

GRINGOS

Screenplay by

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EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

CREDIT SEQUENCE. WE FADE IN, on summertime in San Diego, California. Coronado Island. NAVY FIGHTER JETS scream by overhead. *TOURISTS* walk up and down the boardwalk. *BEACH BABES* tan on the sand, preening for *THE YOUNG SURFER BOYS* who ride the waves. Paradise.

In the middle of this fun in the sun, we ZERO in on MIKE SORRENTO, late 20s, a surfer, a player, a lovable slacker. He has enjoyed a life of cruising the strand and surfing the break. Mike's peddling a PEDICAB in surf-trunks and flip-flops, enough said. He's a sweaty mess as he crests a hill with a happy couple in the back from Texas, BIG EARL and GINGER, who weigh a combined 600 pounds.

Mike dodges A CUTE ROLLER-BLADER.

CUTE ROLLER-BLADDER

Hey Mike! Party at Gladstones later.

Mike tries a smile, but he's winded. His chain SNAPS! He grinds to a hard stop.

MIKE

(gasping)

Out...now...

BIG EARL

You're a real go-getter, kiddo. How much we owe ya?

Mike is bent at the waist, sucking air.

MIKE

Two....hundred...bucks...

BIG EARL

(misunderstands)

Twenty buckaroos.

MIKE

No...I...said...

BIG EARL

(cutting him off)

That's one helluva deal kiddo. At that price I might have you pedal us back to Houston.

Big Earl laughs and peels off a twenty-dollar bill from his huge wad and stuffs it in Mike's pocket.

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His wife struggles to get herself out of the pedicab all the while smacking her 44 F's off Mike's head.

Ginger kisses Mike's cheek.

GINGER

You're so cute.

Big Earl grabs Ginger by her big beautiful ass and they walk off.

MIKE

(to himself)

I hate my life!

JOE MOLLOY slides to a stop next to him, peddling another pedicab. Joe's Mike's wing-man. He's quieter, cuter, no edge.

JOE

I'm killing it, bro. I've made like two hundred and eighty bucks.

MIKE

Yeah, yeah, go fuck yourself.

JOE

C'mon, it can't be that bad. The sun's out, the waves are breaking.

MIKE

I'm going nowhere, Joe.

JOE

(counting his money)

Yeah, so am I, but who cares? Let's grab our boards and hit the waves.

A HUGE GUY with a suitcase climbs into Mike's pedicab.

HUGE GUY

I'm going to the airport.

Mike turns around and kills him with a look.

MIKE

Go fuck yourself!

EXT. OCEAN SURF BREAK - LATE AFTERNOON

Joe and Mike sit on their surfboards waiting for a wave.

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MIKE

There's got to be a better way to grind out a living. I mean this beach bum thing's getting kinda old.

JOE

Dude, we're living the life. People all over the world dream of what we have.

MIKE

We don't have dick. I work two jobs, rent a converted garage and eat fish tacos every night.

JOE

(trying to be upbeat)

Yeah, but you have thick, wavy hair. I love your hair. Mine's so thin, I have to use a ton of product...

Racing in behind them is AN OLD FISHING BOAT filled with ILLEGAL ALIENS followed by a BORDER PATROL CIGARETTE BOAT. BULLHORNS blaring in Spanish.

BORDER PATROL AGENT

!!!Alto!!! !!!Alto!!!

TWENTY ILLEGALS jump out of the fishing boat and start swimming for shore. BORDER PATROL HUMMERS'S pull up on the beach. THE ILLEGALS are trapped.

The BORDER PATROL AGENTS on the shore grab THE ILLEGALS and throw them in THE PORTABLE PRISON TRUCK.

MIKE

Those guys are bad-ass.

HOT BEACH GIRLS come flocking up to them like they are rock stars.

THE PATROL BOAT turns to drive away and THE BORDER PATROL AGENT flashes Joe and Mike a cocky smile.

BORDER PATROL AGENT

Hey Mike! How's work?

The Border Patrol Agent chuckles and pushes the throttle forward, spraying Mike with a rooster tail of water.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A messy, surfer pad. Mike and Joe enter carrying beer and take-out fish tacos.

JOE
Hey, baby. It's me...
(no answer)
I'm home.

Mike rolls his eyes.

MIKE
You're such a pussy.

Joe quickly notices A BORDER PATROL UNIFORM slung across the futon couch. We hear the faint sounds of sex coming from the back room.

JOE
What the...?!

Joe moves to the back room and flings the door open. And there, on the bed, wearing A BORDER PATROL HAT and nothing else, is JOE'S FIANCE. She's down on all fours, getting it hard from behind by STEROID STEVE, who's clearly roided out. This is the kind of darkly comedic action that takes a movie from PG-13 to R.

JOE'S FIANCE stops. Steroid Steve stops. Beat. Then:

MIKE
Awkward.

STEROID STEVE
Dude, it's not what it looks like.

JOE
Really?! 'Cause it looks like you're banging my fiance doggy-style.

STEROID STEVE
(conceding)
OK, it is what it looks like. But it's not what you think. It's a drive-by before work--pure stress relief, nothing emotional...we're not even kissing.

JOE
Oh, well I guess that makes it alright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEROID STEVE

Give me a minute to blow my bag and
I'll let you two hash this out.

JOE

This really bums me out. I feel like
I might cry.

STEROID STEVE

No crying!

Joe looks to Mike for some strength.

MIKE

She's got a killer set of cans, I'll
give her that, but they're not worth
crying over...

(pulls his cellphone)

I can have you knee deep in killer cans
with one phone call.

JOE

I don't want to be knee deep in killer
cans, I want her cans.

MIKE

Then grovel, bro.

Joe falls to his knees and grovels.

JOE

Why are you doing this to me?! I've
given you everything...

STEROID STEVE

Not everything!

JOE

Dude, can you unplug?!

JOE'S FIANCE

No, don't unplug....

(then to Joe)

Don't grovel, it makes you look weak.

JOE

I thought that's what you liked about
me. I'm sensitive...

JOE'S FIANCE

It's nothing personal, Joe. Sometimes
I just need to be taken like a dirty
little girl!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEROID STEVE

That's my specialty, bro...
 (off Joe's look)
 I'm just trying to fill the void.

JOE

The void?! What void?!

JOE'S FIANCE

You're going nowhere. I need a man
 with dreams.

STEROID STEVE

Big dreams!

JOE

My dreams aren't big enough to fill
 your void?!

JOE'S FIANCE

I guess you want your ring back?!

Then another BORDER PATROL AGENT knocks on the door and
 sticks his head in the room.

BORDER PATROL AGENT

Hi, I'm here for the gang-bang.

Joe walks out of the room, devastated.

INT. MANCAVE. NIGHT.

A male stripper bar with a mancave theme. Bachelorettes
 and middle-aged birthday girls are hooting and hollering.
 Joe sits at the bar, drinking beer. He's depressed.

THE DJ

(over mic)

OK, ladies, put your hands together
 for San Diego's finest A.J. Steel.

The crowd CHEERS. Joe turns his attention to the stage.

And through the sequined curtains comes a shirt-less MIKE,
 with some tribal rub-on tattoos and skin tight pants. He
 dances across the stage like a jungle cat. The women love
 him. He's actually a good dancer.

A BEAUTIFUL BACHELORETTE showers Mike with dollar bills.

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CONTINUED:

Mike tears his pants off, stripping down to a "cock sock."
Screams! He moves across stage and dances in her face.
The Bachelorette blushes. Her friends SCREAM!!!!

INT. MANCAVE. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Mike joins Joe at the bar.

MIKE

If I have to do this one more night,
I'm going to shoot myself.

JOE

What's this about a void?

MIKE

Are we back to Jessica?

JOE

I just don't get it.

MIKE

What's to get?! She's a skank! Most
of San Diego's tapped it.

JOE

And you didn't tell me this?

MIKE

Thought you knew. Everybody does!
This is why I swore off women. Take a
look around you, they want the fantasy
guy with gym muscles and a Viagra buzz.

JOE

I don't believe it. You just haven't
found the right one.

MIKE

I'm not looking for the right one. I'm
a hit-and-run guy. I go from one random
to the other. No more fighting over the
clicker. I am finito!

JOE

Well, I'm not. I just wanna find a good,
ole-fashioned girl. No more fancy chicks
who are looking for a dude with ambition.
And no more J names...

(naming them off)

Jessica, Jennifer, Jill. I'm so over the
J names...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

It's bad juju!

Joe is desperately searching for the silver lining.

JOE

I just want to find a nice girl who cooks and cleans and has a banging body. With blue eyes and blonde hair....

(then)

Scratch that, I don't care what color her drapes are just as long as they match her carpet.

MIKE

What if she has a hardwood floor?

(off Joe's look)

I'm just saying, it's not easy to find a good carpet nowadays. This isn't the 70s. Everyone's keeping it tidy.

JOE

I like a little bush.

BACHELORETTE

Would you like a brain to go with that bush?

Mike and Joe turn and there's THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BACHELORETTE, smiling.

JOE

Yeah, a brain is good.

MIKE

Overrated.

JOE

And her life needs to revolve around me.

BACHELORETTE

Does she have to be from this planet?

JOE

(a shrug)

I'm open.

BACHELORETTE

Good. Because that girl doesn't exist.

MIKE

I like this girl!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Bachelorette flirts with Mike.

BACHELORETTE

This peek into the infantile male psyche
is fun, but you know what I really want?

MIKE

A private dance.

BACHELORETTE

Yes, how did you know?

Mike gives her a cheesy smile, puts his swagger on.

MIKE

Instinct.

BACHELORETTE

Wow, you're good.

MIKE

I am going to rock your world.

BACHELORETTE

Oh, it's not for me, it's for my mother.

MIKE

Your mother?!

She throws a look at her MOTHER, who's an attractive older
women. Mother waves, tries a smile.

BACHELORETTE

Yeah, don't let the conservative business
suit throw you, she can suck a basketball
through ten feet of garden hose...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike and Joe watch TV through a haze of bong-smoke. Mike
pulls hard on the bong. Joe sips a beer.

MIKE

I can't believe I'm doing lap dances
for mothers...

JOE

She tipped you a hundy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

(beat)

You don't get it!!! This a new low. I'm circling the drain here, bro...

A CHEESY BORDER PATROL RECRUITING COMMERCIAL comes on.

JOE

I hate those guys.

They watch the commercial. The Border Patrol agents are doing all kinds of cool stuff.

MIKE

That's it, man!!! No more nights of endless bong-hits and boozaramas. This is our chance to be legit.

ON THE TV, STEVE stands there, in his Border Patrol uniform, and speaks this catchy slogan.

STEROID STEVE

(on the TV)

"JOIN THE BORDER PATROL TODAY AND MAKE A DIFFERENCE TOMORROW."

JOE

Is that Steroid Steve?

MIKE

Yeah, he's filling the void. That's what we need to do.

JOE

I am so NOT joining the Border Patrol if that's what you're ramping up to.

MIKE

I'm gonna do it!

JOE

You're baked.

MIKE

"There's strong..."

(dramatic pause)

"And there's Army Strong!"

JOE

That's the Army.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Same dif! Doesn't the idea of it make you feel like a man?

JOE

No.

MIKE

Seriously, we can do this. It's not like we're going to some remote desert in the middle of Afghanistan. This is the Southern California Border Patrol. You saw those D-bags, they get uniforms, guns...and more importantly...respect!!! How hard can it be?!

(hard sell)

Surfing in the a.m., hot chicks at night.

(big smile)

Be all you can be!!

JOE

One-hundred-million percent NO. I'm not joining the Border Patrol...

(shaking his head)

You have fun with that!

And we SMASH CUT TO...

INT. BORDER PATROL RECRUITMENT CENTER - DAY

Mike and Joe sit across from A serious-looking, but oddly hot FEMALE RECRUITMENT OFFICER. She goes through a laundry list of standardized questions.

RECRUITMENT OFFICER

Are you U.S. Citizens?

MIKE

Yes.

Check.

RECRUITMENT OFFICER

Do you have a valid driver's license?

MIKE

Yes.

Check.

RECRUITMENT OFFICER

Do you speak Spanish?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
 (half smile)
 Poquito mas.

RECRUITMENT OFFICER
 I'll take that as a no...
 (then pointing to Joe)
 Is he mute?

MIKE
 No.

Check.

RECRUITMENT OFFICER
 Have either of you ever been convicted
 of domestic violence?

MIKE
 Convicted?!
 (thinks)
 No. Not convicted.

Check.

RECRUITMENT OFFICER
 Pass the drug test, and we'll put you
 on the first bus out of here.

The Recruitment Officer hands them each a plastic cup with
 a screw on cap. Joe finally pipes in.

JOE
 If we do this, we gotta be stationed
 in San Diego...
 (or)
 It's a deal breaker.

RECRUITMENT OFFICER
 I can't promise anything, but I'll put
 you in for geographic preference.
 (had enough)
 You want to piss in the cup or not?!

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Joe stands at the urinal, pissing into the cup.

JOE
 We're intelligent guys, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

I'd say semi-intelligent.

JOE

And our lives have suddenly fallen apart.

MIKE

I actually think it's been a slowish descent.

JOE

And you think this is the answer?

MIKE

Yes I do.

JOE

You know, I smoked a little skunk weed in eleventh grade on that field trip to the arboretum...

(genuine)

Ya think this test will pick that up?

MIKE

I think you're good....

(then surreptitiously)

Now give me some of your piss, will ya?!

JOE

Use you own.

MIKE

My piss is about as clean as bong water. C'mon, don't be a Bogart!

Joe takes Mike's cup and pisses in it.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO. Hot, dry, desolate. A BUS kicks up dust as it rumbles down a deserted two-lane highway. The side of the bus reads: *BORDER PATROL ACADEMY*.

INT. BUS - DAY

Joe looks at the desolate desert rolling out before him.

JOE

(panicked)

What have I done?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike is reading "*SPANISH FOR DUMMIES*".

MIKE

Don't go to negative town, bro. Let's just bone up on this Spanish thing.

JOE

I can't believe I let you talk me into this.

A big semi-psychotic Marine turns. This is GRANGER, and he's on the backside of the I.Q. slide.

GRANGER

You need to eat a big bowl of "shut the fuck up!" I just finished four combat tours. This is cake!

JOE

(blows him off)

Good for you, crazy guy!

GRANGER

Good for me?! I lost a kidney and part of my right nut for your freedom man!

JOE

How do you lose part of a nut?

GRANGER

It wasn't easy.

Mike notices A GIRL sitting by herself. This is CHARLEY. And she's hot. He gets up and makes his move.

JOE

Don't leave me with this guy.

Mike shrugs off Joe and moves up the aisle.

MIKE

Hola, mamacita.

CHARLEY

Hey.

Mike slides in the seat next to her.

MIKE

Que linda eres.

CHARLEY

Vete de aqui, pulgita.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mike thumbs through the pages of "*SPANISH FOR DUMMIES.*"

MIKE

Oh, you want to sling a little Spanish with me, huh?! Pulgita? That's sexy.

(He finds the translation)

"*Get lost, you little flea?*" That's just not very nice.

