

MONTECRISTOMEDIA SRL

PRESENTS

THE LAST REFUGE

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INT. CAMPUS APARTMENT 2000. MORNING.

Mark, early 20s, a student, enters the room with a cup of coffee. Anna, barely 20, is lying on the single bed naked. She jumps up to embrace him, spilling his coffee. He laughs, stepping back just to look at her. Anna is now a bit self-conscious and jumps back under the covers. Mark sets the cup on a table and jumps on the bed himself. The bottom of the bed gives in with a thud. They kiss as somebody bangs on the wall. Anna giggles. They try to accommodate one another on the bed.

VOICE

Will you guys knock it off? It's morning already you freaks !

They both laugh.

Mark is pinching Anna to try to get her to cry out again. She won't give in and pushes him out of bed. He rolls over. Thud!

ANNA

Sh!!!

He looks up at her from the floor. It's obvious he's crazy about her.

MARK

Why do you love me?

Anna sits up in bed and thinks about the question.

ANNA

Because you make me feel sane.

From Outside we can hear other STUDENTS waking up, showering, etc. The rhythm of a college day beginning. There's a knock on the door. Anna burrows deeper under the covers.

MARK

Yes? Come in !

FRANK GOLD, also early 20s, enters. His dark hair is wild and stringy.

FRANK

Are you coming to Simon's lecture?

ANNA

(peeking out)

Hi.

Frank fixes Mark with the briefest of envious looks, then he forces a smile.

MARK
I'll see you there.

FRANK
Later.

Frank exits. Mark looks over at Anna, who struggles to sit up. He sits back on the bed.

MARK
We got to get up.

Anna throws her arms around him and pulls him back down.

EXT. UNIVERSITY TRACK FIELD. MOMENTS LATER.

A gun enters frame. A shot! 110M hurdles. Mark, Frank and three more runners blast off the starting block on a 110M hurdles.

EXT. UNIVERSITY TRACK FIELD/BLEACHERS. AFTERNOON

Many students are on the ground playing, jumping, running, or on the sidelines. Sitting up on the last row is Anna with her girlfriend Joyce. They are also basking in the sun

JOYCE
Which one is He?

ANNA
With the blue T-shirt.

JOYCE
Nice butt.

ANNA
I'm in love, Joyce.

JOYCE
I hate that.

EXT. UNIVERSITY TRACK FIELD. SAME TIME

Mark and Frank run neck to neck leaving the others behind. They cross the finish line and slow down. Mark has won, by a fraction of a second and turns to look for Anna. He waves to her, she waves back. Frank pants nearby.

MARK
She's the one.

FRANK
You just met her.

MARK
But I know.

FRANK
She'll hurt you.

MARK
Why would you say a thing like that?

FRANK
She's my cousin, we grew up together.
She comes from one of the richest and
most arrogant families in Boston. She's
as cold blooded as they are.

MARK
Not with me.

FRANK
Give her Time.

Frank leaves. Mark walks to join Anna.

MAIN TITLE : **THE LAST REFUGE**

INT. THE MANSION. EVENING.

A crowd of people, all in suits or formally dressed are leaving. Valets arrange cars for them. A white LIMO idles off to the side. William , in a very expensive tux, stands on the portico. A SUBTITLE reads: **Roxford Estate, Maine, 2002**

WILLIAM
Thank you for coming. Drive safely.

Anna and Mark walk by, her wedding gown blowing in the slight breeze. William spies her and calls her over. They hug. Some of the other guests applaud, a couple of flash strobes go off around them.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
My God, you are beautiful--

William hugs her to him and kisses the top of her head. Anna's mother is standing by smiling at the departing GUESTS.

EXT. THE MANSION. LAWN. LATER

Camera moves slowly across the lawn to discover Mark and Anna holding one another IN A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS -- passing around a bottle of Dom Perignon.

Anna is resting in Mark'S arms. She is still wearing her wedding dress, white, yet non traditional , a sweater thrown over it to fight the cold.

ANNA

I love you.

Mark closes his arm around her, and Anna closes her eyes. In the BG we hear Foreigner's "***I want to know what love is***" playing.

Frank walks on the lawn by himself. Mark spots him.

MARK

Frank! Get over here. You're making a lousy best man.

Mark hands him over a bottle. Frank rises to the occasion and toasts.

FRANK

To the man of the hour! You got the girl, you got a great job. You got everything.

(smiles to the group)

Luckiest bastard in the world.

MARK

Just trying to pay back my student loan.

FRANK

(smiling back)

Sure man, whatever.

(to Anna)

So, what's daddy gonna have him do ?

ANNA

(sticking it to Frank)

He's gonna run a Company.

MARK

I'm gonna run Royal Yacht.

(to the group)

We build sailboats in Mexico and sell them here.

(to Anna)

But I'll build the first one for us.

Mark kisses Anna briefly and they stand up.

ANNA
(to Frank, smiling.)
Time you get a life.

Frank looks at them as they leave to the house, then turns to Joyce, who is sitting nearby on the lawn smoking a cigarette.

JOYCE
You're jealous.

FRANK
Me? Why should I be?

JOYCE
You just look it.

Frank moves over and kisses Joyce. She is surprised.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
What did you do that for?

Joyce smiles. They kiss again. Somebody lights up a joint. PEOPLE around laugh and giggle.

INT. THE MANSION. BEDROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT.

The sounds of the singing from the lawn arrive quite clearly to the bedroom whose windows are open to the night, looking out to the Ocean. Mark is standing by them taking in the night breeze, looking to the sky. He turns to Anna, who smiles and lets her wedding gown drop onto the floor. She walks to him.

ANNA
Look how many stars. It's a good omen.

Mark takes her in his arms.

MARK
(smiling)
I will always love you.

Anna smiles and closes her eyes.

INT. MARK'S HOME. DAY

Mark and Frank sips drinks in the living room / library of a spacious and luxurious apartment. TV is on. PRESIDENT

BUSH who has just been re-elected, is wishing people a happy new year. Mark turns off the TV as supporters yell out: "Four more years". He is unhappy. He looks to Frank - who can sense something is not right.

FRANK

What's wrong Mark?

MARK

There is a weight discrepancy between the boat building plans in Mexico and the actual finished boats we deliver here in Boston. I noticed it by accident when I delivered THE REGAL - our latest boat. It cost us \$300,000 to build. We sold it for \$1M. Great business isn't it? Only I don't think William's client bought the boat.

FRANK

Just say what's on your mind.

MARK

I don't have any actual evidence but I think the keels are filled with something ... and I bet William knows what it is.

FRANK

You're out of your mind. Your father in law is one of the best known businessmen in Boston - why would he do something like that?

MARK

We're overextended. We borrowed way too much money and the interest payments are killing us. I think I should report this.

Frank pours himself a shot of scotch and knocks it back.

FRANK

You don't want to be talking this way about family.

MARK

(pointedly)

Do you know anything I should know Frank?

The doors opens. Anna steps in. She is obviously "high" on something. She looks beautiful. Mark smiles to her.

ANNA
Well, are we ready ?

MARK
Did you get the car keys ?

Anna hands them over. The Camera follows them to the entrance where Joyce - also dressed to the hilt- has been waiting for

them. Mark and Frank step out of the door. Anna stops Frank on the doorstep.

ANNA
(to Frank)
Do you have any money?

JOYCE
(cutting in)
Frank is always broke.

Frank gives Joyce an angry look and walks away to join Mark who's getting into the car.

ANNA
He'll get it together. Don't worry,
tonight is my treat.

Anna gives Joyce a roll of cash. Joyce puts it away and they both step out and into the back of a Mercedes.

CLUB MUSIC and WE DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DANCETERIA. NIGHT.

A noisy CROWD snakes all the way around the block. The mood is tense with anticipation and buzzing with energy.

INT. DANCETERIA. LATER

A banner reads "Happy New Year '2002/2003!" The inside is packed, a disco ball spins, music blasts. Anna and Joyce are DANCING AWAY. THEY ARE EXCITED, HAPPY AND A LITTLE WASTED. Mark IS COMING BACK TO THEM WITH DRINKS. WE TRACK OVER TO:

INT. CORRIDOR. CONTINUOUS

A food-service area, the beat still pounds from outside. We hear giggles and glass falling and breaking :

FRANK
Shit, watch your feet.

We round the corner and see Frank huddled next to an ice machine. Frank is paying a WAITER for a small bag of COCAINE.

FRANK (CONT'D)
C'mon, man, it's almost twelve.

Frank tips the glass and silver VIAL OF COKE, laying a line out on the waiter's tray.

INT. DANCETERIA/TABLE. MOMENTS LATER.

Mark, Anna and Joyce see Frank making his way back to them with the tray. He sits down, and puts the tray in the center of the table.

FRANK
Happy 2003!!

He and Joyce kiss, long and wet. Anna is laughing. She rolls a \$20 to snort a line. Mark is not happy but says nothing -only that he wants none. Anna looks up and rubs some residue on her gums.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I think you owe me a kiss.

Frank offers her his cheek, Anna leans forward to kiss it when Frank turns his head, meeting her lips with his. It's a brief kiss.

ANNA
Treasure it!

Frank chuckles and lays out another line for Anna.

MARK
Don't you think you had enough?

Frank looks up, there's a flicker of uncertainty.

FRANK
(to Anna)
Don't you ever get bored with him?

Joyce is wasted. She hugs Mark and tries to kiss him. He smiles uncomfortably and gently pushes her aside. Mark looks to Anna who is wiping at her nose and running a tongue over her gums. He stands up.

MARK
Let's go, Anna.

Mark moves to grab Anna, Frank grabs Mark's arm.

FRANK
What the hell is wrong with you, man?

MARK
I am sick of your bullshit.

Mark shoves Frank back and

THE VIAL OF SNOW

Falls, landing on the linoleum

FRANK
You're an asshole.

Frank looks at the spilled coke in disbelief and rage. He takes a wild swing, Mark dodges it easily and punches him in the face. Anna runs off to the dance floor. Joyce huddles over Frank. He pushes her aside, jumps up and makes a move towards Mark, but she holds him back.

JOYCE
Frank, no!

Frank pushes Joyce away.

FRANK
Lets talk about what's really pissing
you off Mark!

Frank stares at Mark, dabs at his lip with a linen napkin -
- then tosses it onto the floor.

FRANK (CONT/D) (CONT'D)
William knows what he's doing. Nothing
is gonna happen to you. Do you think he
would put his own daughter at risk?

MARK
He paid you 50 grand to say that ?
(eyeball to eyeball)
I saw the check! He's being using me
since I got there. And now he's using
you. ... Happy New Year, Frank!

Mark goes off. Frank yells out.

FRANK

Why should you be the only one taking
his money!? I am family!

INT. DANCETERIA. CONTINUOUS

Anna moves through the crowd, strobes flashing. Tears are streaming down her face. She lurches into a dancer and moves OS. Mark pushes his way through the crowd after her, finally finding her at the edge of the dance floor.

MARK

Anna.

ANNA

Leave me alone!

Anna is crying. Mark hugs her and she tries to pull away.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Why!? We were just having some fun.

MARK

I'm sorry!! He kissed you, I decked
him. Simple, right ? Forgive me.

Anna starts laughing.

ANNA

I am actually glad you did that.

She smiles. They embrace and kiss. All around the CROWD
ERUPTS as we start a COUNTDOWN from 10 TO: HAPPY 2003!

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE. NEXT DAY.

William sits behind a massive mahogany desk. His office reeks of old Boston. Oil paintings, floor to ceiling packed bookcases, oriental rugs, heavy leather furniture. The window behind him boasts a beautiful view of Boston. Mark sits uncomfortably opposite William. Silence. Tension. Who is going to re-start this conversation ?

WILLIAM

Let me tell you about morality.

Mark interrupts.

MARK

That's not the point. I just don't feel
like spending the rest of my life in
Jail.

Mark stands up and leans over on Williams desk.

MARK (CONT'D)

You can deny knowing anything about this. That's why you made me the CEO and sole signatory of this Company. You are setting me up.

Mark is sick to his stomach.

WILLIAM

Mark, are you crazy?! You are my son-in-law! Nobody is gonna find out.

MARK

I did.

WILLIAM

That's because I wanted you to Mark. I wanted to see what you're actually made of.

William stands up and crosses the office to an old teak bar, and pours himself a scotch.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Some of the biggest fortunes in this country were built by entrepreneurs responding to the " free Market". This is the wine of this decade, Mark, openly enjoyed by everybody ... despite the law.

William offers Mark a glass of wine. Mark doesn't take it.

MARK

I am going to resign.

WILLIAM

(anger sipping through)

I have done what we had to do, Mark! You know that. We are responsible for our family welfare.

(William stares at Mark)

Look, once the last two boats have been finished and delivered - the Banks will be happy, and we'll forget about it all - ... it never happened.

William puts down Mark's drink back on the bar, crosses over to him, puts his right hand on Mark's shoulder and looks him in the eyes.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(paternal)

You've a good life. Don't screw it up
for you or Anna.

Mark looks freaked, disgusted, on alien ground.

MARK
I need to think this over.

Mark heads to the door.

WILLIAM
You do that. Take all the Time you
need. Go on holiday - you deserve it.
Remember Mark, we're family.

Mark leaves. The CAMERA stays on William. He is furious.
The SECRETARY puts her head in and William gestures to her
to leave him alone and returns to his desk.

INT. COTTAGE. PUERTO VALLARTA. MORNING.

A SUBTITLE reads: **PUERTO VALLARTA , MEXICO**

Mark opens the blinds of this sparsely furnished bedroom.
The air conditioner sounds like a washing machine. The
walls are peeling - Anna is by the doorsteps. She is quite
shocked, yet making an effort not to show it. Embarrassed,
Mark picks up on it.

MARK
What do you say?

ANNA
How about " help? "

MARK
Come on! It's charming! Besides, we are
on a budget. I'll get our stuff.

Mark steps out. Anna sits on the bed, tentatively.

ANNA
(to herself)
Bugs are watching me.

Anna looks around and is startled by a young BOY, four or
five, naked, who peers into the room and runs away. Mark
walks back in with a wooden box in his hands.

MARK
A little naked kid run by me.

He puts the box on the bed and points it out to Anna.

MARK (CONT'D)

Go ahead, open it.

Anna is hesitant. Mark prods her on. As she opens it she feels something moving in it and jumps back. Mark is smiling. Finally the head of a kitten comes out of the box, then another. They are very small.

MARK (CONT'D)

Found them on the stairs.

ANNA

I love you, baby.

They kiss and lay back on the bed. The Kittens scamper away.

EXT. BEACH. PUERTO VALLARTA. DUSK

Anna comes out of the water and walks down the beach hand in hand with Mark. She looks stunning in a white swimsuit. The beach is nearly empty, someone is riding a horse through the surf, the day is nearing a beautiful end. Anna feels happy and loved. Mark says something, Anna laughs. They kiss.

INT. COTTAGE BATHROOM. LATER

Mark takes a shower. The water heater doesn't work. Anna walks into the bathroom in her swimsuit. Mark shivers and quickly jumps out from under the water.

MARK

Jesus!! That's cold.

He holds Anna tight while she tries to get sand out of her hair with a brush. They kiss. Mark walks back to the bedroom.

INT. COTTAGE ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Mark turns on a radio/tape player sitting on the floor. A song by *Jose Maria Peralez*. He crosses and sits on the bed. Mark hears the shower turned on again and the suffocated cries of Anna getting under it. Mark pulls the cord of the fan hanging just above his head. It doesn't work. He pulls it again. The cord snaps. He stands up on the bed but cannot reach it so he jumps up twice.

ANNA

(Peeking from the bathroom)

Ok, I like this!

Anna, nude, walks into the room, grabs her camera and starts firing shots. Mark laughs and gets down from the bed to stop her. He embraces her, she puts the camera down, and they fall back onto the bed.

INT. COTTAGE ROOM. NIGHT

Mark and Anna make love. They are a perfect fit.

EXT. MAIN STREET. PUERTO VALLARTA. MORNING

Anna is returning to the apartment. She is wearing a Camera around her neck and taking snap shots as she walks. Mark is following her with his eyes from the porch. She sees him and smiles, waving her hand.

INT. COTTAGE BATHROOM/DARKROOM. LATER

We PAN along a row of OTHER PHOTOS -- several arty nude self-portraits, portraits of Mark, a haunting child, Mayan ruins shot through a filtered lens.

Anna swishes a photo of Mark in a pan of solution, rinses it in water and hangs it to dry. She then opens a very small container of coke, and does a quick blast, then looks back at the photo. Mark's enigmatic expression seems to stare out.

EXT. PUERTO VALLARTA. BEACH BAR/RESTAURANT. DAY

Mark dressed casually, looking fit, thoughtful, and nursing a drink, looks at Anna who's wearing a white one-piece swimsuit. She's just gotten out of the water and is smiling as she walks towards him.

