

# AMERICAN BALLAD

original screenplay by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. REYNOSA MEXICO - DAY

Firing automatic weapons, a half dozen female NARQUITAS in two sedans give chase to a single vehicle through the border city of Reynosa Mexico.

BASED on SERIES of REAL EVENTS / NOVEMBER 25, 2006

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

For me the awareness of the Mexican drug cartels, and their murderous epidemic began in November 25, 2006. This happened a thousand miles away from my home in Mexico City.

Inside of the fleeing vehicle the Popular singer, ADONIS, sits in the back seat.

REYNOSA MEXICO / BORDER CITY with McALLEN TEXAS USA

Instantly, a volley of automatic weapons fire rips through Adonis, his manager SARIO, and their driver MASKO.

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

When the popular singer Adonis, his manager Sario, and their driver Masko were gunned down in the border city of Reynosa Mexico ...

The singer's sedan smashes into a wall coming to a rest with all three men appearing gravely wounded.

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

this became apparent to me that bands of outlaw drug cartels were destroying our of life with their greed, power, killing off competitors, and their supreme conquest of trade routes.

With automatic weapons, BENITO "EL TORO" BATISTA, CAPITAN MIGUEL, CYBILIA BATISTA, and a half dozen female NARQUITAS including the youngest 14-year old natural blond blue eyes HUIPE, [pronounced weep'ey], step out of their vehicle and surround the singer's sedan.

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

Who knows why the singer, Adonis, became a mark for execution?

The Narquitas leader, Benito "El Toro" Batista, removes the red bandanna from his face and releases a sickening smile, displaying two gold teeth.

BATISTA

This be my daughter, Cybilia's kill!  
And Cybilia's kill alone!

The tough looking teenager CYBILIA, with neon blue hair, steps through the Narquitas, removes her hoodie and bandanna, and raises her gold plated AK-47.

CYBILIA

This is for date raping me, and our  
daughter will no miss you!

With the automatic weapon, Cybilia points it directly at the bullet riddled sedan and empties her clip as the GUNFIRE STEADILY becomes MUTED.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Perhaps it was his best friend Sario  
or their driver Masko who crossed  
the Batistas or all three. No matter,  
a cartel could find and kill anyone.

EXT. VIRGIN HEARTS CATHOLIC SCHOOL / MEXICO D.F. - DAY

The stunning beauty, OPHYLIA, 17, possesses a classic Hispanic/Irish combination look with flowing natural full-body red head.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

The day the narcos killed Adonis,  
was the day the music died for me in  
Mexico, and my life's career laid  
out before me.

At the Virgin Hearts Catholic School in a courtyard full of high school girls, Karmiya, 17, also with pretty features and jet black hair, cries her heart out as she rushes up to Ophylia. Both girls dress in Catholic pleated skirts with white blouses.

VIRGIN HEARTS CATHOLIC SCHOOL / MEXICO CITY

KARMIYA

Ophylia! Narcos killed my boyfriend!

OPHYLIA

Your make believe boyfriend? Adonis?  
Dead? Horrible! Just horrible!

In the crowd school yard of the Virgin Hearts Catholic School, Karmiya and Ophylia release the hug as the first girl begins to completely break down to the DISTANT but growing sound of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

In plain sight of the US CAPITOL BUILDING, three BLACK MEN and a half dozen HISPANIC DRUGGERS shoot it out leaving several sprawled out wounded and dead to the growing sounds of AMERICAN SIRENS.

December 1, 2006 / WASHINGTON D.C.

In a passing vehicle, a WHITE COUPLE gets caught in the cross fire and a bullet pieces the BLOND WHITE WOMAN in her forehead with her slumping forward lifelessly.

PRESIDENT BUSH (V.O.)  
Hear we had some drug folks shoot  
last night near the capitol steps?

INT. OVAL OFFICE / WHITE HOUSE - DAY

In the Oval Office, PRESIDENT BUSH addresses his PRESIDENTIAL AID in dark business suits.

PRESIDENT BUSH  
News briefing read an innocent woman  
took a bullet and died on the spot.

PRESIDENTIAL AID  
Appears to be the case, Mr. President.  
She and her husband were driving  
back from the Kennedy Center and  
wanted to see the capitol.

PRESIDENT BUSH  
Tarnation! Who are these killers?

PRESIDENTIAL AID  
A drug feud ended with two dead  
brothers from South D.C., against  
rivals from south of the boarder.

President Bush accidentally tips over a cup of coffee.

PRESIDENT BUSH  
Damn it to heck and gone! Get me  
that new president down in Mexico!  
What's his name?

INT. MEXICO PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE - DAY

In the Presidential Palace, the SECRETARY GENERAL of the Army stands in front of PRESIDENT FELIPE CALDERON.

PRESIDENTIAL PALACE / MEXICO D.F.

PRES. CALDERON  
Now, George W., I realize you think  
this drug war is nonsense, but ...

For a moment Calderon intently listens.

NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT FELIPE CALDERON

PRES. CALDERON (CONT'D)

You say an innocent mother was gunned down in her car? We have had thousands of innocents from the drug war killed in Mexico over the past ten years.

Again Felipe Calderon intently listens.

PRES. CALDERON (CONT'D)

Yes, we should have a drug summit, and come up with tactics to defeat these drug cartels. My administration is working on a big operation now.

The leader of Mexico intently listens, mumbles a *goodbye*, hangs up the phone, and barely shakes his head in resignation.

INT. MEXICO CITY PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Still dressed in their Catholic uniforms, Karmiya and Ophylia sit by themselves in the Large Mexico City Public Library conducting research for school projects.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Now that innocent civilians on the U.S. side of the boarder become victimized by Mexican cartels, Americans are starting to take the drug war seriously.

MEXICO CITY PUBLIC LIBRARY

Karmiya stops writing and sets down a pad and pencil.

KARMIYA

Ophylia, what is going to be your big research paper?

Ophylia ponders for one brief moment.

OPHYLIA

I plan to expose this History of violence caused by the illegal drugs of marijuana, cocaine, methamphetamine, and heroin.

Karmiya straightens up and sits forward.

KARMIYA

Still dreaming of being the great reporter? That's a recipe to be hunted down by the bad guys?

OPHYLIA

In the 1990s when the Colombian cartels collapsed, the Mexican drug scene massively increased with narco soldiers and violence. Mexico is the major supplier of cocaine and heroin being smuggled into the U.S.

KARMIYA

Ophylia, why are you traveling down this very dangerous road?

OPHYLIA

Innocent people are dying. Both sides are failing. Cartels make upwards of \$50-billion annually.

KARMIYA

\$50-billion is serious money.

Ophylia sits slightly forward.

OPHYLIA

I will expose those who run the cartels, their mass wealth, and the corrupt officials.

Karmiya straightens up and directly stares at Ophylia.

KARMIYA

You want to be kidnapped, raped, and killed before you reach eighteen?

OPHYLIA

That will never happen. I will be the internet journalist, like a ghost hiding in the shadows of cyber space.

KARMIY

Really? What will be your handle?

OPHYLIA

Some anagram or code using my name. And Karmiya, what shall become of your life?

Karmiya and Ophylia suddenly turn their heads to see two young Mexican Army Air Force CADETS walk past them and sit down at a table a short distance.

KARMIYA

Look. I think I've seen them before. Army Air cadets. Cute no? See, the one with the sandy blond hair and blue eyes sneaks a peek at you. He likes your looks, but then who does not like your looks?

INT. CAFÉ DE INTERNET - DAY

At the CAFE DE INTERNET, Karmiya and Ophylia share a table with MELLON [May'on] MARCELAIS and JUAN BACA both 20-years old as the four laugh out loud from an unheard joke.

CAFE DE INTERNET / MEXICO CITY

JUAN BACA

Then Melon Head here banked left and I never actually saw anyone physically crash a simulator before. Forcing El Capitan Instructor to dump a bucket of dirt on Cadet Marcelais, simulating a complete wipe out.

Both Karmiya and Juan Baca BREAK OUT LAUGHING with light chuckles from Mellon and Ophylia.

OPHYLIA

(to Mellon)

I cannot believe you are the worst pilot?

JUAN BACA

Actually, Mellon is the best of us.

With her thumbs positioned like a-camera-viewfinder, Karmiya seizes up the cute couple, Ophylia and Mellon.

KARMIYA

Ophy, you and Mellon should be arrested and sentenced to a life of misery if you do not get married and have a herd of children. My Lord, it is your duty to produce the most gorgeous offspring in Mexico.

OPHYLIA

Karmiya, shameful!

Karmiya eyes light up at Mellon.

KARMIYA

And she is smart too. Ophylia is academically the first in our class. Besides Spanish she also speaks fluent English, French, and Italian.

OPHYLIA

Our family spent summers in those countries and made us learn the languages.

Mellon turns his total attention to Ophylia.

MELLON

[French] Mon père onus a fait  
apprendre le français parce que c'est  
là que noter famille est originaire.  
[We grew up learning French because  
that is where our family originated.]

OPHYLIA

[French] Très bon Marcelais Monsieur.  
[Very good Monsieur Marcelais.]

KARMIYA

(half teasing)  
I rest my case, aren't you two just  
the cutest couple.

To break the awkward tension, Juan Baca's face tightens.

JUAN BACA

Next week we helicopter our first  
field operational exercise.

Karmiya eyes lighten in paying complete attention to Juan  
Baca.

KARMIYA

Really? Where do you go?

MELLON

Juan, we are not suppose to talk  
about our assignments.

EXT. CASA DE O'PATRIC - DUSK

In an upper class residential neighborhood, Mellon and Ophylia  
stand on the sidewalk a short distance from Ophylia's house.

MELLON

Nice place.

Ophylia takes a step closer to Mellon.

OPHYLIA

My father is vascular doctor. He's  
also the flight surgeon for the Mexico  
Army Air Corps.

Mellon takes a step closer to Ophylia.

MELLON

That is where I heard the name,  
Colonel O'Patric.

From the car, Juan Baca sticks his head out.

JUAN BACA

Mellon, you're killing me out here!  
Do something already, kiss her!

Mellon briefly glances at Juan Baca than embarrassingly turns back to Ophylia.

MELLON

I do not make the quick moves like  
some other guys do.

Ophylia's eyes brighten.

OPHYLIA

I have never been kissed on a date  
before. Actually, I have never even  
been on a date before. My father is  
very strict.

MELLON

So this was a date? Maybe we can  
have one more.

Mellon gently leans over and lightly kisses Ophylia on the lips.

M.S. GUNNARIO (V.O.)

ONE MINUTE TO TOUCHDOWN! LOCK AND  
LOAD!

Mellon turns and rushes off to Juan Baca's car to the sound of a HELICOPTER in FLIGHT.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

In the cargo hold of a helicopter gun ship, MASTER SERGEANT GUNNARIO gruffly snaps out orders at Mellon and Juan Baca.

DECEMBER 11, 2006 / OPERATION MICHOACAN

M.S. Gunnario looks at Colonel Dr. O'Patric than at Mellon and Juan Baca.

M.S. GUNNARIO

CADETS! KEEP OUR FLIGHT SURGEON SAFE!  
DO NOT LET HIM GET SHOT!

Sitting by himself, COLONEL O'Patric lightly nods to Cadets Mellon and Juan Baca.

JUAN BACA

Mellon, isn't that Ophylia's father?

MELLON

Imagine the odds.

EXT./INT. STATE OF MICHOACAN MEXICO - NIGHT

A dozen transport helicopters land as Mexican Army PARATROOPERS descend upon the foot hill terrain.

DECEMBER 11th 2006 / PARACHO, MEXICO

MEXICAN PARATROOPERS engage in a massive fire fight with the local MICHOACAN CARTELONES.

CARTEL de MICHOACAN

At the rear of the battle Cadets Mellon and Juan Baca flank Colonel O'Patric as the firefight rages on before them.

Off in the distance dozens of Mexican Army transport trucks drop off over a hundred ground TROOPS who quickly engage in combat with more Michoacan Cartelones Fighters.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

President Calderon ordered a division of the Mexican Army to engage the Michoacan Cartel, and the body count began to mount.

Intense fighting rages between the Mexican Troops and a dozen Michoacan Cartelones Fighters.

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

I did not know that Mellon Marcelais and his best friend Juan Baca would actually be guarding Colonel O'Patric.

Several Michoacan Cartelones Fighters rush toward Cadets Mellon and Colonel O'Patric when Juan Baca wheels around and with his M-16 drops the two narcos.

INT. CASA DE O'PATRIC - EARLY MORNING

To the sound of DISTANT FIREARM SHOTS, Ophylia sneaks into her father's room and steps up to his large oak table.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

I never spied on my father, but I need to be in the informational loop.

Ophylia checks out an official looking envelop on Dr. O'Patric's desk and pulls out a document.

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

Operation Guitar String in Paracho. That's where I'll start. To kick off my new profession, I need press credentials, and of course in an assumed name.

INT. / EXT. STATE OF MICHOACAN MEXICO - DAY

Inside a makeshift operating room, Colonel O'Patric finishes operating on the last Paratrooper.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Operation *Guitar String* took several days to tune out, and the statistical body count was staggering.

Outside of the makeshift operating room, Mellon and Juan Baca continue to stand guard of Colonel O'Patric.

JUAN BACA

I have never seen anybody stand on their feet for so long a time.

MELLON

The colonel is Super Doc.

JUAN BACA

You going to tell him you are dating his daughter?

MELLON

I am not actually dating his daughter.

JUAN BACA

Well not yet anyway. Be assertive, be forceful, be yourself. Who could refuse a smart, handsome, well bred kid like yourself?

Mellon looks around to see literally hundreds of body bags line the staging area.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

The drug war fought in Michoacan saw more than 60 Mexican soldiers and over 100 police officers killed.

Mexican Army Corps bulldoze hundred of body bags into the ground with a small section placed on morgue transport trucks.

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

But the Mexican Army killed over 500 cartel gunmen.

From his house, PARACHO LUTHIER, in his blood stained shirt, carries out the lifeless body of a SMALL CHILD.

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

Now to wag a war of words against bullets, I buy a laptop computer and start using my new alias, Pablo Cubo.

INT. CAFÉ DE INTERNET - DAY

With her computer Ophylia designs her new website with blog:  
*CARTELS KILL MEXICO - A JOURNALIST ACCOUNT* by PABLO CUBO.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

I will have my site and blog so that  
it reads in Spanish and English.

Ophylia types out her account of the Battle of Michoacan.

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

My new name will be Pablo Cubo. I  
penned out from an anagram of my  
first and middle name Ophylia Obuco.

Ophylia continues to feverishly word process out her new  
website.

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

Not only do I have myself to protect,  
but my father, mother, sister, and  
close friends. Oh yes, I pray to  
also have my new boyfriend, Mellon.

EXT./INT. CASA DE O'PATRIC - EVENING

In his dress Army Air Force blues, Mellon Marcelais steps up  
to Ophylia's parents home.

2006 CHRISTMAS EVE / THE O'PATRIC HOME

As he starts to ring the bell, the perky 14-year-old ANNAPURNA  
O'PATRIC opens the door.

ANNAPURNA

Hola y Feliz Navidad, Ophy is my  
older sister. I am Annapurna. You  
must be her friend, Mellon.

Colonel O'Patric steps up behind his youngest daughter.

COL. O'PATRIC

Annapurna, are we going to allow our  
guest to enter?

Ophylia stands a short distance down the hall.

COL. O'PATRIC (CONT'D)

Ophylia, I like you to meet Cadet  
Mellon Marcelais. I thought you two  
should become acquainted. His parents  
are in France over the holidays, and  
he was going to be all alone in the  
barracks; so I thought he could have  
Christmas Eve dinner with us. Is  
that all right with you?

OPHYLIA  
 (dumbfounded)  
 Cadet Marcelais.

MELLON  
 Ophylia, a pleasure to meet you.

Colonel O'Patric guides Mellon past Annapurna toward Ophylia.

COL. O'PATRIC  
 Just call him Mellon. Come on now.  
 Ophylia show our guest around the  
 house. Dinner will be soon. Annapurna,  
 go help your mother.

Ophylia steps up to Mellon.

OPHYLIA  
 Here is the library ...

The couple steps into the library.

OPHYLIA (CONT'D)  
 Does my father know we have met?

MELLON  
 I think dads know everything.

Ophylia takes a step closer to Mellon

OPHYLIA  
 How did you meet my father?

MELLON  
 In the Michoacan operation, Juan and  
 I were in charge of his security.

With her hands Ophylia takes Mellon's hands.

OPHYLIA  
 Michoacan became a killing zone.

MELLON  
 An ugly chapter in the history of  
 Mexico, but this Christmas Eve ...

Before Mellon can finish his sentence, Ophylia leans forward  
 and kisses his lips full, when Annapurna walks in on them.

ANNAPURNA  
 Dinner is ... oh o, Ophy's in love.

OPHYLIA  
 Brat!

QUICK DISSOLVE:

INT. O'PATRIC DINING ROOM - NIGHT

MRS. O'PATRIC finishes her meal and then addresses Mellon.

MRS. O'PATRIC  
Mellon, you study to be a helicopter  
pilot for our Mexican Air Corp?

MELLON  
Mrs. O'Patric, flying has been a  
passion all my life. A fabulous meal,  
thank you.

COL. O'PATRIC  
Cadet Marcelais, do you know how to  
shoot stick?

MELLON  
Sir? What?

COL. O'PATRIC  
Daughters, show Mellon to the  
billiards room. Ophylia possesses an  
uncanny ability with the game.

EXT. MONTERREY MEXICO - NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

A white cue ball SMASHES a rack of 15-billiard balls spreading  
them across a pool table.

Benito "El Toro" Batista stalks around the pool table eyeing  
his next shot.

MONTERREY CARTEL

OPHYLIA (V.O.)  
One of the most vicious and brutal  
drug lords in all of Mexico is Benito  
"El Toro" Batista, the kingpin of  
the Monterrey Cartel.

Several Narquitas including the baby face Huipe stand guard  
with AK-47s and wait for Batista's next shot.

RANCHO de BATISTA / MONTERREY MEXICO

OPHYLIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Rumors abound El Toro does not trust  
most men; so he surrounds himself  
with Narquitas, tough young women  
whom he personally trained and  
fathered many to be assassins.

Cybilina Batista sits on a bar seat still sporting her gold  
plated AK-47 with its extended high capacity magazine.

OPHYLIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But the female he trusts the most  
was Cybilia, said to be his teenage  
daughter, tough, ruthless, and deadly.

Capitan Miguel and two Narquitas with AK-47s step into the  
room with a man wearing a black hooded.

EL TORO  
Miguel, mi primo. Remove his cover.

The two Narquitas remove his black hood to reveal DONAQUEL,  
a refined man wearing a neon 3-D shimmering maroon suit with  
a pencil thin black necktie matching his mustache.

EL TORO (CONT'D)  
Donaquel, how is my childhood playmate  
who did not make fun of me? Now all  
those who laughed at me, I had them  
executed. I need the services of  
Mexico's best private investigator.