CHARLEY

Look, I'm not...

MIKE

Before you blow me off, you should know I'm not looking for a long-term play, but I can do casual with the best of them. So I see you, a cute little brunette wearing a pair of bell-bottoms, I think she's part of that retro-movement, not my thing, but I'll take a shot. And here I am. You won't stop thinking about me once you've had the "full treatment."

CHARLEY

The full treatment?!

MIKE

Oh yeah, I'll get under your skin like a fungus. Guaranteed!!!

CHARLEY

Sexy.

MIKE

You have no idea...

Mike flashes a smile.

CHARLEY

Is that your version of a smile, or are your lips stuck to your teeth?

Then, Joe interrupts.

JOE

I'm outta here.

Joe continues up the aisle. Mike jumps up to follow him.

MIKE

Sorry, gotta jet!

Joe has stopped at the bus driver.

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CONTINUED: (3)

JOE

Pull over. I want off this bus.

BUS DRIVER

You're going to have to sit down, pal.

Joe throws the door lever and the door opens.

JOE

Pull over or I'm jumping out.

The driver throws the door lever, closing the door.

BUS DRIVER

Sit down, jerk-stick!

JOE

OK, bus-driver guy. You want to play it like that, huh?

BUS DRIVER

Yeah, it's like that.

Mike appears behind him.

MIKE

Easy, bro. You're overreacting, man.

JOE

No, I'm not...

(then)

This is overreacting!!!

Joe slams his foot on the brake.

THE BUS SKIDS and swerves to a hard stop. Mike is thrown against the windshield, face-first.

Joe throws the door lever and jumps out. Mike peels his face off the windshield and turns to the bus driver.

MIKE

Gimme a minute.

BUS DRIVER

30 seconds and I'm leaving that nut-job behind.

And Mike hops out of the bus.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Joe walks the shoulder of the road with Mike chasing him.

MIKE

Joe, wait up.

JOE

I changed my mind. I can't do this.

MIKE

Yes, you can.

JOE

You know I'm vulnerable right now and you left me with the creepy guy with one nut. And I gave you my piss!!!

MIKE

I'm sorry...

Joe sticks his thumb out, as A CAR whizzes by.

JOE

(guilt trip)

No worries. I'm just going to hitch it back to San Diego and re-jigger my life a little...

MIKE

This is the mother of all re-jiggers?! This is our shot.

JOE

No, this is your shot.

MIKE

You can't puss out now. We just have to gut it out...

(then)

Please. I need you, man.

JOE

You don't need me. You're a one-man show, Mike. Always have been.

MIKE'S VOICE is drown out by A FLEET OF BORDER PATROL H1 HUMMERS that whip past in pursuit of A BEAT UP CARGO VAN. A low-flying BELL RANGER HELICOPTER gives them a haircut and goes nose-to-nose with the van forcing it off road.

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THE CARGO VAN buries its grill in the sand. The doors fly open and AN CREW OF RUSSIAN ILLEGALS pile out, speaking in a clipped Slavic dialect.

THE BORDER PATROL AGENTS jump from their trucks, shotguns drawn. SEVERAL AGENTS REPEL from the helicopter, taking away any chance of escape.

BORDER PATROL AGENTS

Hands in the air!!!! Let me see your
hands!!!! NOW!!!

All THE RUSSIAN ILLEGALS ignore and reach for weapons hung on a strap under their long coats.

The Border Patrol Agents open fire. Setting their sights on the lower limbs. No kill shots. The Russians go down in a heap of dust and flesh wounds. They quickly concede their weapons.

The Border Patrol Agents move in and zip-tie the Russians hands behind their backs. They are super-cool in their uniforms and sunglasses. They walk to the van and tear apart several crates of black-market weapons. They load THE RUSSIANS in A PORTABLE PRISON VEHICLE.

There's a bunch of CHEERS and HOLLERS. Mike and Joe turn around and see THE RECRUITS hanging out the window of the bus enthused by what they see in their future. Then:

MIKE

These guys are hard-core. I'm talking real-life American superheroes. I want to be a superhero, Joe. And I want you to be my sidekick.

JOE

I'm not really feeling the olive green and drab. It's not on my color chart.

MIKE

Check out the shades...
(selling)
They are *badfuckingass*.

Joe admires THE HEAVY-DUTY OFF-ROAD VEHICLES.

JOE

Ya think we get to drive those?

MIKE

Oh yeah. And we get shotguns, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE
Shotguns are cool.

MIKE
C'mon, this is better than porn.

JOE
(thinks, then)
No! Can't do it.

MIKE
No?!

JOE
I'm not caving.

MIKE
(sincere)
I come from a long line of losers, Joe.
It's time to break the cycle. Help me
do this, Joe. Help me save the world...
(that smile)
You'll be forever in my cool book.

The Border Patrol H1 HUMMERS blast by them, getting
airborne off the shoulder of the road.

Joe watches, then:

JOE
(caving)
OK. I'll do it for you.

MIKE
That's my bitch.

JOE
I'm such a spineless pussy. I always
cave for you. Why is that?

MIKE
Because you love me! Which makes you
a great friend...
(slinging his arm around
him)
Now let's get on that bus and learn how
to smash some heads.

EXT. NORTHERN MEXICAN PLAINS - DAY

A COMPOUND is built into the rugged hills on the Mexican side of the border. It's half-hacienda, half-castle and all gaudy rock-star. This is "CASA DE ANGEL."

EXT. CASA DE ANGEL - DAY

Meet drug kingpin BUDDY ANGEL. A messy mop of blond hair highlights his blue eyes. Buddy's an American ex-patriot living the life south of the border. He's in the middle of dancing the Pasa Doble. Buddy wears snake-skin boots, polyester skin-tight black pants and a pink ruffled shirt. He's slimy straight, but totally gay.

Drug-dealer GROUPIES are strewn about and BODYGUARDS are posted at every corner. With A RED ROSE clutched in his teeth, Buddy and his dance partner, CARMEN, glide across the pavers.

THE LATIN MUSIC reaches a crescendo, and Buddy puts her into a deep dip. His entourage APPLAUDS.

CARMEN

(heavy Spanish accent)

You're leading with power, baby.

BUDDY

Don't stroke me, girlfriend. Just make sure you're ready for the competition. This year I want to win.

Carmen nods and walks off, as a beautiful servant girl, JULIANNE, approaches carrying A PITCHER OF MARGARITAS.

JULIANNE

Buenos dias, Senor.

Buddy takes a sip of the Margarita, swishes it around and spits it out.

BUDDY

More lime, less salt.

Buddy sets the Margarita back on Julianne's tray.

JULIANNE (SUBTITLE)

Si, Senor Angel...

(in Spanish)

You promised you would take me across the border this week, so I can go to San Diego and be with my family.

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CONTINUED:

BUDDY

I did?

(a nod)

Wow! I must have been fucked up, baby girl. It's not happening--you make the best chimichangas I've ever had....

(lascivious smile)

Chop-chop. I'm parched.

Buddy smacks Julianne on the ass, as she scurries off.

JULIANNE

(mumbles to herself)

Pinche cabron.

CPT. MACLOVIO, a corrupt FEDERALE on Buddy's payroll approaches. He is wide as he is tall.

CPT. MACLOVIO

Mira, Jefe.

Cpt. Maclovio hands Buddy some HIGH-POWERED BINOCULARS.

Buddy walks to the edge of the pool and looks across the Rio Grande. A CONVOY OF NATIONAL GUARD TRUCKS pull to a dusty stop in front of COMMAND POST 57. He moves the lenses to the right and sees TWO OF HIS DRUG-RUNNING TRUCKS barreling across the border past the Command Post.

He lowers the binoculars and hands them to Maclovio.

BUDDY

When will these boys learn?!

CPT. MACLOVIO

Never, Jefe.

Buddy does a little spin, a little crotch grab, a little pelvic thrust and ends in a victory stance.

BUDDY

I'm on fuego, bitches!

EXT. BORDER PATROL ACADEMEY - DAY

2500 acres of hell on earth. The bus pulls to a stop in front of SGT. HERNANDEZ, an ex-Marine, who is a dedicated falconer. A FALCON is perched on a leather gauntlet on his forearm. It's mangy with a nervous twitch and its feathers are falling out in clumps.

THE NEW RECRUITS pile off the bus.

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CONTINUED:

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Fall in line, men. Get the lead out.
Move it out! C'mon, look alive!!!

Granger salutes Sgt. Hernandez.

GRANGER

Private Granger reporting for duty.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Semper Fi, son.

GRANGER

Booyah!!!

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Show these clown-punchers how a good
Marine forms a line.

GRANGER

Yessir.

Granger goes ape-shit. He pulls Mike, Joe and Charley off
the bus and throws them to the dirt.

JOE

Dude, relax!!

GRANGER

Want a little cheese to go with that
whine, dick-face?!

JOE

No, I don't even like cheese!!!

GRANGER

Get your ass out of the dirt and form a
line or I will fuck you up...

Sgt. Hernandez releases his FALCON into the sky and
addresses the new recruits.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Welcome. In the next 19 weeks I will
only be able to turn a few of you into
real men. So, all of you losers who
answered the call because you thought
this was an easy way to wear a uniform
and carry a gun, just get back on that
bus and we'll take you home to mommy.
You'll make my job a lot easier.

FIVE GUYS actually fall out and get back on the bus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SGT. HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

The rest of you should admire those men.
They know their limitations and realize
when they are overmatched.

The recruit's attention is captured by THE CLASS OF HOT
FEMALE CADETS jogging by. THE FIVE GUYS getting back on
the bus think better of it and get back in line.

SGT. HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

I'm not running a Club Med. Now follow
your gut and get back on that bus...
(the five guys stay in line)
Bad decision.

Sgt. Hernandez stops in front of a rail-thin but focused
kid, ZACH MACKE. Zach's the brainy-shy boy next door.

SGT. HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

Don't you think you should get on that
bus, kid. You're not cut out for this
kind of duty.

ZACH

With all due respect, sir. I earned a
college degree before my 18th birthday.
Finished my Ph.D when I was 21. I've
been plugged into the grid writing code
in the basement of Quantico for the last
three years...

(dramatic beat)

I had my sack pierced, sir.

This draws looks from everyone.

JOE

Dude, gnarly.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Get on the bus kid!

MIKE

The guy had his sack pierced, sir.
Give him a shot.

CHARLEY

Yeah, he might be good.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Who are you? Mr. and Mrs. Smith?!

MIKE

Mike Sorrento, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Sgt. Hernandez glances at Charley.

SGT. HERNANDEZ
Is this your girlfriend?

MIKE
Give me a day or two.

CHARLEY
That's never going to happen.

Sgt. Hernandez gets right up on Charley.

SGT. HERNANDEZ
Smart girl, Miss...

CHARLEY
Charley Singer, sir.

Sgt. Hernandez turns back to Mike.

SGT. HERNANDEZ
Okay, funny guy. You get this tool-box
on your squad. As far as Singer goes.
She's off limits. Understood?

THE FALCON lands on Sgt. Hernandez's gauntlet-covered arm
with A SEVERED HUMAN HAND crushed in his beak.

Mike jumps back, terrified.

MIKE
Holy shit, sir.

SGT. HERNANDEZ
What did you say?

MIKE
Your bird, sir. It's...it's...
(cringing)
Is that a human hand?!

SGT. HERNANDEZ
So what if it is?! Got a problem with
that?

MIKE
Ah, no, sir.

SGT. HERNANDEZ
Good! Let's get to work.

Sgt. Hernandez walks off. Mike looks at Charley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHARLEY
(flirty)
Off limits.

MIKE
It's on, Singer.

CHARLEY
(a smile)
Bring it.

EXT. DUNES - DAY

A SAND RAIL, the Border Patrol's version of A DUNE BUGGY on steroids, comes flying over a dune and gets airborne. Another one flies off the dune right on it's tail.

INT. SAND RAIL - DAY

Mike is behind the wheel, screaming like a man possessed at 30-feet off the ground.

MIKE
WHOO-HOOO!!!

A TRAINING OFFICER rides shotgun, white-knuckling the dash handle.

EXT. DESERT FLATS - DAY

And then, touchdown!! The sand rails hit the ground hard. They bounce on their soft shocks, spitting sand.

INT. SAND RAIL - DAY

Mike looks out the window at Joe, who's driving the other sand rail and punches the accelerator.

THE TRAINING OFFICER is thrown back in his seat.

EXT. DESERT FLATS - DAY

The sand rail pops a wheelie and scoots across the flats, overtaking Joe's vehicle. Mike reaches the end of the off-road course and brakes hard, whipping the sand rail into a power-slide. The tires catch an edge.

INT. SAND RAIL - DAY

THE TRAINING OFFICER'S eyes go wide.

TRAINING OFFICER
HOLY SHIT!!!!

EXT. DESERT FLATS - DAY

The sand rail pitches into a barrel roll. It rolls four times before landing upright on its tires. Yikes!!

Sgt. Hernandez watches alongside Granger, Zach, Charley and the rest of the recruits. The FALCON circles above.

ZACH
Awesome....

Joe's dune-buggy slides to a stop.

Mike jumps out of his totalled sand rail.

MIKE
That's how we do it!

THE TRAINING OFFICER gets out and PUKES!!

Sgt. Hernandez just shakes his head.

SGT. HERNANDEZ
(sotto)
Day one!

EXT. COMPETITION HILL - DAY

A steep dune. Endless sand. 112 degrees. In the shade. SGT. HERNANDEZ stands on top of the dune next to A BORDER PATROL FLAG.

THE FALCON watches from atop the flagpole.

Sgt. Hernandez fires his starter's gun, and the recruits run from A STARTING LINE far below. Zach and Charley get out fast and hit the steep hill first.

Joe, Mike and Granger are battling it out, elbows flying. Zach goes down. Gets trampled.

Mike helps Zach up and forges ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe and Granger are in a dogfight on the hill. Mike has burst of energy and surpasses them. Joe grabs Granger's leg, who face plants, sucking in sand.

Joe climbs over him, his boots mashing Granger.

Mike and Joe catch Charley. The three of them crest the hill and run for the flag, hands outstretched.

Then, out of nowhere, Granger flattens the three of them with a flying tackle and captures THE FLAG.

Joe, Mike and Charley look up, spitting sand.

Granger screams like a berserker.

GRANGER

BOOYAH!!!!

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

THE RECRUITS go through days and days of training in the desert sun. JUMP ROPE, CHIN-UPS, JUMPING JACKS, SIT UPS, FIREARM DRILLS AND EQUESTRIAN TRAINING and finally...

AN OBSTACLE COURSE RUN.

Mike, Joe and Charley jockey for position coming into the final stretch of the brutal desert course. They climb "A WALL OF DEATH" and drop to the other side, neck and neck. They quick-step through A MAZE OF TIRES.

Joe stumbles, costing him precious seconds.

Zach falls on THE BALANCE BEAM and CRACKS his nuts.

ZACH

Aaaaaaargh....

Granger helps Zach to his feet and pulls him along.

Mike and Charley come out of the tires and sprint for the finish line. Charley takes Mike by a nose. They slow to a stop and catch their breath. Sgt. Hernandez approaches.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

You just got beat by a girl, Miguelita.
You must be very proud.

