

The Ethnics

Written by

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TEASER

INT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - BEDROOM - DAY

A pair of naked breasts bounce rhythmically back and forth - the biggest, all-natural, pale white tits you've ever seen.

ABBIE

ABBIE (CONT'D)

Yes, yes, oh, fuck yes! Fuck my  
married ass, you beast!

Behind her stands NATHAN CRUZ (28) He's our hero. You can tell because of his chiseled Latin good looks, his broad ripped chest, his tightly cut abs...

And the fact that he's fucking the plump ass of the most beautiful blonde bombshell we've ever seen.

He looks up as across the room, French doors crash open as ETHAN CRUZ (28) flies through them. Ethan's our other hero. He's not quite as handsome and ripped as his fraternal twin brother, but he's okay with that. Really.

He has other talents.

He smashes into the bed, knocking Abbie off balance as he rolls to his feet as he draws his .45 Glock.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

Three shots, three men down.

The Glock locks open, chamber empty. He rips out the magazine and slams a fresh one in. He turns towards Nathan when a rumbling noise draws his attention to

A huge henchman, larger & wider than the others rushes them.

Ethan drops the gun, flips himself back onto the bed, spins his legs up and under the brute, using his momentum to flip him up

Over Nathan's head.

Shattering through the center pane of the picture window behind the bed.

There is a long moment punctuated by the falling man's yell.

A VERY long moment. Seriously, it's a long fall.

Then the faint sound of a wet crunch, echoing back up.

Ethan tries to roll, but the pale tits are in his face.  
ABBIE plants a wet kiss on his lips.

He waves her off, popping back up to his feet.

ETHAN

What the hell are you doing?

NATHAN

You said to get close, get some intel.

ETHAN

And you thought it was up her ass?  
We don't have time for this!

ABBIE

Are you sure, baby? It's a big bed  
and I could be hiding intel, oh,  
anywhere.

Ethan looks down. It *is* a big bed. A California king.

ETHAN

As lovely as that offer sounds, I'm,  
well, currently focusing on men.

She smiles, reaches for the bottom drawer of the nightstand.

ABBIE

I can be... Flexible.

She yanks the drawer open to reveal a tube of lube and a  
large black strap on dildo.

ETHAN

Got a boyfriend.

ABBIE

Don't care.

ETHAN

I do.

A whistling sound behind him draws his attention, then

BOOM!

Someone's pissed. They just fired a rocket into their own  
leader's hacienda. Outside, the walls collapse.

All three of them stare at the destruction. Time's up.

Ethan picks up Nathan's pants, throws them to him.

He yanks them on. Looks around. No shirt. He shrugs.

Ethan uses the sheets to clear the glass around the window. Looks down, back up at the scenery. Pauses, doing some mental calculations.

Ethan quickly backs away from the window, counting his steps.

He looks up at the window again, nods.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Ready?

NATHAN

Ready.

Nathan joins him, poised to sprint.

ETHAN

Wait. Where's Cookie?

NATHAN

Shit. I suck at this parenting thing.

He runs to the other side of the room, where LUKE "COOKIE" CRUZ, Nathan's 6-month old son, sleeps in a Baby Bjorn.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, buddy!

Nathan straps Cookie to his still naked chest.

He joins Ethan at the doorway.

ABBIE

Wait!

Draped in a sheet - barely - she hands Nathan a business card. He glances at it: Abbie Gale, Anchor, Channel 6 News.

He palms it and they run, picking up speed, then vault through the window, legs waving as we FREEZE.

ETHAN (V.O.)

So, you're probably wondering how we got here. It's, well...

**END TEASER**

ACT ONE

EXT. ATROPOS ASSISTED LIVING - MORNING

The sun is just rising over the mid-20th century gabled building, surrounded by well-kept trees and shrubbery.

ARTHUR, a grizzled old man in his 70's, stooped over, struggles to trim the shrubbery with long-nosed clippers, almost shortening his own nose.

A bead of sweat is already running down his face, and strangely, he's the only one out enjoying the bucolic setting.

He raises his hand in a wave as a Nissan Leaf comes up the cobblestone driveway, parking to the left of the door.

INT. ATROPOS ASSISTED LIVING - COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

There are a series of couches and short tables, some of which bear board games, checkers and one chess set.

A huge flat screen TV hangs on one wall. It's perpetually tuned to the Game Show Network, but muted at the moment.

Several of the residents wander around, not a one younger than 65. CASSANDRA, a white woman in her 90's who's losing her hair, navigates with a walker - sort of.

Hallways with cheap but tasteful artwork lead in all 4 directions.

At the west hallway, just past the front desk, Nathan, fully clothed, hands little Cookie to his mother, GLORIA CRUZ. The deeply-held anger behind his eyes eases some watching his mother with his son.

Gloria's in her 50's, smart, strong, and more capable than may be apparent at first glance. She's dressed smartly but comfortably.

Her hair is pulled back on one side, subtly accentuating the beauty she's refused to let age and a hard life take from her.

NATHAN

You sure it's okay to drop him off here? I just feel safer--

GLORIA

Of course, Mijo! My grandson is always welcome here.

She tickles his belly.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
My little Cookie! And the residents  
love him. Right, Cassandra?

At the sound of her name, Cassandra stops, walker hanging in  
air about 2 inches ahead of her.

CASSANDRA  
What?!

NATHAN  
It's just that Mia has the open house  
today and her parents might stop by.  
So she wanted me to get people to  
sign the book, offer them snacks,  
you know, look... Useful.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)  
What?!

GLORIA  
Don't worry, Nathan, when Cookie's  
older, they'll appreciate that his  
daddy decided to stay home and raise  
him.

Nathan nods. Sure they will.

ETHAN (O.S.)  
Will Matt be there?

They both turn to see Ethan, wearing a loose white t-shirt  
and apron, both with faded grease stains. In a hair net.

He whips something in the deep pot he's carrying.

NATHAN  
You already know the answer to that.

Ethan smiles.

ETHAN  
You know, I'm done at 4 today. Bring  
everyone by my apartment. I'll--

NATHAN  
You've seen your apartment, right?  
Just because Westside Rentals said  
it was charming doesn't make it true.

Ethan raises a hand in surrender.

ETHAN  
Ok, man.

Nathan visibly calms down.

NATHAN

Look, why don't you guys just meet us at the house we're showing. We've got access to it for the whole day - it's in Porter Ranch and they've got a fabulous grilling area in the back.

(Beat)

By the pool.

ETHAN

That's a date!

Nathan glances at his watch.

NATHAN

Speaking of... Gotta run. See you both this afternoon!

He darts for the door.

GLORIA

So what fancy treat do you have planned for breakfast?

ETHAN

Just scrambled eggs today. Late night. We'll do something extra fancy for Sunday morning.

Gloria smiles. She glances over. Cassandra is still in the same position as before, trying to plant her walker, but stalled.

GLORIA

Oh, boy, I better help her get moving, or she'll be like that all day.

INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small, one bedroom affair. A kitchenette attached to a small living room: a loveseat, stereo, and a single lit lamp. Nathan wasn't kidding - it's far more intimate than charming.

The doorknob rattles, then flies open.

Ethan stumbles in, arms around Matt, kissing. Ethan kicks the door shut and Matt pushes him up against it.

Matt's hands are on Ethan's shirt. Fingers struggle with the buttons.

ETHAN

Careful, this is my good shirt.

He tries to help Matt unbutton it.

MATT

I'll buy you a new one.

He starts to tug.

ETHAN

But it was a gift from Mami.

Matt rolls his eyes and huffs, lovingly. He scoops Ethan up into his arms, turns... completely around.

MATT

Where?

ETHAN

To the left.

Matt turns again, spies a small door hidden in the shadows. He hefts Ethan a little tighter into his arms, as

Ethan reaches back and pushes the deadbolt lock into place.

INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Both are naked now, although sheets are twisted around some body parts.

Ethan lays on his back, groans as

Matt emerges from the sheets, kisses his way up Ethan's chest.

MATT

I thought you'd appreciate that.

Ethan smiles as they kiss passionately.

ETHAN

Now your turn.

He rolls over, his hands kneading Matt's shoulders.

MATT

Mmm, yes. Oh!

Their bodies glisten with a sheen of sweat as their bodies rock in unison.

Matt reaches up with both hands, in Ethan's hair, rubbing his neck, stretching back to cup his ass.

ETHAN

Oh my god, oh shit, I'm close.



MATT

Change, change. I want to, oh, god,  
I want to see your face.

Ethan rises up, Matt rolls over under him, reaching down.

His other hand pulls Ethan's face close, they kiss deeply.

In a moment, they both spasm, shaking, moaning, then collapse together, Ethan kisses Matt's chest before he lays his head on it.