DONAQUEL  
All right, what is my job?

El Toro eyes a combination shot, lines it up with his cue  
stick, and pockets the object ball.

EL TORO  
JOURNALIST! Journalist are a black  
plague upon my candy cane business.  
I hate journalist and kill them  
whenever I get the chance, especially  
those who report about me.

DONAQUEL  
El Toro, there are a lot of journalist  
in Mexico.

EL TORO  
Donaquel, we do not want every  
journalist in Mexico dead. But a  
good idea, no?

Everybody in the room laughs except Donaquel and El Toro.

EL TORO (CONT'D)  
As a private investigator and my  
special friend you lead me to the  
journalist who are anti-narco. I pay  
you ten thousand US dollars a head.

Again, everyone laughs except Donaquel.

EL TORO (CONT'D)  
There is one more thing.

El Toro shows a picture of a man named Marchalano.

EL TORO (CONT'D)

This is Marchalano, my bastard son  
and half brother of Cybilina here.

(nods at Cybilina)

He lives somewhere in Mexico City.  
Track him down and tell me what he  
is doing, and a physical address.  
Cybilina misses her family. Men die  
when they disappoint my daughter.

CYBILINA

(to Donaquel)

¡YO VATO DONAQUEL! Mexico City is  
full of queers and pussy male steers.  
I hate Mexico City. Don't make me  
come to Mexico City to hunt you down.

El Toro again bends down to shoot another shot with EXTREME  
CLOSE UP of his cue tip.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Eight ball, one rail in the side  
pocket ...

INT. O'PATRIC BILLIARDS ROOM - NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

With a pro-cue stick, Ophylia points to the far corner. She  
strikes the cue ball, hitting the eight ball into its pocket.

MELLON

Very impressive. Two straight wins.  
You have played this game before?

OPHYLIA

Father had us shooting stick since  
we were five. Annapurna?

Two ocelots briefly pause at the door and then scurry off.

ANNAPURNA

Right, you two want to be alone. I  
will go and feed the attack cats.

Annapurna leaves the room as Mellon places his cue stick in  
the rack.

MELLON

(half laughs)

Those two ocelots? Attack cats?  
Really?

Just as Annapurna leaves the room, she calls the two ocelots  
by name, and they perk up and follow after her.

ANNAPURNA

Catapult, Caterpillar, time to go  
kill a pig and eat it.

Mellon marvels at the pretty feline following Annapurna from  
the billiards room.

MELLON

Catapult and Caterpillar? They are  
regal looking animals.

OPHYLIA

Yes, two ocelots my dad found  
abandoned at a garbage dump outside  
of the city when they were just  
kittens.

MELLON

Ocelots?

OPHYLIA

An ocelot is like a larger version  
of the domesticated cat. Annapurna  
and I held Catapult and Caterpillar  
none stop for two months nursing  
them with baby bottles. The felines  
are trained to scratch out anyone  
eyes we do not allow inside.

MELLON

Attack cats? I thought that was just  
an urban legend. I have a midnight  
curfew. Do not want to get in trouble.  
When may I see you again?

OPHYLIA

My father is strict. I am surprised  
to see my father invited you here.

Col. O'Patric pokes his head into the billiard room.

COL. O'PATRIC

(to Mellon)

I called a ride for you. Should be  
here soon.

EXT. CASA DE O'PATRIC - NIGHT

A CAB DRIVER drives off with Mellon, and standing in the  
doorway, Ophylia looks up at Col. O'Patric.

OPHYLIA

Father, you set me up with this young  
man.

COL. O'PATRIC

You don't like him?

OPHYLIA

I think you know I really like him a lot. I am just surprised.

COL. O'PATRIC

Life is too short to be without the people you love. The reason my family can spend Christmas with me is because that young man and his friend saved my life in Michoacan.

Ophylia slightly reflects for a moment.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

And now it is official, I am in love with Mellon Marcelais. What a great feeling!

EXT. BAJA CALIFORNIA - DAY

Lieutenants Mellon Marcelais and Juan Baca fly a helicopter through the semiarid desert of Central Baja California.

JANUARY 2, 2007 / BAJA CALIFORNIA

MELLON (V.O.)

Juan Baca and I became full fledged helicopter pilots with the Mexican Air Corp.

Mellon expertly flies his helicopter.

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

Because of my dangerous missions, I would not tell Ophylia any details. She now becomes everything to me, and my entire reason to return.

On either side of the Huey military helicopter, two MEXICAN MARINES man two 50 caliber machine guns.

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

Right at the beginning of the new year, Operation Baja California is launched.

In the distance Mellon and Juan Baca sport a large field of marijuana being harvested by dozens of Mexican FIELD HANDS.

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

Several narco organizations cultivated huge amounts of marijuana on the peninsula known as Baja California.

Without warning NARCO GUARDS unload automatic machine gun fire that rips into Mellon's helicopter.

JUAN BACA

WE'RE HIT!

Smoke spews out of the engine from the helicopter as the *RED LINE ENGINE* alarm loudly BEEPS forth.

MELLON

AUTO ROTATING NOW!

Mellon turns back to the two Marines.

MELLON (CONT'D)

STRAP IN!

The helicopter orbits around than crash lands into a corner of the marijuana field.

Dazed, the four men climb from the wreckage as the helicopter begins to burn.

The two Marines grab their 50 caliber machine guns, and Mellon and Juan Baca draw their service 9mms.

As the four soldiers struggle to distance themselves from the burning craft, it explodes into a massive fireball igniting the marijuana field.

Rushing through to the far edge of the burning marijuana field the four soldiers exchange gun fire with the Narco Guards.

Another three Mexican Air Corps Helicopters appear in the distance and begin to lay down a suppressive fire fight against the Narco Guards.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Luck surrounded Mellon, Juan Baca, and two Mexican Marines. They fought their way out of the Baja marijuana field gunning down several narco guards along the way.

A pursuit helicopter swings around, lands, and picks up Mellon, Juan Baca, and both Mexican Marines.

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

I felt extreme danger became paramount with Mellon's job.

As they fly off in the rescue helicopter, the marijuana field grows black from smoke.

With loathing in his face, Juan fires off one more burst of bullets toward the Narco Guards.

JUAN BACA

DEATH TO narcos! ALL narcos!

INT. INTERNET CAFE SHOPPE - DAY

Ophylia sets in the corner and quietly types into her computer.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

And reportedly multiple acres of marijuana were burned down in the Baja California operation by the Mexican Army and Marines. *Signing off ... Viva La Raza • Pablo Cubo.*

Ophylia links the message to her web site and hits the send button.

INT. MONTERREY MEXICO - DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Benito "El Toro" Batista, czar of the Monterrey Cartel, yells into a satellite phone with his daughter Cybilina in the background holding guard with her gold plated Ak-47.

EL TORO

(frothing at the mouth)

DONAQUEL! I WANT THESE JOURNALIST BASTARDS KILLED! KILLED NOW! DO YOU SEE THIS PABLO CUBO DISPLAYS A LIST OF ALL THE CARTEL CZARS! MINE IS SECOND! I DEMAND PABLO CUBO DEAD!

INT. DONAQUEL'S OFFICE MEXICO CITY - DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Donaquel reads the computer screen to see a half dozen names of the Cartel Czars with *Benito "El Toro" Batista's* name appearing second with the caption: *These Cartel Czars are the enemies of the Mexican people. They must be hunted down at all costs to the security of the our nation. Viva La Raza • Pablo Cubo.*

DONAQUEL (O.S.)

These Cartel Czars are the enemies of the Mexican people. They must be hunted down at all costs to the security of the our nation. Long live the people, Pablo Cubo.

Donaquel meekly answers into his satellite phone.

DONAQUEL (CONT'D)

Patron Batista, these internet ghosts are impossible to hunt down.

(listens)

Yes, all right, perhaps by process of elimination. We get lucky and you kill the right one. I will have a hit list of journalists for you.

INT. VIRGIN HEARTS CATHOLIC SCHOOL / MEXICO D.F. - DAY

Ophylia presents the graduating commencement speech for her high school.

MAY 2007 / VIRGIN HEARTS GRADUATION CEREMONY

OPHYLIA

(increasing fervor)

I am not up here to paint a rosy picture and tell you to work hard and follow your dreams. What a crock that can turn out to be. I am not up here to lie to you.

With conviction, Ophylia's jaw tightens.

OPHYLIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And say make the world a better place for following generations. Some here will just become too lazy and fat off the land and society.

The STUDENT BODY attentively listens to Ophylia's commencement speech.

OPHYLIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Some of you will be a success and give back while others will be a parasite and steal whatever and from whomever you can.

EXT. CIUDAD JUAREZ MEXICO - DAY

A RAGING GUN BATTLE between two CARTEL GANGS blasts forth with multiple injuries and fatalities from opposing sides.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Statistics reveal that many in this room here especially in Mexico will be psychologically wounded or killed by violence, most likely in the drug wars, and if not you, one of the family members that you love.

Several innocent SCHOOL CHILDREN just duck out of the way of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE.

OPHYLIA (CONT'D)

Some in this room because of our background will open our hearts to forgiveness ...

SLOWLY, School Children's face scream in dire agony.

INT. VIRGIN HEARTS CATHOLIC SCHOOL / MEXICO D.F. - DAY

Ophylia's face grows impassioned by her commencement speech.

OPHYLIA (O.S.)

And try to pray your way to heaven.  
Do not bet on that.

A tear rolls down the ANGELIC FEMALE STUDENT's face.

OPHYLIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Whereas others will try to cut out  
the hearts of enemies with a straight  
ticket to hell.

Multiple girls faces remain focused on Ophylia.

OPHYLIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But be assured of this, once we leave  
this room who among us will show the  
courageous to stand up against  
tyranny?

Karmiya seems riveted by Ophylia's address.

OPHYLIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Everyone here can make a difference  
if we would just do so.

Ophylia's face becomes highlighted by the importance of her speech.

OPHYLIA (CONT'D)

In order for a civilization to advance  
beyond its Murdering Rampage, we  
must respect the lives of others.  
Until then no one is safe!

Ophylia ends on a high note.

OPHYLIA (CONT'D)

(with emphasis)

Now go out there and do some good.

A long hush ascends over the room.

In the front row, Karmiya, in her graduation attire, stands and gives a rousing hand of applause.

Behind them Mellon and Juan Baca stand, and also clap and whistle for Ophylia to the annoyance of many in the audience.

JUAN BACA

Damn Mellon, I never heard anything  
like that before. And this is the  
girl you are going to ask to marry?

INT. CHIC RESTAURANT MEXICO CITY- NIGHT

As Mellon and Juan Baca step inside of Casa de O'Patric, a sign reads: *Congratulations to Karmiya & Ophylia Graduation Class of 2007!*

Col. O'Patric, Mrs. O'Patric, and Annapurna sit at a table while Mellon with Ophylia and Juan Baca and Karmiya dance on the dance floor with dozens of other GRADS.

ANNAPURNA

Dad, when are you going to let me date?

COL. O'PATRIC

Never, you are going straight to a nunnery and live celibate your entire life.

Annapurna attitudes instant defiance.

ANNAPURNA

Think so Dadio? I bet you a brand new Jaguar sports coup you lose that bet.

Disco lights spin its multi-star points surrounding the room.

SEAMLESS MATCH CUT:

INT. DISCO MANIA CHIHUAHUA MEXICO - NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Multi-star disco lights fill the room.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS duck for cover as the dance room gets shredded from automatic gun fire.

2007 GRADUATION MASSACRE / STATE OF SINALOA

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

And while we were celebrating our school graduation, in the state of Sinaloa the narcos were their rein of terror.

Pieces of clothes, rubble, and dust slowly settle throughout the killing field.

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

But for reasons unknown this incident was never widely reported by the news media, but the next incident certainly received massive press.

INT. MEXICO - DAY

Cybililia Batista briskly walks into a newspaper's news room and steps up to the reporter, HERARDO PIMENTEL.

DECEMBER 8, 2007

CYBILILIA  
(heavy Mexican accent)  
;Yo Vato! You crime reporter Herardo  
Pimentel?

PIMENTEL  
Yes, I am. How may I assist you?

Pimentel lightly smiles at Cybililia's attractive figure.

CYBILILIA  
I give exclusive news story about  
drug activity and killing innocent  
civilians in Northern Mexico.

PIMENTEL  
Really? Every lead is crucial.

With his interest peeked, Herardo Pimentel sits up, opens a reporter's pad, and clicks open a pen.

CYBILILIA  
Here is my statement!

From under her jacket Cybililia withdraws her gold plated AK-47 and unloads a clip directly into Gerardo Pimentel.

When the smoke and reverberation of the gunfire subsides, Cybililia calmly stands over her victim.

CYBILILIA (CONT'D)  
There crime reporter Gerardo Pimentel!  
You have my statement!

Cybililia turns to the other Reporters in the news room.

CYBILILIA (CONT'D)  
Anyone else write bad press about  
the cartel drug dealers, I come back  
and waste you.

Calmly, Cybililia turns around and sways out of the news room.

INT. INTERNET CAFE SHOPPE - DAY

Ophylia deftly types into her computer: *The murder of Herardo Pimentel screams an outrage. Once the journalists become targeted for death, the extinction of a civilized society will die of gangrene immorality.*

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

*The murder of Herardo Pimentel screams an outrage. Once the journalists become targeted for death, the extinction of a civilized society will die of gangrene immorality.*

Ophylia pauses than signs out: *Viva La Raza • Pablo Cubo.*

EXT. DEL RIO TEXAS - DAY

Benito "El Toro" Batista, Cybilia, Capitan Miguel, Huipe, and Narquitas with wait along a deserted dirt road.

OUTSIDE CIUDAD ACUÑA MEXICO near DEL RIO TEXAS

CYBILIA (V.O.)

¡YO VATOS! Killing the journalist Herardo Pimentel felt righteous. Now we keep those news bastards in line.

Cybilia's face tightens.

In the distance, a pickup truck with an enclosed trailer, a sedan, and a US Army Hummer with a manned .50 caliber machine gun in a turret approach in a cloud of dust.

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

It soon becomes apparent Pimentel was not Pablo Cubo. I will soon find Pablo Cubo and explain to him the meaning of respect. But now we do business with Los Gringos del Norte.  
¡PINCHE CARBONS!

In the back of the pickup, three Los Gringos sit heavily armed with assault rifles.

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

We export billions of dollars in drugs are ed north into the United States, supposedly legal firearms are imported south into Mexico. These weapons arm we narcos with 90 percent of our assault rifles and pistols.

With disdain, Cybilia snake-eyes Los Gringos.

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

I love everything about this business. Especially, I desire to ram my AK-47 up a wealthy Norte Americano and give him the led enema.

Cybilia looks straight ahead as he addresses Capitan Miguel.

EL TORO

Miguel, this best be real, or I shoot you myself.

MIGUEL

El Toro, this is our game changer.

The DRIVER stops the Hummer twenty yards from the narcos.

The sedan stops a short distance, and the man driving the pickup pulls around so that the back of the enclosed trailer faces the Monterrey Cartel gang.

Immediately, Los Gringos, sporting AR-15s, jump from the pickup, hustle to the enclosed trailer, and take up a defensive stance.

A tall muscular man in his 50s, AUSTIN, steps from the sedan with the short plumb SENOR TEX-MEX from the cab of the pickup truck.

Both men walk up to El Toro, Miguel, Cybilias, and the Narquitas with the youngest Huipe standing to the far side.

AUSTIN

(heavy Texas accent)

Howdy there, call me Austin. Fine looking narco hit squad you have here. You must be Benito "El Toro" Batista.

EL TORO

(broken English)

Yes, I the great El Toro. You bring prizes for me?

Austin serves up a conciliatory grin.

AUSTIN

I have something for you that will be of extreme benefit to your little south of the boarder organized crime venture. Please use it with extreme prejudice. You bring my one hundred thousand US dollars in cash?

EL TORO

Two thousand per unit. You show merchandise, I show money. I see you bring big gun to our little fiesta.

AUSTIN

Ah, don't mind them. The .50 caliber is for insurance.

(MORE)

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Rip the bee-stuff-ins out of everything in sight if anyone of my meeting's comes down with the itchy fingers. Catch my drift amigo?

They step to the rear of the enclosed trailer, and a Civilian Anglo man unlocks to reveal its cargo stacked with AR-15s.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

What we got here is fifty AR-15 assault rifles with 30 round high capacity clips. I have supplied you with thirty thousand rounds of bullets ready for you to rock 'n' roll. That's about 600 rounds per weapon.

(somewhat disingenuous)

Now who could pass up such great deal? Check this out.

Austin nods to Senor Tex-Mex who pulls out one of the AR-15s inserts a clip full of bullets, pulls back the arming mechanism, clicks off the safety, points toward a cactus, and within a few seconds completely shreds the cactaceae.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Now where you hide my cash?

El Toro snaps his fingers and Miguel produces a duffel bag stuffed with hundred dollar bills.

EL TORO

One hundred thousand dollars plus a few extra thousand dollars as the gratuity. Next month another shipment?

Senor Tex-Mex tosses Capitan Miguel the spent AR-15 rifle.

AUSTIN

Good, Senor El Toro, next month I bring the same amount.

EL TORO

How about you donate me one of those .50 caliber machine guns with say ten thousand rounds?

AUSTIN

Tell you what! I'll bring you two next time just double the pay.

EL TORO

Deal ...

Austin tosses the keys of the pickup truck and trailer to Capitan Miguel who snatches them in midair.

AUSTIN

Senor Tex-Mex here will contact you.  
Keep the truck with the trailer.  
Hell, one of my kids stole it anyway.

Austin, Senor Tex-Mex, and his Anglo crew enter the sedan and the hummer, and the men drive off back into Texas.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

When I first herd about the Fast and Furious Gun Walking program sanctioned by the United States Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearm, I along with millions of others were dumbfounded than appalled than outraged for these weapons will end up killing innocent Mexicans, a lot of Mexicans.

El Toro, Miguel, Cybilia, Huipe, and the Narquitas secure the weapons in the back of the trailer, get in their vehicles, and drive south.

EXT. MEXICO - NIGHT

El Toro, Miguel, Cybilia, and about thirty Narquitas with the innocent Huipe stand in a semicircle.

MASSACRE SOUTH OF CHIHUAHUA

Dozens of MEXICAN PEASANTS kneel when the narcos mercilessly point their AR-15s and fire their weapons.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

The United States *Gun Walking Program* was suppose to be what was called a *straw sale* of a few firearms by legitimate US gun dealers.

When the gunfire smoke clears, the Batista narcos stand before their kill.

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

The plan was for the Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearm agents to sell automatic rifles in sting operations.

EXT. MEXICO - DAY

Near the town of Saltillo, Mexico a RUNNING GUN BATTLE between El Toro, Miguel, Cybilia, Huipe, and forty Narquitas with several dozen LAS LINARES CARTELONES plays out.