ANNA

Did you pay the bill?

MARK

Yes, but as I said, I'd really like to stay here longer.

ANNA

Baby, we're totally out of money. It's Time to go.

(jumping on her toes on the way to the bar.)

My feet are burning, I am just like a - I don't even know.

MARK

(slightly sarcastic)
So I guess living here is out of the question.

ANNA
Mark, you are driving me crazy. We need to get back home ... and you need to work out whatever problems you have with my dad.

MARK
What if there is no solution ?

ANNA
(with a smile)
Come on baby, don't be so dramatic.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL BUILDING. DAY

A LINE of sweaty TOURISTAS and LOCALS snake out from the AIRLINE COUNTER. Anna and Mark arrive at the end of the line. Mark is carrying TWO BAGS, Anna a carry-on and a large Sombrero. Above, the stagnant air is moved, barely, by sluggish fans.

INT. AIRPORT/CUSTOMS ZONE. LATER

Hot, sweaty and tired, they arrive in the x-ray room where impassive GUARDS are methodically looking through an older COUPLE's SUITCASES as a line of PASSENGERS wait their turn.

ANNA
I've got sand sticking all over me.

MARK
Our turn.

A GUARD wearing silver reflective SUNGLASSES motions them over to a wooden TABLE.

GUARD
(annoyed)
Sus maletas, por favor, que las abran.
(Your luggage. Open it, please.)

Anna opens her carry on bag and the guard roots through her clothes. She is nervous and concerned. Mark fumbles with the catch on her other suitcase, finally flipping it open.

ANNA
Can I close this one already, please?

THE GUARD

Digs down deep, running his hands along the interior of the bag. Suddenly he pulls his hand up through the clothes and pulls out a snorkel, pierces through it, then pushes out THREE SMALL GLASSINE ENVELOPES, WHITE POWDER INSIDE EACH.

GUARD

Que es eso?
(What is this?)

Mark looks baffled.

MARK

Hey, that's not ours. No es mio, senior.
Usted esta equivocado!
(These are not mine, you are mistaken.)

The guard says something into a WALKIE-TALKIE. Instantly several other GUARDS surround them. One puts a hand on Mark's shoulder, he shrugs it off and two grab him with force. (In the BG other PASSENGERS stare, transfixed.)

MARK (CONT'D)

Get your hands off me! I didn't --
that's not mine !

Anna pushes forward, trying to pry the guards' hands off her husband:

ANNA

Leave him alone!

A portly FEMALE GUARD snakes an arm around Anna, pushing her into a wall. Anna SCREAMS.

GUARD

Callate!
(Shut up!)

Mark pushes back at the guards, getting a hand free and shoving one into the table. Their stuff goes flying. A GUARD arrives, grabbing Mark in a head-lock.

ANNA

Please don't do this to us. Please!!

Mark is hustled, still protesting, toward a side door Marked POLICIA. A SUPERVISOR crosses over the room, steps in, and the Female Guard eases up on Anna.

SUPERVISOR
(to the guard)
LLevatela a tu Oficina para mientras.
(Take her to your Office for
the Time being.)

The Guard points the way to Anna-still sobbing- and she walks down the corridor.

INT. CUSTOMS ZONE /SMALL OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

The man in reflective sunglasses (Officer MIGUEL Mendoza) walks into this barren office / interview room, where Mark is shoved unceremoniously into a chair. The GUARD standing behind him salutes Mendoza's entrance.

MENDOZA
(staring at Mark)
What's your name ?

Mark sees Anna pass by in the corridor from the open door. Anna sees him as well - she's dazed.

MARK
I am a US citizen. ... I want to see a
consulate official.

MENDOZA
Como no. Llevenselo al cuartel.
(Sure you do. Take him to
headquarters)

The GUARD handcuffs Mark and twists his arms. Mark doubles up in pain.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. NEXT DAY.

Mark and Anna are sitting at a table. A US Embassy Official, slim, tall, bald, mid-40s, is nervously clicking his pen.

MARK
Can you stop that? You're driving me
nuts.

The Official stops.

OFFICIAL
Sorry.

He stands up.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

Look, had you guys been caught in the States you'd go to Jail. In Mexico you go to jail. I can't see anything wrong with that.

Anna is shaking, holding back tears. Mark feels caged.

MARK

Can you get us a moment alone?

OFFICIAL

Sure. Good luck.

The Official steps out. Mark stands up and watches him leave, then turns to Anna.

MARK

How could you do something so insane?

ANNA

Mark, I'll tell them you didn't know anything about it.

MARK

That's a great solution.

ANNA

Last night they strip-searched me. I'm scared.

Mendoza enters the room followed by TWO GUARDS.

MENDOZA

Take her away. He stays.

The GUARDS move towards Anna who recoils. Mark jumps forward but a punch in the stomach stops him cold. Mendoza stops the GUARDS who point Anna to the door. Anna walks off.

ANNA

Baby.

MARK

Don't say anything till you see our lawyer.

Mark watches Anna leave. Mendoza turns to Mark.

MENDOZA

Pretty girl ! ... Here is what I am thinking. If you say it was your coke, that your ... wife knew nothing about those little bags, we let her go back home to send me money. I give some to the Judge and in a while you go home as well - a little poorer, much, much wiser. Good deal, no?

MARK

How much?

Mendoza writes a number on a note pad and drops it on the table.

MENDOZA

What's money between friends ?

Mark looks at the pad. The ask is \$50,000.00. Mark thinks for a moment, then nods. Mendoza stands up and pats Mark on the shoulder.

INT. CUERNAVACA. COURTROOM. DAY.

Mark, in handcuffs, is brought into the courtroom. He scans the room looking for Anna. She is next to the entrance of the room, dressed formally despite the heat. Talking to her is a nervous, edgy Frank. Mark can see his MEXICAN LAWYER, 50, white hair, smiling as he arrives in a hurry and shakes hands with both Anna and Frank. They have seen Mark enter the courtroom and walk in. Frank and Anna sit on the public benches, the LAWYER next to Mark at the defense table. The judge walks in. Frank leans over to Mark's ear.

FRANK

Don't worry buddy, it's done.

MARK

Some great vacation, Frank.

The JUDGE asks everyone to stand.

JUDGE

Senor Mark Rolden, usted ha sido juzgado culpable. Estas usted condenado a diez años de cárcel.

(Mark Roldan, you have been found guilty. You will serve a 10 year sentence.)

ANNA

No!!!

Mark looks totally dejected, angry, scared, confused. Anna tries to get close to him. But GUARDS are holding her back.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Baby!!

Mark is still speechless. Frank makes his way to Mark who is BEING TAKEN AWAY.

FRANK

Hang in there man, we'll get you out.

MARK

(to Anna)

Anna!

Anna is crying and Frank tries to embrace her. She doesn't want to be touched by him. Anna catches a last glimpse of Mark.

ANNA

Oh, no, my God, Mark! Mark!! Baby!!!

Mark, looking back, catches a last glimpse of Anna.

EXT. WILLIAM'S ESTATE. SWIMMING POOL

A fancy soiree at William's Estate. Some GUESTS gather in front of a TV and watch a BUSH press conference. Frank is standing by the swimming Pool with Joyce and

Tim. OTHER GUESTS dance to music. Frank moves on to talk to Paul and other BUSINESS ASSOCIATES. BARBARA plays the perfect hostess.

INT. STAIRCASE. MOMENTS LATER.

Anna runs down the stairs dressed in sweats, tears pouring from her eyes.

INT. LIBRARY. CONTINUOUS.

William and two OLDER MEN are watching the debate on CNN sitting comfortably with a cognac. Anna runs into the study crying, on the verge of hysteria.

WILLIAM

(looking up to the door)

Anna, what's wrong ?

He mutes the TV.

ANNA

(crying)
The sentence was upheld. Now it's
final!

William stands up and crosses over. He hugs her.

WILLIAM
(to his guests)
You'll excuse me gentlemen?

The OLD MEN nod understandingly and leave. Anna's body
shakes from sobbing. She gasps for air and tries to compose
herself.

ANNA
You said you'd get it overturned. You
promised me. What happened!?!?

WILLIAM
Anna, I did everything I could. I spent
thousand of dollars, called anybody who
was in any position to help ...
Unfortunately the Mexican Government
has slammed the door in my face.

(William hugs her and takes
her face in his hands)
I know you don't want to hear this but
it's over, you should divorce him and
get on with your life.

ANNA
Never.

WILLIAM
I did everything possible!

ANNA
I know when you lie to me!

Anna storms out of the library.

INT. BEDROOM. LATER

Joyce sits on the bed, her arms around Anna who is almost
sobbed out. The room is in shambles.

ANNA
10 years.
(in tears, smiling to Joyce)
He never even smoked a Joint!

Anna stands up and looks out of the window to the Party below.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I hate us, I hate this family, our
useless money.

Anna picks up a beautiful gown off the floor and starts ripping it to shreds.

JOYCE
That's a \$1,500 Versace!

ANNA
Do you want it?

Anna tosses it to her.

JOYCE
(looking at it)
You really ripped it.

ANNA
I have plenty more. Take this one.

Anna picks up an other gown laying across the bed and tosses it to Joyce.

JOYCE
(indicating the gown)
Anna, don't do this.

ANNA
Come on, I want you to have it.

Anna opens a draw and pulls out a little bottle containing coke. She sniffs some. Then looks to Joyce who is trying the dress on. Frank knocks on the door and pokes his head inside.

FRANK
Is this a private party ?

Joyce pulls Frank inside and closes the door. Joyce models her "new" Versace for Frank, while Anna does an other line.

JOYCE
Do you like it?

Frank looks her over.

ANNA
(to Frank, angry.)

Why don't you buy it for her. Don't we pay you enough ?

Frank holding back, sits down on the bed next to Anna

FRANK
Your father just told me. I'm sorry.
Are you ok?

ANNA
I don't need your fake sympathy Frank.

FRANK
That's not fair.

ANNA
Oh, please, you always wanted Mark's job. Now you got it. I bet you're happy they didn't let him go.

FRANK
(angry)
I am gonna pretend you didn't say that.

Frank picks up the glass frame and snorts a couple of lines. Anna lays back on the bed. Joyce leans against the wall.

ANNA
I did this. I hurt him so bad.

FRANK
You can't keep blaming yourself Anna!
He's got 10 years to do and I'm sure he'd want us to move on with our lives.

Frank helps Anna sit up on the bed. Joyce comes closer and offers Anna a pillow she's picked up on the floor.

ANNA
(sobbing)
I miss him so much.

FRANK
What are you going to do Anna? Are you going to keep writing letters he doesn't respond to ? Go to Mexico again and again to be told he will not see you ? You romanticize him, Anna. Don't you get it? He holds you responsible. He doesn't love you anymore.

Anna is stunned, hurt.

ANNA
(crying, in pain)
It's not true, you bastard, I hate you.

Anna starts wildly swinging at Frank who grabs her wrists trying to subdue her. Anna fights him off.

JOYCE
(Worried)
Leave her alone!

FRANK
Shut the fuck up, Joyce.

Anna yanks free her right hand and slaps Frank across the face. Frank, stunned, lets go of her other hand and Anna runs into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS

Anna enters, SLAMS THE DOOR - which re-opens - sits on the toilet seat and starts to cry. She fights it at first, then SOBS uncontrollably.

ANNA (V.O.)
" Dear love, I am only 21 and I don't know what to do, I really don't know what to do. You will just have to forgive me."

Anna can see in the reflection of her bathroom mirror, Frank arguing with Joyce while he looks to her in frustration.

INT. EL PLAYON PRISON YARD. MEXICO. DAY

A group of about 20 PRISONERS wearing white uniforms is standing around in a large dirt courtyard. Some are smoking, some are exercising, most are just sitting around enjoying the sun. Mark enters the area. The Prisoners start clapping. A group forms a circle around Mark. They are congratulating him and shaking his hands. Ivano - looking very beaten up - is the happiest. He gives Mark a quick hug.

IVANO
Sin ti, el guardia me iba a matar, my vida es tu vida.
(Without you the Guard would have killed me, I owe you my life.)

EDUARDO, an intellectual in his mid 30s - with glasses and a pale complexion- walks to meet Mark.

EDUARDO
Y entonces ?
(Well, what?)

MARK
I got two years added on my 10.

Eduardo signals Mark to follow him. They walk a few steps toward the fence, to be alone. Ivano follows.

EDUARDO
Look man, we grateful you helped Ivano here - el "*ciquito*" doesn't know better than to disrespect a guard.
(Eduardo slaps Ivano gently)
I got you a present for your troubles.

Eduardo hands Mark an envelope. Mark opens it. It seems to be a wire transfer info and a picture. He can recognize Frank GOLD overseeing construction of a sailboat.

EDUARDO (CONT'D)
My people say this is the man paying mucha plata to keep you in our good company.

MARK
(looking at the wire info)
Son-of-a-bitch.

EDUARDO
The wire transfer is made to a Federales named Mendoza. They have been paying him since you got here.

Mark looks sick, leans against the metal fence, looks to Eduardo in disbelief. Ivano looks concerned.

MARK
(takes a deep breath)
I want to get out. Can you help me?

EDUARDO
I will transfer you and Ivano to Mecanico work detail.

Eduardo notices two guards pointing at the prisoners to go back inside. Exercise Time is over. Eduardo puts his arm around Mark's shoulders and offers him a cigarette. Mark takes it and lights up.

EDUARDO (CONT'D)

Los gringos con plata son unos hijo de putas , sabes?

(rich Americans are mostly son of beeches)

Mark and Eduardo walks back to their cells. Ivano follows.

EXT. ROADWAY/CONSTRUCTION SITE. DAY.

Mark is part of a PRISON WORK DETAIL, led by an inmate named MECANICO. They are laying blacktop on a new roadbed. In the BG, some CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT. THREE GUARDS on horseback oversee the prisoners, strapped together in a chain-gang.

Mark and the OTHERS work as heat waves shimmer off the roadbed. A group of YOUNG INDIAN WOMEN walk by. One smiles at Ivano and moves towards him. Ivano gives Mark a subtle look. The girl, Lucia, tall, willowy, beautiful continues toward Ivano. The LEAD GUARD cuts her off with his horse and motions to her to move on. She pulls out a gun but the guard responds quickly and swats her with his rifle before she has the Time to aim it.

Mark flings a shovelful of HOT TAR in the guard's face. He falls off the horse with a scream. The other four YOUNG INDIAN WOMEN produce several weapons from inside the folds of their shawls and quickly overpower the other two guards. Lucia yanks a key chain from the fallen Guard's belt and releases Mark, who in turns helps the other Inmates. MECANICO and Ivano quickly tie the guards to a tree and take their boots.

EXT. ROADWAY/CONSTRUCTION SITE. LATER

THE INDIAN WOMEN AND THE NOW ARMED INMATES move towards the jungle. Mark hesitates, not sure what to do. Ivano and Lucia turn back and motion for him to follow.

LUCIA

Veni con nosotros, pues. Las indigenas somos tu familia.

(Come with us. We are now your family.)

MARK

Vamonos pues.

(Alright.)

Mark crosses the roadway and heads into the jungle.
Dissolve.

EXT. SAN JUAN / HACHUAPAN . A MONTH LATER. DAY

The sun is shining though a vast and ripe cornfield. The heads of the maize are swaying in the wind as we can hear someone laughing and running through it. Finally the camera discovers Lucia, simply dressed with no shoes. Mark is following, at a pace.

LUCIA
Ella es una rubia, no?
(She is American, isn't she?)

MARK
What?

LUCIA
The woman you love, she's American,
isn't she?

Mark is surprised. Somewhere deep down, he was thinking of Anna, so he simply smiles.

MARK
How do you know?

Lucia stops by a small pond.

LUCIA
You talk to her in your sleep.

Mark throws corn seeds into the water. Lucia waits in silence.

MARK
Her memory is all I have had for a very
long Time.

A ring in the water.

LUCIA
Are you going back to her?

PAUSE- Mark is reflecting.

MARK
My life is complicated.

LUCIA

What are you afraid of?

MARK

That she doesn't love me anymore and ... even more than that..maybe she never did.

LUCIA.

Ask her.

Mark is surprised.

LUCIA

Ask her. She will tell you and you'll know what's real.

Mark sits by the water. Lucia puts her feet in.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

La comunidad says you are a good man who understands justice. The truth - the truth - sets men free. Whatever it may be.

MARK

What's the truth about us ?

LUCIA

I know you cannot love me.

INT. HACHUAPAN FARMHOUSE. DAY

The Camera Pans to discover Ivano unspooling a Telephone line across a yard covered with drying maize. He passes the line to Mark through a window of this small mud brick farmhouse.

EXT. HACHUAPAN FARMHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Lucia is working in the courtyard making tortillas and playing with TWO SMALL KIDS.

