

SICARIO

Written by

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OPEN ON:

A MAN, standing waist-deep in the surf. White shirt, neck tie, hair perfectly parted. Wire framed glasses rest on the bridge of his nose. His name is ALEJANDRO.

He rises his face to the sun.

ALEJANDRO(V.O.)

I think about the price. The price of appetite. The cost of forgetting who we are. Pretending we are... who we will never be...

He looks young for 35, but his eyes -- seems they lived for decades before him. He closes them, bathing his face in sunshine.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

So easy to pretend we are not to blame. That a demon enters us. No... The demon is inside. We just make potions that release it.

The muscles of his neck tense.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

There's no revenge for all they have taken. No justice. It simply is...

His lip curls. His eyes open. He looks down.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

And still. They must be forced to look at all they have destroyed. By having the same done to them. Or they will forget... Forget they are human. Believe they are as different as they feel... Then they are the lion, and everything we loved and lost, simply its meal.

We hear SPLASHING and the panicked gasps of a man trying not to drown.

Only now do WE SEE: Alejandro is holding someone under the water.

He lets the drowning man catch a breath, barely. Pushes him back under. Looks out. Lost in thought.

We watch from the beach as Alejandro stands in the ocean to his belly, the sun high overhead.

CUT TO:

YESTERDAY.

-- FRAME IS FILLED WITH A BLUE EYE, AS BLUE AS THE OCEAN --

The eye blinks, and we can almost feel a breeze -- we are that close.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(Whispered) Our Father, who art in
Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy
Kingdom come...

A VERTICAL LINE OF WHITE LIGHT invades us, then grows. The eye disappears in it's wake.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Thy will be done, on Earth as it is
in Heaven.

TWO DOORS swing open. We see the silhouettes of TWELVE PEOPLE DRESSED FOR BATTLE, rifles at the ready, barrels pointing up. CAMERA is so close to the woman's face, it almost touches her. Her lips are moving, silently reciting...

We are in a SWAT ASSAULT VEHICLE. It is MOVING BACKWARDS fast and slams through a faded picket fence. Stops in the yard of a crumbling house.

They all rise and leap from the vehicle.

EXT. TRACT HOUSE -- PHOENIX -- DAY.

WE ARE RIGHT BEHIND THE WOMAN, who mumbles the prayer as she runs. The back of her vest reads: FBI. Her name is KATE MACY.

MACY

Give us this day... our daily
bread...

They reach the door, a shotgun BLASTS THE HINGES. It falls like a drawbridge.

MACY (CONT'D)

And forgive us our trespasses as we
forgive those who trespass against
us.

She speaks the prayer faster, desperate to finish before she has to kill anyone, or be killed herself.

MACY (CONT'D)
And lead us not into temptation but
deliver us from evil...

SWAT officers rush in, screaming.

Macy's turn: She runs through the busted door-

INT. TRACT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS.

In the hallway now. The chaos is closer. She hurries the words. So close now...

MACY (CONT'D)
For Thine is the Kingdom the power
and glory forever and ever amen
DOWN MOTHER FUCKER!! DOWN DOWN
DOWN!!!

Two LATINO MEN, 20'S, are slammed to the ground. Another LATINO comes from nowhere, throwing himself on an AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN wearing an FBI vest. A taser is pressed to his neck and he falls, paralyzed, backward.

Macy takes in the chaos, then pushes farther into the house, running past a bedroom with an open door.

From the corner of her eye she sees:

A MAN POINTING A SHOTGUN AT HER.

She ducks as a SHOTGUN BLAST rips 10 inches of dry wall above her.

She turns, pressing the CAMERA against the wall. We watch over her shoulder as she returns fire.

A rooster tail of shell casings are thrown over us, invading our view. Bullet after bullet pound him. The man's knees give. He's falling...

A round hits him in the face and he is thrown back -- blood, brain, and skull fragments explode like shrapnel on the wall behind him.

Adrenaline hits her like a fever. She gets dizzy, sits against the wall, gasping for breath. A SWAT officer rushes to her.

SWAT OFFICER
YOU HIT??

MACY

I'm good. I'm good.

The SWAT officer looks at the hole in the drywall. Leans forward. Looks closer... What the fuck IS that??

His face now inches from the hole then jumps back like he was bitten by a snake.

SWAT OFFICER

WHAT THE FUCK??

WE SEE WHAT HE SEES:

The SKULL OF A MAN. Dry skin sunken into bones like cellophane.

Macy stands up and turns around. Looks at it. Trying to process what she's seeing. She walks up and starts pulling at the drywall. Other officers join her. They yank and tear a six foot hole in the wall, then stand back, speechless.

Bodies are standing side by side. A lime-green dust has spilled out on the floor.

The entire house is a tomb.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACT HOUSE -- LATER.

