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GARDENIA

"TBD"

Episode #606

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Alec Ziff

OVER BLACK -

Sounds of CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER, a backyard BIRTHDAY...

601 **EXT. PORCH - BACKYARD - RANCH HOUSE - SINALOA - DAY** 601

... where we find a LITTLE GIRL, 10, STARING up at a BLACK HOLE in the corner of the porch roof of a humble ranch house.

She's not part of the barbecue fun. Instead, transfixed by a WASP circling the hole in the weathered wood. Its HOME.

OLDER BROTHER (O.S.)
Don't be scared. They don't sting. *

The girl's OLDER BROTHER, 11, at her side.

OLDER BROTHER (CONT'D)
Mom says if you don't bother them, they won't bother you.

Off the Girl's look - *you sure?* He nods... *

OLDER BROTHER (CONT'D)
Come on.

He pulls her toward the main attraction - a DANGLING PIÑATA - hanging from a towering OAK. CHILDREN waiting their turn. PARENTS at a few makeshift tables dotting the backyard.

The BIRTHDAY BOY, 5, at the front of the line - PAPER CROWN donning his head, red cape round his neck.

He smiles as the Brother ties his BLINDFOLD, before SPINNING him around. Birthday Boy SWINGS - barely making contact.

OLDER BROTHER (CONT'D)
Good try... Watch how it's done.

Little Girl rolls her eyes. Spins her Brother - who WHACKS WILDLY - NICKING the STUFFED HORSE before FALLING.

Little Girl LAUGHS as he stands, dusting himself off.

OLDER BROTHER (CONT'D)
I'm going again.

LITTLE GIRL
It's my turn.

Brother FORKS OVER the bat. SPINS her MORE than the others.

But she steadies, gathering her balance - WINDS UP and - BAM!

Alec Ziff

A SHOT heard round the world. SPLAYING the piñata's sugary innards onto the grass - CHILDREN DIVING for candy.

Little Girl grabs a piece, pushing through the scrum - and HANDS the bat back to her brother -

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
You're welcome.

Smiles to herself as she sits on the steps at the foot of the porch. Unwrapping her reward - AND STOPS.

Senses something - LOOMING behind her - hears BUZZING as -

- A WASP NEARS the NAPE OF HER NECK - AND WE CUT TO -

602 **EXT. BACKYARD - RANCH HOUSE - TIJUANA - CONTINUOUS** 602

THE MOTHER, chatting with IN-LAWS sipping agua frescas, UNTIL-

A SCREAM silences the party. Mother turns to see her LITTLE GIRL, SPRAWLED ON THE GROUND - and RUNS toward her - *

- Girl's FACE RED - STRUGGLING TO BREATHE, CHOKING ON AIR - *

- She PUSHES THROUGH the stunned children - SCOOPS UP her daughter - RACING toward the PICKUP in the driveway -

- And we land on the Older Brother, FROZEN IN PLACE, beside -

- The Birthday Boy, who fiddles the paper crown in his tiny hands - he saw it all - overwhelmed, he BREAKS INTO TEARS -

SMASH TO CREDITS.

A HAND haphazardly CUTS into a SHEET CAKE that reads '1994' - what's left of it anyway. CHATTER, CLINKING, COUNTING DOWN -

PARTYGOERS (O.S.)
10, 9, 8...

603 **INT. LOS PINOS - HORS D'OEUVRE TABLE - CDMX - NEAR MIDNIGHT** 603

- REVEAL the PRESIDENT at the CAKE TABLE of a NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY. Licks his finger. Tastes better than he thought.

THE PRESIDENT
Save some for the rest of us?

THE BROTHER laughs as he downs another GLASS of champagne. Already had a few.

PARTYGOERS (O.S.)
3, 2, 1...

AlecZiff

Brother slaps the President's back - gonna be a good year. The President smiles, interrupted by an AIDE, quiet -

AIDE
Sir, we have a problem.

And off the President's look -

604SF **EXT. SAN CRISTÓBAL DE LAS CASAS - CHIAPAS-MIDNIGHT(ARCHIVAL)** 604SF

EMPTY streets, quiet. Until a BUS MOVES into the city. Headlights PIERCING darkness.

PARTYGOERS (O.S.)
... Happy New Year!

Sound of FIREWORKS, the MEXICAN ANTHEM. As the bus drives on - REVEAL now - it is PACKED with REBELS IN FATIGUES.

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
They planned their assault for the middle of the night. While everyone was asleep...

ARCHIVAL: REBELS MARCH through the EMPTY HALLWAYS of a MUNICIPAL PALACE - AR-15s, MACHETES, TORCHES...

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
... But the murder of Cardinal Posadas had already woken us up.

ARCHIVAL: REBELS KICKING down doors of the PALACE... RAISING an EZLN FLAG in the front ENTRANCE.

The ZAPATISTA REBELLION has begun.

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
The Zapatistas knew how to make a statement, seizing seven towns and cities across the southern state of Chiapas...

ARCHIVAL: ZAPATISTA FELIPE addresses the press. SUBCOMANDANTE MARCOS dictates their demands between puffs of tobacco.

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
... Launching their rebellion on January 1st, 1994 - the day NAFTA went into effect. *

ARCHIVAL: CLINTON beams - his Free Trade Agreement now live.

Alec Ziff

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
They wanted to reclaim land that *
had been stolen from them for *
centuries. Demanding amendments to *
NAFTA, and resources they'd been *
promised for years...

ARCHIVAL: The President, speaking before Congress to APPLAUSE-

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
... But promises are easy to break.
Especially when they're for the *
poor and indigenous...

ARCHIVAL: POOR NEIGHBORHOODS, PROTESTERS in the STREETS...

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
Protesters rallied behind the
Zapatistas. Calling for change...

ARCHIVAL: Muralist finishing - "COLOSIO" - drying on brick -

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
... And Luis Donaldo Colosio wanted *
to be that change. *

ARCHIVAL: Colosio, ACCEPTING the PRI's nomination...

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
But he started off as the *
President's right-hand, the new
face of the PRI. Their candidate
for the '94 election...

ARCHIVAL: Colosio, talking to the people, getting insight -

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
But people wouldn't settle for the *
same old lies. So Colosio listened.
And decided to change the party
from within...

ARCHIVAL: Colosio, scribbling his plans for Mexico...

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
He started speaking out against
poverty, narcos, and government
corruption...

ARCHIVAL: Colosio assures a NARCO-FREE nation for his people -

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
... Which was a real 'fuck you' to *
the guys who hand-picked him... *

Alec Ziff

605 **INT. GRUPO HANK - HANK'S OFFICE - CDMX - DAY** 605

ARCHIVAL ON TV: COLOSIO at the Zócalo, rallying 100,000 -

COLOSIO (ARCHIVAL)
"I see a Mexico hungry for justice... People aggrieved by laws that are distorted by those supposed to uphold them..."

- We're BEHIND a MAN WATCHING Colosio's speech on his office television. HANK GONZÁLEZ. ASHES his CIGAR...

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
He sparked a hope Mexico hadn't seen in years.

A HAND TURNS OFF THE TV.

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
The Second Coming had stepped off the cross...

REVEAL - The Brother and The President standing behind HANK. They've heard enough. Turning to HANK... Off HIS LOOK...

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
... And into Tijuana.

606 **INT. TIJUANA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL 1 - AFTERNOON** 606

We find our COLOSIO heading through the TERMINAL - earnest smile leading the way. Loose button down, man of the people. *

He's surrounded by SECURITY and his young political aide, KÁREN, ponytail, glasses - Colosio's keeper. *

They are met by a SLEW of REPORTERS. ANDRÉA among them... A mini-press conference. *

KÁREN
We only have time for one or two questions. Let's keep it brief.

REPORTERS hands SHOOT UP. Káren points at one.

FEMALE REPORTER
Your speech at the PRI anniversary upset the old guard. Do they support your reforms? *

AlecZiff

COLOSIO
The President and I are in close contact about what's best for our party, and our beloved Mexico.

Andréa RAISES her hand. Doesn't wait to be called on. *

ANDRÉA
That include the militarization of law enforcement in Tijuana? * *

Other REPORTERS shoot each other looks, don't appreciate Voz's confrontational approach.

COLOSIO
What's your name, Miss?

ANDRÉA
Andréa Nuñez - La Voz. Tijuana.

COLOSIO
As someone who lives here, what's *your* take on all this? * *

Clever, but Andréa's not buying -

ANDRÉA
I think Tijuana's more interested in what *you* have to say.

Káren, about to move things along but Colosio stops her -

COLOSIO
Using the military to combat traffickers is one way, but not the only way. * * *

ANDRÉA
Then what do you propose? *

She doesn't let him off the hook.

COLOSIO
Government corruption allows traffickers to thrive. So we start by looking in the mirror.

A surprising answer. And an honest one.

KÁREN
Okay, everyone. That's enough, for now. Thank you.

Káren rushes Colosio forward. He turns back to Andréa -

Alec Ziff

COLOSIO
I hope more of your questions are answered at the rally tomorrow.

An invitation, but she was already planning on being there. *

PRE-LAP sounds of rustling silk sheets, 700 thread count...

607 **INT. AMADO'S PALACE - BEDROOM - JUÁREZ - MORNING** 607

AMADO kicks his feet from his MASSIVE bed, time to start the day. Slides on slippers, a robe - stares at his MANICURED LAWN through floor to ceiling windows... Living large.