DRUG WARS between the MONTERREY & LAS LINARES CARTELS

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

The weapons were marketed from 2006 until 2011 and in theory were suppose to be the beginning of the end of the drug cartels in Mexico by tracking down the weapons and apprehend or kill the bad guys. But nothing became further devoid of reality.

EXT. CIUDAD JUAREZ - DAY

Ciudad Juarez awakens in the early morning sun.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

During this time, only a few *straw gun buyers* were actually tracked, but not one high level cartel figure was arrested by federal agents from the United States in what became known as the *gun walking scandal*.

On a hill top nearby a cardboard shanty town, El Toro, Capitan Miguel, and Cybililia overlook the city.

CIUDAD JUAREZ, MEXICO

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

Ultimately, a few *straw sales* turned into over two thousand weapons that were not detected by the Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearm department.

YOUNG MEXICAN THUGS fight a running gun battle with the local JUAREZ POLICE.

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

And just to pour salt into the rawest nerve ...

A half dozen Young Mexican Thugs sprawl out dead on the street along with several Juarez Police.

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

the United States did not inform the Mexican government or military as to the sale of these thousand of assault rifles and hundreds of thousands of rounds of ammunition.

El Toro look over to see the YOUNG PEASANT MOTHER standing next to a cardboard makeshift shack.

Sitting at the opening of the shack the 3-year old girl CINDY, dressed in an over-sized bright pink flowered dress, plays in the dirt.

EL TORO

Miguel, there are all these wasted peasants. Look at them. Pathetic. We could use all this human power to mule our product into the states.

Cybilia directly eyes the Young Peasant Mother.

CYBILIA

Yes, pretty peasant mother hikes her skirt, no border guard stops her.

EXT. TIJUANA MEXICO - DAY

Three TIJUANA CARTELONES with AK-15s in broad daylight gun down GEORGE ALDERETE, head of operations for Mexico's elite police force in Tijuana.

TIJUANA, MEXICO

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

In broad daylight the Tijuana Cartel with automatic assault weapons gun down the head of the Tijuana police.

Nearby, SCHOOL CHILDREN duck for cover as bullets spray across the Tijuana storefront businesses.

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

The U.S. Alcohol Tobacco and Firearms may have well thrown poisonous rattle snakes in baby cribs because tens of thousands of innocent Mexicans were killed, many linked to the scandal.

A School Girl SCREAMS as her BEST FRIEND lays bleeding on the sidewalk. Her eyes highlight by the weapons fire to the traditional Mexican song *MALAGUEÑA SALAROSA*.

INT. CASA DE O'PATRIC - NIGHT

Ophylia's face beams at the festive party before her.

MARIACHI BANDO blasts forth the traditional Mexican song *Malagueña Salarosa*.

NOVEMBER 2007

Ophylia and Mellon, in his Mexican Army Air Corps dress uniform, offer each other a warm hug.

OLD and YOUNG guests enjoy themselves.

Karmiya and Juan Baca appear to especially enjoy one another's company.

As Mariachi Bando finishes their Malagueña Salarosa version, Colonel O'Patric steps up to the bands' microphone and lightly tapes his champagne glass to the crowd. Mrs. O'Patric stands right next to her husband.

COL. O'PATRIC

Thank you for coming here today. We have many blessing. Annapurna for the third straight year is at the top of her class.

As the Guests lightly applaud, Annapurna looks embarrassed.

COL. O'PATRIC (CONT'D)

Summer after next we visit Switzerland to look at several universities for our youngest to attend.

Colonel O'Patric then turns to Ophylia.

COL. O'PATRIC (CONT'D)

Ophylia graduated last may and is in her second semester at the University of Americas here in Mexico City, where she studies journalism.

The Guests lightly applaud, and then Mellon steps up to the microphone.

MELLON

If you please sir, I would like to make an announcement.

Mellon leaves the microphone, approaches Ophylia, bends down on one knee, and removes an engagement ring.

MELLON (CONT'D)

Ophylia, in front of all these witnesses, would you do me the honor of accepting my hand in marriage?

A COMPLETE HUSH falls over the entire room as Ophylia eyes widen with a pregnant pause.

OPHYLIA

YES!

With tears streaming down her face, Ophylia accepts the ring and gives Mellon a warm lover's kiss.

MRS. O'PATRIC

Did you know our young lieutenant was going to ask Ophylia for her hand in marriage?

COL. O'PATRIC

I know they are young, but Mellon asked me a few days ago, and I gave him our blessing. He wanted it to be a surprise.

Karmiya turns to Juan Baca.

KARMIYA

Did Mellon let you in on the big news?

JUAN BACA

Of course, I'm to be his best man.

Juan Baca steps over to the edge of the audience to see his MOTHER and ten year old Sister, PALINA, petting one of the ocelots.

JUAN BACA (CONT'D)

This is my Mother and sister, Palina, and this is my friend Karmiya.

KARMIYA

You are very pretty Palina, and I bet smart too.

PALINA

Thank you. I like this cat.

KARMIYA

I think the O'Patric cats only like the good people with big hearts.

Mariachi Bando begins to play a slow tune as Ophylia and Mellon begin a romantic dance. While the handsome couple dance, Ophylia looks up at Mellon.

OPHYLIA

I have a confession.

MELLON

You're pregnant?

OPHYLIA

No, but I hope soon.

MELLON

Then we have a whole lifetime to tell each other the important things.

Ophylia buries her head into Mellon's strong arms.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

This was not the time to tell my love of my secret life.

INT. MEXICO CITY CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Dressed in a stunning white wedding dress, Ophylia relays her vows to Mellon with a CATHOLIC PRIEST overseeing the event.

2007 CHRISTMAS EVE

Mellon's best man Juan Baca hands him the ring.

Annapurna and Karmiya stand-in bride's maids.

In the front seat Colonel and Mrs. O'Patric proudly watch as another hundred in attendance witness the wedding including Juan Baca's mother and his sister Palina.

EXT. PACIFIC BEACH - DAY

Mellon and Ophylia frolic on a white sand Mexican beach, with the glistening Pacific Ocean in the background.

In passionate love-making, the couple barely comes up for air.

OPHYLIA

Mellon, for me life is a snapshot of moments. I do not want this to end.

MELLON

Our love never will.

OPHYLIA

On the 30th you return for duty? Why so soon?

MELLON

You know my work is sensitive. Besides, my only focus is you.

The rising tide envelopes around Mellon and Ophylia, who continue with one long passionate kiss.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF THE AMERICAS - DAY

Ophylia dutifully studies in the University of the Americas library packed full of college students.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

I was forging ahead with my internet journalism gig, and my blog was becoming more and more popular with my new theme: *DEATH to MEXICAN CARTELS*.

Ophylia scans the library to see students bearing down on their studies.

OPHYLIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I will be cautious as I never knew  
 when my cover may be compromised.

Ophylia returns to typing in her laptop.

OPHYLIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Then the structure of our close knit  
 group was about to change, forever.

Ophylia then looks up to a sky window as the sound of  
 helicopters *WHIRL* ever closer.

EXT. CHIHUAHUA - DAY

A half dozen transport helicopters land next to a large field  
 just outside of Chihuahua Mexico and a hundred Mexican Marines  
 file out of them.

MARCH 27, 2008 / OPERATION CHIHUAHUA

MELLON (V.O.)  
 March 2008 the military and security  
 forces stepped up our tactical forces  
 against three drug cartels that ravage  
 the north central part of Mexico.

Juan Baca takes up a defensive stand next to their helicopter  
 while Mexican Marines leap forth.

JUAN BACA  
 MELON HEAD! YOU LOOK A LITTLE GREEN  
 THIS MORNING! OPHYLIA POISON YOU?

Mellon makes the short jump from the chopper, hustles around  
 a wall, and pukes up his guts. As he turns back, Juan Baca  
 flies off with their helicopter.

MELLON  
 JUAN! WHAT THE HELL!

Mellon rushes to the next helicopter and enters the back.

HELO OPERATOR  
 MELLON, BACA SAYS THEY HAVE HIS MOTHER  
 AND SISTER!

MELLON  
 FOLLOW HIM!

HELO OPERATOR  
 NOT MY ORDERS!

MELLON  
 TRACK HIM ON RADAR!

HELO OPERATOR  
ALREADY STARTED! HE FLIES TOWARD THE  
NORTHEAST! WHAT CARTEL IS THERE?

MELLON  
THE MONTERREY CARTEL IS A BAD AS  
THEY COME! DAMN!

Mellon's face tightens as Juan Baca's helicopter disappears.

EXT. MONTERREY MEXICO - DAY

Juan Baca lands the helicopter next to a warehouse in the middle of the Monterrey steppe.

MELLON (V.O.)  
This new tactic by a cartel to recruit  
military pilots through kidnapping  
their relatives, thank God, became  
short lived.

Benito "El Toro" Batista, Cybilias, and his captain Miguel step up to Juan Baca's helicopter.

EL TORO  
(over din of hilo)  
NOW YOU SEE MIGUEL, THIS IS HOW TO  
GET THINGS DONE. TAKE WHAT YOU WANT!  
WHENEVER YOU WANT IT! ALWAYS!

Juan Baca shuts down the helicopter and steps out of it to confront El Toro, Cybilias, and Capitan Miguel.

JUAN BACA  
(also over din of  
hilo)  
WHERE ARE MY MOTHER AND SISTER?

EL TORO  
YOU COOPERATE, THEY ARE SAFE!

JUAN BACA  
I CANNOT FLY ANOTHER TWENTY KILOMETERS  
UNLESS I GET JET FUEL!

El Toro raises his hand and a fuel truck exits a Quonset hut and drives up to the helicopter.

EL TORO  
SEE, I THINK OF THE EVERY THINGS!

JUAN BACA  
I FLY NO WHERE UNTIL I HAVE PROOF OF  
LIFE, AND THEY ARE RELEASED!

El Toro again raises his hand and a black sedan drives up to Juan Baca.

A back window rolls down to reveal his Mother and sister, Palina, bound and gagged with a Cartelones holding a M-9 pistol to their heads.

JUAN BACA (CONT'D)  
MOTHER! PALINA!

El Toro steps up to and places a gun to Juan Baca's head.

EL TORO  
CALM YOURSELF! OR YOU ALL DIE HERE!  
YOU MAKE TWO TRIPS FOR ME! THE FIRST  
BY YOURSELF! THE SECOND YOU GET TO  
TAKE YOUR MOTHER AND SISTER TO TEXAS  
WITH YOU! DO THIS RIGHT AND I  
GUARANTEE THEY LIVE!

El Toro flicks his head and a Narquita Lieutenant rolls up the window.

JUAN BACA  
I WILL RETURN AND FLY YOU TO SAFETY!  
(to El Toro)  
SEWER RAT SCUMBAG!

EL TORO  
THE SOONER YOU FLY MY DRUGS NORTH,  
THE SOONER YOU WILL BE REUNITED!  
CAPITAN MIGUEL GOES WITH YOU!

Juan Baca helplessly watches as the Cartelones parks a short distance off the road with his mother and sister while other men fuel than load up the helicopter with bails of drugs.

MELLON (V.O.)  
The incident at Monterrey with Juan Baca took an intensive investigation to exact what occurred.

Overhead, two F-16s zip through the skies as El Toro crouches for cover.

EL TORO  
GET IN THE AIR! FLY UNDER THE RADAR!  
GET MY PRODUCT NORTH OF THE BORDER  
BEFORE YOU FRIENDS RETURN.

BLINDING FLASH CUT:

With a helicopter full of drugs Juan Baca struggles to lift the craft into the air along with Miguel and several Narquitas.

MELLON (V.O.)  
I know my best friend would not have willingly cooperated with a drug cartel.

Once airborne Juan Baca sees that the sedan with his mother and sister sits right next to the fuel truck.

MELLON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
So Juan Baca's solution was to ...

High into the sky, Juan Baca orbits his helicopter around once, takes direct aim at the fuel truck and the sedan and nose dives right into them causing a MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

MELLON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Juan Baca knew that the drug cartel would never let his family live; so he took matters on his own terms.

Partially caught on fire, El Toro rolls across the ground attempting to extinguish the flames from his clothes as Cybilia rushes to his rescue.

MELLON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This incident was never recorded for public information; so that another cartel would not attempt to commandeer another military helicopter.

A fireball rises a thousand feet into the sky when the two F-16s again STREAK across the SKY and disappear.

MELLON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The Juan Baca Incident was thoroughly investigated and found that he was under extreme duress from his mother and sister being kidnapped.

Cybilia, Huipe, and several Narquitas place the semi-charred El Toro into the back of a pickup truck and rush him away from the inferno that RAGED ON.

The helicopter's INFERNO envelopes the landscape.

INT. CYBER DONUT DIGS - DAY

Ophylia's eyes highlight the inferno flames as she rapidly types away on her computer.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)  
I still carried a full load of classes at the University of the Americas.

Mellon enters the Cyber Donut Digs and rushes up to Ophylia, and they warmly embrace.

OPHYLIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
After the Juan Baca and his family incident for security reasons, the Mexican Air Corps moved Mellon and me to base housing.

INT. HOUSTON TEXAS HOSPITAL - DAY

Wrapped like a partial mummy, Benito "El Toro" Batista lays in an Intensive Care Hospital ward in Houston Texas Hospital, Burn Trauma Unit.

M.D. ANDERSON BURN TRAUMA UNIT / HOUSTON TEXAS

In the background, two TRAUMA NURSES don white mask monitoring hospital apparatuses.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

After the deaths of Juan Baca, his mother and sister, I was highly motivated to exposing the narcos responsible, but they scattered like ghost poop in the wind.

The highly motivated Federal Bureau of Investigation, AGENT MANFRIED, steps into the Burn Trauma Unit to see El Toro's face covered in gauze. The Fed also wears a hospital smock and white mask.

MANFRIED

(shows FBI badge)

Bueno dias Senor Batista. My name is Agent Manfried of the FBI based out of El Paso Texas.

Manfried displays another I.D. card with El Toro's picture.

MANFRIED (CONT'D)

This drivers license shows you are a Mr. Rusty Snodgrass from 2526 Space Cadet Way in Alamogordo, New Mexico. But Bubba, we've got a problem here.

El Toro's eyes widen.

MANFRIED (CONT'D)

First there is no record of a Mr. Rusty Snodgrass anywhere and the address is bogus.

Agent Manfried takes a step closer to El Toro.

MANFRIED (CONT'D)

Next you paid the hospital bill on a draft note from a San Antonio Texas bank for two hundred five thousand dollars for you initial treatment.

El Toro's face distorts into a painful degenerative pose.

MANFRIED (O.S.) (CONT'D)

After more investigation, we found that your real name is Benito "El Toro" Batista out of Monterrey and a major cartel drug kingpin in Mexico.

Agent Manfred takes a pair of handcuff and secures them to El Toro's wrapped gazed wrist.

MANFRIED (CONT'D)

Batista, you are here charged with murder, drug running and distribution, weapons smuggling, extortion, racketeering, and kidnapping, both in the United States and in Mexico. You have the right ...

EL TORO

(struggles to talk)

I know rights.

MANFRIED

Well, I was hoping you won't remain silent. Once the doctors clear you to travel, we will move you to a federal holding facility in Dallas.

INT. MEXICAN ARMY BASE HOUSING - NIGHT

In subdued light, Ophylia works on her laptop computer while she types her VOICE OVERS.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

*On May 13 2008 the Mexican Army, the Mexican Navy, and the federal police initiated a tactical effort to go against the three cartels Sinaloa, Los Zetas, and Beltran-Layva.*

Ophylia thinks she hears a noise outside of her home office than resumes typing. The puppy dog, a Rottweiler pit-bull mix, PANZY, rests in her lap starts rolls his loving eye at her when she strokes the animal's ears. She continues to type on her laptop.

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

*On May 28 in a shoot out in Culiacan, Sinaloa, an unknown narco Hit Squad shot and killed seven Federal Police agents. We will not release the victim's names because their families would be a risk for retaliation.*

Mellon steps into the subdued light as Ophylia clicks save and close on her laptop.

MELLON

Sweetheart, you work quite late into the evening.

OPHYLIA

A term paper.

MELLON

But your college classes are through for the semester?

Mellon bends down and massages Ophylia's neck as the dog releases a warm greeting aroooo.

OPHYLIA

A thesis I work on for the fall.

When Mellon moves in closer to Ophylia, Panzy lays on her back to receive more attention from her master who stokes the doggie's fat little belly.

OPHYLIA (CONT'D)

Mellon, I love you for getting Panzy.

MELLON

You named our guard dog after a flower.

Ophylia moves closer to Mellon.

OPHYLIA

I saw in the library newspapers that the FBI in Houston Texas arrested Benito "El Toro" Batista, the suspect in the Juan Baca and his family murder?

MELLON

The justice department wants one of us to fly him back for trial.

OPHYLIA

Be careful ...

Mellon lightly kisses Ophylia on the lips.

MELLON

Always, come to bed and let's practice.

OPHYLIA

On making a baby, absolutely.

Ophylia and Mellon entwine in a long passionate kiss with Panzy rolling her puppy dog eyes.

INT. HOUSTON TEXAS HOSPITAL - DAY

FBI Agent Manfred hurriedly steps down the Houston Hospital hallway, charges into the Burn Trauma Unit, and steps up to cubicle in which El Toro resided with only a pair of unlocked handcuffs on the bed rail.

JUNE 1, 2008

MANFRIED

What the hell! Where is my prisoner  
and my agent?

Manfried turns to the CHIEF NURSE.

MANFRIED (CONT'D)

TELL ME MY PRISONER IS SOMEWHERE IN  
THIS HOSPITAL TAKING SOME MEDICAL  
TEST AND MY MAN IS ESCORTING HIM?

The Chief Nurse steps up to Manfred.

CHIEF NURSE

There are sick people here. Keep  
your voice down, or I'll have security  
remove you.

Manfried's face appears in the process of exploding.

MANFRIED

Remove me? I'm a FBI federal agent.  
Does anyone have any idea where your  
patient Batista is?

CHIEF NURSE

No! He is your responsibility! We  
are in the business of healing not  
incarcerating! A patient wants to  
leave, we don't keep them! Now remove  
yourself from my unit!

From down the hall inside the women's bathroom, a SCREAM  
alarms the entire Burn Trauma Unit.

When Manfred and the Chief Nurse rush into the room, they  
see FBI Proby riddled with bullets in one of the toilet  
stalls.

MANFRIED

LOCK DOWN THIS HOSPITAL! NOW!

EXT./INT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

SWEEPING AERIAL PAN of the FBI Building in Washington D.C.  
to show the US Capitol.

JUNE 30, 2008 / FBI BUILDING WASHINGTON D.C.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Once the Mexican cartel thugs started killing United States federal agents, only then did their government began to take deadly serious the drug problems south of their boarder.

SUITS for the FBI, ATF, DEA, ICE, US Boarder Security, Homeland Security, and the Justice Department hold a joint press conference.

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

The first thing the US Government went after was financial sanctions against the Mexican drug businesses. Like that is really effective.