Matt reaches down and tugs the sheets free and over them, then cradles Ethan's head, kisses it.

MATT (CONT'D)

Why did we come to your place, again?

ETHAN

We always go to your guest house.  
And I love it, but I wanted to share  
MY bed with you.

Ethan scoots his ass closer and we finally see they're in a small bed - more than a twin, but not quite a queen.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Plus Mrs. Smith always gives me dirty looks. Which I don't get, cause I love her pastries.

Matt chuckles.

MATT

Well, I appreciate it.

ETHAN

I can't wait until--

MATT

Until?

ETHAN

I don't want to rush you or make you feel guilty. But,

He looks up and cups Matt's face in his hand.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I can't wait until we get to be together all the time. Spend our lives together. I love my nephew and I can't wait for us to-- Sorry, I suck at this. Nathan's the one who usually does the heartfelt speeches.

MATT

Well, he's not the one I'm falling  
in love with.

ETHAN

Watch that first step, it's a doozy.

MATT

Don't make jokes. I don't want  
Nathan, I want you. You're my...  
okay, it sounds super weird saying  
this out loud, but - you're my  
soulmate.

ETHAN

You really think that?

MATT

Of course! Now, what is it you can't  
wait for?

Ethan glances away, still nervous.

ETHAN

I can't wait to raise kids with you.

There's a long, tense silence as Matt shifts, propping himself  
up on his elbow.

MATT

There's not a lot of room for kids  
in the guest house.

Ethan is crestfallen. Tears start to well up in his eyes.

MATT (CONT'D)

But there *is* room for both of us.

Matt tips Ethan's face so they're looking eye to eye.

MATT (CONT'D)

And we could save up for a bigger  
place.

Ethan smiles through his tears.

ETHAN

Matt, are you asking me to move in  
with you?

Matt's smothering kiss is all the answer he needs.

INT. ATROPOS ASSISTED LIVING - GAME ROOM - AFTERNOON

Ethan sits at a round table with six of the residents, counting Cassandra. Everyone except her grip five cards each.

TEDDY, 97, a World War II veteran, but still spry as ever, eyes the other players warily.

Ethan shifts his cards in his hand, thinks.

ETHAN

Does anybody have any 2's?

They all check their hands, then:

CASSANDRA

Go fish! Go fish!

Ethan chuckles.

TEDDY

Cassandra, you're not even playing, dear.

CASSANDRA

Go fish! Go fish!

TEDDY

Well, you heard the lady.

Ethan draws a card, a TWO. He shows everyone, then lays it down with three more TWOS and draws another.

He nods to Teddy.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Kings?

Ethan rolls his eyes and hands over both of his cards.

ETHAN

I'm out!

CASSANDRA

Go fish! Go fish!

Ethan checks his watch.

ETHAN

About time for her afternoon nap anyways.

Teddy lays his cards face down.

TEDDY  
I'll walk with you.

The other players throw their cards down, frowning.

ETHAN  
Another game tomorrow?

They don't look at him, just grumble as he helps Cassandra into a wheelchair and starts pushing her out.

INT. ATROPOS ASSISTED LIVING - HALLWAY - LATER

Ethan pulls Cassandra's door shut, flips over the sign to "SLEEPING"

Teddy waits, then they walk together.

TEDDY  
You know son, I was an intelligence officer during the second great war.

ETHAN  
Really? Don't think mom ever mentioned that.

TEDDY  
Oh, she doesn't know. No one does. Have to keep it a secret from everyone, even my poor sainted wife.

ETHAN  
Oooh-kay.

TEDDY  
The only ones I've ever revealed it to are others in the intelligence community.

Ethan laughs.

ETHAN  
I get it, you're pulling my leg.

Teddy stops, wheels on him.

TEDDY  
I'm not kidding. And I'm not senile either, no matter what those doctors say. I recognize something in you.

ETHAN  
You do?

TEDDY

You're well trained, I'll give you that.

Ethan does an elaborate bow.

ETHAN

Two years at the Le Cordon Bleu.

Teddy starts walking again.

TEDDY

Fine, don't tell me. But I know there's more to you than just a short order nursing home cook.

ETHAN

If you say so.

TEDDY

I know you think I'm just a feeble old man, but if you ever need something--

ETHAN

Uh, sure, ok. But I should probably start on the dinner menu.

Teddy nods.

TEDDY

Of course, of course.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - DAY

CG: Six Months Ago

KATHERINE K sits behind her desk, her perfectly manicured fingers steepled. In her 50's, she's a former agent, now just as comfortable behind the desk. Her dark business attire barely hiding the figure that made her so effective.

KATHERINE

So Edwin,

ETHAN

Ethan.

KATHERINE

I don't care. Impressive resume. But I notice a rather sizable gap--

ETHAN

My brother had some, uh, trust issues at our last agency. When he moved on, I did too. Out of the business.

KATHERINE

I see. And now?

ETHAN

The variables changed. He's married, has a child. He can't do everything, and he's finally admitting it.

(Beat)

So what exactly does the

He counts it off on his fingers:

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Executive Tactical Holistic Neutralization and Information Control office do?

NATHAN

Nobody calls it that.

KATHERINE

We eliminate threats to the national government. Or their friends.

ETHAN

And by eliminate...

KATHERINE

We kill people. For the White House. Are you *trying* to fuck with me?

NATHAN

Dude!

ETHAN

Just wondering where I fit in.

KATHERINE

The world we live in has become far more complicated. Your brother is useful for many things--

She cozies up to Nathan, smiles, squeezes his tight ass.

Then back to Ethan.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

But he's shit when it comes to computers.

(MORE)

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

I need someone who can do the job  
and also problem solve on the go.  
Your brother seems to think you would  
be a valuable asset.

ETHAN

Really, **he** said that?

KATHERINE

Look, I can't stand you people, but  
you're essential to my business.  
Nobody notices the maids, the  
servants, the stable boys.

Ethan raises his hand.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Yes, some people still have stable  
boys! My point is that if you're  
not young and white, it's like you're  
invisible. And being invisible is  
incredibly valuable in this business.

Nathan is getting visibly agitated.

NATHAN

Come on, Ethan. I need to know I  
have someone to watch my back. I-  
Damn it, I need you. Brothers?

Ethan sighs loudly.

ETHAN

Always. Fine. I'm in.

He stands up, offers his hand. Katherine just looks at it.

Ethan shrugs and Nathan guides them out of the office.

The back door opens and DR. HANDHABER walks in. In his 60's,  
confident, manipulative, and his smile is just a little off.

KATHERINE

Well?

HANDHABER

Psychologically, he's exactly what  
we're looking for - reckless, driven,  
a little too comfortable with  
violence. Like his brother, he's  
got something he wants to keep buried.  
With your permission, I'd like to  
keep digging.

KATHERINE

A little extra leverage is always helpful. Granted.

She hits a switch on her desk and a electronic white board drops down. It has several names in a chart with headers marked: Agent - Kills - Successful Missions

At the top is Nathan Cruz. He's got more kills by almost double the next name (Donnie Leung), but his Successful Missions is a bit lower than the next few.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Time to get this boy back on track.

**END ACT ONE**



ACT TWO

INT. MC-MANSION IN PORTER RANCH - VESTIBULE - DAY

Yeah, you've seen it before. Seriously, the entry to every big home in Los Angeles looks like this, at least on TV and the movies. It's a rule.

Nathan enters from a mostly hidden door just behind the spiral staircase with a tray of brownies.

He sets them on the hardwood entryway console, next to the guest book. He looks up as the door opens.

For a moment, we're blinded by the radiant light crowning and framing Nathan's personal angel. As the door shuts, it resolves to MIA CARTER (25).

The drop-dead gorgeous redhead smiles at her husband as she shifts her purse on her shoulder and flips her hair back.

She strides over and gives him an intense kiss that seems too long and too short at the same time, then breaks it off.

MIA

You know you didn't really have to  
bake brownies.

She unhooks one more button on his shirt and smooths the shoulders. Her hands slide down and linger on his hips.

MIA (CONT'D)

I wanted you here for 'moral support.'

MATT (O.S.)

Now this is a sandwich I could take  
a bite out of.

They turn to see MATT, 30's handsome, full head of hair and ripped - almost as much as Nathan - holding a RODEO REALTY OPEN HOUSE sign.

NATHAN

Man, Ethan would never forgive me  
for that, bro.

Matt smiles at them.

MATT

Well, only if he found out.

He cocks his eyebrows. Then drops the facade.

MATT (CONT'D)

Just kidding! I could never come between the two *hair-man-nos*. Or your lovely wife.

He grabs a brownie and pops it into his mouth.

