

THE ROAD TO ROSARITO

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MEXICO - RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The vast desert and a darkened, lonely, two-lane highway stretch for miles and miles...

**A bullet riddled white utility van** sits ominously on the side of this road with blood leaking from the bottom and forms a puddle beneath it.

Scattered around this van are a few dead bodies we cannot make out in this darkness, but there are pistols and assault rifles nearby the deceased...

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DEN - NIGHT

We see SUZIE (20s), a blonde that looks like she's the smartest in the room, enjoying game night with her MOTHER, FATHER, OLDER BROTHER, and OLDER SISTER.

They're having the time of their lives. All, but Suzie, with an empty chair next to her.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - NIGHT

With spooked eyes filled with tears, SAL (20s), friendly faced with tattoos that paint a confusing picture, looks as if his entire world's just been rocked.

He buries his face into his palms. A handwritten letter lays partially crumpled next to him.

Sal's picks up the letter and scans it with disbelief:

"You have 72 hours...", "...text this number or die...", "50,000 dollars in three days "... "we'll be watching you."

A FOUR LEAF CLOVER drawing ends the letter.

Sal stares at the clover a beat, then grabs an unopened envelope next to him, we see: "To Susanne Tyler, from Princeton Admissions."

Sal can barely keep from crying.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Suzie's family continues their game night. Suzie's mom studies her distracted and upset daughter fiddling with her cellphone.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is DARK. Sal nearly trips as he uses his cellphone light to guide him to a window facing the street. He inches up the blinds: a BLACK SUV with DARK WINDOWS loiters down the road.

Sal sinks to the ground and plasters his cell to his ear.

INT. SHADY HOME - NIGHT

The room is bare and rundown with the exception of a money counter and stacks of bills. A CELLPHONE RINGS in the pocket of a kneeling and hooded, BOUND MAN. He's surrounded by 3 men in polo shirts carrying assault rifles, **SICARIOS, cartel hitmen in Latin America.**

SICARIO 1 nudges the hooded man.

SICARIO 1

Last chance.

BOUND MAN

(winded and annoyed)

I get an address, I pick shit up! I get an address, I drop shit off! If the shit was light, it wasn't me! The bags are locked and I don't even have the combinations!

(struggling with pain)

Fuck, I don't even touch the shit no more and I know better than to ever take from bosses' supply! I don't know what you fools want me to fuckin' say.

Sicario 1 rips the hood off the man's head. We meet the grinning EBEN (20s), your typical bad boy, in all black.

SICARIO 1

Forget to drop this off?

Sicario 1 drops a small baggy of cocaine on the ground. Eben ditches the grin. The hitman grabs a stack of bills and removes several before throwing the remainder of money in Eben's face.

INT. EBEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Eben fumes in his parked classic muscle car. He touches his face and it stings.

EBEN

Fuck all their mothers.  
Motherfuckers.

Eben pulls out a small baggy of cocaine from his sock and generously pours some on the rim of his finger, he snorts it. Gums the rest.

His phone rings: Its "Mr. Gold Watch". He sends it to voicemail--

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Suzie, with cellphone in hand, mopes down the hall. Her mom pulls her to the side, notices Suzie's clutched phone.

MOTHER

(concerned)

If boys give a good excuse, you at least know they're trying. If they don't even bother to give one?

Suzie sighs. Mom rubs her cheek.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Well, the good thing about game night is there'll always be game night, am I right?

Suzie hugs her mom tightly around her neck. Her father, who's been eavesdropping, enters.

FATHER

I don't entirely agree--

Mother's eyes warn Suzie's father--

He swiftly exits the room as the women have a light laugh.

EXT./INT. SUBURBAN HOME/SUV - NIGHT

An UNKNOWN uses a camera to snap pictures of the home: Suzie's family are all in frame, but the only person being photographed is Suzie.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is modern and well-to-do. Pictures of Sal and Suzie's dating accolades from Senior Prom up to a recent one of them shoving cake in each other's faces at a formal party with Suzie's dad unintentionally photo bombing with a disturbed look.

Sal paces. Eben's on the edge of the couch with his face buried in his palms.

EBEN

We got until Sunday to pull this  
shit off?

SAL

Yeah.

EBEN

Fuck.  
(beat)  
Where is it?

SAL

Where is what?

EBEN

(looks up at Sal)  
The letter, pendejo.

Sal stops pacing.

SAL

I got rid of it.

Eben flies up from the couch.

EBEN

Got rid of it?!

SAL

Suzie, man! You know if she saw...

Eben huffs and puffs, but finally agrees.

INT./EXT. CARTEL MANSION - NIGHT

A home befitting of a cartel kingpin. BOSS ESPINOZA, who we only see from the back, steps out into his luscious backyard and has a seat. He checks the time on his expensive watch. He grabs a satellite phone. Dials...

BOSS ESPINOZA  
(in Spanish; subtitled in  
English)  
Okay. Make the call.

He hangs up.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Eben grabs ice, wraps it in a paper towel, and sinks into a chair at the kitchen table. He presses the ice to his head.

EBEN  
No name, no address, huh? Nothing  
to go off of?

Sal shakes his head. They have a silent few beats.

SAL  
No! I dunno, man. A four leaf  
clover?

That means nothing to Eben. A contemplative beat of silence.

SAL (CONT'D)  
What about Jen's uncle in Costa  
Rica? The one with the villa?

EBEN  
Run?!

Eben laughs hysterically. Takes several beats to calm as Sal's anger rises. Finally--

EBEN (CONT'D)  
Oh man, this is definitely cartel,  
hermano. So, unless we can fly to  
the motherfuckin' moon--

There's a LOUD AUTHORATIVE KNOCK at the front door. Their worry spikes.

Eben whips out a pistol and removes the safety like a man who's been in 1000 gun battles--

A LOUDER KNOCK!

They step cautiously to the front door across the room. At the door, Eben hangs just out of view with pistol aimed head level. His eyes possess murderous intent...

Sal peers out the peephole: nobody's there. He shakes his head no to Eben. Eben nods to Sal, Sal doesn't know what that means.

Eben opens the door with a swift pull. Nobody, but just down the street the BLACK SUV's dome light is on. It fades off.

Sal notices **a burner phone on the doormat.**

EXT. SAL'S PLACE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Sal scoops up the phone. The SUV FLASHES THEIR HEADLIGHTS at him. He re-enters the home, slams the door, and deadbolts it.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Sal and Eben pace with the lights low.

EBEN

Yo, what the fuck kinda game is  
this shit, bro?!--

The BURNER PHONE RINGS. They regard it with fright.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Answer it, fool!!

Sal looks at it like its radioactive.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Your letter, your phone, bitch!

Sal answers...

EXT. UNKNOWN BALCONY - NIGHT

BOSS ESPINOZA (50s), who we now have a clear view of, exudes money, sophistication, and power. He enjoys a lavish view of a thick forest with satellite phone in hand. He dials.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

With cellphone to his ear, Sal listens with worry. Eben can't hear the caller.

SAL

W-who is this?

BOSS ESPINOZA (V.O.)

In due time, if you're lucky.

The person chuckles. Sal gulps, clueless as he looks at Eben.

BOSS ESPINOZA (V.O.)

Shortly, you will receive physical proof of the whereabouts of your mother and your Susan.

A beat goes by, SAL'S PHONE BEEPS. He checks it: a picture of Suzie at her parent's home.

SAL

I'll do whatever you want! I got the letter! We can come up with the money!

BOSS ESPINOZA (V.O.)

Good. Maybe blondie and your mother both survive the weekend.

The call ends. Sal drops the burner.

EBEN

Yo, who the fuck was that?!

Sal's legs go wobbly as he stumbles out of the room. Eben follows.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Antsy and angry Eben stands out side of the bathroom.

EBEN

What did they fuckin' say, pendejo?!

We HEAR SAL VOMITING HEAVILY. Eben's worry grows--

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Suzie's family continues game night, but there's no Suzie.

EXT./INT. COMMERCIAL STREET/EBEN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Eben speeds as he and Sal tear down a commercial street.

**TITLE CARD: THE ROAD TO ROSARITO**

**SUPER: Thursday**

**TIME LEFT: 71:49:23 - MONEY OWED: 50,000.00**



EBEN

I can put together like seven right now between me and Jen.

SAL

I only got about two.

Eben bites his fist and shakes his head in disgust at Sal.

EBEN

What about, Suz?

Sal's eyes say, "no way".

EBEN (CONT'D)

Nine-fucking-thousand... Okay. Okay. We can do this. We just have to get our hands on some product.

**SUPER:** 41,000.00

SAL

Product?! You know I don't deal, man.

EBEN

Guess you're lucky you know me then, fool.

Eben smirks and speeds up! Sal braces himself--

EXT./INT. SUZIE'S PARENT'S NEIGHBORHOOD/EBEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Eben and Sal lurk inconspicuously. Suzie's car isn't parked anywhere. Sal checks Suzie's location on his phone: it's unavailable.

SAL

Come on, Suz.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SUZIE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Suzie holds the steering wheel with perfect posture. A book on tape plays about becoming a successful lawyer.

EXT./INT. SUZIE'S PARENT'S NEIGHBORHOOD/EBEN'S CAR - NIGHT

The two wait outside the home as Suzie's location pops up on Sal's phone.

SAL  
Shit, lets move!

EBEN  
"Slow down". "Lets move". Bro, make  
your shit up--

SAL  
Eben, punch it, man! Come fuckin'  
on!--

Eben speeds off!!

EXT. SAL'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Eben's car burns around a corner and slows as they approach Sal's home and see the SUV. They roll by and then park at Sal's (two homes down and across the street from the SUV).

They exit and hurry to the home as casually as they can sneaking glances at the SUV.

EBEN  
What are you gonna tell her?

Sal's face is blank and has no idea.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eben shovels leftovers into his face as Sal paces.

EBEN  
When we get the money we gotta drop  
it off in Mexico, right?

Sal doesn't respond, he paces and thinks. Eben glares at him.

EBEN (CONT'D)  
She's probably just getting gas or  
some shit, bro! Damn! Will you stop  
for a fuckin' second so we can work  
some shit?!

Sal sits.

EBEN (CONT'D)  
The address we gotta drop the money  
off at is only like thirty miles  
from Rosarito Beach, right?

SAL  
Yeah.

EBEN

Since telling Suzie's out, but we still gotta keep eyes on our girls, we take them along for the ride--

SAL

No. No way--

EBEN

We tell Suzie its some couple's thing. She thinks we're celebrating her getting into graduate school--

SAL

No fucking way, bro. We can't--

EBEN

They took pictures of your girl and your mother, hermano. We gotta do what we gotta do from this point on.

Sal rubs his temples and coaxes confidence. Nods with certainty.

SAL

Three days. Fifty. Forty-one... So, about thirteen-six and three quarters a day... and the product?

EBEN

Bro, you know, I don't speak that fuckin' nerd shit. What the fuck are you talking about?!--

There's a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Sal's eyes go wide. A cool Eben moves to the knock like he's expecting someone.

We hear the door open--

EXT./INT. SAL'S PLACE/SUZIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Suzie with cake in passenger seat, pulls up to the home and sees three cars in the driveway, also notices the SUV parked outside, but it doesn't raise suspicion.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Suzie enters the home with cake and curiosity, the place has most of it's lights off.

SUZIE

Hello?

INT. SAL'S PLACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Suzie enters the kitchen and sees Sal, Eben, and his girlfriend, JEN (20s), a Latina firecracker in nurses scrubs. The group is seated at the table with a bottle of tequila and cocktail glasses.

JEN

My guera!

Confused and warming to the surprise, Suzie puts the cake down. Jen jumps up and hugs her tight.

SUZIE

(to Jen)

Hey?!

Jen and Suzie let each other go. Suzie moves on to Eben.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

(to Eben)

Hey.

Suzie does an awkward cheek kiss with Eben, and has much less love for Sal. She continues to the sink. Sal follows.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Missed you tonight.

Suzie washes her hands.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Little heads up wouldn't have hurt.  
What's going on in here?

Sal pulls out an envelope.

SAL

Wanted to make sure we were all  
here when you opened this...

She turns and Sal holds up the envelope. Suzie shifts from mild anger to anxiety.

SUZIE

You know if I don't get in, I'm  
going upstairs and eating that  
entire cake, right?

Sal hands her the envelope and she's too nervous to open it.

JEN

Open it, bitch! If they didn't let your ass in, they might as well burn that place to the ground.

She hands it to Sal. He takes it, opens it, and skims...

Suzie clenches her eyes shut. Jen takes her hand and Suzie squeezes it hard enough to make Jen regret it. Sal smiles wide. Everyone cheers!

EBEN

Mexico, here we come!!

Suzie's demeanor morphs from joyous to subtle disappointment.

EXT. SAL'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The suspicious SUV is empty. Two polo shirt wearing men who look like angry off-duty cops, RUBEN and FERNANDO slyly make their way to a poorly lit side of the home.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

An upset Suzie leads Sal into the room and shuts the door.

SUZIE

Mexico, Sal? Really? Of all places.

Sal can't make eye contact with her.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - ROOM - DAY

In near darkness, Suzie, wrapped in a comforter, quietly slithers out of bed and drags the comforter with her as she stumbles away.

### **FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

She limps with a hand clutching her hungover forehead.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The mascara on her face has been warped by a night of tears as, Suzie, wrapped in comforter, can't stand the face she sees in the mirror. Instead of going back to the bed, she lays on the bathroom floor and closes her eyes. Silently sobs.

**END SEQUENCE**

INT. SAL'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

With arms folded, Suzie stands in the center of the bedroom as her eyes challenge Sal.

SAL

Rosarito, babe. Not Tijuana. You'll swear off the entire country forever, because of one bad experience? What about my family out there? All this over food poisoning?

SUZIE

Family...  
(scoffs)  
How can you even say those words tonight?

SAL

Your family dissects me like some Mexican lab rat whenever I come to one of your "get togethers" and I've had several bad experiences, but I can't exactly swear them off, can I?

SUZIE

They're trying to get to know you, Sal. They're just--

SAL

Making sure the boyfriend with no college to his name, with immigrant parents isn't really going to harvest their daughter's organs.

She folds her arms, shakes her head as if it were ridiculous.

SAL (CONT'D)

Sometimes, I think you hating Mexico is just an excuse to--

Jen pokes her head in the room, the two try and act casual.

JEN

(mean mugging Sal)  
Are we okay in here, mama?

They both nod yes, but Jen can tell Suzie isn't happy. She takes Suzie and leads her out of the room as Sal sours.

EXT. SAL'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Fernando, the meaner looking of two cartel hitmen, inspects the fence's entrance leading to Sal's home. A car drives by and the hitman blends with the shadows.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sal, Eben, Jen, and Suzie sit at the table. The four tackled an entire bottle of tequila and look the part. The final four shots in their hands.

SUZIE

So... four days, three nights? Two days in San Diego and two days in Rosarito Beach?

SAL

Yeah, babe. Got a nice place booked in SD--

EBEN

And an even better one in Rosarito!

JEN

Mmmhmm. Plus, now that you two are gonna be moving to... Connecticut for sure?

SUZIE

New Jersey.

JEN

New fucking Jersey.

(puts an arm around Suzie)

I don't know when we're all gonna get to do some shit like this again. Because, baby, you're my bestie and all that, but I've never even been east of Vegas.

All laugh.

EBEN

So, we set out for Rosarito and fuck shit up along the way, until we finally fuck and drink ourselves nearly to death by the beach. Sounds pretty fuckin' epic, no?

All of them shake their head at Eben who doesn't care.

SUZIE

Sounds like a celebration after some Roman conquest and not grad school acceptance, but okay.

Eben doesn't know what that means. The four take their shots.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Eww, lime. Lime.

Jen struts up to Suzie with a lime in her mouth and the two kiss for a couple of seconds. All cheer, but Sal a little less enthusiastically.

Jen shouts in excitement and Sal hands Suzie a water.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sal wakes to his PHONE VIBRATING on one side of him and a peacefully sleeping Suzie on the other. He stops the vibrating and watches her a beat. He checks the time: 2:00 A.M.

**SUPER: TIME LEFT: 66:12:44**

Remorseful eyes give Suzie a last look. He slips out of bed.

EXT. SAL'S PLACE - NIGHT

FROM THE CARTEL SUV'S POV: Eben's car idles curbside as Sal enters. The car takes off. A few beats later, the hitman Ruben hops out of SUV and the car trails Eben's with HEADLIGHTS OFF--

EXT./INT. RESIDENTIAL STREET/EBEN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

A nervous Sal studies a sleepy Eben as he drives.

SAL

How sober are you?

Eben takes a bump of cocaine, all better now.

SAL (CONT'D)

Really?!

EBEN

Stay in your lane, bro.

SAL

My lane?



Eben pulls off to the side of the road.

EBEN

(serious as can be)

On this little mission of ours,  
you're the numbers guy. When we  
have to negotiate a percentage,  
count, or do some other fucking  
math shit, you're up. That's you.

SAL

And, who are you?

EBEN

Everything else, cabrón.

Sal scoffs.—Eben grabs a pistol from his glove box and  
reluctantly hands it to Sal.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Here, numbers guy. This is how we  
subtract fools.

Eben chuckles at his own humor.

SAL

You know I don't do these, man.

EBEN

Do you want to do Suzie's funeral?  
Your mom's? Or, my nieces or  
nephews, fucker?

Silent, Sal holds the gun awkwardly as he reads something on  
the side of it. It's aimed at Eben's face. Eben snatches it.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Yo! Damn! Common sense, alright?

Eben checks the safety and hands it back.

EBEN (CONT'D)

You don't gotta be good to put  
someone down with these. Safety  
off, eyes open the whole time, pull  
the trigger. They aim better than  
you think, fool. Like a fucking  
video game.

Sal aims it, a little less awkward than before. Eben tries  
not to laugh.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Look, just fuckin' point that bitch  
and people usually run, alright?

