

HAVE AT IT

Written by

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FADE IN:

BLACK.

A distant SIREN threads the night. It blends with a HEARTBEAT. A GUITAR RIFF slides in – Miami noir.

ON BLACK – A LOW HUM.

Then:

SNOW\_WHT.sys // INITIATE SCAN – MIAMI GRID SECTOR 9A  
Observation: pattern variance detected.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI STREET – NIGHT (PRE-TITLE)

A patrol cruiser idles beneath a flickering streetlight. Heat haze rises off the asphalt.

OFFICER MARINO (60s), grizzled and clear-eyed, sips burnt coffee. Uniform pressed out of habit, not hope.

Across the street, LOBO NEGRO glows – neon like a bruise.

MARINO (V.O.)  
They say Miami never sleeps.  
Truth is, it just sweats. (beat)  
They say a real rain'll come ...  
hasn't yet. (beat)  
  
Yeah, yeah – I know who said it  
first.  
  
Me? I just watch. That's the job.  
And tonight the city's got a pulse  
of its own – someone's about to  
flatline.

ON SCREEN – SNOW\_WHT.sys: Observation → Human unit MARINO /  
State: Cynical Calm.

EXT. MIAMI – DAY (PRESENT)

SILENCE hums – the SNOW\_WHT feed glitches, new timestamp loads.

ON SCREEN: [SNOW\_WHT.sys // 11:00 A.M.]

Heat waves shimmer off asphalt.

A patrol car idles half on the curb outside LOBO NEGRO . A tired MARINO (60s) – De Niro energy, grizzled charm, zero illusions. He rubs his temple – hung-over but functional.

The street hums – kids on scooters, a food cart, the pulse of reggaetón.

Across the way, ENZO leans on a lamppost, texting, camera hanging at his hip. He looks up – the MARINO nods; Enzo nods back.

A black Bentley Bentayga glides past, tinted glass gleaming. MARINO's mirrored shades catch a flash of its plate:

INSERT – LICENSE PLATE: VANEGA.

He squints, unimpressed.

MARINO  
Miami royalty... or thinks they are.

Inside the Bentley: REYES drives. IRELAND rides shotgun, eyes on LOBO NEGRO.

In the back seat, ISELA – sunglasses, immaculate, unreadable. A Venezuelan man, thick muscles wear a chain with two crosses linked around his neck. A pinky ring with a gold Zeus on his finger.

The Bentley turns the corner and disappears. Its chrome reflection ripples across the MARINO's face – like time flickering.

MARINO (CONT'D)  
The Vanega's. Probably more actors  
playin' gangsters. Nobody wants to  
be the cop anymore.

He sips. JAVIAN steps out the front door for a smoke – polite nod.

MARINO (CONT'D)  
I got 36 more days. Then it's me,  
and Key West.

Moments later, MATEO shoulders past – a gleam of his wallet chain catching the sun.

MARINO (CONT'D)  
Easy, cowboy.

Mateo doesn't look back. The door shuts. The sound drops.

The MARINO sighs. Lights a cigarette.

MARINO (V.O.)  
One day you wake up and realize -  
you ain't watchin' the city.  
It's watchin' you.

He rubs his temple.

Across the street, a man in an open Cuban shirt paces slowly to LOBO NEGRO's darkened windows. Sunglasses. Scruff. Calm stride. The heat doesn't touch him.

A tied paper bag dangles from his hand - breakfast... or something worse. He stops beside the cruiser, eyes fixed on LOBO NEGRO

COP  
(calling out)  
You talkin' to me?

No reaction. The Cop chuckles at his own joke. The man pauses at the door. For a second, his reflection in the glass catches light - a BLACKHAWK tattoo visible on his chest.

Then he's gone.

The Cop's mirrored lenses show only his own puzzled face. He shrugs. The reflection in his sunglasses melts into flame.

COP (CONT'D)  
In this city, mirrors remember what  
men forget

SFX - A single-character flicker beeps. He drags, tosses the butt. Looks up and down the street.

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

MIAMI PD (RADIO)  
(static) Officer Marino, status.

He exhales.

MARINO  
They're always checkin' on you

Marino keys his radio.

MARINO (CONT'D)  
 Marino. District Nine. Still  
 breathing.

Static answers back.

He glances to the rear-view – his own eyes ghosted in the mirror, half-man, half-machine glow.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND LOBO NEGRO – NIGHT

Steam rolls out from a vent. Somewhere a cat hisses. Glass shatters.

From shadow, a figure moves with measured grace – RAMON (40s), muscle in a suit that doesn't fit the heat. A tattoo flickers under his collar: BLACKHAWK.

He stops, listens. Heartbeat and guitar motif merge, barely audible – a living metronome.

He presses a button on his watch: timecode flickers 23:15.

RAMON  
 (mutters, Spanish; quiet)  
 Siempre tarde.  
 (Always late.)  
 He steps into the streetlight. His  
 face – cool, controlled, lethal  
 without trying.

SNOW\_WHT.sys // TAG:

Subject: RAMON / Protocol = Correction.

EXT. MIAMI STREET – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Marino leans against the cruiser. The neon pulse from LOBO NEGRO beats across the asphalt – a slow strobe, a heartbeat.

MARINO (V.O.)  
 Some nights the city breathes you  
 in. Some nights it spits you out.

He lights another cigarette off the stub of the first.

A pair of LOCAL KIDS skate past, their laughter cutting through the smoke.

KID #1  
 You the guy from the news?

MARINO  
Only if it's bad news.

The kids vanish into the alley. The sound of their wheels fades into the hum of the city.

ON SCREEN - SNOW\_WHT.sys Observation: civilian chatter / moral entropy ↑ 2.7%

Recommendation: continue data capture.

Marino glances toward the bar. Something flickers in the reflection of his sunglasses – a glitch of light, white-blue, like a pulse inside the lens.

He squints. The reflection steadies. Just neon. But for a second, the city blinked at him.

MARINO (V.O.)  
City's got eyes. You just hope they  
ain't yours.

He drops the cigarette, crushes it under his boot.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND LOBO NEGRO - SAME

A camera lens clicks. ENZO (29) – street photographer, restless energy – tracks the movement through his long lens.

He adjusts focus: Marino → Ramon → the bar door.

Each frame freezes under the soft glow of his phone.

ON PHONE SCREEN  
– TEXT THREAD:

ENZO → BLACKHAWK: Movement inside LOBO.

He hits send.

The message vanishes into encryption – screen flares, then goes black.

SNOW\_WHT.sys // TAG

Intervention seed planted.

A low hum returns – half heartbeat, half guitar string.

It merges with the sound of waves somewhere off-screen, distant and steady.

SMASH TO TITLE:

HAVE AT IT

Letters appear like they're being typed by the same unseen system.

ON BLACK - SNOW\_WHT.sys:

Observation Phase Complete.

Transition // Human Test Environment: LOBO NEGRO.

FADE OUT.

INT. AIRCRAFT CABIN - NIGHT

Dim blue light. A first-class cabin hums. CARLOS (40s), precise in posture but frayed in soul, sits alone. Laptop open, headset in.

MURPHY (V.O.)  
Blackhawk - you in the air yet?

CARLOS  
Just landed. Miami next.

MURPHY (V.O.)  
Cayman link? What's in that box,  
Boss?

CARLOS  
Bearer bonds and a ledger. SNOW\_WHT  
origin. Don't dig.

MURPHY (V.O.)  
Confirmed AI link and satellite  
visuals in Miami.

CARLOS  
Copy that. Keep the feed open on  
Lobo. Pitbull's off leash again.

He snaps the laptop shut. Looks at his FBI badge lying on the tray. For a moment, doubt. Then resolve. He slips the badge back into his jacket like a confession.

ON SCREEN - SNOW\_WHT.sys:

Correction Protocol initialized.

Operator Carlos // Emotional variance: 0.41

The plane bank turns. City lights glint like code strings below.

EXT. LOBO NEGRO — REAR SERVICE DOOR — NIGHT

The handle rattles. RAMON steps from shadow, calm as ritual.

He slides a charge under a metal stairwell, checks his watch — 23:45.

RAMON  
(quiet, Spanish; to  
himself)  
Aprenden o mueren.  
(Learn or die.)

He pockets the remote.

SNOW\_WHT.sys:

Observation → Unit RAMON / Task integrity 98.6%

INT. CRUISER — STREET LEVEL — NIGHT

Marino eats cold fries from a paper bag. He watches a drunk stumble past his headlights.

The radio crackles.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Units in Sector 9A — possible  
disturbance, Lobo Negro bar.

Marino sighs. Cranks the ignition. The cruiser growls awake.

MARINO  
(to himself)  
Kid's shoe in the room every damn  
time.

He shifts into gear. Drives toward the glow.

ON DASH CAM — SNOW\_WHT.sys:

Observation to Correction handoff complete.