President George W. Bush signs a piece of legislation.

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

On June 30th 2008 President Bush signed the Merida Initiative, which was a security agreement between our two counties that earmarked 1.6-billion dollar for assistance in fighting the drug war.

INT. CASA DE BATISTA - NIGHT

With Cybilia at his side, Benito "El Toro" Batista lies in bed surrounded by a half dozen Narquitas.

CASA de BATISTA / MONTERREY MEXICO

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

\$7 out of every \$10 spent in the United States for an illegal drug originated from Mexican cartels; so the 1.6 billion dollars to fight the Cartels was grossly underfunded.

Lit candles completely line the room creating a subdued look. El Toro motions for Cybilia to come close.

EL TORO

(struggles to speak)

Cybilia use your wits and guts to kill competition here in Mexico and north of the boarder. Snipe them! Blow them up! Use terror to destroy the other narco bastards.

El Toro's breathing becomes increasingly labored.

EL TORO (CONT'D)  
 (grabs her shirt sleeve)  
 Cybilia ... journalist the enemy.  
 Especially, coward signs name Pablo  
 Cubo. Summon Donaque. Have him hunt  
 down the garbage who do us harm.

El Toro exhales his last breath as Cybilia and the Narquitas stand still. Then in a flash of a moment, they raise their weapons to the ceiling FIRING OFF MULTIPLE SHOTS.

CYBILIA & NARQUITAS  
 ¡VIVO EL TORO! ¡VIVO EL TORO! ¡VIVO  
 EL TORO! ¡VIVO EL TORO! ¡VIVO ...

INT. RESTAURANTE DE POLITICO - DAY

In the Restaurante de Politico, Ophylia, seated at a table in the back, meets with the business suite, MARCHALANO, a man in his 30's with an air of femininity about him.

RESTAURANTE DE POLITICO / MEXICO CITY

Marchalano displays affected female gestures and an affected voice.

MARCHALANO  
 You may call me Marchalano, and I  
 take it your name is Miss Kahlo?  
 Except you appear a lot taller.

Ophylia appears in complete disguise with stylish shades, a jet black wig, super dark tan complexion, a 1930's zoot suit with a retrograde stripe tie, a wide brim Derby hat, stylish white cotton gloves, and makeup to look like Frida Kahlo, (the Mexican artist of the 20th Century with the slight mustache and the jointed eyebrow line).

OPHYLIA  
 (lower gruff voice)  
 Call me Frida.

Marchalano takes a seat with his back to the restaurant PATRONS and STAFF.

MARCHALANO  
 So this Frida Kahlo does not want to  
 be a painter, but a journalist and  
 report on the news of the day? And  
 you want the inside track in the  
 Mexican Justice Department?

OPHYLIA  
 You draw the correct sketch.

MARCHALANO  
 And unconditionally?

Ophylia remains slightly tense.

OPHYLIA

Trying to solicit a sexual liaison  
with me will not ...

MARCHALANO

Will not do anything for me.

OPHYLIA

Yes, but your motive puzzles me.

Marchalano tries to size her up.

MARCHALANO

Like most upstanding Mexicans, you  
had a family member or perhaps a  
close friend massacred by the cartel,  
and your time for revenge is now?

OPHYLIA

And your ax against a cartel wants  
to grind sharp?

MARCHALANO

Being one of the largest narcos in  
northeast Mexico near Monterrey, my  
father personified the true definition  
and nature of a maniacal monster.

OPHYLIA

Personified? You speak in the past  
tense?

MARCHALANO

My father died of burns from a  
helicopter crash attempting to  
transport narcotics. My half sister  
now inherits the Batista family  
insanity.

INTENSE FLASH BACK:

INT. HOUSTON TEXAS HOSPITAL - DAY

In the restroom, FBI Proby hikes up the pretty blonde nurses's  
dress and slides down Huipe's panties. With a boyish grin,  
he pulls down his trousers and boxer shorts.

MARCHALANO (V.O.)

Her name is Cybilia Batista.

Just as FBI Proby starts to enter her from the rear, Cybilia,  
with two pistols with silencers, enters the restroom.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

And without conscience she continues  
your father's business.

FBI Proby immediately stops and places his hands up with  
multiple rounds flashing forth to the spasming of his body.

MARCHALANO (V.O.)

Yes, God help anybody who gets in  
Cybilias way.

With a sardonic smile, Cybilias SLOWLY blows smoke off the  
end of the pistol barrel and then gives Huipe a hug.

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

She is a sociopathic maniacal  
murderess, except in one area of her  
life.

INTENSE FLASH BACK:

INT. CASA DE BATISTA - NIGHT

Bathed in candle light, Benito "El Toro" Batista expires  
with Cybilias at his side. She holds out her hand and the 18-  
month old girl, MONIQUE, rushes into her mother arms.

MARCHALANO (V.O.)

Beyond murder, mayhem, kidnapping,  
state sponsored terrorism, drug  
dealing, gun running, and being an  
overall bitch ...

Monique buries her head deeply into Cybilias arms.

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

The true light in Cybilias life is  
her two-year-old daughter Monique.

RE-INTENSE FLASH BACK:

INT. RESTAURANTE DE POLITICO - DAY

Marchalano looks somewhat uncomfortable that he relayed his  
niece's name to Ophylia.

MARCHALANO

I have complete access to intelligence  
against the cartels, but if I see  
Monique's name anywhere in print, I  
cut you off. Comprende?

OPHYLIA

For me children are precious. I would  
never want to see a child hurt.

INTENSE FLASH BACK:

EXT. PUERTO PENASCO - DAY

The TOURISTA II boat docks at the Puerto Penasco ship yard and unloads its passengers right next to a Mexican Navy light cruiser.

PUERTO PENASCO / SEA of CORTEZ

MARCHALANO (V.O.)

I data base every narco across Mexico, Central America, South America, and many contacts in the United States.

Several deck hands unload luggage into a medium size van marked: *TOURIST TOURS of PENASCO*.

MARCHALANO (CONT'D)

As we speak, Chinese ship heroin to the Tijuana Cartel through Puerto Penasco and then transport it through the tunnels of Mexicali into the U.S.A.

RE-INTENSE FLASH BACK:

INT. RESTAURANTE DE POLITICO - DAY

Marchalano takes a sip of his tea and sets it down.

MARCHALANO

I know you want my information for your journalism gig. But with the narcos you take an inch, they bury you a mile below the surface.

With that sobering thought, Ophylia pulls in a deep breath.

OPHYLIA

Until every facet of narco land is exposed.

MARCHALANO

Good. From this day forward, we will never meet again and only communicate via email. My handle will be ... Garganta Profunda at this address.

Marchalano hands Ophylia a piece of paper.

OPHYLIA

Garganta Profunda is Spanish for Deep Throat.

MARCHALANO

Memorize it. Do not keep it on your computer than destroy it.

(MORE)

MARCHALANO (CONT'D)  
 Difficult, but I want to forget your  
 face, and that we ever met.

Marchalano starts to stand and then sits back down.

MARCHALANO (CONT'D)  
 Two things: if you have family, your  
 precautions should be unapproachable.

OPHYLIA  
 (smiles)  
 Well, I have attack cats.

MARCHALANO  
 Attack cats? That is priceless. So I  
 guess not just an urban legend?

OPHYLIA  
 What is the second thing?

MARCHALANO  
 A panic word, say if I ever start  
 with the phrase, *Dear Pablo Cubo*,  
 run like evil chases you.

Marchalano abruptly stands and exits the restaurant.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)  
 And from my Deep Throat connection,  
 this is when my internet journalism  
 gig really exploded with spot on  
 information.

From a corner table, Donaquel covers his face with a menu as  
 Marchalano passes him. When the man leaves the restaurant,  
 the Private investigator lowers his menu and with a cell  
 phone takes a dark out-of-focus picture of Ophylia.

INT. OCOYOACAC MEXICO - DAY

Legions of flies dive bomb into HUMAN REMAINS.

SEPTEMBER 13, 2008 / OCOYOACAC MEXICO

OPHYLIA (V.O.)  
 On September 13th 2008 it took a  
 small army of local police and a  
 cadre of coroners to lay out 24-bodies  
 in black plastic bags.

LA MARQUESA NATIONAL PARK

From a distance a sign reads La Marquesa National Park as  
 the gruesome work of tagging and bagging unfolds to the  
 distinct sound of HAND GRENADE EXPLOSIONS.

EXT. MORELIA MICHOACAN MEXICO - DAY

Dressed in black shirts and pants with black/red bandannas covering their faces, a half dozen CARTELONES from side alley ways and adjoining streets toss in multiple hand grenades into the CROWD of the local market place.

SEPTEMBER 15, 2008 / MORELIA MICHOACAN MEXICO

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Two days after the mass carnage at La Marquesa, a hand grenade attack killed eight and wounded over a hundred civilians in Morelia Michoacan linked to cartel activity.

Hand grenades LAGGARDLY rip multiple civilians to shreds and wound scores more.

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

The narcos were not only waging a turf war against the other drug lords and the state of Mexico, but were engaging in terrorist attacks against the hearts and minds of civilians.

MOTHERS clutch their CHILDREN as multitudes of PATRONS and TOURISTS dive for cover behind cart stands and vehicles.

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

Now overt signs of lawlessness began to settle across the landscape. In many sections of Mexico narcos reign down lawlessness, chaos, and fear.

The Cartelones rush into a van and the DRIVER also wearing a black bandanna launches a rocket propelled grenade from the shoulder blasting out the side of a market place.

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

None were ever held accountable or arrested for this Morelia Michoacan massacre or for the Marquesa national park slaughter.

With an depraved smile, Cybilias glances in her rear view mirror to see the chaos of dead and wounded bodies and fire and smoke swirling throughout the Morelia market place to the sound of a 35mm SLR camera *CLICKING FORTH*.

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

But the maniacal events of the last two day in La Marquesa and Morelia sent a serious message to the government of Mexico that narcos are capable of inhuman barbarity, and for now they are the ones in charge.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - DAY

In the Southern barrio of Mexico City, Ophylia takes pictures with a massive telephoto lens on her 35mm SLR digital camera of the Mexican Army rounding up multiple suspects.

SEPTEMBER 17, 2008 / BARRIOS de MEXICO D.F.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

It was called Operation Solare to where over two hundred narcos from the cartels were apprehended from Guatemala to Mexico.

BLINDING FLASH CUT:

EXT. LITTLE MEXICO, LOS ANGELES - DAY -- CONTINUOUS

A Los Angeles SWAT TEAM, ATF, DEA, and ICE raid a warehouse in Little Mexico in the heart of East Los Angeles forcing a dozen HISPANIC DRUGGERS to surrender.

LITTLE MEXICO / EAST LOS ANGELES

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

And from Italy to the United States in this major anti-drug trafficking operation. But when one narco was squashed on the street another ten sewer cockroaches took his place.

As ATF AGENTS uncovers a major stash of assault rifles, RPGs, and hand grenades, the DEA AGENTS pull tarps off of a huge stash of marijuana and cocaine blocks.

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

But a new, sad, and disgusting by-product of the drug war began to emerge ...

A FEMALE ICE (immigration) AGENT views a laptop computer with (blocked out) images of child pornography.

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

And that was the horrific and tragic increase of child pornography.

Infuriated, the Female ICE Agent slams down the laptop. She withdraws her 9mm pistol and discharges her weapon an inch from the LEADER's ear to the *REVERBERATION RINGING OUT* throughout the entire warehouse.

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

To civilized society, this became the depravity of an immoral society that must be stopped at all costs.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF THE AMERICAS MEXICO D.F. - DAY

Ophylia looks across the campus to see a multitude of students busily going about their daily routines.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

With the crimes against children, I  
know now that there is no going back  
for me.

Ophylia gently closes her laptop, takes in a deep breath,  
and looks STRAIGHT into THE CAMERA LENS verbalizing ...

OPHYLIA (CONT'D)

I am all in, all invested to bring  
this drug plague to an end, and its  
by-products of corruption, kidnapping,  
torture, murder, and now child  
pornography eliminated from the face  
of the earth.

INT. CASA DE BATISTA - NIGHT

To her Narquitas, Cybilia's face lightens as she takes a  
pointer stick to show a wall map of Mexico.

CYBILIA

The largest and most dangerous narcos  
in Mexico are the Sinaloa and Los  
Zetas cartels.

Cybilia taps her pointer stick on the board several times at  
Tijuana and Ciudad Juarez.

CYBILIA (CONT'D)

Next, the Tijuana and Ciudad Juarez  
Cartels will be standing in our way.

Cybilia turns to the taxidermal stuffed body of Benito "El  
Toro" Batista strapped upright in a makeshift throne.

CYBILIA (CONT'D)

What do you think father?  
(pregnant pause)  
Yes, interesting, very wise, I will  
pass that along.

El Toro's face dulls with a waxy like sheen.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Yes, Cybilia Batista had her father  
stuffed like a trophy big game animal.  
In pre-Columbian times, the Incas  
revered a dead king by taking his  
embalmed body into battle. 500 years  
later Cybilia Batista continues the  
tradition.

Cybililia turns to the lead Narquita Lieutenant, Huipe.

CYBILILIA

Huipe, my father demands to know, did you hear from that rat in Mexico City, Donaquel? Is he any closer to finding out who Pablo Cubo the internet journalist, is?

Huipe attitude shines forth.

HUIPE

Nothing, your Ladyship.

Cybililia turns to the Narquitas.

CYBILILIA

With my bodyguard I go to Mexico City to pay Donaquel the visit and find out why he cannot expose more journalist. Huipe here is my right hand; obey her as you would obey me. Also see to my daughter.

NARQUITAS

Yes, your Ladyship.

CYBILILIA

Settled, now you meet Cyclops, the greatest long distance marksman in all of Mexico and my new bodyguard.

With a black patch over his left eye, CYCLOPS steps out of the darkest shadow in the room with a .50 caliber sniper rifle and its high powered telescope.

HUIPE

(cautiously)

Your Ladyship, *the greatest marksman in Mexico?* He only has one eye.

CYBILILIA

Senorita Huipe, that is all Mr. Cyclops needs.

INT. DONAQUEL'S OFFICE MEXICO CITY - DAY

in his PI office, Donaquel sits opposite Ophylia and Mellon.

MELLON

Many authorities in Monterrey can be entirely corrupt. We thought you may have some connection to see exactly who kidnapped the mother and sister Palina of Lieutenant Juan Baca.

Mellon and Ophylia tightly hold hands.

OPHYLIA

We can pay you. Double your rate?

Donaquel uncomfortably smiles at the young looking couple.

DONAQUEL

Not even for triple or quadruple my fee. I am sure the kidnapping involves a cartel. Northern Mexico is in a state of chaos. I go snooping around the narcos, and they separate my head from my body. I am sorry, but I would be crazy to help you.

Donaquel phone rings that he answers.

DONAQUEL (CONT'D)

Yes, I am through with Mr. And Mrs. Marcelais. When they come out send her in.

Quasi apologetic Donaquel looks up at Mellon and Ophylia.

DONAQUEL (CONT'D)

Sorry some pressing business. Excuse me, the next client has arrived.

When Mellon and Ophylia stand and start to leave the room, Cybilias aggressively steps into the room.

CYBILIAS

Donaquel, no one keeps me waiting!

DONAQUEL

Sorry about this.

Ophylia exits the room as she and Cybilias pass one another, they make eye contact. Mellon quietly shuts the door.

CYBILIAS

Who plays the red hair Beauty Princess and her escort?

Donaquel looks completely unsettle by Cybilias's intrusion.

DONAQUEL

They are nobody I could help.

CYBILIAS

Have you found anything more out about the internet journalist, Pablo Cubo, and how we can find him?

DONAQUEL

I swear I get close. You will have Senor Pablo Cubo soon.

INT. REYNOSA TAMAULIPAS - DAY

In an Apache helicopter Mellon blasts his way through a narco barrage of gunfire and RPGs [rocket propelled grenades].

NOVEMBER 6, 2008 / REYNOSA, TAMAULIPAS

MELLON (V.O.)

The Apache helicopter is one of the most fierce fighting weapons known to modern warfare.

Mellon wheels his Apache around and with the two 50-caliber machine guns on the front of his helicopter mows down an entire squad of narcos engaging in hostile gun fire against a platoon of Mexicans Army troops.

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

Fighting the drug cartels becomes a full-time business.

Mellon squares his Apache helicopter off against the last group of narcos near a Quonset hut and opens fire.

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

For me taking out those who destroy Mexico is a necessity.

As the Mexican GROUND TROOPS rush up to the Quonset hut, Mellon sets down his helicopter on the far edge of the parameter and withdraws his pistol.

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

Every time I go against a narco, I not only seek revenge for Juan Baca, his mother, and his sister, but for all victims devastated by this drug plague.

The military engages in a few mop-up fire fights with less than six narcos remaining combative.

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

And every day I engage in a firefight and live to go home to my wife, that is a good day.

Mellon steps up to a severely wounded narco who pathetically looks up at him for assistance.

MELLON (CONT'D)

MEDIC! ONE WOUNDED OVER HERE!

Off toward the Quonset hut, Mellon hears *jeers* and *cheers* coming from the Army platoon. He steps up to look into the aluminum structure to see a massive stash of weapons.

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

In the history of Mexico, today we made the greatest seizure of weapon.

Mellon sees boxes and crates of weapons fill the entire cavity of the Quonset hut.

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

This cartel stash revealed 300 assault rifles with many were traced back to United States ATF fast and furious gun walking scandal.

Mellon observes an Army Private pick up an assault automatic handgun from a box full of the weapons.

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

Next to the rifles were over 140 assault automatic handguns, mostly 9-millimeters.

Mellon steps up to boxes chucked full of hand grenades.

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

The arms stash was an amazing collection of deadly weaponry with over 150 hand grenades, the US military smooth-surface-type that shreds out evenly for the greatest distribution of body damage.

Mellon looks down on a box that two Army men open up, and one reaches in to lift out a stick of TNT.

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

Next to them were 14 sticks of dynamite that strategically placed could easy level a multi-structure building or potentially blast open most bank safes.

From a metal drum several, Army privates tip it over to reveal thousands of cartridges careen across the floor.

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

To feed the assault handguns and rifles were a half a million rounds of bullets. We confiscated over one thousand ammunition high capacity magazines.

An Army Captain yells out with everyone rushing over to see him hold a rocket launcher.

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

And to cap everything off a ground to ground rocket launcher was discovered in the back end of the Quonset hut. This weapon could actually take out a tank killing everyone on board.

Another ARMY PRIVATE breaks open another wooden cart to reveal high capacity ammunition magazines.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Statistics reveal 90-percent of the weapons used in the Mexican drug war, including automatic pistols and assault rifles originate from the United States.

The Army Private steps to the back of the Quonset hut and pulls off a tarp to reveal racks upon racks of assault rifles.

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

And some of these assault weapons with high capacity clips and live ammo would be sold for profit by our own troops back to the drug assassins.