Sal nods.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

**FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

We see from the waist down as a MALE in baggy jeans frantically sprints away, but it's like he's running in quicksand as he flees a terror from behind. We hear the sound of a pistol being cocked--

**END SEQUENCE**

EXT./INT. RESIDENTIAL STREET/EBEN'S CAR - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Sal and Eben are where we left them. Sal examines the gun and Eben regards him like a proud father would.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

Sal and Eben march up to a well-to-do building.

**SUPER: TIME LEFT: 65:58:23 MONEY OWED: 41,000.00**

INT. CONDO - NIGHT

The space is like a cozy art gallery. Eben and Sal are bunched up on a modern love seat across from STEVE-O (30s), a thin cover artist meets hipster vampire.

There are three bricks of cocaine in front of them.

Eben whips out a pocket knife and slices the brick like a pro. He pours a sample of cocaine onto the snorting tray.

STEVE-O

Easy, bro. This stuff has deviated  
plenty of A-lister septum.

Eben smirks, forms a gigantic line. Tense, Steve-O sits up straight and locks his fingers.

With ease, Eben makes the rail of white powder vanish. He plays it cool as the cocaine does it's trick. He casually nods his approval to Sal--

Sal's PHONE BUZZES, he regards it. "Tries" to act calm as we do not see what he sees.

Eben offers a line to Sal who declines. Eben gladly takes it.

EBEN

It's pure alright. Your supplier's from the south too, huh? Probably gets moved in with the same shipment as one of our suppliers. This big ass farm in Mexico, just like the movies.

Eben puts his arm around the neck of the tense Steve-O who's a combo of impressed and concerned.

STEVE-O

W-who are you guys again?

Steve-O walks out of Eben's embrace.

EBEN

(friendly)

You know me, Steve-O.

STEVE-O

No, I really don't. I mean, doing blow together twice in Los Angeles isn't like some big coincidence.

EBEN

Just two people tryin' to buy some pure tonight, is all.

Steve-O observes the tattoos on Eben as well as the tattoos on the friendlier looking Sal.

STEVE-O

Yeah, sorry--I.. think I might need to ask you to leave.

EBEN

Steve-O...

STEVE-O

I don't know, guys. I mean, you're cartel, right? And like, I don't even remember how you have my number--and now you're asking me for favors? This is just--no. I'm sorry.

Sal notices Eben's hand moving to his pistol.

SAL  
(to Steve-O)  
Call your boss. I'm sure he'd want  
to at least hear the offer.

Steve-O studies Sal. Eases.

STEVE-O  
Alright. If he doesn't answer,  
that's it.

Eben and Sal nod. Steve-O dials. No answer.

STEVE-O (CONT'D)  
Well, we tried. I'm really sorry  
guys, but--

EBEN  
Final answer, amigo?

Steve-O nods yes. Eben shows the gun on his waist.

STEVE-O  
Whoa, whoa, whoa--

SAL  
Look, we have nine in cash now and  
can pay the other sixteen on Monday  
with an additional two percent in  
good faith, of course.

Eben's impressed with Sal. Steve-O relaxes. He's really  
thinking this one through.

STEVE-O  
Two percent by Monday? What if you  
guys just disappear?

Sal pulls out a wad of cash and counts it. Puts it on the  
table. He takes off his expensive gold watch.

SAL  
We will only do two and a half  
kilos and I'll come back for the  
watch on Monday.

Steve-O inspects the watch. Is impressed, but...

INT. AUTOMOTIVE CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

Steve-O is being held down by two brutes, HENCHMAN 1 and HENCHMAN 2 and forced to watch as a scared prep school guy tied to a chair is approached by a muscular and imposing, leather suit wearing Haitian, RAZOR (40s).

**FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

The chillingly calm Razor reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a golden straight edge barber razor.

Preppy guy screams underneath his gag! Steve-O screams too!

**END SEQUENCE**

INT. CONDO - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Steve-O, Eben, and Sal are where we left them. Although, Steve-O is jumpy from the flashback that's coursing his veins. Steve-O wipes sweat from his brow.

STEVE-O

(nervous)

I--you know, I wish there was something I could do. If my boss answered, he'd of probably said no anyway. Your text said something small, I didn't know--

Eben aims the pistol at Steve-O. The frantic and frail dealer reaches for the sky.

STEVE-O (CONT'D)

(crying and shakily)

Please! I can't! He'll kill me! I mean actually fuckin' kill me, man--

SAL

Who can?

Eben PISTOL WHIPS STEVE-O UNCONSCIOUS onto the couch. Sal stares at Steve-O's limp body and wears shock as Eben hurriedly packs up the cocaine in a leather bag--

EXT./INT. LOS ANGELES STREETS/SAL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Sal drives and is disgusted by Eben who wears Steve-O's sunglasses and coat. He looks at the seething Sal and pokes a finger into his ear--

Sal swats at Eben's hand and Eben laughs, readies to poke again when--

SAL  
Fuck you, man.

EBEN  
What?! Now he can say he was robbed! Might've saved his life.

Eben snorts and wipes his nose.

SAL  
Snorting the shit too.

Eben snorts another line as Sal shakes his head at him.

SAL (CONT'D)  
We could've paid for the damn coke.

EBEN  
We could have also needed an extra day to make up for paying for it, no?

Sal digests his words.

Eben flips through a **little black address book** and shouts with joy. Sal's curious, Eben tosses it to him.

EBEN (CONT'D)  
Here, pussy. This fucker has a list of all of his buyers and even has the shit organized from biggest to smallest.

Eben taps Steve-O's coat pocket and shouts again. Sal observes over fifty names.

SAL  
This is a big fucking list.

EBEN  
And, he's even got some contacts in fucking San Diego! Bro!!

Eben smiles hope at Sal. There's a mild celebration in both of their eyes. Abruptly, seriousness recaptures Eben.

EBEN (CONT'D)  
Just got one more stop tonight.

EXT./INT. SUBURBAN HOME/EBEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Eben and Sal lurk in his car outside of a small home with it's lights on and blinds closed.

The PORCH LIGHT FLICKS ON. A WOMAN and three young kids come out with caution. The confused woman notices a full laundry bag on her porch.

She makes her kids stay put. She approaches the bag and opens it with caution. She pulls out toys that fit her kids' ages.

Frustrated, she scans the area and spots Eben's car across the street. She makes the kids go inside the home then stomps to the edge of the sidewalk. This angry freight train is EBEN'S SISTER.

She reaches her stop right in front of the car.

EBEN'S SISTER

(to Eben)

Thought I told, your bitch ass, I don't wanna see any more of your drug money, maricón!

EBEN

Just keep the fuckin' electricity on for those fuckin' kids and you won't fuckin' have to, slut!

She huffs, puffs, and marches off. She stops and turns to say something, but its as if she just remembered she had neighbors, she tightens her robe and continues.

EBEN (CONT'D)

(softening and loud)

Yo, sis! If you see anything funny just head to yayas, alright?!

She flips him off without turning. Eben speeds off--

INT. SAL'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Entering stealthily, Sal sees Suzie having a nightmare. He takes his shoes off, climbs in bed, and gently rubs her back.

SAL

It's okay, love.

She wakes up in fright and disoriented, then stares at Sal bugged-eyed, before bear hugging him. Suzie takes a deep breath and exhales as Sal strokes her mane and rubs her back.

SAL (CONT'D)

It's okay, baby. There's nothing to worry about. Everything's just fine. Okay?

She nods. Breathes.

SUZIE

They've been getting worse.

SAL

What was this one about?

SUZIE

Fears that aren't real anymore, right?

Sal nods.

SAL

Yeah, babe. Out for good.

They lay down and she puts her head on his chest.

SAL (CONT'D)

Was technically never really in, though.

She playfully looks at him like he's being foolish. She closes her eyes. Covered in regret, Sal runs his fingers through her hair and watches her sleep.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - BEDROOM - DAY

The cartel hitmen are wearing ski masks and hovering over Suzie. She's out cold, partially covered by the duvet, but you can tell she's not wearing much clothes if any.

One of the hitmen lifts the duvet and takes a look--

INT. SAL'S PLACE - BEDROOM - DAY (LATER)

Suzie wakes in a fright and reaches for Sal. He's not in bed. She notices a **four leaf clover sticker** on the pillow next to her.

**SUPER: Friday. TIME LEFT: 57:35:88 MONEY OWED: 41,000.00**

Suzie wears confusion.



INT. EBEN'S PLACE - DAY

Jen rides Eben in bed as they have furious morning sex. Her phone rings until it goes to voicemail. A text follows.

JEN

Who the fuck is that, asshole?

Jen bucks harder and faster.

EBEN

That's yours, Loca.

She hops off Eben and checks her phone.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Really?!

Frustrated, she shoves the phone in Eben's face, we see, "Is Sal over there? Can you ask E if he knows where he is??"

EBEN (CONT'D)

I'm not that fool's deadbeat daddy.

She smacks him.

JEN

Got me lying to my best friend,  
fucker.

Eben exaggerates the pain, she almost hits him again and he flinches.

EBEN

Hey, don't get mad at me, I told  
that secretive puto to tell her  
what's up. I really got no fuckin'  
idea.

Jen digests this. Eben grabs one of her breasts and she smacks him. Eben regards his no longer erect penis with frustration.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Yup, it's dead.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Sal stands at a grave site and fights emotions as he struggles to get words out.

SAL  
(clenches jaw)  
I fucking hate you. For  
everything...

Sal tries not to cry but ends up sobbing.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Just came to say nobody's ever  
visiting your ass again and once I  
change my last name there will be  
nothing tied to you.

Sal spits on the grave.

Misty eyed, Sal takes the cemetery in one last time. He checks his cellphone and sees several messages from Suzie. He regards his burner phone, a text that reads, "call now" **with a picture of a sleeping Suzie**. Instant panic--

EXT. WINE FIELDS - DAY

Boss Espinoza is practicing French while using his AirPods. He smiles as a call comes in on his satellite phone. He answers it.

BOSS ESPINOZA  
She's a pretty lady, your Susan.  
It's amazing how fast someone that  
pretty can become pretty  
unrecognizable, though. Not getting  
cold feet are you?

Boss Espinoza admires a bee that is fluttering on the ground as if it can't fly. He stomps on it to end it's misery. Continues walking.

EXT. CEMETERY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sal is hurrying to his car with phone plastered to his ear.

SAL  
I'm doing everything you've asked!

BOSS ESPINOZA (V.O.)  
If my watchdogs think you are  
running, they will bite. Do not  
give them reason to. Do not give  
them reason to keep bothering me.  
From now on, you text them your  
every move so there's no confusion.

The call ends. Hastily, Sal pulls out his other phone and calls Suzie.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - SAL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Suzie's PHONE RINGS IN THE DISTANCE, but no Suzie. We hear a shower running. It's coming from behind the closed door of the bathroom.

INT. SICARIO'S SUV - DAY

Parked in a new location, the hitmen watch Sal dash into the house. Fernando's (the mean looking one) amused.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - DAY (SAME TIME)

Hasty, Sal bursts in like a madman in search mode.

SAL

Suz!!

Sal dashes to the hall--

INT. SAL'S PLACE - HALL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

With pace, Sal marches. He pokes his head in the kitchen, no Suzie.

SAL

Yo!

INT. SAL'S PLACE - SAL'S BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Flustered and panicked, Sal enters.

SAL

Suz! Babe, you in here?! Suzie!

Sal notices a four leaf clover on the pillow. He's ready to break down, when--

He notices a VACUUM LIKE SOUND coming from the bathroom. Sal darts to the door, bangs on it.

SAL (CONT'D)

Suz! You in there?!

The vacuum sound stops. The door whips open and we see Suzie with blow dryer in hand and confused look on her face.

SUZIE

What's up?! Where were you?

SAL

Hey, was just--my dad.

Her eyes say its a rare occurrence and she gets it. She puts a comforting hand on him. He pulls her in for a gigantic hug that she's a little confused by.

SAL (CONT'D)

I love you.

SUZIE

I love you... too.

She smiles and turns to head back into the bathroom, then turns back to Sal--

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Did you leave like a four-leaf clover sticker on your pillow?

Sal takes a beat while trying to act normal.

SAL

Y-yeah. I just--I don't know. Letting you know I'd be back.

SUZIE

Next time, maybe something less ambiguous. Like a kiss good morning, your words, or, maybe a text?

Sal wipes his brow, gives her a kiss.

SAL

Good morning.

He smirks and she isn't too amused. He gives her a kiss with gusto. She smiles at that part. Then he regards his phone and hurries out of the room.

Her brow furrows as she examines a disappearing Sal--

EXT. SAL'S PLACE - DAY

Sal rocks back and forth in his car with his eyes clenched shut when--

One of the cartel thugs, Fernando, taps his pistol on the car window, signals for Sal to get out.

INT. SICARIO'S SUV - DAY

Fernando sits in the back seat with a pistol to Sal's crotch. The other hitman, Ruben sits in the driver's seat surveying the neighborhood for watchful eyes.

FERNANDO

You heard, El Patron, your every  
move or, pop! Pop! Pop!

Sal twitches and nods yes.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Maybe we should just kill you now,  
save us the trouble, no?

SAL

I'll get it! We will get it!

Fernando and Ruben share a look of disbelief. Fernando opens the door--

EXT. DRUG HOUSE - DAY

Steve-O exits his vintage sedan and regards the common looking home as if it were a house of horrors. He readies to take a step back to his car when--

RAZOR (O.S.)

(intercom)

Inside. Now.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - DAY

Awaiting his doom, a nervy Steve-O slouches on the leather couch while Razor observes a woman who lifts her tube top and then spins in a slow circle for him to see.

He signals for her to stop and she puts down her shirt. Then he juts his chin to a door. She jets out--

Razor turns to Steve-O.

RAZOR

You didn't run. Good.

STEVE-O

I-I-I'd never run. I-I-I--

RAZOR

(chillingly)

Stop speaking.

Steve-0 stares at the floor and lifts up his sleeve to expose scars from previous razor blade slices. He offers his arm to Razor when--

The door swings open and in glides, CHARLIE, a leggy former fashion model looking type about ten years passed her prime-- Razor's stress is reduced at the sight of her.

Razor lets Steve-0 put his sleeve down.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

These two guys called him up, said they wanted to score, and robbed him.

STEVE-0

Y-y-yeah. No, one of them. Eben. I never met the other guy.

CHARLIE

And they're cartel? Like, "the" cartel?

Steve-0 nods. Charlie eyes Razor with worry, then Steve-0 with sympathy.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hmph.

Razor rubs his temples.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Just tell me what ya need, hun.

RAZOR

I want plates from any nearby cams. All ears to the street. Every last fuckin' one of them. The crooked ones and the straight ones. Anything less than three kilos being sold, I want to know about it. If we see anyone resembling our boys, bring it to me. If anyone mentions any tatted Mexicans even talking about pure, bring it to me. If anyone offers anyone anything pure enough to even remotely resemble my shit--

CHARLIE

Sugar, you know I'm not deficient. Everything and everyone in my glorious network, bring it to you, right?

A frustrated Razor sighs as he calms.

RAZOR

Please.

Charlie pecks the Haitian boss on the cheek and struts out. Just before leaving...

CHARLIE

You know, if this one needs to knock a little debt off, I know some high-class Femdommers who love to take out a little stress on some prissy little subs like him.

She winks at Steve-O.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'd choose a kink bed over a hospital bed any day. Life's about lesser evils, friend.  
(hands him a card)  
Think about it.

She winks at Steve-O and leaves. He drops his head.

INT. CHEMOTHERAPY TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

SAL'S MOM is hooked to her chemotherapy machine and looks like a zombie as she slouches across from Sal playing cards.

**FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

Sal's mom drops a card and is too weak to continue. Sal fights emotions.

**END SEQUENCE**

INT. UNKNOWN DRUG LAB - KITCHEN - DAY (PRESENT)

Eben snaps his fingers and offers a weirded out gaze at Sal who blinks himself back to reality. Eben shakes his head at him.

The room has a simple stove, a couple of stools, and a large folding table at its center which Sal and Eben hover over.

On this table we see all the cocaine cooking essentials: bags of uncut cocaine, cooking bowls, triple beam scales, hydraulic press, cutting agents, razor blades, etc.

EBEN

You ready to make a few dollars out of a dime and a nickel, cabrón?

SAL

How long?

EBEN

This isn't a cake, motherfucker.

SAL

Gotta get back to Suz--

EBEN

(imitating)

Gotta get back to Suz.

(smacks Sal)

Bitch!

Sal cocks his arm, ready to strike. Stops.

EBEN (CONT'D)

You more worried about keeping, Suz happy, or keeping her alive?

Sal sighs and understands. Buries his face in his palms. Stands in a hurry and jogs off.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Where you goin', fool?

SAL (O.S.)

Stomach's all fucked up!

EBEN

(smirks, says to self)

Pussy.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - BEDROOM - DAY

Suzie and Jen try on bikinis in the mirror. Several different options lay on the bed.

SUZIE

Something's up. You're not listening.



JEN

I am, I just know Sal is definitely not cheating on you.

SUZIE

How? It's not like he hasn't cheated before, so...

JEN

There is cheated, and there are "cheaters". Sal will never fuck up again, baby. One time a couple of years ago? You guys are fine. Trust me.

SUZIE

How can you be so sure?

JEN

Eben always says Sal has been hustling in one form or another since his brown ass could crawl. He's already stopped doing bookkeeping for them fools and is talking about getting back on track again. Moving his mother who has never been anywhere, but San Diego or Mexico to Massachusetts--

SUZIE

New Jersey.

JEN

Whatever. He ain't doing all this for himself. So, yes I am sure that you're trippin' and we should just have some fuckin' fun on this trip since your ass is moving and I'm not gonna be seeing my girl nearly as fuckin' much.

Jen is a little angry now mixed with sad.

SUZIE

I know...

Suzie flops onto the bed and stares at the ceiling.

JEN

Plus, how much room do you have to talk, baby girl?

Suzie buries her face in the bed.

SUZIE  
(muffled)  
I know.

JEN  
Good. Now lets go celebrate your  
little white ass off. Maybe even  
get some white girl in our white  
girl.