MATT (CONT'D)

Damn, dude. You're almost as good at baking as your brother is at making dinner. Course now, I have to add a half-hour to the workout.

NATHAN

Ah, a brownie's only 15 more minutes.

MATT

I know.

He smiles, snags another brownie and heads out the door with the sign in tow.

EXT. CHIN KIE'S DRY CLEANERS - DAY

Nathan & Ethan check for traffic, then cross the street to approach a small strip mall. They saunter up to small dry cleaners nestled between the 7-11 and a storefront that simply reads "DONUTS."

INT. CHIN KIE'S DRY CLEANERS - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ethan walks up to the clerk and hands him a ticket. The man peers at it, closely examining the numbers. He hands it back to him, speaks in an exaggerated Chinese accent.

CHIN KIE

Oh, special tailoring order. Go to room around the corner.

Ethan takes back the ticket and tucks it in his pocket as they go around the corner, and through a door marked "Tailor"

INT. CHIN KIE'S DRY CLEANERS - TAILORING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small room wrapped in floral wallpaper. A small counter and an unused sewing machine sit to the left.

The boys head to the right.

Ethan reaches up, on his tiptoes. Nathan leans over him, reaches just a little bit higher, taps the center of one of the flowers and a door opens to reveal an elevator.

Nathan smiles. Ethan presses the DOWN arrow.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - ENTRANCE - DAY

One thing stands out in this simple, nondescript room. The beautiful African-American woman sitting behind the desk. Mostly poise and charm, a push-up bra stuffed into a stylish business suit. She hangs up the phone and turns left as

The doors open, Nathan and Ethan stride in. The woman, GABRIELLE, 30's, flashes them her infectious winning smile. If they were 007, she would be their Miss Money Penny. Well, a slightly more awkward one.

GABRIELLE

Well, if it isn't my two favorite special agents.

They return her smile.

ETHAN

Yeah, but which one is your favorite, favorite?

He leans on the corner of her desk.

Her eyes light up, she reaches out and touches his hand, lingering a second too long. Not that he notices.

She leans across the desk and whispers conspiratorially.

GABRIELLE

Did you hear about Deok Su?

ETHAN

Deok Su?

NATHAN

You don't know him. He's been on extended assignment.

GABRIELLE

He was. Mrs. K found out he got his target pregnant.

ETHAN

Shit.

GABRIELLE

And now he's on desk duty until...

NATHAN

Until?

She leans closer to him, whispering. He unconsciously shifts away.

GABRIELLE

They sent him to meet with Doc Handhaber. The Vice-Admiral's going to decide based on his report - desk duty or--

BUZZ!!

The intercom on the desk goes off.

KATHERINE (O.S.)

Are those Mexican assholes here yet?

GABRIELLE

Yes, ma'am.

KATHERINE (O.S.)

Then why the fuck is my office still empty?

GABRIELLE

Sending them in, ma'am.

She smiles at both the boys.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

See you soon!

INT. HEADQUARTERS - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION -K'S OFFICE - DAY

Katherine paces back and forth in front of a drop-down screen.

On one half of the screen, a dark-complexioned man in his 30's, with a full beard stares angrily. On the other half, statistics that identify him as Joaquin 'El Chapo' Guzman.

KATHERINE

One of the drug lords south of the border is getting too big for his britches. Word has come straight from the top - it's time to excise this boil from the United States' ass.

She clicks the button on her remote and the screen changes to a photo of a compound in Mexico. There are at least 7 buildings, including the ranch home in the center.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

According to our source, who has since gone silent, the target, Joaquin Guzman - the son, not the father - has quite a large contingent of soldiers,

She indicates with the laser pointer.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Here, here and here. And we're expecting them to be heavily armed.

NATHAN

With guns we supplied?

KATHERINE

Yes, with guns we supplied! How else do you propose we keep these wetbacks in line? If the US government didn't supply 87% of the guns--

ETHAN

That's weirdly specific.

KATHERINE

--and 74% of the illegal drugs, we wouldn't need to argue about a wall, we'd already be the Northern Fucking States of Mexico!

She lets that sink in for a moment, then

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

This is a wham, bam, thank you ma'am.

She clicks to a wider view of the compound. Points to

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Diocese of Ciudad Juarez - church bell tower. Sniper shots to the head, no one's the wiser. Then get out. Standard operating protocol. You leave for Juarez in two days.

The boys share a knowing look.

EXT. CIUDAD JUÁREZ SHERIFF'S STATION - 2001 - DAY

2001.

A tall man in his 40's stands in a tan uniform outside an old pueblo-style mission that's been repurposed. He's got a full head of hair, just barely shot through with gray, a days' worth of beard, and a determined look on his face.

The star on his chest says he's the Sheriff of Juarez. His name is JESUS CRUZ, and he's Nathan & Ethan's father.

He lights a match off his boot heel and raises it to the cigarillo in his lips, taking a deep draught.

A younger deputy, CARLOS GONZALEZ, comes out of the building behind him. A scar on the left side of his neck divides a tattoo of an eagle, memorializing where a dealer once got the drop on him. It never happened again.

The following is in Spanish, with subtitles.

CARLOS

You sure you want to do this, Jesus?

Jesus turns to him. Nods.

JESUS

I'd like to think this star means something, Carlos. The President's Federales don't care about Juarez and the Municipal Police have been in Loera's back pocket since he gave them El Güero.

CARLOS

And you really think you can stop him?

JESUS

I have to try, my friend. This is my city too. If I didn't stand up, well, I couldn't live with myself. I want my boys to be proud of their Papi.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - ENTRANCE - DAY

Gabrielle sports a headset and concentrates on her computer screen.

GABRIELLE

Running Bear. Running Bear! Can you confirm the kill? Ok. Ok.

She listens, nods.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

Good job; no worries. Use extraction point Zelda. Passcode is "Princess". See you when you get home.

She flips the mic up and starts typing an after action report.

She stares off into space for a moment.

The door on the left opens and Ethan emerges from Katherine's office. Gabrielle gives him that stunning smile.

He moves to her, slips his hands along the smooth ebony skin of her face, pushes the headset off, fingers tangling in her soft, full hair, pulls her to him and kisses her deeply.

She returns the kiss, yanks Ethan close to her heaving bosom

Then hands on her hips. From behind.

Nathan's suddenly kissing her hair, pulling at her skirt.

She gasps, squeezes her eyes shut. Yes, yes.

BUZZ!!

Gabrielle's eyes snap open. She's back behind her desk. Headset on. The computer screen is filled with gibberish.

KATHERINE (O.S.)

Get Sanjay in here right away. I need him to go clean up Duck Soup's mess before his slut pops out his half-chink baby and the whole op goes to shit.

GABRIELLE

Yes, ma'am, right away.

She waits a moment for a response.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

He's Korean, by the way.

KATHERINE (O.S.)

I heard that!

Gabrielle rolls her eyes as she reaches for the phone.

EXT. MC-MANSION IN PORTER RANCH - DECK - EVENING

From the back, the giant house looks less cookie-cutter. A kidney shaped pool, a hot tub, a raised platform with a well-appointed grill where Nathan is grilling thick steaks.

Mia stands on the deck below him, sways with Cookie in her arms.

MIA

You can see the whole city from here.

MATT

Yeah, it looks great, as long as you don't get too close.

She shoots him a wry look. Directly below them, the view is the backyard of 3 houses lower on the hill.

MIA

At least we can see something.

ETHAN (O.S.)

You know, Stephen Spielberg filmed a lot of his E.T. movie up here.

Mia winks as Ethan comes up behind Matt, snakes his arms between Matt's and pulls him tight against him.

Matt grins widely.

MATT

Mmmm, E-than, phone home. Somebody's ready to have fun later.

He turns, pulls Ethan close and the two kiss deeply.

GLORIA

Hey, now, you two, save that for your alone time.

She swats them as she comes in with a casserole dish of fried plantains.

NATHAN

Mami!

Nathan comes down the short steps to hug and kiss his mother. He takes the casserole dish and slides it into a warmer.

Ethan and Matt come over and kiss each of Gloria's cheeks.

GLORIA

So, when are you two going to make it official? I'm not getting any younger.

MATT

What are you talking about, Gloria? I know you must still turn heads, you adorable tigress.

She blushes, loving the attention.

ETHAN

Mami, you know that--

GLORIA

I'm just kidding you, mijo. But it wouldn't make me sad to know there's a chance for a larger family...

ETHAN

Mami...



She grins, then turns.

GLORIA  
Speaking of grandchildren, where is  
my little Cookie!

She scampers over and gobbles at Cookie's bare stomach.

He giggles louder, loving it. She repeats it.