INT. URBAN WARFARE TRAINING FACILITY - NIGHT

The door is kicked in. Rain SLAPS the tin roof. Mike moves inside with A PAIR OF TACTICAL NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES and SHOTGUN. He's followed closely by his tactical team, Joe, Zach and Granger, who wear the same night-vision.

JOE

Do we really have to do this?! I hate guns.

MIKE

Quit sulking. You'll feel better when you shoot something!

A TARGET of A BAD-GUY holding a gun pops up.

Mike unloads, splattering the target with PINK PAINT.

ANOTHER TARGET SNAPS into view. Mike peels off a burst, drilling it dead on.

ZACH

Nobody likes a showboat, fellas.

Mike and Joe move deeper into the darkness, stealth-like. Several POP-UP TARGETS SNAP around doors. Mike unloads with no hesitation, blasting each BAD-GUY TARGET with perfectly hammered-on splatters of pink paint.

Joe, Zach and Granger are along for the ride.

GRANGER

Leave some for us.

ZACH

Yeah, I want a kill.

ANOTHER POP-UP TARGET whips out from behind a counter. Mike whirls like a dervish, finger wrapping around the triggers. Then, he quickly lowers his shotgun.

MIKE

It's a friendly. Don't shoot...

It's only now we see, the target is A LITTLE GIRL holding A DOLL. Zach is impressed.

ZACH

Dude, you're a Jedi.

A SHADOW falls across the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Granger spins and fires several paint-balls, making SGT. HERNANDEZ look like a pink Picasso.

MIKE

Nice shooting, Hoss.

EXT. URBAN WARFARE TRAINING FACILITY - NIGHT

Mike, Joe, Zach and Granger do push ups in the rain with Sgt. Hernandez and his Falcon standing over them.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

42, 43, 44, 45...

EXT. CASA DE ANGEL - NIGHT

Buddy floats on a raft in the pool surrounded by SPANISH HOTTIES. He is wearing a shocking pink T-BACK SPEEDO and petting his ever present Chihuahua, DAISY. CHIEF BAGBY, a Border Patrol Section Chief, who is on Buddy's payroll, sits at a table drinking a tequila and smoking a cigar while JULIANNE rubs his shoulders. Cpt. Maclovio walks up.

CPT. MACLOVIO

(broken English)

The trucks got through, Jefe, we made the exchange...

BUDDY

And?

CPT. MACLOVIO

There was a small conflict, we had to take out a couple gringo agents.

BUDDY

To make an omelette you have to break a few eggs!

CHIEF BAGBY

I'm running out of eggs. You have to find another route.

BUDDY

No, Bagby, you need to keep that border soft. That's what I pay you for. The National Guard are not exactly the easiest to get around...

(then)

Get our old buddy Hernandez in here, he would be fun to play with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF BAGBY

I put him in recruitment hell.

BUDDY

Perfect! Send him in with some of his flunkies.

CHIEF BAGBY

You know I can't do that.

Buddy throws a nod to Cpt. Maclovio, who converges on Chief Bagby with his men.

BUDDY

You can't?! Or you won't?!

CHIEF BAGBY

It's suicide.

BUDDY

Exactamundo! Make it happen!

Chief Bagby takes a nervous pull on his cigar.

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

The recruits are led through a series of fighting stances by a hand-to-hand COMBAT INSTRUCTOR. Sgt. Hernandez moves down the line and stops at Mike.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

You're still hanging around?! It's a miracle.

MIKE

I have a man-crush on you, sir. I'll never leave your side. Ever.

Sgt. Hernandez's FALCON WHISKS in for a pinpoint landing on his arm. A DEAD RATTLESNAKE hangs from his beak.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

(to falcon)

Breakfast time.

THE FALCON gnashes on the rattlesnake and quickly sucks it down like a string of pasta.

MIKE

Damn!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AN OFFICIAL-LOOKING JEEP crosses the grounds and slides to a stop. CHIEF BAGBY climbs out.

Sgt. Hernandez crosses with his FALCON on his gauntlet.

CHIEF BAGBY

At ease, Sergeant.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Chief Bagby. What can I do for you?

CHIEF BAGBY

For starters, you can get rid of that fucking bird.

Sgt. Hernandez lets his falcon go.

CHIEF BAGBY (CONT'D)

I've got a problem. The pentagon wants to step up Operation Jump Start in Korea and they're pulling the National Guard off the border.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

(What the fuck?!)

They're sending the National Guard to Korea?!

CHIEF BAGBY

I don't make policy, I push paper and follow orders. My orders say I need replacement agents on the border ASAP.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

I don't have the manpower.

CHIEF BAGBY

Figure it out. I need a full crew in Nuevo Laredo yesterday.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Nuevo Laredo?! That's a war-zone. We can't send rookies in there.

CHIEF BAGBY

That's why I'm sending you back in there with them. Congratulations you're the newest Sector Chief of Command Post 57.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Thanks, but no thanks. I'll stay where I'm at.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHIEF BAGBY

The decision's been made. You move out tomorrow.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

I'm telling you, I don't have the men, sir.

CHEERING can be heard. Chief Bagby turns his attention to THE RECRUITS, who stand in a semi-circle.

CHIEF BAGBY

What about them?

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Definitely not them.

Chief Bagby and Sgt. Hernandez join the semi-circle of recruits surrounding Mike and Charley, who are circling each other like gladiators.

Charley drops Mike with A DIRT-SWEEPING KICK. Then, she wraps her legs around his throat, choking him.

CHIEF BAGBY

The girl looks strong.

Mike flings Charley off. The recruits SCREAM and CHEER.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Yeah, but the guy's a real meathead.

Mike pounces on Charley and pins her to the dirt, hands above her head. They are face-to-face, nose-to-nose, mouth-to-mouth. They are in the missionary position.

MIKE

This could be us tonight.

Charley puts her lips right in Mike's ear, purring.

CHARLEY

I like it on top.

Mike rolls and flips her on top of him.

MIKE

Better?

CHARLEY

Much. Is that all you got?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIKE

You know you're digging my action. So what's the hang up?

CHARLEY

Don't rush this...

(Mike's turned on)

I need to see what you're made of first.

MIKE

I'm an oak, baby.

And Charley KNEES him in the groin. Mike is cut down to size, his nuts in his throat.

CHARLEY

Timber...

Joe feels for his friend.

The recruits CHEER, pay off bets.

Chief Bagby turns back to Sgt. Hernandez.

CHIEF BAGBY

They're ready enough. Put them on the border. Now.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Yes, sir.

Chief Bagby climbs into the Jeep. A steaming hot stream of FALCON SHIT splatters his face. He looks up and sees the Falcon circling above.

CHIEF BAGBY

Note to self, kill that fucking bird!

And we SMASH CUT TO...

EXT. COMMAND POST 57 - DAY

Mike and Joe stand on the shore of the Rio Grande in full UNIFORM and GEAR. Wind-blown TUMBLEWEEDS are everywhere. The slow-moving water GURGLES dead fish. A CAR floats by. Then, part of A HOUSE goes down river. A nearby OUTHOUSE BUZZES with horse flies.

BORDER PATROL ZODIAC BOATS bob in the tide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behind them, trucks are being unloaded. This is the most remote of command posts and it's a dilapidated shit-pile nestled into the rim-rocked desert landscape.

JOE

This is great...

(then)

How many miles ya think we are from the Pacific Ocean?! Just ball-park it for me? A thousand, twenty five hundred?

MIKE

I know where you're headed with this and let me just say...

JOE

Really?! Then tell me what happened to our, our...

MIKE

"Geographic preference?!"

JOE

Yeah, that...

(mimicking Mike)

"This is the Southern California Border Patrol. How hard can it be? Surfing in the A.M. Hot chicks at night."

Joe smacks A MOSQUITO the size of A GOAT off his neck.

MIKE

I got a good feeling about this...

JOE

What could possibly be good about this?!

(then)

And by the way, are you kidding me with this heat?! How hot do you think it is? 135 degrees, a buck forty?

They look across the Rio Grande where TRUCKS tear through the brush dumping loads of ILLEGALS on the muddy shores of the river. Anarchy.

MIKE

You look real handsome in that uniform.

JOE

Go fuck yourself!

Just then, A GANG OF ILLEGALS swim out of the Rio Grande. They hit U.S. soil and scatter like buckshot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sgt. Hernandez walks up with Granger and Charley.

SGT. HERNANDEZ
Well, ladies, get to work.

GRANGER
Let's bag us some alien ass!

MONTAGE. EXT. RIO GRANDE - DAY

Mike, Joe, Charley, Zach and Granger chase THE ILLEGALS through the sagebrush and saguaros to the sounds of NEIL DIAMOND'S "THEY COME INTO AMERICA."

Granger and Zach jump off an outcropping of rock. They slobber-knock a pair of ILLEGALS with a flying tackle.

Joe chases down AN ILLEGAL when he's ambushed from the rocks above by A PINT-SIZE CREW OF 10-YEAR OLD BANDITOS with home-made SLING-SHOTS.

Joe hits the dirt, as he's peppered with rocks.

The Banditos cease fire and take off into the weeds.

THE FALCON circles above, watching the circus.

It's a rapid-fire and fun sequence with our gang tackling and chasing ILLEGALS. THEN...

Mike and Charley move into some THICKET and take down several ILLEGALS.

Joe moves out of shrubbery with 8 ILLEGALS daisy-chained together, back-to-back with zip-ties. They shuffle like a herd of Siamese twins.

Something stirs the slow-moving current. Joe turns, as A FEMALE FIGURE rises out of the river. He's stopped dead in his tracks. So are his captives.

This is the ultimate male fantasy and it's been done in hundreds of movies before! So let's do it again!

THE FEMALE FIGURE pushes wet hair off her face. Water rolls slowly down her cheeks. Her lips parted slightly. Her wet clothes cling to every curve of her perfect body. She catches eyes with Joe.

It's JULIANNE, Buddy Angel's servant girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ILLEGAL #1

Muy caliente...

Joe and Julianne have a moment. Then:

ILLEGAL #2

Andele, mi chava! !!Corrand!!

And Julianne takes off like a jack rabbit.

Joe goes after her, but one of his captives sticks out A FOOT and Joe does a face-plant. He jumps up and pushes his captives into the sand and takes off in hot pursuit.

Julianne runs through the sagebrush slashing and cutting. Julianne loses her footing and tumbles down a steep sandy slope. Joe comes flying off the dune and takes her down. There's a strong attraction. Instant chemistry.

JOE

Welcome to America.

EXT. COMMAND POST 57 - DAY

Joe pulls his captives towards Mike, who loads ILLEGALS into a fenced-off area. Sgt. Hernandez crosses.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Good work, Molloy. Now get them loaded up, we've gotta move this truck out.

(Then to Zach)

Hey, Macke, you're on watchtower duty.

Granger steps up to Sgt. Hernandez.

GRANGER

What can I do?

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Swab out the shit-house.

GRANGER

I thought you'd never ask, Sarge, I've been needing to clip a snickers!

Joe pulls Mike aside.

JOE

Got a minute?

Mike and Joe move to the side with Julianne.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
Yeah, what's up?

JOE
(re: Julianne)
Can I keep her?

MIKE
Keep her?!

Charley rolls up with a line of ILLEGALS.

CHARLEY
She's not a guinea pig.

JOE
I know, but we've got something.

MIKE
Got something?!

JOE
Yeah, I know it sounds crazy weird, but
it's like fate...or chemistry.

JULIANNE
Si. Es la verdad.

JOE
Ah-hah! See, it's not just me!!

MIKE
I can't believe I'm hearing this. You
chased her through the bushes and tied
her up. I get it...
(checking out Julianne)
Cute girl, wet clothes, bondage fantasy,
you're hopped up. But it's not love...

JOE
Call it what you want, but it's real.

MIKE
This is a stupid conversation. Get your
head together and put her in the cage.

JOE
I can't.

MIKE
You're suck a snatch!

Mike locks Julianne in a fenced-off area.

INT. WATCHTOWER - DAY

An elevated tower with a 360 degree bird's-eye view of the Rio Grande. A BANK OF MONITORS display video footage from the surveillance systems stationed along the remote border. Zach works a keyboard, running diagnostic tests. Sgt. Hernandez stands behind him.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

How bad?

ZACH

It's a joke, sir. Most of the microwave transmitters have been jammed by a drone signal, our surveillance satellite system has been rerouted to a fire-control radar in Yuma, and the live video-feed from our cameras has been looped by some remote computer.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Someone's hacked the system?

ZACH

A 5th grader with an iPhone could hack this system.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Anything I can do?

ZACH

Get me some hookers and blow.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Seriously?!

ZACH

Yeah, let me Hoover a couple lines off a good set of yummy-bags and I'm genius!
(off Sgt. Hernandez's shocked look)

True story!

Sgt. Hernandez looks out the window and notices A ZODIAC BOAT with several HEAVILY-ARMED MEN headed his way.

EXT. COMMAND POST 57 - DAY

Sgt. Hernandez moves towards the river. He whistles over his shoulder and FALCON flies off the watchtower and lands on his leather gauntlet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike, Joe, Granger and Charley fall in behind him.

THE ZODIAC stops, engine idling.

BUDDY has Cpt. Maclovio and a goon, NACHO, flanking him.

BUDDY

Long time no see, Sergeant.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Hiya Buddy...

(then)

What can I do for you?

BUDDY

You've got something of mine and I want her back.

Buddy points to JULIANNE who is imprisoned with the rest of THE BORDER-JUMPERS, who were just caught.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Sorry, can't do it.

BUDDY

C'mon Sarge, you know I own this shitty little piece of the world. I could take her by force, but we go back. So out of respect I'll give you five thousand cash for her...

(devilish)

I spent twice that on her new rack...

SGT. HERNANDEZ

She goes back in the morning.

BUDDY

That's a buzz-kill! I've got a kitchen full of avocados and nobody to make the guacamole...

(he has to say it)

You're not still mad at me, are you?

(no answer)

You know, in bullfighting, there's not a single reason why the bull shouldn't win. He's stronger, faster, meaner. But great matadors wield their capes precisely, turning the bull into a frustrated, angry beast who dies for their pleasure. It's a beautiful dance.

Sgt. Hernandez tenses, says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Hey, pal. Why don't you jump off your little, rubber boat and dance with me?! I'll be your frustrated, angry beast.

Buddy smirks, oh-so-confidently.

BUDDY

Looks like you've got yourself a loose cannon here, Sarge.

Mike returns the smirk, oh-so-confidently.

MIKE

Boom!!

BUDDY

Adios, bitches.

Buddy nods and Nacho hits the gas.

The Zodiac shoots across the river towards Mexico.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

OK, back to work. Sorrento and Molloy, head out to the east ridge.

JOE

East ridge?! I don't do ridges.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

You do now, we've got an electric fence needs mending.

Sgt. Hernandez heads back to the barracks.

Charley steps up to Mike, whispers.

CHARLEY

(flirty)

Will you be my frustrated, angry beast?

MIKE

You know I will, baby.