INT. LOBO NEGRO — BAR AREA — LATER

Marino enters. Bar is lively. No even looks. He shakes his head and walks out.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS — BRIEFING ROOM — NIGHT

ON SCREEN: 6 months ago.

SILENCE hums — the SNOW\_WHT feed glitches, new timestamp loads.

A digital watermark glows on every screen — SNOW\_WHT.sys, an experimental FBI surveillance A.I.

Fluorescent hum. A wall of surveillance feeds flickers: \*MIA gates, cargo docks, LOBO NEGRO\*.

At the head: SNOW WHT —polished, lethal.

Across from her: ISELA ESCOBAR (36), rage cooled into poise.

SNOW WHT  
(distorted, metallic)  
Lobo Negro. You'll go in as bar manager — same name, same face. No aliases.

ISELA  
That's not cover. That's bait.  
That's the wrong move.

SNOW WHT  
(distorted, metallic)  
All calculations and profiles point to this solution.

A file on the desk: LOBO NEGRO. She opens it. The camera shows pictures of the bar. Photos identified: Ramon, Mateo, Reyes, Javian.

SNOW WHT (CONT'D)  
(distorted, metallic)  
Carlos trusts ghosts. He doesn't trust mirrors. You'll be the mirror. Agent Enzo will be on the ground. He is new. Train him to be your second set of eyes.

ISELA  
And you? You'll just watch?

SNOW\_WHT  
 (distorted)  
 Observation precedes correction. I  
 learn before I cleanse.

Isela studies a pinned photo: CARLOS "BLACKHAWK." The chair  
 she wants.

ISELA  
 What's the real brief?

SNOW\_WHT  
 (distorted, metallic)  
 Find his leak. Secure the Cayman  
 Account keys. And, Escobar—  
 (a beat)  
 Bring the Pitbull in alive. Do  
 this and Carlos is out, you get his  
 chair.

ISELA  
 (smiles faintly)  
 That's the only chair I want.

A wall clock: 23:00. The vent's hum morphs into the low bass  
 of Lobo Negro.

ISELA (CONT'D)  
 (low, almost to herself)  
 If I miss — he kills me first.

Fingers texting sounds turn into a safe combo dialing.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LOBO NEGRO - OFFICE - NIGHT

Dim. A safe door ajar. Isela slides the ledger in. On the  
 inside of the door, a laminated card : CAYMAN TRUST — BOX  
 1165 → BEARER BONDS + SNOW\_WHT MANIFESTS Isela's eyes harden.

ISELA  
 (V.O., in Spanish)  
 Con esto, me siento en su silla.  
 (With this, I take his chair.)

She closes the safe. Click. Security monitors flicker. ISELA  
 watches them, unblinking.

CARLOS on speakerphone.

CARLOS (V.O.)  
You'll keep the peace until I  
arrive. That's all.

ISELA  
Peace? In this town? Peace is what  
men call control.

CARLOS (V.O.)  
Do as told. Nothing more.

ISELA  
(soft, dangerous)  
One day, I'll give you orders,  
Carlos.

CARLOS (V.O.)  
I hope to live that long.

He hangs up, lights buzz. She hums the heartbeat riff – soft,  
exact. A twitch crosses her eye, like a muscle remembering a  
sound it shouldn't know.

She stops mid-note. Whispers, almost to herself–

ISELA  
Déjà vu... no, data déjà vu.

She presses her palm to her chest. Breathes deep.

INT. PRIVATE BANK VAULT – CAYMAN TRUST – NIGHT

ON SCREEN: 4 years ago.

Jet flies overhead.

Fluorescent hum. Dust motes drift through the sterile air. A  
gloved hand slides a metal drawer from the wall: BOX 1165.

The lid lifts – a whisper of hinges, a glint of wealth.

Inside:

–Stacks of unmarked bearer bonds, thick and clean. A black  
micro-drive labeled BLACKHAWK / PROJECT CAYMAN.

–A Polaroid: Carlos, Ramon, beside a military plane – proof  
of something that should never have existed.

The gloved hand slips a fresh passport inside.

CARLOS (V.O.)  
(filtered, from a voice  
note)  
Box 1165. Bearer bonds. Encrypted  
ledger. Leverage enough to start a  
war. If it moves – the world burns.

The hand closes the lid. A clean click. "1165" glints under the fluorescent light.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BANK – MOMENTS LATER

Rain mist. A man in a suit exits, briefcase chained to his wrist. A second figure emerges from shadow. A flash of motion – a struggle – then silence.

The briefcase drops. The chain snaps. The killer's silhouette (only his wallet chain catching light) kneels, lifts the keys – a tag marked 1165. He attaches the keys to his wallet chain. The chain links flash 1 1 6 5 in the glare – numbers like a curse.

Blood seeps toward a puddle. The number distorts in reflection, rippling reflection turns dark – smoke swirling in water. The puddle ripples as gunshots are heard in the distance.

CUT TO BLACK.

ON SCREEN: MEDELLÍN, COLOMBIA – SAFE HOUSE – DUSK

ON SCREEN: 4 years ago

Gunshots in the distance.

A cramped safe house. Dust motes. Rum bottles, paper cups. A rough floor plan pinned to the wall. Two AGENTS stand watch.

The mood tastes like gun oil.

CARLOS (40s) – sharp, measured. RAMON (30s) – tanked, impatient, all predator. BOZA (30's) local Colombian. Thug. Head has a burlap bag over it. Arms bloody. Pants and shirt soiled and bloodstained. His shirt thick with sweat.

RAMON  
(angered)  
You sold me out.

BOZA  
No, Papi, no, Escobar/

RAMON  
We silenced him years ago.

CARLOS  
Ramon, calm down. Stand down.

Ramon disregards. He cocks his gun. The room is silent.

BOOM. Single shot. Boza crashed to the floor. Blood soaks the burlap sack.

One the table: a phone, mid-call.

STATIC POP. The transmission flickers – a faint digital tremor.

ON SCREEN – text scrolls briefly: SNOW\_WHT.sys active...  
Then stabilizes.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
(distorted metallic)  
Blackhawk – contain your man. Your badge is on the line. Boza is dead?

RAMON  
(soft laugh)  
I get the job done. He sold me out. Compromised.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
(distorted, metallic)  
Blackhawk control your man.

Carlos lifts an eyebrow. Ramon's grin doesn't break.

CARLOS  
(cool)  
Copy that.

CLICK. Call Ends.

RAMON  
(to Carlos, low)  
We make a good team, jefe.

CARLOS  
(half-smile)  
I lead.

A child's sneaker is in Boza's hand. Carlos sees it.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Did you kill his kid?

RAMON  
(low, to Carlos)  
Like father, like son. Two things I  
hate – snitches and stains. Both  
take scrubbing. Only one screams.

The reflection shifts, liquifies – morphs into the mirrored  
shine of a stainless-steel counter.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND LOBO NEGRO – NIGHT (BEFORE THE NIGHT)

ENZO on a cell phone, whispering urgently. Watching movement  
inside LOBO NEGRO.

Cut to black.

A single pluck of guitar string.

FADE IN:

INT. LOBO NEGRO -LAST NIGHT

A floorboard lifts. Another explosive pack slides in. Click.  
Green light.

The flashlight swings – catches a face. RAMON. Calm. Focused.  
A BLACKHAWK tattoo glints under his collarbone.

He plants a final charge near the side door, locks it, and  
slips out.

EXT. LOBO NEGRO – CONTINUOUS

ENZO tracks him through the lens, zooms, snaps a photo, sends  
it. Salsa music drifts in the background. Miami nightlife in  
swing. A “lady-of-the-night” stops to Enzo. He blushes and  
waves her off.

ON PHONE (UI): ENZO → BLACKHAWK: LOBO\_FEED\_03:02\_PHOTO –

ATTACH: ramon\_exit.jpg

He checks his reflection in the phone screen – cracked. Half  
his face repeats in the broken glass, one eye doubled.

ENZO  
(soft)  
Guess we all see double.

INT. HOTEL ROOM — BOGOTÁ — NIGHT

On Screen: [SNOW\_WHT.sys // 00:13 A.M.]

A low heartbeat is heard. A phone buzzes on a nightstand. Heartbeat stops. Then kicks in.

A hand reaches. The message from ENZO fills the screen.

The photo loads on the screen — RAMON leaving LOBO NEGRO.

Carlos exhales — half groan, half curse.

CARLOS  
Fucking Colombia all over again.

He types another message.

CARLOS (TEXTING) (CONT'D)  
Good work. Stand down. Report in  
2300 hours. Highly dangerous. Do  
not engage.

EXT. STREET — SAME

Enzo's phone pings. A new text thread.

ON PHONE — TEXT  
(UI ONLY):

ENZO → "BLACKHAWK" : REYES INSIDE. MATEO PRESENT. BLACKHAWK

: OBSERVE / ORIENT / REPORT. DO NOT ENGAGE. H.DANGEROUS.