He squeals with joy. Gloria looks up.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
I didn't forget you, dear.

Mia smiles and kisses her mother in law on the cheek.

Nathan makes sure Ethan is watching, then wraps his left arm around Mia's waist and lifts her up the stairs, kisses her as he turns the meat.

Gloria looks around.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
Ay, dios, Mia! Who needs such a big  
house!

MIA  
If Matty and I can sell another couple  
like this, we'll buy you your own  
and you can tell us!

GLORIA  
I'd rather have more grandchildren.

NATHAN  
We can work on that too!

Mia slaps him playfully.

MIA  
Not in front of your Mami!

Gloria looks around for a moment.

GLORIA  
Although a big backyard wouldn't be  
bad... What can I help with?

MIA  
Not a thing, Mami. I already set  
the table and Matt got the homemade  
ice cream started.

Gloria rolls her eyes.

GLORIA  
No, child, to sell more houses!

They share a laugh.

MIA  
For tonight, just relax and enjoy  
the compa-- Ew!

GLORIA  
Smells like someone needs to be  
changed.

She reaches out her hands.

MIA  
Are you sure?

GLORIA  
Don't be silly. Give me the baby.

Mia hands her Cookie.

NATHAN  
Don't take too long, Mami! Steaks  
are just about ready.

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - DAY

Ethan and Nathan run up to either side of a large wooden door, flattening their backs against the stucco wall.

Ethan digs in his fanny pack and pulls out a small electronic device, wires trailing. He reaches up and fixes it to an electronic key pad above him.

The piece still in his hand starts blinking numbers.

ETHAN  
Three guards or four?

NATHAN  
Three, I'm pretty sure.

ETHAN  
Earlier you said four.

NATHAN  
Yes, but I'm pretty sure the one  
went by twice.

ETHAN  
Pretty sure? I really need you to  
be precise.

NATHAN

Then maybe you should have done the reconnaissance!

ETHAN

And trust you to get us past the electronic locks? Yeah, that'd work.

The device in Ethan's hand starts blinking green. He tucks the device back away, then gives Nathan a thumbs up.

They turn as one, Nathan thrusts the door open, weapons drawn.

THWAP. THWAP. THUNK. THWAP.

Nathan takes out two guards with 3 shots. Ethan's goes down after one. The guards slump to the ground.

They both scan the room. Clear.

NATHAN

One, two three. Three guards. Two for me.

ETHAN

Yeah, well, mine only took one shot. You need to get to the range more.

NATHAN

And just when would I do that?

ETHAN

Hey, I find time and I have a full-time job. You're home all day.

NATHAN

You don't think cleaning the house & raising a baby is a full time job?

ETHAN

Can't be that complicated.

NATHAN

Look, what do you need me to do?

ETHAN

See if there are files, or something. I'll wipe the computer, try and slow them down. Honor Papi.

NATHAN

We honor him every day, bro. Every day.

INT. SINALOA CARTEL COMPOUND - 2001 - NIGHT

2001. Jesus is tied to a chair. His shirt is torn open.

Sheriff's star pinned to his naked chest.

Blood and sweat mix as they slither down his chest.

He's still fighting, thrusting out what's left of his chest: tufts of ripped hair, bright burn marks, wounds oozing blood.

Across from him sits EL CHAPO - the drug kingpin whose mother still calls him Joaquin Loera. He looks younger than his 44 years, a thick black mustache over his cruel tight set lips.

He twirls a knife on his index finger as other cartel members taunt and spit and poke at Jesus's wounds.

The following is in Spanish, with subtitles.

EL CHAPO

Father Valencia says in the old days,  
the law was an eye for an eye, but  
Christ requires greater sacrifice.

He smiles.

EL CHAPO (CONT'D)

You thought you could take my city  
from me. You had my sons thrown in  
jail. What do you think the penalty  
should be for that?

There is a commotion off to the left of El Chapo. A beaded curtain is spread wide as two goons shove a woman and two children into the room.

Jesus looks on in horror as El Chapo grabs the woman's arm.

She's a YOUNG GLORIA, late 30's and even more beautiful despite her ripped and dirty clothes. She clearly didn't make it easy on her captors.

Nor did the boys - YOUNG NATHAN and YOUNG ETHAN, 12-years old with the same determined look their Papi wore earlier.

Jesus twists and fights even harder.

JESUS

Please, Joaquin, do not kill my  
children.

EL CHAPO

Why would I kill such strong, healthy boys when there are so many more interesting options.

He pulls Gloria into his lap, fondles her breasts.

Jesus squeezes his eyes shut, letting blood stream down, then opens them wide.

EL CHAPO (CONT'D)

An eye for an eye, a tit for a tit--

He squeezes hard. Gloria cries out in pain.

JESUS

Gloria!

El Chapo shoves her away from him into the dust. She pants, tense, on all fours.

EL CHAPO

A son for a son. Kill your children, Sheriff? I will *adopt* them.

He pauses a moment to let this sink in.

EL CHAPO (CONT'D)

I will take them as my own, turn them into my most loyal lieutenants. A man is nothing without his family, no?

He pulls the boys in close, kisses the tops of their heads, then stands.

EL CHAPO (CONT'D)

Is that what you want, my friend? To die knowing your sons are now my sons? You serve me. Or they will.

Gloria rears up from her knees and claws at El Chapo's legs, drawing blood. He growls in anger, kicks her aside.

EL CHAPO (CONT'D)

Bitch!

Back to Jesus

EL CHAPO (CONT'D)

You decide. Now!

**END ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

INT. SINALOA CARTEL COMPOUND - 2001 - DAY

Still in subtitled Spanish.

Jesus looks at his wife, his sons, desperation in his eyes.  
It's his moment of truth--

JESUS  
(under his breath)  
I'm sorry.

He sits even taller, jaw set. His choice made.

JESUS (CONT'D)  
I cannot. I cannot help you make  
this city into your personal pit of  
hell.

EL CHAPO  
Fucking idiot. Boys! Step forward.  
You will witness what happens when  
any man defies me.

INT. NATHAN & MIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Mia stands by the door in a bright green blouse, pencil skirt  
and heels, hand on the knob.

MIA  
You sure?

Nathan looks up, carefully balancing Cookie on one arm, an  
iron in his other hand.

NATHAN  
We'll be fine, mi Amor.

MIA  
Alright. See you at 5.

NATHAN  
Wait!

She turns as he lifts her jacket off the ironing board and  
slips it onto her shoulders. He pecks her cheek.

She pulls the door shut as he lifts Cookie up into airplane,  
then 'flies' him down into the Pop n Play. Cookie giggles.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Help Daddy clean the house for mommy?

INT. NATHAN & MIA'S HOME - VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY

Nathan turns on the radio - Katy Perry's "Roar" plays.

Nathan vacuums in the living room.

Nathan folds a large pile of clothes in the bedroom.

Nathan pushes Cookie closer to the TV, switches it on.

Matlock. Click. Jerry Springer. Click.

Channel 6 News. Anchor Abbie Gale tosses to Sports. Click.

Sesame Street! Cookie squeals!

Nathan vacuums the bedroom.

Nathan changes Cookie's diaper. He winces. That's a ripe one! He carefully thrusts it into the generic Diaper Genie.

Nathan is arm deep in dish soap.

Nathan eases Cookie into a high chair.

Cookie bounces and waves as Nathan chops vegetables.

Nathan vacuums the den, Cookie on his arm.

Nathan pushes a full roaster pan into the oven.

Nathan scrubs the toilet. He cracks his neck.

Mia comes in to see Cookie on Nathan's chest, both asleep.

End montage.

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ethan, in boxer shorts, tosses and turns, wrapped in the sheets of a queen size bed. Having a nightmare.

Matt is turned towards the wall, not noticing, what's left of the sheets barely covering his naked body.

Suddenly Ethan goes still. His eyes open to see

INT. A DARK ROOM - NIGHT

A neon light hums and pops, suddenly illuminating the room.

Ethan and Nathan both stand there, half-dressed.

In front of them, on a slightly raised platform is their father, Jesus, looking just as he did in 2001, except instead

of his bloody, tattered sheriff's uniform, he wears the dress uniform of Second Captain, Ejército Mexicano.

JESUS

Your new mission has you unsettled.

ETHAN

It brings up bad memories. The memory of your--

NATHAN

We are tasked to kill El Chapo, Papi. We will finally avenge your death.

JESUS

You shall do no such thing. I did not raise you to take vengeance on your enemies or mine. Vengeance is the Lord's.

NATHAN

Where was the Lord when you died, Papi? When Mami had to be our mother and father? Christ abandoned us all. Now, your killer will pay.

JESUS

Did I not make myself clear?

