papers that are clipped together, looks at them briefly, then hands them to Juan. Juan proceeds to read the papers while driving at the same time. The car swerves.

REBECCA  
Jesus! Keep your eyes on the road. I feel like I'm in a game of Grand Theft Auto.

JUAN

I'm sorry babe. Anyway, looks like everything checks out.

REBECCA

What is all of that?

JUAN

So my uncle Leon passed away two years ago...

REBECCA

Wait, I remember him from our wedding. Wasn't he the rich stock broker from your dad's side?

JUAN

Yeah, he had a lotta money. Uncle Leon never married. So when he died he decided to leave all his property to his nieces and nephews. He left me his beach house in Staten Island, New York. That's where we're headed. That's our new home.

Rebecca takes the documents and pulls all of the other papers out of the envelope. She reads through them.

REBECCA

This was your plan all along wasn't it?

JUAN

Yeah, yeah it was.

REBECCA

How long have you been planning this?

JUAN

Eight and a half months.

Rebecca leans her head against Juan's shoulder and they continue driving.

INT. A HOME OFFICE - MID MORNING

Sam is sitting at a desk in his boxers and an old Rolling Stones shirt typing on a laptop. Julieta walks into the office wearing a thong and a crop top. Julieta kisses Sam on the cheek.

JULIETA

It's a bit early to be working isn't it. Come back into bed.

SAM

Nah, babe, I got something I need to get started on.

JULIETA

But it's a Saturday. What could you possibly have to do for work today?

SAM

Thought I might get started on the guest list. It's always the biggest challenge when it comes to wedding planning so we should get started now and not wait til the last minute.

JULIETA

That's actually not a bad idea. So, let's think. Obviously my parents, and yours.

SAM

Of course. I already put them down, as well as my sisters and your brother.

Julieta looks at the list Sam is typing up on his laptop.

JULIETA

Wait, why isn't Jerome on the list?

SAM

I'm kind of apprehensive about inviting him. Well actually, super apprehensive about it.

JULIETA

But he's your brother.

SAM

Yeah, but he's also a pothead alcoholic who knows how to hold a grudge against other people.

JULIETA

And by other people you mean yourself.

SAM

Yes. I mean... think about it babe.  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

He'd get shitfaced during cocktail hour. Give an hour long speech, that would most likely be more about himself than us. And, knowing his sexual tendencies, I wouldn't be surprised if he tried flirting with your brother's wife.

JULIETA

You really think he'd sink that low?

SAM

I know he would.

JULIETA

Alright fine. Cut Jerome off the guest list.

SAM

How about us inviting your cousins from Michigan? I remember meeting them at your brother's engagement party.

JULIETA

Not an option.

SAM

Don't tell me you also have a few family grudges?

JULIETA

No, not at all. Dominic is in Europe right now for business and his wife just had a baby so it would be way too challenging.

SAM

Understandable. We can just send them a copy of the wedding video.

Sam proceeds to drink a cup of coffee.

JULIETA

Hey, what about us inviting your cousin Juan?

Sam coughs a bit and chokes down the rest of his coffee.

JULIETA (CONT'D)

Babe are you ok?

SAM  
Yeah, totally.

JULIETA  
Yeah, but you kind of...oh never mind.  
So do you wanna invite Juan or not?

SAM  
Yeah, that's not a bad idea. He's got  
a wife and daughter, if you feel  
comfortable having them join?

JULIETA  
I would absolutely love that.  
Actually, do you think his daughter  
would like to be the flower girl?

SAM  
I thought you would have wanted your  
Brother's daughter to be the flower  
girl?

JULIETA  
That would be nice, but uh Kayla is  
eight months old. I highly doubt an  
eight month old baby is capable of  
being a flower girl at a wedding.  
Jamie would rather Kayla not be crying  
and pooping but simply sleep  
throughout the whole ceremony.

SAM  
Didn't think about that. Well, Allie  
is four and is filled with joy and  
laughter. I'm sure Becky would be  
flattered to have her daughter walk  
down the aisle.

JULIETA  
Sam's wife's name is Becky?

SAM  
Yeah. He, Becky, and their daughter  
Allie live on Staten Island.  
Actually...

Sam gets up and goes over to the nightstand in his bedroom  
and picks up his wallet. He walks back into the office and  
sits down. Sam pulls a picture of a man and a woman holding a  
baby.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Take a look.

JULIETA  
Oh my god. Is this them?

SAM  
Yeah, that's Juan, Becky, and that little smiling baby is Allie. I took this at Allie's first birthday party.

JULIETA  
Oh my gosh, they are such a cute couple. Seriously Sam, why didn't you mention them to me earlier?

SAM  
I already told you all this. Juan's just had a tough life. He has a lot of bad luck.

JULIETA  
Well, having seen that photo of his beautiful wife I wouldn't say he's all that unlucky.

SAM  
Yeah Becky, she's a, she's a good woman. She's probably the only other person who knows that there's a lot of good in Juan.

JULIETA  
Well, I look forward to meeting all three of them. I'm gonna hop in the shower than cook us up some breakfast.

SAM  
Alright, sounds good babe.

Julietta walks into the bathroom and Sam focuses his attention on his laptop. Sam logs into his Google account and checks his email. Sam sees an email sent from ddog89@gmail.com. Sam opens the email and reads it.

DIMITRI (V.O.)  
Good morning Sam. Sorry for my late response. I can help you and Juan. It astounds me that it's taken him this long to figure out how dire of a situation he's in and that it needs to  
(MORE)

DIMITRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
end before it's too late. This will  
not be as easy as you may think. As  
you are well aware Juan has many  
enemies, and I am only one of a small  
few who know how to keep him safe.  
Unfortunately, I, along with several  
other CIA operatives have also been  
tracking the activity of one of his  
more known enemies. It appears he and  
others are mobilizing. If you want to  
have a chance at success, get Juan to  
L.A. Once you have arrived at this  
address, call me. Good luck, hope to  
see you soon. Dimitri.

Sam reads the address attached to the email then grabs a pen and sticky note on his desk and writes the address down. Sam notices an attachment to the email. He opens the attachment and stares at a black and white photo. He prints out the whole attachment and collects it from the printer.

SAM  
Oh god Juan what have you gotten  
yourself into.

Sam drops the printed photo onto his desk.

EXT. A NARROW STREET - MID AFTERNOON

Juan is running down a narrow street with a dirty backpack slung on his left shoulder. A little ways behind him is a speeding red van. Two men are leaning out of the van sporadically firing guns. In the far right corner it says CARCHI, ECUADOR 2009.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Oh god what the fuck did  
I get myself into this time.

Juan keeps running and looks around frantically. Jose whistles at him. Juan looks and sees Jose poking his head out of a doorway of a building and waving. Juan runs over to the building and rushes inside.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - MID AFTERNOON

JOSE  
(In Spanish) I gotta say, you sure do  
run fast for such a skinny guy.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Not exactly the kind of hello I was expecting.

JOSE

(In Spanish) Screw courteous greetings. Did you lose them?

JUAN

(In Spanish) No, they're just a couple yards away. We gotta get out of here now.

JOSE

(In Spanish) This way, I got a ride waiting for us.

Juan and Jose run through the building. Juan slows down a bit then throws the backpack out a window. He starts running again and follows Jose outside.

EXT. A DIRTY ALLEY - MID AFTERNOON

JOSE

(In Spanish) Over here.

Jose points at a black pickup truck. He opens the driver door as Juan approaches.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Hey, why can't I drive?

JOSE

(In Spanish) I don't get road rage like you do. Plus, you're more accurate. So... you ride shotgun.

Jose rummages through the back seat and hands Juan a Remington 870 shotgun and a box of shells. Juan stares at the gun.

JOSE (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Well, don't just stand there, get in!

Juan and Jose get in the truck. Jose floors it before Juan can fully buckle his seatbelt and they speed off. Juan struggles to buckle up while constantly looking out the rear-view mirror.

INT. A BLACK PICKUP TRUCK - MID AFTERNOON

JOSE

Well, that wasn't so bad now was it.

JUAN

Seriously. That was awful!

JOSE

Yeah, yeah, quit yelling and start loading.

Juan looks in the rear-view mirror while loading the shotgun at the same time. Once the gun is loaded, Juan pulls a pen and notebook out of his back pocket and writes in it.

JUAN

You sure do know how to pick em now don't you.

JOSE

Pick who?

JUAN

Your goddamn clients that's who.

JOSE

They paid you, didn't they?

JUAN

Yeah, but I was expecting some money and a handshake, not this. You told me they were easy to deal with.

JOSE

Ok, I stretched the truth a bit. They have been known to have short tempers. Speaking of getting paid, where's the bag?

JUAN

I tossed it right before we got out.

JOSE

YOU WHAT!

Jose slaps Juan and the truck swerves.

JOSE (CONT')

(In Spanish) Dammit, you motherfucking piece of shit!

JUAN

Hey, hey, hey! Cool it! You trying to get us killed again!

JOSE

You fucking lost our money. We went through all that shit for nothing.

JUAN

I didn't lose it.

JOSE

What?

Juan rummages through his pants and pulls out a large bundle of folded up hundred dollar bills. He then takes off his boot, shakes it, and another bundle of hundred dollar bills falls out.

JUAN

I never ditch cold hard cash.

JOSE

Then what the hell was in the bag?

JUAN

Two pounds of weed I got when we were in El Paso. Thought I otta leave them a tip while also getting my money's worth.

JOSE

You sly, sly son of a bitch. I'm impressed.

JUAN

One thing I learned at NYU, always have a backup plan in case business goes bad.

JOSE

Well, based on that fat lump of cash looks like business is going very well.

Jose looks out the rearview window a few more times.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Ok, I think we lost them. So what are you gonna do with your half?

JUAN

First I'm buying myself a one way  
plane ticket back to New York, then  
maybe I'll buy a...M4.

JOSE

An M4. Why would you need an M4?

Juan looks out the rearview mirror then looks behind him and sees the red van, with two large men aiming M4 machine guns out of the back side doors.

JUAN

No man look! M4! Jose glances out the  
rearview window as the two men aim.

JOSE

Oh shit. Head down! Down now!

Jose and Juan lean their heads down as low as they can while the men fire at them. Jose struggles to maintain control of the truck.

JUAN

Stay low!

JOSE

You gotta shoot this one.

Juan picks up the shotgun and slowly unbuckles his seatbelt.

JUAN

I can't!

JOSE

You have to!

JUAN

No, I can't. I gotta wait for them to  
run dry.

JOSE

Well don't wait for us to die!

Juan and Jose hear the shooting stop. Juan opens the door, leans out and aims the shotgun. He hesitates right as one of the men proceeds to pick up his M4 and aim. Juan shoots the two front tires of the van. The van swerves out of control off the road and crashes into a building.

JUAN  
Watch out!

Before Juan can close the door Jose drives forward and the truck door collides with a large wall and gets knocked off. Juan and Jose look at the now doorless half of the truck.

JOSE  
Ok, I think it's safe to say that my driving skills have landed me in the league alongside Vin Diesel.

JUAN  
Except you have hair.

Jose and Juan look at each other and laugh. Juan focuses on the road again and sees a large van come to an abrupt stop in front of them.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Jose look out!

The truck collides with the van.

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - MID MORNING

Juan wakes up suddenly in a state of panic. Juan frantically looks around. Juan is wearing an old grey t-shirt and boxers. Juan walks over to a dresser near the bedroom window, opens it, grabs a pair of sweatpants and puts them on. Juan slips and falls as he's putting them on.

INT. KITCHEN - MID MORNING

Rebecca is cooking scrambled eggs, sausage, and french toast. Rebecca stops cooking and has a cup of tea. Rebecca is noticeably pregnant. Rebecca hears a loud boom and rushes to the staircase.

REBECCA  
Babe! Are you all right?

Juan walks down the stairs holding his head.

JUAN  
I'm fine babe. It's nothing to worry about. I'm just... just a little uneasy.

REBECCA  
Well come have something to eat. Maybe  
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
a satisfying breakfast will make you  
feel better.

Rebecca pulls two plates out of a cabinet and loads the plates with eggs, sausage, and French toast. Juan walks over to a small coffee maker and makes himself a cup of coffee.

JUAN (V.O)  
Only a slim number of people truly understand what a living nightmare is. Typically it's vets or guys in uniform who have seen the hell of war and experience PTSD as a consequence. Now, I've never actually been diagnosed. But when I wake up drenched in sweat and hyperventilating or wanting to scream, that says something.

REBECCA  
Aren't you going to eat?

JUAN  
I'm not hungry.

Juan waits for the coffee to brew then gets a mug out of the cabinet, fills up the mug with coffee and starts drinking. Rebecca sits down at the table with her food slowly sipping her tea. Rebecca gets up in a fit and slams her hands on the table.

REBECCA  
God dammit Juan, sit down and eat!

JUAN  
I'm sorry babe. I just can't right now.

REBECCA  
Oh yes you can. And you will. Now sit.  
Juan sits down at the table next to Rebecca and picks at his food.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
What's wrong babe?

JUAN  
Nothings wrong, I'm just not hungry.

REBECCA  
That's bullshit. I know you Juan. I  
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
can tell when something's wrong.

JUAN  
How would you know? You're not a  
psychic Becky.

REBECCA  
Cause you're my husband. And I know  
the man I married. I know you Juan.  
Typically when I make you a stack of  
French toast or a full English  
breakfast you stuff your face like a  
hog. You can't stop eating.

JUAN  
It's not that babe, it's just I...  
it's just...

REBECCA  
You're having nightmares again aren't  
you.

JUAN  
The nightmares have never gone away  
babe.

REBECCA  
Then you need to get help.

JUAN  
Like what? A psychiatrist? I highly  
doubt that will make much of a  
difference.

REBECCA  
No, I mean real help. You need to get  
out. If you're gonna be somewhere in  
the world then you have to be here! I  
need you here now! Not for two weeks  
or a month, but always!

Rebecca starts to tear up. Juan gets up to go over and hug  
Rebecca. Rebecca shoves him off.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Go away! Just please Juan! Please,  
just go!

Juan walks out of the kitchen and goes back upstairs. As Juan  
is headed upstairs Allie comes running down.

ALLIE  
Good morning daddy.

JUAN  
Morning sweetheart.

ALLIE  
Daddy, what's wrong?

JUAN  
Nothing sweetie. Mommy and I just...  
mommy's a little upset right now.

Allie runs over to Rebecca. Rebecca embraces Allie. Juan watches as Rebecca holds Allie tightly and cries.

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - MID MORNING

Juan walks around the bedroom. He opens up a bedside table and pulls out his journal. He opens up the journal and pulls out a photo of Rebecca. Written on the photo it says, "my forever girl". Juan puts the journal back and gets up. He goes over to the dresser, opens it and rummages around. Juan pulls out a scrapbook. He closes the dresser sits down on the bed and peers through the scrapbook. It is filled with photos of him, Rebecca, and Allie. Juan stares at a wedding photo of him and Rebecca and starts to tear up. Juan notices another photo of him and Sam wearing tuxedos.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
This is the end.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

Rebecca is cooking soup while Allie watches cartoons in the living room. Juan walks into the kitchen holding the scrapbook.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
I'm not going anywhere, unless you and Allie are by my side.

Rebecca stops cooking and turns around.

REBECCA  
What?

JUAN  
I love you Becky. I've always loved you. And I'll never stop loving you. You and Allie are all I have. And I  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
don't care where we have to go.  
Whether it be here, Paris, London, or  
Tokyo. But I'm done.

Juan hands Rebecca the photo that says "my forever girl".  
Rebecca looks at the photo and wipes some tears away from her  
eyes.

REBECCA  
So how do you get out?

JUAN  
I have to die.

REBECCA  
You mean like last time.

JUAN  
Oh come on Becks you know I didn't  
die.

REBECCA  
I know you didn't. But it sure as  
hells felt like you did. I went 7  
weeks not hearing from you. Nothing,  
not a word. Then out of the blue you  
show up at our doorstep half coated in  
blood.

JUAN  
Look Becky...

REBECCA  
No! No buts! I can't go through that  
again. I can't lose you again!

Rebecca grabs Juan and embraces him in a tight hug.

JUAN  
You're not gonna lose me Becks. Not  
this time.

EXT. FRONT YARD - LATE MORNING

A tall man in black peers through the window carefully  
watching Juan and Rebecca. He pulls a cell phone out of his  
pocket and takes several photos then walks away. As he walks  
away he picks up the phone and makes a call.