608 **INT. TASK FORCE BASE - BATHROOM - TIJUANA - MORNING** 608

Last bit of TOOTHPASTE SQUEEZED from the tube... We find WALT, brushing his teeth in the communal bathroom. Spits in the sink, another SOLDIER exits a stall, washing his hands.

WALT
How you doing?

The Soldier nods at Walt, who grabs his toiletries and exits.

609 **INT. AMADO'S PALACE - HALLWAY - JUÁREZ - MORNING** 609

Amado heads down the hallway of his enormous PALACE. He stops, TURNS, seems a little lost, a MAID sensing it -

MAID
Señor?

AMADO
Which way's the kitchen?

The Maid points down the hall. Amado nodding his thanks.

610 **INT. TASK FORCE BARRACKS - CAFETERIA - TIJUANA - MORNING** 610

BACK WITH WALT, deciding between red and green salsas for his eggs in the cafeteria buffet line. SOLDIERS eating at tables, but Walt heads toward an EMPTY ONE.

He spots REBOLLO and FAUSTO leaned over a map - no food in sight. All business, all the time. They eye Walt, nodding.

Walt pokes at his chilaquiles. Out of place, but not an outsider. Taking in his new normal when -

YOUNG CADET (O.S.)
Are you Walt Breslin?

Walt turns over his shoulder, "checking" the room. Wry.

Alec Ziff

WALT
Think I might be, yeah.

YOUNG CADET
There's a call for you.

Walt takes a final bite and follows the Cadet...

611 **INT. TASK FORCE BARRACKS - OFFICE - TIJUANA - MORNING** 611

... into a cluttered office, where a phone awaits.

WALT (INTO PHONE)
Breslin.

612 **INT. DEA TASK FORCE OFFICE - SHOE STORE -SD-MORNING(INTERCUT)** 612

JACK DORIAN, 50, hard jawline, on the other end -

DORIAN
Shit, you're alive. Wasn't so sure...

WALT
Been meaning to check-in.

DORIAN
Haven't gone native with Colonel *
Kurtz on me... *

WALT
(playing along)
No, sir. Not yet.

DORIAN
Good, 'cause we got a kid in *
holding you might wanna talk to... *
Need you here in San Diego, ASAP.

WALT
Copy that, Jack.

613 **INT. AMADO'S PALACE - KITCHEN - JUÁREZ - MORNING (PRESENT)** 613

A state of the art COFFEE MACHINE stares AMADO in the eye. Nobs, dials, spouts... no fucking clue where to start.

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
Amado'd been busy since his 1 for 1 deal with Cali paid him a kilo of coke for every kilo he moved...

Fills his glass with tap water from the sink... MAIDS and SERVANTS bustling about. He's not alone, may as well be...

Alec Ziff

614 **EXT. LORD OF THE SKIES - VARIOUS - DAY (FLASHBACK MONTAGE)** 614

A tall white AMERICAN WHOLESALER examines a KILO - BLACK SCORPION STAMPED on the plastic wrapping.

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
... Selling his own product to wholesalers in the States...

American nods at his GUY - who rolls over a LARGE SUITCASE to the MEXICAN-AMERICAN DISTRIBUTOR. He UNZIPS the bag -

MILLIONS IN CASH.

ANDRÉA (V.O)
$3,000 to transport a kilo became $40,000 to sell one himself.

The Distributor smiles, as we FOLLOW his ROLLING LUGGAGE...

615 **INT. WAREHOUSE - JUÁREZ - DAY (FLASHBACK MONTAGE)** 615

... coming to a stop beside TENNIS SHOES. CORRAL, weighing the bag on a SCALE, before jotting down its weight.

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
He achieved what Félix only dreamed of... retail sales in America. *

VICENTE tossing the next bag on the scale in a WAREHOUSE PACKED with SUITCASES. ALL STUFFED WITH CASH. Dials his cell -

616 **EXT. AMADO'S PALACE - KITCHEN/BACKYARD - MORNING (PRESENT)** 616

- AMADO answers, now holding a cup of COFFEE. Maid working the machine in the background.

He kicks off his slippers and steps into the backyard. Sits in a lawn chair, dwarfed by the opulent ESTATE at his back.

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
And business was good. Very, very good...

Amado nods at his ARMED SECURITY pacing the grounds...

617SF **EXT. LORD OF SKIES - VARIOUS - DAY (ARCHIVAL/MONTAGE)** 617SF

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
Amado's partnership with Hank allowed him to move product in plain sight...

AlecZiff

– **ARCHIVAL:** “TMM” RAIL CARS, 18-WHEELERS – HANK’S SHIPPING CONGLOMERATE – MOVING REAL WEIGHT –

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
... Graduating from desert runways to international airports... *

– **ARCHIVAL:** “TAESA” on the tail of a taxiing 727 –

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
... By using the third largest airline in Mexico.

618 **EXT. EL PASO SAVINGS AND LOAN – DAY (FLASHBACK MONTAGE)** 618

– CORRAL carries TWO DUFFELS into a dingy STRIP MALL BANK – “EL PASO SAVINGS AND LOAN” – CORRAL exits, EMPTY-HANDED...

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
Amado was raking in $200 million a week, on pace to clear over $10 billion for the year. * *

– JUMP CUTS – Corral’s in and out – LAUNDERING MILLIONS –

619 **INT/EXT. TERMINAL BRIDGE – AIRPORT – JUÁ. (FLASHBACK MONTAGE)** 619

– AMADO, up against the glass of a terminal bridge – overlooking a DOZEN TAESA 727s taxiing at the JUARÉZ INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. HIS FLEET...

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
And was crowned by a new name... “Lord of the Skies.”

620 **INT. EMPTY RESTAURANT – MEXICO CITY – DAY (FLASHBACK MONTAGE)** 620

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
Amado had made friends in all the right places...

– THE BROTHER GRINS as he opens a SUITCASES of CASH –

621 **EXT. AMADO’S PALACE – DRIVEWAY – JUÁREZ – MORNING (PRESENT)** 621

AMADO – outside his PALACE, staring up at his new life... *

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
... Enjoying the view from the top.

A WHITE MERCEDES E320 CONVERTIBLE comes to a stop. REVEAL the DRIVER – NAVEGANTE. Hands the KEYS to Amado’s SECURITY. * *

Alec Ziff

NAVEGANTE *
(re: car) *
Be gentle with her, okay? *

Crocodile loafers grace the driveway as PACHO HERRERA steps * out of the car - stands tall to greet Amado. *

PACHO *
You come from a funeral, or what? *

Pacho, eyeing Amado's outfit. BLACK ON BLACK, per usual. *

PACHO (CONT'D) *
Always in black, no matter how good *
business is... *

AMADO *
(cracks a smile) *
We can't all have your style, man. *

And they shake hands. *

PACHO (PRE-LAP) *
Nice place... Looks like a lot of *
work... *

622 **EXT. AMADO'S PALACE - BACKYARD - JUÁREZ - MORNING** 622

AMADO and Pacho pace the grounds of his ESTATE. Navegante, * lounging in a lawn chair, sipping a beer. *

AMADO *
Fucking took forever. Would've been *
easier to get the shit done myself. *

PACHO *
Sometimes you need help to build *
something great... *

Pacho, not talking about the house. *

AMADO
Been blessed with the right *
partners. *

PACHO
Why I'm here. Your partners. *
(off Amado's look) *
The brothers want out. *

AMADO
The fuck are you talking about? *

Alec Ziff

PACHO
They're working out a deal with Bogotá. Get to keep their cash, serve a little time, go legit.

AMADO
The fucking government?
(off Pacho's look)
There is no 'out,' man. You know that...

PACHO
They think there could be...

Amado takes this in - his world, SHIFTING again.

AMADO
Who else knows?

PACHO
No one yet. But word travels fast.

Amado, no shit. Silent, considering his next move...

PACHO (CONT'D)
Been in the works for a while.
(pause)
You knew change was coming after Escobar went down.

AMADO
Not this. Fuck.
(beat)
And you? Where do you land, man?

Pacho takes his time, before -

PACHO
I'm joining them. Riding into the fucking sunset...

Amado clocks a trace of uncertainty. Wasn't Pacho's idea...

AMADO
There's a lotta money still on the table...

PACHO
Want to know what God thinks about money, look who he gives it to...

AMADO
(smiles)
Fuck you, too.

Alec Ziff

PACHO *
There's always more money... When's *
it enough? *

Pacho eyes the PALACE in the distance... *

PACHO (CONT'D) *
I've made my decision. *

Pacho, one foot out the door. *

AMADO
(nods)
You always have a partner here. If *
you change your mind... *

Pacho nods. But Amado needs to worry about himself... *

PACHO
Your supply's drying up soon. *

AMADO
How long?

PACHO
I'd make it a priority.

And off Amado's look - *fuck*... *

MAYO (PRE-LAP)
Amado's changed things...

623 **INT. SAFE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LOS OLIVOS - TIJUANA - DAY** 623

MAYO seated at a dining room table across from FRANCISCO.

MAYO
... His deal with Cali.

FRANCISCO
Fuckin' guy's selfish. Didn't even
pick up the phone...

ENEDINA at the head of the table, considering the men.

MAYO
Means we need to look out for each
other.
(off Francisco)
I know it's not easy to move
product with the army in your
backyard...

Francisco nods, go on...

Alec Ziff

MAYO (CONT'D)
... But I can't dock in Puerto Peñasco anymore. Amado's flooding Tucson.