ETHAN

Your English *is* improving, Papi. Is that what they speak in Heaven?

Nathan shoots Ethan a dirty look.

NATHAN

Papi, if there is a God, why do El Chapo and his men still rule Juarez? Why do they still live?

JESUS

Who do you think allows me to speak to you from Heaven, if not the Lord?

NATHAN

Papi, you must forgive us, if we have the chance, your killer will find his own death at our hands.

JESUS

I may have to forgive you, but I will not give you my blessing, my sons. I beg you, do not do this.



ETHAN

We will consider your wishes, father.

NATHAN

But no promises.

Jesus nods. The neon light flickers, then darkness.

INT. NATHAN & MIA'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the king size bed, Nathan stirs, his body damp with sweat.

Mia's hand caresses his face.

MIA

You were having a nightmare earlier.

NATHAN

Not me, Ethan. It's a--

MIA

Twin thing.

She slips her hand around his neck and pulls him into a kiss.

He relaxes into it as her other hand moves down and tugs his underwear off.

She moves on top of him, moaning as he enters her. He reaches up, fondles her firm, ripe breasts, then down her back, fingers working as she rides him.

She cries out as she orgasms, then collapses against him.

He turns them both slightly, still inside her, spoons her, his arm around her waist.

He thrusts gently a few more times, cums with a grunt. Then holds her, kisses her hair as they both drift off to sleep.

INT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - OFFICE - DAY

Ethan's in a desk chair, typing on the keyboard.

On a flat screen monitor, a DOS window flies through a series of unintelligible codes. Finally, the cursor blinks.

Ethan punches the Y key on the keyboard.

The screen blinks, then goes to the Blue Screen of Death.

Ethan smiles, yanks out a USB drive.

GYM RAT (O.S.)

Hey, what are you doing in here.

Ethan jumps up to see a muscled GYM RAT in a wife beater, pulling a gun from his waistband.

Ethan grabs the keyboard and flings it like a Frisbee.

As it flies around the gym rat's neck, Ethan grabs the cord and the keyboard, choking him.

ETHAN

Should have sprung for the wireless!

Gym Rat's eyes bulge, he starts to pass out, but not before  
BANG!

His gun fires a shot into the doorframe.

Ethan drops the guy to the floor, as he hears the thunder of feet coming up the steps! He grimaces.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Boring conversation anyways.

He steps over the guy and sprints out the door.

INT. ATROPOS ASSISTED LIVING - COMMON ROOM - MORNING

Mia sits in one of the overstuffed chairs in the corner, Cookie's face tucked inside her blouse, feeding.

After a moment, she deftly pulls him off her nipple, straightens her clothes and bobs him up and down on her knee.

His face screws up, just about to start a good cry when

COOKIE

BeeeeeeELCH!

MIA

There's my good boy.

Mia pulls out a small cloth and wipes the spittle off his mouth. He giggles.

From the west side, Gloria walks in.

MIA (CONT'D)

Hey, Mami. I'm sorry we're always bringing him here like this.

GLORIA

Nonsense, Mia. You and Cookie are always welcome. In fact, a lot of the men prefer when you bring him... For some reason.

Mia looks out, and realizes every other chair in the area has an older man in it. They've been there the whole time. Embarrassed, she lifts her arms across her chest.

Arthur, the ancient gardener from before growls at Gloria.

ARTHUR

Prude! So much for dinner and a show. Witch!

Gloria gives him the evil eye.

MIA

It's my day off, but I needed to get out of the house. Nathan's having one of his killer migraines again.

GLORIA

Yes, Ethan called in sick too.

GLORIA & MIA

Twin thing.

They laugh, the tension broken.

GLORIA

How would my little Cookie like a walk around the grounds?

MIA

That sounds great.

She hands Cookie to Gloria and stands up.

GLORIA

Not you, Arthur!

He's halfway out of his chair, shakes his head and plops back down.

ARTHUR

Goddamn women!

EXT. OLD DIOCESE OF CIUDAD JUÁREZ - DAY

The old Spanish Mission church stands next to the larger, gothic-style sanctuary built in the 50's. There is movement in the upper portion of the steeple above the bell chamber.

INT. OLD DIOCESE OF CIUDAD JUÁREZ - STEEPLE - DAY

Ethan and Nathan, dressed in black, with tactical vests, work efficiently, opening cases, setting up a tripod, a long range sniper's rifle and a sound baffle.

Ethan kneels by the open portal, adjusts his binoculars.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

Swipe to the left, to the right. Focus on El Chapo's compound. Down to guards on the right, then the left.

BACK TO SCENE

Ethan looks down at the binoculars.

ETHAN  
30-degrees south.

Nathan shifts the tripod with the sniper rifle appropriately.

NATHAN  
Got it.

Nathan kneels down, eye pressed to the scope.

Ethan pulls out his phone, accesses an app.

ETHAN  
Wind's out of the northeast, 3 knots.

Nathan adjusts the fine settings on the rifle, reaches into his tactical vest, pulls out two GMX rounds, slides them into the chamber.

Ethan wraps the baffle around the end of the barrel, rests it on the steeple's open window. He gives a thumbs up.

Nathan nods, puts his eye up to the scope.

RETICLE P.O.V.

The standard crosshairs bisect a fireplace. The view shifts away and several gradiated lines appear, a red circle in the center.

Guard. Couch. Topless woman. Television. El Chapo!

NATHAN (O.S.)  
Target acquired.

The gradiated lines and crosshairs go out of focus for a moment, then tighter. The little red circle on the vein of El Chapo's neck.

ETHAN (O.S.)  
Whenever you're ready.

Nathan scowls, then settles his breathing, braces himself.

NATHAN (O.S.)

In three, two, o--

Someone crosses into the line of fire.

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

Hold.

Nathan breathes slowly, waits.

The person blocking the shot turns. On his neck is an eagle tattoo divided by dull red scar tissue.

BACK TO SCENE

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

ETHAN

What is it?

Nathan pulls down the rifle, starts disassembling it.

NATHAN

We need to go down there; hands on.

ETHAN

That's not the mission! One shot,  
El Chapo's dead, we're done!

Nathan grabs the cases, headed for the stairs.

NATHAN

No, not this time.

ETHAN

I didn't plan for this!

NATHAN

Really? You didn't?

Ethan sighs, growls:

ETHAN

Of course I did! But additional  
variables reduce our probability of  
success.

NATHAN

Well, I'm sure you'll figure it out.

**END ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

EXT. SINOLOA CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

Ethan and Nathan move between the sparse shadows, on the alert. No longer carrying the cases, Ethan grasps his Glock and Nathan a Sig Sauer. Both fitted with sound suppressors.

ETHAN

You still haven't told me--

NATHAN

Just trust me.

ETHAN

I'm not the one with trust issues.  
The more information I have, the  
better I can--

NATHAN

If I tell you, you'll just try to  
talk me out of it.

ETHAN

All the more reason for you to--

NATHAN

Shh!

He holds a finger to his lips. Then motions.

They swing around a corner, guns pointed. Nothing.

Just walls and a lone wooden door.

INT. SINOLOA CARTEL COMPOUND - ACCESS ROOM - DAY

A middle-aged, hefty Hispanic man, RAMIREZ, sits staring at a bank of video monitors, the center one twice as large as the rest. He glances up as movement catches his attention.

He taps a few buttons and the larger center screen switches from multiple cameras to a single one. Nathan and Ethan at on one side.

He works a dial in the console and the image zooms down on them. Guns clearly visible. He picks up a radio.

RAMIREZ

(In subtitled Spanish)

Be on alert! Two armed visitors  
about to breach the Northwest portal.

RADIO  
(In subtitled Spanish)  
Roger that. We'll take them.

EXT. SINOLOA CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

Nathan moves closer, whispers to Ethan.

Above their heads, a tiny camera shifts.

NATHAN  
According to K's info, there should  
be three guards up ahead. You get  
the left, I'll take right.

Ethan nods.

As one, they move forward, shove the door open.

Nothing again. They look at each other. Something's up.  
This is almost too easy.

They see a familiar beaded curtain.

They immediately move forward, about to breach the final  
perimeter, when

CHA-CHUNK!

Two large - REALLY large - Cartel Henchmen step out in front  
of the curtain. One holding a very loaded shotgun.

HENCHMAN  
(In Spanish)  
Drop it!

The boys drop their guns, raising their hands into the air.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

ACT FIVE

INT. SINOLOA CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

Nathan and Ethan sit in chairs, their arms tied behind them. Their arm muscles tense as they struggle with the ropes.

They are guarded by a half-dozen henchmen.

The beaded curtain parts and El Chapo walks in. But it's not the same man from 2001. This is that man's son who has taken over his father's business.