Jen throws a pillow at Suzie. Suzie rifles one back and they  
both laugh--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A bachelor party on steroids. A room full of LADIES OF THE  
NIGHT and a horny GROUP OF OLD FRIENDS in their forties and  
fifties engage in all the things the bachelorette would break  
a wedding off for.

One of the ladies, RAIN, dips her finger in cocaine on the  
table and inspects it. She goes up to the BACHELOR and pulls  
him aside while firmly gripping his crotch until he winces  
and doubles over in pain.

She speaks into his ear.

RAIN  
Where'd you get the powder?

BACHELOR  
Steve-O, Steve-O!! Thin Twilight  
looking guy. Why?

She lets go and nobody noticed a thing. She sends a text to  
"Razor", goes back to her business with the men.

INT. STRIP CLUB - RAZOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Well dressed as usual, Razor does pull ups on a detachable  
pull-up bar in the back of his office. Aside from an  
ostentatious throne like chair, the room is bare and cold.

His CELL BEEPS. He does a few more reps, finishes, and  
snatches his phone. Disappointment as he checks the screen,  
he tosses it. Rage fills him and he goes back to exercising.

His PHONE BEEPS twice. He hops down again. He checks his  
cell. This time he's more satisfied.

EXT. UNKNOWN HOME - GARAGE - DAY

Sal and Eben are where we left them. Eben has his arms folded as Sal studies him with ponderous eyes.

**SUPER: 51:06:44 MONEY OWED: 41,000.00**

SAL

You cut it?!

Eben's smug.

EBEN

If Steve-O's boss is good, he can tell his own product, and how else you think we're going to come up with the rest of the dough?

SAL

Okay.

(beat)

But, what if--

Sal's phone beeps and he nearly jumps. Eben shakes his head at him. Sal's phone timer says, "Mom". He grabs keys and walks out, even though Eben protests with arms up.

EBEN

But, what, motherfucker?!

INT. SAL'S MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Sitting next to Sal on a homely couch is Sal's mom, frail, aged poorly. She holds a gun in her lap with the most confused look on her face.

SAL

Come on, ma. For me.

She nods. Being as patient as he can, Sal hugs her. He takes the gun and holds it out to instruct her. He points to the safety.

SAL (CONT'D)

Safety is on.

She regards the safety, nods.

SAL (CONT'D)

Never shoot. Only...?

SAL'S MOM

Point.

He carefully hands her the gun, she holds it and stares at it. She hates this idea all of a sudden. Puts the gun down on the couch.

SAL'S MOM (CONT'D)

Salvatore, what's the point anyway,  
huh? I'm Stage-four, mijo.

Sal fights a tear as he focuses on her labored breathing. He hugs his mother, she hugs him back. They linger like this...

SAL

Look, all you ever gotta do is  
point it, ma, and they'll run,  
alright? Just keep it, just in  
case. Promise me.

SAL'S MOM

Okay, mijo. Just in case.

Sal's mom breaks from the hug to offer a piercing gaze with her hands on his shoulders.

SAL'S MOM (CONT'D)

You are not--

She coughs like a chainsmoker, Sal doesn't know how to help. His burner phone vibrates. He ignores it, his mom acknowledge it, but continues.

SAL'S MOM (CONT'D)

You are not your father. Okay? I  
know you've spent so much on your  
mama already. Had to help around  
way too early. You've done so much.

(puts hands on his cheeks)

So much. You've tried, mijo. My  
precious boy.

(she straightens him up)

When you get back from Rosarito. Go  
far, far from here. Far from all of  
this.

SAL

We go, ma. Remember?

She does her best to nod and reassure, but Sal can tell it's not authentic. A tear rolls down his cheek. She wipes it.

SAL'S MOM

I only live for you now, mijo. As  
long as you're here, that is more  
effective than any cancer  
treatments.

She smiles warmly as much as she can. Sal hugs her again and holds her like it could be the last time. He closes his eyes and fights more tears.

EXT. SAL'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The suspicious SUV sits across the street and a couple of houses down.

The driver's side door opens and a gloved Fernando walks up to Sal's SUV. He quickly surveys the area, uses an object to open the car door, he kills the alarm instantaneously.

The hitman opens the back of the vehicle, grabs the black duffle bag and casually struts back to his SUV.

EXT./INT. SAL'S NEIGHBORHOOD/SUV - DAY

Ruben glares at Fernando who unzips the bag, exposing the cocaine.

RUBEN

(in Spanish; subtitled in English)

Put it back. Now.

FERNANDO

(in Spanish; subtitled in English)

There's easily fifty-thousand here. These fuckers are kids, they're going to run.

RUBEN

(in Spanish; subtitled in English)

Three days is three days. Boss says no bodies before then.

Fernando contemptuously stares at his partner who glares back menacingly. Fernando exits the vehicle--

EXT. SAL'S PLACE - FRONT YARD - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A CAR ALARM BLARES. Sal bursts out of the home with Eben trailing, the neighborhood looks normal but the hitmen's SUV is empty. Sal's car blinks in sequence with the siren.

Sal KILLS THE ALARM.

He flings the door open as Eben hangs back and watches the home's front door.

Sal checks the back of his SUV and the black bag is there. He closes the trunk when--

Fernando is leaning on the car. Appearing out of nowhere.

FERNANDO

No way it was you.

Sal doesn't know what Fernando is referring to.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

When you fail, I'll be there, puto.

Fernando laughs maniacally and marches off as Sal stares ponderously. Eben isn't sure what to make of this encounter.

INT. SAL'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sal and Eben enter.

SUZIE

Was that your alarm?! Who was that?

Eben continues out of the room.

SAL

No, I thought so too. Just some random neighbor.

He tries to kiss her and she maneuvers out of it--Suzie's look says he is full of shit. She opens the blinds and points to the ominous SUV.

SUZIE

Haven't noticed that, Sal?

SAL

Noticed what?

She studies Sal for a few beats. He's quizzical.

SUZIE

That black SUV has been outside since yesterday.

Sal shrugs.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Well, that guy right now looked like one of these two creeps that's been sitting in that thing.

She shows Sal her phone: we see photos of the SUV, blurred images of the two cartel guys, and the license plate.

SAL

Really, Suz?!

Eben, all of a sudden, casually hangs just on the fringe of the room, doesn't like it either. Suzie notices Eben, her face says give us privacy.

EBEN

Just letting you two lovebirds know its time to get on the road.

Eben walks out and Sal and Suzie share uncomfortable silence.

EXT. SAL'S PLACE - NIGHT

Sal, Eben, Jen, and Suzie stand outside of Sal's SUV all packed and ready for their journey. Suzie looks for the SUV, it's gone.

EBEN

Not it.

Sal puts his hand out to play rock, paper, scissors. The girls roll their eyes in unison. The guys play and Eben wins. He puts Sal in a headlock as the girls watch in amusement.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

A semi-congested road and angst-ridden MOTORISTS choke northbound traffic. Southbound flows like a running stream.

EXT./INT. SOUTHBOUND FREEWAY/SAL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Sal drives and his pocket vibrates. Suzie watches Sal curiously. Eben and Jen are lounging in the backseat.

SAL

You good?

She shifts her glance to the road outside of her passenger window.

SUZIE  
Mmhmm. Yeah. You?

SAL  
Yeah.

He takes her hand, she's reluctant, but holds his. There are a few beats of silence.

SUZIE  
Sal.

He looks to her.

SAL  
Yeah.

She studies the tense Sal awaiting her to say something. She shakes her head dismissively and gazes out at the passing landscape in the moonlight.

BACKSEAT

Jen lays across the seat with her legs on top of Eben, she catches him glance through the back window. He looks at her like everything is fine. A few beats later he glances again.

JEN  
(whispering)  
What, fool?

Eben's face says "stay cool". Jen's says "she wants to smack him". He gestures to the back window. She does a quick glance and she sees the cartel hitmen's SUV.

JEN (CONT'D)  
Are you fucking--

Eben tackles Jen.

Suzie and Sal glance in the back at Jen and Eben who are making out. Eben checks: Suzie and Sal are no longer watching.

EBEN  
(whispering)  
We got baby sitters until we pull through. It's fine.

Jen's not exactly reassured.



EBEN (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
We're good, Loca. Okay?

Jen's face stays the exact same. She's worried. Suzie turns to them--Jen and Eben sport fake smiles.

FRONT SEAT

Sal checks his rear view mirror and subtly watches the cartel SUV trailing them.

EXT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

Their SUV pulls up to a luxurious estate in one of San Diego's wealthiest neighborhoods.

**SUPER: 46:02:77 MONEY OWED: 41,000,00.**

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

The couples enter with bags and drop them. The girls drop their jaws as well. Eben tugs Jen and hurries off.

EBEN  
Come on, Loca. Let's go claim our room.

Suzie admires the artsy and posh home. The foyer is lined with modern portraits and the two story big-windowed home screams lavish. Suzie wears a pleased smile.

SAL  
My soon to be Princestonian likes?

The satisfied look turns seductive. She places a hand on his chest then cups his ass as she kisses him.

SAL (CONT'D)  
She does like.

Sal's burner phone vibrates and he ignores it.

SUZIE  
Not going to get that?

He puckers up for a kiss, and she puts her fingers on his lips.

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
Not even going to see who it is?

Sal checks the call and regards it pokerfaced. It's Boss Espinoza. He takes the call with a smile:

SAL  
Hello?

EXT. CARTEL MANSION - POOL - NIGHT

Boss Espinoza stands in his heated pool on a satellite phone.

BOSS ESPINOZA  
You didn't try and lose my men on  
the freeway. This is good.  
(chuckles)  
I thought maybe you wanted to do  
this the hard way.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

Suzie studies a cool Sal as he talks.

SAL  
Of course not.

BOSS ESPINOZA (V.O.)  
Of course. Like you wouldn't run  
like a rat if you didn't know  
tigers would chase you.

SAL  
Luckily, I do know.

BOSS ESPINOZA (V.O.)  
Aha, yes. It appears you do now. I  
will want a progress report soon.

The CALL ENDS.

SAL  
Sure thing. Send it over in a PDF  
and I can take a look when I get a  
chance.  
(smiles at Suzie and  
listens)  
Okay, you too, okay, have a great  
night.

Sal puts his phone away. Suzie's almost laughing.

SUZIE  
A PDF?

SAL

I'm working on something.

He smiles confidently and she doesn't know what to make of it, but smiles as if proud of him.

INT. AIRBNB - EBEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eben, in a polo shirt, jeans, and sandals is being examined by Jen who tries not to laugh.

JEN

You look like a white boy.

Eben feels victorious and Jen's confused.

JEN (CONT'D)

Just hurry back, papi. I can already tell Suzie's on her detective shit and you two aren't being nearly as slick as you wish.

He kisses her then wears his trademark devilish smirk.

EBEN

Just get her a little drunk. You know what happens when you both--

Jen punches him in his arm several times.

JEN

Shut the fuck up, fool!

EBEN

Owe! Fuck, Loca!!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eben struts through the hallway, walking the part of his "white boy" attire.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

Eben walks up on Sal and Suzie.

EBEN

(surfer voice)

Come on, dude! We gotta meet up with our bros--

Suzie sours. Eben's face drops. Sal wants to disappear.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - SAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Suzie sits on the bed with her arms crossed. Her eyes fixed on Sal as he irons his shirt.

SUZIE

Who are these guys, Sal? Some friends of you and Eben's? Why are you just mentioning this?

SAL

It just came up. We mentioned we were going to be in town and they pulled the, we haven't seen you since you moved to LA shit, and it's true. I haven't seen them or even really thought about them. Same stuff you always give me shit for about opening up and keeping in touch.

Sal deflates as he keeps a sincere face and eyes locked on Suzie's. Suzie softens.

SUZIE

Just don't be long, fucker. This trip was your idea.

She pokes his chest playfully.

SAL

Something light and I'll be right back.

SUZIE

Right back.

She puts out a pinky for him to promise and Sal takes it--

INT. SURFER DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Nineties reggae blares as Sal and Eben sit at the bar and watch the LOCALS. Surfer memorabilia litters the place and the two stick out, especially Eben in Steve-O's loud sunglasses.

SAL

Them.

Sal nods in a direction, Eben turns to see.

EBEN

Who?

Sal snatches Eben's sunglasses off his face and directs his attention to TWO COLLEGE GIRLS dancing with each other in a flirtatious manner.

EBEN (CONT'D)  
All you, hermano.

SAL  
All me?! What about you?

EBEN  
I gotta meet the guy.

Sal hates this.

EBEN (CONT'D)  
Just walk up to them and talk to them. They're not sharks, bro.

Sal doesn't budge. Eben deflates.

EBEN (CONT'D)  
Fool, remember when Carla let you grab her booty at her quinceañera?

Sal dismisses the comment as if it were stupid, huffs confidence, and walks passed Eben patting him along the way.

SAL  
Lets just try and be out of here in thirty.

From EBEN'S POV: Sal strolls up to CINDY and MANDY (20s), sorority party girls, with friendly gesticulations as if asking for directions. One of them laughs and the other touches Sal's arm. Eben's proud.

A MALE EMPLOYEE catches Eben's attention as the person suspiciously hurries to the bathroom doing nervous checks over his shoulder and scanning the place.

Eben smiles and stands.

INT. SURFER DIVE BAR - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eben enters and we see the place has stalls with all closed doors. He surveys the bottom of each stall until he sees one with multiple feet. He smirks. Eben turns on a faucet and waits.

UNKNOWN MALE  
Shhh.

A laugh peeps out. A few beats of complete silence then someone bumping into something.

EBEN

Yo. I'm not here to fuck up anything you two are doing.

He turns the faucet off.

EBEN (CONT'D)

I just wanna offer you much better of what you're probably doing in there. Unless you're doing something else in there. If you are, that's all you, my friends. No thanks and no offense.

UNKNOWN MALE 2

(whispering)

I thought you said you locked the door!?

EBEN

He did.

One of the unknown males, RANDY, in an employee t-shirt and the other unknown male, CUSTOMER, creep out wiping their noses. Eben examines Randy with a devious smile.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Randy?

Anxious and guilty, Randy's worried eyes fix on Eben.

RANDY

W-w-who's asking? That wasn't some gay stuff. Not that it matters, or there's anything wrong with that, but we were just--

CUSTOMER

Pissing.

Eben laughs.

EBEN

Probably just your money away, amigos, but that stops right now.

Eben holds up a big baggie of cocaine. Randy grabs the customer and points to the door. The customer leaves. Randy sizes up Eben, subtly recognizes Steve-O's coat.

INT. SURFER DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Eben struts back with a proud smile on his face.

**MONEY OWED: 40,250.00**

He notices Sal who stands between the two college girls.

We're in on Sal who stands with folded arms.

MANDY

Wait! We didn't say we don't want it! We said we don't have that much on us!

SAL

That's as low as I'm allowed to go.

CINDY

Allowed?

(intrigued)

Hmmm. Well, our girls....

Her words as well as bar music and patrons' chatter DROWNS OUT and WE JUST HEAR SAL'S TENSE BREATHING AS SAL SUBTLY CHECKS THE TIME ON HIS PHONE. He smiles at the girls and gives his attention and WE HEAR AGAIN:

MANDY

We can pull it out right now.

Sal nods and smiles confidently and mysteriously.

SAL

Sounds good to me.

The girls love the mystery of Sal.

INT. SURFER DIVE BAR - SIDE OF BAR - NIGHT

Sal and Eben watch the girls pull money out of an ATM. The guys subtly bump fists.

**MONEY OWED: 38,650.00**

SAL

This is just a down payment, her sorority sisters want to buy more at a house party they're throwing.

Excited, Eben playfully humps Sal until he pushes him off--

INT. STRIP CLUB - RAZOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Agitated, Razor monitors a STRIPPER counting money as he talks on his cell.

RAZOR  
(to his cellphone)  
Mmm hmm. Mmm hmm.  
(to the stripper)  
Slower.

She counts slower. It's not slow enough for Razor. She counts at sloth speed--

Razor whips out his razor blade out and leaves it on his table. She acts right and counts normally.

RAZOR (CONT'D)  
(to his cellphone)  
San Diego?! And, you're sure?

He snaps his fingers and shoos her out. Razor clenches his eyes shut and tries to calm--a powder keg, ready to explode.

INT. SAL'S SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Sal and Eben sit in the front as Cindy and Mandy sit in the middle row with seatbelts off leaning forward: Cindy is holding Sal's chair as Mandy is touchy on Eben. The girls aren't sober.

CINDY  
You really did that math all in  
your head right now?

Sal nods.

SAL  
Yeah, I did.

CINDY  
What are you like Rain Man or  
something?

SAL  
Minus the severe autism or whatever  
he had, yeah, something like that.

Cindy laughs and is smitten with Sal.



EBEN

I don't know who the fuck Rain Man is, but tonight, I'm the Snow Man, and you can let all your friends know where this is coming from.

Sal throws a sideways look at Eben who notices and doesn't care as he takes a bump of coke and offers one to Mandy. She takes one, loves it.

MANDY

(to Eben)

Oh... This is not normal coke.

EBEN

We are not normal Mexicans.

All in the car laugh, even the tense Sal.

INT. BLACK SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Ruben trails Sal's car from a safe distance.

EXT./INT. FREEWAY/RAZOR'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

HENCHMAN 1 and HENCHMAN 2 occupy the front. Steve-0 and Razor in back. The car is filled with guns and smoke. Steve-0 looks uncomfortable with a hand on his belly and another wiping sweat from his brow as he takes easing breathes. Razor watches all.

RAZOR

You throw up in my car, you won't have to worry about me not finding these assholes.

Steve-0 gulps.

EXT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

We hears music playing from either in the home or the backyard.

In a shaded area that can't be seen by any vantage points of any neighbors, Fernando practices drawing his gun in a hurry and tucking it back into a discrete holster he wears across his body underneath his black leather coat. He's quick like a gunfighter from the Wild West.