## INT. A HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Sam is sitting at a table in the break room. He's wearing his paramedic uniform and is eating Caribbean chicken and rice out of a tupperware container.

SAM

Ugh, damn babe. I have really gotta teach you how to cook.

Sam's cell phone starts ringing. He pulls it out of his phone and sees an unknown number with two star symbols next to it.

SAM (CONT'D)

Seriously man. Now is not the time.

Sam answers the phone.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Could you please call me back another time, I'm trying to enjoy my dinner break.

## INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

Juan and Rebecca are sitting on their bed together. Rebecca is holding Allie on her lap.

JUAN

I'm done man. I'm getting out.

## INT. A HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM - EARLY EVENING

SAM

Wadda you mean you're getting out?

## INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

JUAN

I'm done. I'm finished. The cartel can go find a new sucker to do their dirty work for them.

## INT. A HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM - EARLY EVENING

SAM

Yeah, not to sound like an ass Juan but the last time you said this to me you were lying on your couch soaked in blood. And as I recall, about a week later you were selling dope to a  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
junkie in Austin.

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

REBECCA  
What's he saying?

JUAN  
Oh, he's just being an asshole right  
now.

Sam yells over the phone.

SAM  
I heard that!

JUAN  
No, joke, I'm for real this time. I'm  
done, finished.

INT. A HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Sam hesitates for a moment.

SAM  
Is this because Rebecca's pregnant?

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

Juan looks over at Rebecca.

JUAN  
Did you tell him?

REBECCA  
I didn't know who else to turn to. Not  
even my mother knows.

JUAN  
Yeah. I've been a really shitty  
husband and a bad father for far too  
long. My girls need me. I think about  
them all the time and I can't keep  
watching Allie grow up without me  
being around.

INT. A HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Sam gets up and throws the remainder of the food in the  
trash.

SAM  
Well look who decided to be a committed husband for once. I'm glad you finally had an epiphany, but there's a bit of a catch.

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

JUAN  
And what might that be?

INT. A HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM - EARLY EVENING

SAM  
There's about a thousand something people who want your blood on their breakfast cereal and your head mounted on their wall. How do you intend to get out when more than half the cartel is hunting you?

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

JUAN  
When's the last time you checked your email?

INT. A HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Sam walks over to a vending machine and starts putting some money into it.

SAM  
About 2 days ago. Why?

Sam grabs 2 snickers bars and a monster energy drink out of the vending machine slot and proceeds to eat the snickers.

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

JUAN  
Check again as soon as possible. I reached out to an old friend of mine who's been helping to keep me and Becks hidden for the past few years. He has a plan to end all of this. We just gotta do exactly what he tells us.

At a desk in the far corner of Juan and Rebecca's room is an open laptop with an email from ddog89@gmail.com. The email

reads

DIMITRI (V.O)

Congratulations Juan. Glad you finally have come to your senses. I never thought this day would come. I've already touched base with your cousin and given him some further information. Attached to this email is a map of a route you must take as well as a list of names of various people you will need to touch base with upon arriving at the various checkpoints. Consider this plan to be your final drug deal. The final checkpoint is L.A. Upon arrival myself and several accomplices will meet with you. I understand that all of this may seem complex, but I can promise you that if you do exactly as I say, and follow the map precisely, all of this will come to an end. I wish you the best of luck. Dimitri.

INT. A HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM - EARLY EVENING

SAM

So, wadda you need me to do? If this plan is reserved for you, then why do you need me?

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

JUAN

I guess this thing needs to look like a job. And typically I don't do many jobs on my own. So I need a partner to help me out. And they need you to be that partner.

INT. A HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Sam starts choking on his snickers bar.

SAM

Me?

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

REBECCA

Sam are you alright?

INT. A HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM - EARLY EVENING

SAM

Yeah, I'm fine. Just having a tough time swallowing. But, me? You need me to do a deal with you? Like a legit, real world deal?

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

JUAN

It's supposed to look like a deal. Based on what I've been told it's more of a trap. How much vaca time do you have?

INT. A HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM - EARLY EVENING

SAM

I have roughly 2 months of paid vaca time and a week of sick time? Why do you ask?

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

JUAN

Let your boss know you're going on vacation next month. When you get home I need you to pack up whatever you feel you might need, including your passport. I'll make the flight arrangements.

INT. A HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM - EARLY EVENING

SAM

Well what am I supposed to tell Jules?

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

JUAN

The exact same thing I'd tell her, the truth.

Juan hangs up the phone.

REBECCA

So this is your last deal.

Juan nods his head.

JUAN  
One last deal.

Juan picks up to pieces of paper that are lying next to him. One is a map of the US, Mexico border and the other is a list of names. Juan and Rebecca look at it together.

INT. SAM AND JULIETA'S BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

Sam zips up a packed suitcase.

JULIETA  
So how long exactly is this medical conference supposed to last?

SAM  
They didn't give me an exact time stamp. I'm anticipating that it will last a week at most.

Sam picks up the suitcase and puts his keys, wallet, and phone in his pockets.

JULIETA  
Well, have a safe flight. Tell Juan I said hello and thanks for the opportunity he is giving you, and don't forget to call me when you guys get to California.

SAM  
I will.

Sam kisses Julieta then walks out of the house.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - LATE MORNING

Sam gets out of an Uber and walks towards the entryway of one of the gates. Juan is standing at the entryway with a backpack. Sam walks up to Juan.

JUAN  
Nice to see you man.

SAM  
You got some nerve having the audacity to drag me along on this trip with you.

JUAN  
Well, that's a charming hello.

Sam hesitates for a moment then walks up and hugs Juan.

SAM  
Good to see you Juan.

JUAN  
Good to see you too. Come on, let's go.

Sam and Juan walk into the airport.

MONTAGE:

An airplane takes off and flies through the sky.

Juan and Sam are sitting next to each other. Juan is snoring and Sam is staring out the window of the plane.

The plane lands at another airport.

Sam and Juan step out of an airport exit and Juan flags down a taxi cab.

Juan and Sam look at the map and the list of names together in the back of the taxi cab and converse about it.

Juan and Sam get out of the cab and walk towards a house in a very isolated location.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. AN OLD HOUSE - MID AFTERNOON

Sam and Juan look at the map.

SAM  
So, I guess this is the first checkpoint.

Juan looks at the list of names.

JUAN  
According to this we're supposed to meet up with someone named Gabriel.

Juan and Sam look around.

SAM  
Do you even have any idea as to where we are?

JUAN

Yeah, I've been here before. This is where I did my first deal outside of the US. Just, stay close to me and don't speak English.

SAM

(In Spanish) Ok, got it.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Also, don't trust anyone.

SAM

(In Spanish) What about this dude Gabriel?

JUAN

(In Spanish) Especially don't trust Gabriel. This is primal cartel territory. The only person here worth trusting is me.

Juan and Sam walk towards the house.

SAM

(In Spanish) Whatever you say boss.

Juan knocks on the door. The door opens on its own. Sam and Juan look at each other and walk inside.

INT. AN OLD HOUSE - MID AFTERNOON

Sam and Juan walk into the old house and stare around.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Hello?

SAM

(In Spanish) Anyone here?

Sam and Juan walk around. They see knocked over tables and soiled furniture.

SAM (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) There's nobody here.

JUAN

(In Spanish) That's what they want us to think.

They continue to look around.

SAM  
(In Spanish) Hey Juan. Come here.

Juan walks over to a knocked over chair Sam is standing next to. The chair is cracked and appears to have what looks like bullet holes in it.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Wadda you make of that?

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Someone else is here.

Sam and Juan continue to walk around the room trying not to bump into any of the furniture. Sam sees red stains on the ground. Sam and Juan follow the red stains and see an arm lying next to a large cabinet.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Oh shit.

Sam and Juan pull the blood stained arm and drag a large fat man out from behind the cabinet.

SAM  
(In Spanish) Do you think this guy is?

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Yeah, I think it's Gabriel.

They look at the corpse. He has 5 bullet holes in his chest and is holding a rosary in his left hand.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) He's with god now.

Sam bends down and closes Gabriel's eyes.

SAM  
(In Spanish) May Saint Pedro choose wisely.

Sam and Juan hear a loud banging. They both turn and see a light coming from a staircase in the back of the room. Sam and Juan walk over to the staircase. They peer down and hear yelling and shouting coming from downstairs.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Hang on a second.

Juan pulls the map and the list of names out of his pocket.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Hang on a second.

SAM  
(In Spanish) What is it?

JUAN  
(In Spanish) I don't think that's  
Gabriel?

SAM  
(In Spanish) How can you be sure?

JUAN  
(In Spanish) If that were Gabriel then  
the cartel would have known we were  
coming. And if they knew we were  
coming you'd be dead by now and I'd be  
getting dragged off to be tortured, or  
worse.

SAM  
(In Spanish) Then who could that guy  
be?

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Someone who's of no  
importance to us, Just follow me and  
trust no one.

Sam and Juan begin walking down the staircase.

INT. A LARGE BASEMENT - MID AFTERNOON

Sam and Juan step down into a large basement that is filled with multiple people handling large quantities of cocaine and various materials and chemical substances. Sam whispers to Juan.

SAM  
(In Spanish) What is this place?

JUAN  
(In Spanish) It looks like a  
processing plant.

SAM  
(In Spanish) Wadda you mean by  
processing?

JUAN

(In Spanish) One of the more popular ways to smuggle cocaine is to impregnate it into capsules or certain materials such as rubber or fabric. Makes it much harder to detect if you're trying to fly it out of the country.

SAM

(In Spanish) Have they ever had to traffic coke this way?

JUAN

(In Spanish) Only once. You do it this way you get caught quicker.

NARCO ONE walks up to SKINNY MAN who drops a large box of capsules onto the ground. Narco One slaps Skinny Man in the face.

NARCO ONE

(In Spanish) You son of a bitch. Stop being such a fool. Pick it up and pack it now!

Narco One looks around at the crowd of workers.

NARCO ONE (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Where in god's name is Che! He was supposed to be here an hour ago!

JUAN (V.O)

I typically don't encourage people to lie. I've been honest with my family my entire life. In fact the first life lesson Becky and I taught Allie was to always be truthful. But when it comes to business, bullshitting people can sometimes save your ass.

Juan starts walking down the stairs and approaches Narco One.

SAM

(In Spanish) What the fuck are you doing?

JUAN

(In Spanish) Gentleman. My apologies for being late.

NARCO ONE  
(In Spanish) Che?

Juan approaches Narco One and gives him a firm handshake and a pat on the back.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Yes, of Course. Who were you expecting? A moronic gringo.

Narco One chuckles and looks at Juan curiously.

NARCO ONE  
(In Spanish) You are a lot thinner than I expected.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) A good diet, and a little bit of running works wonders. Come now. Let's talk business.

Sam watches as Juan talks and shakes hands with multiple people.

SAM (V.O)  
I've seen a lot of crazy shit in my lifetime. Whether it be a man who's missing half his legs and his bones are exposed or a woman who has to get a C Section in the back of an ambulance. But watching someone smooth talk, laugh, and lie to people who are well armed and fully capable of killing me has to top all of em.

Skinny Man looks at Juan curiously.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) So, my friend. The pickup?

NARCO ONE  
(In Spanish) Of course. Come here my good friend.

Narco One leads Juan over to a table that has stacks of bags on it. The bags are filled with capsules. Juan stares in awe.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) This is a lot more than I expected. Gabriel said it would be an  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
easy pickup.

NARCO ONE  
(In Spanish) Did he also tell you that he had tipped the DEA about our whereabouts?

JUAN  
(In Spanish) No, he didn't. I knew that little shit was always a screw up, but I didn't think he was a traitor.

NARCO ONE  
(In Spanish) Well he was. We caught him on the phone ratting three hours ago. So I suggest we get this done with now. Time is no longer on our side.

Sam tries to remain hidden while listening to the conversation.

SAM  
(In Spanish) At least we know now who that poor fat guy was.

Narco One snaps his fingers. Skinny man hurries over to him.

NARCO ONE  
(In Spanish) Load it up!

SKINNY MAN  
(In Spanish) Yes boss.

Skinny man starts putting all of the bags of capsules into two large duffles. Juan talks with Narco One. Skinny man continues to look at Juan closely as he packs up the duffles.

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Uh boss, boss!

NARCO ONE  
(In Spanish) What is it!

SKINNY MAN  
(In Spanish) I'm finished.

Skinny Man zips up the last duffle and hands them to Juan. Juan picks up the duffles which are very heavy.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Thank you.

SKINNY MAN  
(In Spanish) You're welcome.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Sir, not to sound foolish or anything, but Gabriel was rather unclear when he told me about making this delivery. From what I recall he said "give it to the gringos down south."

NARCO ONE  
(In Spanish) That's it?

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Yes sir.

Narco One pounds his fist firmly against the table.

NARCO ONE  
(In Spanish) That son of a bitch! Why on earth did I even think about trusting him in the first place!

JUAN  
(In Spanish) You know just as well as I do sir, that people will say whatever they have to to make money.

NARCO ONE  
(In Spanish) Yes, but in this business, trust is far more valuable than wealth.

Narco One snaps his fingers. Skinny man rushes up to him.

SKINNY MAN  
(In Spanish) Yes boss.

NARCO ONE  
(In Spanish) Show Che to the truck.  
And don't screw up.

SKINNY MAN  
(In Spanish) Yes boss.

Juan gives the duffles to Skinny Man who leads Juan out of the basement and up the stairs. Sam sees them approaching and

hurries out of the building. Sam trips then gets back up quickly. Narco One hears Sam trip and looks up.

EXT. AN OLD HOUSE - MID AFTERNOON

Skinny man leads Juan outside towards a silver volvo.

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Let's go over it again.  
The dealer is named Emilio. He'll be  
waiting for you in Cancun.

JUAN

(In Spanish) What does he look like?

SKINNY MAN

(In Spanish) Fat and ugly, just like  
Gabriel. I promise you you can't miss  
him.

Skinny Man unlocks the trunk and helps Juan load the two duffles into the back. He then gives Juan the keys. Juan looks out the corner of his eye and sees Sam hiding behind the doorway to the building.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Thanks for the help. Now  
uh, what about my pay.

Skinny man hands Juan a backpack. Juan unzips it and sees multiple wads of hundred dollar bills. He zips the backpack up then shakes Skinny Man's hand. Skinny Man pulls Juan in close and whispers in his ear.

SKINNY MAN

(In Spanish) Use that money wisely  
Traveler. You're gonna need it.

Juan lets go of Skinny Man's hand. Skinny man gives Juan the keys to the truck and walks away. As soon as Skinny Man is out of sight Juan gestures to Sam to come over to the car.

SAM

(In Spanish) Are we clear to go?

Juan opens up the driver door quickly.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Get in now.

Sam gets into the passenger seat and closes the door. Juan

starts the engine and hears a loud banging in the back. Sam and Juan turn their heads.

SAM  
(In Spanish) That doesn't sound good.

Sam and Juan hear loud gunfire nearby. Juan continues to rev the engine.

JUAN  
Come on, come on.

The engine starts up and Juan hits the gas. They drive off.

INT. SILVER VOLVO - MID AFTERNOON

Juan drives the car as fast as he can. Sam looks out the back window. He sees Skinny Man running towards them. He is covered in blood. Narco One and three gunman chase after Skinny Man and shoot him.

SAM  
I think we have company.

Juan looks in the rearview mirror and sees Narco One and the gunmen getting into 2 cars.

JUAN  
Dammit. He must have ratted on me.

SAM  
Who ratted on you.

JUAN  
The guy. The one who gave us the dope.

SAM  
Did you know him?

JUAN  
No, but apparently he knew me. Get the map and the list out. We need to ditch this place fast.

Sam starts rummaging through his pockets.

SAM  
I lost it.

JUAN  
What!

SAM

It must have slipped out of my pockets  
when I tripped near the basement.

JUAN

God dammit Sam! Now we're driving  
blind!

Sam and Juan hear a loud bang and glass break. Sam turns and sees the gunmen start shooting at them and the back window shattered.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Keep your head down. I gotta get us  
out of here.

Sam and Juan duck their heads down while Juan tries to focus on driving.

SAM

Where do we go now?

Juan looks at the side view mirrors at the cars speeding up behind them. Then turns his head and looks out the back.

JUAN

Hold on!

Juan swerves the car and drives off the road. Sam looks out the back broken window. Juan drives faster.

