

THE ENFORCER

by

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LOW MARIACHI MUSIC. MUTED TRUMPETS. STRUMMING GUITARS.
HUMMING VIOLINS, DISTANT SINGING.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - PACOIMA - NIGHT

Black Chrysler 300, tinted windows, flashy rims, low profile
tires, creeps along. PIPES GROWL.

MUSIC VOLUME RISES.

Driver's face shines in cell phone reflection.

INT. GANGSTER CAR

Small assault gun on front seat.

Back seat littered with ammo clips, handguns, assault rifles
and shotguns.

CELL PHONE SCREEN

Google maps real time location. A finger taps.

BACK TO SCENE

DRIVER

Deep creases along forehead and laugh lines. Short, black
hair slicked in all directions. Gritty tattoos cover his
cheeks and neck. A wicked cross on forehead.

JAVIER MARGUEZ, 35, alias "EL CUITO" (The Circuit), glances
out the window at a brightly lit tract house. He stops. Cuts
lights, motor. Picks up assault gun.

EXT. GANGSTER CAR

He slips assault gun under his dark jacket.

He strides toward the house.

MUSIC VOLUME RISES

EXT. GARDEN PARTY - BACKYARD

Bright, festive, colorful paper lanterns hang around the
yard. Confetti streamers weave through the lights and trees.

Mariachi trumpets BLARE, guitars STRUM, violins HUM, voices CROON a festive tune.

The Crowd mills in cocktail party dress in and out of the house and backyard. Excited murmurs blend beneath the MUSIC.

Two Security Guards, bulky, similar dress, stop El Cuito at a gate from the driveway. He lets them search him until First Security Guard discovers the gun.

First Security Guard pulls at the gun. El Cuito resists. His shoulders swell. Face hardens, teeth clinch.

First Security Guard backs away, staring daggers at El Cuito, motioning to Second Security Guard. They pull handguns.

El Cuito, unphased, flicks the assault gun in a surprise move. FIRES A BURST. Security Guards FALL BACK, RIDDLED, BLOODY.

The Crowd, at first shocked, SCREAMS and scatters. MUSIC STOPS.

El Cuito stalks forward through the fleeing, screaming Crowd, One hand waves the assault gun. The other removes his cell phone, tapping the screen to a PHOTO.

CELL PHONE

MANNY REYES, thirties, dark-haired handsome adonis.

BACK TO SCENE

He steps into the house.

INT. HOUSE - DEN

SCREAMING Partygoers flee from stalking El Cuito.

He scans faces as he steps.

BEDROOM

Manny sucks a glass pipe filled with smoke.

A kilo of cocaine lies strewn on a vanity near him.

LUCY, twenties vixen, strips for him, baring herself.

He paws at her.

The door CRASHES OPEN.

CARLOS, thirties, jacketed, burr haircut, launches into the room.

CARLOS

Get out! You've got to get out!
Now!

Coming out of his fog, Manny turns to him.

MANNY

What's wrong? What is it?

CARLOS

A hit man! With a gun!

A FIERY BURST spins BLOODY Carlos down.

SCREAM from Lucy. Manny jumps to his feet.

El Cuito steps into the doorway. The assault gun smokes.

Lucy SCREAMS, covers her body with her arms.

Manny half-staggers, half-lurches for his jacket draped over a chair.

El Cuito looks at the cell phone.

CELL PHONE

Manny's image.

BACK TO SCENE

MANNY sweats, wheels.

El Cuito remains calm. The assault gun rises.

Manny fumbles with his pistol's safety.

EL CUITO

Don't act like you didn't know.

He BLASTS Manny, throwing him into the wall behind. Pistol FIRES into the floor.

Manny slumps into a BLOODY heap.

Lucy runs to a window. Her hands fail to open it. She pants, turns to El Cuito.

His eyes pour over her.

She falls to her knees. Crosses herself, Closes her eyes.

LUCY
Mary mother of God -

EL CUITO
Not bad.

He leaves.

She trembles, cries.

EXT. GANGSTER CAR - MOMENTS LATER

El Cuito at the door. Opens it.