Macy sits on the porch. Swallows water from a bottle. Holds it down maybe ten seconds. Vomits... We see another SWAT OFFICER doing the same.

FBI AGENT REGGIE WAYNE, 30, African American, walks from the house, fighting the same urge. Sits beside her.

MACY

Can't shake the smell. Just sits in you.

REGGIE

Yeah... Sorry I wasn't on your six. Got wrapped up in the front room.

Macy nods.

MACY

I saw.

She looks out over the sea of POLICE VEHICLES on the street and spots PHOENIX HOMICIDE DETECTIVE LANCE ALVAREZ, 45, heading right for them.

LANCE

Loan you SWAT and you hand us three dozen homicides. I oughta fucking pepper spray you.

MACY

Couldn't smell any worse.

LANCE

Ha ha. You're not the one gotta clean this shit up.

MACY

Yeah. Thirty families without a father's real funny, but you keep worrying about what it does to your weekend, Lance.

LANCE

Listen you fucking --

Reggie is on his feet in an instant and inches from Lance's face.

REGGIE

I didn't hear you, you say something?

Lance swallows his anger and his pride, walks toward the house.

LANCE

Clear your people out, it's our crime scene now.

MACY

It's your crime scene when I GIVE IT TO YOU!!!

REGGIE

What are the chances they'll put together a case.

MACY

... None.

REGGIE

Look.

She turns and sees: FBI REGIONAL DIRECTOR DAVE JENNINGS, 50, leather skin stretched over a square jaw that rests on broad shoulders. Beside him is DEPUTY DIRECTOR PHIL COOPER, 40, balding and thin, exactly the man you want analyzing data.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Ever seen him at a crime scene?

MACY
No.

Jennings and Phil reach her.

JENNINGS
You okay?

MACY
I'm fine.

MACY (CONT'D)
Wanna give me the tour?

She doesn't but she will.

INT. TRACT HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

No dry wall anywhere now: the walls have been stripped to the frame, exposing another DOZEN BODIES. CORONERS in protective suits remove them as DETECTIVES photograph the scene. The smell is atrocious.

PHIL
Looks like Sinaloa...

Jennings nods and sighs.

JENNINGS
Yeah. (To a coroner) How many total?

CORONER
Between here and the hall we have thirty, but there's more in the back bedroom and we haven't looked in the attic or under the crawl space.

JENNINGS
(To Phil) Call DOJ in Washington, let em know what we have.

Phil nods, pulls his cell and steps away.

JENNINGS (CONT'D)

This one of the houses owned by
Manuel Diaz?

MACY

No way to connect him, but he owns
it.

The smell is getting to Reggie. Doesn't look like he's going
to make it...

MACY (CONT'D)

Go ahead and step out, it's okay.

Don't have to tell him twice.

Jennings walks to the wall. Studies the faces -- one in
particular, tinted an ashy green from lye and months of decay
-- his mouth open wide and eyes shut so tight that his brow
is a tangle of wrinkles, as though he is suffering his death
for eternity.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACT HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- CONT.

We see a GARAGE, and to it's left A STORAGE SHED. AN OFFICER
yanks boxes and garbage from it, tossing it on the driveway.
He reaches the floor, which is covered with rubber matts. He
pulls one up and discovers a 3' X 3' piece of plywood hinged
to the floor and locked.

OFFICER

I NEED BOLT CUTTERS.

They are brought over and the lock is cut. The officer kneels
down. Lifts the hatch a little. Looks under, flashlight in
hand...

-- WE ARE UNDERNEATH THE PLYWOOD, FLASHLIGHT IN OUR EYES --

As the hatch is lifted -- TWO HOOKS with wires are visible to
our left and right. As the hatch is lifted, the wires pull
tighter... We see where they lead: TWO GRENADES.

INT. TRACT HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- CONT.

Jennings and Macy walk down the hall. Jennings stops at the
body of the man Macy killed, then notices --

Through a screen door at the end of the hall -- officers
rushing toward the shed.

JENNINGS
PD found something.

Macy and Jennings walk outside. As the sunlight hits them, the officer open the hatch, the wires pull tight and we hear a 'clink'.

-- THE GRENADES EXPLODE. TWO OFFICERS BLOWN TO OBLIVION --

Dust, debris, smoke, and pieces of them roll toward Jennings and Macy like a wave, swallowing them.

Our entire world is filled with a brown cloud and screams...

CUT TO:

INT. MANUEL DIAZ'S HOUSE -- DAY.

We see children splashing and playing in a large pool through enormous windows in MANUEL DIAZ'S living room. As we pull back, we hear the sounds of a NEWS REPORT.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
Phoenix police have released no details, but there HAS BEEN an explosion at a house in South Phoenix.