News to Francisco.

FRANCISCO
What do you need?

MAYO
I want to move all my boats through Tijuana.

Enedina's heard enough.

ENEDINA
We're not worried about your boats. Or where they dock...
(off Mayo's look)
You owe us $20 million.

Mayo's surprised by her candor. Gives a polite smile, but addresses Francisco, the man at the table...

MAYO
As you know, me and Benjamín have an arrangement. *

ENEDINA
And what's that?

Not giving Francisco a chance to answer.

MAYO
Money moves slower in shrimping. I pay as it comes. He understands... *

ENEDINA
I don't.
(a beat)
How much have you got? Because you won't move a kilo through our territory 'til your debt's paid. *

MAYO *
Look. Why don't we call Benjamín-- *

ENEDINA
This isn't a negotiation, Mayo. It's the new 'arrangement.'

Mayo, taking that in - a changing of the guard... Enedina stubs her cigarette before STANDING.

Alec Ziff

MAYO
(to FRANCISCO)
That's the family's position, then?

Francisco LOOKS TO ENEDINA - and Mayo's EYES FOLLOW...

ENEDINA
It is.

Mayo nods, stands as Enedina HANDS him his jacket from the back of his chair... Francisco and Enedina walking him to...

624 **INT. SAFE HOUSE - ENTRYWAY/LIVING ROOM - LOS OLIVOS - DAY** 624

... the FRONT DOOR - shutting it behind Mayo as he EXITS.

FRANCISCO
What the fuck, Enedina?
(off her look)
We can't lose the friends we still *
have left. *

ENEDINA
So we let freelancers embarrass us
in our own territory?
(off Francisco's look) *
We won't survive without resources. *

FRANCISCO
We won't survive without *product*,
either... Cali's walking away. *

Off Enedina's look - she's heard the rumors as well...

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)
Have you talked to Benjamín?

Enedina, holding her brother's eyes - even -

ENEDINA
I'll handle this.

Enedina exhales, one piece of business at a time.

ENEDINA (CONT'D)
We keep control of Tijuana. Whoever
owes us taxes pays them now... That *
keeps us going. *
(Francisco nods) *
What does Rigo owe? *

FRANCISCO
Around $4 million. *

AlecZiff

ENEDINA *
Have Ramón visit him. *

Off Francisco's nod, WE PRE-LAP Linda Ronstadt's *'Tu Solo Tu'*- *

625 **INT/EXT. VICTOR'S CRUISER - STREETS - JUÁREZ - DAY (DRIVING)** 625

- As a less melodic voice sings along - ROGELIO, BELTING. Driving with Victor through Juárez's POOREST neighborhood.

A NEW ROCK around Rogelio's wrist catches Victor's eye -

VICTOR
That shit's blinding me.

Rogelio grins, flashes his NOMOS LUDWIG WATCH. *You like it?* *

ROGELIO
Telling you, man. These jobs pay... *

He means Vicente gigs. Victor, not even considering it -

VICTOR
I'm good.

BZZZ - Victor checks his BEEPER. Recognizing the number.

ROGELIO
Tenci?

VICTOR
(shaking his head)
Pull over, man. *

Off Rogelio's look as he flips his signal...

VOICE (PRE-LAP)
Found her in a trash bag in the *
Juárez Valley.

626 **INT. CITY MORGUE - PROCESSING ROOM - JUÁREZ - DAY** 626

A SMALL BODY on a SLAB. Under a plastic sheet.

CORONER
Think she could be your girl.

Victor can't take his eyes off her small HAND, the only thing PEEKING from the plastic...

CORONER (CONT'D)
Dark hair, dark skin... doesn't
look a day over fourteen.

Alec Ziff

Victor TAKES her HAND in HIS - gentle. Notes her FINGERNAILS - CHIPPED, CAKED with DIRT and BLOOD.

CORONER (CONT'D)
Broken wrists.

He tenderly places her hand back beneath the sheet.

The Coroner hands Victor a SMOCK - once pastel blue, now WORN, STAINED with brownish BLOOD. Same smocks worn by the maquila workers (Ep. 605).

CORONER (CONT'D)
What she was wearing. Might've been strangled with it.

Victor unravels the smock, some thin metal TANGLED inside -

A CACTUS NECKLACE. Holds it in his hand like it were glass.

Raises his PHOTO OF TERESA, her sweet smile now hauntingly familiar. Notices the SAME NECKLACE around her neck.

VICTOR
It's her.

Coroner, back to business -

CORONER
No one claims her in three days, I gotta throw her out back.

VICTOR
(stoic, but affected)
I'll handle it.

PRE-LAP sounds of a sedan puttering to a stop...

627 **EXT. STREET - SAN DIEGO - DAY** 627

... A beat-up SENTRA parks outside a SHUTTERED SHOE STORE. * WALT - approaches JACK DORIAN at the front.

DORIAN *
You look like shit... *

WALT *
Thanks, Jack. You too. *

DORIAN *
(shakes hands with Walt)
What's Rebollo got you doin' down * there?

Alec Ziff

WALT
Not enough.

DORIAN
Come on. We got a live one...

Dorian leading Walt INSIDE...

628 **INT. DEA TASK FORCE OFFICE - SHOE STORE - SD - DAY** 628

... Past empty aisles. Walt eyes DESKS, a makeshift BULLPEN in the center of the shoe store turned 'office.' The American side of the Task Force. *

DORIAN
While you're eating tacos down south "liaising," we got a dozen guys busting their asses on AFO. Working tips, wires, you name it.

OFFICERS pin PHOTOS to an AFO BOARD - BENJAMÍN at the top - below him - RAMÓN, FRANCISCO... No sign of Enedina.

WALT
Got anything to show for it other than this art project?

Dorian gestures to the board -

DORIAN
Intel has Benjamín in the wind. No leads yet on where. *

Dorian RAISES RAMÓN'S PHOTO BESIDE Benjamín's - THE SAME LEVEL -

DORIAN (CONT'D)
We think Ramón's running point with big brother gone. Francisco, his number 2. *

Walt absorbs the download, nods at the board -

WALT
This the whole family? *

DORIAN
Got some sisters. But somethin' tells me you're not their type... *

Walt just smiles as Dorian leads him toward the back.

Alec Ziff

DORIAN (CONT'D)
San Diego PD snatched the kid this morning on a traffic thing. These rich kids cross no problem, make a drop, do it all over. *

WALT
What d'you got him on?

DORIAN
No powder, but found a 9MM in the glove, $14K in cash. *

Dorian hands over a file - Walt scanning the POLICE REPORT.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
His brother's the thing. Right-hand asshole to Ramón Arellano.

Walt examines a SECURITY CAM PHOTO - RAMÓN and a FEW JUNIORS at the pump of a San Diego GAS STATION.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
(re: photo)
Taken a few weeks before the Cardinal.

They stop before a DOOR. Walt nods, knows the score -

WALT
Kid gets us his brother, brother gets us Ramón.

DORIAN
(nods)
His sneakers cost more than what you make in a week... * *

Off Walt's look, Dorian OPENS the door - *

629 **INT. DEA TASK FORCE OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY** 629

- to find 'the kid' seated at a table... ALEX HODOYAN. Size him up - Nike Air Diamonds, spotless. *

WALT
Nice shoes.
(off Alex's silence)
Speak English?

ALEX
(re: shoes)
You can have them if you want...

Alec Ziff

Of course he fucking speaks English. Walt nods, wry –

WALT
Try'n to bribe a federal agent? *
(off Alex) *
Look, you seem like a nice kid. So I'm gonna be honest, Alex. It's not good. Actually, it's pretty bad. *

Alex shifts in his seat.

WALT (CONT'D)
We found $14,000 in cash in your BMW.

ALEX
My allowance.
(off Walt's look)
My parents spoil me.

WALT
They give you that 9MM we found *
locked in the glovebox, too? *

Walt lays a photo of the gun in front of Alex.

WALT (CONT'D)
Serial number's filed off.

Dorian shakes his head – bad news...

WALT (CONT'D)
We talk to our friends at the FBI, ATF... My guess, it's been used in *
a homicide or two...

DORIAN
That allowance won't mean shit when *
you're lookin' at <u>life</u>.

Alex, uneasy now, sweating as Walt lays it down –

WALT
You got a choice, Alex. Throw your life away, or cooperate. Help us help you...

Alex chews his lip – ping-ponging from Walt to Dorian. Flipping may be <u>his only option</u>...

Silence. Alex closes his eyes, a long beat, then...

ALEX
Felipe Ruiz.

Alec Ziff

WALT
(off Dorian)
Excuse me?

ALEX
Car's registered in his name, right?

Walt glances at the file - lo and behold, he's right. Alex, finding his voice... *

ALEX (CONT'D)
You found a gun in the glovebox? I had no idea it was in there. Because it was *locked*. *
(pauses, curious)
How did you get in? *

Walt leans back in his chair. *

ALEX (CONT'D)
I took a criminal justice class last year. It was boring, but I remember some stuff... Like "warrants," and "illegal search and seizures..." *

Alex stares off, 'pensive' -

ALEX (CONT'D)
You know what? Now that I think of it, I don't remember consenting to any search...

Dorian and Walt lock eyes - *

ALEX (CONT'D)
Am I under arrest?
(off Walt's silence)
Guess not.

Alex gets up from his chair, STANDS TALL. Nerves settled.