INT. HACHUAPAN FARMHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Mark connects the line to a very old beaten up phone. Lucia walks into the room with a Coffee. She puts it on the table and watches Mark completing the task. He holds up the receiver to her ear.

MARK

Let's see if it works.

She smiles when she hears the dial tone. Mark puts the receiver back on the phone and hugs her. Lucia kisses him gently.

MARK (CONT'D)

Lucia, I am leaving tomorrow.

Lucia looks right into his eyes. She is sad.

LUCIA

Don't make me be just a memory.

(points to the phone)

Now you can call me.

Lucia tries to hold back tears but since she cannot, she turns and runs away.

EXT. AMERICAN CONSULATE. CUERNAVACA. DAY

A sub-title reads: **US CONSULATE. CUERNAVACA.**

Mark stakes out the Entrance pretending to drink a beer. He looks totally like a native, dressed in peasant's kaki pants and a white shirt. Finally Mark sees John DELGADO , 35, latino, a DEA Agent, wearing a shirt, black jeans and a tie, walking out the Consulate. He follows him to :

INT. EL POLLO LOCO RESTAURANT, DUSK

Mark closes in behind John as he walks toward a line of people waiting to be served. Suddenly, before John can even react, Mark pushes him into the bathroom.

INT. POLLO LOCO BATHROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Mark shoves John's face against the wall.

JOHN

No tengo plata, no tengo nada de valor.

(I got no money, nothing worth stealing.)

John tries to turn around. Mark leans on his neck.

MARK

Keep your face against the wall.

JOHN

Great, in Mexico, robbed by an American. That's gonna make the news.

MARK
Is your name John Delgado ?

JOHN
At your service.

Mark pulls out an envelope from inside his shirt.

MARK
I am leaving you with evidence implicating an American named Mayer with a drug cartel. Check it out. If you are interested, we'll meet again.

JOHN
Are you looking for money?

MARK
No.

JOHN
So, you just don't like the guy.

MARK
Don't waste your time figuring out who I am. Just build a case. See you back here in 2 days, same time you always come. ... Don't turn.

Mark exits the bathroom. John finds the envelope sitting on top of a paper dispenser, takes it and quickly comes out of the bathroom.

INT. POLLO LOCO RESTAURANT. MOMENTS LATER

John catches a glimpse of Mark heading out of the restaurant but he doesn't try to follow.

JOHN
God, I am so predictable.
(opens the envelope)
Good - we like pictures.

INT. US CONSULATE CUERNAVACA / DEA OFFICES. LATER.

A large Spanish style room cut into four cubicles right in the center. A fan above. Posters on the walls: SAY NO TO DRUGS, PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE. A Picture of President CLINTON with a Joint painted over his lips, an American Flag. In an adjacent room off to the side a TECHNICIAN hovers over a pile of electronic equipment In one of the cubicles, John sits at his desk on a swivel chair. He is excited. On his desk A NUMBER OF PICTURES depicting:

1# A group of Men in Uniform oversees three laborers loading plastic wrapped bricks of coke into the open keel of a Sailboat. The MAN in CHARGE is Mendoza, dressed in a High Ranking Federales Uniform.

2# A small seaplane is stationed by a dock. In the foreground Frank Gold is smiling and talking to Mendoza.

3# Laborers inside an hangar containing a number of Sail Boats, sadder shut a keel.

John finds a computer disk in the envelope. He loads it into his computer. A PAGE Reads :

Republic of Cayman / enter bank/ Royal Yacht Enterprises.Code 0023-44-bra. Transfers received : \$ 12,000,000.00 To Frank Gold Boston Ext/acc: CFRT: \$ 1,500,000.00

Info. Doc. Page two reads: Code 0024-44 BRA. Transfers received. \$ 1,500,000.00 De/reg: transfer. Paul Erickson.

Info. Doc. Page three reads: Republic of Mexico.Code; 00-0244 TAR Huateke Monex. Transfer received. \$ 50,000.00 / 2002 Mendoza.\$ 100,000.00 / 2003 Mendoza. \$ 250,000.00 / 2004 Mendoza.

JOHN (V.O.)
Jackpot!

John loads the Pictures in a scanner and dials on his phone.

EXT. AERIAL SHOOT OF MIAMI. CONTINUOUS.

Miami. The Camera flies over Miami Beach towards a glass skyscraper. A title reads: DEA HEADQUARTERS. MIAMI

INT. DEA OFFICE. MIAMI. CONTINUOUS

LT. ROSTOW, a senior officer with the Miami Bureau of the DEA. A cold, compact man, Rostow drinks a Diet Pepsi while at his computer and talks to John over a speaker phone. The photos we saw previously are appearing on the screen.

ROSTOW
It looks like the real thing.

JOHN
(over the speakerphone)
This is just the tip of the Iceberg. I am meeting with him again in 2 days.

ROSTOW
Any idea who he is?

JOHN
(over the speakerphone)
Not really - I know he is an American -
I saw him only briefly - I am hoping I
will have an ID on him in the next 48
hours.

ROSTOW
Make it a priority.

INT. US CONSULATE CUERNAVACA. CONTINUOUS.

John opens a cabinet on the side of his desk and pulls out
a stack of files. He puts it into his briefcase.

JOHN
Shall I ask him to come State side?

ROSTOW
(over the speakerphone)
Let me think about it.

John looks up as a pretty secretary , LAVINIA, mid 20s,
slim, short black hair, enters the cubicle. He points her
to a chair and continues on the phone.

JOHN
Dan, I've been in Mexico too long, get
my ass back to South Beach.

ROSTOW (O.S.)
(over the speakerphone)
I'll start calling you "*mojadito*".

JOHN
Dan, you're a racist pig.

John hangs up, gets the disk and photos back into the
envelope and drops it into the briefcase.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What's up?

LAVINIA
I am going out, do you want anything?

JOHN
(fake enthusiasm)
Yo quiero *Taco Bell*.

Lavinia laughs and leaves.

EXT. BEACON HILL. BOSTON. EARLY MORNING.

A FATHER is talking to his kid by a school bus stop. Camera PANS to Anna who just glimpsed that moment while walking down the street, amongst people, in front of a brownstone.

INT. BOOKSTORE. MOMENTS LATER.

Anna walks into a small bookstore. It's well kept, cozy, and with a friendly atmosphere. LETIZIA, a 40 year old latina, recognizes Anna. She smiles.

ANNA

How's your daughter?

LETIZIA

The doctors says she'll recover fully.
Thank you for suggesting your friend.

Anna smiles and looks at a table with a number of glossy Photo Books.

ANNA

I'm glad I could help. I wish I
had a daughter just like her.

LETIZIA

When is your photo book coming out?

ANNA

Soon.

LETIZIA comes out from behind the register. She has a present for Anna - obviously a book - all wrapped and with a ribbon. She hands it over.

LETIZIA

A woman is not happy without a man, no
matter what they say in these self-help
books.

Anna smiles.

ANNA

My life is complicated.

LETIZIA

Life is not complicated, Anna,
illusions are.

Anna nods. Letizia hugs her. Anna backs out of the store holding up her gift.

ANNA
Thank you Letizia.

INT. HOTELITO. CUERNAVACA. NIGHT.

Mark is resting on a large bed in this very "funky" hotel room. It's hot. Mark is sweating. No air conditioning but for a Fan on the window. Mark gets up and sits at the small table. He starts writing a letter.

MARK (V.O.)
" Dear Anna, no matter what happened I can only remember the best of us and your smile. It seems like yesterday."

EXT. EL POLLO LOCO RESTAURANT. DUSK.

A beautiful pink SUNSET is underway. Mark is staking out the entrance to the Restaurant.

MARK (V.O.)
"It's true that Time is only Marking Time when you are not together with the one you love or when there is no longer love in your life".

EXT. EL POLLO LOCO RESTAURANT, CONTINUOUS

John navigates his way down a crowded street, past shops, kids campesinos, traffic. He passes by a beat up BLACK VAN with tinted windows.

MARK (V.O.)
"Anna, I am free and no longer afraid to face the truth. For 4 years your father's money kept me in prison. I know my best friend was part of it, my heart insists that you were not."

He passes by a beat up BLACK VAN with tinted windows.

INT. BLACK VAN. CONTINUOUS.

Mendoza watches a WAITER show John to an outside table.

EXT. EL POLLO LOCO RESTAURANT. CONTINUOUS.

The WAITER pours John a beer as he looks around for his "informer" . He is actually feeling nervous and fidgety.

EXT. MARKET ACROSS THE STREET. CONTINUOUS.

Mark, wearing a hat, and with a camera around his neck, is browsing about the Market. Finally Mark stops behind a rack of Mexican Masks, and see John waiting for him across the street. As he is about to cross over, Mark's attention is directed to a HEAVILY BUILT MAN carrying three popsicles. The MAN gets into the driver's side of THE BLACK VAN revealing a set of handcuffs looped in the back of his belt. Mark stops.

INT. BLACK VAN. CONTINUOUS.

THE HEAVILY BUILT MAN hands Mendoza a popsicle. Mendoza starts sucking on it, finds and opens his portable phone, dials. Doing both things at once gets complicated.

MENDOZA

(on the phone)

Nobody showed up to meet this guy and I think he is about to leave.

FRANK

(o.s.)

Pick him up.

MENDOZA

Are you sure ? He may be an undercover.

FRANK

(o.s.)

Pick him up.

Mendoza is unsure but he turns to Julio.

MENDOZA

Hay que agarrarlo

(They ask we grab him.)

EXT. OPEN MARKET ACROSS THE STREET. CONTINUOUS

Mark is taking pictures of the VAN's plate. Suddenly Mark can hear THE VAN SIDE DOOR open and sees FOUR MASKED MEN run, guns at the ready, towards John. John pulls out his gun. PEOPLE are screaming and running in all directions knocking over tables and one another. John's table and beer go flying, A MASKED MAN falls over a child's stroller, the OTHER MEN advance toward John. TWO OF THEM ARE CARRYING KALASHNIKOV MACHINE GUNS.

JOHN SURRENDERS, DROPS HIS GUN ON THE PAVEMENT AND RAISES HIS HANDS.

CAMERA POV/CONTINUOUS (BLACK AND WHITE)

Mark takes pictures of THE MASKED MEN WHO MANHANDLE John INTO THE VAN. The VAN Speeds off.

EXT. HACIENDA LAS COLINAS. MEXICO. EARLY MORNING

Subtitle reads: HACIENDA LAS COLINAS, MEXICO.

A bus stops at a run-down gasoline station. A FIGURE, mid-30's, well-built, his skin burned by the sun, steps out amongst other "campesinos" and walks along a dirt road to Hacienda Las Colinas. Like the other men, he carries a coffee bag on his shoulders containing few possessions.

THE FIGURE

Walks towards us from out of the sun, appearing as a SILHOUETTE. Slowly we make out his face -- it's Mark. By the Hacienda's front yard, a FOREMAN is sitting behind a desk, carrying on brief interviews with the new arrivals.

FOREMAN

12 oras por 100 pesos, y la comida la tenes que comprar en la tienda de la Hacienda.

(12 hour for 100 pesos and you must buy your food at the Company store.)

We recognize Ivano, always smiling.

IVANO

Esta muy bien patron.
(That's all right.)

Mark is next in line under the burning SUN. He steps forward.

FOREMAN

A ver tus papeles.
(Show me your i.d.)

MARK

Es que no lo tengo.
(I don't have it.)

FOREMAN

You look Gringo.

Mark doesn't answer, and just stares in space, stonefaced. The FOREMAN stands up and leans toward him, looking right into his piercing blue eyes.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
What's your name?

Mark doesn't answer.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
Come on, what's your name?

MARK
No entiendo ingles Jefe. Yo nunca estuve a Los Estados, pues solo aqui en Mexico.
(I don't understand English Boss. I was never in the States, only in Mexico.)

The FOREMAN looks him over one more Time, then he indicates the table and a piece of paper. Mark picks up a pen, but he looks like he doesn't know what to do with it.

FOREMAN
Firma aqui, vees, ponele lo que quieras.
(Sign here, put whatever you want.)

Mark signs, picks up his sack and moves on as the next in line steps forward.

EXT. HACIENDA LAS COLINAS. MEXICO. MIDDAY.

The sun is still hot. Work is hard. The laborers are carrying heavy loads of fruit to waiting carts. Finally, it is Time to rest. A whistle blows. All of the laborers head back to the sides of the orange grove.

EXT. HACIENDA LAS COLINAS. MEXICO. CONTINUOUS.

The camera discovers Mark drinking water from a battered stainless steel thermos. He looks strong, sexy, thoughtful and very sweaty.

INT. ANNA'S OFFICE. BOSTON. CONTINUOUS

It's late but the office is still busy. Anna is walking through a corridor back to her office, holding the copy and graphics for a commercial print. The walls are adorned with framed book covers and photographs. SUSAN, mid 20s, pretty, slim, and her secretary, is waiting by Anna's desk.

SUSAN
Your father wants you to call back immediately.

ANNA
Can you get me Lauren on the phone?

SUSAN
She said she'll call you tomorrow morning, first thing.

SUSAN walks out of the office. Anna sits down at her desk and dials on the phone.

ANNA
What's up?...Yes - I told them not to accept your money. It was very nice of you, but I don't want your help...No, listen, I'd rather not come tonight ... Fine - I will see you later.
(annoyed)
I will - I'll be there.

SUSAN is back with a drink. Anna sips, looking angry.

SUSAN
I'll stay if you need me.

Anna checks her watch, frowns.

ANNA
Go home.

SUSAN leaves. Boston is already getting dark, the lights of other office towers glitter outside.

EXT. HACIENDA LAS COLINAS. EARLY EVENING.

Mark is sitting on the steps of the workers' dormitory. He can see the Hacienda, lit in the distance.

EXT. MARK / POV. CONTINUOUS

Two armed men are standing guard in the yard, smoking, talking, walking around, hafting RIFLES. A Mercedes Benz arrives in the yard, and COLONEL MUGUEL Mendoza, now mid-40s, his hair grayer, steps out. The two guards stand at attention respectfully. Mendoza walks in quickly.

EXT. HACIENDA LAS COLINAS. LATER

Mark continues looking, slowly peeling an orange in his hands. Another CAR has arrived. More men step out and walk inside. Ivano, smiling, walks next to Mark, sits on his knees and gives him a bag

IVANO.

Ojala estea vivo todavia.
(Hopefully he is still alive)

Mark pulls the bag open -- inside is a knife, an automatic pistol and a number of clips. He loads the gun.

INT. HACIENDA LAS COLINAS. EVENING

The Main Room is sparsely furnished. Mendoza is talking into a portable phone as two guards drink at a nearby table.

MENDOZA

No, if you say do it, I'll do it. I've
no fucking choice now!

Mendoza puts down the phone in disgust. BODYGUARD 1 looks up at him.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)

Dicen de volarnos este cabron.
(They say we should kill him.)

BODYGUARD 1 shrugs and stands up. Mendoza nods. The second bodyguard picks up a machine gun from the table.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)

Que no lo encuentren ni los perros.
(I don't want dogs to dig him
up.)

INT. HACIENDA LAS COLINAS. STAIRS. CONTINUOUS.

The BODYGUARDS step out of the main room, up the stairs, to a guest room where a third man is standing guard.

INT. HACIENDA LAS COLINAS. ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Inside the room, handcuffed against the bed post, John DELGADO, late 30s, obviously in bad shape after several beatings. He hears the door opening even though he is dizzy. They untie him from the bed.

JOHN

Water. Please. Agua, entendes?
I need some water.

BODYGUARD 1
Este se cree una plantita.
(He thinks he is a small
plant.)

BODYGUARD 1 punches him straight in the mouth. John faints.

BODYGUARD2
*Para que puta ? Ahora tenemos que
llevarlo de peso.*
(Why ? Now we have to carry
him.)

Irritated, he picks him up and onto his shoulders.

EXT. HACIENDA BACKYARD. MOMENTS LATER

Hidden behind a shack, Mark is now next to the front yard, as the two BODYGUARDS exit the front door carrying John. They head toward the back of the house. Mark follows, gun in hand.

BODYGUARD1
De rodillas.
(On your knees)

John is unceremoniously dropped on the ground. He comes to and WE CUT TO:

DELGADO'S POV: BODYGUARD 1

Standing over us, aiming the gun down, chambering a round.

BODYGUARD 1
Turn.

JOHN
Can't shoot a man looking at you ?

BODYGUARD 2 translates, the other guard laughs:

BODYGUARD 1
No, no problem, maricon.

He is about to squeeze the trigger when we hear:

MARK
Un tragito mas, hermanos, compadres.
(One more drink brothers,
buddies.)

BODYGUARD 1 turns to the intruder -- it's Mark looking like a drunk day laborer, covered in dirt and sweat.

BODYGUARD 1
Hijo de puta. Que haces aqui?
(Son of a bitch, what are you
doing here?)

The bodyguard laughs and turns to his pal.