CAMERA PIVOTS and we are looking at a TV across a flawlessly decorated living room. Aerial footage of the tract house and obliterated storage plays.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
You can clearly see two bodies covered in tarps but Phoenix Police will not release names or even confirm the deaths. Witnesses on the scene state that a warrant was served at the house an hour BEFORE the explosion, so the speculation is the deceased are Phoenix police officers --

A MAN leans into frame. His head slowly shakes as he watches and listens. A cell phone rings. He answers it, mutes the TV, and retreats out of frame, leaving us to watch the news in silence, as the sounds of children splashing and laughing wafts in through an open window.

CUT TO:

INT. MACY'S APARTMENT -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT.

We stare at the spout. Water washes over us. We look at the drain. Dirt, blood, and small fragments of pink, white, and navy blue circle the drain as gravity carries them to the sewers of Phoenix.

Dark brown hair is vigorously scrubbed. Macy does not relax in this shower-- that is not its purpose. The purpose is to decontaminate.

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER.

Macy stands in front of the mirror, brushing her hair. There are abrasions on her cheek and a deep cut that runs down from the corner of her eye-- like she cried a scar.

The hair brush catches. Pulls her head back.

MACY

OW.

She extracts the brush. Feels around on her scalp and retrieves a piece of bone. Looks at it...

She wraps it in toilet paper, sets it on the counter, and gets back in the shower. Turns it on. Gonna try this again...

INT. MACY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT.

The decor is Spare. Functional and nothing more. Doesn't even tease herself with pictures on the wall.

Macy walks in wearing a large men's t shirt, nothing else. Her COMPUTER CHIRPS. ROSALYN4620 is asking that she chat. Macy looks at the screen.

MACY (CONT'D)

Not tonight mom.

Keeps walking. Her cell phone rings. Call display: MOM.

MACY (CONT'D)

Uhh... (Answers it) Mom, it was a really tough--

ROSALYN (V.O.)

Everyone sure missed you today.

Macy's body tenses and deflates at the same time.

MACY

Me too. You get my card?

MOM (V.O.)
Get on the computer. I want to see
you--

MACY
Mom, I just got --

MOM (V.O.)
It's my birthday goddammit--

MACY
I'm signing on.

She hits a button on her computer and ROSALYN MACY, 60 today, appears. She leans back and forth in front of the lens, still unsure about this technology that beams her image through space.

MOM
Can you see me?

MACY
Stay in one place, Mom. Happy
birthday. Sorry I didn't call--

MOM
Can you see me? I don't see you.
Lean forward -- there you are...
What happened to your face?

Rosalyn's happy mood is gone.

MACY
Nothing. It's something on your
lens.

MOM
Kate. I can see it.

MACY
Like I said, rough day.

Silence.

MOM
What a waste of a law degree, Kate.

Macy holds her tongue, but it takes effort.

MACY
Who came to the party?

MOM

Evan sent me a card. I thought that was very sweet. Have you two spoken?

Macy sighs.

MACY

No.

MOM

Well... I hope you two will become friends.

MACY

I'm sure we'll be great friends, Mother. Nothing like a divorce to bring people closer.

Beat.

MOM

You look tired.

MACY

I am... (forces a smile) Happy birthday. How does it feel to be 60?

MOM

It would feel a lot better with a grandchild, and I don't think it's unreas--

Macy slams the laptop closed. She rubs her eyes... So tired. Her cell phone rings. She flips it open, angry --

MACY

I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT GRANDCHILDREN. (It isn't mom) Yeah, umm... I can, I can be there in, say thirty minutes? Yes sir.

Hangs up. Day's not over.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY COMMAND CENTER -- PHOENIX -- NIGHT.

Macy and Reggie sit in chairs against a glass wall. NEWS FOOTAGE of the blast plays on monitors along the wall of a command center filled with activity.

In the glass office behind them, a dozen men in suits. Jennings, in the same shape as Macy, has deflated into a chair, Phil sitting beside him.

Macy turns and looks through the wall at the men.

REGGIE

Know what's going on?

MACY

No idea.

Jennings makes eye contact with Macy through the glass. For the first time, he seems old to her.

All these men look important, except one: MATT GRAVES, 40, golf shirt, bit of a belly, red, shaggy hair -- looks like a tourist. His demeanor is easy, you almost get the sense he's having fun. Macy turns around and rests her head against the glass.

MACY (CONT'D)

I need coffee.

REGGIE

We did this by the book, right?

MACY

Come on ... Of course.

Macy lets out a heavy breath, looks back through the glass to find: every man in the room is STARING RIGHT AT HER.

MACY (CONT'D)

Jesus.

REGGIE

What?(Turns around) Oh shit.

Phil walks toward them, pushes open the door.