SAM

I think we lost em.

JUAN

Thank god.

Juan looks in the rearview mirror.

SAM

Watch out!

Juan turns back and sees a large mound of dirt and stones right in front of him. He swerves the car and it crashes into the mound. The car falls on an angle on the driver's side. Sam and Juan try to gather themselves.

JUAN

You alright?

SAM  
Do I look like I'm dead?

Juan and Sam open up the passenger side door and crawl out. They look at the totaled car.

EXT. SILVER VOLVO - MID AFTERNOON

SAM  
You sure as hell know how to total a perfectly good car now don't you.

JUAN  
At least it didn't blow up.

Juan opens up the broken trunk and takes out the backpack full of money. He closes the trunk and starts to walk away.

SAM  
What about the coke?

JUAN  
Leave it. It's of no use to us now. All that weight would simply slow us down. Now come on.

Sam and Juan find their way back onto the main road.

EXT. A DIRT DESSERT ROAD - MID AFTERNOON

Sam and Juan walk along the side of the road.

SAM  
Can you please tell me where we are going?

JUAN  
Somewhere that isn't the fucking dessert.

SAM  
I get that, but where in particular are you taking us?

JUAN  
There's a small town about three miles east. If we keep up a good pace we should be there in at least an hour.

SAM  
So we get to this town. Then what do  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
you expect us to do? Find a church and  
pray for help. We're in the middle of  
the fucking dessert.

Juan stops walking and angrily looks at Sam.

JUAN  
When we get to this town; I am going  
to make a few calls and find someone  
who can get me some form of  
transportation that will take me to El  
Paso. You, are going to be taking  
another form of transportation and  
make your way back home.

SAM  
Wait? So you want me to leave?

JUAN  
Yes. You are going home and so am I.

SAM  
Fuck that. I'm not leaving you.

JUAN  
I'm not asking you to leave me. I'm  
telling you. You will leave me. Get  
out of Mexico. And go home. That's not  
a request. It's an order.

SAM  
Well, I don't take orders unless I'm  
at work.

Juan firmly grabs Sam by his shirt collar.

JUAN  
Yes you will. If you want to live you  
will do as I say! Because chances are  
the next time we get shot at, one of  
us is gonna die.

Sam shoves Juan away from him.

SAM  
No. We are going to live. We are gonna  
find salvation together.

JUAN  
You are such an arrogant bastard. You  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
 know that Sam. You don't listen to anyone but your dumbass self. Stop thinking you're superman you stupid prick!

SAM  
 Stupid? You think I'm stupid. I have a job. I have a sense of integrity and honesty. An education. You just have drugs, money, a mouthful of lies, and wasted knowledge! You're not the boss. Maybe of yourself, but not me!

Sam shoves Juan aside. Juan slaps Sam in the face

JUAN  
 You wouldn't survive out here if not for me! Right now I am the only person keeping you alive! So you better believe I'm your boss you god damn malparido!

Sam punches Juan in the face and the two of them get into an intense fist fight while cursing at each other in spanish. Juan pins Sam against the dirt road.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
 Just quit it Sam! Tap out! Tap out now!

Sam slams his fist hard against the dirt multiple times. Juan gets off of Sam and starts walking again. Sam gets up, wipes the dirt off then follows.

SAM  
 So this is how you treat family?  
 Family that helps, cares about you.  
 Family that for some fucked up reason or another still believes in you!

JUAN  
 Oh, so you're gonna use that against me now. That you believe in me. That for some twisted reason you still see some good in me. Even though I've put your life at risk and nearly gotten you killed. Why Sam? Tell me why?

SAM  
 Because I love you.

Juan stops walking.

JUAN  
What?

SAM  
Because I love you Juan. You're family. And so many family members have spit on you. Shamed you. Disowned and evicted you from their lives. But not me. I never turn my back on family. No matter how much of an asshole they may be. You need me Juan. And you know it. You need me just as much as you need your wife and daughter. You need love and hope in your life. Loneliness and having nobody around when you need help isn't always the solution.

JUAN  
Yeah, well, sometimes loneliness and doing things for yourself is the safest way. Because the consequences don't hurt others. Now please. Stop with the sentimental therapy session and leave me here. I was a fool to drag you along with me. Now leave.

SAM  
No. No, I'm not leaving.

JUAN  
Fuck it! So you need a little help to get the message clearer. You know what, fine then.

Juan pulls one of the wads of hundred dollar bills out of the backpack and hands it to Sam.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Here's four-thousand pesos. There's a small gang of coyotes that operates out of the town we're headed to. Find them and ask for Ty.

SAM  
What, huh? Who's Ty?

JUAN  
An old acquaintance of mine. He owes  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
me a favor. Give him the money and say it's from Juan. He can have you on a bus in less than an hour. They'll take you to a small port in western Cancun and fetch you a boat. Keep your mouth shut. Don't ask questions, and they'll get you to Miami within forty-eight hours.

Sam and Juan continue walking quietly. Sam looks at Juan while counting the money. Juan eventually taps Sam on the shoulder.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Here we are.

Juan points at a small rural town in the near distance. Juan and Sam begin walking faster until they reach the end of the road and walk towards a small cafe. They enter the cafe and sit down at a dirty old table with a booth.

INT. CAFE - MID AFTERNOON

JUAN  
Try to stay calm and don't speak in spanish. Nobody in this town speaks English and I'd rather they not understand anything we have to say.

SAM  
Got it.

Juan snaps his fingers and gestures at a young waitress. The waitress walks over with two glasses a pitcher of water and chips and guacamole.

JUAN  
Muchas gracias.

The waitress winks at Juan.

SAM  
You know her?

JUAN  
Her father almost got killed by one of my old bosses. I was able to pull a few strings and do a little bribery to help save his life.

SAM  
So that's why she serves you like  
royalty.

Sam starts to eat.

JUAN  
Yeah, that and she's also a former  
prostitute.

Sam chokes a bit on his food and coughs.

SAM  
You didn't...

JUAN  
No, never. Not even a hand job. Now,  
eat fast so that you can get out of  
here sooner rather than later.

Juan looks around at the small crowd of people in the cafe  
then feels something fall on his hand. He looks and sees the  
money he had given Sam.

SAM  
No, I'm staying.

JUAN  
Why you...

SAM  
You can hit me, punch me, and swear at  
me as much as you want Juan but you  
ain't changing my mind. I have a job  
to do just as much as you do and if I  
don't do it right we'll both be doing  
very extensive prison sentences. Or  
worse.

A tall muscular man who's sitting alone drinking a corona  
looks over at Juan and Sam. He peers closely at the tattoo on  
Juan's wrist then chugs the rest of his beer and pulls an  
iPhone out of his pocket and makes a call. He gets up and  
starts to walk away while keeping his eyes on Juan and Sam.

JUAN  
Do you truly want to have my kind of  
life?

SAM  
What? I don't understand? Juan counts  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
the money then puts it back into his  
wallet.

JUAN  
How many times have I told you about  
what happens to people who meet me?  
And people who get involved with me?

SAM  
You've told me enough times. They die.  
They go to prison. They end up living  
a life of paranoia. I've heard it all  
before.

JUAN  
But do you really know? Like really  
know? The harsh reality of it. The  
details that I typically don't  
disclose because of how ashamed I am.  
The consequences they face, and the  
lives they lose.

SAM  
But not all of them lost their life.

JUAN  
Yes they did. You see... fuck  
it...it's time you really understood  
the truth.

Juan rummages through his pockets and pulls out the beat up  
old journal. He opens up the journal to one of the last pages  
and pulls a collection of photos out of it. He hands Sam a  
photo of Juan and Jose wearing tuxedoes and smiling together.

SAM  
Who's that?

JUAN  
Jose Mendez. He was a good friend of  
mine. He's the man who introduced me  
to the world of cocaine, international  
trafficking, and how to make a fortune  
off of desperate addicts. That was  
taken at my wedding.

SAM  
He looks like a handsome guy. Shady,  
but handsome.

Juan tosses a photo of Jose's mutilated and decapitated head on top of the first photo.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Holy shit. Is that...

JUAN  
Yeah. That's Jose. That photo was taken three years after I got married. A drug lord from Ecuador who Jose had double crossed had two hitmen hunt him down. They beat him to death using their fists and rusty pocket knives. Only when he had less than a gallon of blood left in his body did they finally decapitate him. The head was mailed to his house via express. His wife sent me that photo the day she got it. Apparently they had forcedly put his wedding ring onto his tongue and left the mouth open.

SAM  
Jesus Christ. And what about her?

JUAN  
His wife?

SAM  
Yeah. She's ok right?

JUAN  
Molly committed suicide five days later. She drank a rum cocktail that had four bottles of rat poison mixed into it.

Sam gulps. Juan places another picture in front of Sam. In the photo are Juan and Marco wearing NYU sweatshirts.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Marco was my college roommate and my best friend. Jose was his cousin. We did some of our earliest deals operating out of our apartment.

SAM  
I take it that he's also dead?

JUAN  
He wishes he was.

Juan hands Sam a photo of a naked woman and child. The bodies are severely mutilated and deformed. The woman's vagina is coated in blood. They both have bullet holes in their heads.

SAM  
What the...

JUAN  
Marco tried to get out of the business and failed to pay a massive debt to Enrique Sol; a notorious Colombian drug lord who we had worked for at one point. Sol had an assassin hunt down Marco's family. Police told us that his wife Angela was brutally raped multiple times to the point where she was already suffering internal bleeding, even before they started breaking her bones.

SAM  
So if Marco's not dead, then where is he?

JUAN  
He sought out revenge. An eye for an eye. About eight months later he tracked down Sol at his mansion in Bogota. He killed him with a belt fed machine gun then used up the last of the ammo to do away with Sol's bodyguards and any other witnesses.

Juan puts down a mug-shot photo of Marco on top of the other photos.

SAM  
How long after the murder was he arrested?

JUAN  
Not long. About two months later. He's been on and off death row for the past eight years now. He literally got on his knees in court and begged the judge to give him the death sentence.

SAM  
Huh, so you weren't lying when you said he wished he was dead.

JUAN  
Nope.

Juan puts another photo in front of Sam of a face that is soaked in blood and destroyed facial tissue. Sam starts to cough heavily.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Jackson bought a batch of cocaine from me that was meant to be sold to a member of a cartel in Juarez. Five hours later he was found dead. He'd been shot in the face more than fifteen times to the point where the only way to recognize him was a drunken snake tattoo on his right arm.

SAM  
Ok, ok, enough. I get it. People you loved and cared about who are dead or in prison. But you told me yourself that there are people that have met you who lived. They ended up in the system. Witness protection. New identity. What about them? These are just the ones who are dead.

JUAN  
You still don't fully get it now do you? Just because you don't die doesn't mean you don't lose your life.

SAM  
Ok, now I'm getting confused.

JUAN  
Maybe this will help you better understand.

Juan places a photo of a happy couple and two babies in front of Sam.

SAM  
Cute family, who are they?

JUAN  
Blake and Jackie are personal friends of me and Becky. Or at least they were. Blake lost his job after his company went bankrupt. He spent a year struggling to find work and started  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
doing some deals with me to make money  
and keep the family afloat.

SAM  
Let me guess, deal gone wrong? Or did  
you sell it to the wrong client?

JUAN  
Sold it to the wrong client and we  
almost got shot. Blake was in and out  
of witness protection for seven years  
and had to change his name twice.

SAM  
Why?

JUAN  
Because my enemies kept finding ways  
to hunt him down. Blake ended up  
turning himself into the Feds because  
he said he feels safer in prison than  
he does being a free man. He also  
disclosed a lot of information  
regarding the cartel to the federal  
authorities which ended up making his  
family a prime target.

SAM  
So, let me get this straight? He  
willingly sent himself to prison and  
his family got placed into witness  
protection.

JUAN  
No. Because they weren't directly  
affiliated with Blake's crimes they  
were not placed into witness  
protection. Jackie did however end up  
losing her job as a consequence of me  
and her husbands actions, and almost  
no other law firm was willing to hire  
her. So she had to change her career  
course.

SAM  
Look, Juan I'm sure that a beautiful  
intelligent woman like her is doing  
fairly well.

JUAN  
Well you got the beauty part correct.

Juan places another picture in front of Sam. Jackie is wearing blue lingerie and high heels.

SAM  
Please tell me this photo was edited?  
Right?

Juan shakes his head in disappointment.

JUAN  
She works at a strip club in Silicon Valley. She also spent a year working at an underground sex club in San Diego. They were dirt broke so she sold her beauty for cash.

SAM  
Well that's a career your kids can be proud of.

JUAN  
Her kids don't even know about it. CPS ended up getting involved when they found out she had worked at a sex club. Jackie's sister adopted the twins and they only see her three times a year. Their birthday, her birthday, and christmas. She visits Blake in prison every other month. In order to get just one hour alone with him she typically has to give at least six prison officers a blowjob or a lap dance. She gets STD testing done twice a year, just in case. Last time I talked with her she said she won't regain custody of the twins until they're eighteen. And Blake will still be in prison when that day comes.

SAM  
And it's your fault.

JUAN  
Yeah, thanks for reminding me. But do you get now what I'm trying to tell you?

SAM

Sort of. These people who you hurt as a result of greed and bad clients have to start over.

JUAN

You see Sam. When I say that people lose their lives because of me, I don't just mean living and breathing. They go from living a casual, happy, American dream lifestyle to being broken, hurt, mentally scarred, and having to start from scratch in some of the worst ways imaginable. Is that the kind of future you want?

SAM

Never in my lifetime. But we have to finish this job, so that you have the future you truly want. You see Juan, your problem is this. You blame and torment yourself, constantly believing that you are the one and only cause for these people's lives being lost and ruined. But is it really you who's to blame?

JUAN

Of course it is. At the end of the day somebody has to take the blame and the blame falls on me.

SAM

But are you the one who pulls the trigger? Are you the one who kills innocent people? Are you the one who arrests and imprisons them?

JUAN

No. But I am the one who orchestrates the deals and makes agreements with the men who are truly responsible. And that's why I have to accept a majority of the guilt.

SAM

You know, there's a lot of stuff I understand about you Juan, and a decent amount of stuff that I don't. But at least tell me this. Why do you call yourself a villain when you've

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
never taken another man's life.

JUAN  
Because I have dark knowledge that I never wish I had. I know how to do and get away with things that will win me a one way ticket to prison, or even death. Knowledge is power Sam. But men who have dark knowledge, and fail to fully understand how dangerous and powerful that knowledge truly is, will die a villain. They destroy their own legacy before that legacy is even created.

SAM  
You know sometimes you sound more like a scholar than you do a scumbag.

JUAN  
Thank, you?

Sam and Juan finish eating. Juan continually stares around the cafe suspiciously. Sam finishes eating then burps loudly.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Good one.

SAM  
Thanks. Ok, look, enough bs talking.  
We gotta get you to L.A. stat.

Juan hesitates for a moment then gets up. He pulls some money out of his pocket and tosses it on the table. He sees someone moving outside the window of the cafe, then looks at Sam.

JUAN  
This is no longer a race to save me now is it? It's a race against time?

SAM  
Yes, and the clock is ticking, very fast.

Sam and Juan start to walk out of the cafe.

EXT. CAFE - MID AFTERNOON

SAM  
I still don't get why the final  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
checkpoint is L.A. What kind of  
contact could you have waiting for you  
in Hollywood?

JUAN  
Well, whoever this contact is sure  
ain't a celebrity. And if there's one  
thing I know about L.A. it's that  
tinsel town sure ain't as glamorous as  
it used to be.

SAM  
Oh come on, L.A. ain't that bad.

JUAN  
Oh it's definitely bad.

SAM  
No it's...

A group of six men all carrying machine guns approach Juan and Sam as they exit the cafe. Juan and Sam both put their hands in the air.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Oh fuck.

SAM  
(In Spanish) Please tell me you don't  
know these guys?

Juan looks at Sam and mouths to him "yes I do."

SAM (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Oh shit.

JUAN (V.O.)  
Over the years I've grown pretty  
accustomed to having guns aimed at me.  
Typically though, the guys who do it  
are simply violent strangers or hired  
assassins. But when the guys who are  
determined to kill me know me  
personally, well, that's when I know  
I'm in trouble.