BODYGUARD 1 (CONT'D)
Hay que volarnos este loco tambien.
(We have to kill this idiot
too.)

Mark smiles drunkenly, pulls a gun from inside his shirt, points and shoots BODYGUARD 1 in the face. The second, BODYGUARD 2, is petrified and doesn't move, can't even remember he has a gun.

MARK
Sueltala.
(Drop it.)

The BODYGUARD 2 drops his gun. John is quick to get it and stand up. He hurts all over.

JOHN
Thank God!

Mark signals to both him and the surviving BODYGUARD to proceed him up the hill. As the BODYGUARD turns, Mark drops him with a chop on the neck and quickly disappears with John into the underbrush, back up the hill.

INT. HACIENDA LAS COLINAS. CONTINUOUS.

Mendoza has heard a shoot and walks to the front door gun in hand. He nearly blows the head of BODYGUARD 2 who slams into him.

MENDOZA
Que puta te pasa!?
(What the hell is wrong with
you!?)

BODYGUARD 2
Jefe. Nos asaltaron y lo perdimo!
(Boss, we were assaulted and
lost him.)

Mendoza slaps the bodyguard in the face. He takes it in silence, trembling. Cursing, Mendoza kicks the door open.

EXT/INT. HACIENDA LAS COLINAS. CONTINUOUS.

Mendoza steps briefly outside.

MENDOZA
Fuck, fuck, fuck. Pendejos!

INT. HACIENDA. STAIRS. CONTINUOUS

Mendoza thunders up the stairs passing by a group of heavily armed MEN who are descending instead.

MENDOZA
Deanle vuelta a la aldea, pero que me lo regresen aqui a este hijo de puta!!
(Turn the place up side down but bring him back to me!)

INT. MENDOZA'S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.

Mendoza enters his room, opens a drawer, picks up numerous pistol clips, looks around for a holster - by the bed- and finally looks for his Phone Book - finds a number and dials it on his portable phone.

MENDOZA
(On the phone)
Frank? Our friend escaped! ... Of course he was under guard!...Someone helped him!
(Mendoza is being berated and he wants none of it.)
I don't know who -- ... That's what I'm doing and I need to get off the phone!

He slams the cell phone shut breaking it. The new technology is way too delicate for him. He throws it on the floor.

MENDOZA (CONT/) (CONT'D)
Cheap, piece of digital shit.

EXT. YACHT. BOSTON HARBOR. NIGHT

BARBARA and William MAYERS are entertaining a group of twenty guests on their Yacht. MUSIC - nice pleasant conversation. Tim HOROWITZ, late 30's, a lawyer, well dressed, is talking to Joyce WARNER, 30 something, beautifully dressed in an evening gown. Nearby we see Anna who is looking out to the HARBOR in no clear direction. Misha, an Eastern-European Bodyguard, mid 30s, well built, uncomfortable, is escorting Frank, now well dressed in Armani. He's still on the receiving end of a portable phone. He cannot get the line he wants, just a weird static. He's pissed.

FRANK
Fuckin' idiots!

William and Paul ERICKSON, late 50s, an accountant-type, are talking. Frank moves towards them, flipping his cell phone closed and jamming it in his suit pocket.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I just got some real bad news from our friends in Mexico.

William is very annoyed but even more surely he doesn't want to be overheard. He directs Frank to go inside.

INT. YACHT. LIVING QUARTERS. MOMENTS LATER.

William closes the door, unhappy.

FRANK
Our problem just got bigger. The man we spoke about got away. Someone helped him escape.

WILLIAM
What?!

FRANK
Look, I didn't know if he had anymore on us than the photos you saw. I had no choice but to have Mendoza grab him. I cannot believe that idiot would then let him get away! Now what do we do ?!

WILLIAM
Calm down and re-phrase.

FRANK
Sure, William. I have a problem.

WILLIAM
Are you a bright young man?

FRANK
Yeah, well.

WILLIAM
Then earn the obscene amount of money I am paying you. For what Frank? I have to return to my guests.

FRANK
Sure.

William tries a smile and walks back on deck. Frank follows at a pace.

EXT. YACHT DECK. CONTINUOUS.

Frank is back on deck. Tim is still talking and smiling to Joyce. Frank joins them but he's looking for someone else.

FRANK
(to Tim)
Can you drive her home ?

JOYCE
(to Frank)
What's the matter Frank?

FRANK
Nothing honey, something came up with work.

TIM
Be happy to.

FRANK
(to Tim.)
I'll call you later.

TIM
Sure.

The CAMERA follows Frank He stops next to Anna. She barely acknowledge his presence.

FRANK
I want to talk to you.
(Beat- Frank sees Paul walk by.)
Paul!
(to Anna)
I'll see you later?

ANNA
No you won't - I'm leaving.

PAUL
What's up ?

FRANK
Come with me. I need to show you something.

PAUL
Can it wait till tomorrow ?

FRANK

No.

Frank looks back to Anna. She's gone back to look at the lights of the City. William carrying two champagne glasses stops behind her - and Anna turns.

WILLIAM

Glad you could make it.

ANNA

Hi, dad.

EXT. LAS COLINAS HILLS. NIGHT.

Mark and John are pushing their way through the thick BRUSH. Close by we hear the thrum of a thousand insects.

JOHN

Thank you man. Thank you. *Muchas Gracias*. Jesus, he nearly blew my head off. This close.

John tries to keep up the pace.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Yo! Un telephone. Necesito. To call, you get it?

MARK

We have to hurry up.

JOHN

You're an American!? Jesus Christ!! Rapid response my ass. I sent a distress 24 hours ago - where the hell were you ?

John laughs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

How far is the pick up?

MARK

If you don't shut up you'll get us killed.

John is puzzled, and now whispering.

JOHN

Who are you ? My name is John Delgado, I'm a US Federal agent. What's your name?

Mark takes his Time to answer. John is still waiting.

MARK
My name is Mark.

JOHN
Mark what ?

MARK
Just Mark. Come on.

EXT. LABORERS' CAMP. LATER.

On a bluff overlooking the Hacienda, the Laborers have heard the commotion. Some are standing outside the hut, others have instead closed the doors in fear. Ivano is crouched by the side of a trail leading further up the hills. Mark and John pass by. Ivano steps onto the trail. From the Hacienda we can already hear the Guards calling out in alarm.

IVANO
Ya andan solos para mientras
(You've not being followed
yet.)

Mark stops.

MARK
Stay here till I come back for you.

JOHN
You're kidding.

MARK
They are looking for us, the Hacienda
is unprotected. It's the one Time I can
get inside.

Mark turns and heads rapidly back towards the hacienda.

EXT. LAS COLINAS HILLS. CONTINUOUS.

John slumps against a tree, slaps at an insect buzzing against his face and lets out a long, low breath. Ivano looks him over and gives him an orange.

JOHN
I'm going down there.

John shoves off -- after Mark. Ivano signals him not to, but John continues. Ivano follows him, gun at the ready. John looks back a few Times. Ivano follows at a pace.

INT. FRANK'S JAGUAR. ABANDONED RAIL STATION. BOSTON. NIGHT

Misha is driving. Frank and Paul are sitting in the back. Frank is drinking a scotch. Paul is nervous, looking at Frank and outside.

FRANK

You've worked for me - what seven, eight years? I still make you this nervous ?

PAUL

Why do you say that Frank ? I just don't understand why we need to go anywhere this Time at night. I drank too much. The party was good, wasn't it? William looked happy.

FRANK

Thrilled.

The car stops.

EXT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION. CONTINUOUS.

Frank, Paul and Misha get out the car. Doors slam shut.

FRANK

Come , we walk , we talk, I kill you. Fucking relax, man, I am joking. What's wrong with you ?

Frank and Paul start walking down the railway path toward the repair shop grid. Paul looks quite confused. Misha stays behind by the car.

FRANK (CONT'D)

A friend tells me he's got files about my affairs in Mexico. So many photos, it's like my own little Truman Show. Says the DEA is gonna bring you in for an informal discussion-that's how the call it when a snitch is ratting...

PAUL

Frank, I didn't give them anything important.

FRANK

I know.

Frank pulls out his gun, aims and shoots. BANG. Echo. Paul falls on the ground, surprised and dead. Misha walks over.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Dump him someplace.

MISHA
Sure.

Misha picks him and start pulling it toward Frank's car.

FRANK
Hey, hey - what are you doing - don't
put a dead guy in my car. Use your own
car. Leave him there. Let's go get your
car.

INT. THE HACIENDA. NIGHT

The FOREMAN, hat in hand, is brought into the room. He is
scared. Mendoza would like to shoot somebody. He can't
decide who. Finally he regains some control, barely.

MENDOZA
Los contastes ? Quantos se fueron?
(Did you count them ? How many
left ?)

FOREMAN
Nada mas dos. Como podia saber?
(Only two, Jefe. How could I
know ?)
Parecian campesinos. De veras
(They looked like peasants,
truly)

A GROUP OF MEN armed to the hilt walk into the Room.

MENDOZA
Estan listos? Vamonos pues!!
(Ready? Let's go already)

EXT. THE HACIENDA / MARK POV.. NIGHT

Mark, watching from behind a jumble of plants and
underbrush, sees Mendoza and other ARMED MEN pile into a
jeep and take off.

MARK
Do you want to know who paid to have
you kidnapped ?

Mark hands over a GUN. John takes it.

JOHN
Let's go.

MARK
(to Ivano)
Quidanos la salida.
(Cover our exit)

Ivano nods.

EXT. CRANE SHOT: HACIENDA GROUNDS. NIGHT

John and Mark sprint across the manicured lawn.

INT. HACIENDA. STAIRS. MOMENTS LATER.

Mark and John creep up the main stairwell. Mark notices Mendoza's room half open door. They edge closer, gently pushing open the door.

INT. HACIENDA. ROOM. CONTINUOUS

They step into the room. Mark finds, and quickly looks through some files. John spots a COMPUTER. He inserts two hard DISKS and starts copying files.

JOHN
This looks interesting.

EXT. JEEP. CONTINUOUS.

Mendoza is pissed. He is making sure his gun is loaded. He looks for his phone but cannot find it. Julio is driving.

MENDOZA
Deme tu celular.
(Give me your portable.)

JULIO
Lo perdi hombre.
(I lost it man.)

MENDOZA
Puto. Quebre lo mio. Hay que regresar a buscar otro.
(Shit. I smashed mine. We got to go back look for an other.)

The Jeep stops and turns.

INT. MENDOZA'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

John is sitting at the computer. Mark is resting against a wall when suddenly the door swings open and a YOUNG MAID enters and stops, very surprised. Mark signals her to be

quiet. John pulls out the hard disks. They can hear VOICES from the Main Hall.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

Mendoza is yelling. Julio is looking around for the Maid.

MENDOZA
*Martita!! Donde esta el portable de my
senora!! Martita!!*
(Marta, where is my wife's
portable!?)

INT. HACIENDA. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

THE YOUNG MAID looks to John as if to ask " What do I do?" and faints in front of him. John looks to Mark as if to say "Now what?". Mark points to the window. They climb out onto the WINDOW LEDGE, teetering on the edge, uncertain -- a "Do I stay or do I go?" situation. Mendoza enters the room, stumbles over THE YOUNG MAID and falls on the floor. Mark is afraid to hit her and doesn't fire.

MARK
(pushing John)
Jump!

Mendoza can see Mark and quickly recovers enough to OPEN FIRE!

MENDOZA
Andan por aqui!
(They are here!)

MARK FINALLY RETURNS FIRE AND JUMPS.

EXT. LAWN. CONTINUOUS.

-- landing on the ground in a roll, and then stoops to retrieve an object lying on the grass -- THE DISCS! They run towards the tree line just as JULIO appears in the window ABOVE and opens fire.

IVANO FIRES BACK AT THE WINDOW. MENDOZA AND JULIO DUCK.

Mark and John disappear into the brush as the bullets chew up the ground and trees around them.

INT. SWIMMING POOL. BOSTON. NIGHT

The sound of someone jumping into water. Anna floats in its center, lit only by the lights from below. She is wearing a

pair of small waterproof glasses. Camera pushes in on her face.

MARK (V.O.)

*Dear Anna, no matter all that happened
I can only remember the best of us and
your smile. It seems like yesterday.*

Anna breathes heavily but very slowly. An exercise. Meditation ? At Times the water covers her goggles.

INT. SWIMMING POOL. BOSTON. NIGHT. PRESENT TIME

A MAN'S DRESS SHOES walk on the pool's tile floor to reach the nearest point to Anna, now floating in the center. She reopens her eyes. She senses a presence behind her and moves back to an horizontal position. She recognizes him. It's Frank.

ANNA

You scared me.

FRANK

I figured I'd find you here.

ANNA

What do you want?

FRANK

To talk.

ANNA

Leave me alone Frank.

Frank is walking down the pool following Anna's movements.

FRANK

Be nice.

Anna stops short of the edge.

ANNA

Are you in trouble Frank?

FRANK

What makes you say that?

ANNA

Because I know you.

Frank is taken aback. He walks a few steps.

FRANK

Haven't I always been there for you ?

Anna gets out of the pool and towels herself off. Frank circles her, on edge, jumpy.

ANNA
What do you want?

FRANK
You--

ANNA
Go away.

They exchange long looks. Hers is that of a trapped animal filled with hate. Frank looks possessed.

FRANK
You and I are tied.

ANNA
No, we are not.

Anna is angry. She dives back into the pool.

INT. SWIMMING POOL. CONTINUOUS.

Anna swims a lap. Frank follows her by pool side.

FRANK
Without me you're gonna drown.

INT. SWIMMING POOL. CONTINUOUS.

Anna comes up for air. She breathes in with a small cry. She takes off her goggles and lets them sink to the bottom of the pool. Then dives down. Frank leaves the swimming pool.

EXT. HUACHAPAN HILLS. NIGHT

John and Mark and Ivano, high on the hill, can see a GROUP OF MEN HOLDING TORCHLIGHTS following them in the valley far below. They take a rest. John is already panting, Mark seems to have just walked a block.

JOHN
Will we lose them?

MARK
Not with you, we won't. All we can do is try and stay ahead. Let's move on.

JOHN
Not ready.

John is still out of breath, Ivano is concerned. The LIGHTS are coming closer. Ivano returns next to Mark.

IVANO
A ver si me llevo unos cuantos.
(Let's see who follows me.)

Mark nods. Ivano starts on his way back down the hill.

IVANO (CONT'D)
(to John)
Suerte.
(Good luck!)

John is puzzled.

MARK
(to John)
He's gonna buy us Time, but we have to use it. Let's go.

EXT. HUACHAPAN HILLS. LATER

Mark is leading up a trail. John is following a few steps behind having a very hard Time of it. Mark stops and looks behind, gesturing to John to pass him by. Mark tries to hide their traces, then continues up to the crest. John is resting farther up. Mark passes by him.

MARK
Move on.

John walks. Soon Mark is too far ahead of John and stops to wait for him. He is looking at the night and the valley below. The group of men is still following at a pace.

JOHN
Who are those guys?!!
(faint smile)
Movie. Who are those guys?!!

MARK
Very funny. How long with the DEA?

JOHN
Eleven years, mostly in Miami. I didn't get out into the field much - I met you, I'm in a jungle!!

MARK

They're roping us in.

Mark is concerned. He continues ahead. The MEN continue to follow. We can see a group split to follow Ivano.

JOHN

Please, can we rest five more minutes?

MARK

No.

Mark picks up John's backpack and moves on. John feels lighter and breathes.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Frank stands, rubbing his eyes and staring out the window. Misha plays a noisy hand-held video game.

FRANK

Turn off that beeping shit, Misha.

Suddenly Misha's game BEEPS loudly again.

MISHA

Can I finish?

Frank whirls and grabs the game out of his hand.

FRANK

How does it work?

Frank starts playing as Tim walks into the Office.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Talk to me, Tim.

TIM

I dropped Joyce home.

FRANK

Who cares about that ? ... Did you talk to William?

TIM

Yes. He's still fuming but agreed to hold off firing you unless you get indicted. ... That's good Frank, you have some more Time to work things out.

FRANK

What's there to work out ? " Their agent escaped - I'm screwed ".

Frank gets "killed" and stops playing. He stares to Tim annoyed. Tim cannot believe Frank is playing with a toy.

TIM

We know the DEA don't have him yet, or you'd be in Jail already ... Look, there is nothing we can do this Time at night, I'll come back tomorrow morning and we'll review your legal options.

FRANK

Do I have any?

TIM

Always. MeanTime though, I'd get ready for a bunch of people ruffling through your papers. The DEA loves records.

Tim stands up and leaves the room. Frank pours himself a drink and sits down on the couch. He looks at the game -- and plays one more round. He gets killed instantly. Misha snickers, until Frank fixes him with a stare.