Enzo glances toward a parked Bugatti down the block. Inside: IRELAND (40s), red hair, Marine tat. Watching. Ireland's eyes cut to Enzo — warning enough without a word.

INT. HOTEL ROOM — BOGOTÁ — NIGHT

Carlos stares at the photo, eyes unreadable — then mutters under his breath:

CARLOS (QUIET)  
Once I get that Cayman box, maybe I  
take my out. Buy my own island.  
Maybe I take over SNOW WHT.  
There's always a highest bidder  
around.

He glances at the reflection in the window, badge tucked behind a pistol. Touches the badge.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Used to mean something.

A long beat – only the soft HUM of a jet outside.

Then: he dials.

MURPHY (O.S.) (DROWSY)  
Blackhawk? It's early.

CARLOS  
No – we're late. Get me on a flight  
to Miami.

CLICK.

Jet engines roar.

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA – NIGHT (PRESENT DAY, 11:30 P.M.)

Rain mists off asphalt. Neon buzz. Cicadas scream. A radio crackles inside a beat-up cruiser.

OFFICER MARINO (50s) narrates through the hum of his dashboard fan.

MARINO (V.O.)  
Friday night in the tropics – you  
can smell the lies before you hear  
'em.

He sips lukewarm coffee, eyes on the street. Through the windshield –

-ISELA leans in a doorway beneath the neon sign: LOBO NEGRO.

-ENZO smokes alone near a payphone.

-A black car with the license plate VANECA car rolls past slow.

MARINO (V.O.)  
Same faces. Same sins.  
One day I'll write a book – call it  
"Pitbull Weather". Me, I keep watch  
anyway. Maybe tonight it looks  
back.



A soft heartbeat + guitar riff builds beneath the street noise. Marino's eyes shift to his dashboard clock – 11:30 P.M. Tick. Tick.

INT. CUBAN RESTAURANT – LOBO NEGRO – 11:30 P.M.

Cigar smoke hangs in the air like a memory. The kitchen's closed. Plates stacked. Napkins folded.

But sex and danger are about to start the Miami night.

A small grandfather clock ticks from the wall. Its gears click. Then— GONG. Eleven-thirty.

INT. KITCHEN – SAME

CHEF JAVIAN (42) – dark Cuban, long night, eyes that have seen things. Waitstaff clear out in the background.

WAITRESS  
Night, Chef.

He slides on a clean LOBO NEGRO polo embroidered "CHEF JAVIAN." A shadow of ink under his collarbone. He takes out his cell phone, scrolls and hits Call

SPLIT SCREEN:

LEFT JAVIAN INT KITCHEN

RIGHT JAW AND HAND of Ramon, a man the background getting dressed.

JAVIAN  
(Tense)  
Ramon, this is the night

RAMON  
(low, calculating)  
Good man. Eyes up. On location  
shortly.

Javian hangs up.

SPLIT SCREEN ENDS

INT. RAMON'S BEDROOM

ON SCREEN: [SNOW\_WHT.sys // 23:24 P.M. // South Beach, Miami]

RAMON  
(sexy, in charge, to the  
man)  
Did I say we're through?

Low laughter, camera pushes out through the window

INT. LOBO NEGRO - BAR AREA - 11:30 P.M.

Bar crowd conversations heard. Sex mixed with danger. Javian, tired, nurses a bourbon at the rail. ISELA crosses, heels precise.

ISELA  
You've got the Vanega's brunch  
tomorrow.

JAVIAN  
(sighs)  
Fucking Vanega's.  
Thinks I'll do a handstand when he  
snaps. Ricardo's got it. Early  
setup.

ISELA  
He'll forget the churros. You'll  
bail him out again.

JAVIAN  
Story of my life - cleaning up for  
clowns.

Phone vibrates in Isela's hand. Screen face-down.

ON SCREEN - SNOW\_WHT.sys (UI TEXT ONLY):

`AGENT ESCOBAR: EXECUTE MISSION.`

She palms it away. Calm restored.

EXT. LOBO NEGRO - SAME

ENZO (29), street photographer, leans on a lamppost. Phone at the ready. He lenses the door, the street, Marino's cruiser downstream. One man's citywide. One man's one corner.

INT. LOBO NEGRO - BAR AREA - 11:30 P.M.

Door swings. MATEO (35) fills the frame - chain wallet glinting, swagger loud enough to drown the jukebox.

He plucks a \$20 from the till, lights a cigarette, pours his own bourbon.

Steam, laughter, the low thrum of a Latin bassline.

ISELA (30s) crosses through the crowd – precise heels, controlled energy.

Her phone vibrates. She glances.

ON SCREEN – SNOW\_WHT.sys (UI TEXT ONLY):

AGENT ESCOBAR: EXECUTE MISSION.

She palms the device away, face smooth.

Across the room, JAVIAN pours bourbon for MATEO.

Their banter carries undertones of old love and fresh betrayal.

JAVIAN  
Some of us work for tips. Some  
steal the till. Same hunger,  
different menu.

MATEO  
Coffee, Isela.

Her look says don't push me. She moves to the machine. ISELA  
Steam hisses; she slides him the cup.

JAVIAN  
(eyeing Mateo)  
I can smell white trash the second  
the door opens.

Mateo doesn't flinch. Sip. Smile.

MATEO  
Funny – last night those thighs  
begged me to stay.

ISELA  
Focus, boys.

MATEO  
You don't like confidence?

ISELA  
I prefer competence.

Mateo snaps his fingers. Isela hands him the night deposit. He pockets it without ceremony.

CAM: a glint on Mateo's chain — a brass tag: \*\*1165\*\*. He fingers it like a rosary.

MATEO  
(grinning)  
Don't forget who's Papi Chulo in  
this room.

ISELA  
(quiet, cutting)  
Only till the check clears.

The room swells with tension that feels electric and inevitable. He turns, slaps Javian on the back — a flex.

MATEO  
Javi — tráeme el churrasco del que  
todos hablan.  
(Bring me that famous churrasco.)

Javian holds him a long beat, then goes.

MATEO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
When's the last time you went to  
Vegas? After tonight? They'll call  
me King. Wheels up at seven. Come  
watch me roll.

ISELA  
(sincere, sarcastic)  
Tempting. No. Do me a favor —  
(slides a \$100)  
First roulette you see: 11, 6 & 5.

MATEO  
(chuckles)  
Eleven-sixty-five? That some lucky  
number?

Camera spies the keys on his chain, 1165.

ISELA  
(smiles)  
You bet it is.

SNOW\_WHT.sys:

Observation Thread Expanding → Human Cluster LOBO\_NEGRO.

Transition: Intervention Phase pending authorization.

FADE OUT.

INT. AIRPORT JETWAY - BOGOTÁ - NIGHT

CARLOS strides off a flight, sunglasses at night, jaw tight. Phone buzzes. He watches Enzo's clip. Exhales a curse.

CARLOS  
Mateo has no idea what he's walking into.

He dials, pivots into shadow.

INTERCUT - CARLOS / MURPHY (COMMS)

CARLOS  
Status on Lobo?

MURPHY (V.O.)  
Mateo arrived. Reyes a few clicks out.

CARLOS  
Keep all eyes on. We need Reyes alive, Pitbull contained. Assets recovered. At sunrise, I want the Pitbull muzzled.

MURPHY (V.O.)  
Copy that, Blackhawk.

SMASH BACK TO:

EXT. LOBO NEGRO - STREET - CONTINUOUS

A black SUV idles. IRELAND (40s) behind the wheel - red hair, Marine tattoo: SEMPER FI. Beside him, REYES (40), muscle and mercury. The Lion who smiles too easily.

IRELAND  
You've got one hour. Then I'm coming in. No bullshit.

REYES  
Easy, Ireland.

IRELAND

Easy? You're walking into a room full of your exes and Blackhawk's on the way.

(beat)

I don't like the feel of any of this.

REYES

(teasing)

We'll be gone before Blackhawk lands. You know I only got eyes for you.

IRELAND

Yeah — and a libido for half the men in Miami. Why go back in? We have the money.

REYES

Oh, is my baby jealous?

(beat)

We've got six million in bricks. I want all of it. Another six sits in Box 1165.

IRELAND

You're getting greedy.

REYES

Fuck that. I am greedy. And Mateo's gonna know it.

IRELAND

Think Pitbull's involved?

REYES

Ramon? He burned his bridge in Bogotá. Carlos paid the price — and I'm the one who blew the whistle. There's no chance in hell he's here. He doesn't even know we're back.

IRELAND

(smirks)

I don't like this. The IRA was cleaner.

REYES

(scoffs)

Cleaner? Fuuuuuuck that, mate.

Reyes motions.

REYES (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 Drop me here. I'll walk the rest.  
 Clear my head.

He grabs his gun, kisses Ireland's forehead, steps out into the heat. Shuts the door. Ireland texts on his phone to Carlos.