INT. GANGSTER CAR

The assault gun falls onto the seat.

He reaches for the key. Turns it. PIPES GROWL.

Door SLAMS.

EXT. STREET

Lights out, Gangster Chrysler PEELS RUBBER, ROARING and SPEEDING down the street.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD

First and Second Partygoers emerge from bushes. MOS First Partygoer dictates. Second Partygoer scribbles the description on a piece of paper.

EXT. ABOVE PACOIMA - LATER - NIGHT

Angles of streetlights. Rows of arching parking lot stanchion globes. Glowing porch lights. Business spotlights. Rushing headlights.

Two black and white squad cars race down a main boulevard. SIRENS WAIL. OVERHEAD LIGHTS CHURN AND FLASH.

EXT. ABOVE 210 FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gangster Chrysler ZOOMS southbound. Mountain communities sparkle on either side.

EXT. HOUSE - PACOIMA - LATER

Black and whites angle to the curb, doors ajar.

FIRST PATROLMAN radios. Second Patrolman consoles Lucy and Partygoers.

FIRST PATROLMAN
Black Chrysler three hundred,
custom rims. Answers description of
El Cuito, street gang enforcer.
Tied to cartels. -

EXT. SHOULDER - 210 FREEWAY

First CHP squad car rests. Traffic passes.

INT. FIRST CHP SQUAD CAR

CHP OFFICER listens to his radio.

FIRST PATROLMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
- Suspect should be considered
armed and dangerous.

EXT. 210 FREEWAY

Gangster Chrysler approaches first CHP squad car.

Passing headlights flicker on El Cuito's face.

INT. GANGSTER CAR

El Cuito glances at first CHP squad car as he passes.

Cell phone blinks LOW BATTERY.

INT. FIRST CHP SQUAD CAR

CHP Officer watches the Gangster Chrysler SPEED PAST.

He CRANKS THE MOTOR, hits the LIGHTS AND SIREN. The squad car lurches forward.

EXT. 210 FREEWAY

First CHP squad car pursues Gangster Chrysler.

INT. GANGSTER CAR

First CHP squad car lights reflect from the rear view.

El Cuito shifts, uncomfortable at the nearing car. He jams his foot to the gas pedal.

SPEEDOMETER

Clicks up, digital readout rising from 80 to 120.

BACK TO SCENE

First CHP squad car lights fall back.

He watches the exit signs. He turns off.

EXT. OFFRAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Gangster Chrysler hesitates, turns.

A gas station shines from a corner on the other side of the freeway.

INT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

El Cuito enters.

Cashier rings up waiting Customers.

He browses the cell phone rack. Picks out a car charger and a prepaid phone. Waits in line.

First CHP squad car pulls up behind Gangster Chrysler outside.

CHP Officer inspects the car. Draws service pistol. Uses shoulder radio.

El Cuito panics. The assault gun appears.

Cashier and Customers SCREAM and dodge away.

He BLASTS the WINDOW, SHATTERING IT.

CHP Officer ducks for cover.

El Cuito rushes out the door.

EXT. GAS STATION

ASSAULT GUN BLAZES. Pins CHP Officer down. El Cuito races for his car.

FIRE RIDDLES the squad car: radiator BLOWS, tires EXPLODE, windows and windshield SHATTER, metal POCKMARKED WITH HOLES.

El Cuito jumps into his car, MOTOR ROARS. Tires SQUEAL. He continues to LAY FIRE as he drives one-handed out of the station.

EXT. ABOVE 210 FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A Sheriff's helicopter BUZZES over the gas station,

SEARCHLIGHT focuses on speeding Gangster Chrysler. It follows the car onto the freeway northbound.

Several more CHP squad cars join the pursuit.

INT. GANGSTER CAR

El Cuito reloads his assault gun. Steers with his knees. He glances at the SEARCHLIGHT following him.

REAR VIEW

CHP squad cars follow: SIRENS AND LIGHTS.

BACK TO SCENE

He accelerates.

EXT. ABOVE 210 FREEWAY

Gangster Chrysler and CHP squad cars RACE in tandem.

EXT. GANGSTER CAR

El Cuito watches exit signs blow by.