PHIL

Would you step in here, Kate?

She rises and shares a look with Reggie. The door closes behind her.

INT. GLASS OFFICE -- CONT.

Matt smiles, friendly. A man in his 40's, military haircut, BURNETT, looks her over.

BURNETT

Quite a find today ... The loss of two officers not withstanding.

She says nothing.

BURNETT (CONT'D)

How familiar are you with Manuel Diaz's operation?

MACY

His company, Sun Valley, owns eighty or so foreclosure properties, another --

MATT

What do you know about his brother?

She looks at Matt.

MACY

Um ... Wasn't aware he had one.

MATT

Guillermo... Mexican police are holding him in Juarez. What do you know about his cousin?

Beat.

MACY

Didn't know he had one of those either.

BURNETT

His cousin is Fausto Alarcon.

Beat.

MACY

I don't know who that is.

MATT

Number three in the Sinaloa Cartel.

BURNETT

Manuel Diaz is likely their most senior member in the United States.

Macy feels woefully unprepared for an inquisition.

MACY

None of this is in his file.

BURNETT
With good reason.

MATT
Loose lips sink ships, Kate.

MACY
I'm not --

JENNINGS
Agent Macy doesn't work narcotics,
she runs a kidnapping response
team.

MATT
You married?

MACY
I'm sorry?

MATT
Husband?

Who the fuck is this clown in the golf shirt?

MACY
Divorced.

MATT
Kids?

MACY
No. He works for Border Patrol and
got to keep the condo and my
Bronco, anything else?

Matt smiles. Phil stands up.

PHIL
Thank you Kate, if you could wait
outside, please.

She stands there for a beat, utterly confused, then leaves.

She sits back down next to Reggie.

REGGIE
... Well?

MACY
I have no clue.

MACY

Okay... If I, umm... What's our objective?

MATT

Our objective is to dramatically overreact.

Beat.

MACY

Why isn't Reggie in here?

MATT

He's a little green. You've been kicking doors longer.

She looks back at Reggie.

MATT (CONT'D)

Makes you feel better to have him around, he can tag along after we get back from El Paso.

He smiles. She takes this in.

JENNINGS

Kate. You must volunteer for an interagency task force... Think very hard before you respond ... You want to be a part of this?

Jennings' eyes beg her to say no. But the hunter in her is awake. She looks back at Reggie -- his eyes are full of concern...

MACY

We get an opportunity at the men responsible for today?

MATT

The men who are REALLY responsible.

MACY

Then yeah, sure. I'll volunteer.

Jennings looks at her. Nods. She is theirs now...

CUT TO:

MATT

Good. Trying to get DOD to let me look into this conspiracy to sink Figi.

Steve chuckles.

STEVE

It's the damn terrorists. They're sinking all the tropical islands.

MATT

I figure a month or two there, I could get it worked out.

STEVE

Hear there's a real drug problem at the Four Seasons there. You need any help looking into it...

MATT

Yeah, I'll keep you posted... who's going over today?

STEVE

Marshals, DEA. Pulled a team for you.

MATT

I get all warm and fuzzy when you say 'team'.

STEVE

It's a crack bunch too. Just rotated back from Afghanistan.

MATT

Where's everybody linking up?

STEVE

Army Intelligence Center.

Macy listens intently, trying to figure out what the hell they're talking about. Alejandro looks out across the border. Alejandro seems different. He is somewhere else. Somewhere bad.

EXT. ARMY INTELLIGENCE CENTER -- EL PASO -- DAY.

TWENTY FOOT WALLS surround the center. A GUARD POST in front of an enormous closed gate.

The Tahoe pulls up... A guard, dressed like he is on mission in Afghanistan, steps forward.

ALEJANDRO

No.

He offers nothing further.

MACY

For who?

ALEJANDRO

Mexico. As a federal prosecutor.

MACY

You're not American?

ALEJANDRO

No.

She tries to make sense of that.

MACY

Who do you work for now?

Alejandro smiles.

ALEJANDRO

I go where I'm sent.

MACY

Where were you sent FROM?

ALEJANDRO

Cartagena.

MACY

... Colombia?

Alejandro nods.

Matt emerges from the other room carrying two M4 carbines and a Kevlar vest. Macy sees him and marches to him.

MATT

(Handing her the vest) See if this fits.

MACY

(Pointing toward Alejandro) Is he CIA? Are you?

MATT

Try it on.

MACY

Well?

MACY

So how nervous should I be?

The DEA Agent riding shotgun turns back to her.

AGENT

Are you kidding?

He points out the window.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Over there? That's the beast.

He turns back, facing front.

She looks out the window to Juarez. It is so close, you could throw a frisbee into it.

EXT. BORDER HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS.