To not be too confusing, we'll refer to him the way some of his bravest - or most foolish - henchmen do behind his back: EL CHAPO, JR.

He paces back and forth in front of them.

EL CHAPO, JR.

(In subtitled Spanish)

Who are you? Why do you come here?

When they remain silent, he considers, then tries English.

EL CHAPO, JR. (CONT'D)

You are Americans? Cowboys? You come to see the great El Chapo?

He picks up their guns, examining them, noting the filed off serial numbers.

EL CHAPO, JR. (CONT'D)

To kill him perhaps? Most Americans who come here are either, how you say, strung out?

Behind their backs, Ethan starts to work his knot free.

EL CHAPO, JR. (CONT'D)

Or they think they will avenge their brother or son's death. As if I am personally responsible for the needle in their arms.

He smiles, conspiratorially.

EL CHAPO, JR. (CONT'D)

But I am just a simple businessman, no? I provide a service, I am not responsible for how my product is used or misused.

He steps closer, takes a good hold on Nathan's bicep.



Nathan goes still at his touch.

EL CHAPO, JR. (CONT'D)  
 You are strong, able men. You have  
 talent, I think to get this far.  
 Perhaps you came looking for a job?

Ethan's knot is almost completely untied.

EL CHAPO, JR. (CONT'D)  
 No words? Nothing to say?

He pushes Nathan's arm away. It moves more than it should.  
 No one but Ethan notices this, though.

EL CHAPO, JR. (CONT'D)  
 Listen to me, babbling on like I am  
 some villain in a James Bond film,  
 leaving time for the hero to break  
 free.

He smiles as suddenly Ethan jumps up - to find his own Glock  
 pressed right between his eyes.

EL CHAPO, JR. (CONT'D)  
 You must think I am a fool, yes.

El Chapo, Jr. shakes his head, sadly. With the Glock, he  
 forces Ethan back into the chair.

Suddenly Nathan pops up, slams into El Chapo, Jr. The Glock  
 goes clattering across the room. He grabs El Chapo, Jr. by  
 his shirt, pulls him close as Ethan stands back up.

ETHAN  
 Your turn.

EL CHAPO, JR.  
 He speaks!

There is a clattering as the henchmen all pick up their  
 various weapons. El Chapo, Jr. laughs.

EL CHAPO, JR. (CONT'D)  
 How far do you think you will get  
 unarmed, mis amigos?

Nathan and Ethan exchange a glance. They don't need weapons.  
 They have their training - and each other.

Nathan pushes El Chapo, Jr. away.

Ethan grabs a chair by the leg and spins it

BAM! Right into the closest two henchmen,

Knocking them into Nathan,  
Who loses his balance and CRASHES to the floor.  
Nathan snakes out his leg, accidentally tripping Ethan  
BOOM! A shotgun blast obliterates a corner of the wall.  
Nathan leaps back up.  
CRACK! POP! Nathan disarms the shotgun wielder - literally.  
The man SCREAMS in pain.  
Off to the side, El Chapo, Jr. is crawling towards the door.  
A thin wiry thug manages to swing a pistol at Ethan.  
Ethan grabs the gun, uses the leverage to  
BEND, bend, Ethan tries to apply more pressure  
Nathan kicks out and  
SNAPS the man's arm  
The brothers take a moment to catch their breath, then

NATHAN

If you can't handle the physical--

CLICK! They spin left!

ETHAN

Can't handle? Anything you can do,  
I can do better.

CLICK! Then right!

NATHAN

I'll believe it when I see it.

CLICK! Look behind them!

ETHAN

You know, physical violence isn't  
always the answer.

CLICK! Then ahead!

NATHAN

Apparently not for you.

Then the sound of four more pistols being cocked.

ETHAN

Thanks, brother.

Henchmen emerge from the shadows and once again the brothers are surrounded.

NATHAN

Always.

They're back to back as the gunmen inch closer. Suddenly, Nathan rushes the two closest henchmen before they can fire.

Ethan grabs a bottle of whiskey

Shatters it across a thug's face.

Nathan yanks one gun away, shoots its owner.

Ethan looks down at the broken bottle, an idea forming.

Nathan shoots another henchman.

Ethan vaults over the bar.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

A little help here!

ETHAN

Working on it!

Ethan splashes liquor all over the bar.

Nathan crashes a wooden chair across an arm.

A bullet ricochets across the room.

El Chapo, Jr. crawls along the front of the bar.

Ethan searches under the bar.

BANG!

NATHAN

Nevermind.

He stands there, panting.

Last guy down.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I know I'm better at this than you are, but that doesn't mean you can just hide out while I do all the heavy lifting, you know.

Ethan pops his head up over the bar.

ETHAN

Uh, bro...

He points.

Nathan turns to see at least a dozen more guys standing inside the beaded curtain, most of them with knives.

NATHAN

Oh, fuck me.

He cracks his neck.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Who's first?

They all scream and run towards him at once.

Nathan roars back, fists raised.

Ethan ducks back behind the bar.

SNAP. Ethan yanks out a drawer.

Yes! A box of matches.

CRUNCH. POP above him.

Ethan tries to strike a match. No luck.

Nathan's kicking and punching as many guys as he can.

Ethan tries another match. Still no good.

While he's focused on the matches, El Chapo, Jr. crawls past him and out the door.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Anytime!

Ethan grabs a handful of matches, strikes them all at once.

They catch flame.

He carefully lowers them to the shelf, lights the liquor.

It catches flame!

He scatters the other matches, they bounce, then ignite more spirits!

Ethan leaps up onto the bar.

Nathan is visibly tiring.

ETHAN

Hey guys!

More than half of them turn towards him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Catch!

Ethan flings several bottles of liquor at them.

Some of them do try to catch them, distracting enough for

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Hands!

Nathan delivers an elbow to the henchman closest to him,  
then turns, reaches out

Ethan leaps towards his brother.

Nathan catches him, twists,

Ethan's body spirals, legs kicking out.

SNAP!

CRACK!

POW!

Three more henchmen incapacitated.

The fire starts burning higher, smoke fills the room.

Nathan releases Ethan

Who drops, rolls and springs up

BAM!

A 2x4 smacks across Ethan's face. He crumples.

NATHAN

Ethan!

Nathan leaps over to him.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

You okay?

Ethan nods

ETHAN

Ok, so maybe I do need you.

He reaches for Nathan

NATHAN

I don't want to do it without you.

Their hands CLASP

Nathan yanks him up

ETHAN

Brothers!

Ethan spins

NATHAN

Always!

They each slam a hand into a bad guy's nose on opposite sides.

CRUNCH! Into the respective brain pans.

The fire is now blazing out of control.

They look at each other. Ethan shrugs.

ETHAN

You said to think my way out.

Ethan ducks under Nathan, kicks a small desk.

It CRASHES into 3 henchmen.

One smiles, missed me!

Then SMASH! His face explodes as Nathan swats him with the desk's drawer he pulled.

NATHAN

I didn't say burn the place down!

Ethan grabs a chair and kicks it towards Nathan.

Nathan steps up onto it, slides forward

Swings out, two henchmen meet his fists.

On the ground, he hefts the chair as

Another henchmen rushes him

Colliding with the chair

His head driven into the wall.

A HAND

Lifts Nathan up

They're again back to back as more men rush in.

A flurry of strikes, kicks

Ethan ducks as Nathan flips a guy over his head.

SNAP, POP, CRUNCH, SMASH

They turn left, then right. Then breathe.

They stand, panting. Surrounded by 3-dozen broken bodies.  
Those they left alive quietly moan and wail.

The room is filled with smoke.

Nathan drops down, starts checking the men.

ETHAN

I think El Chapo's over that way.

Ethan pulls out a penlight, moves to the left, checking faces.

NATHAN

I'm not looking for El Chapo!

ETHAN (O.S.)

You still haven't told me why we  
couldn't do this the easy wa--

Nathan snaps his head around to see a man's arm around Ethan's neck. A knife pressed to his jugular.

**END ACT FIVE**

ACT SIX

INT. SINOLOA CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

Still in the smoke filled room. A man's arm is around Ethan's neck. A knife pressed to his jugular.

CARLOS

(In Spanish, subtitled)

I don't know who you two are--

NATHAN

We know who you are El Aguila!

Ethan's eyes widen as realization dawns.

INT. SINALOA CARTEL COMPOUND - 2001 - NIGHT

2001. Same as the last moment we were here. In Spanish.

EL CHAPO

Carlos!

Carlos Gonzalez steps through the beaded curtain, still in his Sheriff's uniform.

Jesus glares at him. Betrayed. Now he knows how El Chapo found his family.

EL CHAPO (CONT'D)

You would like to do the honors.