EXT. AIRBNB MANSION - FIRE PIT - NIGHT

MUSIC PLAYS. Suzie tosses things into a fire as the girls sit and sip liquor from fancy cups.

SUZIE

He's dead.

JEN

Baby, they've only been gone a couple hours.

SUZIE

The whole point of Sal and Eben going to them was to come back faster. I don't know what's going on, but...

She tosses the last piece of what she's holding into the fire and wipes her hands.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

...this is bullshit.

Jen yanks Suzie and makes her follow her--

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - BIG ROOM - NIGHT

We're in a swank room with the lights turned to 'high school dance' dark as the girls hold their fancy cups and slow dance with each other with respectable distance between their bodies.

SUZIE

I cannot even remember the last time I was buzzed like this.

JEN

Keep buzzing baby, this is your vacation, bitch.

Jen moves her hands down to Suzie's waist and makes Suzie wrap her hands behind her neck. They both smile and enjoy the song for a few beats until--

SUZIE

I wish I could pack you up and take you with me to the East Coast.

Jen saddens a shade.

JEN

I wish you could too.

The song plays for a few more seconds as the two stare at each other with a hint of lust. Jen gently rubs Suzie's waist with a finger on each hand. Suzie lets it happen.

Jen runs one of her hands up the side of Suzie's long torso. Suzie lets it happen.

Jen moves in a little closer and puts her hands on Suzie's hips, massaging the upper crease of her pelvis with the thumb of each hand. Suzie closes her eyes and nibbles her lip.

SUZIE

Jen...

JEN

Baby girl likes.

SUZIE

We can't.

Suzie opens her pleading eyes, but doesn't say a word to stop Jen.

Jen moves her hands a little further down south and Suzie closes her eyes again when--

The SONG ENDS.

Suzie moves, jumpily, from Jen's grip and does the, 'I-got-to-pee', dance.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Where's the nearest bathroom in this place?

Jen drops her head in disappointment and points in a direction.

JEN

On your left, mamacita.

Suzie hurries off and Jen lingers. She sighs horny frustration.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Suzie has to cool off the hormones as she tugs at her shirt to air herself out and breathes herself to calm.

She looks at her panties and although we can't see, Suzie is embarrassed. She takes her panties off and doesn't know what to do with them--

EXT. BIG HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Eben and Sal, with backpacks on, hang with Cindy and Mandy on the edge of a wild bash with college-aged PARTIERS scattered inside and out.

**TIME STAMP: 43:07:04 MONEY OWED: 38,850.00**

MANDY

We're here, boys.

EBEN

Looks good.

Mandy checks him out.

MANDY

Sure does.

Eben winks at her, and throws a casual wink Sal's way. Sal isn't having it, but does his best to hide his disdain for Eben in front of their new friends.

Mandy takes Cindy by the hand and they bounce toward the party chaos. Cindy looks back at Sal and smiles before continuing on. Eben bumps him excitedly. An annoyed Sal grips the straps of his backpack and stomps toward the party.

EBEN

Ah, come on! We haven't had fun like this in a while, bro!

Sal turns to him.

SAL

Fun?! Nothing about this is cool, man!

EBEN

Look around, hermano.

Eben observes the raging house party and the many people filing in the two story home and grazing in the front yard with drinks and joints. A debaucher's wonderland.

EBEN (CONT'D)

We're not dead yet, cabrón.

Sal hates to admit it, but Eben's right.

EXT./INT. SURFER DIVE BAR LOT/RAZOR'S CAR - NIGHT

A nervous Randy talks to Steve-O outside of Razor's car. An impatient Razor texts on his phone, as they converse. His henchman in the front itch to take action.

STEVE-O

They didn't say a name, a direction, a.. a--

RANDY

No man, just some party. Like a frat party or something.

Razor hops out of the car and steps boots-to-sandals with the cowering Randy. Razor whips out a pistol and puts it under Randy's chin in a flash, ready to blow his brains to the sky.

RAZOR

At the bottom of a cold river with weights in your pockets. Your hands cut off at the wrists with all your teeth knocked out.

RANDY

W-w-what?!

Razor uses his free hand to pull Randy's wallet out his pocket and put it in his own pocket.

RAZOR

That's how you go.

Razor puts the pistol in Randy's mouth.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Few people get to know how it all ends, you know?

Randy cries.

RANDY

(mouth full of pistol)  
I don't know, man! I swear!

Razor takes the safety off.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(struggling to talk)  
Wait, wait, wait, wait!

Razor takes the pistol out of the terrified Randy's mouth.

RANDY (CONT'D)

A big house walking distance from Bar Row! That gives you a section, man! On a night like this, you probably just gotta cruise by and listen!

Razor puts the gun away and offers a bone-chilling grin.

EXT. SURFER DIVER BAR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

A shaken, but thankful Randy with an evaporated cocaine high, watches as Razor's car turns onto the main road, peeling out--

INT. BIG HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sal, Eben, Mandy, Cindy, and SORORITY GIRLS 1, 2, and 3 hover over the unzipped bag of cocaine and a large hardcover text book on the bed.

Mandy hangs all over Eben as he forms three lines of cocaine, hands Sorority Girl 1 a rolled up hundred dollar bill. She takes it, wiggles, gets in front of her line.

She snorts, the burn is too much.

SORORITY GIRL 1

Shit. Whoo! Yeah. Wow.

She gets her bearings, dries her eyes, wipes her nose, and snorts whatever is remaining in her nostril.

She certainly approves and hands the bill to Sorority Girl 2. Eben hands another rolled up bill to Sorority Girl 3. The girls snort together. They're euphoric and impressed.

SAL

Between the five of you, given the budgets you've told me, you could each get one of these baggies which should last you...

He looks to Eben the cocaine expert. Eben figures it out quickly.

EBEN

Two months. Give or take a couple of days. If you're hitting no more than like four lines a day.

SAL

So, just enough to get you through  
finals.

The room bubbles with excitement over the impressive duo and their proposition.

Cindy fancies Sal while Mandy can't keep her fingers off Eben. Sal subtly regards the time on his phone: it's time to keep moving.

EXT./INT. HOUSE PARTY/RAZOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Razor's car cruises past a lively party. The car stops. Razor gestures towards the home.

Steve-0 hops out to go investigate. A beautiful girl walks by and checks out Razor, he easily transforms from cold blooded to gentleman as he watches her go.

Once she's gone, he's all business as he scans the crowd--

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - FIRE PLACE - NIGHT

Buzzed, Suzie with cup in hand watches an equally buzzed Jen dance seductively by herself to a sultry Mexican Rock Band song playing from a speaker.

Suzie is mesmerized by Jen and has an obvious attraction. If Jen weren't dancing with her eyes closed she'd see Suzie's eyes all over her. The song stops, Jen opens her eyes and notices a buzzed Suzie ogling her. Jen smiles, Suzie stops.

JEN

Salma Hayek in, From Dusk Til Dawn,  
man. If I could be any chick. She's  
so fuego.

SUZIE

She is pretty hot.

JEN

When did you start, you know,  
playing both sides?

SUZIE

I don't think I really play both  
sides.

Jen smirks.

JEN

No?

SUZIE

Do we really need labels in this year we're in?

Jen laughs at her.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

What?

JEN

(sympathetic)

Sal really has no idea, does he?

SUZIE

What is there to know?

JEN

Fuck you, guera.

Jen storms out of the room.

SUZIE

Shit...

Jen heads out of the sliding glass doors leading outside toward the pool. Suzie follows.

EXT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

The sicario Fernando watches the home like a hawk. A bored hawk. He moves to another side of the home.

INT. BIG HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Sal, Eben, Mandy, and Cindy are all coked out, the girls cling onto the boys as they ease down the steps. They reach the edge of the party and look out to the sea of wild partiers.

EBEN

Time to work.

MANDY

Hey, no work, lets play!

EBEN

Oh, we will. We...

Sal shakes his head.



EBEN (CONT'D)

...just gotta save our asses from  
some killers first.

CINDY

What?!

EBEN

Kidding, kidding.

He's not. Sal doesn't think it's funny. Mandy wears intrigue  
as Cindy fills with dread.

### **MONTAGE SEQUENCE**

**SUPER: 41:56:09 MONEY OWED: 38,850.00**

Time reduces and money increases at a sped up pace as Eben  
and Sal move from partier to partier and party circle to  
party circle selling cocaine--in hallways, in bathrooms, in a  
room where people have sex.

### **END SEQUENCE**

Sal and Eben exit the room in a hurry after upsetting the  
couple having sex--

The time and money stop winding at:

**SUPER: 38:44:77 MONEY OWED: 21,340.00**

Sal and Eben enter the hallway and try not to laugh.

EXT./INT. BIG HOUSE PARTY BLOCK/RAZOR'S CAR - NIGHT

A frustrated Razor and company cruise up the block of a  
booming party. Up in front of their car is a flock of  
partiers that have taken over the front yard, sidewalk, and  
street.

INT. BIG HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sal and Eben weave through partiers doing blow and drinking  
when--

Eben tugs Sal away and draws his attention to Steve-O just  
inside the front door with a behemoth of a henchman behind  
him. Sal and Eben casually move in the opposite direction.

EXT./INT. BIG HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Sal and Eben flee with their bags. Sal spots Razor's other henchman loitering next to Razor's car across the street. Eben sees him too.

EBEN  
(eyes glued to the danger)  
How in the motherfuck, bro?

Eben and Sal move fast, but casually in the other direction--

EXT./INT. RAZOR'S CAR/BIG HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

From the backseat of his car, Razor scans the sea of partiers. He spots Steve-O approaching with Cindy and Mandy.

He exits his car and leans up against it. Steve-O and the girls arrive.

RAZOR  
I don't like her legs and this one's too plain.

CINDY  
Um, excuse me?

Cindy tries to get in his face, but Steve-O calms her while Razor wears a sinister smile and examines her and Mandy like pieces of meat.

STEVE-O  
They're not here for that. They know the two guys.

RAZOR  
(to the girls)  
Get in.

MANDY  
What?! No. Absolutely not.

CINDY  
Hell no! Who the fuck are you?! How old are you?

Razor lifts his coat just enough to reveal a gun, puts a finger to his lips to hush them.

EXT./INT. RESIDENTIAL STREET/EBEN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Sal drives with Eben sitting in the passenger seat.

EBEN

How in the fuck did they find us?!

Supremely annoyed, Sal gazes daggers at Eben.

SAL

(sarcastic)

How'd they find us?!

Sal takes the sunglasses sitting in the center console that Eben stole from Steve-O and tosses them out the window.

EBEN

Look how much money we came up on?

SAL

And now we got more heat on us! I should've left Suz at home and wouldn't have had to lie and bring her on this fucking suicide mission!

Sal covers his face. Suddenly overwhelmed.

EBEN

You're already lying with your bitch ass! Always got some lie up your sleeve, hermano.

Eben's phone rings, it's a number he doesn't recognize, he sends it to voicemail. A beat later it rings again. Sal tries to see who the caller is as Eben quickly cancels it.

The phone rings again and Sal snatches it, the caller is "Mandy Sorority". Sal's eyes are disappointment and anger.

Eben snatches his phone back. Sal pulls out his own phone--

EXT. AIRBNB MANSION - POOL - NIGHT

Suzie and Jen are both hunched over seated on the edge of the jacuzzi with their legs dangling in the water. The mood is serious.

A cellphone rings far away from Suzie and Jen, neither care.

JEN

Since you... feel how you feel, and I feel how I feel, maybe we should go back inside and watch a movie or something then, yeah?

Jen stands.

SUZIE

Wait.

Hopeful, Jen has a seat, she's all ears.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

When you asked me if Sal knew that side of me, the answer is yes, and it's not that I'm like embarrassed about it like you think. It's because, he'd feel.. threatened.

JEN

Threatened how?

SUZIE

There was this girl, back in high school. Same class as me and Sal. Back before I cared more about what my attraction to girls meant to the world, I was kinda really in love with this girl.

JEN

In love?

SUZIE

Suicide pact in love. Until, her parents made her switch schools and later move states.

JEN

Then what happened?

Suzie shrugs. Jen feels bad.

SUZIE

Worst part is, I started dating Sal while I was seeing her so I could throw her parents off my scent, and Sal had no idea. Until, he did.

JEN

Damn, baby girl. I'm so sorry.

SUZIE

In another world, Jen, you have no idea. Or, if Sal liked to have a little more fun--

Jen moves in and kisses Suzie with gusto for a couple of seconds. Suzie pulls herself away.

JEN

I'm sorry, I couldn't--

Suzie kisses Jen back--

EXT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Sal and Eben cruise by and spy several cop cars. The whole force came to party. CHUBB, a fittingly large Texan in an equally large cowboy hat, chums it up with TWO COPS.

Sal and Eben know tonight is a bust.

**SUPER: 35:23:14 MONEY OWED: 21,340.00**

EXT. AIRBNB NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Eben and Sal march to the home. Eben stops, stares at the sky. Sal realizes he's walking alone, turns to a suddenly saddened Eben.

SAL

Yo, what's going on?

A dejected Eben plants it curbside and rocks back and forth ready to sob at any moment.

EBEN

I fucked up, hermano. This is on me. That fuckin' letter. All of this shit, bro. I know it...

Eben is ready to burst into tears. Stops himself. Sal moves closer to Eben while also making sure nobody is witnessing this interaction.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Fuck. The fuckin' mule who can't even mule right.

SAL

E, we don't even know why we got it.

EBEN

I do, man! They already came at me yesterday!

Eben points to his face.

SAL

I know. This just seems different, though. Personal. They're on me too. What the fuck is the four leaf clover about?

EBEN

Four leaf clover?

SAL

Yeah, in the letter. I thought I told you?

Eben shrugs.

EBEN

Maybe, I don't know. Probably doesn't mean shit anyways.

Sal extends a hand to lift Eben to his feet.

SAL

We had a good night.

EBEN

We did have a good night, the girls were fun and that party was crazy as fuck.

Sal drops his head.

SAL

Toward the fifty-k, man.

EBEN

That's what I meant.

He chuckles. Sal puts out his hand and they do their handshake.

SAL

Tomorrow--

Sal gets tackled by Fernando and pinned to the ground with his back to the cement. Eben whips out his pistol and Ruben quickly steps out from behind Eben and puts a pistol to the back of his head. Eben hands over his gun.

FERNANDO

(to Sal)

Time for a progress report.

EBEN

(to Fernando)

Yo! Relax. What happened to three days?!

SAL

Fuck you, we're doing as we're told.

FERNANDO

Fuck me?!

Fernando takes out a cigar cutter.

He covers Sal's mouth to brace for his scream. He uses the cutter to take off the tip of Sal's right pinky. Sal shrieks, but it's muffled.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Don't forget your place, you piece of shit. Where are the fucking bags?

SAL

(flustered, in agony)

Eben!

Eben drops his backpack to the ground. Ruben opens the bag and sees the money but doesn't appear too impressed.

FERNANDO

Get to work, or I take from your girlfriend next time.

Sal wraps his bloody finger in his shirt and strides to the home. Eben mean mugs the hitmen a beat before marching after Sal.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

A LIGHT SWITCH turns black to plush mansion as Sal and Eben tiptoe through the foyer.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Sal and Eben hustle down the dimly lit halls checking rooms.

INT. CINEMA ROOM - NIGHT

Jen and Suzie quickly separate and readjust themselves a little as Sal and Eben burst in. They guys don't notice.

EBEN

Come with us real quick, baby, we need your nurse skills.

SUZIE

Nurse skills?!

Sal holds up a bloodied pinky finger.

SAL

Tried calling.

Jen and Suzie share a look Sal and Eben don't understand.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sal sips liquor out of the bottle as Jen works on his finger using a needle and dental floss or something similar. Suzie paces as Eben alternates swigs with Sal.

SUZIE

But, if you were swinging your hand, and you already went to shut the door--

SAL

(snappy)

Suz, I don't know, alright? It just happened!

Suzie flinches at Sal's tone. She stomps out of the room and all eyes follow her. A door slams in the distance. Sal closes his eyes.

INT. CARTEL MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Boss Espinoza stands in the hallway with the door ajar as he lovingly watches a YOUNG GIRL sleep.

His phone vibrates. He checks it and it irks him. He gently closes the door.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - SAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sal's phone vibrates as he lays in bed, Suzie is fast asleep. He sneaks out of bed as quietly as he can, She doesn't wake.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sal puts the phone to his ear.



BOSS ESPINOZA (V.O.)

I hear you are making some progress. This is good. You might make it out of this after all.

SAL

They cut off the tip of my finger.

BOSS ESPINOZA (V.O.)

Be lucky Fernando did not cut off the tip of something else.

SAL

Fernando...?

The call ends. Sal ponders this a few beats. He notices the fabric of panties just poking over the rim of the trashcan. He opens the trashcan with suspicious eyes.

EXT./INT. NICE NEIGHBORHOOD/RAZOR'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Razor is crammed in the back with Steve-O and a tired Cindy and Mandy, as Henchman 1 and 2 occupy the front. Razor stares at Mandy who has a phone to her ear. She shakes her head no. Razor angers.

RAZOR

Again.

Mandy calls again. No answer.

MANDY

(to Razor)

I think we've helped as much as we can. Both of us have places to be in the morning, you know, like normal college kids that aren't involved with drug lords?

Razor's eyes don't give away a thing about how he feels.

EXT. RAZOR'S CAR - NIGHT

A gagged Mandy has her hands and legs bound as one of Razor's hitmen close the trunk.

HITMAN 1

Goodnight.

**DARKNESS.**

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - SAL'S ROOM - DAY

Suzie jolts awake--

Hungover, she gets her bearings and realizes there is no Sal, yet sees there are spots of blood all over the sheets where Sal was laying. She SCREAMS!

**SUPER: Saturday. TIME LEFT: 28:55:45 MONEY OWED: 21,450.00**

Suzie frantically hops out of bed and hurries to the bathroom entrance and looks inside.

SUZIE

Sal!?!

No Sal. She exits the room with haste.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Suzie rushes through the hall barely able to keep her balance as she stammers toward Eben and Jen's room, she knocks. Waits. Knocks and swings the door open.