The Army Private picks up the rifle, pulls back the firing lever, and mockingly aims it back at his comrades.

EXT. CHIHUAHUA - DAY

Rocking 'n' rolling with their AR-15s, Cybilia, Huipe, and a dozen of the Narquitas shoot it out with a rival gang.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

These killing instruments again strike up another debate over an assault weapons ban in the United States Congress, which will be going nowhere. And why?

Cybilia, Huipe, a half dozen rival narcos in a massive fire fight against each other.

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

Because nine out of every ten assault rifles exported into Mexico are from the United states. Right now the best friend of the drug cartels ...

In a CRAZED FRENZY, Cybilia fires off one round after the next from her AR-15 with his high capacity clip.

OPHYLIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 appears to be the NRA, the National  
 Rifle Association, and their grip  
 over the American congress regarding  
 gun control!

A 5.67 shell EJECTS from Cybilia's AR-15 FREEZING IN MIDAIR.

INT. MEXICAN ARMY BASE HOUSING - NIGHT

Still dressed in his OD green flight suit, Mellon opens the door to his bedroom to see his peacefully sleeping beauty, Ophylia, and the dog Panzy lightly offers up a *roof*.

Ophylia opens her eyes and smiles at her husband who sits next to her.

OPHYLIA  
 (slightly groggy)  
 You had a long day?

MELLON  
 Very long day. Sorry I awoke you.

Mellon strokes Ophylia's lush beautiful red hair.

OPHYLIA  
 No, no, no, I am glad you did.  
 (with concern)  
 I pray you can say your day was a  
 good one.

MELLON  
 A very good day. Ophylia, when my  
 tour of duty is through, and we have  
 a child would you mind if I moved us  
 out of Mexico, say to Canada? I can  
 easily get a pilot's job there at  
 five times the pay I make now.

OPHYLIA  
 My lover, by confidant, my best  
 friend, I cannot leave Mexico because  
 the story of violence must be told.

MELLON  
 (unsettled)  
 What do you mean the story of violence  
 must be told? You aspire to become a  
 narco reporter?  
 (lightens up)  
 You know journalist are being killed  
 all the time here in Mexico?

OPHYLIA

Just that every place presents different challenges. At least here we have family, and a family that will grow.

Invitingly, Ophylia holds out her arms to Mellon.

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

I almost slipped and told Mellon of my secret life, but the time is not right. Fortunately, he is a great husband, and I will not conduct a full assault interrogation.

Mellon warmly embraces Ophylia.

MELLON

I have a little more than two years left of service, and I just want my family safe.

Ophylia gently touches Mellon's face.

OPHYLIA

Mellon come to bed, and we will talk about this later.

(a slight pause)

Is not Canada like bitter cold? Don't they have like tyrannosaurus rex mosquitoes there?

MELLON

Summers in Canada can be pleasant and the mosquitoes don't eat your flesh.

OPHYLIA

Good, I do not want to be cold in the summer.

Mellon snuggles up to Ophylia.

MELLON

(endearing)

Puddle Cakes, there is one more thing.

OPHYLIA

You know I hate it when you call me Puddle Cakes. Makes me sound like an unbroken house dog.

(coyly)

All right what is it?

Mellon tightens his face.

MELLON

I entered you in the Mrs. Mexico City pageant. I know you'll win. It is a pretty big deal.

Ophylia pulls back from Mellon.

OPHYLIA

(breathless)

WHAT!? Mrs. Mexico City pageant? A beauty contest? A pretty big deal? You think I am just some frivolous woman without a mind of her own? I won't do it. That's not what I want to be ...

MELLON

Please say yes.

OPHYLIA

Yes, is my answer to say no.

MELLON

Ophylia, who does not stop and turn their heads when you walk by.

OPHYLIA

I think no one at all. This answer is still no. Besides does not Mrs. Mexico City need to be a mother?

MELLON

I think being in a legitimate marriage is all that matters. Besides if being a mother is the criteria, we will rent a kid.

With slight outrage Ophylia whacks Mellon on his arm.

OPHYLIA

(again breathless)

Rent a kid? Nobody rents a kid. Now you are delirious.

MELLON

Just think, you could be a roll model to some young girl to help her dream of a better life than living in a cardboard box in some shanty slum.

Ophylia starts to turn out the light.

OPHYLIA

Really Mellon? Rent a kid? Mrs. Mexico City beauty pageant? I think you snort too much jet fuel.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MEXICO - DAY

In a large classroom chucked full of computers, Donaquel stands over the student, COMPX CARLOS, 20's and nerdy.

UNIVERSITY OF MEXICO

DONAQUEL

In all of Mexico they say you are  
the best of the best with computers

COMPX CARLOS

I say I am the best of the best  
because I am the best.

Donaquel extracts 12-thousand pesos from his pocket and flashes it in front of CompX Carlos's eyes.

DONAQUEL

12-thousand pesos now. 12-thousand  
pesos when you find this man ...

(hands him a note)

A Mr. Pablo Cubo who runs an anti-  
cartel website.

COMPX CARLOS

Pablo Cubo? He's becomes very popular.

CompX Carlos accepts the money from Donaquel.

DONAQUEL

You have a month. Do you know wherever  
this thing is lives?

Donaquel pulls out the picture of Ophylia dressed as Frida Kahlo in the restaurant with Marchalano.

COMPX CARLOS

My God, it's a miracle! Frida Kahlo  
comes back to life.

DONAQUEL

Smart ass! You play me your parents  
will not be able to identify your  
body because they will be laying  
dead right next to you.

As Donaquel walks away from CompX Carlos, the VOICES of  
REPORTERS BREAK THROUGH ...

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Corruption was rampant among some  
civil servants, the military, and  
the police who are suppose to protect  
us against the cartels.

INT. MEXICO DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY

Mexican SECURITY POLICE escort a parade of men in orange jail jump-suits and handcuffs and leg irons through the main corridor of the Mexico Department of Justice as dozens of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS barrage questions at them.

NOVEMBER 29, 2008 / MEXICO DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

REPORTERS

WHY? WHY ARE YOU MEN PROMOTING THE  
DRUG CULTURE IN MEXICO?

The TV reporter, PACO PUENTEZ, along with his VIDEOGRAPHER appears excessively aggressive toward the suspects.

PACO PUENTEZ

HOW MUCH MONEY WERE YOU PAID TO  
PROMOTE DRUG USE IN MEXICO?

The SECURITY POLICE first escort CANERIO MANDALO in an orange jail jump-suit secured in handcuffs and leg irons.

PACO PUENTEZ (CONT'D)

SENOR MANDALO, AS THE FEDERAL POLICE  
CHIEF, WHY DID YOU VIOLATE YOUR OATH  
TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE WHEN ALL ALONG  
YOU WERE HARMING THEM?

Canerio Mandalo keeps his head bowed.

PACO PUENTEZ (CONT'D)

CANERIO, HOW MUCH DID YOU RECEIVE IN  
PAYMENT BY THE LEYBA CARTEL?

Also wearing an orange jail jump-suit and in handcuffs and leg irons, the Security Police escort BRODISIMO MORACO down the hall.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

And for also cooperating with the  
West Cost Cartel the Security Police  
lead Brodisimo Moraco, the ex-director  
of Mexico's International police.

In another orange jail jump-suit and in handcuffs and leg irons, the Security Police shuffle Mexican Interpol chief SUARRO Down the hall.

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

The Security Police stiff armed  
Suarro, the Mexican Interpol chief  
down the corridor.

Also wearing an orange jail jump-suit and in handcuffs and leg irons, the Security Police manhandle RAMZY GUTIERREZ.

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

And it didn't stop there. The Security Police also arrested the anti-organized crime boss, Ramzy Gutierrez. And this was just for the month of November 2008.

The Videographer steadies her camera on a tripod while Paco Puentez wraps up his stand up with microphone in hand.

PACO PUENTEZ

(to camera)

From the Mexico Department of Justice this is Paco Puentez reporting ...

From the Videographer's left ear, she hears the *ZING* of a bullet instantly striking Paco Puentez in the center of his chest vaulting him head over heels several feet backwards.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Yes, the TV reporter Paco Puentez was gunned down on the steps of the Department of Justice.

Then from a great distance the Videographer hears the *REPORT* of a high powered rifle and instantly drops Paco Puentez bleeding out on the steps of the Department of Justice followed by the mass panic of the Reporters and Photographers.

HARD CUT:

INT. MULTI-STORY STRUCTURE MEXICO CITY - DAY -- CONTINUOUS

From 2.5 kilometers, Cyclops, through the rifle massive telescope, views the killing scenario being played out on the steps of the Department of Justice.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

From over two kilometers in distance, the sniper, Cyclops, killed Paco Puentez.

Cyclops ejects the .50 caliber shell from his rifle. He methodically disassembles the weapon placing the parts in a black duffel carrying case.

CYBILIA (O.S.)

This should be the end those damn journalist reporting on we narcos and the end of this Pablo Cubo.

Cybilias steps up to the spotters telescope and peers through at the chaos on the Department of Justice steps.

CYBILIA (CONT'D)

Cyclops, this is what I demand, lots of chaos, lots of fear. I like it!

EXT. GUATEMALA / MEXICO BORDER - NIGHT

Tracer bullets ZING BACK and FORTH marking a fierce night firefight.

NOVEMBER 30, 2008 / GUATEMALA MEXICAN BORDER

MELLON (V.O.)

To cap off the month of November saw one of the fiercest firefights between Guatemalan and Mexican drug cartels.

In a fierce battle, Guatemalan and Mexican drug cartels shoot it out along the two countries' boarder.

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

Two drug cartels fought a turf war along the Guatemala Mexican border to where 18 narcos were killed in one battle.

Dozens of narcos get shoot down Cartelones rivals.

EXT. CHILPANCINGO GUERRERO MEXICO - DAY

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN stands in the parking lot of the Chilpancingo shopping center with seven soldiers and one police commanders' bodies laying in white sheets with blood stains on the sheets where there heads should be.

DECEMBER 21, 2008 / CHILPANCINGO, GUERRERO

MELLON (V.O.)

Near a shopping mall located in Chilpancingo seven Mexican soldiers were kidnapped, tortured and decapitated presumably by the local drug cartel with a note stating more revenge will be coming.

In unrestrained fright, a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN's screams mute, and she stumbles away from the gruesome scene.

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

Last year in 2007 twenty-five hundred Mexicans died in the drug war. But that was becoming a distant forgotten statistic.

Each body bag highlights the gruesome scene.

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

2008 would see a rise of nearly three fold in drug related murders throughout the country that now exceeded over 6-thousand killings.

INT. MEXICO NATIONAL THEATER - NIGHT

Mexico National Theater holds a stage of stunning MRS. MEXICO CITY CONTESTANTS.

DECEMBER 24, 2008 / MEXICO NATIONAL THEATER / MEXICO CITY

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

I do not know why I let Mellon talk me into competing for Mrs. Mexico City, but I want please my husband; so ...

Ophylia stands front and center with another hopeful Mrs. Mexico City Contestant and a dozen MRS. BEAUTY QUEENS behind them.

MR. & MRS. HOST

And the winner is ... Mrs. Ophylia Marcelais of Mexico City.

With cheers and whistles the crowd erupts with Mellon, the Col. & Mrs. O'Patric, and Annapurna leading the ovation from a packed audience. MR. & MRS. HOST crown Ophylia as she looks STUPEFIED by winning the contest.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Winning truly shocked me.

Next to the O'Patrics and Mellon, Karmiya loudly claps and cheers for her friend.

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

It is good to see my best friend Karmiya. I miss her since narcos killed Juan Baca and his family.

Ophylia walks the runway as everyone continues to give her a rousing ovation.

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

Unless I accomplish something positive, I feel my life's work will be meaningless.

Ophylia looks uncomfortable in her new roll as she FREEZES against the foreground of the Contestants.

FREEZE FRAME:

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

This is how 2008 ended for me. I thought I could make a difference in some minor way with the drug tragedies I knew embroiled Mexico.

INT. MEXICAN ARMY BASE HOUSING - NIGHT

Ophylia and Mellon enjoy a snack in front of the TV during the 5 P.M. O'clock news.

JANUARY 6, 2009

Ophylia reaches down and pets Panzy (slightly older and bigger), and offers her a doggie treat, which the K-9 gently accepts.

OPHYLIA

And here is a little doggie snack  
for you Puddle Cakes.

Suddenly, a *SPECIAL BULLETIN* blurts forth of the exterior of the Monterrey TV station riddled with bullet holes, emergency vehicles with their emergency light flashing, and Mexican Federal troops and civilians in a general state of chaos.

MELLON

You renamed the dog Puddle Cakes.

The entire Monterrey TV news room gets peppered with bullets than rocks with seizable explosion.

TV ANCHOR

And this video just came in from our sister station in Monterrey that has come under attack we believe by one of the drug cartel in northern Mexico.

INT. MONTERREY TELEVISA STATION - NIGHT

Inside the broadcast station, three TV ANCHORS crouch behind the anchor desk that gets RIDDLED with bullets.

MONTERREY TELEVISA STATION

The PRODUCTION CREW and the TV Anchors crawl across the floor as it continues to get blasted and bombarded by bullets and ordinance.

EXT. MONTERREY TELEVISA TV STATION - NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Covered by her signature purple bandanna, Cybilia empties her AK-47 assault rifle right into the center of the newsroom.

Next to her, a half dozen Narquitas fire their AR-15s while several others throw grenades into the TV station.

Cybilia then inserts a second HIGH CAPACITY CLIP into her AR-15, takes aim at the TV station, and empties it into the building.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

The Monterrey Cartel intended to instill unyielding fear among journalists.

Cybililia dumps another HIGH CAPACITY CLIP and deftly inserts a third one. She cock back the loading bolt on the rifle and holds up her hand for the Narquitas to stop firing.

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

Miraculously, not one TV person was even scratched during the attack.

Cybililia slings her AK-47 and marches to the front door of the TV station. From her black flack vest the cartel leader pulls out a note and drops it at the front steps.

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

The note that Cybililia Batista left read, *'If you continue to report on us, next time we kill everyone. Report on those narco political leaders. You know the corrupt ones.'*

Huipe hustles up to Cybililia and whispers something to her.

CYBILILIA

My loyal Huipe, you have them here?

EXT. CASA DE BATISTA - DAY

Cybililia marched it the backside of her house and sees Marchalano tied to a chair with his mouth gagged next to a swimming pool. Donaquel and CompX Carlos stand to one side.

CYBILILIA

Brother, do you know when Cane killed Abel that the older brother opened the door for all murders? And do you know the other result?

Cybililia takes a 9mm pistol, pulling the hammer back, and holds it at Marchalano's head who *protests* through the gag.

CYBILILIA (CONT'D)

God forgot to give Cane a conscience; so he killed without remorse setting the stage for all future killers to murder with parasitic pleasure.

Cybililia nods to Donaquel who removes his smart phone and shows Marchalano the picture of him eating lunch with Ophyilia dressed as Frida Kahlo.

CYBILILIA (CONT'D)

Brother, I only ask you one time, who is this?

With her free hand, Cybilia removes the gag around his mouth.

MARCHALANO

(half crying)

Gave the name of Frida Kahlo. He or she is a wanna be journalist. Asked me to provide stories about narco activity, but I said I could not help.

Cybilia nods to Compx Carlos.

CYBILIA

We found your email name, *Garganta Profunda*, deep throat. Did you feed Pablo Cubo information as to the narco activities around Mexico? Is this Pablo Cubo your contact? Is this Frida wanna be Pablo Cubo?

Marchalano looks meekly caught in his own trap.

MARCHALANO

Sister just end my misery.

CYBILIA

End my brother's misery?

Cybilia's face highlight, than her lips, than her breasts, and then her cocked 9mm pistol.

CYBILIA (CONT'D)

No. We must set the trap for this Pablo Cubo, and you are going to be the cheese.

EXT./INT. MEXICAN ARMY BASE HOUSING - NIGHT

Mellon walks from his vehicle to his door and holding a sack fumbles with his keys. He then notices the door appears slightly ajar and open.

Cautiously, he pushes it open only to be met by Panzy (now a maturing K-9).

FEBRUARY 14, 2009 / MEXICAN ARMY BASE HOUSING

MELLON

Panzy, everything all right?

Mellon steps in with Panzy to see only candles and rose peddles strewn across a set table, floor, and into the hallway.

MELLON (CONT'D)

Is the mistress of the house home?

Panzy leads Mellon into the bathroom, also decorated with candles and rose peddles, and he sees the nude Ophylia soaking in a bubble bath.

OPHYLIA

Mellon, like to get wet and wild?

Mellon removes a bottle of champagne from inside a brown bag and drops the sack of groceries. He deftly pops the cork.

MELLON

Happy 20th birthday ...

Mellon sets the champagne on the side of the tub, removes his clothes, and joins Ophylia for a soak.

OPHYLIA

And happy Baby Making Day.

MELLON

Really? Baby Making Day? That's my favorite day.

From the entrance Panzy releases an endearing little doggy *whimper* to Mellon and Ophylia making out in the bubble bath.

DISSOLVE TO:

Ophylia wakes up to find no Mellon next to her in bed but the lovable Panzy.

She enters the kitchen and a single red rose in a single glass vase lays on the table.

She inwardly smiles to herself, smell the rose, and then opens the card reading it to herself.

OPHYLIA

(quietly reads)

*Dearest Love of My Life: Sorry duty called early, have an early flight. My love for you is a crazy hot volcano erupting lava overflowing explosion sizzling ... all right I guess enough metaphorical sop. I left you another present of sorts in a lock box in your car. The combination is your birth year. Love, kisses, and mad passionate ... well you know, Mellon.*

Inside her car, Ophylia opens the passenger door and leans down to see the lock box. She presses the combination - 1989 and it flips open to reveal the 5-shot .38 RG revolver.

Ophylia SLOWLY removes the pistol and carefully holds it in her hand. She expertly opens its cylinder to inspect five live rounds secured in its chamber.

EXT. REYNOSA TAMAULIPAS MEXICO - DAY

In and around the street of Reynosa Mexico, the Army squares off with the cartel Los Zetas in an all out fire fight.

FEBRUARY 17, 2009 / REYNOSA, MEXICO

MELLON (V.O.)

No place in Mexico seems to be safe.  
This latest shoot-out was between  
the Mexico Army and a heavily armed  
civilian cartel known as Los Zetas.

Bringing up the rear of the Mexico Army column, Mellon grips his 9-mm semiautomatic pistol and points it around a wall emptying its clip.

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

The military maneuver against a well  
armed cartel took down an entire  
city. The ensuing nine hour firefight  
created murder and mayhem, quickly  
forcing a curfew.

Mellon ducks for cover behind a wall, instantly getting sprayed with automatic gunfire. In a flurry of tracer rounds, Army Captain PARAJITO takes cover right behind him.