A large beat up Tacoma pickup truck pulls up next to the group of gunmen. The passenger door opens and a large muscular man with two large bullet wound marks on his neck and numerous scars on his left arm steps out. He approaches

Juan and Sam. Sam notices a large scar on his hand.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) Well Juan, looks like you can't run anymore. The hunt is over.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Cortez, nice to see you again. It's been what? Six, seven years now.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) Six years, nine months, two weeks, and three days.

JUAN

(In Spanish) That's pretty accurate.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) I've been waiting a long time for this moment Viajero. Isn't that right boys.

All of the gunmen start saying yes and nodding their heads.

JUAN

(In Spanish) I know you want to kill me, Cortez. I can see it in your eyes. But you know what will happen if you finish me.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) Who said I was going to kill you.

Cortez pulls a large gun out of his pocket and aims it at Sam.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Are you good friend's with Juan?

SAM

(In Spanish) I'm his cousin.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) Even better. Did Juan tell you what happens to his friends who have the privilege of meeting me?

SAM

(In Spanish) He never even had the decency to tell me about you.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) If that's the case then I don't see much of a reason for you to get to know me then.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Killing him won't do you much good Cortez. I'm the one you came for. So, here I am. No games this time.

.UJORTEZ POINTS AND SHOUTS AT TWO OF THE GUNMEN.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) Raul, Diego, bring it here.

Diego grabs the money from Juan and looks at it carefully.

DIEGO

(In Spanish) Boss, he has it. It's all here.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) Bring it to me.

Raul takes the money and approaches Cortez. Raul looks closely and peels away at one of the dollar bills, and sees what appears to be a naked woman, then stops walking.

RAUL

(In Spanish) You shit, this isn't money, these are flyers for hookers.

Cortez and the gunmen hesitate and stare at Raul, then turn their heads towards Juan.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Nothing personal.

Juan instantly slams one of the gunmen in the face. The gunman stumbles and Juan grabs his body, putting him in a chokehold while holding on his wrists. Sam kicks Cortez in the knees. Cortez falls and drops his gun. Sam quickly looks at Juan.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Run god dammit!

Sam kicks the gun hard and it flies away then runs off back towards the cafe. Sam sees a beat up old car several feet away from the cafe. He gets onto the ground and crawls under the car. All the other gunmen aim their guns and start shooting at Juan. Juan firmly holds the gunman's body against him as if he were a human shield and the bullets hit the gunmen rapidly. Juan wrestles to maintain control of the gunmens wrist while he fires his gun sporadically. Two of the other gunmen are shot by the sporadically fired bullets. Cortez gets up.

CORTEZ  
(In Spanish) Stop! Don't shoot him!

The gunmen stop shooting. Cortez gets up and rushes towards the gunmen.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) He's not ours to kill!

Juan drops the body of the now dead gunman and runs towards the cafe. The three remaining gunmen chase Juan. One of them takes his gun and slams Juan in the back. Juan falls flat on his chest. The gunmen kicks Juan a few times. Cortez approaches them.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Stop! Enough!

RAUL  
(In Spanish) But boss!

Cortez grabs the gun and presses it against Raul's throat.

CORTEZ  
(In Spanish) He's not ours to kill! If you kill him, then we die with him! If you want to live then you will do as I tell you. He is a prize for La Vibora.

Juan flinches as he lies on the ground struggling.

JUAN  
Que?

Cortez kneels on Juan's back and leans down towards his face.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) Yes my old friend. La Vibora has been waiting a long time to see you. Your days of running are over.

Cortez gets off Juan's back and gestures at the two gunmen.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) He's luggage now.

The three gunmen pick up Juan and tie up his wrists and ankles. They tape his mouth shut and put a bag over his head. Cortez looks at the two gunmen who have been shot and are lying on the ground struggling to breathe. Cortez shoots both of them twice. Sam watches from under the car as Cortez yells at the two gunmen in Spanish and they get into the truck tossing Juan into the back seat. As the truck starts up Sam crawls out from underneath the car races over and jumps into the back of the pickup truck as it starts to drive off.

INT. THE BACK OF A PICKUP TRUCK - LATE AFTERNOON

Two of the gunmen are in the back sitting next to Juan holding their guns firmly. The third gunman is driving with Cortez sitting next to him.

JUAN (V.O.)

This is a new experience for me. I've seen it before but never really expected to be the victim. They bag your head and punch you a few times simply assuming that you no longer have a clue as to what is going on or that you're straight up unconscious. The thing is though, we all know what's happening. We're being dragged off to meet a guy who's hellbent on killing us or forcing us to pay in blood rather than money. They just want it to be a big surprise rather than make it seem so obvious.

They drive the truck for many miles and a long period of time. Finally the truck parks inside the entryway of a small compound. Cortez gets out of the truck and the three gunmen drag Juan out. Sam pokes his head out from the back and watches.

## EXT. A MILITARY COMPOUND - LATE AFTERNOON

The gunmen drag Juan towards the center of the complex and drop him on his knees. They take the bag off his head and rip the duct tape off his mouth. Juan starts gasping and breathing heavily once the tape is off his mouth. He looks around and sees lots of men with guns, trucks, technicals with large caliber machine guns and numerous buildings. He sees women and children bringing baskets and bags into some of the buildings.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Where am I?

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) That's none of your concern Traveler.

JUAN

(In Spanish) If you wanna kill me you should have shot me in the truck.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) Oh, I would take great pleasure in killing you Traveler. But sadly, you aren't mine to kill.

JUAN

(In Spanish) You know La Vibora isn't going to kill me, Cortez. He just wants his money and for me to pay my debts. Killing people is your job. He'd just make me suffer and wish I was dead.

Sam pokes his head out from the back of the parked pickup truck and watches Juan talking with Cortez. Sam notices several machine guns and magazines in the back of the pickup truck. He grabs a loaded AR-15, then turns his head around watching as Cortez punches Juan in the face multiple times.

JUAN (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Torturing me isn't gonna get you your money back, Cortez. How am I supposed to tell you what you want after you've broken my ribs? If I'm not breathing I can't talk.

Cortez Punches Juan in the face then kicks his arm.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) You shit! I'm sick of your games! Raul! Call the boss! Let him know we have a special guest waiting for him.

Raul nods his head then pulls a phone out of his pocket and steps away. Juan begins shaking his right boot vigorously. A large bowie knife slowly slips out of the boot. Juan grabs it with his tied up hands and begins cutting the rope around his ankles.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) I have something far better in mind for you Traveler. Killing you would be an act of mercy.

Cortez pulls a folded up photo out of his pocket. He unfolds the photo and shows it to Juan. It is a photo of Rebecca and Allie.

JUAN

Becky.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) That's right Traveler. I will rape your wife and let you hear her cry and scream. I will cut her throat in front of your eyes and let her blood fall on your face. Then, we will keep your daughter for our own pleasure. Is that right men!

All of the gunmen start nodding their heads and smiling.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) And when the job is done. And I've had my satisfaction; then you will truly wish you were dead.

Sam pokes his head out from the back of the pickup truck and tries to aim the AR-15 at Cortez while his hands and arms shake.

SAM

You can do this. You can do this.

A loud rumbling sound can be heard in the distance. The ground slightly starts to shake. Everyone turns their heads and sees a large Apache helicopter approaching. Several of the gunmen turn and aim towards the Apache.

CORTEZ

(In Spanish) Keep your eyes on him!

Cortez runs over to Raul grabs his cellphone and pushes him to the ground. He puts the cellphone up to his ear.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Boss, wait! I have him here! Wait! What do you mean!

A missile is shot from the Apache and blows up a large truck. Everyone in the compound starts running. Several of the gunmen start shooting at the Apache. The Apache's machine gun begins firing back at them. Cortez drops the cellphone and runs back towards Juan while yelling at the people in the compound.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Get in the trucks! In the trucks now! Shoot!

Cortez approaches Juan while more bullets and missiles continue to be fired from the Apache. Juan gets up and stabs Cortez in the throat with the bowie knife.

JUAN

(In Spanish) The devil is waiting for you.

Juan slashes Cortez's throat. Cortez falls to the ground holding on to his bleeding throat. Another blast of machine gun fire from the Apache occurs and Juan ducks to the ground. He grabs the photo of Becky and Allie. He notices a large grenade strapped to Cortez's belt and takes it. Juan begins trench crawling, then gets up and runs. Sam jumps out from the back of the pickup truck, runs and crashes into Juan.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Sam?

SAM

Yeah, it's me genius. Let's go!

Sam and Juan run back towards the pickup truck. All around them people are running, getting into trucks and technicals while bullets and missiles hit them and begin to destroy the compound. A missile hits the pickup truck in front of Juan and Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

Fuck! Now what!

Juan points at a large technical with a large Mark 48 machine gun attached to it.

JUAN  
Over there! Come on!

Juan and Sam run over and get into the technical. Multiple people in the compound get into trucks and technicals while trying to avoid machine gun fire and missile blasts from the Apache. Sam gets in the driver seat while Juan gets in the passenger seat. Sam drops the AR-15 on Juan's lap. Sam hits the gas and they drive off.

INT. A TECHNICAL VEHICLE - LATE AFTERNOON

JUAN  
Nothing like an afternoon joyride huh?

SAM  
Seriously.

Sam repeatedly looks back and forth into the rearview mirror as a large convoy of trucks and technicals follows them. Sam sees the silhouette of the Apache coming closer.

JUAN  
Just keep driving!

SAM  
Alright, hold on!

Sam hits the gas hard and the technical speeds up more. Sam and Juan hear a lot of gunfire. They duck their heads down as bullets begin to hit the back window.

JUAN  
Stay low!

Juan takes the AR-15 and uses the back end of the gun to break the back window of the technical. Juan aims the AR-15 out of the broken back window and starts shooting at the trucks. The machine guns on the technicals fire back at him and the truck starts swerving. Juan pulls the gun back inside.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Shit I'm out of ammo!

SAM  
Do we have any more magazines?

JUAN  
Nada.

Sam alternates between looking at the rearview mirrors and out the back. Sam swerves the technical as a missile is fired at them and more machine gun fire ensues.

SAM  
You gotta use the Mark 48.

Juan and Sam duck their heads to avoid machine gun fire. Juan peers out the broken back window. He looks at the convoy of technicals and trucks gaining on them, then looks at the Mark 48.

JUAN  
Try and keep us steady.

EXT. A TECHNICAL VEHICLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Juan crawls out of the broken back window onto the back portion of the technical. He stands up behind the Mark 48, grabs on to the trigger and peers through the scope.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
I don't think I have a clean shot!  
What if there's kids in there?

Sam turns his head.

SAM  
I don't give a fuck who's out there!  
Kill em god dammit!

JUAN (V.O.)  
In my life I've been told to do some pretty heinous shit. But killing people typically was never my job. I always found myself the witness, not the assassin. Fuck this. You wanna see me kill. Then I'll kill.

Juan peers through the scope and pulls the trigger, precisely aiming at the drivers and the men operating the guns on the technicals. Sam watches through the rear view mirror as the bullets strike people inside the vehicles and they all begin swerving out of control. Two trucks and three technicals crash into one another and a portion of them explodes. Juan crawls back into the passenger seat of the technical.

INT. A TECHNICAL VEHICLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sam looks at Juan.

JUAN  
Don't you fucking say anything.

Sam continues to stare at Juan.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Sam watch out!

The technical speeds forward and crashes into a large hole. Sam and Juan are thrust forward by the impact. Sam and Juan open the doors and get out of the technical.

EXT. A DESERT LANDSCAPE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sam and Juan see a large truck driving towards them and the Apache starting to descend. Juan gabs onto Sam and pulls him towards the hole.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Come on let's go.

Sam and Juan trip into the hole and fall onto their backs. Juan gets up and grabs the grenade out of his pocket.

INT. A DIRT TUNNEL - LATE AFTERNOON

SAM  
What are you doing?

Juan pulls the pin and tosses the grenade up towards where the technical crashed. Sam gets up quickly and the two of them run as the technical explodes. The hole shakes and dirt falls on them. Juan and Sam keep running then stop to catch their breath. Sam collapses onto the ground and starts to hyperventilate. Juan places his hand against Sam's mouth. Then places a finger against his lips. The two of them hear machine gun fire in the distance. When they can no longer hear it they both get up and start walking.

SAM (CONT'D)  
They're gone right? That's the end of it?

JUAN  
Por ahora.

SAM  
Wadda you mean por ahora?

JUAN  
This isn't over until we're dead. Or  
they at least believe we are.

EXT. A DESERT LANDSCAPE - LATE AFTERNOON

The Apache helicopter lands next to a large Jeep Gladiator. Four men with machine guns get out of the Jeep and start surveying the area. La Vibora steps out of the apache. He is wearing a black suit, blazer, and dress boots. He has a large scar on the left side of his neck. Three more gunmen get out of apache and join him.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) Where is he?

Raul runs up to La Vibora.

RAUL  
(In Spanish) Gone sir.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) Where is he?

Raul leads La Vibora and the gunmen over to the ruins of Juan and Sam's technical. La Vibora looks at it closely. La Vibora approaches Raul, pulls a large pistol out of the inside of his blazer and shoots Raul in the face. Raul falls to the ground dead.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) He's not gone until he's  
dead. And he is clearly not dead. If I  
see his blood then perhaps he may be  
dead. Come, take a look.

The remaining gunmen approach the ruins of Juan and Sam's technical. They all look at it closely then turn back towards La Vibora.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) What do you see?

GUNMAN ONE  
(In Spanish) Nothing sir.

La Vibora snaps his fingers. The three gunmen who had accompanied him open fire at all of the gunmen standing in

front of the technical and kill them.

LA VIBORA

(In Spanish) You see gentlemen, this is how I know someone is dead. What we have here is the lifeless bodies of four insubordinates. Clearly, they are dead. The evidence is right in front of our eyes, is it not?

The three gunmen nod their heads.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) This wreckage we have in front of us, is simply that, wreckage. Is it not?

The three gunmen nod their heads.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Would you consider it evidence?

The three gunmen shake their heads.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) I'm not looking for wreckage gentleman. I'm not looking for evidence. I'm looking for The Traveler. We all are. That was their job. And they failed. So now it is your job. Do you agree?

Two of the gunmen nod their heads. The third gunman hesitates. La Vibora takes his pistol and shoots the third gunman.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Apparently he is not qualified for the job. Now gentlemen, if you will, find me The Traveler. Bring him to me. And don't fail as they have.

La Vibora points at the Apache. He and the two remaining gunmen get into the Apache and it takes off. La Vibora mutters to himself.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) He lives up to his name.

INT. A DIRT TUNNEL - LATE AFTERNOON

Sam and Juan walk through the tunnel. Inside are small lights along the surface.

SAM

Can you please explain to me where we are? Better yet where are we even going?

JUAN

I have a pretty good theory.

SAM

Could you please enlighten me then.

JUAN

I think we're in an old drug tunnel.

SAM

You mean like the one's El Chapo used?

JUAN

Exactamente. Except, I don't think this is one of his. Exactly how long were we even in that truck?

SAM

I don't know. A couple of hours I think.

JUAN

Crazy as it sounds, I don't even think we were in Mexico.

SAM

How can you tell?

JUAN

If this was a drug tunnel used by the Sinaloa Cartel it would have been blocked off or even caved in by this point. The DEA launched a full scale investigation into those things after they arrested El Chapo. I'm starting to think it might be a trafficking tunnel used by the coyotes.

SAM

Then where does it lead to?

JUAN

Don't know. Best guess is either Arizona or New Mexico. Like, if we were in Mexico, then we must have been in Juarez or some part of Sonora. Come on, let's keep going.

Juan and Sam continue walking through the tunnel. Sam collapses onto his butt.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Sam what are you doing?

SAM

I gotta rest man. I need a break.

JUAN

You can take a break when we get out of this place. Come on, we have to keep going.

SAM

No! You can keep going if you want, but I seriously gotta rest.

Juan sits down next to Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

So that guy Cortez? He an old friend of yours?

JUAN

More like a coworker, not a friend.

SAM

Do you seriously owe that guy twenty-thousand dollars?

JUAN

Not exactly, it's a bit more complicated than that.

SAM

And who the hell is La Vibora?

JUAN

Here, hold this.

Juan hands Sam the bowie knife and begins rummaging through his pockets. Juan pulls out his journal and opens it up. Inside are photos of La Vibora and Cortez. Sam grabs the

journal and looks closely at the photo of La Vibora.

SAM  
Holy shit. I know that guy.

JUAN  
You do?

SAM  
Yeah. It's the guy from the email.

JUAN  
The one Dimitri sent you?