Nobody is in there and the bed isn't made--

INT. AIR BNB MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Suzie enters the kitchen and nobody is there. She hears music blaring from outside and looks out the blinds: we see Sal getting his finger worked on by Jen at a poolside table while Eben lounges and smokes a joint. Relief.

EXT. AIR BNB MANSION - POOL - DAY

Suzie exits to the blaring music and closes the sliding glass door, it gets Sal to turn around. He sees a freaked out Suzie.

He casually holds up a finger that is better bandaged.

SAL

Sorry, I didn't wanna wake you.

Suzie regards Eben and Jen who casually say hello with a nod and wave respectfully.

SUZIE

(to Sal)

Can we talk?

Sal nods and joins Suzie who pulls him out of earshot as a curious Jen and Eben try not to be nosey.

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
I need to tell you something.

SAL  
O..kay. About last night?

Suzie tugs Sal even further out of earshot from Jen and Eben.

SUZIE  
Last night? No. About Mexico, about me.

Sal readies with a tinge of a furrowed brow.

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
Well--I don't know how to say this, or what this means for this trip, or us, but--you and I had been on a couple breaks and, we were drunk, so drunk, I--I don't know, I was feeling hurt and a little vindictive--

SAL  
Suz, I already know.

Suzie's wide-eyed and almost as if she is suddenly standing in the lavish pool area with no clothes on.

SUZIE  
You do?

Sal nods. Tears well in her eyes.

SAL  
Yeah... I mean, I've always known.

Sal looks over to the curious Jen who watches the couple talk, but quickly looks away.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Even found your panties last night.

Suzie clutches her forehead as if just remembering.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Suz, it's...I know how close you two are. It's okay if something happened between you two last night or in Mexico.

(MORE)

SAL (CONT'D)

I'm guessing that's why ever since you came back from there that night, you seemed, I don't know. Guilty. Or like you're keeping something from me.

Suzie's face still spells guilty.

SUZIE

Yeah. No, Sal, there's also--

Sal uses his good hand and takes Suzie's hand.

SAL

Suz, it's in the past, right? Whatever it was or is, as long as it's nothing for me to be worried about "right now", lets leave it there. I am fine with it. Okay?

She nods.

SAL (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

She nods. He kisses her with his eyes closed and Suzie's face floods with more guilt. Sal smiles. She forces one back.

Sal's PHONE RINGS from the edge of the pool, he silences it. A second phone vibrates, and Sal tries to ignore it, as Suzie searches for the sound. Her face shifts from warm to confused as she notices the sound coming from Sal's pile of dry clothes.

SUZIE

Do you have, two phones?

FROM Jen and Eben's POV: their worry spikes.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

We see a shady motel in a questionable area of town. Razor emerges from one of the rooms with an ice bucket, he surveys the nearly empty parking lot. Trying not to be noticed, he moves toward a vending machine.

INT. MOTEL - DAY

With snack items and ice bucket, Razor enters into a double bedroom that matches the shady area the hotel's in. A worried Mandy and Cindy are sitting on a bed, and a nervous Steve-O sitting on the ground.

Razor tosses bags of chips at the girls, then one at Steve-0. The girls refuse to eat, but Steve-0 tears his bag open.

RAZOR

Eat up, my little call center.

CINDY

(angry, crying)

You can't fucking keep us here, and we're not eating that shit.

Mandy takes her friend's hand and holds it.

MANDY

He can't kill us, there's been like a million witnesses.

Razor takes a beat.

RAZOR

She's right.

MANDY

See--

RAZOR

You're not eating that shit.

Razor snatches the bags. He eats chips and stares at them.

EXT./INT. DOWN STREET FROM AIR BNB/SICARIO'S CAR - DAY

The Sicarios eat sunflower seeds and watch the home. There's a pile of sunflower shells outside of their car. An ELDERLY WOMAN walks her dog and shuffles by, notices the Sicarios and their sunflower mess.

FERNANDO

How about this one? Nobody would even notice.

Fernando makes a sexual face to the rigid senior citizen as she mopes by the car. She is mortified.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - SAL'S ROOM - DAY

Suzie stands in a frustrated pose as Sal sits with his fingers interlocked.

SUZIE

Can't we just go to the cops?

Sal's face says of course not.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Jesus. Sal you swore you were done and that this was all behind us and like 99 percent why moving across to the other coast was a good thing. I still don't get how someone who just does accounting for them, sometimes--

SAL

I don't know, Suz. They just reached out.

SUZIE

Reached out?

Suzie looks out the window at the cartel SUV.

Sal crawls into his mind as he stares at his shoes while Suzie waits for words.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Are we in trouble?

Sal shakes his head no.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

If we can't get our trust back--

SAL

(fighting tears)  
Do you still believe in me, Suz?

SUZIE

Sal...

SAL

I'm serious, baby.

Tears stream down Sal's face and Suzie sinks onto the bed and gets closer to her man and wipes his face.

SAL (CONT'D)

I know you can never trust me again fully, but do you still believe that I'm a good person and can be the person you fell in love with again?

Tears keep coming. She holds his face. She starts crying too.

SUZIE

Love, you know, I believe in you.  
You should've been heading to  
Princeton, or somewhere else.  
Somewhere better. Sal. Yes.

SAL

Then believe me when I say that you  
have nothing to worry about and  
after Rosarito, the plan is New  
Jersey, new life. New Sal. No more  
of any of this shit ever again. I'm  
sorry.

She nods and puts her forehead to his. They kiss then break  
from their embrace as Suzie rests her head on his shoulder.  
Sal's face shifts to guilt and Suzie's uncertainty.

EXT./INT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT/SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT

An 18-year-old Sal and Suzie sit in the back of the school  
bus as the other honor society students occupy seats.

**FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

SUZIE

No. No way.

SAL

I have to.

He looks at all the students on the bus in their respective  
conversations or solitude.

SAL (CONT'D)

If she doesn't start treatment now  
she won't be here by the time I'd  
even graduate college. I can't even  
use that degree for four years and  
she needs money right now.

Suzie accepts. She takes his hand and holds it.

SUZIE

Say it, then. I want to hear it.

He puts fingers up in a solemn and serious gesture and tries  
not to laugh.

SAL

One semester off and I'll start  
college on pain of death.

She hits him.

SUZIE

This is serious business!

SAL

It is! If I don't finish in four or less it throws me off track.

She hits him again and rolls her eyes at Sal and he smiles convincingly.

**END SEQUENCE**

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Suzie is sitting on top on the shut commode as she researches a license plate on her phone and waits for the results to show when--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Suzie jumps!

SAL (O.S.)

Hey, Suz, you in there!

The results haven't shown yet, she mouths "shit" and then finally--

SUZIE

Be out in a second.

The result shows up and the SUV is listed to a name that Suzie puts in another search and we see the person is a white woman in her 70s. Suzie glares at this information.

EXT./INT. DINER/RAZOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Henchman 2 naps in the front of the car while Mandy and Cindy silently communicate in the back. Mandy tries the door handle as quietly as she can. It's locked. Henchman 2 turns and looks at them, shakes his head no.

CINDY

(frustrated, losing hope)  
Look, we just wanna go home. We won't tell anybody.

MANDY

None of this even happened, alright? I just need my phone. I've gotta text my mom.

(MORE)



MANDY (CONT'D)

If she doesn't hear from me everyday, she's probably gonna, like, call the FBI or something.

The Henchman turns to Mandy, he didn't like that comment.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Are you... going to kill us?

HENCHMAN 2

No. Now, please, be quiet.

CINDY

Is Razor going to kill us?

Henchman 2 doesn't want to answer, the girls hold hands to comfort each other in the back seat.

INT./EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Razor, Steve-O, and Henchman 1 wait by the takeout counter.

RAZOR

Am I staring at a ghost, Steve-O?

STEVE-O

I've been calling him non-stop. I'm trying.

RAZOR

Trying.

(scoffs)

My father tried. He was a doctor back home. But, when my parents brought us to this country, he had to work as a janitor to feed six young kids and a mother he refused to let work. Pride. He had to provide. He did whatever it took. Tried as if not only his life, but his family's lives depended on it. I thought you were a family man.

Razor reaches for his pocket and Steve-O clenches his eyes. Razor pulls out a mint and pops it in his mouth and shakes his head at Steve-O.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - MOVIE ROOM - NIGHT

Sal stands behind Suzie with his hands covering her eyes as they stand in a romantically decorated movie room lit by candle light, with bucket of popcorn, chocolates, twizzlers, and tub of ice cream. Suzie bubbles with excitement.

SUZIE

Sal.

Sal removes his hands and Suzie amazed. She melts.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Sal... how'd you--

He holds up a finger to her lips jokingly.

SAL

All you need to know is, the place is ours tonight, or for as long as a night of drinks and a strip club can entertain those two.

SUZIE

So... we're never making it to Rosarito.

Her and Sal laugh--

INT. NEIGHORHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Wearing ski masks, Ruben and Fernando occupy a home as they spy through a window at Sal's Airbnb, now just across the street and down the block. Next to them is the tied up elderly woman we saw from earlier that Fernando flirted with.

They see Sal and Suzie through the home's window as they laugh. This makes Fernando's blood boil.

Sal walks to the blinds and closes them blocking the view. The sicarios look at each other--

EXT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT (SAMETIME)

Eben and Jen move with purpose down the driveway when--

His phone vibrates--

Jen snatches it and Eben tries to get it back, but Jen's eyes say "don't even think about it". Jen answers and barks into Eben's phone:

JEN  
(screaming)  
Bitch, if you don't stop calling my  
fucking man, I'm gonna track you  
down and fuck your whole life up!!

We HEAR NOTHING in the background.

JEN (CONT'D)  
Hello!? Fucking, putas!

She waits...

RAZOR (V.O.)  
Put your man on the phone. Right  
now.

Worry floods Jen. She hands an upset Eben his phone and  
mouth's "sorry". Eben tries to keep his cool.

Jen pulls out her own phone and types directions into it.

EBEN  
Whaddayou want?

RAZOR (V.O.)  
(laughs)  
Funny.

EBEN  
Look, I don't know who the fuck you  
think you are, or what you think we  
did, but if you don't stop--

WE HEAR:

JEN'S PHONE (V.O.)  
Starting direction. Head north on  
Rancho Lakes Court towards Rancho  
Santa Fe Drive--

Razor's sinister laugh comes through the phone--

Angrily, Eben hangs up, slaps her phone out of her hand onto  
the nearby grass. Jen looks sorry. They both regard the home  
with worry.

INT. NEIGHORHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Ruben and Fernando are no longer here. The bound woman  
struggles to free herself.

EXT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

Eben stomps toward the home with Jen in tow. She takes his arm and stops him.

JEN

We called and sent texts, plus that asshole doesn't have the actual address, right?

Eben nods.

JEN (CONT'D)

Then, they're okay, papi. We gotta move.

They head to the vehicle and enter. They drive off and we see the SUV'S lights turn on.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - MOVIE ROOM - NIGHT

Sal and Suzie are right back where we left them playing their board game until Suzie stops all of a sudden.

SAL

What?

SUZIE

You can tell me things, you know.

SAL

(sighs)

Suz...

SUZIE

It was like one day you started acting weird and then put this wall up and stopped trusting me to not be weird, or freak out about things.

SAL

I don't even know how to answer that or where that just came from. I thought we were having a good time tonight.

SUZIE

Tonight, yeah, but you don't think things have been different for, I don't know, a couple of years now?

SAL

You don't believe Eben and Jen are really going to a strip club?

SUZIE

I think I heard them like rehearsing and Jen is staying sober tonight?! Babe. Come on.

Sal leans forward and clasps his hands in prayer and Suzie watches him.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Your family split up, I get it. Your father lied to your mother about what he did until it killed him, though.

Sal sours. She puts a firm hand on him.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

It doesn't mean that has to be us, Sal. I love you. Shitty truths won't break us, but lies will.

SAL

Call them yourself and see.

Suzie's eyes challenge Sal as she playfully nibbles her lip and types a message on her phone to Jen.

EXT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eben and Jen hover over the trunk of the car, looking at a black leather bag and two pistols. Eben chooses the Glock, Jen minds. Jen's PHONE BEEPS.

Eben tucks the Beretta pistol in his pants, Jen grabs the Glock and slams the trunk.

JEN

They're gonna pat you down, fool.

She puts both guns in her purse. Eben admires his woman.

EBEN

That's my girl.

JEN

Don't get used to it, papi. This is a one-off, then back to Nurse Jenny, I go.

He grabs her, kisses her passionately, and squeezes her behind. She grabs his cheeks and almost kisses his face off. They simmer and let go of each other.

EBEN

I miss this side of you. Sure you don't wanna come out of retirement?

Jen is ready to slap him. She pulls out her phone, reads a text from Suzie, "Send me a pic of you at the club. Need proof, short story ;)". Jen smirks and shakes her head. She takes a picture of herself in front of the neon sign.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - MOVIE ROOM - DAY

Suzie looks at her phone and wears a sheepish look that gets Sal to smile.

SAL

Sorry to disappoint you.

SUZIE

The first truth all trip!

She playfully pushes him. Sal saddens and Suzie gets serious.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Sal, can you blame either of us?

He shakes his head no. A few beats go by. He puts his phones out in front of them and rocks back and forth. Finally, he turns to her.

SAL

Ask me anything you want to know.

Suzie leans forward, thinks...

EXT./INT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

TWO LARGE COUNTRY BUMPKIN BOUNCERS stand sentry. Contemporary Country music with a Hiphop tinge blares from the speakers. Through the big open doors we see a B-level STRIPPER work the pole to a moderately packed CROWD.

Eben and Jen reach the bouncers. The bouncers eye her like a snack and barely notice Eben.

BOUNCER 1

You talent?

Jen tries not to get upset.

EBEN

Just here to throw some ones,  
alright?

Bouncer 2 signals for Eben to spread his arms. Eben obliges and is thoroughly patted down.

BOUNCER 2

License.

Eben pulls it out and Bouncer 2 eyes it closely.

BOUNCER 2 (CONT'D)

It's expired. For some time now.  
Chubb don't let no one in here  
without valid I.D.; rules is rules.

He hands the license back. Eben puts it away, before Eben can speak--she pulls out two 100 dollar bills.

JEN

And two more on the way out, of  
course.

The Bouncers regard each other, then stand aside. Eben stares them down as he walks in and Jen tugs him along.

INT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The place is nicer on the inside than the outside suggests, multiple stages are manned by fetching strippers with several patrons in attendance. Strippers traverse the floors like hyenas seeking fresh meat. Some of them disappear with customers to the back room.

Eben escorts Jen to a table top by the main stage.

JEN

We got time to kill, right?

Jen pulls out a stack of ones and Eben smirks devilishly.

EXT. BACK PATIO - NIGHT

Suzie looks out at the San Diego night as Sal stares at the floor waiting for her to speak.

SAL

Suz.

She puts a hand up to silence him. She moves passed him and enters the home--

EXT./INT. RANCHO SANTA FE DRIVE/RAZOR'S CAR - NIGHT

We see Razor and company cruising suspiciously slow through a neighborhood where the top percent of the city's wealth live.

RAZOR

This is the block.

They scan cars and activity in each home. Some homes look more lively than others. They continue down the block.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

This portion of the home is mostly dark, Suzie stomps toward the kitchen through this open and artsy area with big windows as Sal follows.

SAL

We got it under control, babe!

SUZIE

You know that's not the point.

Outside the large windows, Suzie notices a car cruising by at curiously low speed. Her eyes go wide--

Sal grabs her and takes her to the ground.

EXT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

Razor's car stops in front of Sal's place. They look around. We can see the large windows, but without a light flashing on that section, it's hard to really see.

Razor squints at the home. Hops out of the car--

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

Suzie and Sal remain ducked.

SUZIE

The LA dealer?

Sal nods.



EXT. AIRBNB MANSION NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

On foot and coming down the block from a distance, the sicarios Ruben and Fernando stalk Razor's car from the rear like lionesses on the hunt, weaving through obstacles with machine pistols drawn low. They slow at 20 meters out.

EXT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

We're back with Razor as he makes his way to the home as if he sees something.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

Sal and Suzie watch as Razor makes it closer to the window. He's close enough to see them if he looked in the right direction. He puts his hands up to the window to get a better look when--

EXT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

Steve-O runs up and waves his phone at Razor.

STEVE-O

Hey! We got 'em! They're at Chubb's Strip Club. Check it out!

Razor turns and marches hurriedly to the car and enters. They speed off as Ruben and Fernando watch.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

Sal and Suzie wear relief. A few beats go by and Suzie stands and stomps off.

INT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

In cowboy hat, Eben watches the liquor swirl in his drink as Jen showers a stripper with one-dollar bills. The set ends.

Jen smacks the hat off Eben's head and shows him the time on her phone. Eben dusts the hat off and puts it back on when he spots Chubb. Eben waves and gets his attention--

EXT./INT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB/RAZOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Razor's car cruises through the parking lot. Razor spots Sal's SUV, points.

RAZOR

Pull up over there, right behind him.

Razor wears a calm satisfaction.

EXT./INT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB/CARTEL SUV - NIGHT

Ruben watches this all happen. He pulls out his phone and dials, puts it to his ear. It goes to voicemail.

RUBEN

(in Spanish; subtitled in English)

Fernando, get a taxi and get your ass over here, now.

He watches Razor's car intently.

INT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

Jen and Eben sit across from a skeptical Chubb. The Texan goes back and forth between examining the brick of coke and the duo of dealers: Eben's coked out, Jen's impatient.

CHUBB

I hear what y'all are saying, and I'm a fan of what you're selling but... I, I, just...

He dips a finger in the coke, snorts.

CHUBB (CONT'D)

...grade-A at Grade-D prices? Either, I'm as lucky as I am sexy or the two of you think ol' Chubby's a clown.

Chubb uses a pistol to adjust his cowboy hat. He stands, gives his back to Eben and Jen as he admires his club through the two-way mirror.

