

TICKER

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[\*Spanish and Japanese dialogue will have English subtitles]

FADE IN:

**EXT. BALLESTE FORT - FIELD - NIGHT (1985)**

A BULL paces behind a barbed wire fence.

On the other side, JAVIER BALLESTE (40s), a thick-necked Cuban in a suit lights a cigarette and stares at the bull.

DR. PEÑA (O.S.)

Señor.

DR. PEÑA (60s), thin, proper, walks up behind Javier.

JAVIER

(in Spanish)

I'm on my way out, doc.

DR. PEÑA

(in Spanish)

He would like a word.

Javier peers at the bull.

DR. PEÑA (CONT'D)

Javier?

JAVIER

(to himself)

What the old man wants, the old man gets.

Javier flicks the cigarette at the bull.

**ESTABLISHING - EXT. BALLESTE MANSION - NIGHT**

A Cuban mansion sits in the distance, framed by towering palms and ornate architecture, wrapped by a brick wall. A fortress lining the perimeter of the island.

SUPER: UNKNOWN LOCATION - 1985

Armed CUBAN MEN (aka: the BALLESTE CARTEL) remain vigilant along the island.

Javier walks by some of them washing a gold 1957 CHEVY BEL AIR. They nod to Javier as he enters the mansion.

PRE-LAP: The slow, rhythmic BEEP OF A HEART MONITOR.

FADE TO:

**INT. BALLESTE MANSION - PADRINO'S ROOM - NIGHT**

A heart monitor stands beside the regal bedside of -

AUGUSTINE (aka "PADRINO") BALLESTE, (70s), a lion tethered to machines is on a BRICK PHONE. His bare chest rises and falls - in the center is the BALLESTE BRAND seared into his skin.

PADRINO  
(in Spanish)  
Thank you. Keep me posted.

Padrino hangs up and sets the phone aside.

Dr. Peña and Javier enter the ornate master bedroom/makeshift ICU. Numerous family photos line one wall.

JAVIER  
(in Spanish)  
You wanted to see me?

Javier walks up to the bedside and kisses Padrino's RING.  
Sees Padrino shaking his head - a look of anger.

JAVIER (CONT'D)  
(in Spanish)  
What's wrong?

PADRINO  
(in Spanish)  
We have a rat in the family.

JAVIER  
(in Spanish)  
Who?

PADRINO  
(in Spanish)  
We will figure that out at another time. For now, stick to the plan. Just be careful who you trust.

JAVIER  
(in Spanish)  
Okay, pop.

Padrino combs back Javier's hair.

PADRINO  
 (in Spanish)  
 One more thing, son.

Padrino looks deep into Javier's eyes.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
 (in English)  
 Do not hurt the boy.

Javier takes this in...

PRE-LAP: A powerboat engine roars.

FADE TO:

**ESTABLISHING - EXT. OCEAN / INT. POWERBOAT - NIGHT**

A POWERBOAT slices through black water with surgical violence, its motor screaming against the quiet night.

Javier rides in the passenger seat while LUIS PEREZ (35), a jumpsuit wearing Cuban with a mullet, drives.

FADE TO:

**ESTABLISHING - EXT. FREEPORT BEACH / PIER - NIGHT**

The powerboat sits at the end of a low-lit pier...

ANDRES (70s), Bahamian wearing a white linen suit, smoking a cigar, supervises BAHAMIAN MEN pass cocaine kilos down to -

Luis in the cabin of the powerboat.

SUPER: *FREEPORT, BAHAMAS*

Andres hands Javier a handheld COOLER duct taped shut.

ANDRES  
 (in Spanish)  
 The Four Families wish Padrino health, but await your succession. At that point, we can conduct the business towards the future.

JAVIER  
 (in Spanish)  
 Until the meeting, Andres.

Andres tips his hat.

ANDRES  
By the order of Balleste.

Luis notices this...

BAHAMIAN WORKER  
(in Spanish)  
That's all of it, Señor Luis.

**INT. POWERBOAT - GALLEY - NIGHT**

Luis enters carrying the last few bricks and sets them on top of the other white-wrapped kilos. He feels something on his hands - looks - finds traces of blood.

**INT. POWERBOAT - CABIN - NIGHT**

On the dash, the compass needle holds steady on, "SW."

Luis holds the throttle with one hand and with the other guides the helm. Javier emerges from the galley. Sits.

LUIS  
What's in the cooler, boss?

JAVIER  
ETA?

LUIS  
Thirty minutes to Miami, boss.

Javier opens a glovebox and pulls out a BRICK PHONE - Dials.

CUT TO:

**ESTABLISHING - EXT./INT. HUGO'S AUTO SHOP - NIGHT**

A grimy auto shop sits near the water with a boat ramp.

Inside, CUBAN MECHANICS hitch a covered trailer to a jacked pickup truck - RING, RING, RING...

SUPER: *MIAMI BEACH*

HUGO (40s), a fat Cuban in snakeskin boots takes a swig from a flask and answers the wall-mounted phone.

HUGO  
Yo.

**INTERCUT - POWERBOAT / HUGO'S AUTO SHOP - NIGHT**

JAVIER  
(on phone)  
Slight change of plans, Hugo.

Luis glances over a look of concern at Javier.

JAVIER (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
We will be arriving at the shop.

Hugo signals the crew.

HUGO  
(on phone)  
The shop - Here? Fuck.  
(in Spanish to Mechanics)  
Get that fucker the hitch and mount  
the boat trailer - Let's go!

Mechanics rush to swap the trailers.

HUGO (CONT'D)  
(back to phone)  
What's going on with the drop-off  
point, homes?

JAVIER  
(on phone)  
Our mole in the DEA said it is  
compromised.

HUGO  
(on phone)  
How the fuck would they know where  
the drop-off point is? We change it  
every shipment.

JAVIER  
(on phone)  
We have a rat in the family.

Luis returns his attention to the dash still reading, "SW."

Hugo takes another swig.

JAVIER (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
There's one more thing I need for  
you to do for me, cousin.

PRE-LAP: Channels of static... shifting frequencies...

**ESTABLISHING - EXT./INT. YAKUZA HELICOPTER - NIGHT**

A helicopter hovers over the sea - Inside, a YAKUZA SPOTTER wearing headphones adjusts a dial. Static fades - voices sharpen. He flips a switch, voices project over the speakers.

JAVIER (V.O.)

- That comes from Padrino. Can I trust you with that?

HANNYA (30s), a Japanese hitwoman in matte-black gear braiding her ponytail looks over the Spotter's shoulder at -

The radar monitor screen: blank grid.

HUGO (V.O.)

"Don't hurt him." Got you, homes.

The line cuts - monitor screen: a TRIANGLE appears. Blinks.

She nears the YAKUZA PILOT, points, and takes a seat along the side door. Yanks the charging handle of a machine gun.

The helicopter pushes into the dark horizon of the ocean...

PRE-LAP: TIRES break along the beach.

**EXT. MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT**

The doors of two tactical SUVs open. DEA AGENTS jump out. The driver's door opens of one SUV - a boot steps on crab.

BRUCE CLARK (50s), a black brickhouse, grit, sweat and muscle. He proceeds down to the shoreline.

BRUCE CLARK

Listen up ladies. Tonight's a good ol' fashioned snatch and grab. I received intel from our man on the inside that a drop off will be delivered here by Javier Balleste, himself, I shit you not.

Agents exchange looks of surprise and fist bumps.

BRUCE CLARK (CONT'D)

We will apprehend the last son of Miami's drug kingpin as a team and transport him to base camp. It is there we will convince the son-of-a-bitch to tell us where the rest of his scum crime family is hiding. Is that understood?

AGENTS

Yes, sir!

Bruce cocks his huge-ass gun.

BRUCE CLARK

Let's catch a bull tonight, ladies.

Agents spread out and Bruce peers out at the dark horizon.

**INTERCUT: EXT/INT. POWERBOAT - NIGHT**

Along the horizon, the city of Miami appears in the distance.

LUIS

Who told you about the rat, boss?

JAVIER

My boss.

LUIS

Okay, but who told him?

JAVIER

Someone in the DEA.

LUIS

Padrino has someone in the DEA?

JAVIER

You don't become Padrino without having eyes everywhere.

Javier sees something in the horizon, jumps up, flings out his GUN and FIRES into the sky! Luis cowers -

JAVIER (CONT'D)

Get us to Miami, now!

Luis yanks the helm turning the powerboat - the helicopter pushes while turning to run up alongside the boat...

LUIS

Who is it?

Javier watches the side door open - Hannya leaning out with the machine gun -

JAVIER

YAKUZA!

Javier yanks out his GLOCK from his side holster and SHOOTs.

Hannya SHOOTs! - BULLETS rain and pierce the bow.

Luis pulls the powerboat the other way - a FIRE ERUPTS from the galley.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

NO!!!

Luis tries his best to shield his face from the flames being carried with the wind while Javier yanks the galley hatch -

FIRE bursts out onto Javier - He screams and rolls on the floor holding his face.

LUIS

Hang on, boss!

Luis looks over at Miami Beach - and makes a turn...

**INT. POWERBOAT - GALLEY - NIGHT**

Fire curls around the stacks of kilos - as the cooler warps. It falls over onto the floor and a HUMAN HEART rolls out.

It sizzles and burns.

SUPER - TITLE INSERT: *TICKER*

FADE TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - SURGERY - NIGHT**

A motionless HEART rests inside an open chest cavity. Hands covered with bloody latex gloves enter holding a pair of pliers. One hand wears a DIGITAL WRIST WATCH - Beat.

DR. PRIM (O.S.)

Dr. Hood?

ARTHUR HOOD (40s), a towering Cuban doctor looming over the body, looks up - his baggy eyes are the only thing visible as his face is masked.

DR. PRIM (40s), the masked male surgeon across from Arthur is poised with a hotshot - behind him, a PERFUSIONIST ready at the heart-lung machine.

DR. PRIM (CONT'D)

You okay?

Arthur cuts the stitch.

ARTHUR  
Inject the hotshot, Dr. Prim.

Prim pushes the syringe into a clear line. The fluid disappears into the tubing -

DR. PRIM  
Spin it up.

The Perfusionist turns on the machine.

Arthur stares at the heart... It remains still.

Arthur peels off his mask.

ARTHUR  
Mierda.

Dr. Prim signals to turn off the machine.

DR. PRIM  
Best to call it.

Arthur stares at the heart.

ARTHUR  
No.

DR. PRIM  
No?

Arthur reaches inside the chest cavity.

DR. PRIM (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

He grabs the heart.

ARTHUR  
Give him another hotshot.

DR. PRIM  
Protocol states if the heart -

ARTHUR  
Give him another hotshot.

DR. PRIM  
This is on you if it fails.

ARTHUR  
Just do it.

Dr. Prim shakes his head and injects the second dose.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
(to Perfusionist)  
Spin it up.

The Perfusionist looks at Dr. Prim - he nods and the machine hums back to life. Blood cycles. Tubes fill.

Arthur squeezes the heart.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Come on. Come on.

Dr. Prim notices Arthur's hand shaking around the organ.

DR. PRIM  
That's enough.

ARTHUR  
One more second.

DR. PRIM  
We can harvest it for another.

Arthur's eyes bore into the organ as he squeezes...

DR. PRIM (CONT'D)  
ARTHUR!

Arthur lets go and takes a step back, breathing heavy. Perfusionist cuts the machine. Prim removes his mask.

DR. PRIM (CONT'D)  
Do that again, I'll pull your license. There's no room here for a bullheaded doctor.

ARTHUR  
The man has a family.

DR. PRIM  
As does the next patient and the one after. We can't risk everything to save the life of one. That's not the job.

Arthur looks at his bloody gloved hand.

ARTHUR  
Need to change my gloves before starting the extraction process.

DR. PRIM  
I'm relieving you, doctor.

He gives her a look - *excuse me?*

DR. PRIM (CONT'D)  
Go home, Arthur. Spend some time  
with your boy and come back  
tomorrow with your head on  
straight.

Arthur stands there. He squeezes his hand into a fist...

**EXT./INT. SEDAN - NIGHT**

Arthur's fists squeeze the steering wheel. A WEDDING RING  
resides on the left hand.

His sedan weaves through Miami traffic -

Arthur's gaze is miles away though...

PRE-LAP: WAVES of the ocean.

JILLIAN (V.O.)  
About time.

**FLASHBACK: EXT. BEACH - DAY**

JILLIAN HOOD (40s), a radiant Caucasian woman lies on a beach  
towel wearing a bikini. She wears a LOCKET NECKLACE. Arthur  
rushes up to her wearing a t-shirt and swim trunks.

ARTHUR  
Sorry. I tried to get off earlier.

JILLIAN  
Better late than never.

She smiles and pats the towel - Arthur lies next to her and  
rolls over top of Jillian to kiss her. Jillian grabs his  
face, rolls him on his back and passionately kisses him.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Promise me something.

ARTHUR  
Anything.

JILLIAN  
Cross your heart?

ARTHUR  
There's nothing to worry about  
anymore, Jillian.

JILLIAN  
That's not it.

ARTHUR  
What is it then?

JILLIAN  
Promise me no matter where we go or  
what happens, we come first.

Arthur motions an X over his chest. Jillian smiles, but then  
grunts - she grabs her head.

ARTHUR  
Another migraine?

JILLIAN  
I'm fine.

She grunts louder this time and squeezes her temples...