Walt slides his CARD forward - 'fuck it, why not' -

WALT
My cell's on the back. When shit hits the fan, Alex, and I promise you, it will, give me a call.

ALEX
(takes card, pleasant)
Thanks for the advice, officer.

Alec Ziff

He exits. Walt eyes Dorian – *

WALT *
Give him two weeks before my cell *
rings... *

630 **EXT. ENEDINA'S HOME - PATIO - TIJUANA - DAY** 630

Enedina, on the patio, phone to her ear –

ENEDINA (INTO PHONE)
... Thank you for the flowers, by the way...

631 **INT. AMADO'S SUV - JUÁREZ - DAY (INTERCUT) (DRIVING)** 631

AMADO on his cell phone, in the back of an SUV –

AMADO
'Was the least I could do. I'm sorry about your husband.

ENEDINA
Me too.

A lingering moment...

AMADO
(means no disrespect)
How're your brothers?

ENEDINA
(ignores)
My family's heard rumors about Cali leaving the business. *

Amado, silent, letting her arrive at the point.

ENEDINA (CONT'D)
If it's true, we'll both need new supply. Means opportunity for our organizations.

AMADO
How's that? *

ENEDINA
You 'forgot' to include us in your deal with Cali, but we can correct that moving forward...

Amado smiles, respects her for calling him out – *

Alec Ziff

ENEDINA (CONT'D)
We negotiate with new suppliers together. Drive down the price for both of us.

Amado nods - maybe she's not just a stand-in.

AMADO
That what your brothers want?

ENEDINA
It's what we all want.

Enedina, reading Amado's silence.

ENEDINA (CONT'D)
You talking to FARC? Bolivians? *

AMADO
Working on it... You?

ENEDINA
Peruvians.

Amado nods, impressed. She's done her homework.

AMADO
Any luck?

ENEDINA
Keep us in mind, and we'll do the same.

Amado's taken by her ambition.

AMADO
I'll plan on it.

Enedina nods.

AMADO (CONT'D)
Give Benjamín my best. Talk soon.

CLICK. ENEDINA - unsure if she can take Amado at his word...

632 **EXT. TARMAC - JUÁREZ INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY (INTERCUT)** 632

... The SUV pulls to a stop. AMADO climbs out and we REVEAL - A TARMAC, JET WAITING. As Amado steps onto the plane... *

Alec Ziff

633 **INT/EXT. BMW - SAN YSIDRO CROSSING - TJ/U.S. - DAY** 633

... Alex's BMW sits in traffic at the border, returning to Mexico. Singing along to *'2 of Amerikaz Most Wanted.'* He crushed it.

PULL BACK, past several cars, landing on that beat-up SENTRA. WALT at the wheel - FOLLOWING ALEX into Tijuana...

634 **INT. LOS DIVORCIADOS - DINING AREA - JUÁREZ - DAY** 634

Victor and Tenci seated at their usual booth. Forks scraping - * something weighing heavy on Victor's mind. Tenci, sensing it - *

TENCI
You need to tell her. Today.

VICTOR
I will.

He's not sure he can. And she sees right through it.

TENCI
I'm serious, Victor. That poor woman must be out of her mind. It's been *so long.*

VICTOR *
I know how long it's been. *

Victor keeps his eyes on his plate, playing with his food. *

TENCI
What is it?

He can't meet her eyes. *

VICTOR
(quiet)
I... I knew it.
(off her look)
I knew it was gonna happen.

Won't put words to what he saw. But Tenci knows...

VICTOR (CONT'D)
She was a child.

Trying to make sense of the horror -

VICTOR (CONT'D) *
Not like she was a prostitute... *

Alec Ziff

TENCI
Would it matter if she was?
(off his look)
A life's a life.

Victor, hearing her. Sips his horchata. Tenci levels with him–

TENCI (CONT'D)
You have a big heart. But Señora Barragán needs to know.

Tenci, always the calm before the storm. Off Victor, contemplating what he must do...

635 **EXT. SAFE HOUSE - LOS OLIVOS - TIJUANA - DAY** 635

Alex pulls up to a two-story stucco in the upscale Los Olivos neighborhood. Walt PARKS down the street and watches ALEX VANISH INSIDE the house...

MOMENTS LATER – FRONT DOOR OPENS – Walt watches as Alex says bye to his brother ALFREDO, and gets back in his BMW.

ON WALT – he can FOLLOW ALEX, or STAY PUT on ALFREDO... INSERTS KEYS in the ignition – AND STOPS. Letting Alex leave.

Walt grabs his cell, punches in a number –

WALT (INTO PHONE)
I have eyes on a kid named Alfredo Hodoyan. At a house on Calle Antares.

636 **INT. TASK FORCE BARRACKS - WAR ROOM - TJ - MORNING (INTERCUT)** 636

REBOLLO on a phone in the war room, FAUSTO at his side –

REBOLLO
Hodoyan...?

Rebollo glances at Fausto, who shrugs. Don't know the name.

WALT
DEA San Diego says he rolls with Ramón. It's good intel, sir.

REBOLLO
I'll send a team. Stand by...

ON WALT – hangs up. Watching the house – a promising lead...

COLOSIO (ARCHIVAL) (PRE-LAP)
(chanting)
We're gonna win! We're gonna win!

AlecZiff

PRE-LAP sounds of CHEERING from COLOSIO'S RALLY, taking us to-

637 **INT/EXT. PAY PHONE - COLOSIO RALLY - LOMAS TAURINAS - DAY** 637

- ANDRÉA, standing at the outskirts of the rally at Lomas Taurinas, on a payphone with *Voz*. Post-speech. Banda Machos' * *'La culebra'* BLASTING from cheap overhead speakers. *

A FEW RALLYGOERS BANG on the glass, waving COLOSIO SIGNS.

ANDRÉA (INTO PHONE)
We're waiting on the official count
but looks somewhere around 2,000.

RALLYGOER
(passing her by)
Viva Colosio! We love you!!!

ANDRÉA (INTO PHONE)
What? Sorry, I can't hear--

BANG BANG! GUNSHOTS. Andréa TURNS, DROPS the RECEIVER AS -

ARCHIVAL: the immediate AFTERMATH of Colosio's ASSASSINATION. Crowd SCREAMING, SWARMING the "GUNMAN." Complete CHAOS.

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
Everyone has a different memory of
what happened that day...

638 **INT. HOSPITAL - ER WAITING ROOM - TIJUANA - LATER THAT DAY** 638

Andréa LEANS against the WALL of a PACKED ER waiting room. PEOPLE waiting for answers, PACING, crying.

Double doors SWING OPEN as Káren EMERGES. BLOOD on her hands and blouse. She SCOURS the room.

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
But one thing was certain...

Colosio's WIFE, DIANA LAURA, ENTERS the room. The last to * arrive - a quiet chaos inside her. Who Káren was looking for. *

She stands before Diana Laura. Pauses, and - *

Shakes her head.

ANDRÉA (V.O.)
... Someone needed him dead.

The NOISY room falls silent. Taking it in - devastated. The Last Great Hope for Mexico's soul - gone.

AlecZiff

639 **EXT. HOSPITAL - SMOKING AREA - TIJUANA - DAY** 639

Káren lifts a CIGARETTE to her lips, HAND SHAKING - steadied by - A FLAME that lights it... ANDRÉA.

KÁREN
Thanks.

ANDRÉA
No problem.

Káren offers her the cigarette.

ANDRÉA (CONT'D)
Trying to quit.

KÁREN
Me too.

If there was ever a time to smoke... Káren inhales, but her trembling hands make it almost impossible. Andréa notices.

ANDRÉA
You're in shock.

She's been there before.

KÁREN
Sorry.

ANDRÉA
You don't have to apologize.

Káren lowers her hand, steadying it with the other.

KÁREN
This thing... it goes deeper than you think.

Off Andréa, smart enough not to speak -

KÁREN (CONT'D)
He was going to change things. Finally...
(really hitting her)
So they fucking murdered him.

On Andréa, taking that in...

640 **INT. LA VOZ - SALGADO'S OFFICE - TIJUANA - DAY** 640

Salgado at his office, RED-LINING a Colosio follow-up story when Andréa RUSHES in.

Alec Ziff

SALGADO
Get a quote from the wife?

Business first at La Voz.

ANDRÉA
No, she was grieving.

SALGADO
(not looking up)
Then what's your follow-up?

They're on deadline.

ANDRÉA
Don't have one yet... *

Andréa, troubled, quiet. Trying to piece it together... *

ANDRÉA (CONT'D) *
A lone factory worker...No criminal record? It doesn't make sense.

SALGADO
Lot of people wanted him dead. We can't rule anyone out. *

ANDRÉA
No one had more reason to kill Colosio than the PRI's old guard.

Salgado stops, LOOKS UP at her now.

ANDRÉA (CONT'D)
He threatened everything the party insiders built. *
(off his look)
Men like Carlos Hank.

SALGADO
You have proof?

ANDRÉA
Colosio's security planned for him to exit off stage, but secret service led him through the crowd... Where he was shot.
(off Salgado's look)
No one notified his team.

Salgado studies Andréa -

SALGADO
Who's your source on this?

Alec Ziff

ANDRÉA
His political aide, Káren Rodríguez.

SALGADO
She willing to go on the record?

A beat. She knew the question was coming –

ANDRÉA
No.
(off his look)
I just need more time.

Salgado nods to a file cabinet behind her.