FRANK

You're getting on my nerves. Go do something --

Misha leaves the room. Frank tries the game again. He gets killed again. Disgusted, he tosses the game into the fireplace. The circuits POP and the plastic MELTS.

EXT. HACHUAPAN HILLS. NIGHT.

Mark and John are working their way up a steep incline.

JOHN

Wait a second.

MARK

What now?

John sits down on his knees-like a camel. Mark looks at the valley below. The silence of the night is unbearably loud.

JOHN

God, my daughter told me to renew my membership at Bally's but no, pizza.

Mark moves once again to the crest of the mountain first in one direction, then a few yards on the opposite side. Then once again. Finally he comes back to John.

MARK
We have to fight.

JOHN
Shit, man.

John follows Mark down the crest for a few yards. Mark stops and starts digging what appears to be a drainage hole, transversely to the slope. John helps with his hands. Finally Mark pulls out a hand made mine from the sack, digs it into the ground and unspools a NYLON FISHING LINE across the small path.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You learned that in a Mexican prison ?

Mark doesn't answer and moves back to the crest, then down a little where he sets another home made mine. John follows him behind a tree from where he can finally see a small torch light moving up the hill below.

MARK
You see that white rock?

JOHN
Yes.

MARK
When they get there, shoot and try to force them left.

JOHN
And you ?

MARK
I'll wait for the others.

JOHN
Which others ?

MARK
The ones you can't see.

Mark hands John three balls wrapped in newspaper and held together by black tape.

MARK (CONT'D)
These are bombas de contacto. If they come too close, throw'em hard, and try

to hit a rock, or else they don't
explode.

Mark moves out into the darkness. Finally he finds a comfortable spot which gives him a good view of the mine planted before. He checks his ammunition, his bombas, then sits and waits. We hear the night. Silence. Suddenly four shots in rapid succession, then a number of machine guns open fire. Mark runs forward, gun in hand, between the trees. He stops, drops to the ground, he can hear other men running up, he moves sideways, stops again, he can now see two of them running fast. He shoots. A hit. Screams.

VOICES

Le pegaron ...alli a la derecha.
(He was hit, there, on the
right!)

Mark runs backward, more men appear from between the trees. He waits. One more shot. Another man falls.

VOICES (CONT'D)

Hijo de Puta. Esta solo, esta solo.
(The son of a bitch is alone!)

Finally Mark is back to his first Position. He throws a Bomba de contacto to his right. An explosion follows. A man screams. Then a much stronger explosion. The mine has gone off. More screams.

EXT. HACHUAPAN HILLS. CONTINUOUS.

Mark moves back to John's position. He is ducking behind a stone.

JOHN

I'm hit.

Mark looks around briefly.

MARK

Let me see that.

One of John's legs is bleeding. Mark probes his wound, and rips his jeans apart to look at it closer.

MARK (CONT'D)

It's nothing.

JOHN

Nothing? It fucking hurts!

MARK

It isn't a bullet, just a piece of rock.

John stands up and tries to walk. He can't. He is in pain.

JOHN
So, what's our plan now - Mr. Roldan ?

Mark looks at him in surprise.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Mark Roldan, Brooklyn born. Harvard MBA.
(Looks to Mark)
Your file landed on my desk when you busted out of Prison. I don't think even your mother would recognize you now.

Mark doesn't respond, puts his arm under John's shoulder and pulls him up.

MARK
(helping John up and supporting him)
Hang on to me.

INT. HACHUAPAN HILLS. CAVE. LATER THAT NIGHT.

A small fire crackles in a crude cooking pit, casting an orange glow over the rocks. John sits near it, eating the remains of a tin of sardines.

JOHN
I'm sorry I'm slowing us down.

Mark nods as he puts some plants in a tin to boil.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What are they for?

MARK
It will kill the pain for a while.

Mark hands over some of the potion. John sips it and makes a face.

JOHN
Am I gonna see a naked dead Indian talking to me ?

MARK
If you do, don't piss him off.

Mark goes to the side of the cave and uses a knife to dig down into the earthen floor, finding and removing a small wooden BOX. John can see him.

JOHN
You know where we are ?

MARK
My wife and I discovered this place on one of our hikes.

JOHN
You came up here for fun?

Mark picks up a pack of cigarettes, opens it up and lights one up, sits back down next to the fire.

Mark finds a rusty pair of scissors and a mirror fragment. He holds the fragment up with one hand and starts snipping at his beard with the other.

Mark's HAND swishes a RAZOR in a cup of hot water, then applies it to his cheek, cutting away a swath of hair. John is trying to find a comfortable position on his butt. He is cold.

ANGLE ON: THE BOX. Inside is Mark's passport, a stack of un-opened LETTERS -- and a bent, stained PHOTO OF Anna. In spite of the condition, she looks alluring. John picks it up.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Your wife? She's beautiful.

Mark nods, and John fingers the stack of LETTERS, all bearing U.S. stamps and addressed in the same curvy handwriting. None have been opened.

JOHN (CONT'D)
They all from her?

MARK
Yeah.

Mark takes the letters from John, puts them into a plastic bag, folds it carefully and puts it in his back pocket.

JOHN
Why didn't you open them ?

MARK
Never got a letter with good news.

JOHN
(gentle, probing)
Our report of the arrest says the coke
they found at the Airport was in her
bag. You confessed it was yours. ...
Was it ?

Mark doesn't answer but with a look as if to say "What do
you think?"

JOHN (CONT'D)
How can you possibly still care for
somebody who hurt you like that ?

The potion is making John sleepy.

MARK
You don't choose who you love.

JOHN
Women - I can't understand them, I
don't even try anymore. I love 'em ,
they leave me. I don't love'em, they
want me.

CLOSE IN ON MARK'S REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR SHARD. WITHOUT
A BEARD HE LOOKS MUCH YOUNGER.

JOHN (O.S.)
Me ? I learned to live with a broken
heart - and I bet you will too.

INT. HACHUAPAN CAVE. MEXICO. NIGHT. PRESENT TIME.

The FIRE is smoldering now. John lies on his makeshift bed.
PAN OVER TO Mark -- his eyes snap open. Instantly he rolls
off his "bed" and grabs John.

MARK
Let's move. Now!

Mark points to the interior of the Cave. John, groggy
confused stumbles toward the entrance. Mark turns him
around and points him toward a hole at the rear of the
cave.

INT. CAVE. SILHOUETTE. CONTINUOUS

Three ropes drop down over the mouth of the cave and three
Mexican army commandos rappel down, opening fire as they
hit the ground.

Mark and John SCRAMBLE FOR THE HOLE. Bullets chip the wet stone all around. A COMMANDO works the slide on an RPG. (Rocket Propelled Grenade)

Mark rolls into the hole like a rabbit pulling John behind.

The GRENADE hits and EXPLODES, turning the inside of the cave into a blinding inferno.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. MOMENTS LATER

Mark leads John out of a gash and onto an almost sheer embankment. He quickly runs down an almost invisible path.

John stares petrified above unable to move. There is a river 50 ft below.

JOHN
Are you crazy?

MARK
Move it, John!

John clings to the wall, but immediately loses his footing and falls into the river below.

MARK (CONT'D)
Shit.

He jumps in after John

EXT. RIVER. MOMENTS LATER.

John is coughing and struggling to breathe as they are carried by the current.

EXT. RIVERBANK. LATER

Mark helps John up the muddy bank and on to the shore where they both collapse.

JOHN
Who are those guys! Because they are not traffickers.

MARK
Mexican Federales. The man who kidnapped you is a Colonel.

JOHN
Great!

John lays down on the ground. He flaps his arms around making sure every bone is where it is supposed to be and breathes. Mark laughs , takes off his shirt and pants revealing a shoulder Tattoo. He walks to a flat rock and appears to meditate. The Moon is reflected in the water nearby. Mark goes into a very slow routine of Tai Chi: "Push Hands".

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing?

Mark says nothing, intensely focused.

EXT. HACHUAPAN HILLS. NIGHT. PRESENT TIME.

A narrow RIVER, the moon reflecting off the water. Two SHAPES slosh towards us -- Mark and John.

JOHN
We had a file on Mayer for quite some Time. The boats for coke business ? - we knew about that. We couldn't prove it but we knew about it. Why did it take you this long to turn on him ?

MARK
I was never involved with it.

JOHN
You run that Company, you must have at least suspected what was going on. ... Why this long to turn on him ?

MARK
Tell me John, it's genetically impossible for you to shut up and walk ?

John is about to say something when Mark holds up his hand -- then grabs him and dives onto the riverbank, huddling under a clump of ferns as A CHOPPER FLIES OVERHEAD. The trees shake, the prop wash ripples the water around them and the forest is ILLUMINATED BY A POWERFUL SPOTLIGHT. THE LIGHT flicks from side to side. Then slowly pans down the river, away from them. The CHOPPER is leaving. Mark walks ahead. John follows.

INT. DEA OFFICE. MIAMI. MORNING

Chief Detective GARRETT THOMAS enters DOM ROSTOW Office without knocking. THOMAS, a tall, thin, white haired man, mid 50s, turns on the Television. He flips the channels to

a News-story. A Reporter speaks to camera. A media /crime site is set up around a body lying on the pier.

TV REPORTER

(on screen)

"Paul Erikson, an accountant, was found dead this morning in the water near the Mott Haven Yard. A long Time partner of Carlson, Erikson, Newman, Erikson had recently been the object of a government investigation,---"

THOMAS clicks off the TV.

THOMAS

Do you know about this?

ROSTOW

Yes. I heard it on the radio this morning.

THOMAS

Looks like our Boston blue bloods are starting to panic. Any word on John?

ROSTOW

John ? No, we cannot locate the Van anywhere. The gunmen were wearing masks. We're at a loss, really.

THOMAS

We need to speak to Gold, I don't want to lose John. Maybe we offer him a deal.

ROSTOW

I say we wait. John is good. He'll pull through.

THOMAS

I'm sick of waiting.

EXT. POSADA/CAR REPAIR SHOP. HACHUAPAN. MORNING.

A small rural hamlet / posada in HACHUAPAN., Mexico. Four or five rooms for rent, a restaurant, a gas station, a small store. Old cars in various states of disrepair up on blocks, rusty farm equipment. A gaudy outdoor shrine. A large wooden crucifix. Under a metal siding, a make shift Restaurant/Cafe. Four or five tables, a gravel floor. A couple of kids run around, a woman, mid 40's, MARIA, is cooking on top of a Propane stove. MECANICO finishes a breakfast of coffee and tortillas with THREE YOUNG MEN who

are dressed in Military Fatigues with the traditional red and black scarves of the Zapatistas. They are all armed. MECANICO suddenly smiles as he sees Mark and John stumble into the open courtyard.

JOHN
I am fried. Lets call a taxi.

Mark points to John to sit down by the Pump.

MARK
(to John)
Sit there. These guys don't like gringos much.

JOHN
At what point did you stop being an American ?

Mark doesn't answer and walks toward MECANICO. The two men embrace.

MECANICO
Ivano me dijo tuvieron problemas. Me tenias apenado.
(Ivano told me you had troubles. I was beginning to worry.)

MARK
Todavias tenemos lios. Hay Federales de todos lados y el no puede mas.
(We still in trouble. The Federales are swarming and - pointing to John - he needs to rest.)

MECANICO stares over to John, who is holding his head between his legs, still gasping.

MECANICO
Te has hecho tan gringo que ya no sabe darle de paso.
(You have become such an american, you can't walk)

John looks up and sees Mark and Mecanico staring.

JOHN
(self conscious smile)
Yo soy un latino con carro, ok ?
(I am a latino with a car ,ok?)

INT. POSADA. SMALL ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

MECANICO opens the door for John and Mark. The small room contains two single beds, a very small table with a bottle of water, a crucifix on the wall. MECANICO hands the Keys over to Mark and leaves. John falls onto the bed.

JOHN
Are you really sure they don't have a phone here?

MARK
(annoyed)
John, I told you already.

JOHN
In two hours I could have a chopper dragging us out.

Mark doesn't respond and is about to close the door.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hey! Are you locking me up?

MARK
No.

John looks relieved, stands up, walks to the table and drinks from a water bottle.

JOHN
Mark, I swear to God, I'm gonna nail your in-laws.

MARK
Just remember, Anna didn't do anything.

JOHN
She sure didn't help you. I think you should consider the possibility she set you up and traded you in for Frank Gold.

Mark immediately PUNCHES John who falls back on the bed.

MARK
Watch your mouth.

John sees Mark SLAM THE DOOR SHUT. John rubs his bloody lip thoughtfully.

JOHN
What the hell was I thinking?

EXT. POSADA. CONTINUOUS.

MECANICO is drinking a Coke while fixing a Pickup parked in the center of the courtyard. He sees Mark angrily walk from the room to the counter of the open kitchen. MECANICO stops working, picks up a box from inside the Pickup and joins him.

MARK
Este pendejo me tiene loco.
(This guy drives me nuts)

MARIA helps Mark fill a bag with food. MECANICO hands him the box. Mark opens it. It contains bullets. Mark starts loading his clips.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICES. BOSTON. MORNING.

A number of people carry file boxes in and out of Frank's Office. A nervous SECRETARY oversees the shredding and boxing of documents. Frank erases files on the Computer. Misha walks out. Tim walks in.

FRANK
(looking up)
What's up?

TIM
It might interest you to know William is already dumping his stock in Royal Yacht.

FRANK
The rat is jumping ship.

The two men exchange a tense look.

TIM
Frank, kidnapping a federal agent is not your run of the mill crime. If you get charged with that you are looking at life - and that - if nothing happens to that agent...He gets hurt, it's a sure capital offence.

Tim heads up towards the couch. Sits down.

TIM (CONT'D)
You should offer a deal to the DEA before he leaves you out to dry. I hate to see you end up like your predecessor.

Frank stares at Tim.

FRANK
You mean Mark ?

Frank stands up alone with his ghosts, leans back on a wall, white as a sheet of paper.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Can it be him ? Right out of the past.

EXT. HACIENDA LAS COLINAS. LATE MORNING.

A large, black MERCEDES is parked out front. An armed GUARD stands next to it. LAVINIA, the US Consulate secretary, steps out of the Car carrying a battered black BRIEFCASE, and enters the Hacienda.

INT. HACIENDA STUDY. MOMENTS LATER.

Mendoza picks up a letter opener and jams it into the lip of the black BRIEFCASE. The ID tag reads: John DELGADO, U.S. Embassy, Mexico City. If found, please call 305/777-5454. Mendoza slams the edge of the opener with the butt of his .357 Magnum. The case opens and Mendoza dumps the content onto his desk.

CU: THE FILE

It's Marked ROLDEN, Mark. Mendoza's hand flips through the file content. An Airport Police PHOTO shows a young Rolden. Mendoza calls his MAID and a GUARD. He shows them Roldan's photo. Both nod.

GUARD
Como no, es el, Jefe.
(I am sure it's him, boss.)

YOUNG MAID
Se me parece tambien a mi.
(It looks that way to me too.)

LAVINIA is waiting. Mendoza pulls out a wad of dollars from his pocket and gives her some money. Lavinia smiles nervously and leaves. Mendoza calls on the portable.

MENDOZA
Frank ? It's me, you were right.
... I was not told he had escaped from prison! ... I don't give refunds
... Don't worry, I will get both ...

Don't forget I have the Army at my disposal.

Mendoza hangs up unhappy.

INT. FRANK'S RESIDENCE BEDROOM. LATER

Frank enters, unshaven and groggy after a long night of shredding. He stares at Joyce asleep under the covers. Slowly he sits on the side of the bed and lifts the sheet. Underneath, she is nude. He reaches down and caresses her shoulder, then kisses her neck. Slowly she awakes - then pushes him away.

JOYCE
Anna called.

FRANK
What did she say?

JOYCE
She's angry. She wants you to stay away from her! What's going on Frank ?

FRANK
William and I don't see things the same way. Don't get in the middle of it.

JOYCE
I've been with you ten years. I know who you are, I know what you do and if you think otherwise you're a fool.

Joyce puts on a bathrobe lying on the side of the bed, gets up, walks over to the curtains and opens them. Sun enters into the room.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
How big of a problem is it ?

FRANK
William may want me dead.

That captures Joyce's attention.

JOYCE
Why?

Frank pulls off his shirt and heads to the bathroom. He stops and turns to Joyce.

FRANK
Mark is back in our lives.

EXT. POSADA COURTYARD. AFTERNOON

A Jeep with two young men in civilian clothes is stopped at the Gas station. MECANICO is talking to them. Mark watches from a hammock in the shade.

MECANICO
(to Mark, loudly)
Estan cercando la aldea. Mejor salgan.
(They are surrounding the
area. You gotta get out of
here.)

INT. POSADA. MOMENTS LATER.

The Room is dark. Mark walks in and touches John, who wakes up with a start.

MARK
Let's go.

JOHN
What Time is it?

MARK
Get up.

JOHN
Yeah, whatever.