CARLOS

Sir, I--

EL CHAPO

I'm sorry. Did I say that in the form of a question? You want to fuck the bitch, you kill her husband.

Carlos looks over at Gloria on her knees in the dust, licks his lips. A feral smile. The eagle tattoo on his neck pulses.

He draws a knife out of his boot, steps towards Jesus.

EL CHAPO (CONT'D)

Wait!

Carlos looks back at El Chapo.

EL CHAPO (CONT'D)

Fuck her first.

El Chapo turns to Jesus.



EL CHAPO (CONT'D)

I want you to understand just how  
**fucked** your entire family is before  
you die.

Carlos goes over to Gloria.

Yanks up her skirt, pulls down her panties.

Stares at her nakedness, drooling.

He unzips, squats over her.

The boys turn away.

EL CHAPO (CONT'D)

Ah, ah, ah.

He forces the boys to watch.

Carlos drives himself into Gloria like a rutting pig.

He rakes his left hand through a handful of her hair.

His right hand presses his knife to Jesus's neck.

Tears stream down Gloria's cheeks, but she doesn't cry out.

Instead her face hardens, strength overriding fear and pain.

In just moments, Carlos is exploding.

CARLOS

Oh, fuck yes!

He thrusts hard, dumps his seed in her ass.

Rips the knife across the throat of his former boss.

Jesus's head lolls as blood and life drain out of him.

INT. SINOLOA CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

NATHAN

How long did you plan it? Was it  
your idea or El Chapo's?

CARLOS

I don't know what you're talking  
about, boy.

NATHAN

He was your best friend. Like a  
brother. Closest companion - but  
all you wanted was to steal his wife.

Carlos' eyes widen.

CARLOS

You are Jesus' sons? What were--

ETHAN

You have no right to speak his name!

With righteous anger, Ethan shoves Carlos' arm away, slicing it with the man's own knife.

Carlos cries out in pain.

CARLOS

I couldn't help it. It was help El Chapo or die myself.

The boys glare at him, unsympathetic.

ETHAN

How much blood is on this blade?  
How many more families did you ruin?

CARLOS

Just yours. It was just--

He realizes too late that he chose the wrong word.

NATHAN

Just? JUST?!

CARLOS

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

ETHAN

You will be.

He punches Carlos across the jaw and the man collapses to the floor, unconscious.

INT. SINOLOA CARTEL COMPOUND - EVENING

The smoke has dissipated some.

Carlos is still unconscious, trussed up like a beast in the only remaining unbroken chair. Tied with proper knots.

NATHAN

He deserves to be tortured. I want  
him to hurt, to bleed to--

His words catch in his throat, emotional.

Ethan raises his hand to Nathan.

ETHAN

Calm down. We don't have time to do this the way it should be done. K's probably already freaking out.

NATHAN

It's not fair. What he did to Papi, Mami, us...

Ethan fiddles with the knife, then smiles.

ETHAN

I have an idea.

He whispers to Nathan, who nods, smiles.

He goes over to Carlos, slumped in the chair and smacks him hard across the face.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Wake up, asshole.

Carlos starts awake. Tries to struggle. No dice.

Ethan takes Carlos' right hand, spreads it out. He stabs the knife right through the palm. Carlos screams.

Ethan retrieves another knife from the floor, hands it to Nathan.

Nathan repeats the process with Carlos' left hand.

Ethan picks up Nathan's gun from the rubble.

He kicks Carlos' legs so his feet are touching. Aims, fires right through both feet.

Carlos can't scream anymore, he's barely conscious. Ethan pats his face.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Stay awake, amigo.

NATHAN

No one's coming for you. At least not until tomorrow, I'd imagine. So, you *could* live. But... That would hardly be fair.

Ethan snatches another knife from the floor and starts slicing up Carlos' arms, then legs.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

You don't deserve an easy death, *mi amigo*. My brother is very precise, very... Exacting in his approach. So, no carotid, no jugular, no femoral. Just enough so you'll slowly - VERY slowly - bleed to death.

Carlos whimpers.

Ethan turns to Nathan.

ETHAN

Time to go.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - K'S OFFICE - DAY

Katherine's royally pissed. She paces as she screams.

KATHERINE

What the FUCK were you two thinking?!?

Ethan and Nathan sit in front of her desk. Nathan's holding Cookie on his lap, his hands covering the boy's tender ears.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Do you understand what covert means? In Germany, you're invisible. Japan, not a peep. But I send you to Mexico one goddamn time and you manage to stand out like two sore thumbs? What is the first fucking rule of this company?

NATHAN & ETHAN

No personal entanglements.

KATHERINE

No fucking personal entanglements. I don't give a shit who you fuck or suck - or whatever the hell you people do. But NOTHING is personal. Nothing. You **missed your target**. You killed 9 other people, could have exposed this organization, the White House's involvement. You could have gotten yourselves killed, for fuck's sake!

ETHAN

Boss, we didn't know you cared!

KATHERINE

Cared?

She rounds on them, getting menacingly close.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 I only fucking care because you two  
 are my best operatives. By far.  
 And that's the only thing that's  
 keeping me from sending Sanjay or  
 Chow Yun Fat to eliminate my problem.

Nathan raises his hand.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 What!?

NATHAN  
 His name's Donnie Leung...

He trails off at her look.

KATHERINE  
 Because of your colossal fuck up,  
 Cookie giggles. Nathan covers the baby's ears again.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 I am forced to--

BUZZ!

Katherine wheels around, slapping the intercom.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck?! I said I was not to  
 be--

GABRIELLE (O.S.)  
 Boss, the Vice Admiral is on the  
 line. He said it was urgent.

KATHERINE  
 Goddamn it.

She releases the button turns back to them.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 I thought they'd let me handle this  
 in house, but you two must have really  
 chapped someone's ass. Wait outside.

They head for the door. Katherine sits at her desk.

She takes a deep breath and picks up the phone.

As the doors close they hear her

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Andre! What can I-- Yes, sir, Admiral  
El-Shabazz.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - ENTRANCE - DAY

Gabrielle has Cookie on her lap, bouncing him up and down.  
He giggles and waves his arms.

Ethan is pacing back and forth.

NATHAN

Dude, they're not going to fire us.

Ethan looks at him.

ETHAN

Of course not! No one gets fired  
from this place. They only get  
retired. Like Deok Su.

NATHAN

Right! Early retirement might be  
nice. A nice mobile home in Florida.  
Weekly Bridge game. No! Canasta!

ETHAN

No! Retired as in withdrawn from  
use. As in ALL use. Did you read  
the contract you signed?

NATHAN

Yes..?

INT. HEADQUARTERS - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - K'S OFFICE - DAY

KATHERINE

Yes sir. No, sir. Yes, sir.  
(Beat)  
Absolutely, sir.

She rolls her eyes, but you couldn't tell that from her voice.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Of course I have a contingency, I've  
been doing this for--

Immediately conciliatory. This is definitely a Katherine we  
haven't seen before.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

No, sir, I wasn't intending to sound  
snippy at all. I do have--

She runs her fingers across her eyes, pinches her nose.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 If you'll look under file 7732Q.  
 The details are all there.

A long pause.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 Excellent sir, I'll get them right  
 on it, first thing tomorrow.  
 (Beat)  
 30 minutes? Sir, I don't know--  
 (Beat)  
 Yes, sir, right away.

She shakes her head as she hangs up the phone. Slams her fist on the intercom.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - ENTRANCE - DAY

KATHERINE (O.S.)  
 In here!

Nathan snatches Cookie up off Gabrielle's lap. The boy grabs at her blouse and button pops off, revealing more cleavage.

GABRIELLE  
 Oh! Daddy's little boy!

She grins.

KATHERINE (O.S.)  
 Now!

They all jump, Ethan dashes to the door and yanks it open.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - K'S OFFICE - DAY

Katherine yanks a file folder out of one of the locked cabinets and walks to where the boys are sitting.

KATHERINE  
 Slight change in plans. Against my  
 better judgement, I'm sending the  
 two of you back to wipe the shit on  
 your shoes back off onto Mexico.

She slaps the folder on desk in front of them, open.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 You're going into Jalisco, and make  
 just as much noise as you did in  
 Juarez, while killing El Teo Simental.

She points to his picture.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

The idiots above me think that'll be enough to make it look like some rival group is taking out a bunch of the Mexican cartels, which, of course, will mean more Beaners offing each other and the balance is restored. Now scram. You're wheels up in 20.

ETHAN

20? But today's our mom's--

KATHERINE

No arguments!

INT. HEADQUARTERS - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - ENTRANCE - DAY

Gabrielle stares dreamily at the door, startled when

It flies open, Nathan and Ethan rushing out.

They both kind of half-wave at her, as Ethan pulls out his cell phone, dials.

INT. CHIN KIE'S DRY CLEANERS - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The boys burst around the corner.

ETHAN

I'm sorry, Mami, it can't be helped.

CHIN KIE

Come back on Tuesday!!

GLORIA (O.S.)

What was that?

ETHAN

The dry cleaners.

GLORIA (O.S.)

Dry cleaners, why are you at the dry cleaners?

ETHAN

Not really the issue right now, Mami.

They slam out of the doors, headed for the car.

EXT. CHIN KIE'S DRY CLEANERS - DAY

MATT (O.S.)

Ethan? Nathan?

They both whip around to see Matt walking towards them.



ETHAN

Shit.

GLORIA (O.S.)

Ethan Cruz, I will not tolerate such--

ETHAN

Sorry, sorry. Mami, I gotta go.

GLORIA (O.S.)

I did not raise my sons to show such disrespect.

Nathan moves to head Matt off.

ETHAN

Mami, I AM sorry. This isn't disrespecting you. You'll have to trust me, okay?

In the background, Matt tickles and teases Cookie.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Nathan and I'll do our best to be back in time for the party, ok?  
Mami?

But she's already hung up.

INT. SINALOA CARTEL COMPOUND - BEDROOM - 2001 - NIGHT

A sparse room, just a wardrobe and a double bed.

On the bed, Young Nathan and Ethan sleep fitfully.

The door quietly creaks open.

Young Gloria, her outfit even more in tatters, runs to the bed. Once again in subtitled Spanish:

YOUNG GLORIA

Nathan, Ethan, wake up.

They stir, then Ethan's eyes pop open at the sight of his mom. He grabs Nathan's shoulder, tugging.

Nathan wakes, opens his mouth.

YOUNG NATHAN

Mam--

Gloria clamps her hand over it.

YOUNG GLORIA

Hush! C'mon, mijos, we are leaving.

She releases Nathan's mouth, then scoops them onto the floor.  
They look at each other nervously.

YOUNG ETHAN  
I don't wanna go without Papi!

YOUNG GLORIA  
Papi isn't, can't--

Emotion almost overtakes her before she catches herself.

YOUNG GLORIA (CONT'D)  
You must promise me, mijos. From now on, you will always have each other's backs. Family is all we have, now. You must always stand together. Do you understand?

They look at one another, then CLASP HANDS.

YOUNG NATHAN  
Brothers.

YOUNG ETHAN  
Always.

Gloria smiles proudly through her tears.

YOUNG GLORIA  
But we must escape now, or your Papi's sacrifice will be for nothing.

They quietly pad to the door. She looks out. All clear.

They slip out the door, down the hall. And to freedom.

EXT. CHIN KIE'S DRY CLEANERS - DAY

Ethan looks at the phone, frustrated, then turns and heads to Nathan and Matt.

Matt tries to give him a bear hug. Ethan kind of shrugs it off. Then Matt tries to kiss him, but Ethan demures.

Matt gives Ethan a strange look. Part angry, part hurt.

NATHAN  
So, Matt, what brings you to this part of town?

MATT  
Oh, I'm meeting my mother. At a donut shop of all places. Weird, right?

ETHAN

Definitely.

MATT

Hey, if you guys have time, I'd love to introduce you. Mom's been asking about my new guy. Except she's convinced it's a girl. Long story. Anyhoo, I could introduce you, clear all that up.

ETHAN

Uh, Matt, we, um, I, um, I just really don't have time right now.

MATT

You want to raise kids with me and you don't have time to meet my mother?

ETHAN

It's not that, it's, I--

MATT

You couldn't wait to share our lives, be with me all the time. I asked you to fucking move in with me!

Nathan snaps his head around to look at Ethan with a mix of puzzlement and betrayal.

Ethan raises his hand.

ETHAN

Nathan. Matt, I--

MATT

You didn't even tell Nathan, did you? Are you ashamed of me?

Behind them, Katherine comes around the corner, headed towards the donut shop. She can't see them yet.

ETHAN

I'm not, seriously, I'm not. But I really, really don't have time to explain it to you right now.

MATT

What the fuck, man?

Nathan steps in:

NATHAN

Sorry, it's my fault, ok?  
(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

We need to be somewhere, like 5 minutes ago. Mia called with an emergen--

MATT

Really? When exactly did Mia call? I've been with her all afternoon.

Shit.

NATHAN

Rain check?

Matt looks very frustrated. Then he gets in Ethan's face.

MATT

Offer rescinded.

Matt abruptly turns on his heel and walks away.

ETHAN

I love you!

Matt doesn't stop.

EXT. DONUT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Matt comes up to Katherine. They do a European greeting, kissing each cheek.

She looks closely at him, wipes the edge of his eye.

KATHERINE

What's the matter, sweetie?

MATT

It's nothing. I'm just, I'm ok. It's not a big deal.

She pulls him tightly into a hug, caresses the back of his head. He hugs back, relaxing into her motherly embrace.

He doesn't see her eyes dart about the area, searching for the source of his dismay.

KATHERINE

It's a big deal to me, sweetie. We're family. You know you can tell me anything. That's what mothers are for.

He nods, composes himself and breaks off the hug.

MATT

I'm probably overreacting. It really is nothing. Probably. Relationship stuff.

KATHERINE

Well, when you're ready, I'm always here for you, sweetie.

He forces a smile.

MATT

Donuts?

KATHERINE

Sure.

He pulls the door open, holds it for her. As she walks in, he looks back, but Ethan and Nathan are already gone.

INT. ATROPOS ASSISTED LIVING - CHAPEL - DAY

It's a small sanctuary. A cookie-cutter piece of a planned design, engineered with little to no consideration to the community, their age or disabilities.

3 rows of paired hardwood pews lead up to

A huge crucifix hangs over a small altar, the dying Jesus looking kindly on

Gloria, lighting a candle in the back.

For her this truly is a sanctuary. Sunday services are held in the dining hall where everyone & their equipment can fit.

She goes up and kneels at the rail on the base of the altar.

GLORIA

Christ Jesus, please watch over my sons. I know that they are doing Your work. Keep them safe and bring them home to me.

What the fuck? Does she know? Her eyes fill with tears.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

And say hi to *mi* Jesus, Papa. I miss him so much.

She makes the sign of the cross and stands up.

INT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - DAY

And we're back where this all started...

Abbie runs to the window, the sheet falling away, boobs bouncing, looks out

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - DAY

ETHAN (O.S.)  
35 degrees to the west...

The boys sail through the air when

CRACK!

A grappling hook punches into place on the wall below Abbie.

A similar hook slams into the rocky knoll across the way.

Ethan, then Nathan snap trolleys onto the zip line, speeding down to

Two motorcycles sit by the base of the rocky shoal they're rapidly approaching. Just before they hit the wall, they

Both release their grip,

Hit the ground,

Roll a couple yards, then to their feet.

Cookie giggles. They both look to see him smiling around his binky. Loving it.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
You know, I think you **are** getting a handle on this whole parenting thing.

NATHAN  
Really?

ETHAN  
Yeah, man. You're a great dad!

NATHAN  
Thanks. And, well, you DO know that Matty loves you.

A bullet splinters the rock above them.

They spin around.

A guard stands there, pistol trained about two inches from Nathan's head.

**END OF ACT SIX**

ACT SEVEN

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - DAY

A guard stands there, pistol trained about two inches from Nathan's head.

Cookie sneezes, and

The guard does a double take.

GUARD

A baby? Who brings a baby on--

BANG!

The guard crumples to the ground.

Nathan looks down at Ethan lying prone between his legs.

ETHAN

Told you we missed one.

Nathan reaches down, helps Ethan up.

NATHAN

Uh, maybe more than one!

He points - three large military trucks roll up and dozens of armed men pour out.

They run and vault onto the motorcycles. Kick-start them.

There is a loud scream!

They look up to see Abbie's blonde hair being yanked away from the window.

In her place, a mammoth of a man with a shock of blonde, almost white hair, lowers a machine gun into place.

He turns and aims it at our heroes.

As the bullets start to fly.

ETHAN

Do you trust me?

NATHAN

Brothers?

ETHAN

Always!

Ethan makes a spinning motion with his hand. Nathan nods.

They rev the motorcycles, then spin them in the dirt to create a cloud of dust as bullets start to fly from both sides.

Out of the dust cloud, the motorcycles head straight for

The cliff face. Bullets rip through the air, ping off the bikes. The Pacific Ocean gleams below.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Now!

Ethan and Nathan both stand on the seats, launching

One of the bikes suddenly explodes!

They sail through the air, falling towards the ocean as we:

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF PILOT