SALGADO
That cabinet's full of stories I wrote, but couldn't publish 'cause I didn't have proper sourcing.
(off her frustration)
The job's about reporting facts as they are. Not as you want them to be. *

Without missing a beat, he goes back to work. Andréa pushes out the door...

MRS. BARRAGÁN (PRE-LAP)
Keep going.

641 **INT. CITY MORGUE - PROCESSING ROOM - JUÁREZ - AFTERNOON** 641

Victor, WIPING beads of SWEAT off his brow. BROKEN A.C. makes this that much more unbearable.

REVEAL – SEÑORA BARRAGÁN, STARING at the CORPSE on the slab. Victor and Coroner exchange looks – *sure you wanna do this?*

MRS. BARRAGÁN
I need to see what happened to my niece. Please.

The Coroner PULLS the sheet down to her knees...

We don't see the body. But a GUTTURAL WAIL from Mrs. Barragán tells us what happened to Teresa.

MRS. BARRAGÁN (CONT'D)
NO! Please, God, no, no, no, no...

Each cry, piercing Victor's soul. Mrs. Barragán can barely get any words out, but with each breath, she tries.

AlecZiff

MRS. BARRAGÁN (CONT'D)
Please, no... My girl, my girl...
Oh my God, no...

Off Señora Barragán, gently combing hair behind Teresa's ear. *

642 **EXT. CITY MORGUE - NEAR ENTRANCE - JUÁREZ - AFTERNOON** 642

Victor and the Coroner SMOKE a CIGARETTE out front. Been a long fucking day and it's barely noon.

VICTOR *
She had blood under her nails. *

Victor, always having to do everyone else's job... *

CORONER *
(nodding) *
She fought. Scratched up whoever *
killed her pretty good. *

VICTOR *
Can't you do something with that? *

Coroner inhales, *'What the fuck are you talking about?'*

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Aren't there tests, or-- *

CORONER
What, DNA? You kidding me? We don't *
do that shit here.

VICTOR
Know someone who does?

CORONER
(shaking his head) *
Gotta go *'al otro lado'* for shit *
like that.

'The other side...' THE U.S. Only the States has what he needs... Off Victor, standing in the hot desert sun...

643 **INT. TAPICERÍA - PALMA/AZUL'S OFFICE - SINALOA - AFTERNOON** 643

AZUL, phone to his ear at his desk in Palma's shared office -

AZUL (INTO PHONE)
Look, it's time we move on from
mistakes of the past...

Alec Ziff

644 **INT. ENEDINA'S HOME - OFFICE - TJ - AFTERNOON (INTERCUT)** 644

ENEDINA on the other end. Desk crowded with papers, numbers -

ENEDINA
'Mistakes' like my husband?

AZUL
(hesitates)
Right. My condolences.

Enedina doesn't have time for this shit.

ENEDINA
What do you want, Azul?

AZUL
The army, now Colosio going down on your doorstep, only hurts your bottom line.

ENEDINA
Please, tell me more about my family's business...

AZUL
Let's all get back to making money... We pay the tax, move product through your corridor again.

Enedina reviews her ledger.

ENEDINA
After making good on the money all this bullshit's cost us...

AZUL
Okay... How much?

ENEDINA
$118 million.

A beat.

AZUL
Open to a payment plan?

ENEDINA
Sure. Let's start at 120...
(off Azul's silence)
I rounded up.

CLICK. Enedina hangs up. And we linger on AZUL at the desk -

Alec Ziff

PALMA
How'd it go?

REVEAL PALMA seated on a sofa. Looking anxious... *

AZUL
They seem open to it...

Palma nods. Off Azul's pursed lips and sweating brow... *

VOICE (O.S.) (PRE-LAP)
Two fucking things I hate most in *
this world... *

645 **INT. DIVE CLUB - BAR - HAVANA - AFTERNOON** 645

LIVE SALSA ripples through the DIVE BAR - Amado sipping his drink at a table for two near the back of the sweaty club.

HENAO
... Salsa and mosquitos. *

ORLANDO HENAO SMACKS one sucking his forearm.

HENAO (CONT'D)
Next time, you come to Valle del *
Cauca. Show you real music. *

AMADO *
Thank you for making the trip. *

HENAO *
I'm not calling you by that name. *
"Lord of the Heavens," or whatever
it is.

AMADO
"Skies."

HENAO
(facetious, points upward)
Only one Lord.

A WAITRESS approaches, hands Henao his highball whiskey.

HENAO (CONT'D)
Thank you, beautiful.

She fakes a smile. Amado, cutting the small talk -

AMADO
Cali's walking away. The brothers *
want to retire.
(off Henao's look)
(MORE)

AleZiff

AMADO (CONT'D)
I take it that doesn't sit well with your people. *

HENAO
Rumors... We'll see. Cali may need a little help out the door. *

Amado nods, though he's unsure what that means...

AMADO
I need product.

Henao rolls a CIGAR in his fingers. *

AMADO (CONT'D)
Real volume. 4 tons a week. Can you put that kind of package together? *

Henao smells the cigar before lighting it. Studying Amado. *

AMADO (CONT'D)
And I want the same terms I had with Cali.

HENAO
1 for 1?
(off Amado's nod)
Might be able to work something out.

AMADO
'Might' doesn't mean shit to me.

Amado's tired of ambiguity -

AMADO (CONT'D)
I'm meeting with FARC this afternoon, Bolivians after that... *
(off Henao's look)
Plenty of other assholes interested in becoming billionaires if you're not.

Amado staring down Henao - every word he's said is true.

HENAO *
I have other obligations to consider... *

AMADO *
The Arellanos. *

Alec Ziff

HENAO *
(nods) *
Still remember what it's like to *
have partners? *

The allusion to Félix, not lost on Amado. *

AMADO *
Fuck the Arellanos. You want my *
business, it's exclusive. *

Henao, taking that in... and he nods. *

HENAO *
It would be a pleasure to work with
you, Mr. Lord of the Skies.

And they SHAKE.

Henao stands, notices Amado clocking the SALSA BAND -

HENAO (CONT'D)
You really like this shit? *

Amado LOCKS EYES with the lead singer - MARTA. She SMILES.

THEY'RE IN HAVANA. We now see a handful of Cuban military *
working security for Amado... *

AMADO
I do...

646 **EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND CLUB - HAVANA - AFTERNOON** 646

AMADO and MARTA MAKING OUT in an alley behind the club. Beams of waning sunlight reveal their bodies PRESSED TIGHT against brick - hands exploring each other...

647 **EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET - HAVANA - DUSK** 647

Marta leads Amado down a street frozen in time. '52 Chevys, AFRO-CUBANO KIDS playing STICKBALL, OLD MEN smoking cigars as *
they play DOMINOS - a Cuban past-time... *

She stops at a wooden table next to the old men, obscured by *
a MURAL of CASTRO. Amado, struck by this place.

AMADO
(re: kids playing)
They out here a lot?

MARTA
Every day.

Alec Ziff

The Old Men finish their game. *

OLD MAN *
Just leave them when you're done. *

Leaving their dominos for Marta and Amado, who take a seat - *

MARTA
Know how to play?

AMADO
(nodding)
I'm a pro.

MARTA
We'll see about that...

Marta, spitting game while playing one. Placing TILES face up. Amado, SLOWLY countering -

MARTA (CONT'D)
(laughing, winning)
Don't overthink it.

Marta extends her lead -

AMADO
I'm not.

He is.

MARTA
Trust your gut.

She's not talking about dominos. He looks at the board, then up at her - Marta smiling as she places the WINNING TILE. *

MARTA (CONT'D)
See? Easy.

A loud ZOOM directs their attention to the sky - A RED AND WHITE PLANE flying overhead. The two of them STOP, STARE - *

AMADO
Cessna. 404 Titan. *

MARTA
You know your planes.

AMADO
Haven't seen one of those since I was a kid.

Alec Ziff

A distant memory. Amado looks at Marta, her eyes STILL FIXED toward the sky. Amado, realizing -

AMADO (CONT'D)
You've never flown before.

MARTA
(shakes her head)
No. I haven't.
(off his look)
You love it.

Amado nods, he does.

AMADO
Been all over the world...

MARTA
(light)
Find what you're looking for?

Amado, surprised by the question. Changing the subject -

AMADO
Who taught you how to play?

MARTA
My father. Taught me everything I know.

The way she says this, we know he's not around anymore...

AMADO
You miss him?

Marta nods. Can't find the words. Amado knows the feeling. It sits there. Two broken people, seeking solace in another.

Marta touches his hand. He lets her.

They sit in silence, save for sounds of kids laughter, playing stickball. Noisy mufflers of aged cars humming by.

A moment of self-reflection Amado's never allowed himself to have before -

AMADO (CONT'D)
Everyone I used to work with is either dead or in jail.

Marta nods, taking that in.

MARTA
Where does that leave you?

Alec Ziff

AMADO *
I don’t know. *

A man caught between worlds. *

MARTA
Amado... what is this?
(off his look) *
You keep showing up out of nowhere. *

Calling him out for words he can’t express. He smiles, honest- *

AMADO
I don’t know where else to go.

The most truthful he’s ever been. Moment interrupted by *
Amado’s RINGING cell phone.

Marta, eyeing him... hoping he doesn’t answer... And he
SILENCES it.

AMADO (CONT'D)
Work. But I’ll see you soon. *

MARTA
Will you?