PARAJITO

LIEUTENANT MARCELAIS, I ORDER YOU TO  
GO BACK TO YOUR HELICOPTER AND WAIT  
THERE! WE CANNOT LOSE ANY MORE PILOTS!

MELLON

YES SIR! I JUST WANTED TO BE IN PART  
OF THE SOLUTION!

PARAJITO

SOLUTION THIS! I WILL HAVE ONE OF  
THE PRIVATES ESCORT YOU BACK.

Captain Parajito motions for one of the PRIVATES to escort Mellon back to his helicopter.

Just as they move away from the wall, a Los Zetas fires an RPG blowing out the entire side of the building that collapses on the three men.

The dust STEADILY settles to the ground around the three soldiers completely covering Mellon. He rolls over on his side and hacks out a cloud of dust from his lungs.

MELLON

Everybody all right?

INT. MILITARY BASE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

With a highly stressed face, Ophylia rushes into the emergency room of the Army Base hospital and up to the receptionist.

OPHYLIA

(breathless)

They say my husband is here.  
Lieutenant Marcelais.

The BASE DOCTOR emerges from the operating room and steps up to Ophylia.

BASE DOCTOR

Mrs. Marcelais, your husband received a concussion, but we expect him to make a full recovery. He has a mild form of amnesia losing complete recollection of the entire military operation. You may see him now.

Ophylia steps into the emergency room where Mellon lays in a hospital gown with various bandages with blood spots wrapped across his legs, arms, torso, and head. When she lightly takes his hand, he opens his eyes.

MELLON

(groggily stutters)

Do ... do I know you?

Ophylia widely opens her mouth and drops her jaw appearing like the wind just got knocked out of her.

OPHYLIA

I am your ... your ...

MELLON

I joke Ophylia. How could I forget I am married to the most beautiful woman on planet earth.

Ophylia strengthens her grip on Mellon's chest.

OPHYLIA

We cannot lose the father of our child.

Mellon perks up.

MELLON

You are pregnant?

OPHYLIA

I do not think just yet, but we have an appointment with a baby doctor.

INT. MEXICAN BASE INFIRMARY - DAY

BASE DOCTOR invited Ophylia and Mellon into his office motioning for them to take a seat.

BASE DOCTOR

I have bad news and good news. The difficult information is that Ophylia's uterine and fallopian tubes are not really viable for a natural pregnancy.

Mellon takes Ophylia's hand in his.

MELLON

A natural pregnancy? But maybe artificial insemination?

Base Doctor appears steadfast.

BASE DOCTOR

Perhaps, more tests will tell. Artificial insemination can be an arduous, expensive, and emotionally draining process, with varying degrees of success.

OPHYLIA

My dream ever since I was a small girl was to have children.

BASE DOCTOR

With extreme fertility measures that may happen. A surrogate female to carry your child is a second option, but another alternative is adoption, plenty of orphans in Mexico.

Base Doctor places her glasses on the table to the sound of weapons being discharged at a FIRING RANGE.

EXT. MEXICO ARMY SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Mellon steps up to the firing line with Ophylia and attempts to instruct her on how to use the 5-shot .38 revolver.

MELLON

Okay, just a quick lesson on the use of this handgun.

OPHYLIA

You know Mellon with or without children I do not want a loaded pistol in the house.

MELLON

And that is why this remains in a lock box in your car. Now assume that every weapon is loaded and ...

Ophylia takes the pistol aims it down range and expertly places a 5-shot heart pattern in the paper target. She deftly reloads and places a 5-shot smiley face through the targets forehead.

MELLON (CONT'D)

You have shot before.

Ophylia adroitly knocks out the shells from the chamber and blows the smoke out of the barrel.

OPHYLIA

Father had Annapurna and me shooting from the age of nine. I like the feel of this and will keep it.

Mellon offers up a wry smile contemplating whether or not giving Ophylia the pistol became a good idea.

INT./EXT. CAFE DE INTERNET - DAY

With a baseball cap low over her forehead and wearing shades, Ophylia works at her laptop upstairs along with several dozen other patrons eating food, drinking coffee, and working on their computer.

CAFE de INTERNET

DONAQUEL (O.S.)

Damn it, are you the computer geek or an idiot mannequin? Find Frida Kahlo, or whatever it is.

Downstairs CompX Carlos utilizes two computers. Donaquel and Marchalano sit next to him at a far table viewing the compX screen on the anti-cartel web-site by Pablo Cubo.

COMPX CARLOS

Look here, she posts a new message on her blog. This takes a moment.

Operating a second computer, CompX Carlos rapidly types away.

COMPX CARLOS (CONT'D)

Patience, if she is here; I will find her. And your handle is?

MARCHALANO

Deep Throat. Start with Dear Pablo Cubo.

CompX Carlos sends Ophylia an email under Marchalano's address with Donaquel standing by.

COMPX CARLOS  
 (reads the email)  
*Dear Pablo Cubo we need to meet.*  
*Where are you now? Deep Throat*  
 (to Marchalano)  
 When she responds, we have her.

In seeing the panic phrase - *Dear Pablo Cubo*, Ophylia's eyes widen.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)  
 Dear Pablo Cubo. Panic phrase! Act nonchalant!

Casually, Ophylia closes her computer, stands, and goes to the juice bar to pour herself a liquid refreshment.

From the second balcony, Ophylia spots Marchalano's back. He slightly turns to reveal his profile. She pulls back slightly spilling some of her drink.

Ominously, through a high powered scope from the roof across the street, Cyclops scopes out the Cafe Internet, and the patrons in his line-of-sight on the ground floor including Donaquel, Marchalano, and CompX Carlos.

Cyclops tilts up to see Ophylia calmly returning to her chair, sitting down, and starting to sip her drink.

Donaquel gets on his two way radio to Cyclops.

DONAQUEL  
 Cyclops, we are pretty sure Pablo Cubo is in the Cafe de Internet. Look for an effeminate man disguised like Frida Kahlo.

From his high powered telescope, the one eyed Cyclops carefully maintains his gaze on Ophylia under her baseball cap and shades as she folds up her computer.

CYCLOPS  
 Not Frida Kahlo. She appears too pretty to be the effeminate man.

Cyclops then scans his scope to see a couple working on their computers.

From them, Cyclops moves to the nerdy young woman, ESTEVANA, with stringy hair wearing thick glasses and working on her computer.

CYCLOPS (CONT'D)  
 I have her.

Cyclops tightens his grip on his sniper rifle.

Ophylia looks up to spot the reflection of Cyclops's scope.

OPHYLIA  
(distorted)  
SHOOTER!

Ophylia expertly withdraws her .38 revolver, points it in the direction of Cyclops, and fires off a round.

Simultaneously, a round splinters through Cyclops's scope ripping into his one good eye, and his high powered round shatters Estevana's computer screen leaving her unharmed.

COMPLETE PANDEMONIUM breaks out across the entire Cafe de Internet and the patrons SCREAM and RUSH OUT of the building.

Ophylia pushes her computer into her bag and along with Estevana and a dozen other patrons, rushes down the stairs and out the door.

When Ophylia makes it to her car, she looks back at the coffee shop to see Estevana standing numb.

OPHYLIA (CONT'D)  
You there, need a ride?

Estevana nods her head and joins Ophylia by getting in the passenger side. She guns the car that burns rubber spinning out of the parking area.

ESTEVANA  
STOP! MAN!

Ophylia SLAMS on the breaks almost hitting Marchalano and Donaquel who get a good look at the two women.

MARCHALANO & DONAQUEL  
WHAT THE HELL?

To avoid being run down, Marchalano and Donaquel barely steps to one side seeing Ophylia and Estevana speed on down the road.

Donaquel starts to read Ophylia's license plate when Cyclops's massive frame smashes on top of a car roof.

Marchalano turns to the CompX Carlos.

MARCHALANO  
Reliable help! So hard to get these days!

Cyclops's .50 caliber sniper rifle lays precariously across his distorted body.

INT. OPHYLIA'S CAR - DAY

Still donning her baseball cap and shades, Ophylia drives her car and parks at the Student Ghetto housing district of University of Mexico and looks over to Estevana.

ESTEVANA

Thanks for driving me home.

OPHYLIA

A startling day! I am glad you were not hurt.

ESTEVANA

You shot a pistol. You police, a government agent?

OPHYLIA

I guess I am not so secret of an agent. We leave it at that?

Estevana lightly starts crying.

OPHYLIA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

From her journal bag Estevana pulls out her laptop and opens it up to display a .50 caliber round right through its screen. Ophylia takes the computer, looks right through the hole, and lightly starts to laugh.

OPHYLIA (CONT'D)

Sorry, but that is a very strange sight. Probably the hard drive can be transferred to another computer.

ESTEVANA

Do you think it was the narcos? A cartel gang killed my three brothers in Paracho in Michoacan State.

BLINDING FLASH CUT:

EXT. STATE OF MICHOACAN MEXICO - DAY

From his house, Paracho Luthier in his blood stained shirt carries out the lifeless body of a SMALL BOY.

ESTEVANA (V.O.)

But what you did not see on the news video were my two dead brothers inside my fathers house, not one over elementary school age.

BLINDING FLASH CUT:

INT. ESTEVANA'S FLAT - DAY

Sitting at the kitchen table with her baseball cap and shades still on, Ophylia draws a long sad face with Estevana's story.

ESTEVANA

My father had sent me just the week before to attend the university here in the city.

OPHYLIA

What do you study in school?

ESTEVANA

Computer science with a minor in - do not think this is funny - theater.

OPHYLIA

I have an idea to expose the cartels. But there is certain danger if you're up for it.

ESTEVANA

Anything ...

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Then I did something I could hardly believe and told Estevana what had been weighing on me for a long time.

Ophylia pulls out her computer and an external hard drive, sets it up, and turns it on.

OPHYLIA (CONT'D)

I run the Pablo Cubo web-sit.

ESTEVANA

My God, you're the internet journalist exposing the narcos?

OPHYLIA

Yes, my contacts, my research, my press credentials, and how I conducted my security toward complete anonymity is designed against the Cartels.

ESTEVANA

And you tire of being Pablo Cubo?

OPHYLIA

Yes. Do you think we could partner up and uncover the bad guys? Cover twice the ground, but I think I should do the posting.

Estevana looks up from Ophylia's laptop.

OPHYLIA (CONT'D)

I will wipe all personal information from my computer and then transferred all of my personal data to an external hard drive.

(VO)

And then I handed her my laptop.

ESTEVANA

Yes, now I see this will be my way to take down the cartels and the bastards who protect and profit by them. This will be my revenge for my brothers.

Ophylia pushes the laptop across the kitchen table to Estevana.

OPHYLIA

Here, I want to give this to you, but I would stay out of the Cafe de Internet, forever.

ESTEVANA

No, I think I can go back there, I know how to scramble an internet signal. But I have a secret because they are looking for a young woman.

Estevana pulls off a wig to reveal Estevan.

ESTEVANA (CONT'D)

(slightly lower voice)

I am the oldest son my father had.

Ophylia sits stunned looking at the transvestite.

INT. MEXICAN ARMY BASE HOUSING - NIGHT

In his skivvies Mellon steps from the bathroom as Ophylia sits up in bed reading.

MELLON

Honey, I did not see that you had your laptop when I came home tonight.

Ophylia sets down her book as Mellon slides in next to her and gives her a warm kiss.

MELLON (CONT'D)

You have a sad face tonight. Is it because of the fertility report?

OPHYLIA

I have never lied to you Mellon, but I have not told you everything I do.

MELLON

My love for you is unconditional.  
Whatever it is ...

Ophylia places a finger at his lips.

OPHYLIA

Please, just let me say it.

Ophylia looks into Mellon's handsome face.

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

This is when I told my husband everything about my covert life over the last several years: my clandestine website, my secret bank account, my false I.D.s, everything including meeting Estevana downtown at the shooting incident, her trashed out computer, going to her place and giving her my computer, about her brothers being killed, and when she butterflied into Estevan. And that we now were going to work as a team to expose the cartels.

Mellon sits back on the bed and looks over to Ophylia.

MELLON

This is what you meant when you said  
...

FLASH BACK:

In subdued light, Mellon continues to stroke Ophylia's lush beautiful red hair.

OPHYLIA

(echoes out)

... I cannot leave Mexico because the story of violence must be told.

FLASH FORWARD:

Mellon sits forward on the bed drawing closer to Ophylia.

MELLON

Really, *the story of violence must be told?*

(a heavy sigh)

When I go out on my anti-narco raids, I constantly worry that you will be safe and sound. Does this Estevan know who you are and where you live?

Ophylia appears to really want Mellon to accept her admission.

OPHYLIA

No, I have always been in disguise. Hopefully now, you will worry just a little bit less. We are splitting the duties to report more information. Eventually, I will turn everything over to Estevan.

Mellon just blankly shakes his head.

MELLON

You said Estevana, now Estevan. Are you partnering up with a transvestite? What are you thinking Ophylia? You know even if you trash out information on a computer it sometimes can be retrieved, and it will lead them right here.

OPHYLIA

No, that is why with utilities I wiped out my entire hard drive.  
(a breath)  
Honey?

With Ophylia's admission, Mellon looks apprehensive.

MELLON

Ophylia, you have something else?

Ophylia's innocent smile breaks the tension.

OPHYLIA

I want to save a young person. Perhaps an orphan from these drug wars.

MELLON

Really? It's not like I can just order up an orphan ...  
(snaps his finger)  
just like that. Okay, we will do this together, when I'm not flying a mission?

OPHYLIA

I would not dream of it any other way. And if possible lets think about a girl, okay?

In resignation, Mellon shakes his head at Ophylia to the DISTANT SOUND of GUNFIRE.

MELLON

You're putting in your order for a girl? Ophylia, I can't guarantee any of that will happen anytime soon.

EXT. CARDBOARD SHANTY TOWN -- DAY

To DISTANT GUNFIRE, 5-years old Cindy still wears her under-sized duller pink flowered dress that appears even more dirty.

FEBRUARY 28, 2009 / CARDBOARD SHANTY TOWN / JUAREZ MEXICO

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Anytime soon? We can't just rescue a girl from a life of misery?

Cindy stands in the center of Cardboard City on a hill overlooking Juarez Mexico.

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

I don't want another child being forced into drug addiction, prostitution, child pornography, and ultimately being murdered.

Cindy looks over to the interior of her cardboard makeshift hut to see her Young Peasant Mother sitting upright, stiff as a board with a hypodermic needle protruding from her track riddled arm as the GUNFIRE draws closer.

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

I want to send her to the Private school, the one when we first met.

Cindy looks to the far boundary of Cardboard Shanty Town to see two gangs fight it out with assault rifles and automatic pistols. A bullet WHIZZES right over the child's head, than another and another.

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

Girls often are third class refugees of their environment to be exploited.

Cindy SLOWLY turns and looks at her mother FROZEN-IN-TIME and scurries into their cardboard hut.

FLASH BACK:

INT. VIRGIN HEARTS CATHOLIC SCHOOL / MEXICO D.F. - DAY

Mellon seems riveted by Ophylia's address.

OPHYLIA

(echoes out)

*But be assured of this, once we leave this room who among us will show the courageous to stand up against tyranny? Everyone here can make a difference if we would just do so.*

FLASH FORWARD:

EXT. CARDBOARD SHANTY TOWN -- DAY

Cindy hides under the only refuge, a Tamara woolen blanket, and under the cover starts to eat a saltine cracker.

MELLON (V.O.)

God knows there are thousands of children to help right here in Mexico.

Cindy looks through her blanket as several bullets rip through her cardboard box home. Unharmed, she looks around to see no intruders, continues to munch on her saltine, than hides back under her blanket.

EXT. CIUDAD JUAREZ MEXICO - DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Mellon lands his transport helicopter in a downtown soccer field in Ciudad Juarez, and a dozen MEXICAN MARINES file out of the bird.

CIUDAD JUAREZ, MEXICO

Just before the MARINE LIEUTENANT files from the helicopter, he yells back at Mellon.

LT. MARINE

CAPTAIN MARCELAIS, GO BACK FOR MORE TROOPS. I LEAVE YOU WITH BOTH GUNNER MARINES FOR PROTECTION!

Mellon gives a thumbs up and flies off the helicopter behind the rest of his men.

MELLON (V.O.)

Mexico is becoming a failed state, especially the northern half. Now Ciudad Juarez rains as one of the most dangerous cities in the world.

Mellon lifts off the helicopter and swings it toward the west taking them over the heart of Ciudad Juarez.

Below them he witnesses sporadic fire fights between the cartels gunning it out with other gangs, the Mexican Security Police, and the Mexican Army and Marines.

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

This latest violence started out that one of the drug cartels in Juarez carried out the threat of killing a policeman every other day if the police chief did not resign.

Mellon directs his bird toward the Shanty Town as he sees two gangs shooting assault rifles and pistols at each other.

MELLON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Because of the extreme violence in  
 Juarez, nearly seven thousand Mexican  
 soldiers and Federal Police ascended  
 on Mexico's largest border city.

Mellon drops down in the helicopter.

MELLON (CONT'D)  
 (thru comm.)  
 PRIVATE UNLOAD ON THOSE GANGS OVER  
 THERE!

The starboard Marine aims his Gatling gun and in a massive  
 flurry of firepower shreds the fighting gangs apart.

Mellon reaches the top of the hill and spots Teenage Peasant  
 Mother propped up stone-cold against her cardboard house.

The rotary blades blow the structure apart and rip off the  
 blanket to reveal Cindy holding her bag of saltine crackers.

Mellon lands the helicopter and feathers down its engines.

MARINE PRIVATE  
 WHAT ARE YOU DOING SIR? IT'S DANGEROUS  
 HERE!

MELLON  
 BE RIGHT BACK!

Mellon rushes up to Cindy who continues to sit in the middle  
 of her blown away cardboard shelter. He pauses to look at  
 her dead mother who remains lifeless, pulls off his flight  
 glove, and checks for a pulse. He then rushes to the child's  
 side, yelling over the engines of the helicopter.

MELLON (CONT'D)  
 I'M NOT HERE TO HURT YOU, BUT TO  
 HELP YOU! THAT IS YOUR MOTHER?

Cindy points to her dead mother as they hear the occasional  
 ZINGING of the Marines Gatling guns.

MELLON (CONT'D)  
 WHERE IS YOUR FATHER?

CINDY  
 YOU FATHER? MOMMY HAVE BOY FRIENDS  
 DRESS LIKE YOU!

MELLON  
 WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

CINDY  
 CINDY.

MELLON  
 CINDY, I CAN ONLY TAKE YOU OUT OF  
 HERE IF YOU WANT ME TO TAKE YOU OUT  
 OF HERE! UNDERSTAND? WOULD YOU LIKE  
 A HELICOPTER RIDE?

Cindy enthusiastically nods her head, stands, holds out her arms, and runs into Mellon's outstretched arms. He picks her up and hustles back to the helicopter.

MELLON (CONT'D)  
 (to Marines)  
 I NEED A BODY BAG TO TRANSPORT HER  
 MOTHER!