ARTHUR  
Okay, I'm taking you to the  
hospital.  
(stands faces ocean)  
Dawson, time to come in!

DAWSON (FROM DISTANCE)  
Five more minutes!

JILLIAN  
No. No, let him play. I'm okay.

Jillian screams in pain and pushes her fingers into her hair.

ARTHUR  
Dawson, come in now!

DAWSON  
No!

ARTHUR  
I'm going to get him. Lie down for  
me. I'll be right back.

Arthur runs into the water and swims after Dawson.

Jillian curls up along the towel, opens her mouth and -  
HOOOOONK!

BACK TO:

**EXT./INT. SEDAN - NIGHT**

A CAR whips by the sedan - Arthur jerks the wheel, faces an oncoming CAR and veers left. Tires scream as the sedan slides onto the shoulder of the road.

Arthur sits and places his fists against his temples. Beat.

He flips the blinker and pulls back onto the road...

FADE TO:

**ESTABLISHING - EXT./INT. ARTHUR'S HOME - NIGHT**

Arthur's sedan pulls into a driveway beside an imported convertible. Nears the front door.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

In the modest house, Arthur finds MS. JACKIE (90s), Japanese, snoring on the couch. He touches her hand.

ARTHUR

Ms. Jackie.

She jerks awake, immediately irritated.

MS. JACKIE

About time. Poor Suki. My girl's probably starving to death by now.

ARTHUR

Suki?

MS. JACKIE

My new pup. A birthday present from my granddaughter. Thinks it will help me live longer or something.

(beat)

Speaking of, I still need to introduce you to her.

Arthur hands over cash.

ARTHUR

Just bring her next time.

MS. JACKIE

My granddaughter? That'd be a bit unorthodox, but it is 1985.

ARTHUR

No. I meant the dog. Sure Dawson would like one around here.

She takes the money, eyes him.

MS. JACKIE

That boy doesn't need a dog.

Beat. Arthur misses it. He's running on fumes.

ARTHUR

Need me to drive you home?

MS. JACKIE

I'm old, Arthur. Not dead.

She starts toward the door. Arthur moves toward the hallway.

MS. JACKIE (CONT'D)

Oh and before I forget. Dawson got in trouble at school today.

Arthur leans against the stair railing.

ARTHUR

What about this time?

MS. JACKIE

Fighting.

Arthur bows his head.

MS. JACKIE (CONT'D)

There's a fire in that boy. Best not squelch it.

ARTHUR

Goodnight, Ms. Jackie.

Arthur gestures to the exit - She does. He stands there...

**INT. ARTHUR'S HOME - DAWSON'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Arthur slowly opens the door, steps inside finds Dawson curled on his side. He stands over the bed and notices -

On the nightstand, beside a pocket-sized magnetic CHESS SET, a photograph shows:

Arthur and Jillian on their wedding day. Her face cut clean out and his is cut through.

Arthur sighs and turns to Dawson.

ARTHUR  
Stop pretending, Dawson.

Arthur rolls Dawson, (now 12) over. Sees his son's BLACK EYE.

Then he notices the locket necklace along his neck.

Dawson looks up at his father... Arthur lowers his hand to Dawson's face, but he rolls back over - Arthur stands there.

FADE TO:

**ESTABLISHING: EXT. SCHOOL / INT. SEDAN - DAY**

The sedan pulls up along the curb of the school.

In the passenger seat, Dawson still wearing the locket, grabs his bookbag and opens the door.

ARTHUR  
Wait.

Dawson looks at Arthur.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
We're going to visit mom today  
after school. It has been a while.

Dawson nods and steps out.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Hang on. Talk to me, kiddo. What's  
going on with you?

DAWSON  
I'm going to be late, dad.

ARTHUR  
Okay. I'll see you here at three.

DAWSON  
Wait, you're picking me up?

Arthur fidgets with his watch and shows it to his son.

Screen, digital countdown reading: "07:59:22"

ARTHUR  
Cross my heart.

FADE TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY**

Screen: "01:12:47" and counting down...

Arthur, tired looking confronts a HISPANIC FAMILY.

ARTHUR  
(in Spanish)  
Your father will pull through.

They all pull Arthur into a big hug - BEEP.

Arthur glances at his watch -

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
(in Spanish)  
If you would excuse me.

He steps away - nears the elevator - Then a nervous RECEPTIONIST intercepts him.

RECEPTIONIST  
You've got someone in 5B.

ARTHUR  
Have Dr. Prim take it. I've got  
less than an hour till three.

He presses the elevator button. DING.

RECEPTIONIST  
He says he is family.

Arthur turns and looks at her. The elevator doors open...

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Arthur opens the door and spots - Javier with a face raw and blistered.

JAVIER  
It's been a minute, Arturo.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP - Arthur turns off the alarm on his watch.

JAVIER (CONT'D)  
You late for something?

Arthur shuts the door behind him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - CAR PICK-UP POINT - DAY**

Dawson, at the curb, waits. Ms. Jackie drives up.

MS. JACKIE  
Your father called.

Dawson gets in. The convertible pulls into traffic, merges and a few cars behind -

A FERRARI keeps a tail.

BACK TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Arthur finishes the bandaging of Javier's face and steps back. Javier removes a cigarette and offers one to Arthur.

ARTHUR  
What are you doing here?

Javier holds up a fist.

JAVIER  
Did you know this is the size of your heart? Amazing on how something so small has so much power over one person.

ARTHUR  
Answer the question.

JAVIER  
Padrino needs a heart transplant, needs for you to bring one and wants you to conduct the surgery.

Arthur peers at Javier...

CUT TO:

**ESTABLISHING - EXT. MS. JACKIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

A charming Miami home basks in the sun. The convertible sits in the driveway -

The Ferrari cruises by and stops in front of the house. Driver's window rolls down - Hugo cold and expressionless, picks up the CARPHONE. Dials.

PRE-LAP: POP, POP. POP, POP.

**INT. MS. JACKIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

A photo of a youthful Ms. Jackie in a crisp gi, proudly flanked by her family, stands on a shelf beside a police scanner humming softly.

Suki, her small dog, watches from a blanket-covered armchair - head cocked, tail wagging.

In the living room, Dawson stands barefoot on a tatami mat. His fists raised as Ms. Jackie, in wearing sparring mitts, stands opposite him.

MS. JACKIE

Elbows tucked. Strike like a storm.

DAWSON

Dad wouldn't like this.

MS. JACKIE

Well, dad isn't here. Let's go.

BACK TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

ARTHUR

What do you expect from me? You come in here and ask this. There's a procedure to these things - A priority list, for Christ's sake.

JAVIER

You don't think pop is a priority?

ARTHUR

He's not my father.

JAVIER

You're still saying that after all this time. If it walks like a bull and talks like a bull.

ARTHUR

Okay, say I have one - A body comes in, I remove the heart and travel to the island. It won't survive the trip. Once that organ is extracted it's only good for six hours.

JAVIER

There's no talking yourself out of this, brother.

ARTHUR

Listen to me - I can't make it to  
Padrino in six hours from here.

JAVIER

Drive fast then. I'll be in Key  
West with a boat. From there we  
will head to the island.

Arthur grabs Javier by the collar.

ARTHUR

I'll lose everything if I do this.

JAVIER

You lost everything when you left.

RING. RING. RING - it comes from Javier's jacket.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

I'm going to need to get that.

Arthur lets go of Javier who then retrieves the brick phone  
from his blazer. Answers, listens, holds it out to Arthur.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

It's for you.

Arthur snatches it.

CUT TO:

**INT. MS. JACKIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Dawson's bookbag sits by the front door. BANG - THE DOOR  
FLIES OPEN and HUGO barges in.

Dawson flinches - Ms. Jackie steps in front of the boy.

MS. JACKIE

Who are you?

Hugo draws his GUN.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Over the phone - BANG! Silence. Arthur's eyes glass over as  
he grips the phone like it might shatter.

HUGO (V.O.)  
(in Spanish)  
I got the kid.

Line goes dead. Arthur lowers the phone - squeezes it. Javier calmly unbuttons his shirt - reveals a seared brand in the center of his chest.

JAVIER  
Loyalty. That's what we expect.

Javier grabs his blazer and opens the door.

JAVIER (CONT'D)  
Oh, and if you're late...  
(makes fist)  
I'll cut out Dawson's heart  
instead.

Arthur, boiling peers at Javier.

JAVIER (CONT'D)  
Keep the phone.

Javier walks down the hall...

#### **INT. DEA HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

A photo pinned to a corkboard showcases Javier's mugshot along a pyramid chart of the entire Balleste family and their connection to the other four crime families.

Bruce studies a map of Southern Florida, The Bahamas, and Cuba, littered with pins, string, and scribbled notes. One tag stands out: "Balleste Headquarters?"

AGENT 03 (aka: SANCHEZ) enters.

BRUCE CLARK  
I'm busy, Sanchez.

SANCHEZ  
We've got an unidentified male  
approaching the front gate, sir.

#### **EXT. DEA HEADQUARTERS - FRONT GATE - DAY**

A Porsche pulls up in front of the fortified Miami mansion - clearly vacated - Luis steps out with his hands raised.

AGENT 01 and AGENT 02 along the gate prepare their weapons.

AGENT 02  
You lost, amigo?

Luis drops to his knees.

LUIS  
I work for Javier Balleste.

Agent 01 raises his firearm.

AGENT 01  
Kiss the pavement, now!

Luis complies. Agent 02 rushes over and handcuffs Luis.

**INT. DEA HEADQUARTERS - GAME ROOM - DAY**

A pair of AGENTS play table-tennis - Door bursts open. They stop at the sight of Bruce and Agents 01, 02 escorting Luis.

BRUCE CLARK  
Clear out.

All the agents exit. Bruce looks out the window.

BRUCE CLARK (CONT'D)  
Nice car. You pay for it with blood money, or was it a signing bonus for your latest cocaine cruise?

LUIS  
Nice house. You seize it from a cartel mule, or just liked the paint color?

KNOCK, KNOCK - Sanchez enters with a CASE and a roll of TAPE. Bruce nods.

SANCHEZ  
On your feet.

LUIS  
What is this?

Sanchez forces Luis to stand while still handcuffed.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
What the hell? Get off me!

Sanchez opens the case and removes a small BOX connected to several wires.

BRUCE CLARK

What are you willing to do to keep  
Old Glory's stripes red?

LUIS

What the hell are you doing? Bruce.

Sanchez yanks off the top half of Luis' jumpsuit down  
exposing his chest - in the center is the Balleste brand.

BRUCE CLARK

Because all of my other men would  
gladly slit their wrists and bleed  
on the flag to keep her red.

Sanchez places the box - the tracker along Luis' torso and  
tapes it down.

LUIS

What is that?

BRUCE CLARK

They call it a global positioning  
system. You wear it and I sleep  
better at night.

LUIS

You're tracking me now?

SANCHEZ

Only bulls get branded, chico.

Sanchez spits in Luis' face.

BRUCE CLARK

That's all Sanchez.

Sanchez peers at Luis and exits.

LUIS

Bruce, I haven't turned. Okay? I'm  
still your guy.

Bruce zips up Luis' jumpsuit.

BRUCE CLARK

You've been to their basecamp?

LUIS

Yes.

BRUCE CLARK

Where is it?

Luis gestures for Bruce to take off the cuffs - Bruce unlocks them. Luis rubs his wrists.

LUIS  
What's the status of my family?

BRUCE CLARK  
I'll hold up my end of the deal  
once you give me your boss's head.

LUIS  
A meeting has been called. A  
meeting with all five families.

BRUCE CLARK  
All five, in one location?

LUIS  
Let me confirm when this meeting  
will be held and after it is  
confirmed my family is safe, I will  
give you Padrino's location.  
(extends handshake)  
You can still trust me, Bruce.

Bruce puts the tracker in Luis' hand instead of his own.

BRUCE CLARK  
When you bleed, I'll trust you.

FADE TO:

**EXT. HUGO'S AUTO SHOP / INT. PORSCHE - DAY**

The Porsche glides into the lot. Luis kills the engine, unzips his jumpsuit, adjusts the tracker taped on his chest and rezips.

Luis steps out and enters the -

**INT. AUTO SHOP - DAY**

The space is empty. He spots the empty boat trailer.

LUIS  
(to himself)  
Where's the boat?

CRACK! - A WRENCH slams into the back of Luis' head. Luis crashes to floor - a few mechanics rush over and scavenge Luis' body as he gurgles. One of them finds and strips the tracker off of Luis - hands it to -

Hugo holding the wrench.

HUGO  
 (in Spanish)  
 Fucking rat.  
 (to mechanics)  
 Get his keys and get him in the  
 car. He's bleeding all over my  
 fucking floor.

The mechanics drag Luis out - Hugo hands over the tracker.

HUGO (CONT'D)  
 (in Spanish)  
 Put this in the car too.

FADE TO:

**EXT./INT. POWERBOAT - DAY**

A wake along the ocean is created by a newly patched up powerboat as it speeds across the water.

Javier at the helm, bandages a bit loose, looks over at Dawson unconscious, strapped into the passenger seat.

FADE TO:

**EXT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - ALLEY - DAY**

A pack of Suzuki motorcycles growl to a stop in an alley. At the front, the rider removes the helmet. It is Hannya.

**INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY**

A kitchen knife cuts raw steak. Blood seeps.

Behind the counter stands OYABUN (60s), stoic, regal in a stained apron. Across from him, OFFICER BOWIE (40s) shifts in discomfort. Sweat beads across his brow.

OYABUN  
 And what does Officer Bowie offer  
 Oyabun?

OFFICER BOWIE  
 I can make sure the Miami PD looks  
 the other way when your trucks  
 cross state lines.

The kitchen door creaks open. The two men turn to see -

Hannya. Oyabun waves her in - She approaches.

OYABUN

Isn't Oyabun's daughter beautiful?

Bowie lowers his eyes.

OFFICER BOWIE

Please, sir... my son's hospital bills are drowning us. I've got no one else to turn to.

OYABUN

Officer Bowie values family. But he is not YAKUZA.

OFFICER BOWIE

What must I do to prove myself?

Hannya takes Oyabun's kitchen knife, sets it in front of Bowie. She then places her left hand on the board.

Bowie notices the tip of her pinky finger is missing - He stares in horror... The implication is clear.

OFFICER BOWIE (CONT'D)

And... and my son?

OYABUN

Officer Bowie's son will be in pain, no longer.

Bowie picks up the knife. Sets his hand down...

CUT TO:

**EXT./INT. BENTLEY - DAY**

SLAM - The rear passenger door shuts. It drives off.

Inside, Oyabun, now in an immaculate suit, looks at Hannya.

OYABUN

Tell Oyabun how Javier died.

Hannya avoids him - Oyabun reaches across, lifts her chin.

OYABUN (CONT'D)

Daughter killed the only son of Oyabun's enemy, yes?

She shakes her head - Oyabun's hand drops from her chin to her throat and squeezes. Hannya does not fight back.

Oyabun lets go - Hannya gasps for air.

OYABUN (CONT'D)  
 Daughter will fix this and bring  
 honor back to our family.

She composes herself. Nods - the Bentley stops.

OYABUN (CONT'D)  
 Collect your grandmother.

A YAKUZA BALD MEMBER taps on the window. Oyabun lowers it.

YAKUZA BALD MEMBER  
 (in Japanese)  
 Sir, there's been a break-in.

Hannya jumps out of the car...

**INT. MS. JACKIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Hannya slides out her WAKIZASHI as she strides through the front door. She signals the YAKUZA crew to search.

Blades unsheathed, they move with silent precision.

Dawson's bookbag sits near the front door - YAKUZA SCAR, a member with a scar over his eye spots it and dumps its contents across the dining table.

Hannya enters the living room and finds Ms. Jackie lying in a pool of blood. Her eyes still open.

Hannya kneels, closes Ms. Jackie's eyelids... Bows her head.

SCRATCHING. BARKING - Hannya looks at a nearby door.

**EXT. MS. JACKIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Hannya approaches the Bentley holding the dog. She hands it to Oyabun, who calmly strokes its fur.

OYABUN  
 Bring Oyabun the heart of the one  
 responsible and reclaim your honor.

Hannya bows. The Bentley pulls away. Just then - YAKUZA Scar rushes up, binder and phonebook in hand.

YAKUZA SCAR  
 (in Japanese)  
 Hannya, I found this.

He flips the binder open to a page with handwritten classwork  
- In the corner: "Dawson Hood."

He then opens the phonebook to a dog-eared page, finger  
racing down the H column.

YAKUZA GEEK  
"Arthur Hood - 562 Hunt Circle."

FADE TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - ARTHUR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Arthur sits at his desk and looks at a framed photo of  
Jillian holding Dawson...

The brick phone sits on his desk. RING, RING, RING - Arthur  
snatches it.

ARTHUR  
(on phone)  
Javier?

RING, RING, RING - Realizes it is his DESK PHONE. Answers.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
What?  
(listens)  
On the way.

He pockets the brick phone and exits.

FADE TO:

**INT. HOOD HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY**

YAKUZA members tear through the house...

**KITCHEN**

On the refrigerator door, a hand written note reads, "Ms.  
Jackie - Work Number: (305) 555-8429 + Ask for me."

Hannya grabs the landline phone - Punches in the number.  
RING, RING -

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTIONIST'S DESK - DAY**

The Receptionist, mid-sip of coffee, picks up.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Mount Sinai Medical Center. How may  
 I direct your call?  
 (beat)  
 Hello?

BACK TO:

**KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

The phone sits on the countertop.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
 Is anyone there?

**INT. HOSPITAL - SURGERY / HALLWAY - DAY**

Arthur enters to find a man on the table beaten and bloody who tries to get up - Dr. Prim tries to hook up the heart monitor while keeping the man on the table.

DR. PRIM  
 Hang in there, buddy.

ARTHUR  
 Talk to me.

DR. PRIM  
 Male, mid-30s, no ID. Found  
 unresponsive after a major MVC.

Arthur nears the man -

ARTHUR  
 (to himself)  
 Luis?

DR. PRIM  
 What?

ARTHUR  
 A car accident?

LUIS  
 Arrrrr - Arrth -

Dr. Prim slices the jumpsuit apart. He sees the brand.

DR. PRIM  
What the hell?

ARTHUR  
This isn't personal.

Dr. Prim looks confused - Arthur punches Prim in the face causing him to fall backwards.

Arthur comes around the table and puts Dr. Prim in a chokehold... Prim tries to reach around and grab Arthur as his feet flail about... the doctor passes out.

Arthur stands and removes the oxygen mask from Luis's face. He gasps, gurgles - the heart monitor races.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
One less bull.

Luis' body spasms. A violent, twitching death - FLATLINE - Arthur yanks the heart monitor plug. Checks Luis's neck. No pulse. Checks his watch.

He turns to the tray and picks up a scalpel - Slices through the sternum, blood pools.

**INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY**

Hannya and her gang enter. She signals - one heads to the reception desk, the others head for the elevators.

Hannya scans the wall directory - At the desk -

MALE NURSE  
One ride. Once you hear my 'Stang  
purr with that supercharged five-0,  
baby -

RECEPTIONIST  
Don't call me "baby."

YAKUZA MOHAWK member shoves him aside.

YAKUZA MOHAWK  
What floor is Dr. Hood on?

Taken aback. A WHISTLE. YAKUZA Mohawk grabs a lollipop from the jar and bolts to the crew loading in the elevator.

RECEPTIONIST  
Hey!

She grabs her desk phone, dials fast.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah - surgery floor. You might  
 want to send security.

DING.

BACK TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - PREP ROOM - DAY**

The last scoop of ice is poured over a HEART sealed in a plastic bag within a cooler. Arthur locks the lid and sets his watch - Screen reads a countdown from: "05:59:47"

Grabs the handle and exits.

**INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY**

Holding the cooler, Arthur jabs the elevator button. DING. Doors slide open -

A wall of YAKUZA members step out. He tries to slip through.

ARTHUR  
 Excuse me.

YAKUZA Mohawk grabs Arthur - shows the "DR. A. HOOD" embroidered on his coat to Hannya. She gives a slight nod.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
 What's going on here?

YAKUZA MOHAWK  
 (to Arthur)  
 You, come with us.

Arthur catches the subtle motion-gloved hands shifting onto wakizashi grips. Hannya smiles.

Arthur notes the lollipop - shoves it down the YAKUZA's throat. YAKUZA Mohawk lets go of Arthur - chokes.

Arthur bolts. YAKUZA draw their weapons and chase him.

He sprints, slides around a corner and reaches the freight elevator. He slams the button repeatedly - The dial sweeps -

ARTHUR  
 Come on, come on...

YAKUZA draw closer - DING.

The elevator doors open -

**INT. ELEVATOR**

Arthur jumps inside, punches the "close doors" button - the doors closes, but one member squeezes through... YAKUZA CROW. Doors close.

YAKUZA Crow puts his sword away and raises his fists.

ARTHUR

Please, I don't want any trouble...

YAKUZA Crow invites him - Arthur puts down the cooler...

**INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - DAY**

TWO SECURITY GUARDS (40s) hustle up the stairwell and find YAKUZA racing down the stairs - swords in the air.

SECURITY GUARD 02

Holy shit!

They draw their pistols, FIRE - BLAM! BLAM! Two YAKUZA drop mid-charge, blood spraying the walls, but the rest keep coming, unfazed. SWORDS SWING.

**INT. HOSPITAL - PARKING GARAGE - DAY**

The elevator doors open, Arthur leaning on the wall, wipes blood from his mouth, picks up the cooler and dashes out -

YAKUZA Crow is on the floor...

Arthur runs -

**ACROSS THE GARAGE - HIS SEDAN**

Makes a beeline for it.

**INT. PARKING GARAGE - SAME TIME**

The stairwell door is thrust open - remaining YAKUZA members with Hannya, blood-soaked and wild-eyed, scan - One of them spots Arthur. Hannya signals them up the ramp -

**EXT./INT. ARTHUR'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur throws the door open, slides in, jams the cooler down by the passenger floorboard, inserts the key - VROOM. Tires squeal. Arthur throws it into gear - PEELS OUT.

Through the side window - HEADLIGHTS burst into view. SMASH!

A MOTORCYCLE COLLIDES with the driver's side - glass explodes - Arthur's car jerks sideways, skidding into a column.

Arthur, bleeding from shallow cuts, grabs the cooler, pops the passenger door, and slides out -

**INT. PARKING GARAGE**

Arthur clocks the crashed Suzuki, its front wheel still spinning. But the rider is gone... A SCREAM-FROM ABOVE.

YAKUZA WILD leaps off a higher level, wakizashi raised. WHOOSH-CLANG! The sword bites deep into the car door as Arthur rolls away, narrowly escaping.

He scrambles up - eyes darting for an exit - The YAKUZA charges, slashing wildly. SWISH. SWIPE. SWING.

The blade howls past Arthur's head, carving scars into the sedan's frame - Sparks fly.

Arthur stumbles backward - trapped against the rear tire. YAKUZA Wild raises the wakizashi over his head - THRUST! CLUNK-PSSSSSSSS! The blade drives into the tire.

Arthur opens his eyes to find the sword inches from his face. YAKUZA Wild yanks - nothing. The tire's steel belt holds.

Arthur doesn't hesitate and KICKS the attacker's knee - CRACK - The man drops. Arthur pounces, pins YAKUZA Wild to the concrete, raises his fist - BEEP -

Arthur notes his watch: "04:59:52"

THUNDERING ENGINES - Arthur looks up - Across the garage, a row of motorcycle headlights ignite like wolf eyes in the dark. Hannya, center of the pack, sits tall.

She drops her visor, revs, and pops a wheelie - VROOOOM. The pack surges forward - Arthur jumps up off YAKUZA Wild and sprints down a level.

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE - LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS**

Running full tilt, Arthur vaults the railing - SLAMS down onto the roof of a parked car, rolls off, grunts in pain.

Across the level - a red, customized Fox Body Mustang GT gleams under the harsh fluorescents - ENGINES RUMBLE above - The gang is closing in.

Arthur dashes across, reaches the driver's side - Tugs the handle. Locked. He slams his elbow into the glass - the window does not give.

ARTHUR

Mierda.

Gritting his teeth, he swings the cooler - CRASH! Shatters.

**INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur throws himself inside, shoves the cooler to the passenger footwell. Searches. No keys. He yanks the bottom panel from the steering column, exposes the wiring.

Down the lane - HEADLIGHTS slice through the garage. Arthur touches two wires together - VROOOOOM! The supercharged 5.0 engine roars to life.

Arthur slams the car into gear - TIRES SHRIEK as rubber melts to asphalt - The Mustang blasts forward, drifting around the turn -

Hannya and her gang blazes after him!

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

An old PARKING LOT ATTENDANT presses a button - CLUNK. The gate arm lifts. A minivan glides out.

PARKING LOT ATTENDANT

You have a superb day now, ya hear?

HOOOONK! He spins - eyes go wide as the Mustang tears down the ramp, engine snarling like a demon. The attendant slaps the button again - GATE LIFTS JUST IN TIME.

VROOOOM! The Mustang blasts past, clearing the barrier.

The Attendant stumbles out of the booth, stunned, watching the red blur peel out onto the asphalt.

PARKING LOT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
Damn, speed racer.

ROOOAAAR! A storm of Suzukis rocket out behind the Mustang – leather, steel, and screaming engines.

The Attendant dives aside as they slice past—wind whipping his clipboard into the air.

He slowly stands, dusts himself off, and chucks his hat.

PARKING LOT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
This is what I get for going back  
to work from retirement?

**EXT. OCEAN DRIVE / INT. MUSTANG - DAY**

Palm trees whip by in a blur. Arthur downshifts, eyes flicking to the side mirror – Clear. Then a wave of motorcycles floods the rearview.

Arthur grips tighter, and punches the gas – The cooler jostles on the floorboard.

**EXT. MOTORCYCLES - CONTINUOUS**

Hannya's ponytail snaps like a war flag. She draws her sword. Her gang follows – blades gleaming in the sunlight. They close in and swing – Steel screeches against steel as wakizashi blades carve into the Mustang's body. Spoiler gone. Taillights shredded.

**INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur weaves through traffic – HONK! – an oncoming car. SWERVE. Barely clears it.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The gang splits – some hugging the road, others leap onto the sidewalk, dodging pedestrians with surgical precision.

Arthur barrels through a crosswalk – SCREAMS – pedestrians dive as the Mustang blazes past.

**EXT. COFFEE STAND - MOMENTS LATER**

A motorcycle cop watches the chaos. Drops his coffee.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER  
Not in my town.

He mounts his bike - SIRENS BLARE.

**EXT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS**

One rider pulls up, slashes the passenger window - SHATTER!  
Arthur flinches. Ahead, a car door swings open. Arthur yanks  
the wheel, slams the rider into parked cars - CRUNCH!

**EXT. OCEAN DRIVE - CONTINUOUS**

The motorcycle cop catches up to Hannya.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER  
Pull over, NOW!

Hannya doesn't even look. She whips her wakizashi sideways -  
SLICES his front tire. BOOM! The bike flips. Cop smashes into  
a picnic table. Food goes everywhere.

**INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS**

Another YAKUZA rides up, lunges inside, grabs Arthur's coat -  
The Mustang veers - HONK! SCREECH! Arthur jerks the wheel -  
rider flies off, slams into oncoming traffic - CRASH!

Arthur spots a car pulling out - no choice - he jerks the  
Mustang up onto the sidewalk.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS**

Crowds scatter. Picnic tables explode. Umbrellas spin through  
the air. Arthur barrels through the chaos.

**EXT. STREET - ABOVE**

A YAKUZA charges his Suzuki forward, leaps - sword raised.

CRACK! The wakizashi pierces the sunroof, glass rains down  
like shrapnel. He grabs the roof, claws for Arthur - hand in  
face - Arthur sees his chance back to the street.

He yanks the wheel, pulls the e-brake - the Mustang spins 180  
degrees - The YAKUZA on the roof FLIES off, slamming into  
another Suzuki - DOUBLE CRASH.

**INT. MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER**

The Mustang sits backward in the street. A single beat. Then - REV. Arthur looks forward: Hannya. She comes at him - fast. Eyes dead calm.

ARTHUR

Oh, come on!

He throws the Mustang into reverse - FLOORS IT!

**DOWN THE WAY**

Still in reverse, the Mustang rockets toward a YAKUZA blockade of motorcycles and guns drawn. They FIRE.

**INT./EXT. MUSTANG**

The rear window explodes - Arthur ducks, yanks the wheel, slams the brake - tires scream. The Mustang spins hard, smoke peeling off rubber as it tears away -

**EXT. 5TH STREET - DAY**

Arthur shoots down the street, hops a curb, blasts onto -

**INTERCUT: EXT. MIAMI SOUTH BEACH / INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS**

Sand erupts in all directions as the Mustang barrels along the shoreline.

In the rearview - motorcycle headlights gaining. Arthur grits his teeth, downshifts - pedal to the floor.

Up ahead - he sees - Oyabun. Standing beside his Bentley. Flanked by YAKUZA. Arthur punches the brake - grinds / slides to a halt. Breathing heavy. Knuckles white on the wheel.

WHAM! The driver's door rips open - YAKUZA pull him out.

**EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur stumbles, swings, punches one in the face. Another grabs his jacket. Arthur twists, flings it off, snaps the man's arm over his shoulder.

Sand kicks into his face - BAM! A fist blasts his jaw. He drops to one knee.

Another thug charges - Arthur sees a beer bottle in the sand, grabs and shatters it against a shin - stabs another with the broken bottle.

Grabbed from behind - Arthur gets punched in the gut and then headbutted. Arthur sinks to his knees... Breathless. Bleeding. Then charges forward.

He tackles one into the surf - they slam into the shallows. Arthur punches, again. Again.

Oyabun watches. Hannya pulls up and steps forward. Calm. Eyes locked on Arthur - Wakizashi at her side, still sheathed. She places the blade on the back of Arthur's neck. He stops.

OYABUN

Where is the good doctor going?

Arthur scrambles up, turns to face Hannya and Oyabun - blade still at his neck. He spits in Oyabun's direction.

Hannya kicks Arthur in the back of the head.

OYABUN (CONT'D)

Where is the good doctor going?

ARTHUR

(barely a whisper)  
My boy.

OYABUN

What did the good doctor say?

ARTHUR

He took my boy!

Oyabun removes his black sunglasses.

OYABUN

Who took the good doctor's boy?

**ESTABLISHING - EXT. ISLAND - SUNSET**

Waves slam against the hull of a sleek yacht, docked by sweaty Bahamian workers.

PRE-LAP: BELLOWS of a bull...

**EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS**

Javier, leans against the fence and lights a cigarette. Next to him is a rusted lever.

The BULL BELLOWS again - Andres walks up and notices Javier's wrapped face - makes the sign of the cross.

ANDRES  
Looking like your father with each  
passing day.

JAVIER  
He hasn't gone under the knife.

ANDRES  
And meeting?

JAVIER  
Still on.

ANDRES  
If Padrino dies before naming you  
as head of the business -

JAVIER  
The family will be loyal to me as I  
have been to them.

A distant WHUP-WHUP-WHUP - A helicopter crests the horizon, slicing across the sun. It casts a shadow over the field, and begins its descent beyond the fortress walls.

ANDRES  
I guess time will tell.  
(to Javier)  
How's the boy?

**INT. BALLESTE MANSION - GUEST ROOM / VARIOUS - SUNSET**

Dawson gasps awake. A deep inhale. He looks around - Velvet sheets. Gilded molding. A painting of a bullfight...

DAWSON  
(to himself)  
Where am I?

He flings back the comforter, stumbles to the door, opens it.

**INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A long corridor unfurls like a labyrinth. Heavy oil paintings of stern ancestors, bronze statues of saints and serpents. The house seems to close in on him.

Dawson creeps forward. Footsteps echo - Voices. Laughter. Spanish. Armed guards. He turns a corner and spots cartel men gathering near the courtyard.

Dawson bolts through marble halls. Past carved archways. Ducking behind statues. A close call as two guards walk past, unaware. He sees a twin staircase ahead - Sprints up.

**INT. PADRINO'S ROOM**

He slips inside, shuts the door, breath heaving. Locks it.

BEEP... BEEP... A heart monitor. A cough - wet, ragged.

Dawson turns to see -

Seated upright, Padrino tethered to tubes, yet still regal.

PADRINO  
(in Spanish)  
Come closer, boy.

Dawson opens the door - sees shadows outside. Armed. Waiting. He shuts it fast. Leans back against it. Trembling.

Padrino says nothing for a moment. He unplugs himself, slowly rises, settles his feet on the floor, gets a firm stance and walks towards Dawson...

DAWSON  
No, no. Stay away.

Dawson raises his fists... Padrino chuckles.

PADRINO  
(in Spanish)  
The apple certainly doesn't fall  
far from the tree. Does it, Dawson?

Dawson lowers his fists.

DAWSON  
How do you know my name?

Padrino walks to the wall of photographs. Points. Waits -

Dawson drifts over to the photo Padrino points at. It is a -  
Wedding portrait of Arthur and Jillian!

He grasps his locket and shoots a look at Padrino.

Padrino kneels. His hand on Dawson's shoulder.

PADRINO  
 (in Spanish)  
 I'm so happy that you are home.

DAWSON  
 I don't know Spanish.

PADRINO  
 You will.

Dawson stares, breath caught in his chest.

DAWSON  
 Who are you?

PADRINO  
 Abuelo.

Padrino points to his chest then at Dawson's chest.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
 It means "grandfather."

Dawson stands there looking at his extended family...

FADE TO:

**INT. MUSTANG - TRUNK / EXT. BEACH - SUNSET**

The heart, sits on ice inside the open cooler.

OYABUN  
 So Padrino has two sons...

Arthur closes the lid. A few YAKUZA step in front of Arthur.

ARTHUR  
 I'm wasting time.

OYABUN  
 Oyabun agrees. Hannya will go with  
 the good doctor to kill Javier. Two  
 stones, one bird.

ARTHUR  
 What? No. She's going to slow me  
 down.

OYABUN  
 Good doctor is like Oyabun - good  
 father. Willing to sacrifice for  
 family. Hannya will go with or...  
 YAKUZA kills good doctor on beach.

Arthur's fist tightens, closes the trunk.

ARTHUR

Fine.

OYABUN

Good. Hannya.

Hannya nears Oyabun who speaks to her in Japanese. He gives her a GPS tracker. She bows until her father enters his car and drives away.

She enters in the passenger side of the Mustang.

Arthur, in the driver's seat cranks the engine -

ARTHUR

Put on your seatbelt.

The Mustang tears off.

**EXT. VENETIAN WAY / INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT**

The Mustang glides across black road - headlights gleaming over the dark void, cutting through the chain of islands. Wind rips through the open windows.

ARTHUR

Hannya - that's your name, right?

She just stares ahead.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What to tell me what that is?

Hannya puts the tracker in the glove compartment, turns on the radio to the song; "Kokomo" by The Beach Boys.

Hannya sits and closes her eyes - BEEP -

Arthur looks at his watch: "03:59:53" and counting...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

This is going to be a long three hours.

He downshifts - the engine growls, and the Mustang launches forward into the night.

PRE-LAP: CARTEL MEMBERS CHEER -

FADE TO:

**EXT. BALLESTE MANSION - FIELD - NIGHT**

Under floodlights, a cartel member yanks down the lever - the bull bursts out of the gate... Its eyes fixed on a lone cartel member in the middle of the field.

It charges - horns glinting - the man barely dodges.

CHEERS erupt from cartel men behind the fence. Some laugh. Others drink and place bets.

**EXT. BALLESTE MANSION - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS**

Padrino sits in a chair, overlooking the madness below and lights a cigar. Dawson sitting beside him studies Padrino.

Padrino catches Dawson looking at him and gestures for Dawson to take the cigar. Beat. Dawson takes it.

PADRINO

So, what do you think?

Lights another cigar.

DAWSON

Of the bull?

PADRINO

No, my '57 Bel Air. Of course the bull. Flew him in all the way from Cuba.

Dawson eyes the beast.

DAWSON

He looks... angry.

PADRINO

That's why I named after your pop.

DAWSON

Arthur?

PADRINO

"Arturo." His blood name. He changed it to be more American when he and your mother left the family.

DAWSON

Why didn't he tell me about you?

PADRINO

That's a question for your mother.

Dawson bows his head...

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, nieto. Losing her must have been hard. She was a beautiful woman.

Padrino puffs his cigar.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
No, a father has many reasons why they keep things from their children. That's why they are the father. Would you like to know one?

Dawson nods.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
This mansion has a secret passage in it between the walls.

DAWSON  
Why?

PADRINO  
For protection. Which is why your father never told you about me.

Padrino gestures to the cigar in Dawson's hand.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
It's impolite to not smoke when offered a cigar.

Dawson takes a puff - holds it... immediately coughs a lung. Padrino chuckles deep, slaps him on the back.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
Well done, nieto. Well done.

DAWSON  
So this is your home?

PADRINO  
This is my island.

Dawson goes wide-eyed.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
As for my "home" - I've got many along different corners of Cuba. The trick is to keep moving, nieto. That way they can't find you.

DAWSON

Who?

PADRINO

DEA. FBI. All of Reagan's vultures.  
Waiting for their chance.

DAWSON

To do what?

A long pause. Padrino looks him over.

PADRINO

Help your Abuelo up.

Dawson helps lift his grandfather out of the chair. They walk to inside - in the distance, the cartel member dodging the bull gets trampled upon...

**INT. BALLESTE MANSION - PADRINO'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Padrino rolls out a large, yellowing map of the Caribbean across a polished mahogany table. The corners curl up - he pins them down with heavy trinkets.

PADRINO

Bring me that chess set.

Dawson crosses to a nearby hutch, carries a chess set, and sets it beside the map. Padrino plucks five silver pawns and places three on various points across Cuba.

PADRINO (CONT'D)

The Balleste family, us, sits at the head of the business which is made up of four other families.

DAWSON

Where the bull came from?

PADRINO

Yes. They run the farm.

DAWSON

Like bananas?

PADRINO

Not exactly. Yeyo.

Dawson does not know what that is.

PADRINO (CONT'D)

Cocaine.

DAWSON  
Wait, is that the stuff the cowboy  
on TV says, "Just say no," to?

PADRINO  
He's not a real cowboy.

Dawson notices two other pawns still in Padrino's hand.

DAWSON  
There's two more.

Padrino plants one on the Bahamas.

PADRINO  
Andres. He handles export from  
Freeport to Miami.

Dawson studies the map.

DAWSON  
And so where are we?

Padrino sets the last pawn down on an island off Key West.

PADRINO  
Here.

Dawson frowns.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
What's wrong, nieto?

DAWSON  
You said you were the boss, right?

Padrino nods - Dawson replaces the silver pawn on the island  
with a gold king piece. Padrino smiles.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
How does it all work?

Padrino takes a knight piece -

PADRINO  
Well, from the farms in Cuba,  
product is flown to the Bahamas.

He sets the knight beside the king and slides it from the  
island to the Bahamas.

PADRINO (CONT'D)

And then I send my runners by boat  
to load the yeyo and ship it to  
Miami.

Knight glides again - Bahamas to Miami.

PADRINO (CONT'D)

Then we sit back and watch the  
money roll in.

Dawson studies the board, watching the knight. Thinking.

DAWSON

Why not just fly it from Cuba to  
Miami? Cut out Andres.

Padrino notes this, pleased - sees the gears turning.

PADRINO

You always protect your family  
because they protect you. That's  
loyalty, Dawson. Plus, the DEA  
monitors the skies. But along the  
water -

DAWSON

They can't track you.

PADRINO

Very good. How'd you figure that?

DAWSON

Ms. Jackie has a police scanner.  
Sometimes when I'm over there -

Dawson stops. His face clouds. Arms cross. He lowers his  
head. He tears up.

PADRINO

What's wrong?

DAWSON

He killed her. Before he took me...  
(backs up)  
Why did you have him do that? She  
didn't do anything wrong.

Padrino moves to him, places his hands on Dawson's shoulders.

PADRINO

Dawson, I didn't want that. You are  
my family and I would never do  
anything to jeopardize that.

(MORE)

PADRINO (CONT'D)

(beat)  
Cross my heart.

Dawson lifts his head.

DAWSON

What did you say?

Padrino takes Dawson's hand and with his finger draws an X over his own chest.

PADRINO

And hope to die.

Dawson stares -

PADRINO (CONT'D)

Tell me. The man who killed Ms. Jackie, what did he look like?

**INT. DEA MANSION - BRUCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Bruce sits behind his desk, phone to his ear. Eyes tired.

BRUCE

Alright, monkey. Go to bed. Daddy's gotta catch the bad guys, and then I'll be home. Promise.

(listens)

Yes. Let Mommy have the phone.

(beat)

Love you too.

His entire posture shifts - the warmth drains out.

BRUCE CLARK

I know. I'm sorry.

(listens)

I can't -

KNOCK, KNOCK - sets phone aside.

BRUCE CLARK (CONT'D)

It's open.

Sanchez sticks his head in.

SANCHEZ

Sir, you're gonna want to see this.

Bruce puts the phone back to his ear.

BRUCE CLARK  
I gotta go. I'm sorry. Love -

He looks at the phone... hangs up and follows Sanchez out.

**INT. DEA MANSION - TECH OFFICE - NIGHT**

The basement - AGENT 04 stares at a monitor flickers with surveillance feeds and tracking data.

AGENT 04  
I've been tracking Luis, sir and watch this.

He types - screen zooms in on a Miami map. A blinking red dot labeled "C". Bruce squints.

BRUCE CLARK  
What the hell am I looking at?

AGENT 04  
This is Miami. The red dot - that's Luis. Or at least the GPS on him.

BRUCE CLARK  
Okay. Give me the veggies.

Agent 04 clicks again - time-stamped tracking data appears.

AGENT 04  
Luis hasn't moved in two hours.

Bruce frowns. Agent 04 clicks again, zooming out to show a red route line across the city.

AGENT 04 (CONT'D)  
Here's his movement today.  
(points)  
Point A: Some auto shop - stayed ten minutes.  
(points)  
Point B: Just off I-95 - fifteen minutes.  
(points again)  
Then back north to Point C. And he's been there since.

BRUCE CLARK  
Could be a hand-off.

AGENT 04

At a junkyard? Sir, no offense -  
Luis usually doesn't stay still  
long enough to get a hard-on.  
Either he's staking out...

BRUCE CLARK

Or he's playing us.

Agent 04 meets Bruce's stare - doesn't want to agree, but  
does. Bruce claps him on the shoulder - good work.

BRUCE CLARK (CONT'D)

Print addresses for A and C for me.  
The ladies and I are going to take  
a trip.

**EXT. DEA BASECAMP - NIGHT**

Two tactical SUVs drive through the gates.

**INT. SUV 01 - NIGHT**

Bruce grabs the radio mic while driving.

BRUCE CLARK

(on radio)

Team Veronica, this is Team Betty.  
Report when you reach the Point A.  
Observe and report only.

(beat)

Let's find Padrino's rat.

FADE TO:

**MONTAGE: INTERCUT: INT. BALLESTE MANSION - PADRINO'S SUITE /  
EXT./INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT**

- Close on a silver razor scrapes across Padrino's skin.  
Deliberate. Controlled.

- Dawson watches from the door.

- The Mustang eats up asphalt - headlights cut down the dark.

- Inside, Arthur applies a bandage to his neck as Hannya  
stares at her reflection merging with passing palm shadows.

- Padrino sits before a mirror. He combs his hair back with a  
bristle brush, each stroke exact.

- Dawson inspects his collection of silk ties.
- The Mustang roars across a long, narrow bridge, endless ocean on both sides.
- The cooler in the back rattles.
- Padrino, now in a black suit, combs Dawson's hair back. He looks at the boy.

**EXT./INT. MUSTANG - DAY**

The Mustang flies down the Key West bridge.

Inside, Hannya grabs the tracker.

ARTHUR  
You love your father?

No answer.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
My father... I've seen that man  
squeeze the life out of another  
using only his hands.  
(beat)  
And growing up, I wanted to be just  
like him.

Hannya glances at him, just for a second.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Jillian, my wife, saved me. Saved  
our boy from a future where you  
either wind up in jail or dead. She  
paved a new path for us.

Arthur down shifts.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
It's normal for a son to want to be  
like his father, but that's the  
last thing I want for Dawson.

Hannya studies Arthur.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
I'd do anything for my kid, but I  
know I'm not good for him - Look  
who I'm talking to. You wouldn't  
understand.

Hannya turns to look at the waves of the ocean.

**FLASHBACK: INT. MS. JACKIE'S HOUSE - BED - NIGHT**

The Great Wave off Kanagawa painting hangs in the wall.

Ms. Jackie and Oyabun are heard arguing through the wall.

Sitting on the bed, Hannya listens while her eyes are locked on the painting. Her hands rest on her pregnant belly.

OYABUN (O.C.)

What is inside my daughter must be removed.

MS. JACKIE (O.C.)

It is hers. Your grandchild, my great-grandchild, Oyabun.

OYABUN (O.C.)

The father is not Japanese.  
Daughter's baby brings dishonor.

Hannya closes her eyes – tears slip. She collapses sideways into the mattress, fists to her ears.

The arguing continues, muffled now... then stops. Silence.

The door opens – Ms. Jackie enters, composed but shaken. She crosses the room and sits beside Hannya on the bed. Beat.

MS. JACKIE

You will do as your father instructs.

Hannya cries. Ms. Jackie strokes her hair.

MS. JACKIE (CONT'D)

And to spite him. He will never hear your voice again – just as we will never hear your child's.

They sit together under the wave. Quiet.

**END FLASHBACK: INT. BALLESTE MANSION - DINNING ROOM - NIGHT**

The waves of the ocean are seen through the open window – a cartel member closes it.

Across, a dining room table gleams with crystal glassware and fresh cigars for –

The FIVE FAMILY HEADS: Andres, VALDEZ (60s), CORTEZ (50s), MARIA (60s) and at the head – Padrino. He stands with a raised glass. Dawson is by his side.

PADRINO  
 (in Spanish)  
 My family, thank you for coming all  
 this way and joining me on this  
 special occasion.

Andres looks around.

ANDRES  
 (in Spanish)  
 Excuse me, Padrino, with respect,  
 shouldn't we wait for Javier before  
 we begin?

PADRINO  
 (in Spanish)  
 Javier is attending to other  
 business.

A ripple of unease at the table. Andres signals his  
 bodyguard, who leans over his shoulder. Andres whispers  
 something low. The guard nods, exits quietly.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
 (in Spanish)  
 Before we proceed, I would like to  
 introduce someone special to all of  
 you.

He places a firm hand on Dawson's head.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
 (in Spanish)  
 My grandson. Dawson Bonifacio  
 Balleste. Son of Arturo.

MARIA  
 (to herself, in Spanish)  
 Traitor.

A pause amongst the group as they dart looks at Dawson.

PADRINO  
 (in Spanish)  
 Out of respect for him, we will  
 conduct in English. Is that  
 permissible, dear Maria.

Maria on the spot - a long silence follows.

MARIA  
 By the order of Balleste.

VALDEZ  
He doesn't look like Arturo.

CORTEZ  
His mother is American.

PADRINO  
He is of my blood.

A beat. The temperature drops. Andres, stands. Lifts a glass.

ANDRES  
To Dawson. May we all welcome him  
to the family.

The rest of the family follow suit. They all down the drink.

DAWSON  
Nice to meet all of you.

PADRINO  
Now, business.

**EXT. BALLESTE MANSION - BOAT DOCK - NIGHT**

Javier nears the docked powerboat.

ANDRES BODYGUARD  
Señor Balleste!

Javier turns - Andres' Bodyguard sprinting.

PADRINO (O.S.)  
As for my succession - the company,  
the routes, the legacy... I pass it  
all to my -

**INT. BALLESTE MANSION - DINNING ROOM - NIGHT**

SLAM! Javier bursts through the door, breathless.

PADRINO (O.S.)  
- son.

Javier buttons his blazer.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
Arturo.

A gasp. Cortez does a spit-take. All heads turn to Dawson.  
Everyone shouts at Padrino in disagreement (in Spanish).

Padrino punches the table with his fist - everyone shuts up.

JAVIER

Pop -

PADRINO

I have made up my mind. My powers  
and title will be absorbed by  
Arturo to then transition to  
Dawson.

They all look at Dawson... Dawson looks up at Padrino.

DAWSON

Me?

Padrino turns to Dawson.

PADRINO

Dawson Bonifacio Balleste, do you,  
of your own will, dedicate yourself  
to our family and accept the  
succession of Padrino - to protect  
and honor us as we will protect and  
honor you?

Dawson nods - still unsure of what he is agreeing to...

PADRINO (CONT'D)

(to family)

And do we, the bloodline, accept  
Dawson as our fire and shield?

FAMILY MEMBERS

...We do.

PADRINO

Then my grandson with the weight of  
our fathers and the blessing of  
fire, I welcome you.

Padrino removes his ring and puts it in Dawson's hand.

DAWSON

It's too big for me.

Padrino threads the ring along Dawson's necklace.

PADRINO

You'll grow into it, nieto.

Javier trembles with rage. Padrino looks at him...

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
(in Spanish)  
Javier, don't you have someone to  
pick up?

JAVIER  
On my way.

Javier exits - Padrino takes a bottle and refills his glass.

PADRINO  
To the future.

**EXT. JUNK YARD - NIGHT**

A mangled Porsche glints under flickering neon.

Agent 01 exits from the car and hands Bruce the GPS.

AGENT 01  
It was in the center console, sir.

AGENT 02  
He must've taken it off.

Bruce looks at the tracker... then at the car. He sits in the  
driver's seat...

AGENT 01  
Sir?

Bruce notices the keys are not in the ignition.

BRUCE CLARK  
Where are the keys?

Agents look at each other - Bruce removes his radio.

BRUCE CLARK (CONT'D)  
Clark to HQ.

AGENT 04 (V.O.)  
Go for HQ.

BRUCE CLARK  
Point B was along I-95. What's the  
closest hospital? Over.

AGENT 04 (V.O.)  
Mount Sinai Medical Center. Over.

Bruce thinks - and heads to the SUV.

BRUCE CLARK  
(on radio)  
Copy. Over and out.  
(to team)  
Load up.

**EXT. HUGO'S AUTO SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

Team Betty fans out around the perimeter - Agent 05 crouched behind a dumpster, Agent 06 covering the back alley, Agent 04 on rooftop looking through scope...

The gate lifts up - A mechanic lights a cigar.

AGENT 06  
We've got movement.

AGENT 05  
Is it Luis?

AGENT 08  
All these guys look alike, man.

The mechanic turns and looks around -

AGENT 06  
He's scoping us out, guys.

AGENT 08  
Do not engage until -

The mechanic flings out an AR15 and OPENS FIRE.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Agent 01 stands guard beside SUV 01.

**INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE - NIGHT**

A cold steel drawer slides open with a mechanical hiss.

On the slab: LUIS' BODY, chest gutted, hollow -

AGENT 02  
Holy mother of God.

Agent 02 races out of the room before vomiting.

A MORTICIAN (40s) gives Bruce an ENVELOPE. He opens it to find Luis' family photo.

BRUCE CLARK  
Why did they cut him open?

MORTICIAN  
Not sure. You'd have to speak to the doctor who conducted the surgery.

BRUCE CLARK  
And who would that be?

DR. PRIM (O.S.)  
His name is Hood.

Bruce sees Dr. Prim in the doorway with a bandaged nose.

**EXT. HUGO'S AUTO SHOP - NIGHT**

BOOM - THE SHOP ERUPTS as a flood of MECHANICS pour out guns blazing. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH. SCREAMS. GLASS. METAL.

AGENT 05  
(to team)  
Open fire!

Rounds rip through the air - Agent 06 dives behind a car hood. Agent 07 returns fire from the rooftop - Smoke billows. Bullets ricochet off steel.

AGENT 08  
I've got eyes on the target! Second floor, east window -

BACK TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - PRIM'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

A dusty playpen in the corner. A teddy bear slumps like a casualty of memory.

BRUCE CLARK  
Run that by me again, doc. He stole my agent's heart?

DR. PRIM  
Yes.

BRUCE CLARK  
Why?

DR. PRIM  
I'm not sure to be honest. You  
think you know someone.

BRUCE CLARK  
(writing)  
"Arthur Hood," was it?  
(to Agent 02)  
Have HQ run a background.

AGENT 02  
Copy.

Dr. Prim reads over Luis' chart.

DR. PRIM  
That's interesting.

BRUCE CLARK  
What's that?

DR. PRIM  
Your agent. His blood type was O-  
negative.

BRUCE CLARK  
And that's of some significance?

DR. PRIM  
Everyone has a particular blood  
type. You can't simply plug and  
play with organs.

BRUCE CLARK  
You know, I think I missed that  
class in med-school, doc.

Dr. Prim wanders over to the playpen, rustles through the old  
toys. Retrieves a shape SORTER CUBE.

DR. PRIM  
You got kids, Agent Clark?

BRUCE CLARK  
Why?

Dr. Prim returns, sits.

DR. PRIM  
It explains all this stuff - Never  
mind, think of this cube as a body.  
The cutout shapes as blood types.  
(MORE)

DR. PRIM (CONT'D)  
 One person has a star blood type  
 whereas another has a triangle.  
 With me?

Bruce crosses his arms.

DR. PRIM (CONT'D)  
 Okay, and the blocks are hearts.

Dr. Prim holds up a star block.

DR. PRIM (CONT'D)  
 A star heart can only fit through a  
 star blood type.

Drops the block through the star hole -

**INTERCUT OFFICE WITH EXT. HUGO'S AUTO SHOP - NIGHT**

Agent 05 is shot in the head.

DR. PRIM  
 Same for a square. It can only go  
 through the square type.

Drops the block through the square hole - Agent 08 is shot in  
 the chest.

Dr. Prim turns the cube and shows the circle cutout to Bruce.

DR. PRIM (CONT'D)  
 But say someone has a O-negative  
 blood type?

He picks up the circle block...

DR. PRIM (CONT'D)  
 Not only can the circle heart fit -

Drops the block through the circle hole - Agent 06 shot down.

DR. PRIM (CONT'D)  
 But so can a triangle heart -

Picks up triangle block, drops it through the circle hole -  
 Agent 07 is shot down.

DR. PRIM (CONT'D)  
 And even the star -

Picks up the star block again -

BRUCE CLARK

I get the point. How does this loop back to the original question on why Hood took my man's heart?

DR. PRIM

Sorry, but I'm not sure. I just think it's coincidental that the heart Arthur took can be utilized for just about anyone who needs a transplant.

CRACKLE - RADIO STATIC. Then a voice.

SANCHEZ (O.S.)

Mayday! Team Betty has fallen!

CUT. Dead air - Bruce bolts from the room.

FADE TO:

**EXT. HUGO'S AUTO SHOP - NIGHT**

Over a bloody gravel lot, Hugo standing over Sanchez has a pistol inserted in his mouth. Behind him, a few surviving crew members hover.

HUGO

Any last words, you DEA piece of shit?

Sanchez mutters - Hugo takes the gun out of his mouth.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Say again?

SANCHEZ

(in Spanish)

By the order of Balleste.

Sanchez unbuttons his vest, pulls down his shirt to reveal a seared Balleste brand - The crew gasps.

HUGO

(in Spanish)

What the fuck is going on?

SANCHEZ

(in Spanish)

You think Padrino didn't have eyes in the DEA?

(in English)

I called Javier about the rat.

A tense silence – then Hugo laughs.

HUGO  
Holy shit, homes. I almost blew  
your brains out!

SANCHEZ  
Your men need to get out of here.  
The DEA are on their way.

Hugo turns to his men.

HUGO  
(in Spanish)  
You heard the loco! Get the fuck  
out of here.

All the men race out either on foot or in a car.

SANCHEZ  
May I have my gun back?

Hugo looks seriously at Sanchez... He laughs and hands over  
the pistol. He turns to the shop.

HUGO  
Let's get the fuck out of here. I  
got some wheels in the -

BANG! A hole tears through Hugo's skull. Blood mists the  
gravel. Hugo crumples. Sanchez lowers the smoking pistol.

SANCHEZ  
For Ms. Jackie, homes.

**EXT./INT. SUV 01 - MEANWHILE**

SIRENS wail. RED AND BLUE LIGHTS flash across Bruce's face as  
SUV 01 barrels down the highway.

Bruce grips the wheel, jaw clenched, eyes locked ahead.

The radio crackles -

AGENT 04 (V.O.)  
HQ to Clark. You copy?

Bruce grabs the mic.

**INTERCUT: INT. DEA MANSION - TECH OFFICE**

BRUCE CLARK (V.O.)  
What is it?

Agent 04 stares at a screen - a triangle blinks ominously near the southern edge of Florida.

AGENT 04  
Did you authorize a second undercover agent in the field? I see an activated tracker.

Bruce glances at the tracker held up by Agent 01.

BRUCE CLARK  
That's us.

Agent 04 frowns. He types fast - the map zooms and refines.

AGENT 04  
Negative, sir. I'm tracking you in real time - Highway 1, northbound. This is a second signal outside Key West. Hang on.

Agent 04 types and tightens focus, runs a quick diagnostic on the triangle blip.

AGENT 04 (CONT'D)  
It's transmitting on a Japanese frequency, sir.

Bruce's knuckles whiten on the wheel. He swerves around a slow-moving car.

BRUCE CLARK  
We are heading to Point A. Send notification to the local PD.

Bruce floors it.

FADE TO:

**EXT. FORT ZACHARY TAYLOR BEACH - FOREST - NIGHT**

The Mustang rolls into a desolate parking lot, headlights sweeping over sand-snagged roots and wind-rattled palms.

Hannya steps out alongside Arthur. He lifts the trunk and grabs the cooler - BEEP -

Screen: "02:59:58" and counting.

They walk through gnarled trees, the distant waves are heard crashing against rocks.

ARTHUR  
(to himself)  
Unbelievable.

Hannya glances at him.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Talking to myself.

Hannya looks at Arthur inquisitively. Pops his arm.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
What?

Hannya gestures for him to continue.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
I was saying that it's unbelievable that I've been to two beaches in one day. I swore off beaches. Vowed I'd never step foot on one again because they remind me of her - of Jillian.

Hannya studies Arthur.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
A few years back, we took Dawson swimming. Well, Jillian did and I showed up late as usual. Everything was perfect until it wasn't. She suffered from migraines and on that day - one hit and consumed her. I needed to get her to the hospital, but Dawson was still in the ocean and of course, wouldn't come in. So, I went in after him and while I was out collecting my son, my wife was having a seizure in the sand...

Arthur looks at Hannya.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
We later learned from the autopsy Jillian's migraines were something more serious, but what Dawson saw was that I wasn't there.

Arthur looks down at the sand as he walks.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
 He blames me for her death and I  
 cannot blame him for it.

Hannya falls back - Arthur doesn't notice as he keeps  
 trudging forward. Her hand moves to the hilt of her sword.

**FLASHBACK - EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Oyabun speaks to Hannya. Japanese fades to English:

OYABUN  
 Kill the good doctor. Make Javier  
 take Hannya to Padrino, kill him,  
 and put an end to the Ballestes.

**BACK TO: FOREST**

Arthur, up ahead, turns to see Hannya.

ARTHUR  
 You okay?

Her grip tightens... then loosens. Hannya catches up - They  
 disappear into the trees and head toward -

**EXT. FORT ZACHARY TAYLOR BEACH - NIGHT**

Arthur and Hannya break through the final line of trees and  
 hit the shoreline. The beach is empty. No boat. No Javier.

Arthur checks his watch.

ARTHUR  
 Where is he?

RING, RING, RING - Arthur snatches his phone, answers.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
 All that shit about loyalty...  
 where are you? I'm on time.

JAVIER (V.O.)  
 There's been a change of plans,  
 brother.

ARTHUR  
 (on phone)  
 What is that supposed to mean?

Hannya tugs his arm - gestures to the sea -

A silhouetted powerboat glides out of the fog... TWO MORE POWERBOATS slide out from behind the first one, fan-shaped formation.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
 (on phone)  
 Javier. What is this?

GUNFIRE ERUPTS - A full barrage tears through the beach. Bullets chew the sand. Arthur drops the brick phone, takes Hannya by the arm and dives back into the forest area -

The three powerboats ride up along the shore - Cartel members disembark, armed with machetes and guns.

JAVIER  
 (in Spanish)  
 Bring me the heart.

CARTEL MEMBER  
 (in Spanish)  
 And Arturo?

JAVIER  
 (in Spanish)  
 Bring me his head.

The cartel members rush into the tree line - Javier stays on the deck and lights a cigarette.

#### **EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

Arthur sprints and is YANKED aside by HANNYA pulling him behind a thick trunk.

ARTHUR  
 Why is he doing this?

She signals for Arthur to hush - CRUNCH. Bootsteps in the brush. Hannya silently unsheathes her wakizashi...

Arthur grips the cooler handle, knuckles pale.

The cartel fan out, machetes gleaming in the moonlight - A twig SNAPS - Hannya STRIKES - Her wakizashi slices through the machete!

A cartel member tackles Arthur, slamming him to the dirt - The cooler tumbles away. He shoves a pistol in Arthur's face. He grabs a nearby rock and HITS the member in his head.

Another member grabs the cooler and bolts for the clearing - Arthur scrambles to his feet and chases him down.

Hannya becomes a blur. She spins - wakizashi sings as it slashes a member's face. Pivots - STABS another in the chest.

A third member pulls his gun - Hannya's hand claps his jaw - SNAP. His neck breaks clean. He drops like a ragdoll.

She hears Arthur fighting ahead - turns - sees the beach light flickering beyond the clearing. She races toward him.

Arthur grapples with a machete-wielder - Fist-to-fist, slammed into tree trunks - bruises forming.

The member pins Arthur - blade tip pressing into Arthur's chest. Arthur screams as the tip of the blade pierces his skin... - SLICE.

The man's head drops off. Reveal: Hannya behind him. Blood drips from her wakizashi as she flicks it clean.

Arthur pushes the body off of him and gets up.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Thanks.

The remaining cartel men flee through the forest.

Hannya pursues like fire incarnate - Her wakizashi sings death as it carves through their bodies.

Arthur spots the man with the cooler crashing through the underbrush. He runs after him - BANG!

Hannya SCREAMS - Arthur skids to a stop - turns - to find Hannya in the dirt crawling for her blade as -

A cartel member from behind her, raises his pistol...

Arthur notes a GUN by his feet...

CARTEL GUNMAN

(in Spanish)

Say goodbye.

BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG! The thug is pierced with several bullets - drops.

Hannya looks up at -

Arthur holding a smoking gun... Beat.

Hannya signals for him to go - Arthur nods and exits to the -

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Arthur sees - Javier being handed the cooler by a member -

ARTHUR

Javier!

Arthur raises the gun - CLICK! Javier punches the throttle in reverse while the member tries to get onboard and tears back into the ocean.

Arthur sprints to the second powerboat...

**INT. JAVIER'S BOAT / EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT**

Gliding away from the beach, Javier at the helm, locks the throttle and grabs the cooler - LIGHT FROM BEHIND!

Javier finds Arthur chasing him down in the other powerboat - He stashes the cooler in the bow and slams the throttle.

Arthur's powerboat closes in... engines roaring in fury - THE CHASE IS ON.

Javier's boat swerves violently, engines snarling. Waves CRASH like thunder against both hulls.

WHAM - Arthur's boat RAMS the starboard side - Fiberglass tears and scrape like bulls in a death match.

**INTERCUT: INT. ARTHUR'S BOAT**

Arthur yanks the boat left and then right to hit Javier's boat. Javier does the opposite to ram into Arthur's boat.

Arthur steers left, then hard right - his boat quickly nears Javier's - he puts his foot on the wall and as soon as the two boat collide - Arthur LEAPS from his boat - sails through the dark - and LANDS into the cabin of -

**INT. JAVIER'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Javier locks in the throttle and goes after Arthur.

The boat SCREAMS ahead, driverless.

Fists fly. Arthur lands a brutal hook - Blood explodes through Javier's cracked bandages - Arthur SMASHES Javier into the windshield - Glass cracks -

Javier laughs through bloody teeth and grabs a piece of glass and stabs Arthur's leg with it - He screams, pulls it out.

Arthur SLAMS Javier down - takes the glass and -

FLASHING LIGHTS sweep across the ocean. A KEY WEST PD PATROL BOAT enters from the fog - A SPOTLIGHT ignites - blinding Arthur.

Javier pushes Arthur off and kicks him in the chin - Arthur falls off the stern of the boat and plunges -

#### **UNDERWATER**

Arthur plummets - he gets his bearings and he kicks upward.

#### **SURFACE - NIGHT**

Arthur BURSTS THROUGH the water - gasping. He searches - Javier is gone.

The patrol boat searches the water with its spotlight.

KEY WEST PD  
(over intercom)  
You are under arrest! Stay where  
you are.

Arthur swims toward the beach...

#### **EXT. BEACH**

Arthur comes up along the shallow and trudges towards the shoreline - limps hurriedly up to the tree line -

ARTHUR  
Hannya!

MIAMI PD push through the brush - one of them KNOCKS Arthur out cold with the butt of his rifle.

CUT TO BLACK:

JILLIAN (V.O.)  
Promise me no matter where we go or  
what happens, we come first. Cross  
your heart?

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Arthur jumps awake and finds himself handcuffed to the table. He looks at his leg, it is stitched up and checks his watch.

Bruce enters with a manila FOLDER.

BRUCE CLARK  
Late for an appointment, doc?

ARTHUR  
Did you take him down?

BRUCE CLARK  
I'll be asking the questions. Now -

ARTHUR  
DID YOU TAKE JAVIER DOWN?

Bruce peers at Arthur and opens the folder.

BRUCE CLARK  
He got away.

Arthur tries to get out of the chair but can't due to the straps - screams at Bruce.

BRUCE CLARK (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

Arthur looks up at Bruce.

ARTHUR  
My name is "Arturo Joaquín Balleste." I am the first born son of Augustine Balleste.

Bruce leans back...

BRUCE CLARK  
Prove it.

ARTHUR  
Look at my chest.

Bruce stands, walks over to Arthur and pulls down the collar of his shirt - scarred patch of skin where the brand used to be.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Whenever a member of the family wants to leave, they have to cut off their brand.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Most give up when the blade touches the skin, but I had something else more important to be loyal to.

BRUCE CLARK

And what was that?

ARTHUR

Being a father. And if I don't get to the island on time, they will kill my boy.

BRUCE CLARK

Your scum family is on an island?

ARTHUR

You want Padrino and his empire? Let me take you there.

Bruce thinks.

BRUCE CLARK

Thank you. I'll take it from here.

Signals to the glass wall.

BRUCE CLARK (CONT'D)

Take him away.

ARTHUR

No! Wait! NO!

Arthur tries to escape from the chair again as Bruce leaves.

**INT. BALLESTE MANSION - GRAND HALL - NIGHT**

The front doors BURST OPEN - Javier staggers in with the cooler in hand. The family all stare.

PADRINO

Where's Arturo?

JAVIER

At the bottom of the ocean.

DAWSON

What, no?

Padrino comes at Javier ready to put him in his proper place.

Javier SWINGS THE COOLER and HITS PADRINO ACROSS THE HEAD.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Abuelo!

The old man crashes onto the floor. Stunned, blood trickling down his temple. Dawson goes to rush over to Padrino.

Javier pulls a gun on Dawson.

JAVIER

You know, in this light you do look like my brother.

Javier stands over Padrino.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

All you had to do was love me, pop.

PADRINO

I do more than anything.

JAVIER

Then why did you give everything to him? To Arturo? He left us, left you! I'm here. I've remained loyal. I've given you all of me! And this is what I get in return?

PADRINO

Yes.

JAVIER

That doesn't make any sense.

PADRINO

If you were a father, you'd understand.

Beat. Javier looks at Padrino and puts his gun back in his holster. Kicks the cooler to Dr. Peña.

JAVIER

Get to work.

ANDRES

Sir, you've won. Why not just let the old man wither away.

Javier hits Andres with his Glock breaking his nose -

JAVIER

(to himself)

He's still my pop.

(to Dr. Peña)

Well?

Dr. Peña picks up the cooler and then Padrino.

DR. PEÑA  
Boy, help me.

Dawson nears Padrino and helps him up.

JAVIER  
(in Spanish)  
One second.  
(to Dawson)  
Come here.

Dawson does not move - Javier points his Glock at Padrino.

JAVIER (CONT'D)  
Mind your uncle and you won't get a  
bullet in the brain.

Dawson comes over to Javier who notes the locket and ring dangle. He RIPS it off Dawson.

DAWSON  
No - That's not yours!

Javier puts the barrel at Dawson's head - Dawson is still.

JAVIER  
Go help your grandpa.

DAWSON  
I'm going to get it back.

Javier chuckles and gestures for Dawson to leave - he does so and helps Padrino up the stairs.

Javier turns to the stunned crowd of relatives.

JAVIER  
Now, where were we?

Maria goes up to Javier, kneels and kisses his hand.

CORTEZ  
By the order of Balleste.

Javier straightens his blazer.

#### **INT. HOLDING CELL / JAIL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Arthur is thrown into a cell. He stumbles up, grips the bars and screams. Kicks the cot. Rips the toilet seat off its hinge. A caged animal unraveling. Screaming in Spanish.

BEEP - Arthur tears off his watch and throws it on the concrete floor and STOMPS it into pieces.

TAP. TAP. TAP - He lifts his head.

Officer Bowie, fingers curled around the bars. A bandage is wrapped around his pinkie finger.

OFFICER BOWIE  
You the good doctor?

Arthur stares him down... then spits through the bars - Bowie wipes his eye clean and -

OFFICER BOWIE (CONT'D)  
I'll take that as a yes.

Unlocks the cell. Swings the door wide.

OFFICER BOWIE (CONT'D)  
We gotta move. Fast.

ARTHUR  
Who the fuck to you working for?

OFFICER BOWIE  
An enemy of your enemy. Come on.

Arthur exits and the two men move down the hall.

OFFICER BOWIE (CONT'D)  
Service stairs - two floors down.  
Maintenance door leads to the ditch  
line. Follow it to the marina road.

They come around a corner.

OFFICER BOWIE (CONT'D)  
Now, hit me.

ARTHUR  
What?

GUARD 01 comes around the corner.

GUARD 01 (O.S.)  
Hey, what's going on!?

Bowie hits Arthur with his club. Arthur swings - drops Bowie like a sack of bricks.

Two other GUARDS round the corner and rush at Arthur. He takes all three of them down.

He snatches the keys from the Guard and runs like hell with his limp.

**EXT. PRISON DITCH / MARINA ROAD - NIGHT**

Arthur claws his way out of the drainage ditch.

He stumbles onto Marina Road, feet pounding the pavement. Behind him - the low growl of an engine. HEADLIGHTS flare up.

Arthur looks back. Shit. He sprints - lungs burning.

The car SWERVES around him - tires SCREECH and skids to block his path. Arthur skids to a halt. Instinctively raises fists.

It is the Bentley - window lowers. Oyabun holds Suki.

OYABUN

Get in, good doctor.

The YAKUZA DRIVER opens the door for Arthur. He lowers his fists and enters the car.

**INT. BENTLEY - MOVING - NIGHT**

Arthur stares down Oyabun. The faint clink of crystal as Oyabun pours a drink - offers it to Arthur.

OYABUN

No. More for Suki then.

ARTHUR

The enemy of my enemy.

OYABUN

The good doctor still has business.

The Bentley stops. Door opens.

**ESTABLISHING - EXT. HANGAR - NIGHT**

Arthur steps out and sees Hannya waiting.

ARTHUR

Hannya?

OYABUN (O.S.)

Daughter said the good doctor was worth saving.

Arthur turns to Hannya. A flicker of emotion crosses her otherwise unreadable face.

OYABUN (CONT'D)

Enough talk. Go to Padrino. Kill him and bring Oyabun Javier's heart. Go.

ARTHUR

How? Clark and his team are already halfway there. If we leave in a powerboat now - we'll be behind.

A sly glint in Oyabun's eyes.

OYABUN

Does Oyabun have something better than a boat?

The YAKUZA members pull the hangar doors open...

**INT. PATROL BOAT - BELOW DECK**

Bruce, geared up for war stands before his DEA agents - Sanchez being one of them - armored and ready.

Agents cock rifles. Slide mags into place. Paint faces.

PRE-LAP: BEEP, BEEP, BEEP.

**INT. BALLESTE MANSION - PADRINO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The heart sits exposed within the open cooler on the table.

Dr. Peña draws an incision line along the center of Padrino's chest who lies in bed connected to machines.

Dawson sits in the corner - traumatized.

Javier unweaves the locket from the ring and slides it onto his finger - it is loose.

PADRINO

It was not supposed to fit you.

Javier nears Padrino. Combs his father's hair back.

JAVIER

I will grow into it.

Javier weaves the ring back through the locket necklace.

**ESTABLISHING - EXT. SKY / INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT**

The YAKUZA HELICOPTER cuts through the clouds like a silent predator. It stops and hovers - dark and looming.

Arthur strapped in the cabin, eyes heavy but alert.

ARTHUR  
Are we there?

Hannya flips switches across the control panel. Signals behind her - Arthur turns to see - In the rear, the YAKUZA ENFORCERS unbuckle, open the door, and throw ropes down - they descend into the dark.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
(to Hannya)  
This is your plan?

Hannya loops the rope around his harness and signals for Arthur to go -

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Mierda.

Arthur exits and they both step on the railing -

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Hey.

Just about to jump, she glances over at Arthur.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Something cracks in her stoic mask. Hannya smiles at Arthur and jumps off the railing. She descends. Arthur shakes his head and jumps.

The helicopter disappears as Arthur travels through the clouds...

**EXT. FORTRESS - ROOF - NIGHT**

The YAKUZA land on the roof silently and run toward the battlement where a number of cartel members stand guard.

The YAKUZA slide out their blades, near the men from behind and SLING - they drop like flies...

**EXT. BEACH**

The DEA boat runs up along the shoreline. Bruce and his agents disembark onto the beach fan out, signal, hit their marks - stealth.

From the rear, Agent 02 hustles up carrying a BAZOOKA. He mounts a knee into the sand, aims at the front door...

**EXT. ROOF**

Hannya drops down like a feather as Arthur HITS the roof and rolls off...

**INT. PADRINO'S ROOM**

Dr. Peña draws an incision line along Padrino's chest. Dawson watches as does Javier.

THUD! - Everyone looks up. Dawson gets out of the chair.

JAVIER

Sit down!

Dawson sits back down as Javier nears the window...

**EXT. BEACH**

BRUCE CLARK

Knock, knock.

Agent 02 pulls the trigger - a missile flies at the door - BOOM! Huge explosion, absolutely destroys the front entrance!

BRUCE CLARK (CONT'D)

Move, move, move!

The DEA team storms into the fortress.

**EXT. BALLESTE MANSION - LIVING ROOM**

The room shakes - The families realize the island is under attack...

MARIA

(in Spanish, to  
bodyguards)

Stay behind.

All the bodyguards stand their ground and cock their guns as -

Andres, Cortez and Maria tear books from the bookcase.

CORTEZ  
Where is it?

Andres looks over at a statue of a bull along the shelf, grabs and pulls - the bookcase opens like a door on hinges.

The family heads run behind and close it behind them.

**INT. PADRINO'S ROOM**

Javier runs out of the room -

DR. PEÑA  
Sir, we have to get you out of here.

Padrino smiles and shakes his head and looks to Dawson.

**EXT. ROOF**

Hannya helps Arthur up - they along with the YAKUZA find a way into the house...

**EXT. BALLESTE FORTRESS - FRONT GATE - CONTINUOUS**

Concrete rains down. Bruce and his agents move into the fortress taking GUNFIRE from the cartel members along the battlements above them.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Javier enters to find several cartel members along with the family bodyguards ready for battle.

JAVIER  
Andres?

He looks at the books on the floor and then the bull statue on its side... They have deserted him. He spits.

**UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY**

Arthur moves like a predator, flanked by Hannya and her team - sleek, silent, surgical. They near a few cartel members. The YAKUZA slide out their blades and the men drop like flies.

The last cartel member, alive, gets his mouth covered by a YAKUZA ENFORCER and pierced in the leg by Hannya's blade.

YAKUZA ENFORCER  
(in English)  
Where is Javier?

YAKUZA ENFORCER uncovers the man's mouth. He does not answer. Covers it again and again gets stabbed by Hannya's blade.

YAKUZA ENFORCER (CONT'D)  
(in English)  
Where is he?

The man cries... Hannya nods, YAKUZA ENFORCER covers the man's mouth -

ARTHUR  
Wait.  
(to man, in Spanish)  
Where is Javier?

The man points down.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
(to Hannya, in English)  
Living room. Down three floors.

Hannya nods. YAKUZA ENFORCER slits the man's throat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
(to Hannya)  
I'm going to find my boy.

Hannya nods.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Hannya.

She turns around.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Will I see you again?

Hannya looks at Arthur - she crosses her heart and descends the stairs with her team.

Arthur takes this in and runs along the hallway...

Standing in front of Padrino's room - Arthur meets a wall of muscle - a GUARD the size of a freezer. Guard frowns.

GUARD  
(in Spanish)  
Never thought you'd be back.

ARTHUR  
(in Spanish)  
Is he in there?

Guard turns and peers at Arthur...

Arthur clenches his fist ready for whatever comes at him...

Guard opens the door and gestures for Arthur to enter.

GUARD  
(in Spanish)  
After you.

**EXT. BALLESTE MANSION**

The DEA flood the courtyard. Bruce leading the charge.

BRUCE CLARK  
Push in! Light them up!

A few agents take a bullet and fall. Bruce kicks in -

**INT. PADRINO'S ROOM**

Arthur enters.

DAWSON  
Dad?

Arthur sees Padrino in bed with the doctor, and Dawson in the chair along the window.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
You're really here.

Dawson runs up to Arthur and gives him a hug - something Arthur has wanted for a while. He hugs his son.

ARTHUR  
Of course I am.

DAWSON  
Are you going to help us get out?

ARTHUR  
Us?

PADRINO  
It's good to see you, son.

Arthur sees Padrino waving him closer.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

DEA agents sweep through. The bodyguards, cartel and Javier lurk in shadows... waiting -

Agent 02 bumps a vase - it falls and crashes onto the floor.

AGENT 02  
Oh.

Javier and his men emerge with FIRE - All hell breaks loose! AUTOMATIC FIRE erupts. Bodies drop. Bullets shred antique furniture and priceless art.

Javier uses a cartel member as a shield to reload - looking the opposite way he sees -

SCREAMING YAKUZA members flying into the scene!

**EXT. ISLAND - DOCK**

Andres, at the helm, starts the yacht's engine, pushes in the throttle and punches out from the dock...

The powerboat tied to the piling bobs with the waves as the yacht makes its way out into the ocean.

**INT. YACHT**

Each family head breathes a sigh of relief as they find a comfortable seat and pour a drink...

Andres looks at the dash compass reading, "S"

ANDRES  
(in Spanish)  
Heading South to Havana.

Cortez downs his drink.

MARIA  
(in Spanish)  
Peace be with Balleste.

Andres looks back at the island... then -

The YAKUZA helicopter flies in - turns to reveal - a YAKUZA member sitting in the side gun door...

ANDRES  
(to himself)  
Well fuck.

GUN FIRE thrashes the yacht - BOOM! The entire boat explodes.

**INT. PADRINO'S ROOM**

Dr. Peña steps aside for Arthur nearing Padrino.

ARTHUR  
Pop.

Padrino reaches his hand out to Arthur.

PADRINO  
Does my heart good to see you. Help your old man out of this bed. There is a passage leading outside from this room. We can leave as a family.

Arthur does not clasp hands with his father.

DR. PEÑA  
There's not much time, Arturo.

Dawson goes to help Padrino.

ARTHUR  
Don't help him.

DAWSON  
But -

ARTHUR  
Don't.

PADRINO  
In order for a son to become a man, he must leave his father as you did me and one day Dawson will leave you. But if you have me die here - today, your son will find a way to leave you well before its natural course and his hatred for you will fester even after your last breath.

Arthur is caught.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
So do you want to be me, the father  
who is hated or the father who is  
loved by his son?

Padrino reaches out again - Arthur looks at Padrino's hand...

DAWSON  
Dad.

Arthur takes his father's hand and gets him out of bed.

PADRINO  
Nieto.

Arthur supports Padrino on his shoulder.

DAWSON  
Yes?

PADRINO  
Remember the photo I showed you  
earlier?

Dawson nods.

PADRINO (CONT'D)  
Take it off the wall.

Dawson searches for the wedding photo - finds and removes it  
from the wall and finds it connected to a wire...

A section of the wall along the fireplace cracks open - Dr.  
Peña opens it up and the group exit through it -

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM**

YAKUZA clash with cartel men - blades against bullets.

Agent 04 scrambles to Bruce.

AGENT 04  
The YAKUZA. They friendlies?

Bruce looks around at his team. Only him, Sanchez and Agent  
03 are left standing... Bruce grits his teeth.

BRUCE CLARK  
For now. Find Padrino.

They break off into different areas of the mansion...

Back in the living room, Hannya walks through the sea of chaos - eyes locked on Javier.

She flings out her wakizashi and attacks -

He ducks, finds an opening and punches Hannya. She kicks him into the bar. He grabs her hair. She headbutts him - It is savage. Dirty. Real.

Eventually, Javier SLAMS her down. Finds a broken bottle and stabs Hannya in the gut - multiple times.

She gasps, grabs her bloody gut - falls forward onto Javier, rips the locket/ring necklace off his neck and collapses.

Javier breathes alongside the rest of the family. The last YAKUZA is down and the remaining family members hurry towards the door -

He notices Agent 04 making his way up the staircase...

**INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Arthur leads Dawson and Dr. Peña while supporting Padrino. They run through the narrow passage lit with a string of light bulbs. They exit -

**EXT. FORTRESS - NIGHT**

Arthur looks at the destroyed gate on fire -

Padrino points, coughs - finds blood in his hand...

PADRINO

The other exit is across the field.

DR. PEÑA

But that's where Arturo is.

PADRINO

He should be gated up.

Arthur gives Padrino a look of confusion.

PADRINO (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

It's a long story.

ARTHUR

Come on. We'll have to go around.

Arthur yanks Dawson.

**PADRINO'S ROOM**

Agent 04 uncovers the secret door. Moves to the balcony -

He sees the group of men running around the fence.

Pulls radio -

AGENT 04

Target's outside. I repeat -

BANG! A bullet goes through his neck - Agent 04 chokes as Javier nears with the gun.

He too sees the group running. Javier sneers, grabs the cooler in the room and rushes into the tunnel...

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Hannya lies in a pool of blood, bodies and rubble. Her hand lies still then her fingers curls into a fist holding the necklace...

**EXT. FIELD - NIGHT**

While running along the fence - they hear the bull bellowing.

DAWSON

That's the bull.

Padrino collapses from Arthur's grip. Arthur tries to pull Padrino back to his feet by the -

**EXT. LEVER**

Padrino coughs up more blood.

PADRINO

Go.

Dawson comes to help.

DAWSON

No!

PADRINO

It's okay, nieto. I'm done.

Arthur looks at Padrino - he is right. Padrino reaches out and combs Arthur's hair back.

PADRINO (CONT'D)

I got to see my family one last -

Padrino drifts...

DAWSON

Abuelo! Dad, do something!

ARTHUR

There's nothing I can do.

DAWSON

Don't let him die. Not like this -  
not like mom, please.

Arthur looks at his son...

DR. PEÑA

Mind your father, boy!

Arthur quickly rises to face Dr. Peña -

ARTHUR

Don't you - !

REVVVVVVV - BANG! Dr. Peña is shot and killed by -

Javier shooting his Glock from the Bel Air window - the car  
races towards them...

Arthur grabs Dawson, throws him over the fence and climbs  
over -

**EXT. INSIDE FENCED AREA**

Hand in hand, father and son, Arthur and Dawson run like hell  
through the dirt towards the other end...

The Bel Air bursts through the fence like a bat out of hell -

**INT. BEL AIR**

Javier at the wheel. Bandages flapping like war banners.  
Punches the gas -

**EXT. INSIDE FENCED AREA**

The car catches up to Arthur from behind.

Arthur looks over his shoulder - pushes Dawson roughly to his  
right flinging the boy out of the way, jolts left -

The car goes left and clips Arthur - he rolls over the hood and comes crashing down hard on the dirt!

DAWSON

Daddy!

The Bel Air races down the way, swerves into a break and makes a complete stop. The driver door flings open -

With the cooler in hand, Javier exits and walks up to Arthur - kicks Arthur in the face - blood splatters.

Javier tears open the cooler, grabs the heart inside and forces the organ against Arthur's mouth -

JAVIER

This was supposed to be mine!

Out of nowhere - Javier is punched in the temple by Dawson.

Javier shakes his head and laughs - stands and points his gun at the kid - blood soaks his bandages.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

Say hello to your mother.

Arthur spits out a chunk of heart, pushes the Glock away from Dawson right before it shoots and takes Javier to the dirt - The two brothers brawl. No finesse - just teeth, fists, rage.

Javier attacks Arthur - brute force... Holds nothing back.

Javier raises his fist to deliver the final blow -

JAVIER (CONT'D)

I always looked up to you. Now  
who's looking up?

Suddenly - CLUNK - The GATE OPENS and the bull charges straight at them -

Arthur puts his hand on Javier's chin, pushes him up and rolls out from underneath right before -

The bull gores Javier in the face! And continues a bit down the field...

ARTHUR

Dawson, get in the car!

Dawson dives into the Bel Air.

The bull shakes Javier off and leaves him to bleed out.

Arthur watches the bull walk towards him... The beast stops. Looks at Arthur and snorts.

The bull runs through the exit and disappears into the island.

Down the way, Hannya walks up to the body of Javier and pulls her sword...

Arthur stands, injured and in pain, rushes to the car. Opens the door, Dawson jumps on him. Hugs him - finally.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
You okay?

Dawson nods.

DAWSON  
Who pulled the lever?

Dawson and Arthur rush to -

**EXT. LEVER**

Padrino's hand falls from the lever - now positioned down. He struggles to breathe.

DAWSON  
Abuelo!  
(to Arthur)  
Can you still fix him?

Arthur checks Padrino's vitals.

ARTHUR  
I don't have a heart.

HANNYA (O.S.)  
Yes you do.

Arthur looks up at -

Emerging from the fog, Hannya, limping and holding her gut, extends her hand holding the cooler -

Arthur takes, opens it and sees inside a -

Freshly cut out bloody HEART.

ARTHUR  
What about your family's honor?

The YAKUZA helicopter descends - the YAKUZA member releases a rope ladder. Hannya steps onto it -

The helicopter rises, lifts her into the air.

HANNYA

Kid.

Dawson looks up at Hannya tossing down -

The locket necklace - Dawson catches it.

DAWSON

Who was that, dad?

ARTHUR

(in Spanish)

A friend.

Arthur smiles and picks up Padrino.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Let's go.

FADE TO:

**EXT. DOCK / INT. POWERBOAT - NIGHT**

The patched up powerboat continues to bob.

Padrino lies down on the bench seat, strapped in. Dawson holds the cooler in his lap while sitting in the passenger seat.

Along the dock, Arthur unties the line knotted to the piling.

BRUCE CLARK (O.S.)

FREEZE!

Arthur stops, puts his hands up. Turns around to see -

Bruce and Sanchez, bloody and bruised, guns aimed.

BRUCE CLARK (CONT'D)

You're under arrest, bull.

Arthur peers at Bruce -

BRUCE CLARK (CONT'D)

Kiss the wood.

Arthur remains standing. Bruce cocks his pistol -

BRUCE CLARK (CONT'D)  
Don't make me say it - !

Sanchez turns his gun on Bruce.

BRUCE CLARK (CONT'D)  
(to Sanchez)  
Sanchez, what the hell are you  
doing?

SANCHEZ  
(to Arthur)  
By the order of Balleste.

Arthur nods, turns and Dawson cranks the engine.

BRUCE CLARK  
What kind of father are you, huh?  
Answer me, bull!

Arthur pushes the throttle and the powerboat tears off...

SANCHEZ  
On your knees.

BRUCE CLARK  
I'd rather stand my ground.

SANCHEZ  
Whatever. You would've made a good  
bull.

Sanchez cocks his gun...

**INT. POWERBOAT - NIGHT**

Arthur at the helm - BANG!

Dawson jumps and looks at Arthur. He puts his hand on  
Dawson's head and sits in the driver's seat.

DAWSON  
We can't go back home, can we?

ARTHUR  
No. We're going somewhere else.

They pass by the yacht still on fire, halfway sunk...

DAWSON  
Will we be safe?

Arthur looks at Dawson still holding onto the cooler.

ARTHUR

Why don't you take the wheel for a moment. I need to attend to abuelo.

Dawson nods, gives Arthur the cooler, and shifts over into the driver's seat - grabs the helm.

DAWSON

What do I do now?

ARTHUR

See this?

Dawson reads the dash compass, "S," and nods.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Just keep us in that direction.

Dawson looks out at the horizon, takes the job seriously.

Arthur smiles, moves over to Padrino -

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Pop?

PADRINO

Is he taking us home?

ARTHUR

Yeah.

PADRINO

You reared him right.

Arthur combs the hair out of Padrino's face. Exits into the -

**INT. GALLEY**

Arthur secures the cooler... opens it... peers inside... and slowly lowers his shaking hand into the cooler fixing to destroy the heart.

DAWSON

Dad?

Arthur retracts his hand. Closes and secures the cooler. Exits back to the cabin.

FADE TO:

**INT. CLARK HOME - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT**

ON TV SCREEN: Security camera footage of Arthur beating a YAKUZA member on the ground.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 Authorities describe Hood as  
 incredibly dangerous and charged  
 with the murder of a man named Luis  
 Perez.

ON SCREEN: Cut to photo of Arthur.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 If you see this man, alert auth -

The TV is turned off by -

Bruce sitting in his chair. He holds Luis' family photo in his hand.

**FLASHBACK: EXT. DOCK - NIGHT**

Bruce standing his ground with a gun to his head, takes Sanchez down with a series of maneuvers - Bruce gets the gun and puts two bullets in the back of Sanchez's head...

DAUGHTER (O.S.)  
 Papa?

Bruce looks up -

**END FLASHBACK: INT. CLARK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM**

Bruce looks up and over at -

A LITTLE GIRL (8), black, playing with a cube sorter toy on the floor - she yawns.

BRUCE CLARK  
 You tired, monkey?

She nods and raises her arms to him.

Bruce rises and picks her up. Heads down the hall.

FADE TO:

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Suki lies on her back, tail wagging. Oyabun feeds Suki a treat.

OYABUN

That's a good Suki, Oyabun is very proud. Now, again, play dead.

Hannya enters and stands by the table. Without looking -

OYABUN (CONT'D)

Did daughter bring Javier's heart?

Hannya tosses Padrino's ring onto the table - Oyabun picks it up, slides it along his finger and admires it.

He looks at Hannya, smiles and nods. Hannya walks away -

OYABUN (CONT'D)

Good doctor is still a Balleste.

Hannya stops.

OYABUN (CONT'D)

Which needs to be removed.

Hannya stands... not knowing what to do for the first time.

FADE TO:

**EXT. CUBAN COMPOUND - BRICK-WALLED CHAMBER - DAY**

Overlooking the beach, cartel members stand guard.

SUPER: *HAVANA, CUBA*

Along the stone guard rail, Arthur looks at the inside of the locket at -

Jillian's cut out PHOTO.

PADRINO (O.S.)

Son.

Arthur turns to see -

Dawson running towards him - gives Arthur a hug.

Padrino nears close behind standing tall, healthy, strong. His half unbuttoned dress shirt reveals a scar line down the center of his chest.

Arthur kneels.

ARTHUR  
There's something you need to know.

DAWSON  
Yeah, dad?

Arthur looks at Padrino in front of the Cuban mansion...

ARTHUR  
I made your mother a promise and I  
will never break it.

Motions an X over his heart - Arthur stands and nears Padrino  
while unbuttoning his shirt.

Dawson watches his father enter the doors of the mansion...

FADE TO:

**EXT. ISLAND - SHORELINE - DAY**

The bull, eyes wild - charges across the cracked ruins. Foam  
drips from its mouth. It skids in the sand, snorts, turns.

It is trapped. SNORTS - and charges into the sea.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

SUPER: *Dedicated to my late friend and mentor, Peter Werner.*