Amado stands. A long beat. *

AMADO
How come you didn’t ask what I do? *

MARTA
Because I already know. *

And it doesn’t matter to her. Amado smiles, about to climb *
into a waiting SUV when - *

MARTA (CONT'D) *
You don’t look happy. *
(off his look) *
For what it’s worth. *

Amado opens the door, looks back at Marta - *

AMADO *
What does that even mean? *

MARTA *
I don’t know. You tell me. *

He takes that in. Her words echoing as he enters the SUV. Off *
Marta, watching him disappear from her life... For now... *

Alec Ziff

648 **INT. LA VOZ - ADELA'S OFFICE - TIJUANA - NIGHT** 648

Salgado LOOMS over Andréa's shoulder as she proofreads his follow-up story, about to go to print the next day.

ANDRÉA
It's good.

SALGADO
But...

ANDRÉA
Opening's overwritten. *

Andréa holding her breath, unsure how Salgado will react...

And he grabs the copy from her. MARKS an X through a paragraph... TAKING her note.

SALGADO
(not looking up)
Go home. It's late.

Andréa can't help but smile. Eyes the clock - 7:10PM.

ANDRÉA
Shit...

She grabs her things, HURRIES out of the office.

ANDRÉA (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
Hey, sorry I'm late.

649 **INT. CAFÉ LLORONA - TIJUANA - NIGHT** 649

- CLOSE ON a HALF-FINISHED café con leche. A handsome, WELL-DRESSED STRANGER staring at it. Checks his WATCH - 7:30PM.

ANDRÉA
Work's crazy, lost track of time.

He looks up at ANDRÉA, CATCHING her breath as she sits.

ERNIE
(smiles)
You forgot.

Knows her well - a history between them. She did forget, but also work was crazy.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
You look good.

Alec Ziff

ANDRÉA
You too, Ernie.

ERNIE
You know I'm going by Ernesto, now.

ANDRÉA
Right, sorry. Keep forgetting.

She hasn't forgotten. She just likes messing with him.

ANDRÉA (CONT'D)
How's work? *Ernesto*.

ERNIE
Picking up. Tax season's right around the corner... *

ANDRÉA *
(laughing) *
Don't remind me. *

Easy to remember how charming she is. Ernie's smile fades... *

ERNIE *
Andréa... I'm worried about you. *

ANDRÉA
What are you talking about?

ERNIE
With everything going... it's dangerous being a journalist right now.
(off her look)
Especially in Tijuana.

ANDRÉA
You're an expert on what happens in Tijuana all of a sudden?

Falling into old roles - what ended them in the first place.

ERNIE
There are newspapers in Guadalajara... good ones.

Where he lives now... She hates Guadalajara.

ANDRÉA
We're gonna do this? Again? *

Alec Ziff

ERNIE
(pushing on)
And Leo... he asks about when he'll see you again, when you'll visit.

Starting to realize... they share a son.

ANDRÉA
He knows I'm working.

ERNIE
Yeah, that's the problem.

ANDRÉA *
You sound like your mother...

ERNIE
(an old fight)
She's just trying to help.

ANDRÉA *
You're the one who left, not me.

ERNIE
Because I got a job I couldn't turn down.

ANDRÉA
Yeah, well, so did I. *

ERNIE
Bullshit. It barely pays your rent.

He's right, of course. But it doesn't matter.

ANDRÉA
Rent? Our country's on fire and no *
one gives a shit. *
(pause) *
No one gives a shit about facts. No *
one gives a shit about the truth. *
(her point) *
I need to be *here*. In Tijuana. The *
work I'm doing is important. *

Ernie nods. The implication clear: he and Leo are not. *

ERNIE
God, you haven't changed...

Ernie reaches into his COAT POCKET, studies a picture of their SON, LEO, in his hands. Looks a lot like Andréa.

Alec Ziff

He hands her the PHOTO. Andréa, taking in a 3-year old Leo looking back at her, SMILING.

ANDRÉA
He liking the new day care?

ERNIE
Loves it.

ANDRÉA
That's good...

He waits for her to say something, anything... She doesn't.

ERNIE
(stands)
We'll call when I get home.
(beat)
Just remember to call us back...

And with that, Ernie stands, heads out. Andréa pondering the PHOTO of the son she rarely sees.

WALT (PRE-LAP)
Fuckers gotta leave eventually...

650 **INT/EXT. WALT'S SENTRA/FAUSTO'S PATHFINDER - HOUSE -TJ- NIGHT** 650

WALT, RADIO to his lips - still parked, casing that HOUSE.

FAUSTO (OVER RADIO)
You're buying dinner for dragging us out here.

Walt checks his SIDEVIEW: PATHFINDER SUV parked down the street - FAUSTO in the PASSENGER SEAT, along with TWO SOLDIERS in plainclothes.

WALT (INTO RADIO)
Welcome to the DEA. Sit, watch, 'n wait for shit to happen.

FAUSTO (OVER RADIO)
Why I joined the army. Get to shoot things and break stuff. *
(beat) *
And my girl likes the uniform. *

Walt eyes an AIR FRESHENER around the rearview. Reminds him of Dani - the decisions that've led him here... *

... Before he can answer - THE FRONT DOOR OPENS - *

Alec Ziff

WALT (INTO RADIO)
We got movement.

ALFREDO and KITTY leave, AKs in tow.

WALT (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
Alfredo and asshole number one're heading to the Bronco.

Seconds later, RAMÓN and FRANCISCO exit as well, loading SEMI-AUTOS in the trunk of a blue FORD BRONCO parked outside.

WALT (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
(hit the jackpot)
Eyes on Ramón and Francisco Arellano.

Francisco dabs up Ramón, heads back into the HOUSE.

WALT (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
Francisco's back in the house. What's the play?

The BRONCO ROARS to life, pulling off –

WALT (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
Fausto, what's the call, man?

Bronco headed down the quiet street –

FAUSTO (OVER RADIO)
We're taking Ramón. Now.

WALT (INTO RADIO)
Copy.

– WALT watches FAUSTO'S PATHFINDER SPEED DOWN the street – REAR-ENDING the BRONCO. Their SUVs SCREECH to a HALT.

He clocks the house, CLIMBS OUT of his car –

WALT (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
I'll hit the house.

And SPRINTS TOWARD IT –

651 **EXT. STREET – LOS OLIVOS – TIJUANA – NIGHT** 651

RAMÓN adjusts his REARVIEW – sees FAUSTO in the passenger seat – M-16 POINTED BEFORE – BRDDDTTT!

FAUSTO FIRES AT RAMÓN, who FLOORS IT – Bronco SPEEDING DOWN the road – PATHFINDER GIVING CHASE –

Alec Ziff

652 **EXT/INT. SAFE HOUSE - LOS OLIVOS - TIJUANA - NIGHT** 652

Walt KICKS IN THE FRONT DOOR – GLOCK RAISED – SCANS the den, empty bottles, NO ONE IN SIGHT –

– Eases into the KITCHEN – BAM! BODYGUARD nearly TAKES HIS HEAD OFF – WALT RETURNS FIRE, PUTS THE GUARD DOWN –

– Adrenaline PUMPING WHEN FRANCISCO SPRINTS PAST, KNOCKING WALT to the GROUND – FLIPS the table, RUNS out the BACK – Walt ON HIS HEELS –

653 **INT/EXT. RAMÓN'S BRONCO - LOS OLIVOS - TIJUANA - NIGHT** 653

KITTY GRABS an AK, climbs over the back seat into the TRUNK –

RAMÓN
Light 'em up!

KITTY SHOOTS THROUGH the TRUNK'S BACK WINDOW – SPRAYING Fausto's PATHFINDER – LODGED in the BULLETPROOF glass. ALFREDO providing COVER FIRE for KITTY –

FAUSTO leans outside the passenger window – RETURNING FIRE – sending ALFREDO back in the car, but not before –

– Kitty SHREDS the Pathfinder's FRONT TIRES, SKIDDING the SUV to a STOP.

KITTY
(grins)
Eat shit motherfuckers!!

654 **EXT. NEIGHBORING BACKYARD/HOUSE - LOS OLIVOS - NIGHT** 654

– Walt finds FRANCISCO SCALING a wooden fence in the BACKYARD–

– Francisco RACES through a child's jungle gym – WALT follows close behind – GAINING GROUND –

655 **INT/EXT. FAUSTO'S PATHFINDER - LOS OLIVOS - NIGHT** 655

Fausto watches the Bronco grow smaller in the distance – STEADIES his breathing – TAKES AIM... POP POP – PUTS TWO IN KITTY'S CHEST.

656 **INT/EXT. RAMÓN'S BRONCO - LOS OLIVOS - TIJUANA - NIGHT** 656

Kitty, SILENT, blood seeping into the carpet. Eyes fading...

RAMÓN
Fuck!

AlecZiff

Alfredo leans into the trunk, grabbing his friend – who's NOW LIMP. Alfredo's face says it all – Kitty's dead.

RAMÓN (CONT'D)
Motherfuckers!

Ramón SMASHES the wheel as the Bronco TEARS INTO THE NIGHT...

657 **EXT. PORCH/ALLEY BETWEEN HOUSES – LOS OLIVOS – NIGHT** 657

– Francisco takes a HARD RIGHT – JUMPS over the side of a PORCH – into the ALLEY BETWEEN HOUSES –

– TURNS and FIRES up at WALT, splintering the wood bannister – forcing Walt to take ANOTHER ROUTE –

658 **EXT. PORCH/ALLEY BETWEEN HOUSES – LOS OLIVOS – NIGHT** 658

– Francisco SQUEEZES through the alley – TIGHT FIT – past trash cans, finally gets to the other end, ROUNDS THE CORNER –

CLICK. WALT'S GUN AIMED AT FRANCISCO'S HEAD. *

Francisco's got no choice, DROPS his weapon –

WALT
Francisco Arellano Félix. You're under arrest.