SAM  
Yeah. Attached to the email was a black and white photo of him. But, who is he?

JUAN  
Airam Emilio Antonio Gallego. AKA La Vibora. He's my old boss. Or at least he claims to be. I never really worked for the guy per say, but I later found out that many of the drug lords I was working for were under his command.

SAM  
So, he's like a massive kingpin?

JUAN  
He's more of a warlord than he is a drug lord. He was El Chapo's apprentice. Gallego believes that the animosity and extent of the cartel in Mexico, exceeds that of the Mexican government. That the real power resides within the cartel versus that of the federal government.

SAM  
So...he wants to be the president of Mexico?

JUAN  
More like the emperor of Mexico. Roughly ninety percent of the drug lords throughout Latin America receive orders from him. When the Mexican government declared war against the cartels Gallego made it his overall  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
mission to fight back against the Mexican government and ultimately establish a new authoritarian government run by the cartels.

SAM  
That sounds more like a nightmarish fantasy than it does a reality.

JUAN  
Not really. Gallego is the commander of an underground cartel army. Mercenaries, sicarios, corrupt police, rogue soldados from the Mexican military. You name it, he's got it.

SAM  
So, how do you and that guy Cortez tie into all of this?

Juan points at the photo of Cortez.

JUAN  
Berilo Escalante Rios Cortez. He is, or should I say was Gallego's most trusted sicario. Former sergeant for the Mexican Special forces, and the most wanted man in Juarez. Anyone who didn't receive direct orders from Gallego got them from Cortez.

SAM  
Did you happen to give him any of those scars on his face?

JUAN  
Oh heck no. He got those years before I even met him. You see, much like Cortez I was, at one point one of Gallego's most valuable employees. He deeply admired my ability to traffic drugs into the US unnoticed and wanted me to work for him directly.

SAM  
But I thought you already were working for him?

JUAN  
I worked for people who received  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
direct orders from him. I never worked directly for Gallego. I turned down his offer, took the twenty-thousand dollar bribe he gave me, and never looked back.

Sam and Juan get up and start walking again.

SAM  
So let me guess this straight. Gallego gave you a twenty thousand dollar bribe to work for him and when you said no he sent Cortez on a manhunt to find you?

JUAN  
Pretty much, yeah.

SAM  
What exactly made you say no to him. I mean, if my boss offered me twenty grand I would say yes in a heartbeat.

Juan stops walking and turns towards Sam.

JUAN  
Sam, what have I told you about this business? What are the two most important things when it comes to working for the cartel?

SAM  
Trust and loyalty.

JUAN  
Yes, and sometimes in order to garner trust, you have to prove loyalty. I refused to prove my loyalty.

SAM  
What would you need to do to prove loyalty to a man like that? Be a sadistic killing machine like Cortez?

JUAN  
He wanted me to kill Rebecca.

INT. A SMALL LIVING ROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

Rebecca is sitting on the couch reading the book The Seven

Levels of Intimacy. She stops reading and stares at a cellphone lying on a coffee table right in front of her. Allie is crawling on the floor in front of her. Rebecca continually looks at the cellphone while trying to also concentrate on reading.

MONTAGE:

Rebecca reads the book then puts it down on the coffee table.

Rebecca picks up her cellphone and texts. Rebecca gets on the floor and plays with Allie while also looking at her cellphone.

Rebecca reads the book on the couch and eats out of a tupperware.

END MONTAGE:

Rebecca's cell phone starts ringing. She eagerly picks it up.

REBECCA

Hello. Juan! Oh my god where are you!  
No, I haven't checked the mail yet  
today.

Rebecca walks out of the living room and heads to the front door.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

No, I'm not expecting a delivery  
today. Can you at least tell me where  
you are.

Rebecca opens the front door and sees Juan standing right in front of her covered in bruises and blood. Juan hangs up his cellphone.

JUAN

Right here babe.

Rebecca embraces Juan. The two of them begin kissing while Rebecca tries not to cry. Juan walks into the house and Rebecca closes the door behind him. Rebecca helps Juan into the living room and sits him down on the couch.

REBECCA

What happened to you?

JUAN

Let's just say it was a really bumpy  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
ride home.

REBECCA  
We gotta get you to a hospital.

JUAN  
No, no babe.

REBECCA  
Look at you! You need to go to the hospital. For all we know your bones might be broken.

JUAN  
If you drag me to a hospital, the cops could trace me, and then we're screwed.

Juan takes his cell phone out of his pocket and browses through his contacts. He hands the phone to Rebecca.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Here.

Rebecca stares at the cellphone.

REBECCA  
Sam Gutierrez?

JUAN  
He's my cousin. He's a paramedic and specializes in trauma injury. Call him, he'll know what to do.

REBECCA  
Fine.

Rebecca clicks on Sam's number and places the phone against his ear.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Hello, Sam. Yeah, hi I'm Rebecca.  
Juan's wife. I know we haven't formally met, but I really need your help. Yeah, he's right here.

Rebecca hands the phone to Juan.

JUAN  
Hey cuz. I just got back from  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Colombia. No, Medellin. No, I didn't double cross anyone this time. Yes, I'm not lying, it's true. Several brutes beat the living shit outta me. No, I don't know what my vitals are. All I know is that my head's pulsating and I can't feel my legs too well. Yeah, thanks, see you soon.

Juan hangs up the phone and puts it down on the coffee table.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Sam will be here as soon as he can.

REBECCA  
What can I do until he shows up?

Juan reaches into his pocket and pulls out a large wad of hundred dollar bills.

JUAN  
Take this, and use it for whatever you think we might need.

Rebecca takes the money then sits down on the couch next to Juan.

REBECCA  
What did those men do to you?

MONTAGE:

Rebecca helps Juan to take his shirt off.

Juan talks to Rebecca while she cleans his cuts and bruises.

Rebecca places a blanket over Juan.

Rebecca talks with Juan while placing a few bandaid's on his arms.

END MONTAGE:

The doorbell starts ringing constantly. Rebecca rushes over to the front door and opens it. Sam walks into the house carrying a large paramedic kit.

SAM  
Hi, I got here as fast as I could.

REBECCA  
Well not fast enough.

SAM  
Well excuse me, but it's a bit of a long drive for me. I take it you're Rebecca.

REBECCA  
Yes. It's nice to meet you.

Sam looks at Rebecca awkwardly.

SAM  
Nice to meet you too. So, where's Juan?

Juan yells from the couch.

JUAN  
Over here.

Sam and Rebecca walk over to the couch. Sam places his paramedic kit on the floor, unzips it and starts taking medical supplies out.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Nice to see you cuz.

SAM  
Nice to see you too. Jesus christ what the hell did you do to yourself?

JUAN  
A guy offered me a job. I didn't want the position. He and his associates wouldn't take no for an answer.

Sam starts to take Juan's vitals and proceeds to bandage all of Juan's cuts and bruises.

SAM  
Well, I recommend that the next time you have a job interview it might not be a bad idea to do a background check before meeting the employer.

Sam attaches leads to Juan's chest that are connected to a small heart monitor.

JUAN  
There's not gonna be anymore  
interviews,

REBECCA  
What?

JUAN  
I'm done babe. I'm out.

Juan passes out. The heart monitor stops beeping. Rebecca starts to panic.

REBECCA  
Juan, baby, babe, Juan!

SAM  
Shit! Oh, no, no, no. Come on Juan,  
stay with me.

Sam begins doing emergency CPR. Rebecca grabs onto Juan's hand and kneels down next to him while Sam continues doing chest compressions.

REBECCA  
Baby, please don't go. Baby please  
come back to me. Please, not now.  
Please don't go.

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

Rebecca wakes up suddenly panting. She looks over at her bedside table and sees her cell phone ringing. She picks it up and answers it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Hello, hello, Juan? Sam?

Rebecca looks at the phone again, it says "Call lost" Rebecca redials the number and hears nothing but beeping. The phone then goes straight to voicemail.

REBECCA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Fuck this.

Rebecca gets out of bed, gets dressed, then grabs her purse and car keys.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - MID AFTERNOON

Rebecca rings the doorbell multiple times. She then knocks on

the door profusely.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Sam! Sam! Shit.

Rebecca starts knocking again.

INT. SAM AND JULIETA'S LIVING ROOM - MID AFTERNOON

Julieta sits up on the couch and rubs her eyes. She listens to the continuous knocking.

JULIETA  
Who the hell could that be?

Julieta gets up off the couch and walks towards the front door.

JULIETA (CONT'D)  
I'm coming, I'm coming. Jesus Christ  
can you hold on for a second.

REBECCA  
Sam, I swear to god if you don't open  
this goddamn door...

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE - MID AFTERNOON

Julieta opens the door.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
You're not Sam.

JULIETA  
No. Why? What do you want Sam for?

REBECCA  
I wanna talk with him. Like, I really  
need to talk with him.

JULIETA  
Ok, ok, hang on for a second. For  
starters, who the hell are you? What  
the hell are you doing at my house?  
And how the fuck did you get this  
address?

REBECCA  
Cool down, no need to get hyper.

JULIETA  
I'm sorry, but I've been rather  
frustrated lately.

REBECCA  
Well so have I.

Julietta glances at Rebecca's baby bump.

JULIETA  
I can understand why.

REBECCA  
What's that supposed to mean?

JULIETA  
Nothing, just...

REBECCA  
Is it cause I'm pregnant?

JULIETA  
Well, kinda.. I just...

REBECCA  
Look, when you get knocked up, you'll  
understand. Do you at least have an  
idea as to when Sam will be back?

JULIETA  
No. I would have thought he'd be back  
from his business trip by now.

REBECCA  
Business trip?

Julietta looks into Rebecca's eyes and glances at her half  
sleeve tattoo and nose ring.

JULIETA  
Wait a second; Becky?

REBECCA  
Uh yeah. Have we, met before?

JULIETA  
No, but Sam's told me all about you  
and Juan. Wait, where is Juan?

REBECCA  
Well, that's sort of why I'm here. I  
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
expected him and Sam to be back by  
now. Um, not to be a burden but could  
I possibly use your bathroom?

JULIETA  
Sure, yeah, come in.

INT. JULIETA AND SAM'S HOUSE - MID AFTERNOON

Rebecca walks inside while Julieta closes the front door.

REBECCA  
So um...

JULIETA  
Oh, right. Um, first door on your  
left.

Rebecca rushes to the bathroom and slams the door shut.  
Julieta goes into the living room and sits down in a chair.

JULIETA (CONT'D)  
So, how did you get our address?

REBECCA  
Juan gave it to me. He said if  
anything were to go wrong or if he was  
gone for too long to call Sam or  
simply come here. I tried contacting  
him but he never answered the phone.

JULIETA  
That's a little invasive don't you  
think. I'd expect your husband would  
have the common courtesy to ask  
permission before giving away random  
people's addresses and phone numbers.

REBECCA  
Well, that's not the way he operates  
sometimes.

Rebecca walks out of the bathroom.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Oh thank god.

JULIETA  
Are you all right?

REBECCA

Yeah, it's just, my bladder's been acting up my whole pregnancy. I just want this to be over.

JULIETA

How far along are you?

REBECCA

I'm at 32 weeks now. Frankly that's why I'm scared.

Rebecca walks into the living room and sits down on the couch.

JULIETA

Becky, I'm still deeply confused by all of this. Why would Juan desperately need Sam's help? And better yet, why would he drag you into all of this? I mean it's not like he's dying or anything.

REBECCA

Please don't say that. That's the last thing I wanna be thinking about right now.

JULIETA

Well what could be so important? I mean, the two of them are complete polar opposites.

REBECCA

Look, Juan has never had it easy. And his job has made life even more difficult. Not just for him but also for me. Our family isn't all that fond of him, and frankly he doesn't trust a lot of people.

JULIETA

Does he trust me?

REBECCA

Not that I'm aware of.

JULIETA

And why not?

REBECCA

Look, Juan and I are thrilled for you and Sam. We truly are, but Juan doesn't trust anyone until he really really knows that he can. And frankly, not a lot of people trust him. My parents absolutely despise him, and they heavily resent me for marrying him. But he cares more about family than any man I have ever met. He's gone to great lengths and made many sacrifices to keep me safe. And if need be, he would do anything for you and Sam.

JULIETA

Is that so.

REBECCA

Yes, yes it is.

Rebecca's stomach starts to growl.

JULIETA

Would you like something to eat?

REBECCA

Yes please.

JULIETA

So could I. I, I can't think straight on an empty stomach.

Julieta gets up and walks into the kitchen. Julieta opens up the refrigerator.

JULIETA (CONT'D)

I have some KFC barbecue wings, leftover Dominoes pizza, some Chinese food from last night.

REBECCA

Is that all?

JULIETA

I got hot pockets.

Rebecca gets up off the couch and walks into the kitchen. Rebecca stares at the collection of food in the refrigerator and the freezer.

REBECCA

Oh my god Jules what have you been  
doing living off of a DoorDash diet?

JULIETA

Well typically Sam's the one who does  
most of the cooking. When he's away or  
has to work overnight I tend to order  
out.

Rebecca smells some of the Tupperware in the refrigerator.

REBECCA

Ugh... Ok, that's it.

Rebecca starts opening up all of the cabinets in the kitchen  
and pulling out cookware and utensils.

JULIETA

What are you doing?

REBECCA

Just go back and sit down. You need to  
eat some real food. And I need to  
satisfy my cravings.

Rebecca puts her hair up in a bun and starts getting food out  
the refrigerator and cabinets and begins cooking.

JULIETA

Do you want some help?

REBECCA

No, just, watch Netflix or something.

Rebecca opens up the liquor cabinet and pulls out a bottle of  
vodka.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Ooh Grey Goose.

Rebecca gets out a martini glass and starts to make a  
martini.

REBECCA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Would you like a martini or something  
to drink?

JULIETA

Ugh no thanks. Not in the mood. By the  
way, should you even be drinking in  
(MORE)

JULIETA (CONT'D)  
your current condition?

REBECCA  
Jules, I haven't heard from my husband  
in a month. I'm expecting a baby I  
never planned on having. And I have  
chronic anxiety.

JULIETA  
Point taken.

Rebecca has a sip of her martini.

JULIETA (CONT'D)  
So you haven't really answered my  
question. When exactly is Sam supposed  
to be coming back from his business  
trip?

REBECCA  
Wadda you mean business trip?

JULIETA  
Sam invited Juan to join him for a  
medical conference. He told me it  
would be a really big opportunity for  
the two of them.

Rebecca drops the cooking utensils on the countertop and  
begins muttering to herself.

REBECCA  
Jesus Christ Sam. I thought you were  
an honest man. A medical conference.  
That's what he told you.

JULIETA  
Yeah. I mean what else could he be  
doing?

REBECCA  
You really don't have a clue do you?

JULIETA  
Look I get that you're concerned about  
Juan, but honestly I don't think this  
is such a big deal.

REBECCA  
You really don't know. Jules, Sam and  
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Juan aren't at a medical conference.  
They're collecting several hundred  
kilos of cocaine from a dealer in  
Mexico.

Julietta stares blankly at Rebecca.

JULIETA  
Wait, what. No, like no. No way.

Rebecca picks up the martini and walks into the living room.  
Rebecca sits down on the couch and hands Julietta the martini.

REBECCA  
Here, you're gonna need this more than  
me.

INT. THE BELL IN HAND TAVERN - EARLY EVENING

Sam and Julietta are sitting at a table together. Sam is looking at a dinner menu while Julietta sips a cocktail.  
WAITER walks up to them. In the corner it says 5 YEARS EARLIER.

WAITER  
So, have you two made up your minds on  
what you would like for dinner  
tonight.

SAM  
You go first.

JULIETTA  
Uh, yes. I would like the eggplant  
parm please with a caesar salad on the  
side.

WAITER  
Excellent choice. And you sir.

SAM  
Uh yeah. I'll have the prime sirloin  
steak please.

WAITER  
And how would you like that cooked?

SAM  
Medium rare please.

WAITER

Wonderful. I'll take your menus and your food will be out soon.

Sam and Julietta hand the dinner menus to the waiter. The waiter walks away.

JULIETTA

So, you're a real meat lover huh?

SAM

Excuse me?

JULIETTA

A medium rare steak. I'd think that a man who works in healthcare would be more of a heart healthy enthusiast.

SAM

Well 90% of the time I find myself living off of cheap hospital food. So it's nice to have something a little more high quality from time to time.

JULIETTA

Is hospital food really that bad?