FLASHBACK

EXT. SECOND TRACT HOUSE - SUN VALLEY - THIRTY YEARS EARLIER

A corner house. Curbs broken, asphalt potholed, lawn bare and sere.

A ramshackle wooden fence runs from one side to the rear. YOUNG JAVIER, five, T-shirt and tattered jeans, tugs a wooden gate open and enters.

INT. SMALL LIVING ROOM - TRACT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Young Javier watches Father, forties, worn work clothes, YELL MOS, waving a bottle of tequila at the family:

Two Sisters, one older, one younger, and Three Brothers, all older, mill around the room. Mother, forties, threadbare slip. She nurse an infant.

Young Javier watches Father beat on the older brothers and sister.

EXT. SECOND TRACT HOUSE - SMALL SIDE YARD

Young Javier frowns, saddened. A cat meanders nearby. He picks up a rock. Chunks it at the cat. WHINE. Javier grins.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - SOMEWHERE IN THE VALLEY - TWENTY YEARS LATER

Javier, 25, with fewer tattoos, lounges in a bean bag chair.

Four Gangsters stand and sit around the desolate room, spray painted, dim, and broken down.

Gang Leader appears. Javier gets to his feet with the others. Each accepts bags of drugs: pills and powders.

YEARS LATER

Javier holds an automatic pistol at First Gangster. First Gangster pleads MOS, dropping to his knees.

Gang Leader watches nearby.

Javier FIRES. First Gangster falls back, BLOODIED, wound to the head.

He reflects. His gun hand rubs the gun grip. Slight smile.

END FLASHBACK

INT. GANGSTER CAR

El Cuito reflects. His expression becomes intense. He grips the steering wheel harder. His shoulders swell.

An exit sign beckons. He turns.

EXT. OFFRAMP - 14 FREEWAY - DAWN

Gangster Chrysler hurtles off the freeway, SCREECHING to a stop. It turns, ACCELERATES.

EXT. ABOVE 14 FREEWAY

Sheriff's helicopter traces the gangster car.

CHP squad cars follow from the offramp.

I/E. GANGSTER CAR/SURFACE STREETS/VASQUEZ ROCKS

MONTAGE

Gangster Chrysler races along the roads, turning, fishtailing, twisting.

CHP squad cars continue to pursue.

El Cuito glances anxiously behind him. He makes more turns.

CHP squad cars right behind him.

SIGN READS:

VASQUEZ ROCKS

He turns the car into the gate.

Gangster Chrysler KICKS UP A CLOUD OF DUST.

He stops the car.

Assault guns disappear from the back seat.

He runs into the desert rocks.

CHP squad cars halt at the Gangster Chrysler.

CHP Officers pile out, guns drawn. They cautiously approach the car. They find it empty. Motion toward the desert rocks.

El Cuito climbs behind Vasquez Peak.

EXT. VASQUEZ PEAK - DAY

Dark silhouette against powder blue sky, El Cuito appears to walk on a knife edge.

The enforcer stands atop. Assault gun, assault rifle, and bandoliers hug his body.

CHP Officers stalk below, boulder to boulder.

He switches to the assault rifle. Takes aim through the scope. BLASTS.

CHP Officers take cover. Return FIRE with their service semiautomatics.

Two CHP Officers circle around from El Cuito's rear.

EXCHANGE OF FIRE keeps El Cuito focused. ROUNDS RICOCHET.

From the rear. The Two CHP Officers stalk up the peak. They come within range.

FIRST CHP OFFICER

Throw down the guns! Now!

El Cuito wheels. At first, the uniforms blend with the surface rocks. He squints.

FIRST CHP OFFICER (CONT'D)

Put it down! Hands behind your back!

He spots them. Stands and BLASTS at them.

Second CHP Officer FIRES a volley.

El Cuito takes HITS to the torso. He goes limp. Falls backward.

His body sails off the peak. Guns follow him. Two seconds until he hits the rocks below. THUMP-BUMP.

El Cuito stares lifeless at the sun above.

LOW MARIACHI BALLAD SWELLS TO FULL VOLUME.

FADE OUT.

THE END