IRELAND  
 (text to Carlos)  
 Reyes entering Lobo in 5.

He hits send. A message comes back.

CARLOS  
 Stay on point. Be ready for  
 extraction.

SNOW\_WHT.sys: Subject REYES → Intervention flag armed.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — BAR AREA — MOMENTS LATER

The door creaks. Silence falls like a ritual. REYES enters — white tank, glasses at 11:30 p.m., charisma weaponized.

Isela's phone glows. Isela looks at the message. She panics for a moment, nerves getting her, then she reclaims her poise.

Javian returns with a steaming plate of churrasco. He sees Isela looking at her phone. Sets it down in front of Mateo. No words.

ISELA  
 You don't think Reyes' is here for  
 you, Mateo?

MATEO  
 Why else would he be back?

JAVIAN  
 But he was mine.

MATEO  
 (sneering)  
 Till he wasn't. God, the things he  
 said about you — lousy in bed.  
 Average cook.

WHAM — Javian's right hook lands.

Mateo CRASHES into a chair.

The air changes. People pretend it doesn't. Mateo lands at the feet of Reyes. He looks down and Mateo looks up. Reyes gives a broad smile.

He helps Mateo up, razor clean. Reyes motions that there is blood on Mateo's lip. Mateo smears it off.

MATEO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(sarcastic)  
Knew you'd be back. Don't think I  
sat around waiting for you.

Reyes takes Mateo's plate, sniffs, eats.

REYES  
(to Javian; Spanish)  
Todavía haces este churrasco como  
te enseñó mi mamá. Excelente.  
You still cook this steak like my  
mother taught you. Excellent.

He takes a bite, eyes never leaving Mateo.

MATEO  
Still stealing what's mine?

REYES  
Just taking what you can't hold.

Beat. Isela and Reyes lock eyes – history, heat, hazard.

ISELA  
The safe emptied the night you  
vanished. Six million.  
Not a coincidence – a choice.

REYES  
Patience was never your virtue.

Two locals at the far end giggle, tipsy.

MALE LOCAL  
Another round?

REYES  
The bar's closed.

Reyes picks them up like ragdolls. Thier feet scurrying just off the floor.

FEMALE LOCAL  
Don't push. We'll find a better  
place than this dump.



MALE LOCAL

This could blow up tonight and who  
would miss it.

He gently steers them to the door. Gone. He turns back, takes  
in Mateo, Isela, Javian. A triangle set to burn.

REYES

Three things before sunrise: the  
bricks, the keys, and Box 1165 .  
Carlos wants it over.

MATEO

Carlos can get in line.

Tension tightens. The room breathes shallow.

JAVIAN, stops, eyes Reyes. The old wound pulses.

JAVIAN

Time we settled "our future."

Reyes places a hand on Javian's jaw — firm, familiar.

REYES

Te extrañé.  
I missed you.

Mateo turns into Reyes to block Javian from his view.

MATEO

(cutting in; low)  
You asked me to stay. Then you  
left.

Reyes leans, brushes Mateo's lips, electric and cruel.

REYES

(whisper)  
Fuck you.

Javian's glass shatters on the tile.

ISELA

Somebody woke up.

JAVIAN

(Spanish) )  
Nunca estuve dormido. Me empujaron  
afuera.  
(I was never asleep. I was pushed  
out.)

He vanishes back into the kitchen, fury contained by stainless steel. Pots CLATTER. A pan slams into a wall.

REYES  
(soft laugh)  
Is he still moody?

MATEO  
As fuck.

ISELA  
He never got over you, Reyes – you swapped Mateo for Javi.

MATEO  
I'm not a swap-out.

ISELA  
(to Mateo, matter-of-fact)  
You knew Javian loved him. You still went in like a jaguar.

MATEO  
(puffs up, ego)  
Not my fault Reyes woke up and saw the light.

ON SCREEN – SNOW\_WHT.sys: Cross-link threads detected // Conflict density > 93%

MARINO (V.O.)  
Quiet before a storm has a smell.  
Salt. Metal. Old lies.

The clock ticks 1:00 A.M. A heartbeat under the bassline.

FADE OUT.

INT. LOBO NEGRO – OFFICE – NIGHT

Isela opens the safe again. Takes a breath. Closes it. Turns. Mateo is in the doorway. Too close.

MATEO  
What's in the box, Isela?

ISELA  
Freedom.

MATEO  
For who? How much?

Reyes comes in, he's overheard the conversation.

REYES

If you need a figure you're in the  
wrong room sweetheart.

She breezes past him like he's furniture.

INT. LOBO NEGRO - BAR - LATER (AROUND 1:15 A.M.)

The clock ticks louder. The music is a pulse, not a song.

MATEO

(to Reyes)

Tell me where the six mil is. You  
left me bleeding.

REYES

I left you alive. That's more than  
most.

(beat)

There's more than six million.

ISELA

Ah. So you do know.

(quiet)

Box 1165 isn't just money. It's a  
manifesto.

The word hangs. Reyes clocks her: not just a manager.

MATEO

I've got what I need.

He taps his chain - a key glints. Reyes answers with his own  
chain's key .

REYES

THE other key, who has it?

(beat; to Isela)

What chair do you want, Escobar?

Isela smiles like a razor. Doesn't answer.

BANG.

A gunshot rings from the kitchen. A photo on the wall  
explodes.

Javian stands in the doorway, gun smoking. The room  
convulses. Mateo freezes.

MATEO  
 (enraged, not hiding fear)  
 Javi, Stupid little Cuban  
 maricón... You could've killed  
 me!(you faggot piece of shit) – you  
 could've hit me.

Mateo's voice is edged, trying not to show panic.

Javian cocks the weapon. He levels it at Mateo's temple.

JAVIAN  
 (in slow Spanish)  
 Dale, dime 'estúpido' una vez más y  
 te mato.  
 (Go ahead, call me 'stupid' one  
 more time and I'll kill you.)

Sweat beads on Mateo's forehead. For a beat, everyone holds their breath. Reyes eases the gun away.

REYES  
 Javi. Easy. Now. Breathe.

JAVIAN  
 You think you're bulletproof? Until  
 I get my money, watch your back.  
 (beat)  
 I called Ramon.

Mateo and Reyes lock eyes.

INT. LOBO NEGRO – SERVICE CORRIDOR – NIGHT (1:40 A.M.)

Narrow. Hiss of refrigeration. Water drips somewhere out of sight.

RAMON slides along the wall – breath steady, movements mathematical.

Ramon hears the gunshot.

RAMON  
 Kids in the schoolyard. Just wait,  
 recess is almost over.

A knife tucked against his forearm glints with kitchen light.

He passes a sprinkler riser; fingers test the valve. Half-turn. Not yet.

A teen prep cook (19) appears ready to go home. He sees Ramon, freezes as the tattoo on Ramon's arm catches the light.

PREP COOK  
(whisper; Spanish) ¿Usted es ...?  
(Are you ...?)

RAMON  
(soft) Silencio. (Quiet.)

The kid pulls out his cell phone and starts to dial 911.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
(sighs) Kid, don't. I'm gonna  
choose and you're gonna lose. Give  
it up.

The kid dials -

ON PHONE: "911, what's your -"

Ramon moves like smoke - crack of plastic, the phone snapped in two.

A blur: arm around the neck. Air cut off.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
(plain and simple) )  
I told you. Give it up.

Snap.

The body folds. He cracks the phone in two. Ramon drags it to a dumpster, pockets the wallet, toss the body in like it is a bag of leaves. He closes the lid. He wipes his hands on a bar rag, breath level.

SNOW\_WHT.sys // UI:

Intervention node: PITBULL active.

Collateral loss logged: minor.

Human empathy variance: 0.03

INT. LOBO NEGRO - DRY STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

Shelves of oil and flour. Ramon kneels, tapes a charge behind a stack of tins. LED dark → he arms it.

RAMON  
 (under breath; Spanish)  
 Aprenden o mueren.  
 (Learn or die.)

SNOW\_WHT.sys:

Correction → Intervention escalation authorized.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Enzo catches the exit on his lens. Sends it.

INT. AIRPORT GATE - NIGHT

Carlos watches the photo load: Ramon leaving LOBO NEGRO. He closes his eyes. Pain. Memory.

CARLOS  
 (quiet; Spanish)  
 Colombia otra vez.  
 (Colombia all over again.)

He types.

CARLOS (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
 Sé mis ojos en la calle, Escobar.  
 Reyes no tiene seis. Tiene más.  
 (Be my eyes on the street, Escobar.  
 Reyes doesn't have six. He has  
 more.)

SEND.

INT. LOBO NEGRO - BAR - NIGHT

Isela's phone glows. She reads. Her pulse spikes; her face doesn't. She flips the screen face down. The room inhales.

REYES  
 (to Mateo)  
 Before sunrise - the bricks, the  
 keys, 1165.  
 (to Isela)  
 And whatever throne you think I  
 want... keep it polished.