CHUBB (CONT'D)

I'm even okay with don't ask, don't tell, and even some kinds of desperate, but the kind you got stinks of something I don't even know if I want to be lucky about. If you're picking up what, I'm putting down.

Eben and Jen share a subtle look of unease--

EXT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

Fernando puts on a ski mask, enters the residence through the slightly open side gate.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Suzie gets ready for bed as Sal hovers.

SAL

I hope you never have a situation  
in your life where you feel you're  
left with no choice.

SUZIE

Lying to me about it was your  
choice.

Sal looks like he could cry. Suzie doesn't soften.

SAL

You're right. Maybe, me and you...  
I don't know. We should have that  
talk when we get to Rosarito.

Sal lowers his gaze. Suzie's sad, and a little shocked.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

Fernando makes his way with a cat burglar's stealth at a leisured pace through the vast home.

EXT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Razor, Henchman 1, and a nervy Steve-0 have a stand off with a bouncer.

RAZOR

Frisk me? How about those two guys  
that just strolled inside like some  
shopping mall shooters?

BOUNCER

You don't gotta come in if you  
don't want to, brotha.

Razor's eyes grow violent, but he cools with a chuckle. With eyes still focused on the bouncer, Razor puts his hand out toward his henchman. The large goon hands him a pistol.

Razor jams the gun's barrel into to the bouncer's gut.

RAZOR

Want me to stay out here with you?

The bouncer steps aside.

INT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

Chubb, Eben, and Jen are as we left them with Chubb's back to them as he watches his club's activity through a two-sided mirror.

EBEN

These aren't Grade-D prices, this is advertisement.

This gets Chubb to turn to them.

CHUBB

Advertisement?

JEN

If we flood places like this with product like that, once you try and sell your piece of shit to them, which clubs you think they're gonna go to?

EBEN

We can do this price now, or, you can let the next guy we talk to set the price later.

Chubb's smile says he's impressed.

CHUBB

Now we're negotiating.

He leans over his chair to ease his large back. Takes a beat.

CHUBB (CONT'D)

Nineteen.

EBEN

Twenty-seven.

CHUBB

Nineteen-two.

EBEN

Twenty-seven-five.

Jen covers her face. When she removes her hands she sees commotion in the distance through Chubb's windows.

INT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Razor, Steve-O, and Henchman 1 stomp through the crowded strip club like heat seeking missiles.

A stripper sashays to Razor, before she can speak--

RAZOR

No.

He keeps moving with Henchman 1 and Steve-O points at a guy and Razor stomps up to the patron. Razor races over and whips the EBEN LOOKALIKE around by his shoulder--

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Found you, mother fu--

The guy wears complete confusion as Razor flashes a pistol underneath his coat. The guy's hands reach for the sky.

EBEN LOOKALIKE

What the?! Help!! Gun!!!  
Security!!!

Panic strikes as strip club attendees notice the situation developing. Razor tucks the pistol away.

Another ATTENDEE tackles Razor. Razor and the guy scrap and roll around. Razor gets the better of him and pins him down. He pulls his razor out of seemingly nowhere and puts it to the guy's face. The man goes stiff.

RAZOR

You like tackling strangers, bitch?  
Let me give you something to  
remember me by.

The person's eyes grow wide--SECURITY GUARDS rush towards Razor and he gets off the attendee and stands with his Henchman 1, ready to go toe-to-toe with the security guards.

INT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

Chubb stares at Eben and a furious Jen.

CHUBB

We're getting closer. Feeling, not  
so bad about the business that's  
burgeoning here. There's a saying,  
down where, I'm from--

JEN

Fuck this.

Jen pulls out a pistol and hands it to Eben who puts it on the table.

JEN (CONT'D)  
We doing this or not?

Chubb lumbers to his desk, eases back in his ostentatious leather chair. He pushes a button underneath the desk that Eben and Jen don't see, and locks his fingers behind his head, relaxed with a smile.

A beat later, the door opens and THREE LARGE MEN enter. Eben and Jen are miffed.

CHUBB  
...I don't gotta say what kinda stand off it is we got here, but it is quite funny innit?

A security guard next to Chubb touches his ear piece and races out of the room. The others follow. Chubb's smile turns into a frown. He hurries and scans through the two sided mirror.

CHUBB (CONT'D)  
Mmmhmm.

We see FROM CHUBB'S POV: Razor and his henchman rumble with three security guards. Razor takes a punch, he delivers one back and knocks the guy to the ground--

Razor's sucker punched from the side by another security guard, he takes it like a champ--

CHUBB (CONT'D)  
Well.

Eben stands, peers through two-sided, puts an unwelcome hand on Chubb's shoulder.

EBEN  
Well, it looks like we're in this together now. For all he knows, you already know it's his.

FROM CHUBB'S POV: Razor flails his razor blade at anyone who dares approach him, cutting people left and right. An impossible animal to corner. His security guards won't even get close and they carry pistols.

EBEN (CONT'D)  
We amigos now, cowboy?

CHUBB

For five percent less, I'll say I never saw you.

Eben's a sphinx. A security guard tries to grab Razor from behind--

Razor plays Zorro with the guard's chest using a razor blade, snatches his gun and clubs him with it.

CHUBB (CONT'D)

In the same bag, I presume?

**SUPER: TIME LEFT: 12:07:24 MONEY OWED: 0**

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Fernando has his machine pistol out with silencer and ski mask on as he moves through the hallway and inches closer to the shut bedroom door. Sal and Suzie on the other side.

SAL (O.S.)

I don't know what it means, right now, we just need to focus on dropping off this cash--

SUZIE (O.S.)

Listen to what you're saying to me!

The Sicario tries the handle. It opens--

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

FROM THE SICARIO'S POV: far across the long room, Suzie sits on the bed staring at a standing Sal. Neither are facing the hitman who's coming from the bickering couple's peripheral.

He's stealthy on the wooden floors. He gets a few steps closer and stops as Suzie's head almost turns to him.

SUZIE

I don't even know who I'm talking too anymore, Sal--

FROM SUZIE'S POV: she turns her head and sees the Sicario with machine pistol aimed at them. Suzie screams!!!

EXT. CHUBB'S STRIP CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jen and Eben, with cell in his hand, wait out an ongoing situation of Razor's crew, armed security guards, and terrified passerby's near their SUV on the other side of the parking lot.

They're uneasy with the bags they hold as observe mayhem in the distance 50 meters or so in front of them.

JEN

Try them again.

Eben calls Sal... No answer. A worried look creeps on Jen. He calls Sal again. No Answer. Jen dials Suzie... no answer.

EBEN

They could be fucking.

Jen doesn't buy that--

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sal stands in a defensive position between a terrified Suzie and the Sicario who casually points his gun at the duo. Sal's and Suzie's phones are on the ground next to the sicario.

SAL

We did everything we were told?!

FERNANDO

(to Sal)

She found out what you did, huh?  
And she still sticks with you?

Fernando spits at the ground.

SUZIE

(petrified)

Please, just leave us alone.

FERNANDO

I can't do that. Your boy doesn't  
play by the rules. Neither can, I.

Fernando keeps the pistol on them as he backs up and locks the door. He moves back to them with a sinister gait and grin.

SAL

Your boss said we have 'til  
tomorrow!



FERNANDO

Maybe, boss will find out you  
attacked me and I had no choice.

Fernando unbuttons his shirt and waves them to the bed.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Get undressed. The both of you.

EXT. CHUBB'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The other sicario Ruben watches casually as Razor has a street fight with security guards. Eben's on the fringe watching with Jen trying to pull him away.

Ruben pulls out his phone and dials. He gets no answers. He hesitates, dials another number.

INT. AIR BNB MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fernando's shirtless and covered in tattoos and scars, he's a lot friendlier with his shirt on. He salivates over what's to come as a terrified Sal and Suzie wait on the bed, naked, and covering their crotches.

SUZIE

(sobbing)

Why are you doing this?! Sal, why  
is he doing this? What the fuck is  
this?!

FERNANDO

Ask your little bitch boyfriend.

She looks to Sal is so broken he can barely mutter his words.

SAL

I fucked up...

FERNANDO

Fucked up? You did more than that,  
didn't you? This, this will be  
fucked up. You're gonna wish you  
got off as easy as, Lucky.

Fernando starts taking off his pants.

His PHONE RINGS. He checks the caller, he hates that he has to answer. He puts it to his ear.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)  
(in Spanish; subtitled in English)  
Uncle. How are you?  
(listens)  
Nothing. We're just finishing up over here for the night.  
(listens with escalating worry)  
Okay, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm on my way--

He puts his gun away and begrudgingly picks his shirt off the floor and heads to the door. Unlocks it and leaves--

Sal and Suzie bear hug each other, happy as ever to be alive. They let go of each other as if remembering they're on bad terms. Sal grabs his cell and dials Eben.

EXT. CHUBB'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

FROM RUBEN'S POV: near Eben's car in the parking lot, Ruben and Razor have guns drawn on each other.

Henchman 1's gun is on Ruben as Steve-O, Mandy, and Cindy stand frightened nearby. An army of Chubb's security guards encircle the gun fighters.

A scowling and wincing Henchman 2 is seated on the concrete with a fresh bullet wound to the abdomen. He does his best to stop the bleeding, but it doesn't look good.

RUBEN  
Your friend will bleed out in two, maybe three minutes. My scanners say your boys in blue are four minutes away.

Henchman 1 wears concern for his fallen friend as Razor could care less, his eyes never leaving Ruben.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
If you put pressure, you get him to a hospital instead of the morgue.

RAZOR  
On my mother and father, you're all dead if you don't kill me.

There's no lie in Razor's eyes.

RUBEN

Your friend's eyes are closing,  
amigo.

Henchman 1 hurries to Henchman 2 as it's now just a one on one with Razor and Ruben. Steve-0 and the girls try to inch away, without even looking at them Ruben addresses them:

RUBEN (CONT'D)

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

They stop moving.

A car with a broken driver's side window pulls up, the security guards move to let it in the fray--out jumps Fernando with assault rifle aimed at everyone. He hurries to Razor and puts the gun to the side of his head.

RAZOR

Your guys stole my cocaine! You understand that, don't you?

FERNANDO

That piece of shit is not my guy.

The hitman removes the safety. Razor puts his gun down. Fernando quickly zip ties his hands behind his back.

Eben shows the bag of money to the hitmen without opening it. Ruben nods at him and Fernando stares him down. In turn, Ruben stares Fernando down.

Eben strolls up to a snarling Razor.

EBEN

I guess I should thank you.

RAZOR

You're mother fucking dead. You hear me? Fucking dead. You had better pray these men kill me.

Razor spits at the ground and Fernando enjoys his reaction.

EBEN

You had better start praying.

Eben chuckles.

JEN

Come the fuck on, fool.

Jen pulls Eben away, just as--

Eben's blindsided and slapped across the face by Mandy.

MANDY

You, motherfucker!

Cindy is ready to slap him too until Jen flashes a pistol.

JEN

Back.. the.. fuck.. up, bitches.

The girls scream--

Ruben shushes them, pulls out a wad of cash, and tosses it to Cindy who doesn't know what to say.

From RAZOR'S POV: he notices a tattoo on Ruben's hand and neck. A tiny chill runs down his spine.

RUBEN

If police get involved, so do your families.

The girls gulp worry and nod. A bound Razor grows furious as he glares at Eben and Jen happily walking away with a bag of money. Still in earshot of Razor, Eben gloats:

EBEN

(in Spanish; subtitled in English)

Next stop, beautiful fucking Rosarito tomorrow, baby!

Eben and Jen fist bump then celebrate.

RAZOR

(to Ruben)

A quarter of a million dollars if you untie me. For each of you. I got two-hundred in the trunk, the rest just a drive up the 5.

Razor nods to his trunk, Fernando goes to it and pops it. He looks inside and we don't see what he finds, but he's pleased.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

We're on the same side, guys. I've never met your boss, but lets just say I'm familiar with his game.

Ruben and Fernando share a look like they have a decision to make.

EXT./INT. SAN DIEGO ROAD/SAL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Eben bops to Dean Martin's, "Ain't Love a Kick" like he's on easy street. Jen glares frustration.

EBEN

What?!

Jen keeps glaring. Eben turns the music off.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Loca, we won. I don't see your problem. We're not going to die anymore.

JEN

You mean, one guy "might" not kill you. If that scary Haitian guy lives, he's definitely going to kill you. That sounded serious.

Realization hits Eben. Winning doesn't feel so good anymore--

The car swerves and Eben quickly corrects it and slows down, FLASHING RED LIGHTS and a POLICE SIREN go off. Eben and Jen stiffen but try to remain calm.

EBEN

Fuck.

Jen slides the black duffle bag on the back seat to the floor mat as Eben pulls over.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Eben waits, dejected, as Jen watches THE COP in the rear view. He's on his radio out of earshot.

Moments later the cop marches back with his flashlight. Eben sits up straight.

COP

Sir, this is not your vehicle and your license is expired. Not to mention, you got two tail lights out as well as the lower part of your signal light on the left.

The cop shines his light in Eben's face, then Jen's.

COP (CONT'D)

The two of you are just trying to ruin my night aren't you?

They sheepishly shake their heads no.

JEN

Not at all, officer.

Something he sees dissatisfies him. He shines the light in the back.

Eben moves his hand to his gun tucked into his waist beneath his shirt and Jen's eyes beg him not to do what he's thinking about doing.

COP

I'm gonna need you to step out of the vehicle, sir. You two, ma'am. Other side.

Eben puts his hands up. Jen slowly reaches for the handle on her side--

COP (CONT'D)

Come on, move it. Palms forward.

Eben and Jen exit.

COP (CONT'D)

Next to the vehicle, facing me. Slowly.

The couple comply, the cop shines his light in the car, he spots the bag--

A CAR ZOOMS by at a ridiculous speed. The cop's torn on staying or going. He hurries to his car and races after the speeding car. Eben and Jen wear relief...

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Suzie's curled up in the blankets with her back turned to Sal who sits next to her and strokes her back. He leans over to see if she's sleeping. Her eyes are closed. He quietly gets up and tiptoes out of the room.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - NIGHT

Sal looks out the window at the street and all is calm. He exhales calm and walks off--

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER)

Sal WAKES UP TO THE SOUND OF A GUN SHOT on TV, laughing next to Sal as he shakes sleep off is Eben with remote control in hand and Jen who snacks on finger foods from the coffee table and glares at Sal like a girlfriend's bestie scorned.

EBEN

There he is.

Sal stands and instead of doing their handshake, they hug. The embrace lingers.

SAL

Thank God, man.

EBEN

I know, bro. We fucking did this shit.

JEN

How's my girl?

SAL

Better now.

JEN

You don't deserve her. You know that right?

Sal drops his head and nods yes. Jen stomps off when--

SAL

Wait.

Sal holds up his finger, it's bleeding again. She ties her hair back and reaches in her purse and digs in it for something.

JEN

(focused on her purse)  
Is she okay?

SAL

She is, I don't know if we are.

Jen's face has zero pity for him. Eben feels bad.

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Suzie lays on the bed in the same curled up position we saw her last with her eyes wide open.

EXT. SAN DIEGO SKYLINE - NIGHT/DAY (ESTABLISHING)

WE SEE CARS ZOOM BY APPEARING MORE LIKE BEAMS OF LIGHT with their movements sped up. Night slowly transforms into day as the sun rises--

INT. SAL'S ROOM - DAY

Sal wakes, a beat up and bloodied Razor hangs over him. The gangster puts his hands around Sal's neck and squeezes the life out of him. Sal looks over at Suzie, the sicario's have their guns on her, undressing her--

INT. AIRBNB MANSION - COUCH - DAY

Sweating and dreaming violently, Sal wakes in a flash. A night terror. He breathes himself to calm, checks the time on his phone.

**SUPER: Sunday. TIME LEFT: 06:28:11 DISTANCE TO DROP: 38.7 miles...**

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A lizard does it's best to make it's way across a highway as a car approaches. It's almost clear as it's crushed.

EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY - DAY

Sal's SUV makes it's way down the freeway. A sign for San Ysidro in three miles comes up, last US exit.

INT. SAL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (SAME TIME)

Eben sits shotgun with Sal, the girls sit in the back. Jen tries to make eye contact with Suzie, but Suzie's gaze is out the window.

Sal turns to Suzie.

SAL

Can we please just pull over and talk? Please? We have plenty of time to spare.

Suzie shakes her head in disbelief.



SUZIE

You mean, time to spare on a trip that was supposed to be about me, but turned into some narco drug operation putting me and my entire family in jeopardy.

Jen and Eben share a look like they want to disappear. After a few long beats.

SAL

I can tell you about the four leaf clover you found on your pillow.

You could hear a pin drop.

EXT. MEXICO - SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Eben and Jen lean against the car and watch Suzie and Sal bicker in the vast Mexican desert about half a football field away.

EBEN

They say white couple's don't fight. They're either smiling or killing each other.

Eben laughs at himself.

JEN

Sal's not white you fucking idiot.

Eben's face says he disagrees.

A CAR ZOOMS by. Eben and Jen watch it go, then go back to watching Suzie and Sal, but Suzie just stares at what looks like (from that distance) a cellphone. Jen starts walking over.

EXT. DIRT FIELD - DAY

Suzie glares at Sal's phone: a picture of the threatening letter he received.

SAL

Got the letter just before you got home. I think Lucky's dad or uncle sent me this. It could be both. One of them the letter and the other is the guy making the calls, I think.

Suzie makes eye contact, but looks at Sal as if she doesn't know him anymore.

SAL (CONT'D)

Suz...

She silences him with a raised hand. She hands the phone back with the other.

Her head hurts all of a sudden, she moves away from Sal as she processes. She looks to the skies, then the Mexico desert dirt; this is a lot to take in.

Sal has no words, but wants to say something. A CAR DRIVES BY, but Sal keeps his focus on Suzie.

SUZIE

I need to hear exactly how it happened.

He nods.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

We see the UNKNOWN MALE (20s) **from earlier flashbacks** and his name is LUCKY. He wears a chain with a studded four-leaf clover emblem around his neck. Lucky points a butcher knife at a terrified Sal who's pinned up against the alley fence.

**FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

LUCKY

I'm not asking you for more. I'm telling you. I got some shit in my car with no prints on it. I could just suicide you and take all the money. Matter of fact, fuck this...

Lucky marches to his car.

Sal stares blankly, unsure what to do, he reaches at a gun tucked into the back of his pants and pulls it out. His shaky hands aim it at Lucky. He stops aiming, he can't do this.

FROM LUCKY'S POV: he makes it to his car, flings the door open and opens his glove box--

FROM SAL'S POV: Sal fires a shot and misses! Lucky goes to lift his gun and Sal fires a couple of shots and hits him in the thigh.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

You're fucking dead!

Lucky does his best to run away...

Sal CLOSES HIS EYES.

**OVER BLACK.**

WE HEAR SEVERAL GUNSHOTS and thuds hitting metal, concrete and many other items.

SAL OPENS HIS EYES and we SEE AGAIN.

Lucky is bleeding out on the ground, trying to curse at Sal as he gurgles blood. Sal stares at the body in complete shock. Sal and his wobbly legs stumble away--

EXT./INT. STREET/SAL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Sal drives, screams, and cries with a gun in the passenger's seat.

EXT. SAN DIEGO PIER - NIGHT

Sal stands at the end of the pier, holds a gun in his hand. Sal cocks his arm back, readies to toss the gun into the abyss.

**END SEQUENCE**

EXT. DESERT - DAY (PRESENT)

A cried out Sal stares at the dirt. He has no words for Suzie. She studies him for truth.

EXT. MEXICO - SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Eben and Jen observe Sal and Suzie from a closer perspective but out of earshot. Their car now several meters behind them.

Jen sours as she sees Sal grab Suzie's shoulder and Suzie snatch her shoulder away from him. Jen marches closer.

EBEN

Baby, relax.

She keeps marching.

EBEN (CONT'D)

What the fuck...

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - SAL'S CAR - DAY

A gloved hand we don't recognize tries the driver's side door handle of Sal's SUV and it's locked. He breaks the window--

EXT. MEXICO - DIRT FIELD - DAY (SAME TIME)

Sal pleads with Suzie who's back is turned.

SAL

Lucky's known for making people disappear, Suz. If I didn't kill him, I was dead.

SUZIE

You said he was running away.

SAL

Suz, I--look, I know what I did was terrible. I know getting involved with someone like that was dumb as shit and I wish I could take it back, but I needed to help my mom and I couldn't think of anything else.

SUZIE

Did talking to me ever come close to crossing your mind, Sal?

She shakes her head, wards off tears.

SAL

Everyday.

They stare at each other for a few emotionally tense beats until... Suzie blinks herself back to reality.

SUZIE

I just--I just need to go home, Sal. I just want to go home. Now.

Sal goes to touch her and she flinches.

SAL

Suzie, if we don't show up, all of us... they'll...

Sal doesn't have to finish the words.

SUZIE

I'll call the fucking cops. I don't care what happens.

SAL  
To your parents?

Suzie stares through him.

EXT. MEXICO - NEAR SAL'S CAR - DAY

Expensive shoes, a pair of military styled boots, and some tennis shoes move with purpose through the desert terrain.

EXT. MEXICO - DIRT FIELD - DAY (SAME TIME)

Sal and Suzie are where we left them.

SUZIE  
I think your lies have finally  
undone us. I can't do this anymore.  
I don't think I know you anymore.

Sal nods his way through the atom-bomb that's been dropped on him. He fights tears. Sadness slowly changes to anger.

SAL  
Just me, right? I'm the only one  
who lies?!

Suzie's confused.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Your journal.

Suzie folds her arms and unfolds them. She feels naked all of a sudden and horrified by this.

Eben and Jen arrive on the fringe of this desert fight standing fifteen meters or so from it, but plenty close to hear it all.

SAL (CONT'D)  
You did something "so regrettable  
you couldn't tell me because it  
would tear us apart for good." Your  
reaction when I said, Jen at the  
Airbnb. It wasn't her, was it?

Suzie can't keep the tears back.

SAL (CONT'D)  
We were only broken up for eight-  
days.

SUZIE

You killed a cartel loan shark or whoever and put my life in danger! Are we really talking about this right now, Sal?

SAL

There's no way it was fucking, Eben. So who was it?

Suzie can't answer and does her best to wipe tears and make herself stop crying.

SUZIE

Fuck you, Sal! Who cheated first?! Fuck this! All of this... everything is on you. Do not try and make this about me.

Eben and Jen share a look and they both look guilty as shit.

SAL

I told you I killed someone and have been running around like a crazy person being threatened by the cartel, and you can't even say a name? After all that truth talk, Suz? Who was it?

Suzie glances passed Sal at Eben and Jen. Sal follows her gaze--

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

### **FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

We see **Suzie's first flashback from earlier of Suzie and another girl on the bed. We see that girl is JEN!** Eben is also on the bed as a drunken Suzie is kissed by Jen.

Jen encourages Eben to try. Eben and Suzie are reluctant, but Jen physically forces them. It's short and innocent.

Jen grabs Suzie's face and kisses her, its innocent but turns into making out. Jen grabs Eben's hand and put's it on Suzie's clothed breast and Suzie is okay with it. Jen forces Eben to kiss Suzie again and this time passion ignites.

Jen takes off Suzie's shirt. Suzie stops kissing Eben and takes Jen's shirt off.

The girls admire each other as Eben unbuckles his pants. He starts pulling Suzie's jeans off...

**END SEQUENCE**

EXT. DESERT - DAY (PRESENT)

Sal's nauseas as he leans over. Suzie has no words. He spits like he's about to be sick. Suzie doesn't know what to say or do.

Eben wants to disappear.

Sal finds his bearings and glares death at Eben. Sal stomps to him; Eben closes his eyes and opens them again, hands Jen his pistol and readies for Sal's rage.

EBEN

Bro, bro, bro--I'm fucking--

Sal reaches Eben with a flurry of punches that mostly miss as Eben is a fighter and Sal's not.

EBEN (CONT'D)

It was bullshit!

Sal swings and misses.

SAL

Fuck you!!

Sal tackles Eben to the ground, Eben has his back on the dirt and a rabid Sal on top of him. Eben keeps Sal from throwing punches.

EBEN

We were fucking drunk! It just fucking happened!--

Sal breaks free, punches Eben in the face. It hurts, but makes Eben angry. Sal throws another punch, Eben dodges it and reverses their positions.

EBEN (CONT'D)

It was an accident, hermano!

(crying)

I'm fucking sorry, man! We Were so fucked up! I don't even remember! I swear to God! I'm so fucking sorry, man!

He hits himself in the head out of anger. Saddens drastically.

EBEN (CONT'D)

I am fucking sorry, my brother. I wanted to kill myself. Jen had to talk me out of the shit.

Sal huff and puffs, but doesn't calm. He knees Eben in the groin and stands.

EBEN (CONT'D)

(struggling)

You, motherfucker... Are you serious...?

Sal rushes him and Eben takes him to the ground and kneels on Sal's neck. Sal struggles to breathe and slowly loses consciousness when--

Eben notices Sal's broken gold watch.

Eben gets off Sal immediately. His face spells total remorse. Sal realizes what Eben's looking at and he breaks down in tears. Eben cries too.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Sal. We're in this for life, man, you know th--

JEN

Look out, baby!!

Jen sees Razor just as he reaches Eben with a gloved punch to face. The punch levels Eben and nearly knocks him unconscious. The blow is incapacitating.

Jen and Suzie SCREAM as Henchman 1 with pistol drawn as well as an armed Steve-O wave guns at them.

HENCHMAN 1

Sit, now.

Henchman 1 points his gun at a dejected Sal who takes a seat in the dirt fixed on his broken watch.

Steve-O's gun is going back and forth between the girls.

Razor grabs Eben by his shirt collar lifting his torso nearly in an upright position. Eben can barely keep his eyes open from passing out.

RAZOR

(in French; subtitled in English)

You think you could steal from me!?

(MORE)



RAZOR (CONT'D)

You piece of shit! I'll teach you  
who you can and cannot fuck with!

Razor punches him in the face and holds him with his other  
hand. Eben clings to consciousness.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

(in French; subtitled in  
English)

You steal from me and try and kill  
me!?

He punches him again and holds him up with his other hand.  
Eben is unconscious. Razor drops him.

STEVE-O

Fuck this.

Steve-O **drops his gun in the dirt** and hurries away.

Jen reaches for the pistol tucked into the back of her pants  
and aims it at Razor. Henchman 1 takes his sights off Sal and  
points his gun at Jen.

HENCHMAN 1

(to Jen)

Drop it, or die!

Razor leaves the seemingly lifeless Eben alone and smiles at  
Jen. Jen aims at the Henchman.

HENCHMAN 1 (CONT'D)

Boss?

RAZOR

Put one in her leg. Try to miss an  
artery.

Razor notices Sal sneaking his way.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

And watch this one.

The Henchman now has his gun alternating between Jen and Sal.  
Suzie picks up Steve-O's gun and aims it at Henchman 1.

SUZIE

Drop your gun!

Henchman 1 turns to her and smiles. He aims back at her.  
Suzie is shaky and the Henchman is not. Sal puts his hand out  
offering to take the gun.

SAL

Suz.

She stays focused on the henchman. Razor tries to make a move and Jen puts her gun on him.

HENCHMAN 1

(to Suzie)

Two seconds to drop it, or its over.

Suzie doesn't budge.

HENCHMAN 1 (CONT'D)

One--

Jen turns and shoots him twice in the side of his torso. Henchman 1 drops--

Razor whips out his gun and raises it at Jen when--

Suzie SHOOTs SEVERAL BULLETS--

EXT. MEXICO DESERT - DAY

FROM AN AERIAL VANTAGE as if a bird high up in the sky or a drone were seeing this, we see the aftermath of the carnage and our four travelers in chaos, other than them and the bodies, there's nobody and nothing but two lane road and desert for miles and miles...

EXT. MEXICO - DESERT - DAY

A badly beaten Eben and Sal scream at each other while a traumatized Suzie is being hugged by a hardened Jen.

**SUPER: TIME LEFT: 04:04:06. DISTANCE TO DROP: 26.6 miles...**

EBEN

None of us barely even remember the shit...

SAL

It doesn't matter!

Eben tends to his concussed head.

EBEN

You don't think, I know that, man...? I know I can't say shit, or reverse any of this fuckin' shit.

(MORE)

EBEN (CONT'D)

I just know if the shit was reversed, puto, I could forgive you because, we're family, motherfucker!

SAL

Not after this, man.

Eben's anger helps him overcome his hurt head.

EBEN

No coming back, fool?!

Eben stands up straight as he can and looks ready to square off on Sal.

EBEN (CONT'D)

We've been boys since we were fucking ten-years old, and the only reason I haven't put one in you already over this fucking letter shit is because we're fucking family... No coming back, bitch?

Eben pulls out his gun and aims it at Sal.

EBEN (CONT'D)

Who's a bigger dirtbag? The motherfucker who hates himself for hooking up with his best friend's girl, or the guy who lies to his girl, and his best friend and puts them in a situation to all get fucking killed?

Sal drops his head and sobs. Het lets it all out.

SAL

Just do it.

Sal closes his eyes and waits for death.

Eben cares, but tries not to as Jen could care less while Suzie's in trauma land rocking back and forth staring at the desert dirt she sits in. She's right there, but may as well be a million miles away.

Eben tucks his gun away, puts out his hand for Sal to shake.

EBEN

I'm fucking sorry, hermano. So fucking sorry.

Sal opens his eyes, takes it and shakes it.

SAL

Me too...

JEN

E-fucking-nuff! Yo, can you two get out of your fucking feelings and get rid of these dead bodies?

(looking at Suzie)

Lets at least get this one out of here. Not trying to ruin her fucking life because you two stupid motherfuckers wanted to rob a cocaine dealer to pay off a cocaine king pin.

Jen huffs and puffs. Eben grabs his head like he has a migraine.

EBEN

You're always so fucking loud.

She smacks him in the head.

JEN

Which one of you is gonna go catch that white boy who took off running and is definitely the type to go to the cops?

EXT. MEXICO - SIDE OF THE ROAD - DUSK

Steve-O brisk walks and continuously looks over his shoulder.

STEVE-O

Thank fucking, God! Thank fucking, God! Shit! Fuck!

We see the road ahead of Steve-O is going to be a long impossible walk home. He doesn't care; elated to be alive with a bag in his arms that he squeezes to his chest.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Sal, Eben, Jen, and Suzie are where we left them.

SUZIE

He's a drug dealer. He's also committed enough felonies this weekend to put him away until he's twice his age.

Suzie stands, dusts herself off, and walks away. Jen watches her go in admiration. Eben refuses to watch her and Sal wears lament.

SAL  
(to Eben)  
Come on.

EXT. DESERT - DUSK

We see Eben and Sal as they drag two bodies along the desert leaving blood trails in the sand.

**SUPER: TIME LEFT: 2 hours 58 minutes.**

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Shallow two-foot graves are dug as the breathless duo of Eben and Sal, sit on the desert floor and regard their work and each other. Each with a shoe in hand that looks like it's been used to dig.

A lifeless Razor and his henchman nearby. Eben summons energy and stands, Sal does too. They roll a dead Razor into the hole.

**SUPER: TIME LEFT: 1 hour and 22 minutes....**

EXT. SAL'S MOM'S HOME - DUSK

It's nearing night, a man ominously stands in the front yard and watches the place. He wears leather gloves and he's antsy. He takes a picture of the home.

EXT. DESERT - SAL'S SUV - NIGHT

The gang walks up and sees the broken window to Sal's SUV with slashed tire. Sal hurries and enters the car. The bag with money is gone.

Sal drops to his knees and Jen and Eben hug each other with worry. Suzie's frazzled and doesn't seem to grasp it all.

Sal finds his way to his legs, enters Razor's car and searches. Nothing. He pops the trunk: some rope and two shovels, but no bag of money.

He grabs the shovel and tosses it on the ground with force.

Sal sits on the ground in total defeat. Eben limps to Sal and puts a hand on top of his head.

EBEN  
So, now we run.

SAL  
To where? In what?

Eben regards Razor's car.

SAL (CONT'D)  
We cannot drive around in a dead person's car, man.

EBEN  
It's simple, bro. We take the only option we got.

Sal regards Suzie just staring off into the vast desert.

SAL  
Wait, think I got a spare if he's got a jack.

Sal lifts the trunk lining covering Razor's spare tire--

We don't see what Sal sees, but Sal drops to his knees.

Eben makes his way to the trunk at a labored pace. He cannot believe his eyes.

Jen comes over and takes a look. She wraps around Eben like a happy anaconda as we see hundreds of thousands of dollars in bricked bills wrapped in plastic.

SUZIE  
Prints.

Nobody knows what she's talking about.

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
Do not leave any finger prints.

Sal uses his shirt to start wiping things down. All, but Suzie do the same--

EXT./INT. MEXICAN ROAD/SAL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Sal drives up front with Suzie who focuses on the passing desert landscape outside of her window, while in the backseat, Jen tends to the aftermath of Eben's beating. Suzie nods off to sleep.

He checks the time on his phone.

**SUPER: TIME LEFT: 0:22:09 DISTANCE TO DROP: 16 miles.**

EXT. MEXICAN MANSION - NIGHT

The car navigates down a long and luxurious driveway.

**SUPER: TIME LEFT: 0:07:34 DISTANCE TO DROP... 0**

EXT./INT. MEXICAN MANSION/SAL'S CAR - NIGHT

Suzie wakes in the front seat as Jen and Eben watch Sal at the front entrance of the home as he hands money to a man with an AK-47 around his neck. The man shakes Sal's hand. Re-enters the home.

Suzie stares blankly as Sal makes his way back to them. Sal heads directly for Suzie's side of the car and signals for her to roll down her window.

Suzie hears these words through a fog and storm. **They come in distorted to her:**

SAL

They want us to come inside.

She blinks at Sal as if his words do not register.

INT. CARTEL MANSION - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Sal, Suzie, Eben, and Jen enter the grand foyer like an alien species as many heads turn to see the underdressed newcomers walking into the middle of a lively upscale cocktail party. Men and women also fill the adjacent rooms.

Sal notices an ARMED MAN with ear piece moving toward them.

INT. CARTEL MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The four follow the armed man through the extravagant home. They move away from the music and the bulk of the party.

INT. CARTEL MANSION - ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The four wait outside of a room and are being baby sat by an armed woman. **A violent argument ensues beyond the doors between a man and a woman in Spanish.**

Finally, the shouting stops, the door opens and a very well dressed MEXICAN WOMAN exits. She gives the four an extended look, then storms off toward another wing of the home, but curiously not back toward the party.

The armed woman leads them into the room--

INT. CARTEL MANSION - BACK ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The four enter and see a frustrated Boss Espinoza who's calming down and finding his manners as he smiles politely enough not to frighten.

BOSS ESPINOZA

Tequila?

He surveys the room, nobody budes, finally Eben nods yes.

BOSS ESPINOZA (CONT'D)

Okay! Very good. Eben-azar, I presume?

Spooked, Eben nods. The cartel drug lord addresses Sal.

BOSS ESPINOZA (CONT'D)

And this is of course, the Salvatore Antonio Reyes Jr. The one who brings us all here tonight.

The boss surveys all but Sal for a reaction.

BOSS ESPINOZA (CONT'D)

Ah, so you know that he murdered my nephew over twenty-five thousand dollars?

Nobody says anything and the drug lord finds this amusing.

BOSS ESPINOZA (CONT'D)

Wow. A violent crew, you are. I do not judge books by their covers.

The boss turns and pours five tequila shots; hands one to each guest. He holds up his shot glass.

BOSS ESPINOZA (CONT'D)

Salud.

Everyone takes their shot.



BOSS ESPINOZA (CONT'D)  
Your Sal, for instance. Who would think someone this normal looking could not possess a spine and be capable of shooting someone in the back?