THE CONVOY turns onto the BRIDGE OF THE AMERICAS. Border Agents have closed the left lane to traffic, in preparation for the convoy's arrival.

From above, we see MEXICO. Some THIRTY FEDERAL POLICE TRUCKS, SOLDIERS FILLING THE BEDS are waiting for them.

The convoy drives straight through -- the Mexican Police trucks roll forward as our convoy catches up to them.

THROUGH THE REMAINDER OF SCENE, WE WILL INTERCUT IN AND OUT OF THE VEHICLES

The city of Juarez is itself a crime. Filthy and crumbling, hookers and criminals fill every possible space of sidewalk. They are as plentiful as the unfortunate masses that are condemned to live and work here.

SIRENS BLARE. POLICE YELL OVER LOUD SPEAKERS AND THROUGH MEGAPHONES FOR VEHICLES TO PULL OVER AND LET THE CONVOY PASS.

SWEAT rolls down Macy's face. She can feel her heart beating... Loud enough she actually wonders if others hear it too.

At every turn, it seems there are soldiers and police. A large group of police can be seen on a side-street, standing around a car -- a DEAD BODY on the street beside it.

Macy sees a woman in her 20's SPRINTING down the street, SCREAMING, though there is no one chasing her.

Both agents in the front seats reposition their rifles. Ready.

The convoy rolls again. Makes a left, drives away from the battle as though they were avoiding road construction. A few blocks and they all snake right. Macy is trying hard not to be terrified.

Suddenly, the convoy picks up speed. Moving 70mph over a road that barely qualifies as two lanes.

They race past a park. A large building can be seen on the right. The Mexican flag flies in front. Numerous Federal Police vehicles in front.

The convoy stops in front and the Delta operators are out of their vehicles, setting a perimeter. The Marshals and Matt emerge and move straight to the building, two Deltas follow.

Macy stays glued to the front door of the building. Waiting. Alejandro shifts in his seat toward Macy.

ALEJANDRO

Nothing will happen here. If they try anything, it will be at the border. If no lane is cleared for us when we return... Be ready. Watch the cars. Look for old cars. Throw aways. Not gangster cars... Those are for the whores on Saturday night. Did you watch the cars we passed driving in?

She shakes her head 'no'

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Watch for state police. They are all bad. We will lose the escort at the loop. You will see. That is when you worry.

Matt and the Marshals come out with a man covered in a blanket. He is placed in the backseat.

The federal Police begin turning their vehicles.

AGENT

NOW.

Suddenly, the Tahoe lurches forward -- moving between the vehicle with Matt and the Marshals -- acting as a shield. Macy looks out the window at the Federal Police trucks. She notices the agent riding shotgun has his rifle at the ready in the direction of the Federal Police.

Matt walks up to her. She holds out a hand, begging him away.

MACY
JUST... Give me a minute.

MATT
Yeah. That got a little nutty, huh?

MACY
No. No. Don't... NO. This isn't ...
This was a SPECIAL OP. You're a
fucking spook. And HIM!! Who the
fuck is that??

She points at Alejandro.

He lets her vent. Burning the unused adrenaline.

MATT
Hey. I told you to stay here...

MACY
I'm not qualified for this. I'm
good at what I do, but I'm not a
soldier.

MATT
Don't sell yourself short. Reason
Reggie's home is I know he's not
ready for this, but he's gonna have
to get ready real quick, because
this is the future. Juarez is what
happens when they dig in...

MACY
Don't put me in a situation where I
have to break the law to stay
alive. Don't do that to me.

Steve walks up to Matt.

STEVE
You wanna get cracking?

MATT
On that note, I think you better
stay out here.

Matt winks and walks in the building, leaving Macy alone in the motor pool.

INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

MATT

All yours.

The Agents begin yelling and marching the smuggler group out. Alejandro turns to Bob.

ALEJANDRO

Break them into groups of four, Let them spread out, each group as far from the other as possible.

Bob huddles his agents and begins explaining as Matt and Alejandro walk off.

We see Reggie, observing from the entrance. He's had enough 'not knowing', walks to Macy.

REGGIE

What are we doing here?(Looks her over) What were you doing in Mexico??

MACY

I'm with you, alright. I don't have answers.

REGGIE

Well, let's get some then.

She looks at him.

MACY

You think I haven't asked these questions. Think you can do better?
MATT. Can we talk to you for a minute?

He starts walking toward them. They head for the open warehouse door.

EXT IMMIGRATION WAREHOUSE CONT.

Macy and Reggie stop in the center of the parking lot. Matt catches up to them.

MATT

This feels very serious.

REGGIE

What are we looking for? There's in the dark and then there's the way you're treating us. I want to know the objective, or I walk. Period.

MATT

Then go. I didn't ask you to be a part of this. She did.

MACY

I walk too.