John gets up and Mark gives him a sack to carry on his shoulders. They step out of the room into:

EXT. POSADA COURTYARD. CONTINUOUS.

MECANICO, just outside, hands John a bottle of water. John is slightly surprised.

JOHN
Gracias.
(Thank you)

MECANICO pays no attention to John.

MECANICO
(to Mark)
Los paramos un ratico.
(We'll try and buy you some
Time.)

MARK
Ya nos vemos, hermano.

(I am indebted to you,
brother.)

INT. TIM HOROWITZ OFFICE. BOSTON. LATE AFTERNOON.

Frank's attorney, Tim Horowitz, is behind his desk. DEA CHIEF DETECTIVE THOMAS looks at him impatiently.

THOMAS

Let's cut to the chase, Tim . We believe your client knows the whereabouts of John Delgado. We like John - we want him back.

TIM

What's the offer?

THOMAS is annoyed.

THOMAS

6 years and all assets but if we can prove your client killed Paul Erickson, that charge is off the table.

TIM

Say we floor the assets seizure at \$1M so he can pay his legal bills and keep some running around money.

THOMAS

He'll be in Jail.

TIM

Whatever.

THOMAS

Fine.

TIM

Gimme a day.

THOMAS

John dies - Gold fries.

EXT. A SMALL MEXICAN TOWN. LATE AFTERNOON.

Mark and John walk onto a dirt road, stepping over a wide fetid pool of raw sewage spilling from drainage pipes, a wispy yellow gas rising. THUNDER booms from up above quickly followed by rain. John holds his sleeve up over his nose.

JOHN

Where are we heading?

MARK

To find you a phone.

We HEAR their feet sloshing through the noxious pool:

JOHN

I am real sorry for what I said about
Anna. I didn't mean to ...

MARK

(cutting him off)
Let's just do what we gotta do.

LONG SHOT: MARK AND JOHN

walk against the side of a building as a dark RAIN falls.

INT. SCHOOL. MOMENTS LATER

They push open a door, outlined briefly by the rain. Then they step into a long cinder-block hallway-- Suddenly JUAN, a teenage student steps OUT OF A CLASSROOM in front of them.

MARK

Ola, que pasa hermanito ?
(What's up little brother?)

JUAN

(big smile)
Hola Mark, ha pasado un tiempo - y este?
(Hi there Mark, long Time, who is your friend ?)

MARK

Nada mas un tio que busca hacer una llamada Juan.
(Just a guy needing to make a phone call, Juan.)

JUAN

This way.

As they move down the hall, John pauses in front of an open door -- a group of other STUDENTS are clustered around an old computer.

INT. CLASSROOM. CONTINUOUS

The group of teenage students is the resident computer club. They are hovering over an old, beat-up IBM PC connected to the Internet. John points to it.

JOHN
Is that Computer on-line?

JUAN
Claro que si. Sure.

The TEENAGERS make room for John and Mark who are both drenched. They are curious and a little nervous.

MARK
(to Juan)
Decile nos dejen solo un ratico.
(Tell'em to leave us alone a moment)

The teenagers leave the room.

CU: THE SIDE OF THE PC

John slides one of the discs into the slot.

CU: THE SCREEN

THEN types in W.W.W.DEA .Com. THE DEA WEB PAGE appears on Screen. John selects "COPY FILE" and Mark looks on John key in their location and the message -"Re/098 Op. Rap Depl/R Evac / Ext T02! selects "COPY FILE". Red Flag. Received!

JOHN
They are on their way.

MARK
Good. Good luck and good-bye then.

JOHN
Hey, where are you going ?

MARK
To reinvent my life.

JOHN
You must be kidding! ... All I've got is evidence that Gold paid money to this Mendoza guy. Without you I got nothing.

MARK
The DEA will hand me back over to the Mexicans.

JOHN
No way I let that happen. We'll have
them review your conviction.

MARK
Sure you will.

Mark leaves. John follows him angrily into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR. CONTINUOUS

JOHN
How long are you gonna keep running
away, Mark ?

MARK
Don't talk to me like that!

JOHN
Somebody has to!

MARK
I got screwed once already, John!

Mark starts walking down the corridor. John yells.

JOHN
Get over it! I got kidnapped because of
you but I'm fighting to clear your
name. Nobody chooses his destiny. We
all have to put up with whatever and
still do the right thing! That's just
life! You need to learn to trust again.
... You saved my life, let me give you
back yours.

Mark stops at the end of the corridor and turns to John.

MARK
Don't presume to know what kind of hell
my life has been to date.

Mark stands still. John smiles and walks down the corridor
to join him.

JOHN
Then it can only get better.

INT. DEA OFFICE. MIAMI. LATE AFTERNOON.

Rostow is by the Coffee machine, putting money in. The
Coffee pours out. Rostow walks by an office Marked DEA -
EXT SERVICES Johnson. The room is filled with HIGH TECH

TRACKING EQUIPMENT. A GROUP OF ANALYSTS are working at various COMPUTERS. ROSTOW crosses to an OFFICER staring into a screen showing a 3D digital map.

ROSTOW

Do we have an exact location yet?

OFFICER

Yes, but it's going to take us three hours to get in there. We have to bring in a chopper from Merida.

ROSTOW

Get on it.

Rostow walks back to his office.

INT. ROSTOW'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Rostow walks inside, CLOSES THE DOOR, SITS AT HIS DESK AND PICKS UP THE PHONE. HE DIALS.

ROSTOW

Hi, William.

EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

William is on a cell phone by his POOL. A uniformed WORKER skims the pool's surface in the BG.

WILLIAM

How much Time do we have before the cavalry arrives?

ROSTOW (O.S.)

I bought you three hours. You better move fast. You should also know there is discussion here to make a deal with your golden boy.

WILLIAM

Any other good news?

ROSTOW (O.S.)

You owe me a lot of money.

Rostow hangs up in his ear. Williams dials a number.

WILLIAM

Ola, Mendoza, como estas ? ... Muy bien. (Hi, Mendoza, how are you ? I am well.)

(walking along the pool)

I was just told our friends were at the Chaultapan secondary school about a half hour ago.

MENDOZA (O.S.)

Ok, I'll send my people there.

WILLIAM

You go yourself and be fast. You have two hours after which we are all in trouble. By the way, from this point on don't talk to Frank without clearing it through me.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

A meeting is taking place in a luxurious living room. Tim sips a drink, and stares at Frank across a table covered with legal FILES.

TIM

You got to decide.... Accept the deal. We tell' em that as far as we know these are all of the assets you have - and move all cash into my escrow accounts.

FRANK

Sounds great. Too bad I have no idea where this John guy is.

TIM

Tell them the truth. Last thing you knew was he was at Mendoza's Hacienda in Hachuapan. ... The DEA would love to have a Mexican Army colonel to kick around.

FRANK

I don't want to do any Time.

TIM

That's unrealistic.

Frank stares at him.

FRANK

What if I give them William?

TIM

That's moot. They're gonna want full disclosure as part of any deal.

FRANK
Not many options.

TIM
What shall I tell them ?

Frank stand up. He shakes his head to say "NO DEAL".

TIM (CONT'D)
I hope you made the right decision.

Tim gets up, re-groups the files and leaves.

INT. SMALL HOUSE. CHULTEPEC. EVENING

Mark and John are eating a simple meal with JUAN's FAMILY - tortillas, rice & beans. The DAUGHTER, a 10 year-old, dark-eyed beauty, smiles shyly at Mark, who winks at her. JUAN is pouring coffee for everybody. Suddenly the plates and glasses start to shake. Mark, John and the short, wiry HUSBAND, look around. John rushes to a window - several Mexican army JEEPS are approaching. A CHOPPER hovers overhead.

JOHN
This doesn't look good at all.

He opens the door -- and Mendoza HITS HIM IN THE FACE WITH THE STOCK OF AN M 16. He flies back with a groan, the wife and daughter scream. Mark stands, raises his hands and steps in front of the family.

MARK
Ellos no tienen nada a que ver!
(This family has nothing to do
with us!)

INT. JAIL. HACHUAPAN. NIGHT

Mark and John are pushed inside a cell-like room. John is hurt, cut faced. Mark finds some water and starts cleaning John's bruises.

JOHN
In high school I was a Gold Gloves
boxer ... that's the last Time I took
so many beatings.

Mendoza enters the cell.

MENDOZA
Ustedes tienen algo que me pertenece.
(You have something that
belongs to me.)

Mark gives him the DISKS. Mendoza stares at him.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)
Tenes mas vidas de un gato cabron.
(You have more lives than a
cat.)

Mendoza leaves.

JOHN
There goes our case against Mayer.

MARK
We have one more shot.

JOHN
I love your optimism, but in case you
haven't noticed ... WE ARE IN JAIL!

INT. FRANK'S STUDY. EARLY MORNING.

Frank is dozing on the couch when Misha enters, looking
anxious.

MISHA
(shaking Frank's shoulder)
Frank you wAnna get up.

Frank struggles to sit up on the couch, trying to wipe
sleep off his face. William enters the room, opens the
blinds. Sun streams in.

FRANK
Misha, how about some coffee ?

Misha nods and exits. William sits next to Frank.

WILLIAM
Well?

He drops a FAXED PHOTO of Mark's AIRPORT MUGSHOT. The
picture is faded and grainy, but Mark's eyes stare out.

FRANK
Well what William ? It was meant to
happen for a long Time and now it has.

William fixes him with a look.

WILLIAM

He escaped three months ago and nobody bothered to tell you, so you'd keep paying.

FRANK

(Frank shrugs)

You came all the way here to tell me I'm a jerk?

WILLIAM

No, because you are a lucky son of a bitch! Mendoza's got both Mark and DEA Special Agent John DELGADO.

FRANK

Well, what do you know ?! Finally, good news.

WILLIAM

You are a real fuck up Frank, but at least you're loyal.

Frank stares at William cold.

FRANK

The deal the DEA offered sucked, what's yours ?

William smiles.

WILLIAM

You go talk to Mark and this Mr. Delgado, make this mess go away once and for all. I'll pretend nothing happened and you'll even get a Xmas bonus.

FRANK

You're too kind William.

WILLIAM

Mendoza is taking them back to his Hacienda.

William stands up, looks at the Time, and walks to the door.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I'm to go fishing with the Family. I want you to come with us. 3PM on the boat. Then you go to Mexico.

William just walks away without waiting for an answer.

FRANK

(loudly)

Misha, we are back in business. (to himself) I should take naps more often.

Misha comes back into the room.

EXT. ACAPULCO/MEXICO CITY - HIGHWAY. DAY.

A BLACK VAN speeds down this desolate empty and new Highway. No one seems to be around but for an Iguana lazily crossing the road.

INT. PRISONER VAN. MOVING. DAY

Mark is trussed up in one corner, John in another. JULIO guards them with a shotgun. They all drip with sweat, Mark is trying to cut the rope around his wrists by scratching it against the Van's cut metal bench. JULIO and John struggle to stay awake. A bump. John bangs his head against the side of the Van. Thud.

MARK

You all right?

JULIO

(mumbles, half asleep.)

No hablen.

(Don't talk)

John and JULIO both drift back to sleep.

INT. PRISONER VAN. MOVING. LATER

The Van is very hot. Mark nudges John awake and shows him that he has freed his hands.

JOHN

(Whisper)

Good job.

JULIO opens his eyes for a moment. Mark immediately kicks out with his legs, pinning the Shotgun to the side of the van as it goes off -- the blast shatters the rear window and part of the door. JULIO flies back, shreds of metal in his eyes. Both Mark and John ram the door with their feet and it flies open, the road zooming past as the Van is screeching to a halt. Mark pushes JULIO hard out of the van and is quick to free John from the ropes.

MARK

Jump!

They both roll out onto the road. They stand up and realize they are on a narrow metal bridge.

JOHN

Fuck.

EXT. BRIDGE. MIDDAY.

The van skids to a stops. TWO MEN clamber out, aiming their guns at Mark and John who have found refuge on the bridge railings. THEY FIRE . Mark and John DIVE OFF THE BRIDGE, FALLING A GOOD 20 FEET INTO A FAST-FLOWING RIVER.

UNDERWATER

Mark and John sink down, BULLETS whizzing past in streaks of white.

EXT. RIVER. AT THE SURFACE. MOMENTS LATER.

They struggle in the current, grabbing breaths of air, Suddenly John GASPS as THEY ENTER A SERIES OF RAPIDS, HUGE CRAGGY ROCKS TOWERING OVER THEM AS THEY ARE WHISKED THROUGH BY THE WATER. Once or twice they hit rocks, bouncing off with a yell.

EXT. RIVERBANK. LATER

Finally the river slows and they hit A FISHING NET. Both hang on to it, exhausted.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR DOCKS. EARLY AFTERNOON.

Frank and BARBARA are on board William's Yacht and can be seen in the background talking to the crew. William is on the dock nervously welcoming Anna.

WILLIAM

You're late.

ANNA

I didn't want to come at all.

WILLIAM

What do you say we just have some fun and pretend we're a family?

ANNA

What's Frank doing here?

WILLIAM

I invited him and I don't want to hear a thing about it.

BARBARA
(yells from the deck)
Hi, darling!

William and Anna walk up the gangplank.

EXT. WILLIAM'S BOAT. OPEN OCEAN. LATER

The Yacht sails. William, BARBARA and Frank sit in deck chairs at the stern with deep sea fishing rods. Anna watches from the bridge.

WILLIAM
(yells back to Anna)
Shall I set up a line for you?

ANNA
No.

WILLIAM
(to Barbara)
What's wrong with her?

BARBARA
I don't know. ... Maybe it has to do with a letter from Mark I gave her a couple of days ago.

WILLIAM
Mark wrote her a letter ?! And you didn't think to tell me ?!

BARBARA
She needs to understand her feelings and get on with her life.

WILLIAM
Are you really this stupid? You may have jeopardized our lives.

BARBARA
She is my only daughter, and I don't know what you are talking about.

Barbara stares cold to both William and Frank, gets up and walks down into the hold to her cabin. Frank is stonefaced. William stands and walks to Anna, who is now in the main cabin fixing herself a drink.

INT. MAIN CABIN. MOMENTS LATER.

Anna finds solace in a Margarita and a romance novel. She looks up as William enters.

WILLIAM
Your mother tells me Mark has been in touch.

ANNA
He says we framed him, dad.

William sighs.

WILLIAM
Do you know he escaped from Prison?!
(off Anna's look)
That's right and now he's blaming me, us, for his sorry life. He's desperate and he'd say anything.

ANNA
He says you paid money to keep him in jail.

WILLIAM
Bullshit. We paid to get him out. It didn't work. How can you not trust me on this, honey ?

ANNA
I wish I could, but it really makes me feel stupid. William, you use everybody.
(gets up to get an other drink)
To hide your cash, cover your lies, control the people who try to love you. I am just an other front for you to hide behind. Me, my Company, my signature, my whole damn identity.

WILLIAM
Anna, please, don't be so dramatic. The truth is much simpler. I sold some shares and I put money into your Trust Fund. I made you a very rich woman. I thought you'd be happy.

ANNA
Then it's ok with you if I give it all to charity?!

Anna met William's stare. Cold. William's cellular rings.

WILLIAM

Anna, I love you but don't hold me responsible for what you did in Mexico.

William walks back outside, opening the phone.

EXT. WILLIAM'S YACHT. CONTINUOUS.

Frank is sipping a beer as he reels in his line and stares at William talking low and urgent on the phone. Williams hangs up, walks across the deck, and sits next to Frank with a stunned expression on his face.

FRANK

What's up?

WILLIAM

They escaped, again !!

William hurls the phone into the water.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

God Damn it!? She sure knows how to pick'em, my little Anna does!

FRANK

Slippery motherfuckers--

WILLIAM

My God, what do I have to do, shoot them myself?

The main cabin glass door slides open and Anna walks out. Both William and Frank look at her in silence as she steps down to look for her mother.

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT. LATER

Anna drops her bag at the entrance. She undresses as she prepares a drink, obviously upset.

INT. ANNA'S BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Anna walks into her bathroom wearing a robe. She has been drinking heavily. She leaves an empty glass on the floor as she gets inside a steamy bathtub. Anna lays back, and closes her eyes.

ANNA (V.O.)

" Dear Mark, I had given up hope of ever hearing from you again, then finally a letter. It is unbearable to know that first myself and then my

father and your best friend, have so completely betrayed you and shattered your life. And yet I am even sorrier that through all of this I have lost the ability to love ... you or anybody else.

EXT. FISHING VILLAGE. AFTERNOON

Mark and John walk towards a group of FISHERMEN drying their nets near a large FIRE. Trails of SPARKS FLY UP into the sky as the wood pops and burns. Mark walks over to them and suddenly a big smile breaks across his face as he recognizes Ivano. They embrace. Mark motions John to come over.

MARK
You remember Ivano.