SAM

You have no idea. So, you haven't really told me what you do for work. I feel like I've been doing all the talking. I wanna know a bit more about you.

JULIETTA

So, like I said in my profile, I'm a beautician. Basically I get paid to cut hair, do makeup, listen to women nag about their personal problems to me, and try to make them look beautiful on the outside, even if they may be really shitty people on the inside.

SAM

I never thought about cosmetology that way. I always thought it was more about charging someone 30 bucks for a bad haircut or getting a girl glammed up for prom or before her wedding day.

JULIETTA

Sounds like you don't have the best experience when it comes to cosmetics. Is that why your hair is so long?

SAM

Is it really that bad? I mean, I was planning to get a haircut beforehand, but I got caught up at work.

JULIETTA

I like your hair. It looks good. It looks handsome.

SAM

Thanks. Typically I wear a hat most of the time cause I'm simply running around and get a little too sweaty. So it looks more like I have a mop on my head.

JULIETTA

Well, I can assure you it's not. I've had clients come into the salon who truly have a mop on their head, and the first thing they ask is for me to cut 90% of it off.

SAM

Well, maybe I'll be your next client then.

JULIETTA

I wouldn't mind that. So what led you to online dating? You seem like a very charming guy. I'd expect that female nurses would be all over you.

SAM

Funny as it sounds, it's actually the female patients who are normally giving me the look.

JULIETTA

The look?

SAM

Yeah, you know. Hitting on me. Or trying to send some sort of message that they have the hots for me. We call it The Florence Nightingale

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
Effect.

JULIETTA  
Makes sense. A tall man in uniform, who's just saved their life. I'd probably be giving you the look.

SAM  
Well, the truth is, I actually don't like to give myself much credit. It's the nurses and PCA's who save their lives. I feel more like a delivery boy half the time.

JULIETTA  
Well, you should give yourself more credit. Working in healthcare seems like a very noble profession.

SAM  
I mean it is, but it has its setbacks.

JULIETTA  
Like what?

SAM  
Well, you tend to see stuff that can be rather disturbing. You have to tolerate a lot of cursing and swearing from patients. And the commitment to it can be exhausting.

JULIETTA  
When you say disturbing. How disturbing are we talking? Like slasher film disturbing or psychological thriller disturbing?

SAM  
You ever seen the movie SAW?

JULIETTA  
Uh yeah, who hasn't.

SAM  
I had patient last week who looked like he'd been locked up in Jigsaw's torture chamber. He had at least 20 stab wounds and was soaked in blood.

JULIETTA

Oh damn. That does sound disturbing.

SAM

It is. That stuff sticks with you. And like I said, the commitment to the job is grueling. My ex actually left me because of work.

JULIETTA

Are you serious? That seems really inconsiderate of her.

SAM

I mean, I don't think she was wrong. I was on call all the time, and didn't have much time for my friends. She simply just wanted me to be more committed to her.

JULIETTA

Well, I do believe that commitment is deeply important in all relationships.

SAM

So do I. So, I took that as a sign. Quit working for Boston EMS, and signed a contract position with Mass General Brigham. Now I finally have more flexibility and better control over my schedule.

JULIETTA

So does that mean you would have plenty of time for us?

SAM

Yes it would.

MONTAGE:

Sam and Julietta talk and laugh together.

Sam and Julietta share their food with one another.

Sam orders them more drinks.

Sam and Julietta share a dessert with one another.

END MONTAGE:

Sam and Julietta sip their drinks.

JULIETTA

Hey, Sam. There's one last thing I wanna ask you.

SAM

Go ahead.

JULIETTA

How often do you lie?

SAM

Never. Unless you consider faking sick so that you don't have to pull an overnight shift lying.

JULIETTA

Well technically that is lying. But, I don't blame you for doing that. I meant, how often do you lie to family or friends?

SAM

Never. The last time I lied to anyone I really know was telling my cousin his wife's cooking was bad, simply because I didn't have room for dessert.

JULIETTA

I'm sure she appreciated that.

SAM

I actually regretted it a lot. Her cooking's phenomenal. I don't know why she hasn't opened her own restaurant yet.

JULIETTA

Would you lie to me?

SAM

No, of course not. You're an amazing woman. I could never do that.

JULIETTA

That's what my fiance said to me.

Sam struggles to swallow some of his drink.

SAM  
Your fiance?

JULIETTA  
Ex-fiance. David would say he loved me, every single day. Then I found out he'd been cheating on me with my best friend of 14 years. So, I called off the wedding, pawned my engagement ring, and swore that I would never commit to a guy again unless he was 100% honest with me.

SAM  
Well I'm not David. I know I'm not perfect. And I do tend to be particular about food once in a while. But I could never lie to you. And if full fledged honesty is what it takes. I'll do it. I promise, I won't hurt you.

JULIETTA  
I'll take it. I mean your job is to help heal people. So I can't really envision you deliberately hurting anyone.

Sam laughs.

SAM  
I promise I won't hurt you.

Sam lifts up his wine glass.

SAM (CONT'D)  
To us.

Julietta lifts up her cocktail glass.

JULIETTA  
To us.

INT. SAM AND JULIETTA'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Julietta and Rebecca are sitting on the couch together. Julietta is wiping her eyes, then sips a martini. On the living room table are four empty martini glasses.

JULIETTA  
I can't believe it. All this time. All  
(MORE)

JULIETA (CONT'D)  
these years. I'm so fucking stupid.

REBECCA  
You're not stupid.

JULIETA  
Yes I am! Red flag after red flag! I  
trusted him. I trusted him so fucking  
much!

Julieta wipes her eyes some more, picks up the martini glass and chugs the rest of it. She gestures to Rebecca.

REBECCA  
I think you've had enough to drink.

JULIETA  
No please. I need another...

REBECCA  
No, you're finished.

JULIETA  
How could he do this to me? How could  
he lie to me like this?

REBECCA  
He didn't lie to you. He just  
stretched the truth.

JULIETA  
Oh no he didn't. He lied to me. He's  
nothing more than a lying son of a  
bitch! And to think I believed him!  
You know what. Fuck it!

Julieta gets up and takes her iPhone out of her pocket.

REBECCA  
What are you doing?

JULIETA  
I'm calling Sam. The wedding's off.

REBECCA  
What! No!

JULIETA  
Yes!

Rebecca gets up, wrestles the iPhone out of Julieta's hand and it flies onto the ground and breaks a martini glass.

REBECCA

Don't be a fool Jules. Don't do something you know you'll regret.

JULIETA

Oh really? How? How would I regret this? I'm about to marry a lying bastard who's off cheating at life, and selling drugs.

REBECCA

Oh don't be so dramatic. He's not cheating at life. I've known Sam longer than you and I know that he is a good decent man.

JULIETA

And how would you know! Why should I trust you? You, you're the trophy wife of a hardened criminal who has zero moral values and is just a rotten piece of shit!

Rebecca slaps Julieta in the face. Julieta stumbles and falls back down on the couch.

REBECCA

This is how I know. I know that at the end of the day, there's always a way to look past the drama. That for some strange, mystical reason, you always love them. That, even when he comes home smelling like dog shit, or covered in god knows what, his first instinct is to kiss you and say I love you. How, regardless of how angry or sad you may be, in that moment he makes a desperate, futile effort to immediately make you smile. Even if it results from him burning dinner. That every year on your birthday, Christmas, New Year's Eve he finds a way to celebrate with you even if it means losing his job. And it doesn't matter how many shrinks you see, or anxiety meds you take, how many times you cry and vent to your mother on the phone, or simply eat your feelings, at  
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
the end of the day you always love  
him. Cause when he's here you're his  
world. And the only thing that matters  
to him.

Julieta stares at Rebecca while Rebecca tries not to cry.  
Julieta picks up a martini glass that is half full.

JULIETA  
Fuck, you need this more than me.

REBECCA  
Thanks.

Rebecca drinks some of the martini.

JULIETA  
So, that's how you put up with it?  
That's how you and Juan have made it  
work.

REBECCA  
Yeah. This, this is me on a good day.  
Juan always comes home for me. How he  
does it I'll never understand. But if  
he and I can make it work as long as  
we have, you and Sam can do anything  
together.

JULIETA  
I guess so.

Rebecca raises her martini glass then suddenly drops it and  
grabs her stomach.

JULIETA (CONT'D)  
What is it?

REBECCA  
Oh god....

INT. A DIRT TUNNEL - EARLY EVENING

Sam stares at Juan for a few seconds.

SAM  
What?

JUAN  
Yeah, you heard me. He told me to kill  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
my wife in order to prove that I was  
trustworthy. That's his loyalty test.

SAM  
No way, you're bullshitting me. No way  
in hell would he make you sink that  
low.

JUAN  
Am I? You know the femicide happening  
throughout Juarez? How every single  
day innocent women disappear, are  
killed, or they find their mutilated  
bodies lying in the streets.

SAM  
Yeah, I know about it. I see it on the  
news from time to time.

JUAN  
More than half those murders are  
carried out by Gallego's men. There is  
a twenty-five million dollar reward  
for his arrest.

Sam stops walking and starts panting.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
What is it? Come on, we gotta move.

SAM  
I've never completely understood your  
lifestyle Juan, and I don't think I  
ever will. But, can you at least  
explain to me how someone could be  
that heartless. What sick son of a  
bitch would kill their own wife just  
for money!

JUAN  
Men like Cortez, that's who. Gallego  
believes that women are nothing more  
than a weakness. That they hold you  
back and slow you down. According to  
him, women and family are bad for  
business. Trust and loyalty are by far  
the two most important qualities one  
must have in life. But in my world,  
those qualities will never apply to  
work. They will never apply to the  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
cartel, or Gallego, or any of those sons of bitches. They will always apply to family. That is what matters most. If you're gonna be a husband, then you need to not only prove to Julieta that you're a trustworthy man, but you have to let her know that you will always be loyal to her, regardless of the circumstances.

Juan starts walking again.

SAM  
I lied to her.

JUAN  
What?

SAM  
I lied to Jules. She doesn't know where I am. She thinks you and I are at a medical conference in Santa Monica. She thinks this is a business trip.

JUAN  
Does she know what I do for work?

SAM  
She thinks you're a salesman.

JUAN  
And people say I'm a liar. Well, if you're gonna make things work with you two, then I suggest you and I get moving.

Juan and Sam start walking again.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Boy you've got a lot of explaining to do. A salesman. Yeah, that's a good one.

Juan and Sam continue walking for a long period of time until they see outside light coming into the tunnel.

SAM  
I think we made it to the exit.

Sam and Juan walk closer towards the light. They reach a large metallic object barricading the end of the tunnel with light shining through it.

JUAN  
Not quite.

Juan and Sam feel the large metallic object that's barricading the tunnel exit.

SAM  
It feels kind of like a door.

Sam and Juan start pushing and slamming against the metallic object until it finally breaks open.

INT. A LUXURIOUS LOUNGE - EARLY EVENING

A large wooden door slams open. Cortez and Soldier One drag Juan into a large luxurious lounge. Juan's wrists are tied up and he has blood and bruises all over his face and parts of his arms. La Vibora is sitting in a chair behind a large desk with elegant carvings in it. Cortez and Soldier One drop Juan on the floor in front of the desk. In the far right corner it says MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA, 2009

CORTEZ  
(In Spanish) Here is the one you asked for boss.

La Vibora gets up from behind the desk.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) Gentlemen, this is no way to be treating Juan.

CORTEZ  
(In Spanish) But, sir...

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) Cortez, please. Juan is not a prisoner. He is my guest.

La Vibora walks away from the desk and goes over to a small bar in the lounge. He begins to pour some wine into a glass.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Juan, would you like a drink?

Soldier One lifts Juan up onto his feet.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Ugh, no thank you.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) Are you sure? This is  
pure Argentinian wine. Nothing finer.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) No thank you sir. I'm  
fine.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) You really are missing  
out. I doubt you can find this in  
Miami. Maybe New York, but only here  
is it the best.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) I appreciate the  
hospitality sir. But, who are you?

La Vibora looks at Cortez and Soldier One and they flinch a bit. He then looks back at Juan.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) You don't know who I am?

Juan shakes his head.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Juan Noah Simone  
Gutierrez. Previously employed as the  
primary cocaine trafficker for the  
Sinaloa Cartel. Wanted for larceny in  
Colombia, Ecuador, Mexico, and  
Bolivia. Deemed the most efficient and  
successful cocaine dealer in Miami,  
Florida; and an esteemed graduate of  
the NYU school of business.

Juan gulps.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) How do you know who I am?  
And who the hell told you all of that?

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) There's no need to be  
afraid Juan. Please sit down.

Cortez pushes Juan forward. Juan walks forward and sits on a

bench in front of the bar. La Vibora gestures to Cortez and Cortez undoes the knotted rope tied around Juan's wrists. La Vibora sips some of the wine.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) My acquaintances have told me a lot about you Juan.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) And what do they have to say?

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) They say that you are a cold, heartless, conniving piece of shit. How you lie, take their drugs, their money, then never return. A fair number of them have asked me to kill you. Apparently one of them has placed a five hundred thousand dollar bounty on your head.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Then why am I still breathing?

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) Because I have better plans in mind. And frankly killing you is far too medieval.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) I'm listening.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) They call you The Traveler? Why exactly is that?

JUAN  
(In Spanish) I just know how to get around. My job is meant to be done fast and efficiently. My clients have taken the time to pay me for my services and I have no interest in missing deadlines.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) And that makes you a reliable business man.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Yes it does.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) And that is what I want.  
I want someone who is reliable.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) And might I be that  
someone?

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) Perhaps. You have been in  
this business a long time. You seem  
highly qualified, have impeccable  
credentials, and you strike me as the  
kind of man who knows how to make a  
good deal. But my question is this.  
What are the most important things to  
have in this business?

Juan says nothing. Cortez punches Juan in the back shoulder.

CORTEZ  
(In Spanish) Answer the boss you shit.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Trust and loyalty.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) Exactly. But in my  
business I expect reliability. Good  
employees are praised for their work  
because they are reliable. Because  
they are attentive and focus on their  
job. They have nothing holding them  
back or slowing them down.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Sir, on average I will  
traffic fifteen kilos of cocaine from  
Bogota to New Mexico in under thirteen  
hours. And I always get away with it.  
No DEA, no CBP, no feds even think  
about stopping me. I have nothing  
slowing me down.

La Vibora notices the gold wedding ring on Juan's left hand.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) I'm well aware of your  
(MORE)

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)  
efficiency Juan. I don't doubt you for  
a second. What I'm questioning is how  
reliable you are.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) I'm fully reliable. I'm a  
man of my word.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) And you are also a man of  
commitment.

Juan notices La Vibora looking at Juan's wedding ring. Juan  
takes his hand off the bar and hides it.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) I can tell there is  
someone very special in your life.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) It's nothing you need to  
be concerned about sir.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) It's not something that  
concerns me at all Juan. I too was in  
love at one point in my life. I had a  
beautiful, remarkable wife. She made  
me happy and pleased me. I'm sure  
yours does the same.

La Vibora turns around a framed picture and shoves it towards  
Juan. In the picture is a beautiful woman wearing a vibrant  
red dress. Juan looks at the picture, then La Vibora slams it  
down and the frame cracks.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Sadly, things simply just  
didn't work out for us.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Well, my wife is perfect.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) No woman is perfect.

La Vibora bends down behind the bar. He pulls out a large  
golden cup, and a small silver shot glass.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) If you were to have a drink right now, which would you rather drink from?

JUAN

(In Spanish) The golden cup.

LA VIBORA

(In Spanish) And why is that?

JUAN

(In Spanish) Because it's much larger and can hold more fluids than a small shot glass can. I'd need at least four shots.

LA VIBORA

(In Spanish) And that is all you will ever need. Just one.

La Vibora lifts up the golden cup and slams the shot glass onto the bar where it shatters. Juan flinches.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) I want you to come and work for me. Not my associates.

La Vibora puts a large stack of hundred dollar bills on the bar and slides it towards Juan. Juan picks up the stack of hundred dollar bills and counts the money.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Twenty thousand dollars. Consider this an early payday. This wealth is for you. And you alone.

JUAN

(In Spanish) Just me.

LA VIBORA

(In Spanish) You are a good businessman Juan. And like all good businessmen you must satisfy your wealth. You need to be reliable if you truly wish to be successful. Having a woman in your life is not problematic. It's deeply important. But it is an obstacle. And I can't have any obstacles getting in your way. All obstacles do is slow you down.