Reggie stares at Matt, who casually smiles, pacifying the children.

MATT

What would you like to know?

REGGIE

Everything.

MATT

Guillermo told us about a tunnel east of Nogales, near Sasabe. So now, we're trying to find what areas near there migrants avoid. Because that's where the tunnel will be. Better?

REGGIE

Guillermo is...?

Matt laughs.

MATT

I'm going back in.

He turns.

MACY

He TOLD you where a drug tunnel is... Just... Told you.

MATT

Guillermo didn't have any other options. We send him back across the border and he's a dead man. Had to give us something.

He just smiles...

MACY

Bullshit.

REGGIE

Look man, we have a boss, and you ain't him. Be straight. What are you doing?

MACY

These guys are pros, this is where they practice.

REGGIE

This what you do? Come here trolling for rednecks...

Macy laughs. Reggie takes in the crowd -- lots of young blonde girls in hats and jeans two sizes too small.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Peckerwoods got some fine-ass women though.

MACY

Bet I start seeing you here weekly.

The next bull erupts from the chute, sending a cowboy ass over elbow...

REGGIE

I'll say this... these folks got it figured. Music's all..(He stamps his foot and claps) bout life just... beating em, but still happy. Can't take that away from em.

MACY

Let's go inside. I wanna dance.

REGGIE

Lit's git in thar an' boot scoot.

CUT TO:

INT. BUFFALO CHIP -- DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT.

Macy and Reggie have infiltrated a line dance. Reggie's interpretation is mockery, but his gun is visible, so no one's saying shit...

Macy laughs, spins. Doesn't know how to line dance... feels good to move anyway. She sways, clicks her heels, and acts like a woman, for just a moment...

INT. BUFFALO CHIP -- BAR -- LATER.

Macy and Reggie sit at a long table, many beers in. They are easy together... Would be easy to make a mistake tonight and fuck up a great partnership, but they've walked this line many times before.

REGGIE

I think some of these girl's are getting drunk enough to forget they're racist.

MACY

Oh for God's sake, a Black man is president. Racism is dead, and even if it wasn't when he popped Bin Ladin he won over the hold outs.

A blonde thing is smiling at him.

REGGIE

Yeah, baby.

Reggie notices a HANDSOME COWBOY. Tall, broad shoulders...

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I know him.

MACY

Who?

REGGIE

He's Phoenix PD.

MACY

(Spots him) Really... Invite him over.

REGGIE

HEY! TED!

Ted turns to the sound. Seems surprised to see Reggie. Walks over. He carries what looks like a gym bag.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

What do you got there man?

TED

I rode tonight.

REGGIE

A bull? No shit?

TED
Yeah. Were you watching?

REGGIE
For a minute, how'd you do?

TED
Tossed right out of the chute.
(Sees Macy) Hi.

She smiles a bit. Shy even...

REGGIE
Sit down, man.

TED
Let me grab you guys some beers,
what is that?

REGGIE
Anything, man.

He walks off.

MACY
Married?

REGGIE
All yours. In my basketball league.

MACY
Good guy?

REGGIE
He's great. Sergeant in vice.
Divorced, couple kids I think...

Macy watches him as he orders. The girl beside him, much younger and pretty, is chatting him... He's chatting back. She retreats into her shell, feeling foolish for thinking it would be that easy to meet someone... She clouds. Reggie notices.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
I'ma cock block that little blonde
for you... gonna be a sacrifice...

MACY
Yeah... Thanks.

Reggie walks up to Ted and the girl, charms his way between and gabs them both. We see Macy, letting herself be hopeful...

MATT (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Alejandro nods. He and the Delta operators move ahead, silently. Disappear behind the old car. After a moment we follow.

We enter the tunnel. Moving fast.

INT. TUNNEL -- CONT.

We pass the body of a SMUGGLER, throat slit. We continue. A shaft banks left, we follow...

Another body lies on the ground, throat slit, though eyes wide open, bleeding out and staring up at us as we pass.

We see the operators ahead. DELTA backtracks to Matt.

DELTA

(whispers) So we're clear, I don't need to announce. Weapons free.

MATT

They don't get freer buddy.

The operator moves forward, whispers to his group. They all pull out their 1911 pistols and attach silencers.

ALEJANDRO

Take the left shaft ... Make noise.

DELTA returns his pistol to it's holster, raises his rifle. His men follow suit.

DELTA

Don't want us with you?

ALEJANDRO

No. Draw them to you. The one I am looking for will try and run.

The operators move into the left chamber, Alejandro moves off to the right. Matt holds Macy and Reggie up. Points to the ceiling: RED PAINT ALL THE WAY AROUND.

MATT

Cross this and it's new rules.

She takes the dare.

MACY

Fair enough.