Off the panting Walt, just got his BIGGEST WIN yet... *

KUYKENDALL (PRE-LAP)
Walt Breslin doesn't work here anymore... who's this?

659 **INT. DEA – KUYKENDALL'S OFFICE – EL PASO – NIGHT** 659

KUYKENDALL on the phone in his office with –

660 **INT/EXT. EL CENTRO PAYPHONE – JUÁREZ – NIGHT (INTERCUT)** 660

– VICTOR, at a PAYPHONE in El Centro. Looking around, uneasy –

VICTOR
(in English) *
Victor Tapia. Juárez Police. He *
gave me his card a while back. *

KUYKENDALL
That so...

Victor, voice nearing a whisper –

AlecZiff

VICTOR
I have information on the Juárez cartel... But I need something in return.

Kuykendall's fielded a lot of wannabe C.I.'s...

KUYKENDALL
Sure. Why don't you start with what you know about Amado Carrillo, and we'll go from there...

Victor laughs. Who does this guy think he is?

VICTOR
Amado's a ghost. No one knows shit about him.

KUYKENDALL
How 'bout Vicente then? Amado's muscle. You know him? *

Victor glances over his shoulder - WOMAN walking her dog...

VICTOR
No. But I know people who do...

KUYKENDALL *
How much they worth to you? *

Kuykendall's a pro. Just the right amount of pressure. *

VICTOR *
Not lookin' for money. I need some tests run... unofficially. *

KUYKENDALL
Tests?

VICTOR
Blood shit. DNA stuff. Look, man--

KUYKENDALL
DNA? We don't do that. Would need to pull a lotta favors... But look, *
your intel's good, Victor, *
nothing's impossible... *

Victor, tired of these games - *

VICTOR
Look, man. Can you help me or not? *

Kuykendall, playing his final move... *

Alec Ziff

KUYKENDALL
Get close with Vicente Carrillo. *
Then I'll see what I can do. *

A bridge too far, even for Victor. It's a DEATH WISH.

VICTOR
Fuck that, man. I can't do that.

KUYKENDALL *
Why's that? *

VICTOR *
I don't want a fuckin' bullet. *

KUYKENDALL *
I wanna help you, Victor. But you *
gotta meet me halfway. *

Silence. Victor considering... Then - *

VICTOR *
I can't. *

Every man has his limits. And this is Victor's. *

KUYKENDALL
Well... change your mind, you know *
where to find me.

Victor SLAMS the phone. Another fucking dead end. He LOOKS over the EMPTY FLEA MARKET, LIGHTS FLICKER in the distance...

ENEDINA (PRE-LAP)
How'd they find you?

661 **INT. ENEDINA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - TIJUANA - NIGHT** 661

Enedina, pacing the regal living room - Ramón shakes his head- *

RAMÓN
They were fucking waiting... *

Alfredo, stunned, Kitty's blood still on his shirt. *

ENEDINA
(firm) *
Who knows about the safe house?

RAMÓN
Me, you, Francisco, few juniors,
Barron.

Alec Ziff

ENEDINA
Someone flipped.

AFO has a turncoat...

RAMÓN
I'll slit his fucking throat.

Enedina shoots Alfredo a *get the fuck out* look - and he does.

RAMÓN (CONT'D)
I should've gone back for 'Cisco...

ENEDINA
If you had, I'd have two brothers in prison.

RAMÓN
(shaking his head)
It's my fault. I left him.

Guilt-stricken. Enedina pulls her brother into a hug.

ENEDINA
We'll figure this out.

Enedina, rubbing Ramón's back. A calming force. *

ENEDINA (CONT'D)
Have we heard from Mayo?

Ramón shakes his head no. Enedina, facing the bottom line... *

ENEDINA (CONT'D)
They all think we're weak.
(off Ramón's silence)
They won't respect us 'til we give *
them a reason to. *

And OFF Enedina, holding Ramón...

662 **INT/EXT. BMW - OUTSIDE ENEDINA'S - TIJUANA - NIGHT** 662

... With Alfredo as he enters the waiting BMW, SLAMMING his door. ALEX in the driver's seat, tweaked.

ALEX
You good?

ALFREDO
Someone fucking ratted...

Alex, silent. Uncomfortable.

Alec Ziff

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
What the fuck's wrong with you?

ALEX
Nothing, man...

ALFREDO
You're a shitty liar.

A beat.

ALEX
I-- I got picked up this morning.
After the drop. In San Diego.

Alfredo's face falls, realizing what's happened...

ALEX (CONT'D)
But I said all the right things!
Like you told me. They let me go...

ALFREDO
They followed you, Alex. Right to
us.

Alex, blood pressure RISING -

ALEX
Ramón's gonna figure it out, man...
I'm fucked. I'm so fucked.

Alfredo silent, thinking... Alex is right.

ALEX (CONT'D)
He's gonna kill me.

ALFREDO
Look at me.

Brothers locking eyes -

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
It's gonna be okay, man. Just
breathe, alright?

Alex tries, breaths STEADYING.

ALEX
What do we do? *

Off Alfredo, sitting in the dark car with his brother... *

REBOLLO (PRE-LAP) *
Francisco will be lawyering up... *

Alec Ziff

663 **INT. TASK FORCE BARRACKS - WAR ROOM - TIJUANA - NIGHT** 663

Rebollo briefs Walt and Fausto, who remove their bulletproof vests. Returning from the Francisco raid.

REBOLLO
See how he likes his new life at La Mesa penitentiary.

Fausto nods, heads down the hall. Rebollo moves toward his office, Walt at his side.

REBOLLO (CONT'D)
Understand you hit the house by yourself...
(off Walt, dry)
Know the kind of paperwork I have to deal with if you catch a bullet?

WALT
Can only imagine.

Rebollo nods, cracks a smile -

REBOLLO
I'm starting to think you're worth more to me alive. Be smarter next time.

Walt takes the compliment. He impressed Rebollo today.

WALT
Yes, sir. Understood.

Rebollo nods, ducks into his OFFICE. As close to 'good job' as Walt's gonna get. On Walt, joined the inner circle...

664 **INT/EXT. VICTOR'S CAR - CIUDAD JUÁREZ OVERPASS - NIGHT** 664

Victor parked at a JUÁREZ OVERPASS overlooking the YSLETA-ZARAGOZA BRIDGE - A LONG FENCE dividing the sister cities. A scar reminding each nation of their violent history.

He DRINKS a CAN of MODELO. 12-pack, already half-empty on the passenger's seat. Been here a while...

Places the can in the cupholder, but it catches on something -

We CLOSE IN on him as he studies THAT CACTUS NECKLACE.

Broken, rusted. An artifact from a ghost he can't escape.

Can't help but think of all the other girls who might not make it home tonight. Feels bigger than him.

Alec Zift

Victor TIES THE ENDS of the NECKLACE, HANGS it around the REARVIEW. Inserts his keys and STARTS the car... *

665 **INT/EXT. AMADO'S SUV - PALACE DRIVEWAY - JUÁREZ - NIGHT** 665

Amado, in the back of an SUV coming to a stop outside his looming PALACE - cloaked in DARKNESS. Returning "home..." *

He opens the door, eyeing the mansion, and STOPS - *

AMADO *
(to DRIVER) *
Take me to La Mesa... *

SHUTS the door. DRIVER nods, pulling down the driveway... *

666 **EXT. CANTINA - JUÁREZ - NIGHT** 666

... Keys turning the engine OFF as Victor CLIMBS out of his car, now PARKED outside the entrance of a GRIMY CANTINA.

He NODS to ROGELIO, smoking outside, waiting for him...

ROGELIO
Sure you wanna do this, man?

Victor NODS. No backing out now.

VICTOR
Let's go.

As they head INSIDE -

667 **INT. CANTINA - THE FLOOR/VIP AREA - JUÁREZ - NIGHT** 667

- *'Por una Mujer de Cantina'* BLASTING behind FULL-BODIED, INDIGENOUS WOMEN WORKING the POLES, slicing through clouds of cigarette SMOKE.

Another type of enslavement poor women are subjected to...

Rogelio leads Victor back to the VIP area, where a heavyset man is posted up... VICENTE CARRILLO.

VICENTE
(to Rogelio)
This him?

Rogelio nods.

VICENTE (CONT'D)
Friend tells me you're looking for *
work. *
(Victor nods)
(MORE)

AlecZiff

VICENTE (CONT'D)
He trusts you. Says I can too.
(off Victor's silence)
Can I?

VICTOR
Only one way to find out.

Vicente's unamused. But is distracted by a DANCER, NAYELI, who GRAZES his arm.

VICENTE
(to Victor)
Fíjate.

Victor looks at Vicente. Half-drunk eyes, HOODED in darkness.

VICENTE (CONT'D)
(re: Nayeli)
This one's my favorite.

Nayeli catches Victor's eyes. He sees something haunting in them, but all he can manage is an empty smile...

VICENTE (CONT'D)
We can do whatever we want to them.

Victor hears that, all that it now implies. Just nods.

VICTOR
When do I start?