CHARLEY

Toro! Toro!

EXT. EAST RIDGE - NIGHT

Mike and Joe stand by AN ELECTRICAL-FENCE with RAZOR-WIRE running the length on top. A HOLE big enough for a human to fit through has been cut into the chain-link.

JOE

You shut the power down, right!

MIKE

I said yes.

JOE

You double checked?!

MIKE

Triple checked.

JOE

Alright, hand me that spool of wire.

Mike hands Joe A SPOOL of fence-mending wire. Joe threads it into the fence with a pair of PLIERS. When the metal touches the metal an ELECTRICAL EXPLOSION SPARKS and ZAPS.

MIKE

Oh shit!!!!

The shock throws Joe back and into A THORNY CACTUS.

JOE

Arrrrrrghhh!

Joe bounces up and hops around in pain.

MIKE

You alright?

JOE

Yeah, I'm real good!! I just got zapped with enough electricity to send an e-mail out of MY ASS!!!

(then)

Oh yeah, and I just lost my virginity to a thorn the size of a baseball bat.

Joe plucks A GIANT THORN out of his butt-cheek.

MIKE

Dude, I'm sorry.

JOE

You...dick!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
(sheepish)
I thought I cut the power.

JOE
This is a total freak show! What do we know about electricity and repairing fences?! You're a fucking stripper...

MIKE
(correcting him)
Exotic dancer.

JOE
Yeah, yeah. Whatever. At least I know what I am. I'm a pedicab driver. Maybe that's what I'm supposed to be.

MIKE
C'mon, today wasn't all that bad. You met a girl.

JOE
And you made me lock her up like she's some kind of stray dog.

MIKE
C'mere , big guy, bring it in!! Let's hug it out...

Then, GUNFIRE ERUPTS, echoing loudly off the canyon walls. Mike and Joe hit the dirt.

VOICES SCREAM over the gunfire in Spanish.

JOE
What the hell!?!

The STACCATO BURSTS continue. But, it's not directed at Mike and Joe. It's coming from over the nearby slope. Then, THE GUNFIRE STOPS ABRUPTLY. Dead silence.

MIKE
C'mon, let's check it out.

JOE
Are you kidding me?!

MIKE
Don't be a sissy-bitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mike army crawls up the slope. Joe begrudgingly follows. They reach the top and peek down on a small basin where several OFF-ROAD TRUCKS idle, HEADLIGHTS ON.

Several MEN lie in blood-stained dirt.

JOE
Are those dead bodies?!

MIKE
Looks like it.

JOE
What should we do?

MIKE
Secure the scene.

JOE
I'm not securing that scene!

MIKE
Then stay here.

Mike takes off down the slope, as Joe grumbles after him.

EXT. SMALL BASIN - NIGHT

Mike and Joe come through the brush and creep towards the idling trucks. As they get nearer, they find TEN MEXICAN BAD-MEN dead, casualties of a drug deal gone bad.

The idling trucks are pock marked with bullet holes. A GETAWAY DRIVER is slumped over the steering wheel. Dead. The other group of DEAD BAD-GUYS are THE BUYERS. Their WEAPONS are still clutched in their hands. Another dead bad guy has a roll of toilet paper clutched in his hand and his pants down around his ankles.

A BRIEFCASE spills CASH. Lots of cash. Millions. Mike checks out the money.

MIKE
This is some serious bank. There's got to be millions here...

Joe checks out the back of the truck where A PALLET of HERMETICALLY-SEALED HEROIN is strapped down in the bed.

JOE
I'll call it in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Not so fast. This is our ticket outta here.

JOE

What're you talking about?!

Mike moves through the crime scene.

MIKE

We can spin this.

JOE

I don't want to hear it.

MIKE

We broke up a drug deal. The smugglers went postal, so under duress and gunfire we were forced to engage...

JOE

Nope. I'm not lying. It's bad juju.

MIKE

You want to get back to San Diego?

Joe thinks about it. Then:

JOE

OK, we were forced to engage, then what?

MIKE

Bang, bang, bang! Dead in the driver's seat, dead by the briefcase, dead with his pants down....

Joe glances at the dead guy with roll of toilet paper.

JOE

What kind of moron takes a steamer in the middle of a gunfight?!

MIKE

I dead moron...

(weaving his web)

So we get credit for a big-time bust and we're commended for our valor. But we become depressed, distant...

JOE

Psychologically scarred, our loved ones don't even recognize us...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

And how could they?! We were forced to become killers. Dead people!! Blood!! We had to squeegee someone's brain off a windshield! Yuck!!

JOE

So we ask for a transfer and before you know it, we're searching trunks...

MIKE

And checking ID's on the Tijuana border.

And it all comes back to...

JOE

Surfing in the A.M.

MIKE

Hot chicks at night...

(then)

It's textbook.

JOE

How do we sell it?

Mike thinks a beat, surveys the scene and draws his gun.

MIKE

Check it.

Mike fires his entire clip into the engine of the idling truck. It EXPLODES, A FIREBALL ROILS!!!! Mike empties rest of his clip into the already dead bodies.

JOE

What're you doing?!

MIKE

Killing bad guys.

JOE

They're already dead.

MIKE

Dude, we have to leave fingerprints and splatter patterns. They got forensics now.

(then)

You want to get in this gunfight?

JOE

This is stupid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Mike holsters his weapon and picks up one of THE BAD-MEN'S GUNS and aims at Joe.

MIKE
Right or left arm?

JOE
What?!

MIKE
We have to make this look real. One of us has to bite the bullet.

JOE
Are you serious?!

MIKE
Very. Right or left?

JOE
Let me shoot you.

MIKE
It has to be you.

JOE
Why me?!

MIKE
Because you're a better victim.

JOE
No, I'm not caving this time.

MIKE
Sorry, you gotta take one for the team!
This might sting a bit...

Mike FIRES! Joe is hit in the arm and goes down hard, writhing in pain. Mike throws the gun in the dirt.

Then, A XENON SPOTLIGHT lights them up as dust is whipped up all around them. A BLACK HELICOPTER sets down and out steps a crew of hard-core armed men. They are dressed in civvies. The leader of this wild bunch is JOHNNY CISCO aka THE CISCO KID. He is small, but weathered and tough and a veteran MINUTEMAN of these border wars.

Mike levels his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CISCO KID

Shit, fuck, what the fuck?! You little bitch ass motherfuckers can't be Border Patrol, and if you are, we are fucked...

(LAUGHS all around, extends his hand)

Put your gun away!!! Name's Cisco. We play for the same team...

MIKE

You're one of those minutemen?

CISCO KID

You got it! Sorry we missed all the action. Looks like a shit-sandwich...

(then)

You girls new here?

MIKE

Day one.

CISCO KID

S'good to see some shooters working this line...

(then)

You best call this massacre into your dispatch before Angel sends some more hitters.

Mike pulls his walkie-talkie.

MIKE

Man, you're like a real life bad-ass, aren't you?

CISCO KID

I've fucked a few skulls.

MIKE

Really, how'd that work out for you?!

CISCO KID

Pays the bills.

Mike feigns a laugh and keys his walkie.

MIKE

(into walkie)

This is Sorrento to base, come in...

The Cisco Kid notices Joe writhing in pain on the ground and gets down on his haunches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CISCO KID
 Hey there, girly-boy...
 (chuckles)
 Stings like a sore dick, huh?

JOE
 I've never had a sore dick...

CISCO KID
 Trust me, it hurts.

The Cisco Kid clamps his hand around Joe's arm and sticks his fingers in Joe's wound. Joe screams.

JOE
 Arghhhhh!!!!

The Cisco Kid digs around inside Joe's wound with his dirty little hand and plucks out a mushroomed bullet.

CISCO KID
 Welcome to the border wars, Pendejo.
 You're in the shit now...
 (parting words)
 Shit, fuck, what the fuck?!

And just like that, The Cisco Kid and his men climb into their chopper and disappear into the night.

EXT. SMALL BASIN - LATER THAT NIGHT

COPS, EMTs, CSI and BORDER PATROL UNITS are on the scene. Mike talks to A REPORTER.

MIKE
 I don't have time for fear, I'm trained to react...
 (snapping his fingers)
 ...just like that! If I don't, good men die. We're here to protect the American dream! That's what we signed up for.

The reporter is scribbling. Sgt. Hernandez approaches.

SGT. HERNANDEZ
 Excuse us, please...
 (The reporter leaves)
 I just got a call from minuteman named Johnny Cisco, he said he did a flyby. You impressed him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Crazy little nut-job pulled the bullet out of Joe's arm with his bare hand.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

He's a real cowboy. He usually doesn't work down this far...

(then)

What's wrong with, Molloy?

Sgt. Hernandez looks at Joe, who sits knees to chest. A MEDIC is taking his vitals. The reporter approaches Joe, who is really milking the "post-traumatic-stress" act.

MIKE

The body count must have got into his helmet...

SGT. HERNANDEZ

You realize what you've done?

MIKE

(cool)

Made a bust and confiscated some money and drugs.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Six million to be exact. And you took out Buddy Angel's best crew.

MIKE

Dumb luck.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Yeah. But now you're on his radar.

MIKE

What is it with you and this nine-ball?

SGT. HERNANDEZ

He used to be my partner.

MIKE

He worked Border Patrol?

SGT. HERNANDEZ

We were the same graduating class at the Academy. We were deployed right here for six years. When he went rogue, I was taken off active duty and questioned. My character and my reputation ruined.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

So let's fuck this guy up and use the
bust to harvest your mojo...

(rah-rah)

What do you say?!

Sgt. Hernandez nods, as an ear-splitting SCREAM PIERCES the night air. Mike and Sgt. Hernandez turn to see Joe wracked with sobs and acting like "Rainman."

SGT. HERNANDEZ

I better order a psych exam.

EXT. PLAZA DE TOROS - DAY

The bullring is packed with AFICIONADOS. A MATADOR and A BULL fight in the ring.

Buddy Angel drinks a bottle of "DOS XXX" in A LUXURY BOX with his snake-skin boots kicked up. He presides over the amphitheater like a Roman Emperor presiding over his gladiators. His entourage is with him.

JULIANNE sits in the back of the box hand-rolling CIGARS.

BUDDY

Where are those smokes?

JULIANNE

Un momento...

Buddy SNAPS his fingers, impatiently.

BUDDY

Ahorita, ahorita, ahortia...

Julianne finishes the hand-roll and presents it to Buddy on a silver platter with A CIGAR CUTTER.

JULIANNE

Aqui tiene, Senor.

BUDDY

Who's got fuego?

NACHO fires up Buddy's cigar with his Zippo.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You roll a mean cigar, baby girl!

(pulls her close)

Don't run on me again. Next time I won't
be so forgiving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIANNE

Si, comprende.

CPT. MACLOVIO approaches with A NEWSPAPER in hand.

CPT. MACLOVIO

Mira, Jefe.

He hands Buddy El Diaro. Buddy glances at THE FRONT PAGE and his face visibly tightens. There's an insert photo of MIKE and JOE with the headline reading.

"THERE'S A NEW SHERIFF IN TOWN!"

Buddy reads the article, seething.

BUDDY

How did these pukes pull this off?

CPT. MACLOVIO

They have no fear.

BUDDY

No fear?! Impossible....

(looking at picture of Joe)

Look at this D-bag. He's half a fag and scared shitless...

(then)

Clearly they don't know who I am.

CPT. MACLOVIO

(I am very sorry)

Lo siento mucho.

Buddy takes a long pull on his cigar.

BUDDY

This is a damn good cigar. I import the best tobacco from Cuba and Julianne rolls it just right. I don't need to tell you how much I look forward to a good smoke. But you know what's on my mind right now? It's not this hand-rolled beauty. It's not the desert-rats that died running my drugs last night--dying's part of their job. It's not even the 6-million dollars of merchandise and cash that died with them...I can live with breakage...but I cannot live with losing...

(then)

Buddy Angel DOES NOT lose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Buddy jumps up in a flash and puts A CIGAR CUTTER over Cpt. Maclovio's nose.

CPT. MACLOVIO

Por favor no!!! No!!!

BUDDY

No what?! You're just the messenger, is that it?! Don't shoot the messenger!!!
Is that where we're at?!

Buddy snips the very tip of Cpt. Maclovio's nose. Nacho and the thugs laugh an uncomfortable laugh. Cpt. Maclovio whimpers and grabs his bleeding schnauzer.

CPT. MACLOVIO

Ay cabron.

BUDDY

Get my drugs back.
(then)
And quit bleeding!

Buddy rears back and KICKS Cpt. Maclovio over the barrier into the bullring.

THE BULL turns on Cpt. Maclovio and charges, slobber flying.

Cpt. Maclovio runs, but the bull over takes him and flings him into the air with a whip of his neck.

Cpt. Maclovio FLIES into stands and THE CROWD CHEERS.

INT. COMMAND POST 57, OFFICE - DAY

A military office. Joe sits across from AN ATTRACTIVE FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST and Sgt. Hernandez.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

Tell me about your mother.

JOE

My mother?
(chortles)
What does she have to do with this?

THE PSYCHIATRIST

I'm trying to get at what triggered this emotional response to last night's event.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

It wasn't an event! It was a gunfight.
Why don't we just talk about that?

THE PSYCHIATRIST

We will, Joe. I'm just trying to get to
know you.

JOE

You want to get to know me? Let's grab
a six-pack of Coronas and jump in the
sack for five, ten minutes. You'll get
to know me.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

Does it take alcohol and sex for you to
open up?

JOE

It's a good start.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

That's shallow, don't you think?

JOE

I'm not a deep-water guy.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

You must leave the women in your life
with a void to fill.

Joe hears the word "VOID" and jumps up.

JOE

Who told you about the void?

THE PSYCHIATRIST

No one.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Sit down, Molloy.

JOE

I don't want to sit down. Did you talk
to Jessica? Where are you hiding her?
Where is that cheating, lying, skank?!!

SGT. HERNANDEZ

I'm lost. Who is Jessica?

Joe bulls ahead, taps on A WALL-MOUNTED MIRROR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

Is this one-way glass? Is Jessica back there?! 'Cause if she is, I want you to tell her I hate her guts...

THE PSYCHIATRIST

You tell her, Joe...

JOE

I hate your guts, Jessica! You broke my heart, and I can't stand the thought of your heart-shaped ass...

THE PSYCHIATRIST

Let it go...

JOE

...I hate your killer cans...and your sexy eyes...I hate the way you loved me and then ripped it away...love can suck my dick...

(then)

That's gay, right?!

THE PSYCHIATRIST

I'm not here to judge, but yes that was very gay. You're safe here, Joe. This is a safe place.

JOE

(playing along)

It is?

THE PSYCHIATRIST

Yes. Do what you feel.

And Joe loses it. He grabs his CHAIR and hurls it into the wall-mounted mirror. It SHATTERS, revealing a blank wall. Joe's catharsis is over. He collapses, spent.

JOE

I need Jesus.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

Maybe so. But I think we should shift our focus to Jessica.

JOE

Yeah, you think?

Sgt. Hernandez has watched all of this, stunned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SGT. HERNANDEZ

When you're done, put this whack-job on
the first bus back to San Diego.