JOHN
Que suerte!

Ivano and John shake hands.

EXT. AROUND THE FIRE. LATER

An OLD MAN is carefully unwrapping a series of red cylinders from an iron box Marked "Peligro!" with the help of Ivano. A beat up Pickup is parked nearby. A few yards away, John and OTHERS are sitting around a fire. A TEENAGE FISHERMAN hands John a bottle of local wine and places a steaming, freshly cooked fish inside the bread. Mark walks by and sits down next to John

MARK
They'll lend us that Pickup.

JOHN
Thank God! I am sick of walking.

John has painfully taken off his boots and is rubbing his swollen feet. Ivano crosses over to Mark and hands him a canvas bag and leaves. Mark carefully empties the content of the bag. A stick of dynamite, a .9M with extra clips, a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine.

MARK
(to Ivano)
Salimos mañana temprano.
(We'll leave tomorrow morning early.)

JOHN

(smiling to Mark)
Bread, fish, guns and dynamite - my
case es tu casa !

MARK
(to John)
And I came for a two weeks holiday !

Mark repacks the bag, adjusts himself on the ground and rolls up a blanket, puts it under his head and closes his eyes.

MARK (CONT'D)
I need to rest a while John.

JOHN
I got you covered.

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT. BOSTON. EVENING

Anna hears a ring. She gets out of the bathtub, raps herself in a bathrobe and walks to the door. She looks at the security monitor. Frank is in the lobby looking up to the security camera.

FRANK
Hi, Anna, we need to talk, ... I'm not
here to fight.

Anna hesitates, takes a deep breath, buzzes him in, unlocks the door and walks back to the living room. She pours herself a glass of wine from a bottle on the coffee table, and continues towelling her hair. Frank walks in and closes the door behind.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Anna is sitting down on the couch.

ANNA
Talk.

FRANK
We want you to take a deal to Mark.

ANNA
No.

FRANK
Then, it's going to get very ugly.

Frank walks to the open bar and makes himself a drink.

ANNA
You should take the DEA offer.
(off Frank's look)
Joyce told me.

Frank tosses back his drink.

FRANK
I'm not Mark and I'm not doing Time for anybody!

ANNA
Fine. We had our talk. You can leave.

FRANK
You are amazing, Anna. You really don't give a shit about me, do you? (sings, a tad crazy) *What do I have to do to make you love me, what do I have to do to make you care.*

Frank sits down next to Anna, almost leering. Anna tenses up and pulls her robe tight.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Did you ever tell Mark that you called me from Mexico, asked me to wire money to buy that coke?
(Frank takes off his jacket, gets comfortable.)
Do you remember laughing on the phone all excited saying you missed me ? That you'd bring me back a taste ? Do you remember any of this?

ANNA
What's the gem, Frank?

FRANK
In that phone call you also told me you were bored and wanted to break up with him. Don't you remember that? You wanted him out of your life.

Franks moves his face close to Anna, lip to lip. Anna moves back.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And I got it done.

ANNA
So it is true ... My God, Frank, I never ever said that.

Frank gets up, sits his glass on the coffee table and looks to Anna - She seems to have lost all of her energy.

FRANK
You have taken advantage of the fact I love you since we were kids, but this is no kids game anymore.

ANNA
You deluded monster! You betrayed us both. How have you lived with yourself all this Time ?!

FRANK
(even more angrily)
Gimme a break, Anna!! Mark was about to call the Police on your father. I only helped protect the family business. Guess what , Anna. IT'S YOUR BUSINESS ! Good Times, it's money and parties, bad Times we kill people. Get it?!! These happen to be really fucking bad Times!! I NEED YOU - you can't just say go to JAIL.

Frank stands in front of her, almost vulnerable.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Take a deal to him. Lets give him some money. Pay for his Time. Let's end this before we all get destroyed.

Anna closes her eyes.

ANNA
Money will not do it, Frank.

FRANK
Then we'll kill him. Your choice.

Frank walks out of the apartment. Anna closes her eyes again.

EXT. FISHING VILLAGE. DAWN

The FIRE blazes. A FEW FISHERMAN mend nets, prepare bait, drink coffee, etc. Everyone else is still asleep. A couple of DOGS fight over a bone. Mark joins John waiting by the old Ford Pick-up, streaked with rust. They climb in.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK. CONTINUOUS.

The starter whines a couple of Times and the engine catches.

JOHN
(excited)
How long to the border?

MARK
40 miles, maybe more ...But that's not where we're going. I've got to meet someone.

Mark drives out of the camp.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK. CONTINUOUS.

JOHN
SOMEONE? ... That being Anna ?
(off Mark's look)
WHY?!

MARK
Because I still love her.

JOHN
You're crazy.
(steps back)
That's really romantic Mark, but we're walking into a trap.

MARK
She'll come alone.

Mark looks out to the road ahead. He Looks for a cigarette. Lights up. He is thinking. Camera pushes in on his face.

JOHN (O.S.)
Mark, let go of the past. It's gone and there is nothing you can do about that. To really live your life, you must make room for memories in your mind. Keep the happy ones, forget the rest.

EXT. ROAD NEAR MATAMOROS. NIGHT

Mark and John's Pickup truck barrels down through smoke, suddenly breaking in a sharp skid. A FLAMING ROADBLOCK. 2 or 3 feet high, STRETCHED OUT ACROSS THE ROAD POLICEMEN are standing next to it.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK. CONTINUOUS.

Mark and John stare ahead, their faces reflecting the flames. In the rearview mirror Mark can see the Red and Blue lights of TWO POLICE CARS.

JOHN
Thoughts, suggestions, comforting words ?

MARK
We'll crash through.

JOHN
Ha!! Beautifully developed plan.

John reaches for his seat-belt, finding two halves that won't fit together. He hangs on to the door.

EXT. ROAD/PICKUP TRUCK. CONTINUOUS.

The pickup shoots towards the barricade which suddenly topples as a HUGE YELLOW CEMENT CUTTING MACHINE SLOWLY ROLLS TOWARDS THEM ! The CUTTER looks like a tractor with a giant spinning BLADE in front, two white warning STROBES flashing on the sides. JULIO and two more MEN, all wearing Federales Uniforms, are walking, gun in hand, by its side.

MARK'S POV; THE ROAD AHEAD

Mark slows down, then brakes and desperately tries to put the Pickup into reverse as the cement cutter closes in, diesel engines howling. The shift stick is jammed.

JOHN
For heaven sake, God! Cut us a break!!

INT. PICKUP TRUCK. CONTINUOUS

Mark lights a stick of dynamite, leaving it on the floor. John's eyes are popping out.

MARK
Get out.

John opens the door and jumps out as Mark finally manages to put the pick up into gear. The pickup lunges forward. Mark jumps out. JULIO and the FEDERALES have opened fire.

MARK AND JOHN

HAVE JUST GOTTEN UP WHEN THEY SEE THE TWO VEHICLES MAKE CONTACT AND GO UP IN A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION. THEY ARE BOTH

BLOWN BACK BY THE SHOCK WAVES AND FLY OFF THE ROAD, ROLLING DOWN THE EMBANKMENT.

EXT. ROAD. MOMENTS LATER

Mark and John, supporting each other, stagger on their feet and walk up towards a nearby hill.

JOHN

You are a nut case.

MARK

John, shut up.

JOHN

Yeah, sure. You stalk me, you rescue me, you punch me, and I am supposed to shut up ? Do you know anything about abusive relationships ?

MARK

I know you talk like a chick.

JOHN

That you shouldn't have said.

(to himself)

Young and arrogant, I like that.

EXT. WILLIAM'S ESTATE. GARDEN/PATIO. LATE MORNING.

A number of WELL DRESSED PEOPLE are walking about the garden. BARBARA is entertaining. WAITERS serve drinks. On the Patio William sips from a tumbler of scotch, sits down the glass, and plays the piano. THE CAMERA finds and follows Frank to William , who is surprised to see him. He stops playing, stands up - smiles to his guests, and gesture to Frank to follow him just off to the side.

WILLIAM

What are you doing here?

FRANK

Anna just got on a plane to Cuernavaca! I am going there myself now.

WILLIAM

Get'em both or don't bother coming back.

FRANK

I know the rules, William.

WILLIAM

So go.

FRANK

William - she still loves him. Mark dies, ... she may bring us all down.

WILLIAM

Don't waste my Time, Frank, I know my daughter well. Anna doesn't know the first thing about love.

(with a bizarre smile)

Just like her mother, in the end ... she'll side with money.

William turns on his heels and re-joins his guests on the Patio. People ask him to play some more. Frustrated Frank leaves.

EXT. BELLA VISTA. NEAR MATAMOROS. DAY

Bella Vista is a very small town with a less than beautiful view. John is sprawled on a hammock suspended on the Veranda of a BAR RESTAURANT facing LA ULTIMA PLAYA Hotel. He nurses a Beer, and intently stares at something down Main Street.

EXT. MAIN STREET. CONTINUOUS

Anna is walking up Main Street carrying a small bag. She looks like the " Tourista" she is. She seems to know where she is going. Nobody seems to be following her. John continues watching her. He hides a gun under a paper.

Anna turns into the Hotel entrance. Her eyes briefly meet John's. She continues past into:

INT. LA ULTIMA PLAYA HOTEL. CONTINUOUS.

Anna enters the small hotel's lobby. Nobody is around but the receptionist who watches a television under the counter. He looks up, Anna walks to the Reception desk.

ANNA

Mr. Roldan checked in? He is my husband.

The Receptionist simply hands her over a room key.

INT. HOTEL SECOND FLOOR. MOMENTS LATER.

The elevator opens on the second floor. Anna steps out and starts walking when Mark appears at the end of the

corridor. They both feel strange -- as if they don't really know one another-- and stop. THEY LOOK FOR ASSURANCE BUT NEITHER GIVES IT. Mark points to a door.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Anna walks in first, then Mark closes the door and leans against it. Anna stands frozen near the terrace window.

MARK

It feels very strange for me too.

Anna walks in closer to the bed but she still will not sit, standing by the dresser instead.

ANNA

I don't know what to say. It's been so long, so painful, so horrible waiting for you to talk to me again. And now that you 're here ... in front of me ...I'm afraid to touch you.

MARK

I understand.

ANNA

Do you?

MARK

Yes.

ANNA

You look good, stronger.

MARK

(looking at her with a smile)
You're just as I remember.

Mark sits down on the bed suddenly looking very tired.

MARK (CONT'D)

I almost can't believe you're real.

Anna sits down on the opposite side of the bed, then looks at him again as she notices all of her letters, now opened, spread on the bed.

ANNA

I'm so sorry.

MARK

You were everything I ever wanted.

Anna is crying. Mark looks dazed.

ANNA
Your silence broke my heart.

Mark holds her hand. Anna touches his shoulder.

MARK
I loved you too.

Mark wants to kiss her but he cannot. He caresses her hair off her face. They both take a beat.

ANNA
What do you want from me Mark?

MARK
Same thing I asked you years ago, your help to bring down William.

Somehow their hands leave one another. THEY NOTICE IT. Mark and Anna stare into each others eyes.

ANNA
What's gonna happen to my mother ?

MARK
Anna, there is no salvation in silence, only complicity.

Anna caresses Mark's face, gently, softly, slowly.

ANNA
Mark, I have plenty of money, we could just leave all of this behind ... Pick a place, any place in the world. We'd be happy, together.

MARK
(hurt, shaking his head.)
We have no future on the run.

ANNA
I love you, Mark.

Mark stands up, and punches the wall in anger.

MARK
Don't, don't say that!

ANNA

Say you love me too, say it!

MARK

Anna ! You have to choose!

Mark leaves the room. Anna runs behind him into the corridor.

INT. HOTEL SECOND FLOOR. MOMENTS LATER.

Mark is walking past the elevator, to the stairs. Anna is panicking.

ANNA

(crying)

Mark!! Please, please my God! What can I give you if you don't want my love ? Can I give you money ? Let me give you money!

Mark doesn't turn and continues down the corridor.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Mark! If you leave they'll kill you!!

(to herself)

Don't. Don't leave me alone again, I don't have the strength to do the right thing on my own.

(loud)

Mark!!

EXT. MAIN STREET. MOMENTS LATER.

Mark walks across the street. John , nervous, quickly crosses to him, pointing the way to a side street.

JOHN

She was tailed.

MARK

How many?

JOHN

Two. One is inside the Bar calling for reinforcements.

MARK

The other?

JOHN

Like to meet him?

John pulls his gun out, and turns around, pointing it straight to the face of A HEAVILY BUILT MAN, who stops walking and raises his hands. John gestures to him to lay on the ground. Mark searches him and takes his gun.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. LATER.

Anna is resting on the bed. She has been crying. She is confused and tired. She hears the door open.

ANNA

Mark?!

Frank storms into the room.

FRANK

No, just me. Let's go. We're out of here.

Anna gets off the bed, and tries to grab her bag from Frank.

ANNA

You bastard, you followed me?! I'm not going anywhere with you.

Frank doesn't move, but twists her arm instead.

FRANK

You're starting to bug me. Your asshole father bugs me. The heat bugs me. This " he loves me - he loves me not " thing bugs me. Let's go find him.

Frank pushes her to the door.

ANNA

Everybody I've ever known has used me except Mark.

FRANK

Bullshit - Anna. He's got nothing on us without you, and he is using you to stay alive !

ANNA

Go to hell, Frank.

Frank pushes Anna into the corridor. Misha and TWO MEXICAN MEN are waiting there.

FRANK
(to Misha)
Well?

MISHA
They are setting up roadblocks around the area.

FRANK
How do you say roadblock in Spanish ?
(pushing Anna down the corridor)
Bloque de carrettera? Caretas?

EXT. ROAD SIGN. SUNSET.

A man is standing by a Road Sign selling LIZARDS. The signs reads : UNITED STATES BORDER / FRONTERA 10 MILES.

INT. BUS. MOVING. SUNSET.

We track down the aisle, past dozens of sleeping CAMPESINOS, some carrying livestock which squawks, piles of cardboard boxes and wrapped bundles litter the aisles. HOLD ON Mark and John, looking worn and stretched to the limit, half asleep in a rear seat. John's head lolls against the window. Mark STARES VACANTLY OUT. TWO KIDS ARE STARING AT HIM. Mark LOOKS BACK AT THEM. John NOTICES IT.

JOHN
What?

MARK
Did I waste my life?

JOHN
(Looking at Mark puzzled, then outside to the hills).
My grandfather told me something I bet you can use right now.
(looking back at Mark)
Never marry young.
(off Mark's exasperated look)
... Mark, you just made the right decision. Back in the States, we are gonna take all of these guys down. Then, you'll be able to forgive, forget, move on ... and get yourself another woman. There are some others out there, you know ?

MARK

Why do I even listen to you ?

Suddenly the bus slows as the brakes whine

UP AHEAD

Two POLICE CARS, blue lights flashing, have blocked the road.

JOHN

Fuck me sideways.

Mark looks back at the emergency exit, but sees a JEEP FULL OF TROOPS unloading and standing at port arms. He looks up as two FEDERALES, GUNS DRAWN, RADIOS CHATTERING, advance down the aisle, shaking people awake, peering into faces. A young GIRL cries out, her mother shushes her. The FEDERALES arrive in front of John and Mark. One says something into his radio and a third figure climbs on board the bus -- Mendoza. He looks down at them and nods.

MENDOZA

(to Mark)

If it were up to me, I shoot you now.

Unfortunately somebody wants to see you.

(to the Federales)

Llvenselo, ya!

The FEDERALES prod Mark and John off the bus with the barrels of their M16s.

EXT. MATAMOROS MARINA. EARLY MORNING.

A cluster of docks, several large Warehouses and other buildings just baking in the sun. Sea gulls call out to each other. A SUBTITLE READS: MATOMOROS, MEXICO.

Mark and John slump in the shade of a truck, two guards stand over them, weapons pointed down. Mendoza comes out of a small outer building swigging a can of Dos Equis. He watches a solitary lizard moving along the ground, then he looks up as we hear the DRONE of a small engine PLANE.

A SMALL SEAPLANE swoops down, landing in the water with a splash. The props stop and it glides towards the dock where several other Federales tie it down. One opens the door and Anna steps out, her long hair blowing in the slight breeze. She looks frightened, unsure.

RACK FOCUS on Mark. A jumble of emotions flash by --.

They stare at each other for a long beat -- broken when Frank steps out of the plane, followed by Misha. Both step in front of Anna.

FRANK

Hi, Mark! Old buddy, long Time, no see.
You look good. Some friend you are! I
hear you and the DEA are working real
hard to put me behind bars.

ANNA

(interjects)
Mark, -- I had no idea.

FRANK

Take her inside somewhere, get
her outta this heat. God I hate Mexico.

Frank wipes the sweat on his face. Anna struggles against Misha who pushes her toward the Warehouse. Mark tries to rise, but is poked with the barrel of an M16 by the soldier standing over him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Easy. Easy. (to John) And you
must be John DELGADO.