He POUNDS the table next to him with his fist. A moment later, like a true psychopath, he transforms to calm.

BOSS ESPINOZA (CONT'D)  
That woman you just see marching out that door in those two-thousand dollar shoes she hates, somehow loves you, and just--how do you say? Prolonged your lives.

Everyone's spooked. A beat goes by.

BOSS ESPINOZA (CONT'D)  
This is no joke, I'm afraid. She has compassion. Is that how you say? Compassion.

Nobody answers.

BOSS ESPINOZA (CONT'D)  
I will tell you something, though. I didn't like Lucky. Not a chance. He was a fool, and he disrespects the family. But he's still blood, no? Even if he was the biggest asshole, my brother in prison and his wife still cried for two-months straight. They still cry if you even say the word lucky.

Boss Espinoza relives the pain, he leans on a table; a clenched fist supports his weight. He calms, regards the spooked-foursome, smiles welcomingly.

BOSS ESPINOZA (CONT'D)  
Anyway.  
(grabs tequila bottle)  
We have another. Yes?

There are a few beats of silence among everyone.

BOSS ESPINOZA (CONT'D)  
Do not all agree at once.

He laughs at himself. Shakes his head at how funny he is.

He pours five more drinks. Jen slowly reaches in her purse to grab her pistol and Eben subtly stops her with his eyes; they spy an ARMED SICARIO just outside the windowed room.

Boss Espinoza finishes pouring five tequilas and hands them to the frightened guests one-by-one.

BOSS ESPINOZA (CONT'D)

To life. Being here. For as long as we all should live.

They take their shots and the boss signals to the armed person in the room to take them away.

EXT. CARTEL MANSION - NIGHT

Hastily, the creeps out foursome move to the car. As they are all getting ready to get inside--

Suzie can't bring herself to enter, her eyes well up.

SAL

Lets get you back home, alright? I promise you, everything that's happened today won't come back to you. If it means my life. Okay?

He tries to wipe her tears, but she flinches. He puts his hands up in surrender. She wipes her face.

SUZIE

I just wanna go home...

EBEN

Guera... we're all dead tired and we're less than thirty minutes away from our destination.

Suzie isn't budging on this.

SAL

I'll drive. You all can sleep in the car.

EBEN

Our beds and the beach are right there, hermano. Come on. After all of this we're really not going to at least spend one night in Rosarito?

Jen yawns, and as much as she loves Suzie, she's on Eben's side. Suzie stomps into the car and shuts the door.

Jen stares at Sal coldly before entering and hugging Suzie. Eben watches Sal like a fragile being.

EBEN (CONT'D)  
You alright, man?

Sal shrugs, then shakes his head no and fights tears. He laughs sarcastically as they sit in silence a beat. Sal holds up wrists and shows Eben his broken watch.

SAL  
Looks like I'll need a new good  
luck charm.

Eben takes a beat before saying anything...

EBEN  
Maybe that things been bad luck  
after all, hermano.  
(beat)  
Let me hold onto it if you don't  
want it though.

Eben smirks. The two share a light laugh. Sal takes off the watch and hands it to Eben.

EBEN (CONT'D)  
Seriously?

Sal nods. Eben admires the watch and hands it back.

EBEN (CONT'D)  
Naw, I don't need luck anymore  
unless I'm in Vegas, hermano. I  
think I'm done with all this too.

Sal wears a hint of shock that Eben sees.

EBEN (CONT'D)  
What, bitch? I got dreams too. I'm  
just forming those fucking clouds  
into shapes and shit, you know?

Eben playfully pushes him. Sal smiles and nods. They give each other a big hug, then let go and linger.

SAL  
Whatever you decide, you got great  
things in front of you, man.

EBEN

I don't know if you really believe that, but I know that you're the only person in my life that will ever tell me some good lies like that. Not even my own bitch.

Eben nods to that and then almost cries, he pats Sal on the chest and then enters the car.

Sal looks down the road both ways, nothing but blackness.

EXT./INT. MEXICO ROAD/SAL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Sal drives as Eben sits shotgun with the girls in the back.

Eben puts on the song "Sleepwalker" from the classic, *La Bamba*. It's guitar strings cry. Lost in the song, Eben looks to the back seat at his girlfriend, she reads her bible, he's fascinated by his woman.

EBEN

What you praying for?

JEN

(closes bible, gives him  
her focus)

You. All of us. Those two assholes in the dirt. Motherfuckers on the streets, right now. Everyone.

Eben does the Sign of the Cross.

EBEN

Lord forgive me for all my sins.

Eben laughs.

JEN

(annoyed and serious)

Asking for forgiveness for real is how you get to walk with him after.

EBEN

After...

JEN

Death, dummy.

Eben thinks a few beats. Serious for what seems the first time in his life.

EBEN

Pray for my niece and nephews then,  
alright? My big headed fucking  
sister too.

Jen notices how serious he is.

EBEN (CONT'D)

For my father too, alright. That  
piece of dog shit.

(beat)

And that I can be with you after,  
but like after 80-years from now,  
okay? Not in two years after some  
fucking car crash.

He smiles and she playfully hits him. She sheds a tear, then  
holds Eben's hand and closes her eyes.

Sal holds up his phone out the window as high as he can, then  
checks the map. He has no service.

SAL

Did we pass the road?

EXT./INT. RURAL ROAD/SAL'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked, Eben and Sal stand outside and put their phones in  
the air to get service. Sal's closest to Suzie's rolled down  
window.

EBEN

(to himself)

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

SAL

(to Suzie)

I know you can never forgive me,  
and I don't even deserve your  
forgiveness, but just know, I'm  
sorry, Suz. I'd do anything for  
another chance. God knows--

SUZIE

I think it's gotten too bad to ever  
have a chance to be good again.  
Don't you?

Silent beat, **a car comes down the road missing a headlight.**  
The car is off in the not so far distance and coming fast.  
Sal puts his back to the vehicle to focus on Suzie.

SAL

I don't know, but, I know if there  
was ever a--

BOOM! A GUNSHOT as the vehicle passes by.

Blood splatters Suzie and everywhere else. In shock, briefly,  
Suzie unleashes a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM.

Sal took a bullet to the back which exited his gut. Shock  
covers his face as he uses his hands to cradle his abdomen.

The vehicle is a utility van and it comes to a halt just  
meters down the road in front of Sal's SUV as Eben watches  
and takes cover in front of the vehicle.

Four hitmen exit with assault rifles and one of them is  
Fernando. Eben pulls out his pistol--

JEN

(to Eben and Suzie)  
This way!--

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

SOUNDLESS FROM SAL'S POV as he struggles to stand: its blurry  
as his eyes scan... Suzie exits the car from the passenger  
side and join Eben and Jen on the far side of the SUV away  
from the road.

Sal focuses on the road ahead of him and the endless black.  
He blinks as he loses consciousness, one dying step at a  
time. It draws the armed men and Fernando away from the SUV.  
Fernando laughs.

FROM FERNANDO'S POV: he watches Sal limp away and continues  
to close in on him.

FERNANDO

Today's not your lucky day.

He turns to the other killers.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Put the others in the van.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Eben, with pistol drawn, leads the girls into the desert  
night as the hitmen move in on the vehicle and search the  
dark area.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Fernando is close enough to Sal to hear him wheezing.

FERNANDO  
Did Lucky beg you?

Sal turns and notices who it is; he also spots the darkened and fuzzy figures of Suzie, Eben, and Jen fleeing. This motivates him to limp away faster. Fernando wants to laugh.

Sal's able to get to a light jog. Impressed, Fernando watches a beat, shoots him in one of his legs--

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Eben angrily cries as he's being held back by Jen and Suzie and tries to get back to the action.

EBEN  
Let me fucking go!!

JEN  
Papi, he's gone!!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Hunched over, Sal limps with his wounded leg he clutches with one hand and the other covering his bleeding torso.

Fernando SHOTS HIM IN THE OTHER LEG. Down goes Sal.

From SAL'S POV: we see his last glimpses of the road in front of him and the vast blackness with sand and bushes and trees. We hear Jen and Suzie's warped screams.

Sal manages to turn his head towards the noise, feels a barrel pressed to his head... SILENCE, then a FLASH. Everything fades into blackness.

**BLACK.**

INT. WHITE UTILITY VAN - NIGHT

**BLACK. A PHONE RINGS.**

We slowly begin to see the scenario from EBEN'S POV: as he blinks to consciousness and sees Suzie with assault rifle pressed to her head by one of the four GUNMEN. He then notices a dead Sal laying on the van floor toward the rear.

Eben tries to wiggle free and realizes he's bound by the hands and feet. He almost smiles, then scowls as he tries to wiggle free.

EBEN

Not again...

Fernando answers the ringing phone.

FERNANDO

Uncle.

(nodding)

Okay.

Fernando places the phone on speaker, and rests it on top of Sal's lifeless body.

BOSS ESPINOZA(V.O.)

Amigos. I'm sorry it had to go down like this.

SUZIE

You're all fucking monsters!!

EBEN

(fading)

Let us go... We will pay you whatever--whatever you... want.

BOSS ESPINOZA (V.O.)

Pay me? It was never about money and it was never about me. My brother, on the other hand?

EXT. WHITE UTILITY VAN - NIGHT

Jen inches her way to the van from about 15 meters or so out with a pistol in her hand.

INT. WHITE UTILITY VAN - NIGHT

Fernando merges a call on his phone.

FERNANDO

Hello?

A MAN'S VOICE comes in. It's bitter and raspy:

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Is it done?

Fernando eyes a dead Sal.



BOSS ESPINOZA (V.O.) FERNANDO  
Si. Yes, father.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Very good. God is good, all the  
time. Today is the first good day  
in nearly two years.

EBEN  
Please, man! Let us go! We had  
nothing to do with this!

SUZIE  
Please!

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
(in Spanish; subtitled in  
English)  
Who are they?

FERNANDO  
The best friend and girlfriend,  
poppa.

BOSS ESPINOZA (V.O.)  
They think perhaps that, you will  
have mercy.

There is a long silent beat.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
(in Spanish; subtitled in  
English)  
No. Let their parents share my  
pain. Let their families suffer as  
ours has. There is a lesson here.

BOSS ESPINOZA (V.O.)  
Your son did try to squeeze the  
dead one for a little extra and  
threaten his life...

They wait a hopeful couple of beats.

EBEN  
Please!!!  
(sobbing)  
Take me, let her go! She has  
nothing to do with this! She's not  
a part of this life... She's about  
to go to Princeton on a full ride.

SUZIE

(sobbing)

Please... My parents. My family...

(sobs harder)

None of us will ever say a word. We swear! We just want to go home! I want to go home!

The man hangs up the phone. Suzie's eyes go wide and Eben shuts his eyes as they await their doom--

EXT. WHITE UTILITY VAN - NIGHT

Jen is coming up on the driver's side door, its empty, as is the passenger's side. She can hear the phone conversation through the van's walls.

BOSS ESPINOZA(O.S.)

You heard, my brother.

There are a few beats of eerie silence. Jen hurries to the handle at the rear of the van and readies to open--

INT. WHITE UTILITY VAN - NIGHT

The situation looks bleak for Eben and Suzie.

EBEN

Wait! No please! I can get another hundred-thousand, right now!!

Fernando laughs uproariously--

The VAN DOOR FLIES OPEN and Jen fires a shot at a gunman and hits him in his neck. A hail of bullets are exchanged. A gunman aims a gun at Suzie and Eben manages to leap at him--

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (PRESENT)

The calmest of days are just beginning to taste the morning.

**SUPER: Monday.**

The home's sprinklers come on at Suzie's parents' home as well as the homes next to it as if synchronized.

EXT. EBEN'S SISTER'S HOUSE - DAY

The home is peaceful and quiet, although the surrounding streets are not.

EXT. JEN'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

JEN'S MOTHER prays with her bible and rosary on the porch.

EXT. SLUM ON DUSTY ROAD - DAY

A TV broadcast is seen as we observe the carnage. The van sits abandoned in a poor area on the outskirts of Tijuana. We pan to the rear of the van and see a pool of blood next to it and behind it.

FEMALE BROADCASTER (V.O.)

"In news today, a couple of American citizens were found murdered in what appears to be the work of the cartel. The victims were badly beaten and apparently tortured and riddled with bullets in what appears to have been a drug related hit. The border towns in Mexico are some of the most dangerous places in North America, and have witnessed their fair share of violence in recent years. This morning's bloodshed is no different. The bodies were just miles of Rosarito Beach. The victims were identified as..

INT. EBEN'S SISTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Eben's sister rocks back and forth on her couch as she sobs, while her children weep and hug her.

FEMALE BROADCASTER (V.O.)

...Eben-azar Gallegos, age twenty-six.

She holds a picture of her and Eben as young kids on the same soccer team wearing huge smiles.

INT. SUZIE'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

SUZIE'S PARENTS and her older siblings sit and cry in disbelief as they watch the news with worry on their faces.

FEMALE BROADCASTER (V.O.)

Salvatore, better known as Sal, a former honor's student from San Diego who's father is said to have strong ties with the cartel.

(MORE)

## FEMALE BROADCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The cyclical violence seemingly claiming the son as it did the father...

The dad gets up and leaves. The mom hugs Suzie's sister, wipes her tears as her brother is a mix of angry and sad.

INT. SAL'S MOTHER'S HOME - DAY

A cried out Sal's mother sits in a rocking chair and **listens to the same broadcast on TV.**

## FEMALE BROADCASTER (V.O.)

He's survived by his mother, a Mexican national and former nurse at Scripps hospital..."

She continuously shakes her head in disbelief and mumbles to herself. A pistol sits on her lap.

EXT. SUZIE'S HOME - NIGHT

Suzie's brother consoles her father on the porch. A car comes down the road--

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

On a rural Mexican road, Suzie and Jen limp along the roadside as Suzie does her best to keep Jen conscious.

**FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

Jen has a wounded leg with a make shift tourniquet around it.

INT. BEAT UP CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

A frantic Suzie and a fading Jen ride in the back of a car as Suzie keeps pressure on Jen's wounds and tries to keep her conscious. The driver occasionally looks back to check on them.

**END SEQUENCE**

EXT. SUZIE'S HOME - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Consoling each other, Suzie's brother and father watch a car come down the road.

The door is tinted so we can't see who waits, but out comes a shaken Suzie. Her brother sprints to her and scoops her up as her father watches like he's just seen a ghost and drops to his knees in thanks.

INT. SAL'S MOTHER'S HOME - NIGHT

**The local news talks about the brutal murders** as Sal's mother rocks back and forth in her chair with the gun Sal gave her on her lap.

**BLACK.**

A few beats later, WE HEAR A GUNSHOT.

**SUPER: 9 months later...**

INT. BEHAVIORAL SERVICES BUILDING - DAY

Suzie with dyed chocolate brown hair, but much shorter than we're used to, is being spoken to by a SPECIALIST but WE HEAR NOTHING, until--

SPECIALIST

...most people wouldn't have come clean about what you did and your lawyer has painted a clear picture of self-defense and as I am sure you know better than most, you will not spend anytime behind bars. The only prison you are in is your mind, and it's up to me to help you not stay trapped in there, but if you don't open up, these sessions won't be of much help.

Suzie nods.

SPECIALIST (CONT'D)

Wanna talk about your grades?

Suzie looks down at the floor.

SPECIALIST (CONT'D)

We can talk about other things. Eventually though, we will need to talk about him, okay? Avoiding or burying the trauma is how it stays our trauma.

Suzie stares through her therapist.

## SPECIALIST (CONT'D)

And your nightmares? How have they been? Better?

Still looking out the window and watching a lesbian couple hold hands, Suzie lets out a thankful tear and nods yes.

## EXT. BEHAVIORAL SERVICES BUILDING - DAY

Suzie exits as if she's just breathed fresh air for the first time. She looks down at the watch on her wrist; it Sal's fixed gold watch. She closes her eyes a beat and looks toward the parking lot, Jen waits by a car, waves her over.

Suzie smiles warmly at Jen.

## INT. JEN'S CAR - DAY

Suzie's in the car rubbing Sal's watch. She looks to Jen who is fixed on the sky and the Heavens above. Suzie stares too and takes Jen's hand and interlock fingers like a couple as they observe together...

## EXT. RUNDOWN STREET - SIDEWALK - DAY

**FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

YOUNG SAL (9) runs as COP 1 and COP 2 chase him. He weaves through PEOPLE on the sidewalk.

COP 1  
Get back here, kid!

He ducks into an alley.

## EXT. ALLEY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

We HEAR A GUN SHOT. Young Sal huffs and runs, looks back as an angry cop closes in. Sal notices a BOY at the end of the alley. The boy sees the cops, hurries off. Sal pretends to throw something over the fence, continues running. Both cops stop and search.

COP 1  
Go!

Cop 2 runs after Sal, Cop 1 hops the fence and searches. Sal makes it to the end of the alley.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SIDEWALK - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Sal looks back at the alley, Cop 2 closes distance. Sal runs past store front after store front when--

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

YOUNG EBEN (9) covers Sal's mouth and pulls him into the laundromat, hurries him into a utility closet.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - UTILITY CLOSET - DAY

Eben lets go of Sal's mouth. Sal catches his breath.

YOUNG EBEN  
You crazy?! What'd you do?! Did he shoot at you?!

Sal gulps, shows Eben a shiny gold watch. Eben's eyes light up.

YOUNG EBEN (CONT'D)  
Yoooo... Let me see.

Eben takes it. Sal snatches it back. Tucks it away.

YOUNG EBEN (CONT'D)  
Hey! Give it back!

YOUNG SAL  
Now way! It's my new good luck charm, but, I'll show you how to get your own and make enough money to buy ten of them.

Sal smirks. Eben does too. Sal puts out his hand to shake.

YOUNG SAL (CONT'D)  
Salvatore, but my friends call me Sal.

Eben shakes it, then does a fist bump. Sal messes it up, Eben laughs at him.

YOUNG EBEN  
Eben-azar, but you better call me Eben, fool.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**THE END**