Mellon sets Cindy inside the helicopter as both Marines on either side of the helicopter open up with sporadic bursts from their Gatling guns.

INT. MOBILE MILITARY HOSPITAL / JUAREZ - DAY

Lieutenant-Colonel JAVILLO talks on a satellite phone to his superior as Mellon stands next to him.

LT. JAVILLO  
 Yes, general. I will have him fly  
 the wounded back and understand your  
 orders to have this civilian and her  
 dead mother transported.

Lt. Javillo hands the phone to Mellon.

LT. JAVILLO (CONT'D)  
 Your father-in-law, General O'Patric,  
 wants some words.

INT. MEXICAN MILITARY COMMAND / MEXICO CITY - DAY

O'Patric, now a one-star general, speaks to Mellon.

O'PATRIC  
 (into phone)  
 You will fly the wounded back to  
 base here. This child that you found.  
 You are certain she appears to be an  
 orphan?

O'Patric lightly nods his head.

MELLON  
 (thru phone)  
 Positive. Cindy's mother was dead at  
 the scene, and the child said no  
 father or other relative when I asked.

INT. MOBILE MILITARY HOSPITAL / JUAREZ - DAY

Mellon looks over to the one lone body bag with Cindy eyeing her dead mother's cold blue face as a Corpsman pours ice around it.

MELLON

(into phone)

The Corpsman is prepping her body for transport now, but there is something important sir. The mother only appears to be sixteen or seventeen, and Cindy, I think five.

INT. MEXICAN MILITARY COMMAND / MEXICO CITY - DAY

O'Patric takes in a deep breath.

O'PATRIC

(holding phone)

That would make Cindy's mother only eleven or twelve years old when giving birth? Get the wounded and your civilians down here, and we will sort this out. I think Ophylia should be here to meet you.

EXT. MILITARY BASE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Mellon lands his helicopter on the Military Base Hospital helipad.

Upon setting down and shutting off its engines, he glances at Cindy, who looks up at him with trusting eyes.

MELLON (V.O.)

The least publicized tragedy of the drug war in Mexico is the displaced and orphaned children.

Cindy's eyes look bright but sleepy from her ordeal.

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

The orphan number has grown this new century from a few hundred to tens of thousands of homeless children.

Upon the blades stop rotating, the HOSPITAL STAFF unloads five wounded MILITARY PERSONNEL from the helicopter.

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

During this past week, Cindy was one of dozens of children displaced and orphaned in the Ciudad Juarez anti-drug campaign.

On the perimeter of the helipad, General O'Patric, Ophylia, Mrs. O'Patric, and Annapurna wait.

MELLON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 In saving Cindy from a life of God  
 knows what, I found her. I picked  
 her up. She's now my responsibility.

Mellon emerges from the helicopter holding Cindy in his arms with her tightly gripping his neck and his duffel bag slung on his back.

When he carries her over to his family, Ophylia and Annapurna enthusiastically greet them.

OPHYLIA  
 (to Cindy)  
 I am Mellon's wife Ophylia and this  
 is my sister Annapurna.

ANNAPURNA  
 You are pretty, and I bet smart too.

Mellon stops in front of his family with Cindy still tightly gripping his neck.

MELLON  
 Everybody, this is Cindy.

Cindy buries her head more deeply into Mellon's soulder.

MELLON (CONT'D)  
 Would you like to stay with Ophylia  
 and I until we find your relatives?

CINDY  
 Relatives? No relatives. Mommy and I  
 alone.

Cindy's innocent face softens against the hospital lights.

EXT./INT. MEXICAN TWO-LANE ROAD - DAY

A convoy of sedans and two prison buses, snakes its way through the foothills with heavy cactus growth on all sides.

APRIL 19, 2009 / ROAD to ZACATECAS MEXICO

CYBILIA (V.O.)  
 A drug war in Mexico starts when one  
 narco gang starts killing off its  
 competition, and it's escalation  
 spreads like wildfire.

From behind a stone wall, Cybilias stands, aims a Rocket Propelled Grenade, and fires it directly at the lead vehicle

blowing it to pieces and forcing the convoy skidding to a complete stop.

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

But on rare occasions two cartels  
will join forces making them stronger  
and more deadly.

In the rear of the convoy, the narca lieutenant Huipe aims her RPG and fires it blowing out the trailing vehicle.

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

Today, I form the alliance with the  
vicious cartel, Los Pachucos Mortano,  
the dead punks.

In an all out assault from both sides of the wall, Cybilias, Huipe, and her Narquitas riddle the Mexican government vehicles with bullets.

From the bus the federal police open fire against Cybilias and her Narquitas.

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

I have childhood friend, Samello,  
who is not afraid to get his hands  
bloody.

SAMELLO and a dozen LOS PACHUCOS hopelessly protest with their hands and feet chained to bolts on the bus floor.

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

Its a lie that Mexico does not have  
the death penalty. Government agents  
kill narcos when the opportunity  
arises.

The Federal Police AGENTS start shooting their PRISONERS, followed by Cybilias and her Narquitas gunning down the government men.

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

By the time the smoke dissipated,  
eight Federal Police Agents lay dead,  
and every able prisoner was set free.

When the smoke clears, Cybilias steps to Samello sporting tattoos and scares, and they warmly embrace.

EXT. VIRGIN HEARTS CATHOLIC SCHOOL / MEXICO D.F. - DAY

Ophylia and Annapurna sit a bench seat to the far side of the school yard, watching a happy and well adjusted Cindy, who wears the Virgin Hearts Catholic school uniform. The child joyfully engages with the other children of her age group.

OPHYLIA

When I drop her off, thanks for  
keeping an eye on Cindy?

ANNAPURNA

Of course, she's my sister. You and  
Mellon start the adoption?

OPHYLIA

Yesterday ...

ANNAPURNA

Good, now I get to be the big sister.  
(turn to Ophylia)  
Ophylia, what does my big sister do  
with her days?

OPHYLIA

(surprised)

I wrap up my degree at the university,  
and being a military wife and a new  
mother to Cindy takes up all of my  
time. Plus the duties of Mrs. Mexico  
City; so my days are filled.

ANNAPURNA

(incensed)

Do not give me the big sister line.  
You know what I mean? A deep dark  
secret gnaws at your gut. A sister  
knows and do not lie Ophylia.

OPHYLIA

All right Ann, I lead a completely  
secret life. When I go out I change  
license plates. I have a secret  
identity, a secret name, secret  
disguises, secret ...

ANNAPURNA

(starts laughing)

Secret disguises? Does your husband  
know you have become a transvestite?

OPHYLIA

I knew you were not mature enough to  
hear this.

ANNAPURNA

Sorry. All right. Continue.

OPHYLIA

(releases a deep breath)

I am Pablo Cubo.

ANNAPURNA

(breathless)

WHAT? WHO? DAMN OPHYLIA! You mean the internet anti-drug, anti-cartel, anti-narco journalist? No? Really? Pablo Cubo the journalist every narco in Mexico is trying to kill?

(incensed)

Gosh darn-it Ophy! You are a wife, a new mother, a sister, a daughter. Mrs. Mexico City for crying out loud. You have responsibilities. You cannot play that type of dangerous game. Does Mellon know about this?

OPHYLIA

I finally told him everything.

ANNAPURNA

Finally? Finally! Really? The narcos can get to anybody. How do you know they will not find you, your family, and God only knows what happens then? And what about mother and father? They should know!

OPHYLIA

I need to tell them not you. Promise?

ANNAPURNA

You know mother and I leave soon for Switzerland. I will be there for four years going to college.

As the school bell rings, both look over to see Cindy run inside with the rest of her classmates to the SOUND of a BUS BREAKS SQUEALING.

EXT./INT. ZECATECAS PRISON - DAY

In disguise as a police officer and sporting a paper thin mustache, Cybilia steps from a prison bus that reads on its side: *ZECATECAS MAXIMUM PRISON*.

MAY 17, 2009 / ZECATECAS MAXIMUM PRISON

CYBILIA (V.O.)

¡YO VATOS! Zecatecas was famous for its silver mines. With the vicious, Pachucos Mortano Cartel, we mine the valuable commodity of the human kind.

Cybilia and a dozen Narquitas, all in police officer uniforms, march a prisoner in an orange jump suit sporting leg and iron chains toward the front gate of the Zecatecas Prison.

CYBILIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Human trafficking, buying and  
 bartering souls, skin merchants,  
 brown slavers. I live to make a profit  
 from my hot lead ripping into your  
 flesh.

Into the front gate of the Zecatecas Maximum Security Prison,  
 Cybilias and her Narquitas with their prisoner walk right  
 into the front gate.

CYBILIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 When you let government map out your  
 life, throw down a thousand laws,  
 rules, and regulations, I refuse to  
 follow. I refuse to be a slave to  
 law and order.

Cybilias and her Narquitas with the prisoner walk past armed  
 CORRECTIONS OFFICER.

CYBILIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Even if I knew the moral way to live,  
 being the narco bitch of Mexico,  
 that is what I do, no matter what!

When Cybilias and her Narquitas reach the interior of the  
 prison, the leader steps up to the JAIL COMMANDER, and she  
 pulls off the hood to reveal Samello still bound by wrists  
 and leg chains and gagged.

CYBILIA (CONT'D)  
 This transport prisoner to release  
 into your custody.

HEAD JAILER  
 (with a snarl)  
 Promise, we show him the good times.

When the Head Jailer makes a move to take Samello into  
 custody, Cybilias raises her AK-15 and places it directly  
 into Jail Commander's forehead.

CYBILIA  
 Release the entire Pachucos Mortano  
 Cartel to my custody.

CORRECTION OFFICERS open one cell after another.

Feet in Mexican prison uniforms scurry down a hallway.

More Prisoners, in orange jump suits in cells, run free.

Correction Officers knell naked on the gymnasium floor.

Cybilias, the Narquitas, and Samello raising their weapons  
 and unload their magazines.

Not a single Correction Officer remains wounded as Cybilia steps up to the Jail Commander.

With her Narquitas and Samello, Cybilia turns and walks out of the prison to the sound of *LARGE ARTILLERY FIRE* and a *HELICOPTER WHIRLING THROUGH*.

EXT. PACHUCA MEXICO - DAY

Mellon lands his helicopter and a dozen PACHUCA FEDERAL POLICE unload crates of ammunition and weapons against CARTEL GUNMEN.

August 6, 2009 / PACHUCA MEXICO

MELLON (V.O.)

Almost every work day, I flew my military helicopter.

Federal Police finish unloading the cargo and replace several body bags in the cargo hold.

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

It was common for the Mexican Army Air Corps to give a helping hand to local police. I was dropping off supplies, mostly ammunition, and I was to bring back several bodies.

Mellon lifts up his bird and sees to the center of Pachuca a fierce firefight between the Federal Police and Cartel gunmen.

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

This day the Federal Police invaded Pachuca Mexico to eradicate the local cartel that had taken over the town and terrorized the entire community.

In the center of town, Mellon sees the Federal Police gun down several Cartel Gunmen.

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

A dozen will die and triple that will receive serious wounds, but a few Federal agents actually will survive their captivity.

Below, Mellon sees Federal Police extricate several FEDERAL AGENTS dressed in all black.

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

The result of this action against the Pachuca Cartel was nation wide shoot-outs and grenade attacks against local, state, and federal police.

From across the right bow of his helicopter, Mellon spots tracer rounds cutting into his path; so he veers hard to port avoiding the bullets.

MELLON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 This police action created shoot-outs and grenade attacks on police facilities throughout Mexico.

Bullets cut into the fuselage of his helicopter ripping throughout the craft with his engine suddenly exploding.

MELLON (CONT'D)  
 (through radio)  
 MAY DAY! MAY DAY! MAY DAY! MAC 107  
 IS HIT AND GOING DOWN COORDINATES  
 TEN-ALPHA CHARLIE! REPEAT TEN-ALPHA  
 CHARLIE! MAY DAY! MAY DAY! MAY ...  
 (fades out)

In black smoke, the helicopter careens down an embankment.

MELLON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 The Flying Gods say that to be a seasoned pilot, one must endure a total aerial wipe-out and walk away. I was hoping to never put that theory to the test, but here I am.

INT./EXT. EL CANON DE BOLOLITO - DUSK -- CONTINUOUS

For all his might Mellon pulls against the yaw stick as hard as he can heading into El Canon de Bololito.

MELLON (V.O.)  
 But usually in a crash this bad no one survives.

Mellon sees the ground rapidly approach as he yanks hard on his seat belt straps and lifts his legs, curling into a ball.

The helicopter impacts into a massive explosion with Mellon riding it through.

The momentum ejects Mellon from the fireball, and in his seat he flips end-over-end rolling across a mesa top.

With Mellon strapped in the seat and fire lapping around his body, he comes to a rest in a cloud of dust and smoke.

Fire enshrouds Mellon in his seat a short distance from the fiery helicopter crash with multiple black body bags strewn across the mesa floor.

INT. MEXICAN ARMY BASE HOUSING - NIGHT

Both in pajamas, Cindy lies in bed next to Ophylia who reads from a children's story book.

OPHYLIA

*So Mr. Big Bad Bear walked to the edge of the trees and helped all the other animals escape danger, and they all lived happily ever after ...*  
(lays down book)

Time for you to go to bed young lady.

Cindy tugs at Ophylia's pajama sleeve

CINDY

When does Mellon come home?

OPHYLIA

Honey, daddy works really hard to support us.

CINDY

His job is dangerous?

OPHYLIA

Yes, but we must trust him to fly safe.

CINDY

Are you going to be my mommy now?

OPHYLIA

Only if you want me to be, but sweaty, no one tries to replace your mother.

A LIGHT TAP on the front door raises their heads.

In a night robe Ophylia looks through the peep hole than opens the door to see her father, General O'Patric, and the Mexican Army CHAPLAIN standing next to him.

O'PATRIC

Honey, all we know is your husband is missing. He has survival training and will come home to you.

EXT. MEXICO PLAIN - NIGHT

In hearing DISTANCE VOICES, Mellon snaps himself out of his seat-belt harness and painfully collapses onto the ground.

Off in the distance, Mellon sees a half dozen narco BANDITOS work their way through the far side of the wreckage. He unzips one of the body bags and rolls out the cadaver.

Suddenly, one of the narco Bandits levels his AR-15 down and opens fire into a black body bags to his half dozen buddies BREAKING OUT in LAUGHTER. He then steps up to the next one and shoot down on it to another RAUCOUS ROUND of VIVACITY.

Mellon withdraws his 9mm service revolver and cocks the firing mechanism on his pistol and rolls the cadaver onto himself.

Just as the narco Bandit steps up to Mellon and levels his assault rifle at him, a Senior Bandito slaps him on his head.

SENIOR BANDITO  
;STUPIDO! LEAVE THE DEAD ALONE, OR  
THEY SEEK REVENGE AND EAT YOUR FLESH!

NARCO BANDIT  
ONLY CHILDREN BELIEVE ZOMBIE CRAP!

The narco Bandit points his assault rifle at the cadaver and fires down on an empty chamber to his Buddies breaking again into laughter.

Angrily, he drops his magazine and as he starts to inject a fresh one, Mellon with all his might lifts up the cadaver as the narco Banditos scream and panic with some dropping their weapons.

SENIOR BANDITO  
COWARDS! DEAD NO COME TO LIFE AND  
KILL YOU!

As the Senior Bandito raises his AR-15 a the cadaver, Mellon drops his human shield and shots his foe directly in his chest dropping the bad guy lifeless to the ground.

Some narco Banditos return their attention back to Mellon with several cocking their AR-15s.

Just as they take dead aim at the captain, over the rise a platoon of helicopters approach, level their Gatling guns mowing the bad guys.

Spotting Mellon, a helicopter swings to a low orbit hovering to land.

INT. MEXICAN ARMY BASE HOUSING - DAY

A cleaned up Mellon peacefully sleeps in the morning sun with a light breeze, with Ophylia gently sitting next to him and Panzy at his feet.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)  
For a second time I almost lost  
Mellon. Nothing prepared me how  
excruciating living would be without  
the love of my eternity.

Ophylia studies his handsome face beyond the wounds, bandages, and stitches from his helicopter accident. She lightly rubs his thick hair and inwardly smiles.

OPHYLIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Mellon and I need a lifetime to live,  
and this drug war in Mexico is morally  
killing us, cutting into our hearts  
and souls.

Holding a stuffed animal, Cindy appears at the door.

OPHYLIA (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Come here, Daddy's okay.

Cindy cautiously steps up to Ophylia and the sleeping Mellon.

CINDY  
I prayed my daddy would be alive.

OPHYLIA  
The best prayers always get answered.

Mellon stretches into consciousness and opens his eyes.

MELLON  
The most beautiful sight in the world.  
The girls in my life I love the most.

Cindy and Ophylia give Mellon a huge hug as Panzy sits up and releases a *ruff*.

EXT./INT MEXICAN AIR CORP TRAINING FIELD - DAY

Mellon flies the military version of the Bell 412 helicopter.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)  
Through the rest of 2009 Mellon was  
placed on training new pilots.

In the copilot seat, the new TRAINEE takes over the controls.

OPHYLIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For the Merida Initiative to fight  
the Cartels, the United States gave  
the Mexican Air Force five Bell 412  
helicopters worth 66-million dollars.

Mellon orbits his Bell 412 around the control tower and hovers just a few feet above the ground.

OPHYLIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The choppers were suppose to be used  
for transport and reconnaissance  
missions, but we armed them with  
four 50-caliber machine guns.

EXT./INT. CIUDAD JUAREZ MEXICO - DAY

A narco DEATH SQUAD enters into a white washed one story building named: DRUG CLINIC of CIUDAD JUAREZ.

SEPTEMBER 3, 2009 / CIUDAD JUAREZ, MEXICO

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Cartel death squads levied out a new band of terrorism by assaulting drug rehabilitation clinics beginning in Ciudad Juarez and shot down every in-house patient in the facilities.

The Death Squad moves through the halls, offices, and dorms and collects and forces everyone into the common room.

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

Because of the city's direct route into the United States, Juarez is now the epicenter of the drug war, maintaining its status as one of the most dangerous places in the world.

The Death Squad separates 17 patients and lines them up against one wall. Directing the staff to one side, they turn and succinctly gun down every patient.

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

Two weeks later gunmen ascend upon a second drug rehabilitation clinic in Juarez and gun down ten more patients.

In SILHOUETTE, the mussel flash of assault rifles blinds everything in sight.

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

With the second mass murder narcos send the message, *'We want you drug addicts to remain hooked on our product, and if you try to become drug free, your death will be the result.'*

When the smoke clears, a pile of bodies lies against the far wall of the common room.

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

At the end of 2009, drug-related deaths elevates to 7,724.

FADE OUT:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MEXICO - DAY

Ophylia and Mellon sit opposite a FERTILITY DOCTOR at his office desk.

THANKSGIVING WEEK 2009

OPHYLIA (V.O.)  
Now a blessed Thanksgiving event  
comes into our lives.