MATEO  
 You still answer to me.

He leans in and sniffs Reyes's neck — staking old territory.  
Reyes pushes him back, slight.

REYES  
You don't get me back that easy. If  
at all.

MARINO (V.O.)  
Quiet before a storm has a smell.  
Salt. Metal. Old lies.

Reyes smiles — shark and saint in the same mouth.

REYES  
Have at it.

MATEO  
I go first.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — FRONT DOOR — MOMENTS LATER

A bouncer, SALAZAR (30s), fills the doorway — mountain of a  
man, neck inked.

RAMON goes to enter, Salazar blocks him.

SALAZAR  
Private.

RAMON  
(smiles like a priest) )  
Abre la puerta o me abres el  
cuello.  
Open the door or open my neck.

Salazar shifts his stance — weight on heels. Two moves: thumb  
to carotid, elbow across jaw. Salazar wilts, gasping.

Ramon catches him, lowers him gently, zip-tie tight across  
wrists.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
(soft, almost kind)  
Duérmete. (Sleep.)

Camera lingers on Salazar's half-open eyes, then drops to  
Ramon's boot. He steps over.

ISELA  
 (to herself; Spanish)  
 Tiburón.  
 (\*Shark.\*)

SNOW\_WHT.sys:

Field metric update:

PITBULL → Operational integrity: 100%

Ethical subroutine offline.

INT. AIRPORT GATE — NIGHT

CARLOS watches a photo load on his tablet: Ramon entering Lobo Negro. He closes his eyes — pain and memory.

CARLOS  
 (quiet; Spanish) Colombia  
 otra vez. (Colombia all  
 over again.)  
 He types a message to Enzo

ON SCREEN —  
 TEXT:

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 (text)  
 Sé mis ojos en la calle, Escobar.  
 Reyes no tiene seis. Tiene más.  
 (Be my eyes on the street, Escobar.  
 Reyes doesn't have six million — he  
 has more.)

SEND.

SNOW\_WHT.sys:

Operator BLACKHAWK re-engaged.

Command handoff: pending.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — BAR AREA — LATER (AROUND 2 A.M.)

He steps in slow. Not loud — but the room tightens. He pauses mid-room. The cigar ember flares. CLOSE ON — Reyes. His jaw shifts. Mateo's hands curl. Isela's smile thins.



CAMERA — low angle, dolly forward. Sweat glints on Mateo's forehead. Isela doesn't breathe.

RAMON pauses mid-room. Ash drops from the cigar. RAMON walks to the bar with the casual menace of a man who's been paid to end arguments.

RAMON  
(low, gravel)  
I'm not here for noise.  
I'm here for what's mine.

He exhales smoke, filling the light between them.

CUT TO: close-up on Javian's eyes, narrowing. Reyes shifts. He nods at Javian, then the others. He lifts the cigar and inhales, the ember flaring.

The storm outside builds a rhythm with the bassline. Glasses sweat. Eyes don't.

Isela moves behind the bar—precision disguised as grace. Her phone glows face-down, humming once, then twice. She flips it over.

ON SCREEN — SNOW\_WHT.sys (UI):

ESCOBAR // STATUS: OBSERVE

COMMAND: MAINTAIN DECEPTION MODE

A single pixel glitches red → white → black.

Isela hums the low two-note heartbeat riff we've heard since page one. She stops, frowns—why does she know that melody?

ISELA  
(soft, to herself)  
Quién me enseñó eso? (Who  
taught me that?)

Mirror behind the bar catches her reflection half a second late—out of sync.

SNOW\_WHT.sys:

Data feedback loop detected // human echo variance = 0.42

Containment probability: declining.

INT. AIRPORT RESTROOM STALL — NIGHT

Carlos splashes water on his face. He studies the badge on the counter—his own reflection fractured through its metal edge.

CARLOS  
(quiet, to his reflection)  
How many ghosts does it take to  
feel clean?

He pockets the badge, crushes his disposable phone in his hand.

Mirror lights flicker—SNOW\_WHT's UI ghosts across the glass.

ON MIRROR —  
TEXT:

BLACKHAWK // COMMAND BREACH RISK > 60%

RECOMMENDATION: SEVER EMOTIONAL LINKS.

Carlos stares, jaw tightening.

CARLOS  
Not yet.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — OFFICE — MOMENTS LATER

Safe. Ledger. The laminated card : \*BOX 1165 → BEARER BONDS  
+ SNOW\_WHT MANIFESTS.\*

Ramon appears in the doorway, silent. Isela doesn't startle. Turns, measured.

ISELA  
We were waiting.

RAMON  
Para mí o para él.  
(\*For me or for him.\*)

ISELA  
Both.

He studies her. No fear. Just math.

RAMON  
You want his chair.

ISELA  
I want the room that chair sits in.

A beat. He almost smiles.

RAMON  
Buen gusto.  
(Good taste.)

He steps in, eyes on the safe, then on her hands.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
¿Cuántas llaves tienes?  
(How many keys do you have?)

ISELA  
One fewer than I need.

RAMON  
Same.

They regard each other like duelists who haven't chosen ten paces yet. A PING vibrates on Isela's phone face-down.

ON SCREEN - SNOW\_WHT.sys (UI):

`AGENT ESCOBAR: PREDATOR INSIDE. PROXIMITY 000.`

Isela lets it buzz out. RAMON steps closer. Close enough to smell the soap on her wrist.

RAMON  
Cuando caiga el sol, los leales  
mueren primero.  
(When the sun drops, the loyal die  
first.)

He leaves.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

A shadow swallowing itself. Mateo starts to rise. Ramon's head turns—just enough—the look stops him.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(to Mateo)  
You're going to sit down. Unless  
you want them to remember this  
night for how loud it got.

Isela exhales slow. Javian's hand tightens, but his face is a mask. The gun is still in the kitchen – the smoke and the shouting have left thin scars.

RAMON moves to the center, near the bar. He flicks ash, casual, precise. He speaks to the room, not to any single person.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
We don't need drama. We need  
answers. Reyes I'm here for  
business.

Ramon motions for the gun. Reyes hands it to him. Ramon empties the bullets into his hand and stuffs them in his pocket.

REYES  
(quiet)  
Business and favors always come for  
the same bill.

RAMON  
Then let's pay it.  
Reyes, stand down.  
Mateo be ready  
when orders are called.  
Javi you  
did right by bringing me in. You  
will be rewarded for that.  
(He turns to Isela.) )  
You can always be a problem. Let's  
change your focus, starting now.

Beat. The room waits. Ramon locks the door, the room freezes, and he proves control with a micro-action (heel to the throat, boot on chest of Salazar).

Salazar gasp. Ramon looks to Javi and nods. Javi pulls duck tape from the bar and tapes Salazar's mouth.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Javi, lock the Kitchen door. Bring  
me the keys.

Mateo move to get up.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
We're gonna be here a while.

He walks to Mateo, palms the back of his head, pushes him to his knees.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(steel)  
I want you on your knees. Hungry.  
Looking up at me. You remember how  
to do that, right?

SNOW\_WHT.sys:

Observation → Correction cycle terminated.

Intervention shift: autonomous.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — BAR — SAME

The clock ticks louder. 1:57 A.M. Heartbeat returns—slower,  
heavier. Mateo and Reyes stand off, two wolves sharing one  
throat.

MATEO  
Tell me where the six mil is. You  
left me bleeding.

REYES  
I left you alive. That's more than  
most.  
(beat) )  
There's more than six million.

ISELA  
Ah. So you do know. Box 1165 isn't  
just money. It's a manifesto.

Reyes hears it—something cold under the word. Manifesto.

He leans in.

REYES  
Whose manifesto?

ISELA  
Yours. Mine. The machine's. Pick  
one.

SNOW\_WHT.sys:

ALERT: Command corruption detected — source unknown.

Recompiling ethics module... FAILED.

Thunder rolls outside. Glass rattles.

The clock strikes 2:00 A.M. A digital pulse flashes:  
[SNOW\_WHT.sys: 02:00:00]

INT. LOBO NEGRO — BAR AREA — 2:05 A.M.

Rain needles the windows. The bassline is gone; only the heartbeat motif remains — one thud every two seconds.

Reyes wipes condensation from his glass. Mateo watches him like a dog measuring distance to a bone.

Behind him, the neon "LOBO NEGRO" sign flickers, letter by letter, until only O N E G O glows.

SNOW\_WHT.sys // UI pulse:

System cross-feed initiated.

Thermal signature: Ramon (↑).

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR — CONTINUOUS

Ramon walks through blue light, checking charges. Each LED blinks in sync with his pulse.

He stops, listens — the heartbeat hears him back.

RAMON  
(low) ¿Quién late? (Who  
beats?)  
SNOW\_WHT.sys response overlay:

PITBULL QUERY DETECTED.

Answer: MIRROR.

He grins, almost proud. He presses his ear to the wall. Through it — muffled voices, Isela's laugh like static.