Sgt. Hernandez shakes his head and leaves.

EXT. BORDERLINE - DAY

Mike and Charley patrol the banks of the Rio Grande on
horseback.

CHARLEY

That must have been crazy last night.

MIKE

It was pretty intense.

CHARLEY

I hear you put in for a transfer.

MIKE

Yeah, they probably won't give it to us.

CHARLEY

Hope not.

MIKE

It's hard to think about life without me,
isn't it?

CHARLEY

You know, I came here looking to change
my life. Get out of the same-old scene,
do something worthwhile. I didn't plan
on meeting anyone.

MIKE

I knew you were digging me.

CHARLEY

You've definitely made it interesting.

GUNFIRE PEPPERS the dirt and brush all around them. Mike
dives off his horse and takes Charley to the ground with
him. THE HORSES scatter.

Mike and Charley scramble behind an outcropping of rock.

MIKE

You hit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLEY

No.

MIKE

Call for backup.

Mike peeks out from behind the rocks.

ON THE EMBANKMENT above, A POSSE OF GUNMEN pin them down from the bed of their TRUCK. It's Buddy's CREW OF THUGS.

INT./EXT. WATCHTOWER - DAY

Granger and Zach watch THE FALCON come in for a landing.

The falcon hits the rail with A DEFLATED SOCCER BALL in its beak. He immediately starts tearing at it.

GRANGER

This bird's a freak!

The Falcon just stares at Granger, gives no answer.

ZACH

I don't think he likes you.

GRANGER

I just want to get to know him.

ZACH

Don't rush it. It's a process.

CHARLEY'S VOICE can be heard on THE RADIO inside.

CHARLEY'S VOICE

(radio filter)

Code red, code red. This is team three requesting immediate backup. We're taking heavy gunfire, over...

Zach goes inside and KEYS the radio handset.

ZACH

What's your 20, Charley?

CHARLEY

(radio filter)

We're down near Sandy Rock, just south of Archer's Bend.

Zach types some commands into his keyboard. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACH

We've got no teams down there. Hang on,
I'll send in the boys!!

Zack throws A SWITCH and A SIREN BLARES across the yard.
Granger is psyched, he bolts out the door gung-ho.

GRANGER

BOOOYAHHHH!!!!

INT. COMMAND POST 57, OFFICE - DAY

Joe is now in the fetal position, crying. The SIREN can
be heard wailing outside. Joe is oblivious.

JOE

She never understood me. I did my best,
but it was never enough for her...

(then)

What do you suggest I do?!

THE PSYCHIATRIST

I suggest you quit being a pussy. So she
cheated on you! Tough-shit! There's got
to be somebody out there who can put up
with your cry-baby bullshit...

Joe's radio blares to life.

ZACH'S VOICE

(radio filter)

All units, all units, Agent Sorrento and
Agent Singer are under-fire just south of
Archer's Bend near Sandy Rock...

JOE

OK. Good talk!!

(he's out the door, then
he's right back in)

You have a card or something?

The Psychiatrist points out the door. Joe nods, bolts.

EXT. COMMAND POST 57 - DAY

Border Patrol Agents spring into action, speeding off in
their SAND RAILS and JEEPS. Granger descends the ladder
from the watchtower and runs for A FOUR-WHEEL ATV.

Joe bolts out of the barracks headed for the same ATV and
hops on the seat first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANGER

That's mine.

JOE

Hop on back.

GRANGER

I don't ride bitch.

Joe guns the gas and takes off leaving Granger in a cloud of dust and gravel. Granger shrugs it off and jumps in A SAND RAIL. And the yard clears out just like that.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

THE CONVOY of OFF-ROAD BORDER PATROL VEHICLES rips across the Texas hardpan in a cloud of dust.

Granger has taken the lead, screaming from inside the Sand Rail cage.

EXT. BORDERLINE - DAY

Mike and Charley are hemmed in, staving off the firepower with sporadic gunshots. THE THUGS on the ridge above lay down a steady stream of ground-fire.

Mike grabs his radio and KEYS the handset.

MIKE

Hey Zach, what's going on back there?

(No answer)

Zach, you read me?!

INT. WATCHTOWER - DAY

Zach is slumped over the console with A TRANQUILIZER DART in his neck.

EXT. COMMAND POST 57, THE YARD - DAY

A ZODIAC BOAT rips across the Rio Grande and slides up on the beach. BUDDY and NACHO disembark and move into the yard. CPT. MACLOVIO (nose bandaged) emerges from inside the barracks with SGT. HERNANDEZ, who is bound.

CPT. MACLOVIO

There's nothing in the impound yard. No drugs or money!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

This isn't your first pinata party...

(smirk)

Is it, Sarge?!

SGT. HERNANDEZ

You won't get away with this.

Buddy pistol-whips Sgt. Hernandez, who falls limp.

BUDDY

Love ya. Mean it.

(Then)

Load him up and let's get the hell out of this country.

Cpt. Maclovio carries Sgt. Hernandez to the Zodiac with Buddy. They fire up the motor and head back to Mexico.

Sgt. Hernandez's FALCON flies after his master.

EXT. BORDERLINE - DAY

Mike and Charley are still shooting it out from behind the rocks. Then, THE GUNFIRE ABRUPTLY STOPS.

THE THUGS jump in their truck and take off.

A CHORUS of ENGINES WHINING can be heard.

THE ARMADA of BORDER PATROL VEHICLES fly over the ridge. One of the Sand Rails is totally out of control!!

It's Granger, of course.

THE SAND RAIL flies head-on into the outcropping of rocks and pitches into the air.

IT FLIPS end-over-end, flying over Mike and Charley.

THE SAND RAIL tanks in the Rio Grande. THE ENGINE bogs out, sputters and dies.

The rest of the Border Patrol vehicles slide to a stop. Joe dismounts his ATV and jumps off the rocks.

Granger sticks his head out of the cage of the partially submerged Sand Rail.

GRANGER

I'm good. I got this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then down river something SPLASHES and moves quickly into the sagebrush. Joe gives chase. Mike and several agents follow. They run along the river's edge, weapons out.

Then, out of nowhere, THE BLACK HELICOPTER SWOOPS out of the sky and sweeps in behind them.

THE CISCO KID hangs out the side door with some kind of gun.

Joe looks up and sees The Cisco Kid fire.

A NET explodes from his NET-GUN. THE NET twirls through the air and tangles the running ILLEGAL.

Joe gets to the entangled illegal and levels his sidearm only to find it's...

JULIANNE, breathing hard in her wet clothes.

JULIANNE
(please don't shoot)
Por favor, no dispares!!

Joe immediately lowers his revolver.

JOE
It's you.

MIKE
Who?

Mike joins Joe and looks down on JULIANNE.

JOE
This time I'm keeping her.

Joe looks up at THE CISCO KID, who gives him a wink and flies off in his chopper.

INT. COMMAND POST 57, STOCKADE - NIGHT

BARRED DOORS slide shut with A THUD in front of Julianne.

JOE
Do we really have to lock her up? Can't we just chain her to the desk?

MIKE
Yeah, and we'll give her a bowl of water and a bone to chew on? You're losing it, bro!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

OK. Then put me in there with her. I don't want her to get lonely.

MIKE

You don't even know her name.

JOE

No names, I don't want to know her name.

Mike shoves Joe inside the holding cell with Julianne.

Charley enters, shakes her head.

CHARLEY

Sgt. Hernandez is definitely gone.

MIKE

It's a ransom play. The ambush was a decoy.

CHARLEY

When the camp cleared, they took out Zach and snatched the Sarge.

ZACH

Our next door neighbor wants his drugs back.

CHARLEY

And he's using the Sergeant for bait.

MIKE

I say we jump in a boat and knock on his door.

ZACH

You know we don't have jurisdiction on his side of the river. It's Mexico. That means corrupt Federales, warm beer and worst of all Montezuma's Revenge.

MIKE

I'm up for some tacos and tequila. Anyone else?!

GRANGER

Dibs on the worm.

INT. MISSION PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Sgt. Hernandez awakens. His eyes come into focus and there's Buddy petting his Chihuahua, DAISY.

BUDDY

This is like an 80's cop show. Ex-pals and ex-partners, working opposite sides of the law, on opposite sides of the border. We've got the uber-sexy bad-guy who betrayed his friend for money and power. That would be me...

(painting a picture)

And our sad, pathetic do-gooder with no fashion sense or life, that would be you! Oh, let's not forget the Koo-Koo bird for his best friend. Can't you just see it? Brad Pitt would play me and well...

SGT. HERNANDEZ

That's all the really matters.

BUDDY

Ah come on, it's good, right? We just need a love triangle, you know a good woman we can drag into this tussle?!

(devilish)

Oops, almost forgot. Remember, Carmen?

CARMEN comes out of the shadows and sits on Buddy's lap. It's clear she had something with Sgt. Hernandez.

CARMEN

Good to see you again, Sergeant.

BUDDY

Weren't you two married?!

SGT. HERNANDEZ

For a minute.

BUDDY

It must have broke you up when she chose me over you. Bad over good. Drug money over no money...

(beat)

Y'know, if you want to kiss and make up, you can come over to my side. I'll make you rich. I'll give you Carmen back...

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Been there, done that!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cpt. Maclovio interrupts.

CPT. MACLOVIO

The guests are arriving.

BUDDY

Think about it, friend. I don't want to kill you over drug money.

Buddy and Carmen leave with Cpt. Maclovio.

EXT. COMMAND POST 57 - NIGHT

Granger, Zach, Charley and Mike climb into the Zodiacs. Joe hangs back with Julianne. Mike looks back.

MIKE

What're you doing? Get in the boat.

Joe comes to the river's edge.

JOE

This is a bad idea, we should bring in the guys who do this for real.

Mike rolls his eyes and gets off the boat.

MIKE

Don't you get it, Joe, if we call for backup, he'll kill the Sergeant.

JOE

I am not going over there. This is it, Mike. I'm done. I'm taking my illegal alien and going home.

MIKE

You can't leave now.

JOE

I'm not doing it! I let you talk me into this boondoggle, I let you talk me into pissing in your cup, and I let you talk me into that "No Country For Old Men" scene...and how do you repay me...you fucking shoot me...

MIKE

That was a little over the top! I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

This is where I draw the line.

MIKE

But you're my wingman. The rules are very clear about wingmen. You don't leave a wingman in a time of need...we take care of our own....

JOE

Fuck the rules...

(turns to Julianne)

She's the one, I can feel it...

(Julianne nods)

She's got family in San Diego...it's like it was meant to be...it's like...

MIKE

Oh no! Don't say it!

JOE

Love.

MIKE

Love?! Are you fucking kidding me?! You've known her for what, seventeen seconds?! How can it be love?!

JOE

Chemical, fate, serendipity? I just know.

MIKE

How can you know when you don't even speak the same language. Don't be a dumb-ass!

(to Julianne)

No offence.

Julianne smiles, not understanding a word of any of this.

JOE

Go ahead, make fun! But this is the real thing. I'm not following you around anymore, Mike. I'm not caving like a spineless worm. It's time for me to make my own life. My own rules.

MIKE

Fine. You want to go. Go!

JOE

Don't be mad, I'll always love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Yeah, yeah, go fuck yourself!

Mike climbs back on the boat and they drive off, leaving Joe on the shore watching after him.

EXT. CASA DE ANGEL - NIGHT

Mike, Zach, Granger and Charley stand in front of a large, iron gate with security cameras mounted everywhere. Uber gay rave house MUSIC can be heard pulsing from within the compound. Cpt. Maclovio approaches with his armed THUGS.

CPT. MACLOVIO

What do you want?

MIKE

I want to see Buddy!

Cpt. Maclovio lowers his sidearm and motions to his THUGS, who do a pat down for guns. All clear, then:

CPT. MACLOVIO

Follow me, pinche cabron.

Cpt. Maclovio and his THUGS lead them into the compound.

INT./EXT. CASA DE ANGEL - NIGHT

Cpt. Maclovio leads them through the upscale crowd made up of MEXICAN POLITICOS, SOCIALITES and STARLETS.

Ballroom dancing is on tap and everybody is in costume for the occasion. The crowd gathers on a large veranda where Buddy dances with Carmen. He wears a pink matador's suit. A SPOTLIGHT follows them, as they finish their Pasa Doble. The crowd applauds. They take a bow and move off.

The D.J. continues to spin, and the Latin crowd hits the dance-floor. Cpt. Maclovio stops.

CPT. MACLOVIO

Wait here, pendejo.

Mike snatches a Margarita off a passing tray.

MIKE

I've got nothing but time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CPT. MACLOVIO
 (to his THUGS)
 Don't let them out of your sight.

Mike turns to Charley.

MIKE
 You dance?

CHARLEY
 A little.

Mike shoots the Margarita and tosses the empty.

MIKE
 Let's light it up.

Mike sweeps Charley onto the dance floor.

THE THUGS try to stop them.

THE THUG
 Detente, detente!!

Granger steps in front of the thugs.

GRANGER
 Let 'em dance! What's it gonna hurt?

The Thugs scoff and back off.

Mike and Charley have moved center-stage.

THE CROWD has circled them and is CHEERING. They're very good. Maybe it's their chemistry, maybe it's their energy, but one thing's for sure, they are having a blast.

Mike scoots in on her, hips grinding against her butt just like his stripper days.

MIKE
 Must be jelly, baby, cause jam don't
 shake like that!

Charley shakes her "jam" for Mike.

Cpt. Maclovio approaches Buddy, who chats with THE MAYOR and his ELEGANT WIFE. NACHO, who is shorter and wider than Cpt. Maclovio is standing watch.

CPT. MACLOVIO
 S'cuse me, Jefe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Buddy nods, turns back to the Mayor and his wife.

BUDDY
 (thank you for coming)
 Muchas gracias por venir.
 (kiss his wife's hand)
 You're a lucky man, Mr. Mayor. You're
 wife is so very beautiful...

The Mayor's wife gives Buddy a "come-fuck-me" smile, and they move off. Buddy turns to Nacho.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 Get the Mayor drunk and send his wife to
 my bedroom. Put a blindfold on her,
 she's a nasty little goat...
 (Nacho nods and moves off,
 then to Cpt. Maclovio)
 What the fuck do you want?

CPT. MACLOVIO
 You have visitors.

Cpt. Maclovio throws a look to the dance-floor where Mike has the crowd cheering his dance moves.

MIKE
 !!!Viva La Raza!!!

The crowd chants, !!Viva La Raza!!!

Buddy's eyes narrow, as he moves towards Mike with Cpt. Maclovio.

INT. CASA DE ANGEL - NIGHT

Granger and Zach move into the foyer, snooping.

GRANGER
 Check upstairs, I'll work down here.

ZACH
 (catch you later)
 Te veo luego, baby.

And Zach shoots up the grand staircase.

EXT. CASA DE ANGEL - NIGHT

Mike and Charley bring the house down with a big finish to their dance!! CHEERS all around. Mike hugs Charley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buddy moves through the crowd, clapping.

BUDDY

Nice moves, mijo. Not much content, but
big on style. Very American...