Frank slaps him across the face hard. John leaps forward with a roar, knocking aside the guard and grabbing Frank by the throat. Finally Mendoza clubs John on the back of the head with the butt of his gun. John releases Frank and falls.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Mendoza)
Thank you.

Frank kicks John's unconscious form. Mendoza grabs his arm and stops him.

MENDOZA

You want that one dead (pointing to
Mark) fine, he is a fugitive, you get
him dead. But this one (John groans)
... you got me to kidnap a US Federal
Agent!! What's wrong with you ? You
want him dead, you go do it back in the
US.

Mendoza impatiently motions to his men to load into the Jeep.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)

Tell William we are done doing business. I see you again I shoot you too, fucking idiot! (to his men, leaving). *Vamonos pues!*

Mendoza gets into a Jeep and drives off.

FRANK

(watching them leave)
Moody bastard.
(to Misha)
Get Anna, lets go.

MISHA

We got to refuel the plane. It'll take a few minutes.

Frank is annoyed. Mark helps John sit up.

FRANK

You know Mark, it was always hard to compete with you, but man, going to jail for her? ... That's sick.
(Misha gives Frank a door key - Frank points to John) Get him on the Plane.
(looking to Mark) Come with me Mark, we need to have a talk, drink a beer, kick back in my office (laughs) I forgot, it used to be your office ...it looks better now.

Frank alks toward the Marina office pushing Mark in front.

INT. MARINA OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

Anna sits on a wooden chair, tears run down her face. She looks paralyzed with anguish. The door unlocks, Frank enters. Anna stands up.

ANNA

(warning tone)
Don't hurt him, Frank.

FRANK

What do you think ? Can we do that Mark? (Frank yanks Mark into the office.) Can we let you go and all live happily ever after?

ANNA

Baby.

Mark looks to Anna and leans against the wall.

MARK
Are you all right?

Anna stares at Frank , then turns to Mark, vulnerable.

ANNA
I wAnna be with you, do .. whatever.

Frank pushes Anna back into the chair.

FRANK
Spare me the Romeo and Juliet shit, so what's it going to be Mark?

MARK
I'm gonna see you go to Jail, Frank.

FRANK
What are you, on drugs ? I got the power here - the barrel of the gun thing - and everything else - what have you got? You got the girl, big fucking deal.

ANNA
What are you gonna do, Frank, kill us both?

FRANK
If I have to ... You've got to help me here guys! (to Mark) William is afraid of you and wants you dead.(to Anna) You want your father and I to go to jail for the next 30 years because you feel ... guilty ? I don't think so.(pause) You also wanna remember you're looking at prison Time yourself, Anna.

EXT. MARK'S POV / MARINA DOCK. CONTINUOUS

Misha is leading John toward the seaplane. The PILOT fires up the engines and the props start spinning.

INT. MARINA OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Frank stares to Anna and Mark waiting for a response.

FRANK

Don't make me kill you, Mark, just
take the money and go away....again.

EXT. MARK'S POV / MARINA DOCK. CONTINUOUS

As John boards the plane he falls back and crashes into Misha. They both fall on the ground, and BANG! Misha accidentally shoots himself.

FRANK
(turning to the dock)
What the hell was that ?!

EXT. FRANK'S POV / MARINA DOCK. CONTINUOUS

Frank's POV: John grabs Misha's TECH-9 and runs off the deck. The pilot - who has seen the escape - is now standing on the seaplane floater railings, aiming his gun. He shoots and hits John who falls on the dock.

EXT/INT. MARINA OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

Mark's POV : John gets lose a burst of machine gun fire killing the Pilot and strafing the rest of the plane. The Plane tanks EXPLODE.

MARK
(to Anna)
Get down!!

Anna ducks on the floor, Mark hurls himself at Frank, plowing them both through the window onto the dock outside. Frank's gun goes flying.

EXT. MARINA DOCK. CONTINUOUS

Frank is first to get up. Mark, his hands still tied, struggles to his feet. Frank kicks him back to the ground and looks around for his gun. Anna's POV: Frank sees the gun, picks it up and points it to Mark who desperately tries to untie his hands on the edge of the dock. Mark's POV: Frank is about to shoot when he's hit by a flying chair. The shot misses. Frank falls on the wet slick wooden planks, while Mark gets up.

FRANK
Now look what you've done!

Mark sees a bit of Anna in the office doorway. She screams.

ANNA
Run!

EXT. MARINA DOCK. CONTINUOUS

Mark sprints past Misha who is laying on the ground screaming in agony, his foot completely shot up, and TOWARDS John who is crawling to the Warehouse entrance. In the BG the seaplane is a burning WRECK, half submerged.

EXT. MARINA DOCK. CONTINUOUS.

Frank gets up, recovers his balance, picks up his gun, tries to fire, UN-JAMS it, looks for Anna past the office window.

FRANK
(waving the gun)
You're pissing me off, Anna!!!

Frank runs after Mark, passing by the agonizing Misha.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(to Misha)
What a fucking idiot, Misha!!

Misha pulls out a .45 from inside his jacket and starts shooting at Mark. John lets loose a burst at Frank and Misha. Frank dives behind a Metal Power Generator, Misha is blown backwards and killed. His gun rolls across the dock. Frank continues firing from behind the Generator. Frank's POV: Mark and John enter the WAREHOUSE.

INT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Mark and John take cover behind a boat and lean against the metal siding of the building. They are both in bad shape. John gasps in pain from his wounded leg.

MARK
(Pushing his hands forward)
Do you wanna help me out or what?

John puts down the Tech-9, looks around for something to cut the rope. There is nothing useful in reach.

MARK (CONT'D)
(exasperated)
We don't have all day.

John, in pain, unties the ropes. Mark uses the same rope to quickly tourniquet John's badly shot leg. Mark jumps to his feet, grabs the gun, and pulls John up.

JOHN
(groaning)

I don't think I can do this.

Mark POV: Frank is near the entrance.

MARK
(whispering)
Hide here.

Mark helps John sit down next to a metal file cabinet and quietly moves out to face off with Frank.

INT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Frank walks along a row of STORAGE BERTHS, EACH WITH A BOAT IN IT. Suddenly Mark darts out from behind one of the back berths and fires. Frank dives and fires back at him. He misses.

Frank fires wildly as Mark disappear behind an other berth.

John wraps a rag over his bleeding leg. John's POV: Up above - a winch holding a 22ft. Bayliner in two rubber slings starts moving forward.

John cannot see Mark. He moves further back in between the cabinet and the siding.

Mark is hiding behind a tool-chest. Mark's POV: The Boat is moving. John is backing up for cover. Frank is pointing his gun in various directions.

Frank's POV: Can't see anyone, but ... a shadow is moving on the ground next to a metal cabinet. Oil ? Blood ? A leg. John's leg. Frank moves cautiously towards John .

Mark gets ready to shoot but sees Anna, hyperventilating, overwhelmed with fear, walk slowly across the entrance to the warehouse, right in the line of fire. She is pointing Misha's .45 straight in front of her, trembling.

ANNA
(Hysterical)
Mark, are you all right?!

Frank takes immediate cover. Anna sees someone move but doesn't shoot.

FRANK
What about me, Anna!?

Mark's POV: Anna is an easy target against the light of the entrance, she has no chance. Frank knows it too.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Mark, drop your gun and come on out or
she's gonna die!

MARK
(from behind)
Don't shoot her, Frank.

Mark comes out into the open, his gun lowered on one side. Frank turns his gun from Anna onto Mark with a smile. Anna SHOOTs at Frank and hits the pillar above his head.

Frank quickly turns, fires and HITS Anna. Mark's POV: Anna staggers back - wounded - and falls into the water

MARK (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Noooooo!!

EXT. UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY. CONTINUOUS

We see Anna's body hit the water from below. She is motionless.

INT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Mark fires at Frank who dives behind a boat. Mark then sprints by John weakly standing on his one good leg, tosses him the TECH-9 and runs for the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY. CONTINUOUS

Anna is losing air from her lungs and is sinking. She looks strangely relaxed, as though happy to be out of her predicament. JUST AS it appears impossible she could survive, WE SEE AN ARM enter frame and finally THE CAMERA reveals Mark GRABBING Anna and swimming back up to the surface.

EXT. SURFACE. CONTINUOUS.

Mark breaks the surface with Anna in tow. He can see John firing towards the far side of the warehouse. Mark turns to Anna. She is not breathing. He takes a breath and hurriedly performs mouth-to-mouth. She appears lifeless, immobile. Desperately, he tries AGAIN and again. Mark IS PANICKING NOW. HE KISSES HER AGAIN. AND AGAIN.

MARK
Oh God, please don't die on me...I love
you.

Anna opens her eyes.

ANNA
Keep going.

Mark is amazed, can't really believe it.

MARK
I love you.

They kiss.

JOHN (O.S.)
Yeah, right, whatever, enough already,
get out the water.

EXT. DOCK. CONTINUOUS.

Mark gets on the dock as John keeps the entrance of the Warehouse covered. Mark gently pulls Anna from the water and stares in concern at the wound on her shoulder.

MARK
(to Anna)
Are you all right?

ANNA
I think so, I never got shot before.

JOHN
Neither have I!

John collapses to the ground bleeding. Mark runs to him, grabs the TECH-9 from his hands.

MARK
(to John)
Hang in there John
(to both John and Anna)
Go, get some help.

Mark ducks low and darts into the warehouse.

FRANK'S POV: THE ENTRANCE TO THE WAREHOUSE

Frank reloads behind a pillar, taking long breaths, shaking his head in disbelief at the turn of events. He sees Mark crouched low SILHOUETTED at the entrance. He rapid fires four shots. Mark dives to his side and rolls behind a boat.

FRANK
YOU COULD ALWAYS FUCKING RUN!

Frank laughs, starts drumming on a oil container, seemingly unconcerned being exposed. He starts singing.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And he run, run like the wind, run to
the border with Mexico.

Frank leaps as Mark stares in fury and fires. A bullet BITES woods two inches FROM Frank'S HEAD.

INT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Frank skirts one way behind boats to the back of the WAREHOUSE. Mark circles from the other direction. Frank's POV: Mark, gun out, walks past a sail yacht. Frank finds cover behind a Steel Pillar, and unloads his chamber in the general direction of Mark, unconcerned with A STACK OF "FLAMMABLE!" PAINT CANS he shoots up in the process. THEY GO UP WITH A WHOOSH. SUDDENLY THE INTERIOR IS ON FIRE. Frank POV: Mark crawls through a lower berth, slips on oil, and falls on a twisted piece of metal, cutting himself across the shoulder. Mark recoils in sudden agony, then feels the cold steel of a .45 against his skull. Frank's hand grabs him by the hair and pulls him back on to some boat piling.

FRANK

Is she dead ?

MARK

I thought you loved her.

FRANK

I love me more, it's a self-respect thing.

MARK

What are you gonna tell William?

FRANK

You killed her, I killed you. Shit happens all the Time in Mexico .. Say bye bye, Mark.

Mark rolls to the side, simultaneously grabbing Frank's by the gun hand and slamming his face across a steel girder.

INT. MARINA OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

John lurches into the office, spills blood on a desk -- grabs a PHONE hanging on the wall. Anna helps him dial:

JOHN

Yes, I'd like to call Miami . 305-66997.DEA. Yes D.E.A. John DELGADO, DELGADO!(to Anna) Damn it! The fucking line went dead!

John smashes the phone. Anna looks at him puzzled. John takes a deep breath.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Ok, I need to find my happy place.

INT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Frank quickly reloads the eight chamber.45. Mark searches for him, pillar by pillar, boat by boat.

Mark's POV.: A winch control dangling a few yards in front. He sees a piece of Frank behind a Pillar.

MARK
Frank, it's over. Come on out. I'm not gonna kill you.

FRANK
All right, Mark, I am coming out.

Frank comes out into the open FIRING. Mark fires back, standing his ground. Frank dives under a boat. Mark can see the control of the winch. He lets lose a burst from his Tech-9 and cuts it in half.

Frank LOOKS UP JUST AS THE 22-FOOT BAYLINER hurtles down and smashes him into the floor. FINALLY THE BOAT SETTLES.

FRANK'S BLOODY HAND

Flails about from under a fragment of hull. Frank is pinned in the wreckage. He can see Mark walking towards him.

INT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Flames everywhere, moving closer to Frank, pinned and smashed under the boat. Mark stands over him, gun in hand.

FRANK
(in agony)
Mark, for old Times sake ?

Mark turns around and starts walking to the exit. Finally he turns again and throws his gun to Frank, flames now licking him.

INT. A SIDE OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

John and Anna can see FLAMES racing through the structure. Barrels of solvents, cleansers and paint EXPLODE o.s.

JOHN
This whole place is gonna go. C'mon!

ANNA
(screaming)
Mark, get out!!

EXT. CHOPPER POV. ABOVE THE WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Anna and John have just made it to the docks. They LOOK UP at TWO DEA CHOPPERS CIRCLING ABOVE.

EXT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Anna and John fall on the ground as THE WAREHOUSE goes up in an orange fireball.

A FIGURE

walks out of the blazing warehouse IN SLOW MOTION. It's Mark. With a cool, steady pace he walks TOWARDS Anna AND John unconcerned with the explosions behind him. Anna gets up in disbelief. John smiles.

EXT. CHOPPER POV. ABOVE THE WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Anna runs towards Mark. He opens his arms. They carefully hug and twirl.

MARK
I think we can go home now, honey.

EXT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Mark and Anna kiss. And it's a long one, as the CAMERA runs circles around them.

EXT. CHOPPER POV. ABOVE THE WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

The COAST GUARD CUTTER has docked. A GROUP OF AGENTS wearing DEA windbreakers surround John and set up a perimeter. John recognizes many of the Agents. There is a lot of handshaking going on, even if John is hurt.

EXT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Paramedics attend to John, Anna and Mark. DEA Chief THOMAS walks towards them, all smiles. He stops in front of John.

JOHN

(fake anger)
Sure took you guys long enough to find me. I nearly walked all the way back to the freaking office.

THOMAS
(smiling)
John, glad you're in one piece.
(looking at John's wound.)
More or less.

JOHN
How did you get here?

THOMAS
We offered Gold a deal. He turned it down and came to Mexico. We followed him.

JOHN
What's up with Dan? I told him my location...suddenly I'm picked up by the wrong crowd.

THOMAS
He's under arrest. He was on the take. We got a conversation between him and Meyer on tape. He'll do Time.

JOHN
(smile)
Time!? Let me kick his damn ass!

John and THOMAS are walking toward a chopper followed by Mark and Anna.

THOMAS
(pointing to them)
Who are they?

JOHN
(walking under the chopper's blades)
He saved my life, she was his whole life. Love - a wonderful thing ...if it doesn't kill you !!

INT. WILLIAM'S LIBRARY. BOSTON. LATE AFTERNOON.

The computer screen shows us a number of account numbers have been " frozen ". We discover William looking at it,

stunned. He gets up, crosses over for a drink, pours himself a cognac. From OS we hear cars approaching the Estate's front gate. William walks to the large windows opening onto the front garden. BARBARA walks into the library.

BARBARA

William, the Police is at the gate.
They would like to be let in.

William dials on a speakerphone and we hear a ring on the other end.

SECRETARY

Meldesson, Mayer & Gold- Law Offices.

WILLIAM

Jody, it's William - I need Andrew to come over.

BARBARA slumps down on a leather chair.

INT. ESTATE ENTRANCE HALL. MOMENTS LATER.

William opens the front door and a GROUP OF DEA AGENTS swarms in. William is cuffed and escorted out. BARBARA looks at the scene as though she simply is not there.

WILLIAM

Tell your daughter I'll be needing back
the money I gave her.
(to the Agents)
Gentlemen, lead on.

EXT. DEA OFFICE. MIAMI. DAY

An official function is underway, with guests and VIPs seated before a stage.

THOMAS

I am proud to promote Jonathan A.
DELGADO to District Supervisor.

Applause-- John, sitting next to his DAUGHTER and Mark, shuffles on stage and accepts a GOLD DEA SHIELD and certificate. Mark applauds --

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I would also like to award the Crystal Liberty, our agency's highest civilian award, to Mark Rolden. Without his brave actions, Inspector DELGADO may

not have survived to be here with us
today.

Mark joins John on stage and accepts the award (a crystal eagle sculpture) from Thomas. Mark crosses over to John and they embrace.

JOHN

Got all you need to go ?

MARK

Yes, yes I do. ... What can I say, John
? Thanks for making me do the right
thing.

JOHN

(nodding, smiling.)

Did I really ? Good.

They laugh. Mark and John walk off the stage. John embraces his DAUGHTER at the bottom of the stairs. Mark stands by while the Press takes Pictures. The CAMERA CRANES UP.

THE END