RAMON  
(deadly)  
Oh I hear Snow White. Your Prince  
CHarming is waiting for you.

INT. BAR AREA — SAME

Ramon comes back into the room. He watches Mateo and Reyes spar.

Mateo flicks his knife open, the sound a tiny lightning bolt. Reyes doesn't flinch.

MATEO  
You think you run this place 'cause  
Carlos likes your smile?

REYES  
I run it 'cause I know where the  
wires are.

He nods to the floor – just as a drip of oil seeps through a crack between tiles.

ISELA (NOTICING)  
What the hell is that?

REYES  
Blood. Or the beginning of it.

SNOW\_WHT.sys // ALERT:

External sensors breached.

Initiate Correction? [Y/N]

A cursor blinks ... waits ... then types on its own: Y.

INT. BAR CONTINUOUS

A faint click. MATEO freezes, head cocked.

MATEO  
The fuck was that?

ISELA doesn't answer. She watches the mirrors. Ramon's eyes track toward the dark service hall.

RAMON  
Handle it.

Mateo nods once and disappears into shadow.

EXT. SERVICE CORRIDOR – MOMENTS LATER

A sliver of moonlight. ENZO, camera slung, walkie clipped to his belt, whispers into it.

ENZO  
(into walkie)  
Target confirmed. Planting  
complete.

(MORE)  
 (beat)  
 Blackhawk, do you copy?

ON PHONE — TEXT  
 (UI):

ENZO → BLACKHAWK: HE'S INSIDE. RAMON INSIDE.

SENDING CLIP—

A hand clamps over his mouth. His mouth in Enzo's ear.

MATEO  
 (low)  
 Depends who's asking.

ENZO turns—too late. Mateo's forearm slams him into the wall.  
 The camera hits the ground, still rolling. Enzo gasps.

ENZO  
 Shit. Compromised. Blackhawk,  
 compromised.

Mateo plucks the walkie from his belt, studies it, smirks.  
 Takes the phone.

MATEO  
 So Carlos still keeps tabs.  
 (beat, to the walkie)  
 Hey, Blackhawk... you might wanna  
 listen up.

He shoves Enzo forward, dragging him inside.

INT. OFFICE — MOMENTS LATER

Isela eases the safe shut, heart racing. She pulls a USB  
 drive from her necklace and inserts it into the security  
 console.

SCREEN TEXT:

SNOW\_WHT.sys // ADMIN ACCESS REQUESTED

Password cursor blinks. She types: ESC0BAR1165

SNOW\_WHT.sys:

Access granted.



Observation override: human priority.

For a split second – the bar's camera feeds flicker through her eyes: Ramon in corridor, Reyes and Mateo locked in stand-off, Marino outside as he drags Enzo. She gasps.

ISELA  
(to herself)  
I see everything.

SNOW\_WHT.sys:

Then you see me.

Screen glows white – her reflection becomes a hollow silhouette of code.

INT. LOBO NEGRO – BAR AREA – 2:15 A.M.

The air is thick enough to cut. Mateo leans in to Reyes.

RAMON  
(faint smile)  
Corrección iniciada.  
(Correction begins.)

INT. LOBO NEGRO – BAR – CONTINUOUS

Mateo tosses Enzo on the floor. Enzo is scrappy. Mateo hands the phone and camera to Ramon.

MATEO  
Found this kid outside. Recording.  
Texting. Thought you might want a  
look.

Ramon looks up as Mateo hauls Enzo in, the walkie still active in Mateo's hand – a faint FBI voice crackling through static.

VOICE (FILTERED)  
–Enzo, status report–repeat,  
status–

RAMON  
(quiet)  
Don't answer. Let them listen.

Ramon steps close, crouches beside Enzo.

RAMON (CONT'D)

(low)

You tell him Pitbull says hello.  
Then you tell him nothing else.

Enzo stares at the walkie – breathing heavy – knowing they can still hear everything.

ENZO

(into the walkie)

Blackhawk. Pitbull in the room.

Ramon flicks the cigar ash, clicks the walkie mic once – a cold acknowledgment – then pockets it.

Ramon nods to Mateo. Mateo picks up Enzo and delivers a punch to the face. Enzo hits the ground again.

RAMON

Carlos you hear that?

Enzo is defiant. He snarks as he wipes his nose.

ENZO

Shit, man. You don't scare me.

Ramon opens Enzo's phone, scrolls. He shakes his head slow, thoughtful.

RAMON

(soft)

What's your name, kid?

ENZO

Fuck you.

Ramon steps forward, puts a heavy boot on the kid's chest and pins him. Enzo looks over to Isela. She looks concerned. Salazar in the corner squirms.

ISELA

Ramon, come on ease up on the kid.

Ramon disregards her comment.

RAMON

I will ask once. What the hell are you doing here?

INT. LOBO NEGRO — NIGHT — CONTINUOUS

ENZO

(scoffing, breathless)

I've been watching you. 3:02 this morning — somebody came in. I got photos. Time-stamped. Sent the files.

RAMON

(patient)

You saw what, exactly?

ENZO

I took pictures. It's all on my feed. You're already too late.

(beat)

Fuck you. All of you.

ISELA

(cutting in, too calm)

Ramon — enough. He's a punk with a phone.

(a beat; her eyes flicker)

He doesn't know what he saw.

BAM. ONE CLEAN SHOT — ENZO'S CHEST.

The sound is thick and wrong. Blood arcs across the tile — a red slash beneath the clock's reflection.

Ramon's face is mirrored in Enzo's blood on the floor.

GONG.

The room stops breathing.

JAVIAN

(low, to Reyes)

Told you to watch your back. I got El Cobrador on mine.

Ramon pulls snippers out of his back pocket and in one action snips off Enzo's forefinger. He tosses it to Mateo. Mateo is freaked out, tries not to show it.

LOCK SCREEN: PHOTOS SENT — 3:02 A.M. — "LOBO\_FEED\_03.02."

RAMON

Incuse we need to unlock this later. Hang on to it.

Ramon scrolls taps the latest number. The line rings.

CUT TO: INT. FBI — MIRAMAR — OBSERVATION ROOM — NIGHT

Monitors flicker to life, feeds from MIAMI streaming in grainy black and white. A distorted hum ripples through the comms.

STATIC POP. Lines of code scroll briefly across one monitor:

SNOW\_WHT.sys active...

LINK STABLE // UPLINK ROUTE: COG-UNIT 7

The signal steadies — a cold, feminine voice modulates through compression.

ON SCREEN: the same feed. Timestamp 03:02:12. Agents lean in.

MURPHY's jaw tightens.

MURPHY  
Blackhawk, we have visuals —  
Pitbull just executed Enzo,  
pointblank.

CARLOS (FILTERED)  
I am stateside, Miami. Ireland?

MURPHY  
Circling.

CARLOS  
Then move. Snow White on two.

CLICK. Murphy barks orders; techs scramble.

CUT TO: INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY — BOGOTÁ — NIGHT

Rolling across a computer screen:

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
(READING TEXT)  
Snow White. Agent Escobar. LOBO  
unhinged. Need support. Mission at  
risk.

Reply sent.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
Escobar – engage tactical  
withdrawal as needed.

Send.

BACK TO: INT. LOBO NEGRO – NIGHT

Isela's phone lights up. ON SCREEN: Text from

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
"Escobar, engage tactical  
withdrawal as needed."

Blood-slick tile. Enzo gasps, hand to chest.

RAMON (O.S.)  
Two things I hate – snitches and  
stains.

BUZZ. BUZZ.

Another phone on the bar vibrates – Isela's. Every eye turns.  
CLOSE ON ISELA – a tiny crack in the mask. Ramon moves slow,  
holding Enzo's phone up like a card trick.

RAMON  
(sly)  
You wanna answer that?

ISELA  
(cool, lying)  
Probably a scam.

Ramon flips her phone, reads: SNow White → ISELA: Escobar,  
engage tactical withdrawal as needed.

His gaze hardens. He drops Enzo's phone – CRACK. Glass  
spiderwebs.

Ramon taps Isela's phone to answer the call.

RAMON  
Hello.

ISELA'S PHONE  
Hello.

He hangs up. Proof confirmed.

RAMON

(quiet)

Snow White? Enzo? My, my –  
Princess, you keep interesting  
company. Planning a trip?

ISELA

(sardonic)

When God closes a door... He gives  
you a window.

Silence. The grandfather clock ticks on – patient, fatal.  
Ramon pockets Enzo's phone. Mateo steps toward the body.

RAMON

(leaning forward, voice  
cold)

Mateo – handle him.

CAMERA: tight on Ramon's hands as he steeples his fingers.  
Mateo stumbles, then drags Enzo toward the kitchen. Glass  
SHATTERS. A dark trail smears into the back.

The walkie-talkie ignites.