VICENTE
Watchelo. Eager. I like that. *

He looks at Rogelio, a nod of approval. A hollow grin... *

VICENTE (CONT'D) *
Welcome to the jungle, man. *

Victor and Vicente SHAKE... *

668 **EXT. NEWSSTAND - STREETS - TIJUANA - MORNING** 668

We SLIDE down a ROW of HEADLINES along a newsstand - "GUNMAN CONFESSES" - "FACTORY WORKER KILLS PRI HOPEFUL" - until a HAND grabs one from the shelf -

- LA VOZ. PHOTO of COLOSIO on the cover. "WHO KILLED ME? Alleged Gunman May Not Be Sole Shooter - by Román Salgado."

ANDRÉA flips to the article, skimming it... She hands change to the SELLER and turns down the corner...

Alec Ziff

669 **EXT. LA VOZ - TIJUANA - MORNING** 669

... She passes a 45-year-old WOMAN SCRUBBING "WHY HIM?" PROTEST GRAFFITI off a COLOSIO MURAL.

Andréa approaches the entrance to La Voz, surprised when -

- her feet CRUNCH GLASS. Door SMASHED, CRACKED OPEN - and she pushes inside...

670 **INT. LA VOZ - MAIN ROOM - TIJUANA - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)** 670

Andréa stands in the wake of a TORNADO - COMPUTERS SMASHED, CABINETS OPEN, PAPERS EVERYWHERE. La Voz - RANSACKED.

The OTHER REPORTERS cautiously step through the carnage - looks like everyone *just* missed it.

Salgado picks up a BROKEN FRAME on the table. Turns over the PHOTO - him and his BEST FRIEND (Ep. 604), all smiles. *

ISAAC
Who would do this?

ISABELLA
You serious? Take your pick. *

Andréa, taking in the destruction. Maybe Ernie was right...

SALGADO
Isaac.

ISAAC
Yes, sir?

He pulls out his wallet, hands Isaac a CREDIT CARD.

SALGADO
Go to the OfficeMax by the bridge and get a half-dozen typewriters.

ISAAC
Right away.

Isaac rushes off. Salgado eyes Andréa, Santos, the rest of them, standing there, waiting for their captain's orders...

SALGADO
Let's clean this up.

And that's what they do.

TURO peers through his CAMERA LENS: Andréa sweeps broken glass - Salgado and Santos lift an overturned file cabinet -

Alec Ziff

CLICK. CAMERA FLASHES: An unorthodox "FAMILY PHOTO" of La Voz JOURNALISTS, rebuilding their office amidst destruction. Their second home.

And for some, their only home...

671 **INT. TASK FORCE BARRACKS - WAR ROOM - TIJUANA - DAY** 671

Walt at a desk in the war room, answers a CALL on his cell -

WALT (INTO CELL)
Walt Breslin.

672 **INT/EXT. PHONE BOOTH - TIJUANA - DAY (INTERCUT)** 672

ALEX on the other end, crammed into a phone booth.

ALEX
It's Alex. Alex Hodoyan.

Walt was right. Guess the shit's hitting the fan - *

WALT
Had a feeling we'd talk again... *
What can I do for you, Alex?

Alex, distraught, can barely get the words out -

ALEX
It's-- it's Ramón. He thinks I ratted on him. I-- I don't know what to do.

WALT
Okay, just calm down.

ALEX
I don't want to die! I didn't do anything wrong.

Debatable.

WALT
Are you with Ramón now?

ALEX
Yeah. At a payphone outside the house. Fabiola and Ermita Sur.

WALT
I'll come get you, but I need you to cooperate.

AlecZiff

ALEX
Okay, whatever you need. I've seen what he does... I just-- don't wanna die, please. *

Alex just became an asset... *

WALT
You're gonna be okay. Just stay put. *

ALEX
Hurry. Please.

And Alex hangs up. Walt, SHOUTING OVER to REBOLLO and FAUSTO -

WALT
Got a 20 on Ramón...

Off Rebollo's look...

673 **EXT. ENEDINA'S HOME - PATIO - TIJUANA - DUSK** 673*

... We PULL OUT of a SMALL BLACK HOLE - BORED into the patio roof. ENEDINA gazing up at it, considering what might be lurking inside... *

BENJAMÍN (OVER PHONE) (PRE-LAP)
Maybe everyone should leave town for a while...

674 **INT. BENJAMÍN'S SAFE HOUSE - DEN - MEXICO - DUSK (INTERCUT)** 674*

Benjamín at his comfortable safe house, phone to his ear. *

BENJAMÍN *
... Regroup 'til we have a plan... *

ENEDINA
I have a plan.

ENEDINA (CONT'D) *
You remember Ramón's birthday when I got stung.

BENJAMÍN
Yeah... I guess...

ENEDINA
We let wasps live on the porch. For years.

Alec Ziff

675 **EXT. ZAMBADA'S WHARF - SHRIMP DOCKS - MAZATLÁN - DUSK** 675

Mayo's RUBBER BOOTS creak along the wooden dock. He shakes hands with a CONCERNED FISHERMAN, who POINTS IN THE DISTANCE -

ENEDINA (O.S.)
Until I almost died...

676 **INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - JUÁREZ - DUSK** 676

AMADO, VICENTE and CORRAL dine at Juárez's finest restaurant.

ENEDINA (O.S.)
We only did something when it was almost too late.

677 **INT. TAPICERÍA LOS MOCHIS - FLOOR - SINALOA - DUSK** 677

FOLLOW A MAN who WALKS PAST furniture in the empty tapicería - *

ENEDINA (O.S.)
I won't repeat that mistake...

678 **EXT. ZAMBADA'S WHARF - SHRIMP DOCKS - MAZATLÁN - DUSK** 678

Rubber boots NOW RUNNING down the dock -

ENEDINA (O.S.)
... And neither will our family.

- Boots slow to a stop. FLAMES WARMING MAYO'S FACE - STARING AT HIS BOAT, ABLAZE.

679 **INT. TAPICERÍA LOS MOCHIS - PALMA'S OFFICE - SIN. - DUSK** 679

The Man BURSTS into the back office - Colt .38 AIMED HIGH - * REVEAL - IT'S DAVID BARRON. He SCANS the office - NO PALMA in * sight... BANG! AZUL'S SHOT in the FOREHEAD.

680 **INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - JUÁREZ - NIGHT** 680

Amado stares off at the OLDER MAN playing piano... thinking about Marta... WHEN -

TWO GUYS ID AMADO - RAISE PISTOLS, UNLOADING LEAD - Amado's BODYGUARDS return fire -

VICENTE FLIPS the table, PULLS Amado to the ground -

Assassins shooting it out with Amado's Bodyguards - HITTING VICENTE in the SHOULDER -

Amado and Corral DRAG VICENTE, as they crawl to the KITCHEN -

Alec Ziff

681 **EXT. ENEDINA'S HOME - PATIO - TIJUANA - NIGHT (INTERCUT)** 681*

Back with Enedina on her patio - *

ENEDINA (INTO PHONE)
I've taken steps to protect us...

682 **INT/EXT. REBOLLO'S SUBURBAN - ROAD - TJ - NIGHT (DRIVING)** 682

REBOLLO'S Suburban burns through a YELLOW light.

ENEDINA (O.S.) *
... Against everyone.

Walt tracks something in the REARVIEW - a TINTED SUV SPEEDING * UP to FAUSTO'S FOLLOW CAR, STOPPED at a RED LIGHT.

INT/EXT. FAUSTO'S SUBURBAN - ROAD - TJ - NIGHT (PARKED)

The SUV - windows down. AK'S OUT. RAMÓN and ALFREDO OPEN FIRE-

SLAUGHTERING FAUSTO AND HIS MEN.

683 **INT/EXT. REBOLLO'S SUBURBAN - ROAD - TJ - NIGHT (DRIVING)** 683

Rebollo SCREAMS at the Driver -

REBOLLO
TURN AROUND!

Suburban RACING BACK toward Fausto...

684 **INT/EXT. FAUSTO'S SUBURBAN - ROAD - TJ - NIGHT (PARKED)** 684

ALFREDO jumps out, STARING DOWN Rebollo's SUBURBAN BARRELING toward him. SMILES - approaching the passenger window -

FAUSTO, bleeding, BUT STILL ALIVE...

Until Alfredo rests a GRENADE in his lap.

A FIREBALL EXPLODES toward the heavens.

685 **INT. RAMÓN'S SUBURBAN - ROAD - TIJUANA - NIGHT (DRIVING)** 685

Alfredo hops in the car, a giddy Ramón SLAPPING his back.

RAMÓN
You're a fucking wolf, bro.

Alfredo grins - turns toward the back seat -

ALFREDO
You did good. Proud of you.

Alec Ziff

REVEAL – ALEX, finally EXHALING. The 'rat' REDEEMED.

And the Suburban ZOOMS into the night...

686 **EXT. ENEDINA'S HOME - PATIO - TIJUANA - NIGHT** 686

Enedina hangs up the phone. She takes a long drag of her cigarette... Enjoying the silence... VICTORIOUS.

687 **INT/EXT. FAUSTO'S SUBURBAN - ROAD - TIJUANA - NIGHT** 687

Rebollo gets out of the Suburban – approaches Fausto's roasting corpse.

STARES STRAIGHT into the FLAMES. Jaw clenched. Living in it.

Rebollo's eyes shift focus to –

WALT.

Shaken. The loss weighing heavy. He has no words...

There are none.

BLACK.

Alec Ziff