Juan looks at the stack of money then looks back at La Vibora.

JUAN

(In Spanish) I don't completely understand you sir.

LA VIBORA

(In Spanish) Then let me make sure you understand.

La Vibora nods his head. Cortez walks over and slams Juan's head down against the broken glass.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Your wife is not a problem. She is an obstacle that can make you weak. And I cannot rely on weak men. You need to satisfy your wealth, not hers. Satisfying her wealth will hold you back and slow you down. And if you are being slowed down then you are not reliable.

Cortez pulls Juans head off of the broken glass. Juan has cuts and blood all over his face and bruises.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) Do you understand now?

JUAN

(In Spanish) Yes sir.

LA VIBORA

(In Spanish) Good. I'm glad we're on the same page.

La Vibora pulls a large caliber pistol out of his coat pocket and lays it down on the bar in front of Juan.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)

(In Spanish) All I ask is that you dispose of her. Nothing more. Once you have disposed of her, you will no longer have any obstacles to deal with.

Juan takes the gun, looks at it, then puts it in his back pocket. La Vibora hands Juan the money then they shake hands. Juan crosses his fingers behind his back.

LA VIBORA (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) Together we will do  
extraordinary things.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Yes, yes we will.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) Cortez, could you please  
show Juan out.

CORTEZ  
(In Spanish) With pleasure.

Cortez grabs Juan by the back of his shirt collar and aggressively drags him away from the bar. Juan wrestles around as his body is dragged against the floor. He pulls the gun out of his back pocket and shoots Cortez in the hand. Cortez lets go and yells in pain. Juan falls onto the floor, gets up and runs. Soldier One starts firing his gun at Juan. Juan runs and jumps out a window.

EXT. A LUXURY VILLA ON TOP OF A HILL - LATE EVENING

Juan rolls down the hill and hits a large mound of dirt. Juan slowly gets up. He takes the pistol, aims it at the broken window and shoots it. No bullets come out. The gun is empty. Juan runs as fast as he can.

INT. A LUXURIOUS LOUNGE - LATE EVENING

Soldier One fires his gun out of the broken window. Cortez walks over and punches Soldier One in the face with his blood soaked hand.

CORTEZ  
(In Spanish) Don't waste your time!  
He's gone!

La Vibora picks up a large chunk of broken glass off of the bar and walks towards Cortez and Soldier One. They both look at La Vibora. La Vibora takes the chunk of broken glass and stabs Soldier One in the throat. Soldier One falls onto the ground bleeding to death.

LA VIBORA  
(In Spanish) If you wish to not end up  
like him you will find the traveler  
for me.

CORTEZ  
(In Spanish) Yes boss.

La Vibora and Cortez stare out the broken window.

EXT. A LUXURY VILLA ON TOP OF A HILL - LATE EVENING

Juan stops running, he pulls a phone out of his pocket and makes a call.

JUAN  
Come on babe, please...

INT. A DIRT TUNNEL - LATE AFTERNOON

Sam is on his phone.

SAM  
HELLO! HELLO!

Juan looks at Sam in a state of confusion.

JUAN  
What the hell are you doing?

SAM  
I'm trying to call Dimitri.

Juan walks up to Sam, snatches the phone out of his hand and ends the call and puts the phone in his back pocket.

SAM (CONT'D)  
What was that for? Give me my phone back?

JUAN  
We're roughly 15 to 20 feet underground. What makes you think we might have wifi down here?

SAM  
I was just trying to help.

JUAN  
Well how about you roll up your sleeves and help me open this goddamn door.

SAM  
Alright. No need to be an ass about it.

Sam and Juan walk up to the large door and start kicking and banging against it. The door slowly starts to open. They kick it together and the door finally opens.

EXT. DESSERT - LATE AFTERNOON

Juan crawls out of the tunnel through the open door then helps Sam get out. They wipe the dirt off of themselves and look around.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Any idea as to where we are?

JUAN  
Well we're not in Kansas anymore,  
that's for sure Dorothy.

SAM  
Seriously? Do you always have to be a  
wiseass? Like, seriously, where the  
hell are we?

Juan sees a silhouette of what appears to be multiple buildings in the distance.

JUAN  
Well, we're nowhere near the border  
anymore that's for sure.

SAM  
How can you tell?

JUAN  
Look.

Juan points at the silhouette in the distance.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
This way to civilization.

Juan and Sam walk towards the silhouette. As they get closer and closer things become more clearer and they can start to make out the buildings.

SAM  
That don't look like L.A. to me.

JUAN  
Who cares about L.A. at this point.  
I'm done with this shit. I'm just  
praying that we can find a place that  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
has wifi or phone service.

Sam laughs a bit.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
What's so funny?

SAM  
Nothing, it's just. You don't strike me as the type of person who would even think about praying. I mean, do you really believe in God?

JUAN  
Sam; I've seen the darker side of humanity. I've seen men and women get killed over greed and money. And they all pray for mercy. All I really believe, is that if there is a god, he's only around when it's convenient for him.

SAM  
Well, it seems to me like God chose to finally provide us with some convenience. Now come on.

Sam and Juan start walking faster until they finally reach the side of a road. Juan pulls the cellphone out of his pocket.

JUAN  
Still got no service. Come on, we gotta find a building that has wifi.

SAM  
What I'd like to find out first is where the hell we are.

JUAN  
L.A.

SAM  
This isn't L.A.

JUAN  
No look, L.A.

Juan points at a large stone structure in the near distance. It says "Los Alamos Where Discoveries Are Made."

SAM

Los Alamos? Dude we're in New Mexico, not California. How is this... Sam and Juan look at each other and nod.

SAM (CONT'D)

Los Alamos, L.A. were you thinking...

JUAN

Yeah, yeah I was. We thought we were headed to the city of angels. Not the birthplace of the atomic bomb.

SAM

Hey, do you still have what's left of that list of names?

Juan pulls a ripped portion of the list out of his pocket.

JUAN

Yeah, here. Why do you ask?

SAM

The last name on the list was someone referred to as Jeb the Manhattan gatekeeper. What does that mean to you?

JUAN

I really don't know.

SAM

The Manhattan Project was the name for the program Oppenheimer led to build the atomic bomb here in Los Alamos.

JUAN

Ok, but what about the whole gatekeeper part? I'm a little lost on that one.

SAM

Before all of this. Los Alamos was a small town in the middle of the desert being run by the government and the military. At the town entrance was a gate so that only authorized personnel could gain entry to town.

JUAN

We find the gate, we find Jeb.

SAM  
Exactly.

MONTAGE:

Sam and Juan begin to walk deeper into the town.

Juan and Sam ask random people for directions.

Sam repeatedly sends text messages on the cellphone.

Juan takes the cellphone and puts it back in his pocket.

Sam and Juan are given a map by a random tourist and read it.

Sam and Juan approach a white hut that says "LOS ALAMOS PROJECT MAIN GATE PASSES MUST BE PRESENTED TO GUARDS."

END MONTAGE:

EXT. LOS ALAMOS MAIN ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

Sam and Juan look at the hut then nod to each other.

JUAN  
Jackpot.

Sam and Juan walk up to the door of the hut. Juan pounds against the door vigorously. JEB opens the door and walks out of the hut. He is wearing a park ranger uniform.

JEB  
Ugh excuse me gentleman but we're closing up in about 30 minutes.

SAM  
Are you Jeb?

JEB  
Yes.

JUAN  
This is supposed to be the final checkpoint. Where do I go from here?

JEB  
I'm sorry sir but I don't know what you're talking about.

SAM  
According to the list Dimitri gave us,  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
you are the last person who is  
responsible for helping us. So, tell  
us what we wanna know.

JEB  
Gentleman, I understand you are  
frustrated but if you continue to get  
more aggressive I'll have no other  
choice but to have security escort you  
off the premises.

Juan turns to Sam.

JUAN  
I have an idea.

Juan turns towards Jeb.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish) I am Juan "El Viajero"  
Gutierrez. I was told by Dimitri, aka  
ddog, that you, Jeb The Manhattan  
Gatekeeper, are the last person I need  
to meet up with in order to escape the  
shithole I've been trapped in for half  
my life. Take a look.

Juan shows Jeb his dragonfly tattoo. Jeb looks at the tattoo  
then looks at Sam and Juan.

JEB  
Come inside gentleman.

INT. LOS ALAMOS MAIN ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

Juan, Sam, and Jeb step into the large white hut. Jeb looks  
around before closing and locking the door.

JEB  
I thought you would never come.

SAM  
Well, we got a little sidetracked.

JEB  
Does the cartel at least think you're  
dead?

JUAN  
For now, yes.

Jeb hesitates a bit.

JEB  
Good enough for me.

Jeb opens up a small filing cabinet and rummages through it.

JUAN  
So, how do you know Dimitri?

JEB  
Let's just say he helped me rebuild my life.

Juan notices an elegant floral tattoo on Jeb's arm with the name "Jaimie" woven into it. Sam notices large cut scars on the back of Jeb's neck. Sam gestures to Juan to look at the scars. Jeb closes the cabinet, turns around and gives Juan a large satellite phone.

JUAN  
What am I supposed to do with this?

JEB  
It's a federal sat phone. Call Dimitri. The moment you call him that phone will begin monitoring your exact location. A select group of DEA and FBI agents will arrest you, and take you to a secure location that only they and Dimitri know about. Once they have you. It's over. No more running.

Juan reaches out and shake's Jeb's hand.

JUAN  
Thanks Jeb.

JEB  
Good luck with your new life.

Juan holds on to Jeb's hand and notices cut marks on his wrists.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) What did it feel like when you disposed of her?

Jeb hesitates for a moment.

JEB

(In Spanish) I wish that gun had had more than one bullet in it. I should have used it to take my own life.

SAM

How much money did he offer you?

JEB

The same amount he offers everyone. 20 grand.

The cellphone in Juan's pocket starts ringing. He pulls it out and answers it.

JUAN

Babe?

INT. SAM AND JULIETA'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Julieta is helping Rebecca to stand up. Rebecca is on her cellphone.

REBECCA

Babe. It's happening.

INT. LOS ALAMOS MAIN ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

JUAN

What! Ok, holy shit! Where are you?

INT. SAM AND JULIETA'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

REBECCA

I'm at Sam and Jule's house. The real question is where the fuck are you!

INT. LOS ALAMOS MAIN ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

JUAN

I'm stateside. Sam and I reached the final checkpoint.

INT. SAM AND JULIETA'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Julieta helps Rebecca to walk out of the living room.

REBECCA

You did? Good. Now come home!

JULIETA  
Is Sam with him?

REBECCA  
Yes.

JULIETA  
Give me the phone I need to talk with  
Sam.

REBECCA  
Babe, Jules wants to talk with Sam.

Julieta grabs the phone out of Rebecca's hand.

INT. LOS ALAMOS MAIN ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

Julieta screams over the phone.

JULIETA  
Juan you rotten son of a bitch! What  
the fuck is wrong with you! What gives  
you the right to drag my fiance off to  
help you sell drugs and get rich!

Juan hands Sam the phone.

JUAN  
It's for you man.

Sam takes the cellphone.

SAM  
Hey Jules? How are you?

JULIETA  
Samuel Leon Gutierrez you lying piece  
of shit! What the hell is wrong with  
you!

SAM  
What do I tell her? What should I say?

JUAN  
Just tell her the truth.

SAM  
Babe. Look, I'm sorry I lied to you. I  
didn't intend to hurt you or scare  
you. I wanted you to feel safe.

EXT. SAM AND JULIETA'S DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Julieta is helping Rebecca into her Mercedes Benz.

JULIETA

Scare me? I feel like I'm about to have a fucking heart attack! A salesman? Seriously! What else have you been lying to me about? Has the whole notion of "you love me" been a lie?

INT. LOS ALAMOS MAIN ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

SAM

No! Of course not! I do love you! You're the woman I wanna spend the rest of my life with.

Juan checks his watch then taps Sam on the shoulder while he continues to argue on the phone.

JUAN

Sam, Sam, Sam!

SAM

What!

JUAN

We need to get the hell out of here.

Juan grabs the phone out of Sam's hand.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Jules, I get that you're pissed but don't go hating the man you love. If you're gonna hate someone then hate me.

INT. A BLACK MERCEDES BENZ - EARLY EVENING

Julieta is on the phone while also trying to drive at the same time. Rebecca is in the passenger's seat breathing heavily.

JULIETA

Hate you! I loathe the very core of you! You are nothing more than a lowlife, lying, heartless, con man, piece of shit criminal!

Julieta starts cursing at Juan in Spanish. Rebecca grabs the phone out of Julieta's hand.

REBECCA

Babe, you and Jules can bitch to each other later! Now's not the time! We're headed to MGH. Just come home now!

INT. LOS ALAMOS MAIN ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

JUAN

Alright, Sam and I are booking it to the airport now. I'll be in Boston in a little over 4 hours. Te amo babe!

INT. A BLACK MERCEDES BENZ - EARLY EVENING

REBECCA

Te amo mas.

Rebecca hangs up the phone. Julieta looks at her and shakes her head.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Drive!

Julieta hits the gas hard.

INT. LOS ALAMOS MAIN ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

Juan gives the phone to Sam.

JUAN

Go to Expedia and book us a flight to Logan now. My credit card is saved on the app.

SAM

How the hell are we supposed to even get to the airport?

Jeb takes a pair of car keys out of his pocket and hands them to Juan.

JEB

My Jaguar is in the employee parking lot.

JUAN

Thanks.

Sam and Juan rush out of the white hut. Sam browses on Juan's phone. Jeb steps out of the white hut.

EXT. LOS ALAMOS MAIN ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

JEB  
Hey Juan!

Juan turns around while Sam proceeds to buy tickets on the phone.

JUAN  
What?

JEB  
(In Spanish) Cherish every moment with her. Don't be a fool like me.

Juan nods his head then runs to catch up with Sam.

MONTAGE:

Sam and Juan drive to an airport.

A plane flies off in the air.

Julieta helps Rebecca into the emergency room and begins arguing with a nurse.

Juan and Sam sit next to each other on the plane. Juan is biting his nails and trying not to panic.

Rebecca is lying on a stretcher hyperventilating while nurses put an IV into her and push her down the hall.

Sam and Juan race out the exit of Logan airport and wave down a taxi. They get in the taxi and it speeds off. Sam nags to the taxi driver to go faster while Juan takes the satellite phone out of his pocket and calls Dimitri.

Rebecca's mother MARGARET brings Allie into the hospital room where Rebecca is lying in a hospital bed hyperventilating. Allie grabs Rebecca's hand and Rebecca starts to smile.

END MONTAGE:

INT. HOSPITAL MAIN ENTRANCE - LATE EVENING

Juan and Sam run up to the front desk. HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST looks at them awkwardly.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST  
Hello gentleman, how may I assist you.

JUAN  
Yeah, hey. I'm looking for my wife,  
Rebecca Gutierrez.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST  
Alright then.

The receptionist types on her computer. She grabs a small sticky note, writes on it, and hands it to Juan.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Here you are sir. Elevator's are right  
around the corner.

SAM  
Yeah, yeah, we know where they are.

Sam and Juan rush over to the elevators and get inside. Paramedic One crosses paths with Juan and Sam. He glances at Juan's tattoo.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATE EVENING

Sam and Juan run down the hallway checking all of the room numbers as they run. Sam points up at a room number.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Here.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE EVENING

Juan sees Rebecca lying in a hospital bed, breathing heavily. Allie is holding her hand. Margaret is sitting in a chair right next to the hospital bed. She gets up.

MARGARET  
Juan?

JUAN  
Hey Margaret.

REBECCA  
Babe!

ALLIE  
Daddy!

Juan goes over to the hospital bed, holds Rebecca's hand and

starts kissing her profusely. Allie hugs Juan tightly.

MARGARET  
How'd you? What? How did you even get  
here?

REBECCA  
I told you he'd come mom.

MARGARET  
I thought you were in New Mexico.

JUAN  
Change of plans.

Margaret sit's back down. Sam walks over towards Juan and Rebecca.

SAM  
Where's Jules?

REBECCA  
She ordered us some food. She should  
be back in a few minutes.

Rebecca groans in pain. Sam starts checking Rebecca's vitals.

SAM  
Where the hell is the nurse? You have  
to be fully dilated by now.

MARGARET  
The nurses in this place don't know  
jack shit. They've literally left my  
daughter here to scream in pain and  
suffer.