SPLIT SCREEN

RIGHT CARLOS on WALKIE in the car heading to FBI

LEFT INSIDE LOBO NEGRO

CARLOS

(on Walkie)

Torres. Status. Observe. Orient.  
Report. Do you copy?

RAMON

Blackhawk. I neutralized the  
target. Breech contained.

CARLOS

Pitbull.

RAMON

None other. El Cobrador is here.  
Time to collect.

Ramon's line drops the air pressure in the room. A  
refrigerator hum fills the silence.

The grandfather clock ticks – loud, deliberate.

A slow push in on Ramon as he exhales smoke, unreadable.  
Ramon scans the room. Isela hands him a drink.

ISELA

Carlos engaged. We will need to be careful.

RAMON

We? Your Colombian friends are dead. Focus on the room. And you want Carlos out as much as I do. I hear you want his seat. I can get that for you.

ISELA

You think Carlos won't come for you if you double-cross him?

Mateo returns from the kitchen. Blood on his hands. Blood in his eyes.

REYES

(mocking)

I thought you were done, old man.  
Word out of Bogotá—you went rabid.  
Bit a kid's throat out. That's how you got the name Pitbull, right?  
(laughs)  
Guess they didn't bury you deep enough.

Ramon exhales, slow and deliberate. Smoke rises like a sermon. A thin smile. Then he leans forward, eyes like knives

RAMON

You think you're in charge?  
You want to put down the Pitbull?  
(beat - deadly calm)  
Well then...  
Have at it.

The camera pulls back.

SNOW\_WHT watches.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - NIGHT

SFX: Jet turbines winding down.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Welcome to Miami International  
Airport.

CARLOS, sharp suit, eyes like steel, cuts through the terminal. MURPHY follows – standard-issue FBI jacket, already screaming rookie.

CARLOS  
Jesus, Murphy. Blend in. Lose the jacket. We're undercover, not on parade.

INT. LOBO NEGRO – BAR – CONTINUOUS

From the hall , a groan . Not loud. Final. Isela meets Reyes's eyes: \*You heard that?\* He nods once.

ISELA  
Back hall.

MATEO  
You go.

REYES  
We go.

They move as one triangle – Isela leading, Reyes flanking, Mateo dragging his ego behind.

INT. LOBO NEGRO – BACK HALL – MOMENTS LATER

Salazar on the floor. Alive. Barely. Duct tape on mouth. Eyes terrified.

MATEO  
Sal! Hey–!

He kneels. Salazar shakes his head NO wildly. A whisper from the ceiling duct.

RAMON  
(O.S.; soft; Spanish) )  
Bájalo, Mateo.  
(Put him down, Mateo.)  
All three freeze .

RAMON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Él vive... si tú escuchas.  
(He lives... if you listen.)

MATEO  
I'm tired of this–

He reaches for Salazar. POP. Ramon shoots Salazar.



A quiet suppressed round. Salazar's head jerks. Still. Mateo drops back, hands up, eyes wild. Reyes doesn't flinch.

REYES  
(soft)  
That wasn't necessary.

RAMON  
Claro que sí.  
(Of course it was.)

Beat. The three stand in the cold echo.

MATEO  
We're leaving. Now.

RAMON  
I say if and when we go.

Isela looks at Salazar's body. A fast prayer. No tears. Turns to go.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
(scoff)  
Now you get religion?

INT. LOBO NEGRO — SERVICE CLOSET — 2:05 A.M.

ON SCREEN: [SNOW\_WHT.sys // 02: 05:AM // Lobo Negro]

Ramon resets the sprinkler valve half a turn more. Checks his watch.

EXT. STREET — SAME

OFFICER MARINO's cruiser crawls past the alley mouth. His eyes skim: a footprint smear on wet concrete. He makes a mental note.

MARINO (V.O.)  
Something in the water.  
Bigger than the fins we've seen.

He keeps rolling.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — BAR — 2:10 A.M.

The triangle returns. The room feels smaller.

REYES  
 (low, sly)  
 So what happens when Carlos gets  
 here? We walking out with him?

MATEO  
 (quiet precision)  
 I'm not the body-bag boy. That  
 prick goes down before this is  
 through.

REYES  
 (quietly)  
 Just follow my lead.

Ramon crosses the room. Conversation dies.

RAMON  
 What are we talking about? I see  
 we're sharing.

REYES  
 (covering)  
 Fashion tips. Miami. You Armani or  
 Fendi?

JAVIAN  
 Ramon, I don't trust these two—

SMACK! Mateo backhands him. Javian hits the floor. Silence.  
 The walkie-talkie crackles to life.

CARLOS (V.O.)  
 (static) This is Blackhawk. On the  
 ground at MIA.

Ramon picks it up.

RAMON  
 Don't be late. Got your six —  
 always.

SPLIT SCREEN — LOBO NEGRO / MIAMI INTL TARMAC

LEFT: Ramon, king of his cage, pacing the bar.

RIGHT: CARLOS, wind tearing at his coat on the runway.

CARLOS (V.O., RADIO)  
 Pitbull, you will stand down. Do  
 you copy?

RAMON  
Bodies dropping. You better hurry.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O., FILTERED COMMS)  
Blackhawk, pressure rising.  
Reyes inside. Pitbull confirmed.

The whisper fades.

REYES  
(Spanish)  
Si nos quiere vivos, nos prueba  
primero.  
(If he wants us alive,  
he'll test us first.)

MATEO  
He wants us dead.

ISELA  
He wants us scared.

A glass taps . Once. From nowhere. All three look up. The  
shark smiles somewhere they can't see.

RAMON  
(claps once, commanding)  
We're done drifting.  
Three bricks. Keys to box 1165,  
Cayman Trust. My money. (Spanish,  
deadly) ¿Quién carajo es el topo en  
esta familia?  
Silence drops like a slab.

JAVI  
(teasing)  
Look what we have here. Keys to  
paradise.

MATEO  
(defensive)  
Back off.

Javi edges closer, needle-sharp.

JAVI  
Nice chain. Heavy. What's on it?

Mateo flicks a pocketknife. The air freezes.

RAMON  
Mateo — if you die, who cleans up?  
(snaps fingers twice)  
Give me the keys.

Mateo fumbles, hands them over. The keys jangle — final.

SMASH TO BLACK.

EXT. MIAMI — SKYBRIDGE / AIRPORT GARAGE — NIGHT (2:15 A.M.)

Empty concrete. Sodium lights buzz. CARLOS crosses fast, phone to ear, another in his palm. Two streams of intel, one man. A low wind pushes paper across the deck.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O., FILTERED — BARELY  
HUMAN)

Blackhawk. Two heartbeats elevated  
inside. One is Escobar. One is  
Reyes.

CARLOS  
(to himself; Spanish)  
Huele a truco.  
(Smells like a trick.)

He heads for the stairwell.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — DINING ROOM — NIGHT (2:17 A.M.)

Lights one stop lower than before. REYES , ISELA , MATEO in a triangle stand-off.

A low thump from somewhere in the building. Not loud. Final.

MATEO  
He's killing our help.

REYES  
He's pruning the noise.

EXT. AIRPORT GARAGE — STAIRWELL — SAME

Carlos descends. His footfalls in sync with a heartbeat .

SNOW\_WHT (V.O., FILTERED)  
Thermal shows dead zones in the  
restaurant. Two in back corridor,  
one in storage.

CARLOS  
Confirm "silent" means—

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
...absent.

Carlos exhales once. Keeps moving.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — DRY STORAGE — NIGHT

Ramon's shadow moves first. He follows it. He opens a case of club soda . Behind it, tucked LEDs blink dumb — unarmed by design. Decoys. He places a real charge under the shelf rung, thin as a postcard. Tape. Press.

A whisper under his breath.

RAMON  
(Spanish)  
Siempre hay un zapato.  
(There's always a shoe.)

He clicks the remote. A single green dot —armed.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN — MOVING — SAME

MURPHY drives, headset on, eyes flicking between road and a laptop mounted low. A heat map of \*Lobo Negro\* pulses on screen.

SNOW\_WHT V.O., FILTERED)  
Unit Two, hold two blocks out.  
Lethal force not authorized until  
06:59.

MURPHY  
Copy. Watching for 06:58 heroes.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — BAR — 2:24 A.M.

ON SCREEN: [SNOW\_WHT.sys // 02:24 // Lobo Negro]

From the corridor, a faint metallic click . A sprinkler valve shifting.

Isela's eyes cut up. The ceiling seems lower.

ISELA  
(Spanish)  
Está cerrando el cielo.  
(He's closing the sky.)

REYES  
Which means he wants fire.

EXT. ROOFTOP OPPOSITE — SAME

Carlos reaches the edge, binoculars up. He sees Marino's cruiser roll a slow loop past the alley.

CARLOS  
(into mic; Spanish)  
Unidad local, mantente lejos. Esto  
no es para turistas.  
(Local unit, stay away. This isn't  
for tourists.)

A beat. No answer.