EXT. FAUSTO ALARCON ESTATE -- NIGHT.

We near an isolated estate. We turn off the main road to a private road that leads a mile or so onto Fausto's hacienda.

As the large house comes into view. VEHICLES can be seen parked in front. We approach a car along the road, a man sitting on the hood.

Manuel rolls his window down.

MANUEL
Soy Manuel Diaz.

GUARD
Si, te conosco. El Jefe esta esperando.

The rear window rolls down. A pistol comes out. A silenced round is fired into the face of the man. He falls back on the hood.

ALEJANDRO
Drive.

MANUEL
What happens when we get to the house?

ALEJANDRO
You get out and walk toward them.

MANUEL
What will happen to me?

ALEJANDRO
What you do now is for your family. There is no you.

MANUEL
You think you are so different?

ALEJANDRO
No. Not anymore. Now I am the same. Turn the car a bit more to the left.

The car stops. THREE MEN stand in the driveway with automatic rifles. The Range Rover is parked so the right headlight is pointed directly toward them.

Manuel opens the door and we are--

EXT. FUASTO ESTATE -- CONT.

Manuel walks toward the men -- looking for a way out of this.

GUARD 2
Senor, buenos noches.

MANUEL
Cuidado hombres--

Alejandro takes his pistol and presses the silenced barrel to the top of Manuel's head, pulling the trigger and driving Manuel into the ground like a nail. As Manuel's body drops, Alejandro fires on all three men -- hitting them all in the head, killing them instantly.

He walks to the front door, opens it...

INT. FAUSTO ESTATE -- CONT.

A man rounds the corner into the main foyer and without slowing down, Alejandro touches the barrel to his forehead and fires.

We can hear the sound of talking in another room. Alejandro moves to it.

INT FAUSTO'S KITCHEN/ DINING ROOM

FAUSTO, 50's, graying hair. Big belly. Sits at the head of the table. JACINTA, 30's trophy wife, sits beside him gulping wine. They have three CHILDREN, two girls and a boy. A woman in her 60's cooks in the kitchen.

JACINTA
RAPIDO, MAMA!, tengo hambre!

Alejandro walks into the room, presses his foot against Jacinta's side, and launches her out of frame, then sits next to Fausto, presses the gun to his shoulder and fires. The children scream. Mama turns, Alejandro points the gun at her.

ALEJANDRO
SIENTATE! AQUI!!

She comes around and sits as ordered.

Jacinta stands up.

FAUSTO (SUBTITLE)
He'll kill you. Stay still.

ALEJANDRO (SUBTITLE)
Your children speak English?

FAUSTO

No.

ALEJANDRO

Then we will spare them. I interrupted dinner. Please... Continue.

Fausto stares at him.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Every night, you have families killed, and yet you dine. Tonight should be no different.

Points the pistol at him.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Eat.

He slowly fills a fork, puts it in his mouth. Tells his children to do the same. They chew their meal and cry. Alejandro turns to the old woman.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Take the children away from here.

She rises and hurries the children out of the dining area.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

(Points the gun at Jacinta) You. Whore. Sit over there.

She sits. Alejandro turns to Fausto, notices he has stopped eating. Picks up a fork and stabs it into Fausto's hand. Fausto screams.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

You're not finished. Eat...

Fausto forces down another bite, rests his trembling hand on the table.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I will give you a choice, Fausto, one I was not given... You may choose to die tonight or live with the shame of having the mother of your children take your place...

He looks at Fausto. Fausto stops chewing. Processes what was just said.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Yes ... Choose.

Fausto looks at Jacinta. Her eyes say, "Goodbye my brave love"... Never dawns on her what he's thinking.

FAUSTO

I take shame.

She's stunned. Tears run her heavy make up. She looks to Alejandro. No mercy there. Back to her husband.

FAUSTO (CONT'D)

I love me more. I'm sorry.

He isn't. It wasn't a hard decision. She turns to Alejandro. Holds her chin high in defiance.

JACINTA

Do it. You fuck. Chinga tu madre
PUNTA CABRON ANDALE PUES!!!

Alejandro looks at Fausto.

ALEJANDRO

See why you married her. Spunk.

Alejandro looks into Fausto's uncaring eyes.

Alejandro fires into Fausto's belly. Touches the barrel to his arm, fires again. Fausto screams. Alejandro presses the barrel to Fausto's throat, fires again. Fausto falls to the floor, gargling.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Watch death come for you. Watch.
The devil is near, Fausto. He is
waiting for you.

Fausto's terrified eyes stare back at Alejandro as he gasps for air. Drowning in his own blood. There is no specific moment when death comes. He simply fades. Alejandro sits back down.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

This is what they think of you. You
see?