(a hip swish)

Lots of hips and ass! But your arm-work
blows ass!!!

Buddy does a wrist flip and a finger snap in Mike's face.
And, WHAM!!! Mike KO's CPT. MACLOVIO with a hard right to
the chin. Cpt. Maclovio goes down, out cold.

MIKE

How's that for arm-work?

FIVE GUNS are cocked at Mike's temple, as Buddy's Goons
come out of nowhere. Buddy waves them off.

BUDDY

You've got huevos, I'll give you that.

MIKE

I didn't come here to make an omelette.

BUDDY

What, no foreplay?!

MIKE

Overrated.

Buddy gives Charley a quick once over, likes what he sees.

BUDDY

When you get tired of the slam bang, I
can introduce you to the slow bend.

And Buddy gives Charley a little air tongue.

CHARLEY

Ewww!

INT. CASA DE ANGEL, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Zach moves down a hallway towards a door. Then, THE DOOR
opens. Zach ducks inside an alcove. Nacho comes out of
the door and walks by the alcove, not seeing Zach. When
Nacho is gone, Zach moves out of the shadows and continues
his stealth mission towards the door.

INT. CASA DE ANGEL, MASTER SUITE - NIGHT

Zach lets himself in and shuts the door. Zach's stopped in his tracks when THE MAYOR'S WIFE slinks into a pool of light, wearing a sexy pair of panties and A BLINDFOLD. She topless. Zach gasps.

MAYOR'S WIFE
I just had my chichis done...
(sexy Spanish accent)
You like?

ZACH
(disguising his voice)
Yes, me like.

Zach can't take his eyes off her killer body.

MAYOR'S WIFE
Take me now. Make me feel like a porn
star.
(no answer from Zach)
Oh, you want to play?! I like these sex
games?! I will be "IT, yes?"
(soft and sexy)
Marco!

ZACH
Polo.

The Mayor's Wife turns towards ZACH'S VOICE.

MAYOR'S WIFE
Marco.

Zach backs away from her towards the bed.

ZACH
Polo.

She's getting closer.

MAYOR'S WIFE
Marco.

ZACH
Polo.

Her hungry hands reach out and touch Zach's lips.

MAYOR'S WIFE
Marco.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACH

Polo.

And she devours Zach with a deep kiss. The Mayor's Wife pushes him back onto the bed and climbs on top.

MAYOR'S WIFE

(to her surprise)

Ay Papi, mucho-mucho grande...

Wow!

EXT. CASA DE ANGEL, PRIVATE BALCONY - NIGHT

The city lights of Nuevo Laredo shimmer below. A WAITER serves tequila. BODYGUARDS stand watch. Nacho glowers and holds an ice-pack on his chin.

MIKE

Nice digs...

(looking around)

Did I see this on an episode of "Cribs?"

BUDDY

Yes! It was so ancient Catholic before I got my hands on it. All that sacrifice and celibacy wasn't working at all. No SIN factor! I'm all about SIN. So I gave it some WOW. And what better way to WOW than a CHER focal wall.

Buddy points to a wall full of gaudy paintings of CHER.

CHARLEY

(making fun)

Wow!

BUDDY

And if that's not making you feel like taking a fall from grace, I installed all the stripper poles myself...

(proud)

I love power tools, they make me feel so butch.

Buddy flips a switch and several stripper poles rise out of the floor.

MIKE

Nice!

Buddy lets go of the pole and twirls over to a humidor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY
(smiles)
Cigar?

MIKE
Sure.

Buddy snips the butt of a hand-rolled cigar and hands it to Mike. Buddy turns his attention to Charley.

BUDDY
For the lady?

CHARLEY
Why not?

Buddy hands one to Charley. They both light up.

BUDDY
You two have some flavor. They say it takes years for a partnership to jell.

MIKE
Yeah, yeah. Where's Sgt. Hernandez?

BUDDY
Oh, some place safe. He has a little bump on his head and some hurt feelings is all....
(down to business)
So how do you want to work this out?

MIKE
Straight swap. Our Sergeant for your drugs.

BUDDY
Boring, boring, boring! Guns and remote locations and midnight swaps. Gag me. It's so Miami Vice.

CHARLEY
What do you suggest, Mr. Matador?

BUDDY
Something original. I'm tired of shooting it out in the desert.

MIKE
Oh, we need to be original and stylish? Let me "dumb-it-down" for you. This is not art. It's a swap. A trade...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Buddy over the veranda where THE PARTY GUESTS dance.

BUDDY
(a light-bulb)
I got it!!!

MIKE
Give me something I can work with.

BUDDY
We'll dance for it.

MIKE
I'm sorry, did you say dance for it?

BUDDY
Yeah, there's a big ballroom dance
competition tomorrow. It's short notice,
but what the hey. That's how the cookie
crumbled. If you win, I'll give you your
Sergeant back alive. Winner take all.

MIKE
Sorry, pal, I can't work with that.

BUDDY
Where's your sense of adventure?

MIKE
You can't be serious?! A dance off?
(coining a phrase)
Do or dance?

BUDDY
Do or dance.
(Smile)
I like that. It's catchy.

CHARLEY
And original.

BUDDY
And stylish.

MIKE
And lame.

CHARLEY
I think we can win.

MIKE
Really?! Are you going to let him suck
you into this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHARLEY

C'mon, it'll be fun.

MIKE

This is stupid. We're not having this discussion.

CHARLEY

I think we are.

BUDDY

Then it's settled.

MIKE

No, it's not settled.

BUDDY

One Pasa Doble. Three minutes of grace and passion. It's a beautiful thing.

MIKE

It's not going to happen.

BUDDY

That's my offer. Sack up and take it. I can write off seven-million and still net out thirty this year.

(mischievous)

Can you write off Sergeant Hernandez?

MIKE

How do I know you'll honor the deal?

BUDDY

My word is my word.

MIKE

The word of a drug-dealer and a killer?

BUDDY

I donate to the children of Darfur, and the Red Cross. Do the papers ever write about that?! No, it's all about kilos and killings...murders and meth...

(then)

Now, let's talk fine print. If you narc this out and call the Feds in for backup, your Sergeant's dead and so are you.

Buddy sticks his hand out. Mike doesn't shake and stabs his cigar out on the expensive table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIKE

You better dance your ass off, pal.

And he's out the door with Charley.

INT. CASA DE ANGEL, MASTER SUITE - NIGHT

The Mayor's Wife rolls off of Zach and sighs contentedly. She pulls off the blindfold.

MAYOR'S WIFE

Oh my, Señor Angel, you are the best.
I never knew it could feel so good...
(double-take)
You are not Señor Angel!

ZACH

No, ma'am. I'm Zach.

MAYOR'S WIFE

Zach?!

ZACH

Yes. And may I just say, you are the most amazing creature God ever put on this earth.

The Mayor's Wife's face goes from horror to delight.

MAYOR'S WIFE

Zach, what a surprise you are?!

ZACH

Yes, ma'am.
(killer smile)
I'm the bullet you don't see.

The Mayor's Wife smiles, leans in for more.

EXT. CASA DE ANGEL - NIGHT

Granger's doing BODY SHOTS with a bevy of Mexican HOTTIES. He's spritzing lime juice and sprinkling salt. Lots of licking and kissing. He bobs for a shot in some Hottie's cleavage. A WORM swims in the bottom. He downs the shot and chews on the worm.

GRANGER

B-B-B-BOOYAH!!!

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - NIGHT

Joe and Julianne ride near the back. Julianne snuggles up on Joe. He is distant as he watches two TEENAGERS playing video games on a NINTENDO DS. They win the game.

TEENAGE GUY

I can't believe you got through level 9...

(in awe)

That was awesome, you're the man!!!

The guys high-five each other and go back to their video game. Joe watches with a sad look on his face.

FLASHBACK: EXT. SKATEBOARD PARK - DAY

The teenage version of Joe is shredding the half-pipe. He catches some big-time air, flips his board under his feet and lands perfectly. Teenage Mike has watched the whole thing. He rides over and gives him a high-five.

TEENAGE MIKE

That was awesome, you're the man!!!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - NIGHT

Joe snaps out of it to find Julianne looking at him.

JULIANNE

(in Spanish)

Are you OK?

Joe nods and forces a smile.

INT. WATCHTOWER - NIGHT

Zach downloads a song from iTunes on his computer.

ZACH

It's Hammer time!!

GRANGER

One, two...a one, two, three, four...

"CAN'T TOUCH THIS" by MC HAMMER blasts over the speaker system, and the yard is filled with hip-hop beat.

EXT. COMMAND POST 57, THE YARD - NIGHT

Mike and Charley learning the "Pasa Doble." It's rough at first. Starts. Stops. Stubbed toes. Stumbles. But they're working it out.

EXT. CASA DE ANGEL - NIGHT

Buddy watches through his binoculars. The distant beat of "CAN'T TOUCH THIS" can be heard.

BUDDY

Is that MC Hammer?!

Carmen is rocking to the beat.

CARMEN

Si.

BUDDY

Can you dance a Doble to MC Hammer?

CARMEN

Si. It is on the beat.

Buddy is particularly impressed with what he's seeing.

BUDDY

What if they get lucky and beat us?

CARMEN

Impossible.

(She spins into his arms)

Let's go to bed.

Buddy shakes her off like a gnat, turns back where Chief Bagby stands in the dark.

BUDDY

Pay off the judges.

CHIEF BAGBY

I'll do better than that.

EXT. COMMAND POST 57, THE YARD - NIGHT

Mike and Charley dance into the night. They are starting to flow, feel the dance. Posture, footwork, lifts. It's all getting better, and better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They are starting to "jell." They groove to the beat with flair and synchronicity. A final flurry of steps, spins and Mike puts her into a dramatic dip.

Charley holds the pose, smiles.

INT. COMMAND POST 57 - NIGHT

Zach and Granger sit in front of the laptop looking at the outfits they wear for the "Pasa Doble." They crack up.

EXT. RIO GRANDE - NIGHT

Mike and Charley sit on the shore, having a beer.

CHARLEY

I think we got it.

MIKE

Yeah, we got it.

Mike seems a little distant, distracted.

CHARLEY

You OK?

MIKE

Yeah, I just wish Joe was still here. He's been there for me since we were kids...

(then)

I've never had do anything without him.

CHARLEY

Maybe it's time.

They look at each other and kiss, of course.

INT. LAST-STOP DINER - NIGHT

Joe sits with Julianne eating. Joe looks out the window and sees: TWO SEVEN-YEAR OLD BOYS lighting off fireworks in the parking lot. Joe watches them and WE...

FLASHBACK: EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

The seven-year old version of Mike holds an M-80 (a small piece of dynamite). Seven-year old Joe strikes a match.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEVEN-YEAR OLD MIKE
Light it, dude.

SEVEN-YEAR OLD JOE
I'm working it.

SEVEN-YEAR OLD MIKE
Hurry up, wuss.

SEVEN-YEAR OLD JOE
I'm not a wuss...
(then)
Wait a minute, this is my mailbox.
My parents will kill me.

SEVEN-YEAR OLD MIKE
Chill. Your dad will fix it?

Seven-year old Joe caves and strikes the match, igniting the fuse. Mike shoves the M-80 in a mailbox and they run. When they get a safe distance away, they turn around just in time to see the mailbox BLOWUP!!!! It lights up the night with color and smoke. They high-five each other!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LAST-STOP DINER - NIGHT

Joe finds Julianne watching him.

JOE
I can't believe I actually left him...
(then)
I've never left him. All the crazy shit he made me do, and I never left...
(Julianne nods, not understanding)
What was I thinking, he's my best friend and I left him when he needed me?

Julianne smiles politely not understanding Joe's struggle. But THE WHITE-TRASH WAITRESS understands.

WHITE-TRASH WAITRESS
(tops off his coffee)
You're an asshole!

The white-trash waitress walks away disgusted.

JOE
I'm an asshole!

EXT. RIO GRANDE VALLEY - DAY

Sunrise in the east. MISSION BELLS ring in the new day.

INT. MISSION PRISON CELL - DAY

Sgt. Hernandez awakens to MISSION BELLS. He sits up on his bunk and rubs the sleep from his eyes. Then he notices some WIRES snaking out from under the door and up the bars into A BOMB mounted on the ceiling!

THE FLUTTER OF WINGS turns Sgt. Hernandez. And there's his faithful FALCON sitting on the barred windowsill.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Hiya boy!

The Falcon CAWS and swoops down onto the bedpost.

Another CAW. Sgt. Hernandez pulls out a scratch pad from his pocket and scribbles a note. He rolls it in a tight roll and puts it in his Falcon's mouth.

The Falcon takes flight out of the barred window.

EXT. COMMAND POST 57 - DAY

Mike comes out of the barracks with a cup of coffee. He looks out across the Rio Grande where he sees THE FALCON coming in for a landing on the watchtower.

EXT. WATCHTOWER - DAY

Mike steps onto the landing and moves towards the railing where THE FALCON waits. He notices Sgt. Hernandez's note in his beak. THE FALCON drops THE NOTE in Mike's hand.

MIKE

Go kill a snake!!!

The Falcon flies off. Zach appears behind Mike.

ZACH

You ready to get your dance on?

MIKE

What do you make of this? It was sent from Sgt. Hernandez.

Mike hands the note over to Zach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACH

How?

MIKE

How else?! The damn bird.

ZACH

*(reads note)**"Mission Bells ringing. The smell of an olive grove. That's all I can tell from inside this cell...fill in the blanks."**(a smile)*

A riddle! I love it!

MIKE

Can you get a location?

ZACH

Piece of cake.

Zach moves back inside the tower with Mike.

INT. WATCHTOWER - DAY

Zach starts working his keyboard with Mike watching over his shoulder. A bunch of RADAR BLIPS appear on the bank of monitors. Each BLIP represents A SATELLITE in orbit.

ZACH

Let's take a look through Keyhole-1763. It has the power we need and it's in our orbital time-zone. The CIA has the best toys.

MIKE

You're hacking a CIA Spy Satellite?!

ZACH

I don't think they'll mind. OK, boys and girls, don't try this at home.

(Play-by-play)

First, I've got to back-hack the firmware and patch into the relay. Then, we boost the signal and it's hippity-hop over the fire-wall we go. Now with a little keyboard magic and some big-time brain cells we decrypt the encryption.

Zach's hands fly across his macked-out computer.

MIKE

Sounds impossible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACH

Yeah, right! And it would be, but I'm the genius who wrote this kick-ass code back at Quantico.

A CODE scrolls lightning-fast across the monitors. It's like being in the Matrix. Zach makes a key-stroke like a composer conducting an orchestra.

ZACH (CONT'D)

And...we...are...tapped...in!! Hello, Earth! Isn't she a beauty?!

We see a live, digital-feed of THE EARTH as seen from the Keyhole-1763 Spy Satellite. Zach's in "nerdvana."

ZACH (CONT'D)

He said he heard mission bells, right? So let's start our search with that.

(a la Jeopardy)

I'll take "Missions of Nuevo Laredo" for a thousand, Alex.