SAM  
Let me go get someone. Roughly half  
the staff know me.

Sam walks over to the door and Julieta walks up to him with a McDonalds take out bag.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Hey babe.

Julieta puts the take out bag down and slaps Sam in the face.

JULIETA  
How could you do this to me! Do you  
(MORE)

JULIETA (CONT'D)  
know what I've been through!

SAM  
Look, babe, I can explain.

JULIETA  
Explain what! How you're off  
committing crimes! How you're a felon?  
I mean is this what you do in your  
spare time? Just tell me!

JUAN  
Jules, stop being so dramatic.

JULIETA  
You!

Julietta walks over towards Juan and proceeds to slap him. Sam grabs hold of her arm and restrains her.

JUAN  
Babe, dont, no!

Julietta starts to cool down. And looks at Sam.

JULIETA  
I can't do this Sam. I just can't. How  
can we be together if all you're gonna  
do is lie.

JUAN  
Sam. Just tell her the truth.

Sam pulls Julietta out of the room. Margaret yells at them.

MARGARET  
And get us some goddamn help while  
you're out there!

REBECCA  
I can tell from the blood stains and  
scent of dog shit that you've been  
through a lot.

JUAN  
Not as much as you have.

Juan holds Rebecca's hand tightly and kisses her on the cheek while Allie continues to hug him. NURSE EDITH and NURSE KELLY walk into the room. Margaret gets up out of the chair.

MARGARET  
Where the hell have you been!

NURSE EDITH  
Sorry for the frustration. Miss Gutierrez, we're going to begin prepping the room for delivery.

NURSE KELLY  
Sir, we're going to have to ask you to leave the room.

JUAN  
No way Bitch. I'm staying right here.

NURSE KELLY  
Excuse me?

JUAN  
I've been awake for over 24 hours. I just flew nearly halfway across the country to get here. I didn't miss the birth of my first daughter and I sure as hell ain't missing the birth of my second daughter. I ain't going nowhere.

NURSE EDITH  
Then I'm going to have to call security and have you escorted off the premises.

Sam yells from out in the hallway.

SAM  
Edith, let him stay! If you don't I'll let Tyler know about you and Luke from surgery!

Edith gulps.

NURSE EDITH  
Ok, sir, you're welcome to stay with your wife.

NURSE KELLY  
Are you serious? He can't...

NURSE EDITH  
Yes he can. If Tyler finds out about me and Luke I'll have to move back in  
(MORE)

NURSE EDITH (CONT'D)  
with my mother.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATE EVENING

Sam and Julieta are standing outside of the room.

JULIETA  
What was that all about?

SAM  
Oh, she's been cheating on her husband  
with one of the neurosurgeon's for 6  
months now.

JULIETA  
Wow, talk about a lack of loyalty.

SAM  
Yeah. Now, let me get back to us.

MONTAGE:

Sam and Julieta continue to talk in the hallway together.

Juan holds Rebecca's hand tightly as she gives birth.

Margaret holds Allie and watches as Rebecca is giving birth.  
Sam and Julieta continue talking in the hallway. Julieta hugs  
Sam and kisses him. Sam and Julieta peer into the room.

They smile and tear up as Rebecca gives birth.

Rebecca holds her newborn baby in her arms and kisses the  
baby on the forehead.

Nurse Kelly lets Sam and Julieta come back into the room.

END MONTAGE:

Rebecca gives the baby to Juan. Juan takes his newborn baby  
and holds the baby in his arms.

REBECCA (V.O.)  
There have only been a select few  
moments in my life that I will cherish  
forever. Moments I keep locked inside  
my heart and refuse to let go of. This  
is one of them.

NURSE KELLY  
We'll let you guys have some time  
together.

Sam approaches Nurse Edith and Nurse Kelly as they start to walk out of the room.

SAM  
I'll monitor her vitals and let you know if we need any help.

NURSE EDITH  
Thanks Sam. Ugh, by the way; you're not gonna tell Tyler are you?

SAM  
You're secret's safe with me. For now.

Nurse Edith and Nurse Kelly walk out of the room.

NURSE KELLY  
Is Tyler really that good in bed?

NURSE EDITH  
Oh my god he's amazing. It's like plowing a supermodel.

Julietta looks at Sam.

JULIETA  
I really did not need to hear that.

SAM  
Neither did I. Congratulations guys.

JUAN  
Thanks man.

REBECCA  
And thanks for getting me my husband back.

SAM  
It was nothing.

Margaret approaches Juan.

MARGARET  
And I'm sorry Juan. I was wrong about you. I'm sorry for judging you all these years. You truly are a faithful  
(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
man.

JUAN  
Apology accepted.

Juan gives the baby back to Rebecca. BOSTON PD OFFICER, DEA AGENT, and FBI AGENT walk into the room.

MARGARET  
Ugh, hello officers, is something wrong.

BOSTON PD OFFICER  
Mister Juan Gutierrez.

JUAN  
That's me.

BOSTON PD OFFICER  
We were tipped by a staff member about your presence at this facility.

REBECCA  
Wait, what's going on? Is something wrong officer?

BOSTON PD OFFICER  
My apologies ma'am but we're going to have to take your husband in for questioning.

JUAN  
Wait, you must be Dimitri's guys?

FBI AGENT  
Who's Dimitri?

JUAN  
Dimitri Price. D Dog. The guy who gave me the sat phone to track my location.

Juan pulls the satellite phone out of his pocket and shows it to the officers. DEA Agent points at Juan's dragonfly tattoo.

DEA AGENT  
Guys, it's him.

FBI AGENT  
Who?

DEA AGENT  
The supplier. The one they've been  
trying to track down for the past 4  
years. Look.

DEA Agent pulls a photo of Juan shaking hands with someone,  
then points out Juan's dragonfly tattoo.

JUAN  
Oh shit.

FBI AGENT  
Cuff him.

Juan puts his hands up while the officers aggressively put  
handcuffs on him, pat him down, and read him his miranda  
rights.

JUAN (V.O.)  
I always knew this day would come. And  
honestly I've been waiting for it.  
Nothing ever goes according to plan.  
But to have a bunch of cops ruin such  
a special moment says a lot about how  
inconsiderate the American Justice  
system is.

The cops escort Juan out of the room while Rebecca watches  
and her baby starts to cry.

INT. POLICE STATION - MID MORNING

Juan is sitting in a chair. He is wearing an orange jumpsuit  
and is handcuffed to a table. At the other end of the table  
DEA AGENT TWO, FBI AGENT TWO, and DEA AGENT THREE are sitting  
and browsing through a large envelope. They close the  
envelope.

DEA AGENT TWO  
The Traveler eh. You sure do live up  
to your name Mister Guttierrez.

JUAN  
I know, I've been told that before.

FBI AGENT TWO  
Now's not the time to be a smartass.  
You're in a lot of trouble, you know  
that?

DEA AGENT TWO  
We've been chasing you for 4 years  
now. But, looks like this is the end  
of the line for you.

JUAN  
I have the right to an attorney, you  
do know that right? Or did they forget  
to teach you that in law 101? And  
might I remind you that most of the  
criminal charges against me were filed  
in Latin America, not the U.S.

DEA AGENT THREE  
You shit. You really think you're  
getting an attorney? With the amount  
of evidence the bureau has on you, all  
you're getting is a nice lengthy  
prison sentence.

JUAN  
Yes, I get that. No need to remind me.  
But need I remind you that I'm still  
innocent until proven guilty. So  
technically I do have the right to an  
attorney. You said so when you read me  
my miranda rights.

DEA AGENT TWO  
Well, plans change sometimes.

Dimitri suddenly walks into the room. He is wearing a black  
suit and a bright green tie.

DIMITRI  
Maybe if you're el presidente or some  
schmuck in D.C. they do. But my client  
is right.

DEA AGENT THREE  
And who might you be?

Dimitri pulls a CIA badge out of his pocket and shows it to  
the officers.

DIMITRI  
Special Agent Dimitri Price. Federal  
Intelligence Contractor. I'm also  
Mister Gutierrez's attorney.

The officers stare at Dimitri's badge then stare at Juan.

Juan has a sly smile on his face.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)

Now, if you gentlemen wouldn't mind  
I'd like to have a few minutes with my  
client. Unless you want some trouble.

FBI AGENT TWO  
You got 15 minutes.

All of the officers get up and leave the room then close the door. Juan stares at Dimitri.

JUAN  
It's about time you showed up. What took you so long?

DIMITRI  
Boston traffic's a bitch.

JUAN  
You finally passed the BAR?

DIMITRI  
Fifth time's a charm.

JUAN  
Apparently. So what's the plan? How do I get out of this mess? Or was it always part of the plan for me to end up in prison?

DIMITRI  
Technically it wasn't. Look, Juan I'm not gonna sugar coat it, I can probably get you some sort of plea deal, but, I don't think I can bail you out.

JUAN  
What kind of plea deal are we talking about?

DIMITRI  
Exchange of information. Tell them everything you know. Who you've worked for. Accomplices. And maybe they'll give you something short.

JUAN  
How short are we talking?

DIMITRI  
8 to 10. 15 at max.

JUAN  
15 years! My girls need me right now.

DIMITRI  
15 is more like 6 and a half with good behavior.

JUAN  
What about a different kind of negotiation? Something where I give them more than just evidence.

DIMITRI  
Like what?

JUAN  
You've told me before that the feds are interested in rather crooked individuals to come work for them. Guys who know how to tap into the mind of a terrorist or can think like criminals. Guys like you.

DIMITRI  
Yeah, but I'm not a criminal Juan. I just like to bend the rules from time to time. There's a fine line between someone who's corrupt and someone who's wanted for drug trafficking and larceny.

JUAN  
Hear me out. I can give them way more information if I'm on probation versus being locked up.

DIMITRI  
Probation? You really think you're gonna get that lucky. You have nothing to even give them now.

JUAN  
Have those pricks come back in here, and have them give me my journal that they confiscated from me when I was arrested.

DIMITRI  
Alright, fine.

Dimitri gets up, goes over to the door and has the officers come back in. All of the officers sit down.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)  
Gentleman, my client wishes to  
negotiate with you.

The officers chuckle a bit.

DEA AGENT THREE  
Negotiate. On what grounds? We have  
enough evidence to lock you up for the  
next 30 years.

JUAN  
Gentleman, as I recall, a while back  
you had a smooth talking guy named  
Frank Abagnale Junior come work for  
you guys despite him having a rather  
lengthy criminal record.

The officers try not to laugh.

FBI AGENT TWO  
You really wanna work for the feds?  
After all the shit you've done?

DEA AGENT TWO  
And may I add that there's a very fine  
line between forging millions of  
dollars in checks versus trafficking  
copious quantities of cocaine  
throughout nearly half the western  
hemisphere.

FBI AGENT TWO  
Yeah, you'll be lucky enough if you  
even qualify for probation.

DIMITRI  
That's what I told him.

JUAN  
Look, gentleman. I know you all think  
I'm a real piece of shit. But if you  
could at least give me the journal I  
had in my back pocket the night you  
arrested me, I can make it worth your  
(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)  
while.

The officers look at one another and whisper amongst themselves.

DEA AGENT TWO  
Fine, get us Mister Gutierrez's  
journal.

FBI agent two gets up and leaves the room. He comes back a few minutes later with Juan's journal and hands it to him.

JUAN  
Thank you.

Juan opens the journal and opens up to the fifth page. He pushes the journal across the table towards the officers.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Have a look.

The officers look through it together and begin turning the pages and staring even closer.

FBI AGENT TWO  
What is all this?

JUAN  
Everything you could ever ask for.  
Names, numbers, addresses, locations  
throughout the American Southwest and  
Latin America. And a couple of  
photographs as well.

DEA Agent Two points at a photo of La Vibora in the journal.

DEA AGENT TWO  
Holy shit, look.

JUAN  
La Vibora, right?

DEA AGENT THREE  
We've been chasing that guy since the  
late 90's.

FBI AGENT TWO  
How'd you? What the hell is this?

JUAN

Gentleman, I always knew one day I'd get caught. You can't keep up this lifestyle forever. I've been keeping records of every deal I've done, and every fuckhead I've worked for for over twenty years. So that when this day came, I'd be ready. I have information dating all the way back to 2000. And if you were to let me have access to a computer, I can show you a lot more in my email account.

DEA AGENT TWO

Wadda you want?

JUAN

Here's my proposition.

MONTAGE:

Juan talks with the multiple officers.

Dimitri takes the journal and flips through the pages while Juan explains to the officers.

The officers talk amongst themselves then talk with Dimitri.

END MONTAGE:

Juan gets up and shakes hands with DEA Agent Two.

DEA AGENT TWO

You're a real lucky son of a bitch, you know that right?

JUAN

I've been told that once or twice.

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S BEDROOM - MID MORNING

Juan is looking in the mirror trying to finish doing his necktie. Rebecca yells from downstairs. In the corner it says ONE YEAR LATER.

REBECCA

Babe, breakfast is ready!

JUAN

I'm coming.

Juan picks up his cellphone, wallet, keys, and a DEA badge. He runs downstairs.

INT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S KITCHEN - MID MORNING

Rebecca is making pancakes. Allie is in the living room on a playmat with her baby sister TERESA. They are playing together while watching Inside Out.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
Morning babe.

REBECCA  
I hope you're hungry.

Juan pours himself some coffee while Rebecca puts a stack of pancakes with syrup on a plate for Juan.

JUAN  
For the first time in a long time,  
yes.

REBECCA  
Good, now eat.

Juan sits down at the table and begins to eat his breakfast. Rebecca goes into the living room, picks up Teresa and changes the channel to MSNBC.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Hey babe.

JUAN  
What?

REBECCA  
Look.

Juan gets up and looks at the TV. The headline reads "Infamous Drug Lord Airam "La Vibora" Gallego has been arrested by federal authorities."

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Might you have had something to do with this?

JUAN  
Yeah, business wasn't working out too well between us.

Rebecca kisses Juan.

REBECCA

I'm so proud of you. I know it took a lot. But I'm so proud of the man you've become.

JUAN

I love you babe. You're my forever girl.

Juan starts to scratch his back.

REBECCA

Are you ok?

JUAN

Yeah, it's just this damn wire they got me wearing itches like crazy.

REBECCA

Can't be as bad as the anklet you had on 6 months ago.

JUAN

I guess you're right. So, how do I look?

REBECCA

You look good. You look handsome.

JUAN

Do you think I'd qualify for a membership to The Handsome Men's Club?

REBECCA

Most definitely.

Juan hears a loud car horn beeping from outside.

JUAN

That's my ride. Te amo babe.

REBECCA

Te amo mas.

Juan and Rebecca kiss. Juan heads to the front door while Rebecca walks into the living room to play with Allie and Teresa.

EXT. JUAN AND REBECCA'S DRIVEWAY - MID MORNING

Juan walks up to a black jaguar sports car. He opens the

front door and gets in. Sam is sitting in the driver's seat.

INT. JAGUAR SPORTS CAR - MID MORNING

Juan and Sam look at each other.

JUAN  
Special Agent Gutierrez.

SAM  
Special Informant Gutierrez.

Sam and Juan slap hands and hug. Sam starts the car and they drive down the road.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I can't believe Jeb let us keep the car.

JUAN  
Oh, he didn't let us keep. I just never returned it to him.

SAM  
You smartass.

JUAN  
So where exactly are we going?

SAM  
DEA wants you to ride with a couple of local pricks who are doing a pickup of coke.

JUAN  
Great. Where's the pickup?

SAM  
Your favorite place on Earth. Juarez, Mexico.

JUAN  
(In Spanish) Ah shit.

Sam laughs out loud.

SAM  
Gonna be a good trip.

JUAN (V.O.)  
Drugs can make you a shit ton of  
(MORE)

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

money. But they can also give you a really shitty life. Until you've walked in another man's shoes you will never truly understand the real price one pays. I've learned that money will never buy me happiness. Becky and our girls are the only happiness I ever needed. I've got a lot of regrets in life, a lot of enemies, and numerous debts that I'll never pay. The world of drugs is a dangerous game. Once you're in, there's no easy way out. If you listen to your heart instead of your wallet. It can truly save you.

A bold text appears on a black screen: Despite futile efforts by the US government and federal agencies across the globe, all efforts to stop the importation of drugs has never succeeded. As of 2025 more than 300 kilos of cocaine have been trafficked into over 200 countries worldwide. The US is still the number one buyer of cocaine.

THE END