She stares at him, shaking so profusely you might think she is freezing to death.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Maybe you have enough pride that you don't marry another one of these. Maybe you take his money and go hide and raise your children far from here. Maybe your son grows up to be a doctor. And I don't have to come back and kill him some day.

Alejandro walks out, leaving Jacinta shivering alone at the dinner table.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIO'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY.

A shadow falls over an empty bed. Eliseo stands there... this has never happened before. He walks down the hall to the kitchen. His mother is in the same place, cooking. But the look in her eyes is anger. She knows he is dead. And may God damn him for making her be the one to tell their son.

He stands there. Staring at his mother.

ELISEO

Mama?

CUT TO:

EXT. MACY'S APARTMENT -- BALCONY -- DAY.

Dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, she sits on the balcony, takes a drag of her cigarette. Looks at it.

MACY

Three days ago I hadn't had you in ten years... fucker.

She leans back and looks out over Phoenix as the sun sets. She exhales ... looks at the cigarette.

MACY (CONT'D)

(Half joking) You're the only one who understands me.

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)

I think maybe, it will be the thing that kills us all ... as a people, you know?

Macy leaps up as if she's on fire, falls over her chair, comes up with her pistol. He moves so fast there is no time to react.

In an instant, he has the gun and removes the magazine, disassembles the slide, and tosses the pieces on the table. She screams and rushes him. He spins her and pushes her back.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Stop it.

He moves to her and gently touches her face, looking at the gash on her nose. She is frozen in fear.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

That will scar. I'm sorry.

She breathes heavy, trying to remain calm.

He begins lifting her shirt. She struggles and he grabs her throat. She looks into his eyes and it is a killer looking back.

MACY

Please.

ALEJANDRO

Let me look ... Move your hand.

She surrenders, turns her head to the side. He lifts her shirt above her bare breasts. Six large, red welts...

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

These ribs are bruised, but not broken, yes?

She nods as her lip quivers. Clinging desperately to her dignity. She has never felt so powerless, and that is his point.

He drops her shirt and steps back. She crosses her arms, feeling very weak.

Alejandro sits across from her.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I would recommend not standing on balconies for a little while.

She doesn't move.

MACY

You're an assassin.

Beat.

ALEJANDRO

In Mexico, the killers are called Sicarios... The word comes from the zealots of Jerusalem. Killers who hunted the Romans that invaded their homeland... They don't deserve the term.

MACY

You are a Sicario.

ALEJANDRO

Policing them does nothing. They must be killed. Wherever they are found. They will make every place they touch Juarez. Now ... Now you understand how far we have fallen.

He studies her-- arms crossed, legs close together.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

You look like a girl when you're scared. Such beauty in you when you let yourself be frail. Like the daughter they took from me ... This is not the work for you. Look at yourself, Kate. What it has done to you in just three days ... Find a little town far from the border. A place where the rule of law still exists. You will spot predators there very easy now... Make a difference you can see everyday. Because you will not survive here. You are not a wolf. This is the land of wolves now.

He looks at her. Smiles sadly and leaves.

She waits. Starts to cry, fights it back. Begins frantically reassembling the pistol. Rams the magazine in and racks a round. Comes around the corner. Enters the house. Looks around. Checks every room, panting, shaking. He is gone. She stands there and sobs...

CUT TO:

EXT. NOGALES STREET -- DAY.

The mother walks with Eliseo, dressed for soccer. Down the empty street. Sirens in the distance.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

We like to think if we cut the head
from the snake, the serpent will
die...

They round the corner. We follow them to a park. Weeds cut short to look like grass. Little boys dressed in uniforms, parents sitting in lawn chairs. A referee. Just people, desperately trying to enjoy the life they have been given.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

But there is no snake. They are worms. When you cut the head, a new one grows. From both segments ... We cannot question if the end justifies the means because there is no end to consider...

Eliseo runs to join his team. Whatever his mother told him, it wasn't the truth.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

This is the price of our self indulgence. Our weakness ... Our appetite. They are our demons, our creation.

The mother sits on the ground, watching the boys. Running. Playing. Being children. The referee blows a whistle. The boys assume their positions on the field. The forwards line up, facing each other. Eliseo is dead center, the team's star. The referee sets the ball in place...

-- GUNFIRE RIPS THROUGH THE MORNING.

Everyone stops and stares in the direction of the gunfire. It is very still. People frozen like deer in a field -- weighing the risk. No more shooting. The morning is quiet again.

ALEJANDRO

There is a moment in each person's life. A choice. Do what feels good... Do what is good. Make the wrong choice enough, and it is not presented again... then all choices are bad. And the consequences worse. There is no war on drugs. Only war. The enemy we fight? Ourselves ...

The referee blows the whistle and sets the ball down. The game begins.

Eliseo swipes it and kicks it out of frame, the other boys chasing him...

THE END.