Zach hits a command. A time-coded digital SAT VIDEO of Nuevo Laredo appears. Zach BOXES an area to be enhanced. He types commands. The boxed area increases twenty-fold.

"OLD MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA" blinks on the screen.

ZACH (CONT'D)

What is "Old Mission San Juan Bautista?" A closer look would be cool.

Zach types more commands. The Keyhole-1763 ZOOMS IN even further. STREETS become discernible. CARS and BUSES take shape.

THE OLIVE GROVES framing THE MISSION come into focus.

ZACH (CONT'D)

You can almost smell that olive grove, can't you?! I love technology!!

More key-strokes. Zach boxes another area. The computer ZOOMS IN on "PLAZA DE BAUTISTA," where BALLROOM DANCERS warm up on a large, outdoor dance floor.

MIKE

"The Plaza de Bautista." That's where they're having the dance competition.

Zach sees something on the monitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZACH

What do we have here?

Zach makes some key-strokes and computer HONES in on A SMALL STRUCTURE attached to the mission. Several ARMED GOONS are positioned around the structure.

MIKE

When did missionaries start carrying automatic weapons?

ZACH

That's our location!

MIKE

Perfect. Did you get the outfits?

ZACH

Oh brother, did we get you outfits!

INT. COMMAND POST 57 - DAY

Mike's jaw drops when Granger holds up the outfits. It is a SKINTIGHT MATADOR OUTFIT. The pants look like they have a CODPIECE in the crotch.

MIKE

No offense guys, but I'm not wearing that.

CHARLEY

Why not?

Mike moves to the suit form and points to the crotch.

MIKE

I can't fit all my stuff in there.

CHARLEY

What about me? Look at mine, have you seen those ruffles? Who wears ruffles?

MIKE

You're stressing out over a few ruffles?! I'm talking about stuffing ten pounds of junk into a one-pound bag...

CHARLEY

Yeah, look at my neckline. Talk about "low-cut."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

That's different.

CHARLEY

Different how?

MIKE

You're a chick. You're supposed to show off a little...

CHARLEY

A little what?

MIKE

(hems-and-haws)

You know, your ahh...

Granger pops off.

GRANGER

Your little titties!!!

CHARLEY

If I'm putting my little titties in the game, you're going to rock out with your cock out!

And we SMASH CUT TO...

EXT. COMMAND POST 57, THE YARD - DAY

ON MIKE, as he reluctantly steps out of the barracks with THE MATADOR'S OUTFIT seemingly painted on.

MIKE

Don't! Not one word.

Granger and Zach stifle a laugh.

Now the door opens and CHARLEY steps out in her more than SKIMPY OUTFIT. The bodice is tight. And the neckline is oh-so-low. She's definitely got her "skin in the game."

GRANGER

Ass-tapable!

CHARLEY

Ass-tapable?!

ZACH

I think he's trying to say, you have a tapable ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Granger flashes a stupid smile.

CHARLEY
Thank you, Granger...
(then)
You're very sweet.

Mike flashes Granger a look.

MIKE
Let's go.

Mike walks off, pulling A WEDGIE out of his butt.

EXT. PLAZA DE BAUTISTA - DAY

The festival is in full swing. KIDS are batting at a big PINATA. DANCERS SALSA. THE ORCHESTRA is cooking.

CONGAS, TIMBALES, TRUMPETS, all chopped up and stirred to perfection with a banging bass-line. This SALSA IS HOT!!

ZACH
Holy guacamole, Batman...
(in awe)
These guys are good.

Mike, Zach, Granger and Charley stand floor-side and watch a sexy pair of PROFESSIONAL DANCERS move across the parquet with skill and grace.

GRANGER
Go hard, bro.

MIKE
I'm going to need to.
(To Zach)
You got the location?

ZACH
Don't worry. We'll get it done.

MIKE
OK guys, see you after the show.

Zach reaches into his knapsack and pulls out AN IPOD.

ZACH
I made you a dance mix. When the time comes, just plug and play!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

How will I know when it's time?

ZACH

You'll know.

(a smile)

Mazel Tov...

INT. WARM-UP ROOM - DAY

DANCERS in various stages of dress and warmup. Buddy is stretching with Carmen. He wears a full-body UNITARD, that's way too tight, and 80s-style LEG WARMERS.

Cpt. Maclovio stands watch.

MIKE

Easy, Baryshnikov!! Hate to see you pull a hammy.

BUDDY

Wow, I didn't think you'd show.

MIKE

Are you kidding, we're psyched!

BUDDY

Get psyched someplace else. This is spot...

(then)

See ya on the dance-floor, bitches.

MIKE

Yep, BTW, love the leg warmers.

EXT. BORDER PATROL ACADEMY - DAY

The Greyhound Bus marked, "*SAN DIEGO*," pulls to a stop on this stretch of desert asphalt. The door swings open and out steps Joe. The Greyhound pulls away and we see Julianne hanging out the window, crying.

JOE

See ya in San Diego.

Julianne blows a kiss to Joe as the Greyhound pulls away.

INT. BORDER PATROL ACADEMY - DAY

Joe moves down the hall to a door marked, "*CHIEF BAGBY.*" He reaches for the handle. VOICES from inside stop him.

CHIEF BAGBY (O.S.)

Okay, so we are clear, at the end of the dance off you will kill Sgt. Hernandez and his dip-shit crew...

Joe stops in his tracks, presses his ear to the door.

INT. CHIEF BAGBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Chief Bagby sits behind his desk talking to A HARD-CORE CREW OF ROGUE MEXICAN MERCENARIES.

Chief Bagby walks to his leader of the mercenaries.

CHIEF BAGBY

Don't fuck this up. I want this to look like a drug deal gone wrong. Take them out in the hills, put them back in their cute little Border Patrol outfits and tie them to a stump. Let the snakes and coyotes do the rest...

(in his face)

I don't want to see this crew again.

EXT. CHIEF BAGBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe stands with his ear to the door, stunned.

EXT. OLD MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - DAY

ON GRANGER, stumbling across the courtyard towards A PAIR OF ARMED GOONS. He carries a bottle of tequila and does his best to act drunk.

GRANGER

(slurring)

Compadres...hola!

THE ARMED GOONS physically stop him.

ARMED GOON

Detente.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANGER

Put a de Madre!!

And...THWOCK!

Granger BREAKS the tequila bottle across the goon's face. Good night. Granger BUCKLES the other GOON with a shot to the ABS and KOS him with an uppercut.

Granger snatches their machine-guns and drags them in the nearby bushes. He gives A WHISTLE.

Zach comes out of hiding and sticks to the walls.

Granger follows Zach as he pushes through a door.

INT. OLD MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, LONG CORRIDOR - DAY

Zach and Granger slip inside. They look down a long and dimly lit corridor and move into the shadows.

EXT. PLAZA DE BAUTISTA - DAY

Mike and Charley face off against Buddy and Carmen in the middle of the dance-floor. It's a prizefight atmosphere. Cpt. Maclovio watches from the periphery.

Buddy wears a tighter and more colorful torero costume than Mike. He gives Mike stink eye.

Carmen wears an even tighter and more skin-showing dress than Charley. Ultra-slutty. Her boobs spilling out. She looks Charley up and down with her fangs out.

CARMEN

Nice dress.

CHARLEY

Nice boobs. How much did they cost?

CARMEN

Besa mi culo, puto!

CHARLEY

(take this!)

Pinche skonka.

A HOST, doing the Latino-version of Ryan Seacrest, grabs a microphone lowered in from the rafters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LATINO SEACREST

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the main event. The show within the show. It's Mexico versus America in what can only be described as a "Do-or-Dance" showdown of epic proportion. One dance, one winner, one lucky couple. And now, let's meet our distinguished panel of judges.

Latino Seacrest approaches A TABLE.

LATINO SEACREST (CONT'D)

Joining us today, all the way from Los Angeles, California, is the great actor and singer, and everybody's favorite lifeguard...DAVID HASSELHOFF...

DAVID HASSELHOFF smiles, waves at the cheering crowd.

LATINO SEACREST (CONT'D)

To David's left, the legendary, beautiful and unmistakably original...CHARO...

CHARO does a shimmy to THE CHEERS of the mob.

LATINO SEACREST (CONT'D)

And last, but certainly not least, here today, all the way from her hometown of Barranquilla, Columbia, is the pop sensation...SHAKIRA...

(the crowd ERUPTS)

And let me tell you something, people!! Her "*HIPS DON'T LIE...*"

"*HIPS DON'T LIE*" BY SHAKIRA blasts over the sound system. SHAKIRA waves. The crowd goes ballistic. She stands and does a dance, featuring her patented hip moves. Charley watches Shakira shake it and turns to Mike.

CHARLEY

Yikes!

MIKE

Yikes what?

CHARLEY

I can't do this.

MIKE

Sure you can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLEY

I can't dance in front of Shakira.
(insecure)
What if my hips lie?

MIKE

Then shake your ass.

CHARLEY

I do have a good ass.

MIKE

It's ass-tapable!

CHARLEY

Yeah, but is it better than Shakiras?!

MIKE

Are we really having this discussion?

CHARLEY

Yes, if I'm going to show my ass, I need to know. Quick, don't think, be honest.

MIKE

She's not even in your league.

CHARLEY

Good answer.

Charley smiles, her fear assuaged.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Joe runs on the shoulder of the road through the midday sun, drenched in sweat. He falls to his knees, delirious and wracked with guilt. A SEMI-TRUCK WHIPS past, covering Joe with a wave of gravel and dust.

Joe chokes on the exhaust and hangs his head.

The metallic THUMP of rotor blades is heard.

Joe looks up.

On the horizon, THE SHAPE OF A HELICOPTER appears like a mirage through the heat-waves. It SWOOPS down and lands among the chaparrals and tumbleweeds. Out steps...

CISCO KID

Need a lift?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

(near tears)

I'm a bad friend. I left him when he needed me most because I'm a pussy and I wanted to stand up for myself...

(rambling)

Is it wrong to love a man?! Not like love love, but like manly-manly love.

CISCO KID

If I was in Texas, I'd just frag your sissy ass...

(offers his hand)

Now grow a pair and get in the bird?

JOE

How do I grow balls?

CISCO KID

Easy, just decide to do it and do it!

Joe seems to be emboldened by this statement.

JOE

I'm going to do it. I going to grow some balls!!!

The Cisco Kid pulls Joe up and drags him to the chopper.

EXT. PLAZA DE BAUTISTA - DAY

Shakira finishes her impromptu hip-shaking show.

LATINO SEACREST

And now, it's show-time, folks! Please dim the lights and let's get to know our dancers....

(the lights dim)

Representing the U.S. Please give a warm welcome to Senor Miguel Sorrento and his beautiful partner Charley Singer...

A smattering of APPLAUSE. A massive CHORUS of BOOS!!!

BUDDY

(gloating)

Tough crowd.

Latino Seacrest turns to THE CONDUCTOR.

LATINO SEACREST

Music please, Maestro.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Maestro cues his orchestra, and they hit an heroic chord to heighten Buddy's intro.

LATINO SEACREST (CONT'D)

To my left, representing Mexico, is Nuevo Laredo's very own Mr. Everything. Some call him a philanthropist, others say he is a human right's advocate, but most of us just call him friend. He's a true beacon of hope within our community. Get on your feet and put your hands together for the one, the only, drum-roll please...

(a drum roll is cued)

Senor Buddy Angel and his partner Carmen Marange...

The crowd EXPLODES! Buddy takes a bow with Carmen. It's a deafening welcome. Carmen works the crowd. She's part dancer, part beauty queen, all stripper.

CHARLEY

OK, so the boobs play.

Buddy looks at Mike and smirks, oh-so-confidently.

BUDDY

Whoever said you can't be a hero in your hometown?

Latino Seacrest steps up to Mike.

LATINO SEACREST

Are you ready to dance?

MIKE

Hell yeah.

Latino Seacrest turns to Buddy.

LATINO SEACREST

Senor Angel?

BUDDY

Hell yeah.

LATINO SEACREST

Keep it clean.

Buddy rolls his head, shakes his arms, exhales.

BUDDY

Do or dance! Lovin' it!!!

INT. MISSION PRISON CELL - DAY

ON NACHO, as he lays down his cards for...

NACHO
(heavy spanish accent)
Gin rummy, bitch...

SGT. HERNANDEZ
Well played.
(Then)
Your deal.

Nacho shuffles the cards. Sgt. Hernandez sees Zach and Granger creep by on the outside of the bars.

Nacho can't see because his back is to them. But when A SHADOW dances on the wall, Nacho's eyes pop. He looks at THE CIRCULAR MIRROR hung in the corner of the cell where he can see THE BODIES moving outside the cell.

Nacho spins and fires his MACHINE-GUN.

The gunfire rips through the barred door and plasters the wall.

Zach and Granger dive out of the way to avoid being turned into Swiss cheese. Mission accomplished.

Nacho advances, weapon ready.

Sgt. Hernandez makes his move. He grabs his wooden seat and flings it like a Frisbee, hitting Nacho in the back of the head. The impact pushes Nacho's face into the bars.

Nacho rattled, but shakes it off and spins. Just as he's about to fire his weapon, Granger reaches through the bars and puts NACHO in a choke-hold.

Sgt. Hernandez punches Nacho in the face. Nacho shakes it off and raises his automatic weapon, squeezing off a burst of automatic gunfire. Sgt. Hernandez dives for cover.

Bullets ricochet off the cell like sparks in a cave.

Granger uses all his strength to choke out the big man, but Nacho's resilient.

Zach appears behind Granger. Zach throws A PUNCH through the bars, connecting with a blow to Nacho's temple. Nacho is stung. But still fighting. Still shooting.

Another punch. Same result. Another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then Zach kicks right between Granger's legs and through the bars. His STEEL-TOED BOOT lands on NACHO'S NUTS.

Bull's-eye.

Nacho goes completely LIMP in Granger's arms. Zach lands one more kick to Nacho's baby-makers, and he goes down like a sack of hammers.

Sgt. Hernandez jumps to his feet and approaches, grabbing Nacho's weapon.

ZACH
(big smile)
Hey, Sarge. How's it hanging?

SGT. HERNANDEZ
Good work, boys.

ZACH
Grab the keys and let's get you the hell out of here.

SGT. HERNANDEZ
We can't. The door's been rigged with an explosive device.

Sgt. Hernandez motions to the bomb on the ceiling.

Granger cranes his neck to see.

GRANGER
It's got a remote trigger.

ZACH
Step aside, girls.

Zach pulls out A HANDHELD DEVICE from his knapsack and pulls up a tiny antenna.

EXT. PLAZA DE BAUTISTA - DAY

Buddy and Carmen and Mike and Charley are poised, waiting for the music to begin. You can hear a pin drop. A pair of SPOTLIGHTS hone in on the couples.

Buddy eyes Mike, not blinking. Very macho.

BUDDY
This is a man's dance, ass-wipe. Lead, follow or get out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike speaks an aside to Charley.

MIKE

This is crazy.

CHARLEY

With you it always is.

MIKE

No, this is really crazy. Like stupid
crazy.

It's her turn to pump him up.

CHARLEY

Yeah, but nobody does stupid-crazy like
you do. Now let's get focused and rock
this place!

AND...the percussive strains of hands quietly banging on A
CONGA ripples through the air!! The TIMBALES join in and
then...THE BRASS breathes life into the traditional
Spanish orchestration of "ESPANA CANI."

Buddy and Carmen whirl off to the gallop rhythm.

Mike and Charley do the same.

The couples whish around the dance-floor in synch. They
sweep across each other. It's competitive. Close calls
and narrow misses all on tap. This is a challenge dance.

Buddy and Carmen are better, more practiced.

Mike and Charley are a little mechanical, nervous.

Carmen capes and shapes around her matador, making Buddy
look strong. They really get the edge when Buddy throws
Carmen into a spin. She twirls like a top.

Buddy circles around and pulls her out of the spin.

And off they go to the CHEERS of the crowd.

The judges are LOVING IT!!!

Cpt. Maclovio applauds his boss.

INT. MISSION PRISON CELL - DAY

The keypads's face-plate has been popped off. A PAIR OF
CONDUCTORS are attached to the motherboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE WIRES trail off to Zach's handheld device. He runs a code-breaking program. The LED lights on his screen scan millions of numerical possibilities.

Nacho starts to awaken.

Sgt. Hernandez RIFLE-BUTTS him back into submission.

EXT. PLAZA DE BAUTISTA - DAY

Buddy and Carmen are really in the pocket now. THE CROWD is behind them and the momentum is clearly on their side.

Mike and Charley need to do something to stem the tide.

MIKE

It's time to go off book.

CHARLEY

You lead, I'll follow.

Mike leads her across the floor to the sound-board.

MIKE

Can you go solo for a sec?

CHARLEY

Love to.

Mike pitches Charley into a spin.

Charley spins out and goes into a free style.

Mike jumps behind the console and pulls the iPod Zach gave him. The Sound-man starts to object, but his objection is silenced when Mike slaps a 100-dollar bill in his hand.

MIKE

Plug this in and play it loud.

The Sound-man nods, and Mike takes off.

The Sound-man jacks the iPod into the board and pushes the fader all the way up.

And...the unforgettable strains of MICHAEL JACKSON'S "BEAT IT" reverberates across the plaza.

The crowd immediately rocks with the beat.

Buddy and Carmen are pulled out of their groove.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charley prances to the center stage and strikes a pose.

THEN...Mike flies off the bleachers and over the judge's table. THE CROWD ROARS! He hits the floor and slides to a stop in front of Charley.

CHARLEY

You ready to win this thing now?

MIKE

Hell yeah!

CHARLEY

Let's see how good my ass is!

Mike spins Charley and in the process rips her skirt off, revealing a sexy, Brazilian cut leotard underneath. Lots of skin and great pair of legs. And a great ass!

"OOOHS" from the crowd.

Mike wields the skirt like a matador's cape.

Charley charges and he flings the skirt into the air.

They launch into a "BEAT IT" version of the Pasa Doble. It's far from perfect. But it's got buckets of FLAVOR!!

And the crowd is digging their action.

Mike and Charley sweep by Buddy and Carmen, who look like they're moving in slow-motion.

SHAKIRA stands and starts gyrating to the music.

CHARO joins her for a little girl-on-girl dance.

HASSELHOFF gets in the middle for some sandwich action.

And Mike and Charley take over, dancing their hearts out. They even throw in Michael Jackson's famous leg whip.

Then, "BEAT IT" mashes into "LE FREAK" by CHIC.

The crowd is digging the musical mash-up and goes crazy.

Buddy and Carmen keep with the dance, but they're getting schooled by Mike and Charley's free-style Pasa Doble.

The couples face off in the middle of the floor and do a dance battle. Each sexy move antes up the next.

The girls are dancing hard. It's a real cat-fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mike gets right in Buddy's face.

BUDDY

Cheap shot changing the music. But it's not going to work.

MIKE

We'll see.

And Mike schools Buddy with a free-style Doble move that has some of his stripper influence on it.

INT. MISSION PRISON CELL - DAY

Zach still works the handheld device.

GRANGER

Sometime today would be good.

ZACH

Dude, I'm not God! Gimme a sec.

Nacho stirs again. Again, Sgt. Hernandez RIFLE-BUTTS him back into unconsciousness.

EXT. PLAZA DE BAUTISTA - DAY

The dance war is at full pitch. "*LE FREAK*" is ramping up when it mashes into "*YMCA*" by the VILLAGE PEOPLE.

THE CROWD LEAPS TO THEIR FEET AND GOES BANANAS!!

Mike finishes Buddy off with a couple moves THE VILLAGE PEOPLE would be proud of.

MIKE

Lead, follow or get out of the way!!

Mike whisks Charley off for a big finish. They lead the enthusiastic crowd in spelling "Y-M-C-A" with their arms. The entire crowd follows Mike and Charley.

Buddy's pissed!! And humiliated. He leads Carmen to the orchestra pit and tosses her overboard. She crashes into the brass section. CLANG!!

Buddy doesn't lose a step and crosses to Cpt. Maclovio.

BUDDY

Do something!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CPT. MACLOVIO
Relajate, Jefe. This is their moment.
(Wicked)
We will have ours.

Cpt. Maclovio pulls THE REMOTE TRIGGER out of his jacket and hands it to Buddy. A smile creeps across his face.

INT. MISSION PRISON CELL - DAY

Zach watches his wireless handheld device closely. It's identified the first four numbers. Two left.

Nacho awakens and Sgt. Hernandez SMACKS him down with a RIFLE-BUTT to the head. Again!!

ZACH
Two numbers to go and we're in.

EXT. PLAZA DE BAUTISTA - DAY

Mike and Charley are the only ones left dancing. They're having a blast.

Spins, turns, hips and asses all moving in perfect synch.

It's "very American" and the crowd is in love with it!

Mike and Charley peel off from each other and circle back for a big finish. They run and slide towards each other. They meet in the middle of the floor and strike a pose.

The crescendo of "YMCA" matches the climax of their Doble.

The crowd CHEERS, WILDLY!!

HASSELHOFF, CHARO AND SHAKIRA give Mike and Charley A STANDING OVATION.

SHAKIRA
Bravo, bravo!!

Mike and Charley stand, take a bow.

Buddy goes to Mike and Charley followed by Cpt. Maclovio and his crew of HEAVILY-ARMED FEDERALES.

BUDDY
Splashy, sexy, big-whoop! Kudos, hat's off, you win!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Thanks, hope you don't mind if we skip the after party. We'll just take our sergeant and get on back to Dodge.

BUDDY

Oh, you want your sergeant.

(Off Mike's look)

No problema, I'll FedEx you the body in pieces.

MIKE

(duh!)

You're reneging on the deal.

BUDDY

Correctamundo.

Buddy holds up THE REMOTE TRIGGER.

MIKE

C'mon, do the right thing, Buddy. It's not too late to be a hero.

BUDDY

Eat my ass, fuck-wad!

Buddy smiles him off and triggers the button.

EXT. OLD MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - DAY

A HUGE EXPLOSION TEARS THE SIDE off the mission. PLASTER and WOOD shower the courtyard.

EXT. PLAZA DE BAUTISTA - DAY

Buddy smiles as THE FIREBALL ROILS behind him.

THE CROWD is stunned, they think it is a fireworks show. Some DEBRIS floats down on the dance-floor.

BUDDY

Now what, tough guy? You're in the wrong country and you pissed off the wrong guy.

(Then to Cpt. Maclovio)

Kill 'em.

Cpt. Maclovio motions to this men, who raise their guns

SGT. HERNANDEZ'S VOICE

Not so fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buddy turns and there's Sgt. Hernandez with Zach. They're holding machine-guns at the ready.

Granger moves from behind them with a Nacho slung over his shoulder. He dumps him at Buddy's feet. Buddy meets Sgt. Hernandez's eyes.

BUDDY

Well, well, he lives.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

I've got a pretty good crew this time, you should of given them more credit.

BUDDY

So what now, Sarge? Looks like we've got a Mexican standoff...

(a chuckle)

Literally.

Silence. Play the tension.

The party is crashed by THE MEXICAN MERCENARIES, who are armed to the teeth.

CHIEF BAGBY moves through THE MERCENARIES.

CHIEF BAGBY

Game over, Sergeant! Drop your guns!

Sgt. Hernandez, Zach and Granger are forced to disarm.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

This is your operation?

CHIEF BA

You should've jumped in when you had the chance...

Suddenly a sloppy, stinky, stream of hot BIRD-SHIT hits Chief Bagby on he forehead and slides down his face.

And THE FALCON lands on Sgt. Hernandez's shoulder!

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Ooops!

Chief Bagby draws his sidearm and aims at the falcon.

CHIEF BAGBY

The bird's mine!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A gunshot RINGS OUT. And it's not from BAGBY'S GUN. In fact, his gun is SHOT right out of his hand.

Everyone looks up and sees THE BLACK HELICOPTER hovering next to the bell tower with THE CISCO KID cabled-off on the skid with a high-powered rifle.

A RED-LASER DOT dances across Chief Bagby and onto Buddy.

A CONVOY OF OFF-ROAD TRUCKS and JEEPS cordon off the area.

BUDDY

Oh this is cute!

Buddy scans the scene, debating his choices.

A wall of heavily-armed MINUTEMEN rush the scene. They out-number THE MERCENARIES by a lot.

Buddy thinks fast, grabbing the sidearm from Cpt. Maclovio and putting Mike in a choke-hold.

Buddy uses Mike as a shield and jams the gun to his head.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Tell your men to put their guns down
or I'll kill him!

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Don't do it, Buddy.

BUDDY

Or what, shit-for-brains?! You going
to shoot me in my home country?
(thumbs back the hammer)
Tell your bitches to stand down!

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Do what he says.

THE MERCENARIES and they lower their weapons. Buddy turns to Cpt. Maclovio.

BUDDY

Get the truck.

Cpt. Maclovio moves off.

JOE repels out of the helicopter like a hero. He hits the ground wrong and twists his ankle. He limps onto the scene and steps up alongside Sgt. Hernandez.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIKE

You came back for me.

JOE

Bros before hos.

Cpt. Maclovio slides THE TRUCK to a hard stop. His GOONS pile in the back.

BUDDY

This is a real heartfelt reunion and I'm sorry to interrupt the violins, but I'm going to take my hostage now and sail off on the good ship "Go-Fuck-Yourself!"

(a wink)

Nice try, Sarge.

Buddy backs Mike towards the truck.

Joe pulls his gun and aims it past Mike at Buddy.

JOE

I can't let you take him.

BUDDY

You don't have the sack!

JOE

Yes I do. 'Cause all I have to do is decide to have sack and I'll have it, right?!

BUDDY

That's right! Let's see it!!

JOE

(chanting to himself)

I have sack...I have sack...I have sack...

Then, Joe whirls and shoots Chief Bagby in the leg. Chief Bagby buckles at the waist, hobbled.

CHIEF BAGBY

Why is everyone shooting me?!

Joe shoots him again in his other leg. Bagby goes down.

JOE

Shuttup!!!

(then to Buddy)

How's that for sack?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BUDDY

Not bad. It was a close-range shot at a fat-ass target. To take me down, you're going to have to thread the needle from twenty-five feet with an unreliable government-issue handgun...

(a smile)

Chances are, you hit your friend and do my work for me.

Joe thumbs the hammer back. He's a different Joe than we've seen before. His bravado is gaining momentum.

JOE

Last chance. Let him go...

(then to Mike)

Lean a little to your right, Mike.

MIKE

Don't do it, Joe.

JOE

Quit whining and lean to your right!

(then to Buddy)

Last chance, Flashdance!

BUDDY

Suck my dick!

Joe fires one hammered-on shot. It drills Mike right in the shoulder and blows the back window out of the truck behind him. Mike buckles.

MIKE

Fuck me!!!!

JOE

It hurts, doesn't it?

Mike nods in pain, speechless. Buddy laughs.

BUDDY

You done?! Can I go now?!

JOE

No, I'm not done with you yet!

Joe fires again. This time, Mike is nailed in the arm where the tissue is soft. The bullet goes right through Mike and drills Buddy, slamming him back.

Mike crumbles to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Buddy slams into the truck full of corrupt Federales and drops his gun. He crumbles to the ground and looks up at Cpt. Maclovio, who has been watching Joe in awe.

BUDDY
Kill him ALREADY!

Joe turns his gun on Cpt. Maclovio like Dirty Harry.

JOE
Don't do it!
(Clint squint)
I'm un-killable!

Cpt. Maclovio hands Joe his gun and gets out of the truck.

CPT. MACLOVIO
No mas bull-shit from you.
(then to his men)
Arrestenlo!!

CPT. MACLOVIO'S FEDERALES pile out of the truck and grab Buddy.

BUDDY
What?! You can't arrest me.

CPT. MACLOVIO
Mirame, Jefe.

Cpt. Maclovio cuffs Buddy with a zip-strip.

BUDDY
This isn't over! I'll be back!
(red-faced)
Buddy Angel DOES NOT lose!

CPT. MACLOVIO
Shut up, bitch!!!
(then)
And quit bleeding!!!

Buddy gets stuffed into the back of a FEDERALE TRUCK and gets the door slammed in his face.

Joe moves to Mike, who's in pain.

MIKE
You shot me!

JOE
(proud)
Twice!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MIKE

I can't believe you fucking shot me
twice!

JOE

Makes us even.

MIKE

Yeah, I guess it does.

Smiles from both.

EXT. SAND DIEGO HARBOR - DAY

TWO BORDER PATROL SPEED BOATS punch through the surf in
the Sand Diego Harbor at breakneck speeds.

Mike and Joe drive one boat with Charley riding shotgun.

The other boat is manned by Sgt. Hernandez, Granger and
Zach. They wear the nautical Border Patrol Uniforms with
sunglasses reflecting the California sun.

A BORDER PATROL CHOPPER skims the water with THE CISCO KID
behind the pilot's yoke. He's now sporting A BORDER
PATROL UNIFORM of his own.

THE CISCO KID throws a wave to his fellow agents.

THE SPEED BOATS and HELICOPTER pass under the Coronado
Bridge and catch some serious air off a big wave.

INT. BORDER PATROL SPEED BOAT - DAY

Joe looks to Mike.

JOE

Surfing in the A.M.

MIKE

(looking at Charley)
Hot chicks at night.

JOE

Doesn't get any better.

Joe looks to the shoreline where JULIANNE waves from the
beach. She wears a skimpy red bikini and looks hot.

MIKE

You ever get her name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Yeah, Julianne with a U.

Mike looks to Charley. Sighs.

MIKE

You want to tell him?

CHARLEY

I think you should.

MIKE

In Spanish it's a silent J.
(Joe doesn't get it)
It's Julianne with a J.

JOE

No way! Julianne with a J?!

MIKE

Sorry, bro.

JOE

Are you sure?

MIKE

Pretty sure.

JOE

It's just a name, right?

MIKE

Right.

Joe's not convinced.

JOE

Fuck me...

Mike and Charley have to laugh.

Then, Mike guns the throttle and the speed boat powers through the high-surf into the setting sun...

FADE TO BLACK.