FERTILITY CLINIC / UNIVERSITY OF MEXICO

FERTILITY SPECIALIST  
Using a surrogate mother to carry  
(to Ophylia & Mellon)  
Your child can be a double edge sword,  
on one hand a blessing but on the  
other side can be an emotional ordeal,  
for both the expecting couple ...

Karmiya sits next to Ophylia and Mellon.

FERTILITY SPECIALIST (CONT'D)  
And for the pregnant host.

KARMIYA  
Ophylia and I have been best friends  
since first grade. I will do anything  
for her.

With paperwork in hand, the Fertility Specialist sits forward.

FERTILITY SPECIALIST  
Than we get start after the first of  
the year.

The three hold hands with Ophylia's face glowing.

OPHYLIA  
A September baby.

MELLON  
Yes, we would be blessed beyond all  
measure.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)  
And then an amazing act of defiance  
took place in Mexico.

EXT. CIUDAD VICTORIA - DAY

From the Catholic Church of Ciudad Victoria, DON ALEJO GARZA  
TAMEZ, a 77-year old stately looking Mexican rancher walks  
to his pickup truck.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)  
Please remember this name, Don Alejo  
Garza Tamez. He will become one of  
the true heroes of the Mexico drug  
wars.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 21, 2010 / CIUDAD VICTORIA, MEXICO

Don Alejo Garza Tamez pauses to look down the street at approaching vehicles that stop a short distance from him.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Cybililia's next victim will be this Don Alejo Garza Tamez. She meant to take his ranch near Ciudad Victoria in north east Mexico. But the Narquitas underestimated that old Mexican rancher.

Just before Don Alejo enters his pickup truck, Cybililia with four of her Narquitas aggressively step up to the rancher.

CYBILILIA

Old man, you own El Ranch Tamez?

DON ALEJO

Yes, the ranch has been in my family for seven generations.

CYBILILIA

Then I hear you stole that property from my great great grandfather.

DON ALEJO

Young lady, nobody stole that property. My family bought it and settled the land in the 1800s.

Cybililia curls her upper lip at Don Alejo.

CYBILILIA

No matter ...

Cybililia, Huipe, and a dozen Narquitas raise their assault rifles up and point them at Don Alejo.

CYBILILIA (CONT'D)

You have 24 hour to collect what you can and get the hell off of my ranch.

Don Alejo half smiles at Cybililia, climbs into his pickup, and drives off.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

With arrogant acts like this, a narco thought they could appropriate, confiscate, bribe, terrorize, and kill anyone or any group who further their drug trade. But Cybililia and her thugs underestimated Don Alejo.

EXT./INT. RANCHO TAMEZ - DAY TO NIGHT TO DAY

Don Alejo preps his hacienda for an all out assault.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

What happens next, I call American Ballad, which is a tribute to Don Alejo. He fought back in one of the most remarkable displays of courage and defiance against a drug cartel.

Don Alejo strategically places multiple 30-30 carbine rifles in almost every window on his first floor.

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

Carnage by the drug cartels in Mexico becomes staggering.

Don Alejo sets a 30-06 rifle into another window frame.

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

Even the Red Cross in Mexico gave orders to stop treating gunshot victims caught in cartel shoot-outs because that became just too dangerous.

Don Alejo pulls out more weapons from a cabinet.

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

At the start of 2010, sixteen teenagers were killed in a narco crossfire in Juarez, without a single connection to any drug activity.

Don Alejo loads another rifle with bullets.

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

May 31st, 55-bodies were discovered in a mass grave in an abandoned mine near Taxco just south of Mexico City.

From a floor crawl space, Don Alejo withdraws five pistols and inserts bullets into each chamber.

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

The second day of June a gunfight between rival narcos left 21 people killed in Tubutama, Sonora, adjacent the U.S. border from New Mexico.

In his back kitchen, Don Alejo strategically loads a shotgun than places it on his modest dinning room table.

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

Then narcos slaughtered 40 people in Chihuahua on June 10th including 19 dead at a rehabilitation center.

Don Alejo dresses in his finest vaquero duds finishing with donning on silver coin cuff links.

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

For the first time in the history of the cartels, a highly vicious narco squad on July 15 set a deadly trap against federal police in Ciudad Juarez, which killed three and set a new precedence of terrorism.

At his 19th Century cherry wooden desk, Don Alejo writes a note, signs it, and seals it in an envelope.

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

Ten days later on July 25, 70 corpses are exhumed from multiple mass graves near the outskirts of Benito Juarez.

Don Alejo holsters twin pearl handle pistols. He steps over to his guitar, sits down, and lightly tunes it up.

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

But the drug war mayhem in Mexico does not stop as on September 9 narcos slaughtered 25 people in drug-related assaults in Ciudad Juarez.

With his pistols strapped to his side and guitar in hand, Don Alejo steps from his house, onto his front porch, and sits down in an armless chair.

Don Alejo withdraws a cigar and lights it. Then with his right fingers he arpeggios *O Mexico, O Mexico* with his left hand nimbly picking out the chords on the six-string instrument.

In the rural landscape outside of Ciudad Victoria, Cybilia, Huipe, and a dozen of her Narquitas drive through the ranch gate that reads: ¡BIENVENIDOS! RANCHO DE DON ALEJO

NOVEMBER 22, 2010

Cybilia and her Narquitas stop underneath the gate, and with assault rifles and shotguns, they shred the sign to pieces.

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

Don Alejo worked his ranch for his entire life. He knew nothing more than honest hard labor.

On the front porch, Don Alejo calmly rocks in a rocking chair while smoking a cigar, strumming his guitar begins to sing:

DON ALEJO

*O America, O America will you be  
lost in the Old World or dead in the  
New World?*

Don Alejo's deep baritone voice fills the front of his hacienda.

DON ALEJO (CONT'D)

*O America, O America how does your  
garden grow / O America, O America  
where will the sweet and soft waters  
flow /*

Don Alejo's full silver hair lightly rocks to his song.

DON ALEJO (CONT'D)

*O Mexico, O Mexico across my rancho  
I sing praises to you O Lord O Lord  
and bestow love and grace / O Mexico,  
O Mexico I Don Alejo must protect  
the sons and daughters of Mexico /*

Don Alejo lays down his guitar, and in the distance, he sees Cybilina and her Narquitas drive up in their Hummers and SUVs.

DON ALEJO (CONT'D)

*O America, O Mexico, I think now is  
my time to go.*

In seeing Don Alejo, the intruders slide their vehicles to a stop.

As they quickly exit the vehicles, Don Alejo withdraws a rifle from behind the back of his chair and shoots a Narquita right through her chest dropping her dead on the ground.

In a hail of bullets, Don Alejo barely makes it inside as his guitar becomes riddled with bullets splintering it to pieces.

While discharging their weapons, Cybilina motions for Huipe and several Narquitas to surround the house.

Don Alejo makes it to his first window, grabs the 30-30 rifle and shoots down a second Narquita.

In a complete barrage of bullets, Don Alejo hustles to the next window. He grabs and levels off the 30-06 rifle and rips apart a third Narquita flipping her dead on the ground.

In a massive exchange of gunfire, Don Alejo makes it to the kitchen where he grabs the shot gun and blasts the fourth Narquita back through the rear screen door.

A half dozen bullets hit Don Alejo as he lies mortally wounded in the back kitchen.

Cybililia and a Narquita enter the front of the hacienda and cautiously make their way to the back Don Alejo's home.

Lying mortally wounded in the back kitchen, Don Alejo appears shot full of bullets when Cybililia steps up to him.

CYBILILIA

Don Alejo, I tell you leave my ranch,  
but you no listen.

With an AR-15, Cybililia unloads her clip into his frame. He rolls over to expose a pressure plate with a bomb underneath.

Cybililia's eyes widen.

Cybililia and the Narquita pull the dining table over their frame to a massive explosion engulfing them.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

The battle waged by Don Alejo was a microcosm of the drug war fought in our world, one righteous man battling against the human parasite narcos of the earth.

Huipe rushes in the back door and pushes the dining room table off of Cybililia exposing multiple wounds across her face, torso, and limbs with a jagged piece of wood protruding from her shoulder and a severely burnt face.

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

Don Alejo in the end killed four of the bad guys, but more importantly gravely hurt two including Cybililia. Now this wounded witch of pain and sorrow became exceptionally enraged.

In a pile of rubble, dust settles over the body of Don Alejo with his shredded cigar still protruding from his mouth.

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

When the smoke had dissipated and the dust settled upon his ranch, someone thought to commemorate Don Alejo for his heroic act of defiance. He was 77 years old.

Don Alejo's body DISSOLVES from the kitchen leaving an empty room with the dust blowing over its floor finally coming to a SEPIA STILL FRAME.

INT. CASA DE BATISTA - DARK

In the basement dungeon, Estevan struggles strapped to a metal chair appearing brutally tortured.

FEBRUARY 2011

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

For the Battle of Don Alejo's ranch,  
Estevan and I worked overtime, and  
for the close of 2010 drug related  
deaths topped over 15,000.

On a litter Huipe and Narquitas carry Cybilia, still gravely wounded, and they lean her against the wall next to her captive and right next to her stuffed father, El Toro.

Cybilia motions to a subordinate to pull off Estevan's wig.

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

The second month in 2011 my cross  
dressing partner's contact stopped.

Estevan's bloodied and bruised face MUTELY pleads for MERCY.

CYBILIA

(highly raspy)

Senorita Estevana, or do we call you  
Senor Estevan?

Cybilia leans over Estevan, lightly stroking his head. She then takes his hair and tightens it in her fist.

CYBILIA (CONT'D)

Whatever the hell you are, I am angry  
with you. Are you the journalist  
coward who invents the Pablo Cubo?

ESTEVAN

I no invented Pablo Cubo. That blog  
journalist came from a young woman.

Cybilia releases Estevan's hair.

CYBILIA

Not like you, but a real woman? What  
is her name?

Like a feline stalking her pray, Cybilia circles Estevan.

CYBILIA (CONT'D)

What are her features?

ESTEVAN

She wore a baseball cap and shades,  
but her looks were exceptional, like  
(MORE)

ESTEVAN (CONT'D)  
 a runway model or movie starlet or a  
 beauty queen. Tall with I think  
 shapely legs and exquisite features.

Cybililia slightly steps back from Estevan.

CYBILILIA  
 A beauty queen? Interesting.  
 (hideous snicker)  
 To date I think I kill no beauty  
 queens.

Estevan sweats more and more desperation.

ESTEVAN  
 Please, let us set a trap to catch  
 her. I beg of you, let me go. Wait,  
 wait, I remember. She possesses  
 beautiful natural red hair.

Donaquel steps from the shadows.

DONAQUEL  
 Wait! Wait! I think I had this woman  
 in my office with her husband! Yes,  
 I think she was Mrs. Mexico City.

Cybililia's face hardens.

FLASH BACK:

INT. DONAQUEL'S OFFICE MEXICO CITY - DAY

Cybililia enters as Ophylia leaves Donaquel's office catching  
 a good look at one another.

Mellon quietly shuts the door.

CYBILILIA  
 (distorted)  
 Who plays the red hair Miss Beauty  
 Princess and her escort?

DONAQUEL  
 (distorted)  
 They are nobody; just a couple in  
 search of an answer.

FLASH FORWARD:

INT. CASA DE BATISTA - DARK

Cybililia's non-bandaged one eye turns to Donaquel.

CYBILIA

Nobody? Just a couple in search of an answer? What answer?

DONAQUEL

The couple wanted to know who kidnapped the mother and sister of Lieutenant Juan Baca.

CYBILIA

The helicopter pilot who became responsible for killing my father? And you did not draw a line between the dots? Where we find red hair?

DONAQUEL

Ophylia Marcelais lives on the Army Air Corps base with her husband.

CYBILIA

Then Mrs. Mexico City must venture off of the reservation at some point in time.

EXT. MEXICO CITY STREET - DAY

Ophylia watches her daughter, Cindy joyfully run into the Virgin Hearts Catholic School with the rest of the children.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)

Here is a sobering thought I just posted in my blog.

Ophylia starts her vehicle then drives down the block.

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

Selling illegal drugs, the cartels and narcos around the world make over \$30,000.00 every second, which is \$2.6 billion every day or trillions of dollars in gross domestic illegal drug product every year.

Ophylia stops at a stop sign and looks back at the school to see if she can catch a glimpse of Cindy.

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

Think of the possibilities that those billions of dollars could bring toward creating medical cures for diseases, feeding a hungry world, building habitat for humanity, and fighting the War on Poverty.

The color in Ophylia's face drains to BLACK and WHITE.

OPHYLIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 But perhaps I am a naive optimist.

With no warning, two Hummer vehicles T-bone Ophylia's van, spinning the vehicle out of control.

With shards of glass and metal flying through the car's interior, Ophylia, unconscious, slumps down still strapped in her seat belt and then GROANS in AGONY.

INT. CASA DE BATISTA - DARK

In the basement dungeon Ophylia's eyes struggle to open.

OPHYLIA (V.O.)  
 (agonizing voice )  
 I became a journalist to expose the  
 narcos killing innocent Mexicans.

Strapped to a metal chair, Ophylia futilely struggles against her restraints.

OPHYLIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 If we do not defeat these evil men  
 and women and their drug enterprise,  
 society will rot from the inside out  
 and be as dead as the thousands of  
 victims they slaughter every year.

Ophylia appears extensively bruised and bloodied. Her eyes glance up to see Cybililia propped up in a wheel chair.

CYBILILIA  
 Sleeping beauty awakens! I have been  
 waiting years to meet the internet  
 journalist, Pablo Cubo.

Ophylia struggles to raise her head.

OPHYLIA  
 I take pride in exposing your filth.

Ophylia sees next to her Estevan slumped dead in his chair. Outside of the basement both women hear AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE drawing closer and then closer still.

CYBILILIA  
 Set your pride on this.

Cybililia struggles to raise her pistol at Ophylia. As the head Narquita shoots off a round, from behind her Huipe shoots her boss in the back of the head.

FREEZE FRAME THAN BLINDING WHITE FLASH CUT:

EXT./INT. CASA DE BATISTA - NIGHT

Gunfire blasts at the exterior of Casa de Batista.

MELLON (V.O.)

The Mexican Army received intel that the Batista Cartel kidnapped Ophylia and was holding her in this compound outside of Monterrey.

Mellon lands his Bell 412 helicopter as the Mexican Army surrounding Cybilia's hacienda.

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

I think the confidential source was from the Mexico Private Investigator, Donaquel who knew that this cartel must at all cost be eliminated.

Mellon hustles from the helicopter and rushes head long into bullets whizzing back-and-forth.

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

My wife had been missing for two days, and I knew time was critical to find her alive.

With his service revolver, Mellon runs to the front of Cybilia's casa and deftly shoots down Samello.

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

I was terrified of what I would find inside this bastion of hell.

With the Mexican Army, Mellon races into the Cybilia's casa and down into the basement.

Mellon hustles past Cybilia slumped over in her chair with blood pouring down from a back head shot.

Mellon rushes up to Ophylia stone cold with a single bullet hole in her chest.

Mellon cradles Ophylia's head into his arms.

From the back of the room, Mellon hears a child's CRIES.

Mellon carefully releases Ophylia and steps to the back of the room. He opens a closet door to see Cybilia's three-year old child, Monique huddling in the corner SOFTLY CRYING.

MELLON (CONT'D)

(softly)

I cannot tell you this is going to be all right, but I can take you to safety. What is your name child?

MONIQUE

Monique ...

Mellon reaches down and picks up the child.

MELLON

Monique, a beautiful name for a pretty girl. Lets get you out of here.

Mellon looks back to see Ophylia and Cybilia laying on the ground dead just a few feet apart from one another.

FREEZE FRAME:

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

This is when I had had enough of the drug wars and decided I did not want to be a part of this fight anymore.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. REGINA AIRFIELD SASKATCHEWAN CANADA - DAY

At the Regina Airfield parking lot in Saskatchewan Canada, Mellon kiss goodbye to his very pregnant wife, Karmiya and their three daughters, Cindy, Monique, and Baby Ophylia.

SUMMER OF 2012 / REGINA in SASKATCHEWAN CANADA

KARMIYA (V.O.)

A year ago in the spring of 2011, I gave birth to Ophylia and Mellon's child. We also named her Ophylia, to honor the memory of my best friend.

Not far from the Regina Airfield sports a children's park.

KARMIYA (CONT'D)

Everyone up for going to the park?  
Hold your sister's hands.

Cindy and Monique enthusiastically answer a resounding *YES*.

Karmiya's face looks pleased at watching Cindy and Monique, hand-in-hand, run to the park.

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

The narcos killed my first infatuation, Adonis, and then the first love of my life, Juan Baca.

Karmiya raises a SUV hatchback and the dog, Panzy, gingerly jumps out of the back.

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

I was devastated until Ophylia and Mellon asked me to carry their baby. You can say both of them saved me from a world of loneliness.

Karmiya places Baby Ophylia in a baby stroller and pushes her toward the park with Panzy tagging along. She looks over to seeing Cindy and Monique happily playing with each other.

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

After we laid Ophylia to rest, later that spring Mellon and I fell in love and got married.

Pushing the baby carriage, Karmiya enters the park and then turns to wave at Mellon, who returns her gesture and saunters toward the air terminal.

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

Mellon and I are pregnant and going to have a fourth baby, and he now flies for a company in Canada.

Karmiya pushes Baby Ophylia to a park bench.

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

Now, I feel I will never return to Mexico in my lifetime.

Karmiya sits next to the young Canadian mother, MARCY, 20s, feeding an infant under a nursing blanket.

MARCY

You have such beautiful children. Your husband is also a pilot?

KARMIYA

Yes, I think our men fly together. My name is Karmiya.

MARCY

Karmiya is a very pretty name. Mine is Marcy. Friends call me Mar.

KARMIYA

Great, Mar means the sea or the ocean.

Between them, Karmiya and Marcy share a light laugh.

MARCY

Please, anytime you need a carton of milk, sugar, a person to talk things out, I will be here as your friend.

KARMIYA

Yes, I would very much like that.  
Sometimes, friends are so hard to  
come by.

Karmiya looks across to the planes and helicopters taking  
off and landing at the Regina airstrip.

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

I should never say never about  
visiting my county of origin. Perhaps  
when I am a great grandmother that  
will be my first and last trip  
Back to O Mexico, O Mexico, what  
will become of your sons and  
daughters?

Just as a slight breeze catches Karmiya's hair, she lightly  
brushes it back from her face.

FREEZE FRAME:

FADE TO BLACK:

1st CG: *Like around the world, North American remains gripped  
in a drug war.*

FADE TO BLACK:

2nd CG: *In Mexico, Don Alejo remains a hero to this day.*

FADE TO BLACK:

3rd CG: *In order for a civilization to advance beyond its  
Murdering Rampage, we must respect the lives of others. Until  
then no one is safe!* OPHYLIA MARCELAIS 1989-2011

FADE TO BLACK: