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SCRIPT SAMPLE / "REYE'S MURDER"

Untitled "Juarez House of Death" Project

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EXT. JUAREZ - NIGHT - AERIAL - ESTABLISHING

Across a guarded fence and a river sits the city of Juarez. On the Western side of the mountains are the barrios.

SUPERIMPOSE: JUAREZ

EXT. BARRIOS - NIGHT

Filthy streets. Ramshackle huts built from discarded wood and cardboard. No sanitation. Junky cars parked on trash lined streets.

TWO BOYS, 10, kick a soccer ball back and forth in the middle of the street, illuminated by the gleaming lights from downtown El Paso.

INT. CHILD'S ROOM - NIGHT

A MAN tucks in his SON. We only see the back of the man's leather jacket. He pulls the cover tight over the son's neck.

MAN

Warm enough?

Son nods 'yes'.

MAN

Tomorrow's your big day. Eat a good breakfast, you hear me?

Son nods 'yes'.

The man stands and watches his son sleep from the doorway.

MAN

Say your prayers.

He closes the door.

INT. MARKET - NIGHT

Meet Lalo. The man in the leather jacket. He is dressed in levis and black boots. 40ish in age. He's a rough type of guy, but well-groomed, well-built, handsome and confident.

He grabs a roll of duct tape off the shelf.

EXT. MARKET - NIGHT

Lalo walks to his Jeep parked at the curb. He carries a plastic bag with the duct tape inside.

A block down, on the opposite side of the road a blue, windowless van is parked with a cartoon painted on the side of a cute Mexican holding a wrench within a logo: "Little Amigo's Plumbing"

EXT. JUAREZ ROAD - NIGHT

The Jeep moves swiftly through the dark night, passing ghetto streets.

INT. JEEP - MOVING - NIGHT

Lalo drives. The duct tape sits on the passenger seat. He looks at it contemplating. His eyes shift to the

REAR VIEW MIRROR

With the reflection of his eyes watching the blue van turn a corner a hundred feet behind him, trailing.

LALO
Assholes.

INT. VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

A MAN drives what appears to be a beat up work interior.

IN THE BACK

Two ICE agents sit in chairs bolted to the floor. They are surrounded with surveillance equipment. Audio/video gear. Recording equipment. Logbooks. Beeping gadgets and gizmos for a serious operation. CARLOS is large, but mellow. He eats a sandwich calmly, sips his soda. SANTOS is shaggy and moody. He is programming electronics, highly focused.

EXT. JUAREZ - TIME-LAPSE

The city hustles as the moon rises.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: 3633 Calle Parsonieros

Lalo's Jeep pulls up to a gate with a GUARD carrying a machine gun. The guard waves him in as the gate opens. The Jeep pulls forward.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Lalo walks up the sidewalks and up the steps. KNOCKS loudly on the door.

Door opens. SANTILLAN greets Lalo with a warm hug and a pat on the back, mafia style. This is a powerful man. He is dressed for success; slicked back hair, Rolex watch, gold cuff-links. His voice is raspy, deep and authoritative:

SANTILLAN
 (releases the hug)
 Good to see you, my friend. Are you hungry?

EXT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Steaks cook on a high-end BBQ grill. A knife flips the steaks over, causing smoke.

Three men stand around the BBQ listening to AMERICAN ROCK on a kick-ass stereo system. The BBQ is built into the brick patio area, covered by a gazebo. Very up-scale, posh layout.

The first man is JUNIOR. He got his name because he's only 5' 4" - but he's built like an ox. He's mid 30's, has a smile from ear to ear. He's dressed casual; khakis and blue shirt tucked in. He drinks a beer. He has a gun strapped to his belt.

The second man is HECTOR. He's in his forties, tall, with chiseled cheeks and faceless expression. He wears a sports coat and levis with a gun strapped to his chest.

Both of these men are Juarez Judicial Police. Off duty.

And the third man is FERNANDO REYES. A slick lawyer dressed in a splendid pin-stripe suit and tie. He is a salesman by nature, and a storyteller.

FERNANDO
 (wild hand gestures)
 ...so I'm goin' at it, right, just drillin' this chick hard. Bam. Bam. Bam. She's screaming, doesn't notice, her damn kid's standin' in the door watching.

Junior and Hector laugh.

JUNIOR
Did you stop?

FERNANDO
What the fuck do I care? He's five.
He thinks we're dancing.

HECTOR
That's cold.

Hector hands Fernando a line of coke on a little mirror.

FERNANDO
Fuck it.
(snorts line of coke)

Santillan leads Lalo out the back door.

Hector shakes Lalo's hand. Lalo shakes Junior's hand. Junior hugs him. Lalo is obviously acquainted with both of these men.

SANTILLAN
Lalo. This is Fernando Reyes. The
man I have been telling you about.

Fernando offers the cocaine to Lalo.

FERNANDO
Go ahead.

LALO
Not tonight.

Fernando is amused by the decline.

FERNANDO
Well, nice to meet you Lalo.

Junior grips the fork he's been using to flip the steaks. He and Hector close in on Fernando's back as he faces Lalo.

FERNANDO
(to Santillan)
So where are the bitches?

Silence.

Fernando look to Santillan -- who has a cold face. Lalo is still, having a bit of a hard time breathing.

Fernando senses something is not right.

Junior STABS the fork into Fernando's ribs, arching his back, making him squeal in pain.

Hector throws Fernando to the ground.

Junior and Hector beat Fernando's face and body with punches, kicks, stomps and stabs with the fork.

HECTOR
Motherfucker!

Santillan and Lalo watch. Lalo has a hint of guilt on his face.

Hector and Junior pound Fernando on the ground, who is bleeding all over, busted up bad. He tries his best to fight back, but it is worthless.

HECTOR
Gimme the duct tape!

FERNANDO
Please!

Lalo's face drops.

LALO
Shit.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Lalo opens the car door and grabs the duct tape out of the passenger door.

He pauses, spotting the blue van a few blocks down the street hidden by the shadows of a tree.

Lalo speaks softly, directly at his chest.

LALO
They're gonna kill Reyes.

He shuts the car door.

INT. VAN - PARKED - NIGHT

Santos and Carlos look at each other, confused.

CARLOS
What do we do?

Beat.

They look at one another. Neither of them knows an answer, or is confident in doing nothing at all.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

Lalo exits the house door and tosses Hector the duct tape.

Junior is beating Fernando on the ground and stabbing him periodically.

FERNANDO

Oh, God. Fuck! Santillan, what do you want?! What do you want!?

Hector tapes Fernando's mouth.

Junior and Hector tape Fernando's legs and hands. They stand up.

Fernando wiggles, and moans, pleading with his eyes for his life.

Santillan lights a cigar and takes position at the BBQ grill, tending to the steaks.

Fernando watches Santillan, like a child watches their father in amazement.

Junior rips an electrical cord from an outlet nearby. He violently wraps it around Fernando's neck.

Hector grabs the cord on one side, and Junior on the other. They PULL the cord in opposite directions, choking Fernando.

Lalo looks away.

Santillan flips a steak. Smoke rises.

Fernando's face is red, eyes bulging, veins popping out of his forehead. His moans are weak now. He is dying.

SNAP!

The cord breaks.

Junior and Hector fall to the ground, both losing the tug of war.

Lalo turns back to watch as Junior and Hector get to their feet.

Fernando regains consciousness. He's still breathing.

Junior kicks Fernando a few times in the head.

HECTOR
Lalo. Give me the bag.

Lalo walks down the steps and hands Hector the plastic bag.

Hector puts the plastic bag over Fernando's head, suffercating him.

Fernando squirms violently, moaning.

Junior sits on Fernando's body, holding him down.

Hector tightens the bag. Fernando's movements are becoming slower and slower and slower...

HECTOR
Die, you fuckin' prick.

Fernando's body goes limp. His legs twitch several times. Then nothing.

Beat.

Hector and Junior look at one another. Is he dead? They stand to their feet, leaving the bag on his head.

SANTILLAN
Is he dead?

HECTOR
I think so.

JUNIOR
He looks dead.

HECTOR
He's not moving.

JUNIOR
He's dead. He's fuckin' dead.
Jesus.

SANTILLAN
I want to make sure.

Hector walks around to the side of the house, disappearing.

JUNIOR
(to Lalo)
Where's he going?

Lalo shrugs. He doesn't know.

Junior grabs his beer and takes a drink. He deserves it.

Hector walks back into view from the corner, holding a shovel.

HECTOR
Get outta the way.

Junior moves back.

Hector raises the shovel into the air and brings it down on Fernando's head. BAM! He raises the shovel again. Brings it down. BAM!

Blood slowly starts to fill inside the plastic bag where Fernando's head is encased.

Lalo watches, breathing hard.

INSERT: Inside Lalo's shirt. There is a wire with a microphone taped to his chest. His heart beats rapidly.

INT. VAN - PARKED - NIGHT

Santos and Carlos sit and listen. They have low energy, looking defeated. Santos slumps his head in failure. Carlos removes his headphones.

CARLOS
(to self, softly)
Damnitt, Lalo.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

Hector SLAMS Fernando's head with the shovel over and over and over while Lalo and Junior watch. Santillan cooks the steaks.

CLOSE -- knife cutting open a juicy steak. Still rare. Bloody.

Santillan perks up.

SANTILLAN
Junior. Bring some plates out.
(to self)
Smells good.

ON LALO

As he takes a moment to comprehend everything.

LALO (V.O.)
That was the first of twelve
murders at the Juarez house of
death. After we took Reyes out,
every time Santillan conspired to
kill someone, he used the code word
"Carne Asada" Barbecue.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Two teams of little boys soccer play a game under the hot
sun. One team wears blue. The other wears red.

A boy, the same boy from the beginning dribbles the ball
through opponents and scores a goal.

LALO (V.O.)
Sometimes I wonder.

ON THE SIDELINES

A group of PARENTS watch the game, cheering. Among them is
Lalo, wearing sunglasses, dressed in shorts and a T-shirt.

LALO (V.O.)
What would the code word would have
been if we ate hamburgers that
night instead of steak?