INT. MARINO'S CRUISER — SAME

MARINO hears a ghost of a voice on an open band. He turns the volume down instead of up.

MARINO (V.O.)  
Everyone wants to be the smartest  
in the room. The dead usually  
disagree.

He keeps rolling.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — KITCHEN / PASS — 2:28 A.M.

MURPHY (O.S.)  
(static)  
Blackhawk — keys to the Cayman  
Trust now in hand with Pitbull.

MATEO  
(gritting)  
Javi, you're dead before 7:00 A.M.

CARLOS (O.S.)  
Copy. Mateo's unraveling. Get Isela  
on audio.

Mateo shoulders past Javi, bumping Reyes.

RAMON  
Javi — coffee con leche. Isela —  
shots.  
(quiet, steady)  
It's 2:30. Time for facts: I want  
the fucking mole.

MURPHY (O.S.)  
 Blackhawk — no response on the  
 phone.

Ramon slams the keys down. CLANG. Metal sings.

RAMON  
 (Spanish, dark)  
 ¿Quién carajo es el topo en esta  
 puta familia?  
 (Liars die before  
 sunrise.)

Stillness. Cigars breathe.

INT. ROOFTOP OPPOSITE — SAME

ON SCREEN  
 (CARLOS'S PHONE,  
 UI ONLY):

`SNOW\_WHT.sys: CODE 1165 TRIPWIRE FIRED IN OFFICE.`

CARLOS  
 (to himself)  
 Good girl.

He lifts a compact drone from a sling bag. One hand launch.  
 It hums away into the dark.

SNOW\_WHT  
 (V.O., FILTERED) )  
 Drone telemetry inbound.  
 (beat)  
 Blackhawk, are you injured?

CARLOS  
 Stop flirting.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — DINING ROOM — 2:31 A.M.

The drone buzz is inaudible, but a shadow skates briefly  
 across a wall. Gone.

MATEO clocks a CAMERA DOME in the corner that wasn't there  
 before. Paranoia hardens to fact.

MATEO  
 Someone's watching.

ISELA  
 Everyone's watching.

REYES

Then put on a show.

He pockets one key. Lets the other sit.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Cut the power. Thirty seconds.

LOBO NEGRO drops into darkness.

RAMON

(low, sinister)

So, Carlos... you want to play.

A chair falls. Glass shatters. Breathless confusion.

REYES

(whispering)

Mateo?

The lights flick back on. Mateo is at the door, caught.

Ramon's cool. Isela, still sipping.

CARLOS (O.S.)

(on walkie, taunting)

Rrrrramooon... lights out?

RAMON

(into walkie)

A little darkness never bothered me. Got the keys to 1165 – guess you clocked that.

CARLOS (O.S.)

I want things cleaned up. And do you still have both sets?

Ramon scans the room. Javi nods to Reyes. Ramon snaps once, palm out. Keys handed over.

REYES

(to Javi)

You're a dead man.

CARLOS

Ramon stand down.

RAMON

(bored, amused)

Yeah, yeah. You want it, you want it.

(Spanish – soft, filthy)

Acuérdate que no tengo alma. La

(MORE)



RAMON (CONT'D)  
 vendí hace mucho.  
 (Remember, I've got no soul. Sold  
 it long ago.)  
 (beat)  
 Come on, then. Ven por mí.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 Better pack extra body bags. And  
 tell Snow White there's gonna be a  
 reporting change after reach the  
 Caymans.

He hangs up, smile widening. Ramon cuts the walkie.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
 Mateo — take a fucking seat.  
 You touch that door again, it's the  
 last one you open. Reyes, be a good  
 wingman — play something.

Reyes hits the jukebox. PITBULL kicks in. Isela sips. Javi  
 watches everyone, reading the room.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
 Look at us... one big, happy,  
 fucking family.

Ramon lines a rail of coke. Offers it. Isela shakes her head.

ISELA  
 (quiet)  
 I grew up on that. I'm good.

Mateo and Reyes join him again. That flicker of brotherhood —  
 now an ember burning out.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — ICE ROOM — SAME

Ramon presses his palm to the frosted door. Feels the  
 heartbeat of the building. A muffled radio squawks faintly  
 from the alley: police . He smiles.

RAMON  
 (Spanish; to the room)  
 Ven, halcón.  
 (Come, hawk.)

He kills the ice room light. Darkness almost shines.

EXT. ROOFTOP OPPOSITE — SAME

Carlos watches the dark rectangle that used to be the ice room glow slightly then die.

SNOW\_WHT  
(V.O., FILTERED) )  
Thermal drop in cold storage. One  
signature present.  
(beat)  
Pitbull.

CARLOS  
Mark it.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — BAR — 2:36 A.M.

ISELA steps forward...

ISELA  
(calm, but with steel)  
All night, I've heard the same four  
words in this room:  
Bricks. Keys. Money. Carlos.  
Like they're gods. Like they're the  
only things that matter.  
(beat)  
You boys forget something.  
I was the one who kept the  
shipments clean.  
I was the one who \*placed\* the safe  
in Carmen Bank.  
And I'm the one Carlos called when  
he wanted to know if this room had  
gone soft.  
(steps toward Reyes)  
You disappeared with Ireland and  
the cash?  
I let you. I knew you'd come back  
broke and bleeding.  
(turns to Mateo)  
You? You carry keys you don't even  
know the meaning of.  
Your mother gave you a name. Your  
father gave you fear.  
And now... you've given Ramon your  
spine.  
(turns to Javi, deadly  
soft)  
And you. You think tattoos make you  
loyal?  
I saw you call Carlos. I watched  
your thumb shake.  
(MORE)

ISELA (CONT'D)

(beat)

(MORE)

So let me say it once — as the only  
one still standing in heels.

I know where the other bricks are.

I know who the mole is.

And I know how this ends.

(steps into the center,)

(calm and final)

(MORE)

But if you boys want to keep  
playing war with your dicks and  
your daddy issues —

Fine.

But when Carlos lands,

He's asking for me first.

RAMON

I'm not sure which page you're on,  
Isela, and let me be clear. Carlos  
won't have time for you. Javi,  
where are the bricks?

JAVIAN

There were 3, and I sold one.

RAMON

Without authority?

JAVIAN

Ramon, I followed your lead. I'll  
ask for forgiveness later.

RAMON

Fine, forgiven. Now how much for  
the

brick.

JAVIAN

2 Mil.

RAMON (CONT'D)

And that money is where?

JAVIAN

I got it.

REYES

You "got it?" Fuck me.

JAVIAN

Not if you begged.

RAMON  
Who was the buyer?

ISELA

JAVIAN  
Some big ole Irish guy, built like  
a lumberjack and dumb as a box or  
nails. Flaming red hair. Acted  
like a special agent (scoff) I  
could smell the actor in him.  
Miami is full of extras.

Javian heads to the kitchen. Reyes looks at Isela.

MATEO  
And you all thought I had it.  
Jesus.

EXT. SIDE STREET — SAME

The unmarked sedan with Murphy idles in shadow. He lifts a  
long lens, finds Isela in the bar window. Clicks a still.

Sends it.

MURPHY  
(to mic)  
Escobar just palmed something from  
under the rail.

SNOW\_WHT  
(V.O., FILTERED) )  
Noted.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — BACK HALL — 2:39 A.M.

REYES leads Isela and Mateo to a metal door . He keys it  
open, reveals a narrow count room.

Inside: a camera mounted high, red tally dark.

REYES  
No cameras. My room.

MATEO  
Looks like a camera.

REYES  
Looks like a lie.

They enter. Door shuts.

A beat. The red tally blinks on .

INT. COUNT ROOM — CONTINUOUS

Small table. Stacks of receipts , a scale , an old ledger

REYES  
So what's our plan?

MATEO  
Javi is loco.

A light rapping on the door.

RAMON (O.S.)  
Come out now.

Silence. Then they head back to the bar.

EXT. ROOFTOP OPPOSITE — 2:43 A.M.

CARLOS  
(into phone)  
Declan. It's Blackhawk. I need you.

IRELAND (O.S.)  
I am already circling. Ahead of you  
Blackhawk.

CARLOS  
Coordinates inbound — LOBO NEGRO,  
Miami.  
Two assets: Reyes and Isela.  
Extract clean. No noise. Ramon's  
gone feral.

IRELAND (O.S.)  
Get in. Get them out.

CARLOS  
Exactly. Don't get personal. I  
know your connection here to Reyes.

IRELAND (O.S.)  
And if Pitbull's in the room?

CARLOS  
Then you finish what I didn't in  
Bogotá.

Carlos kills the call, exhales.

SNOW\_WHT  
(V.O., FILTERED)  
Local grid shows draw spikes every  
seven minutes. He's testing failure  
conditions.

CARLOS  
Noted

SNOW\_WHT  
(V.O., FILTERED)  
Mission orders are to bring Pitbull  
in alive. Do you copy.

Carlos clicks off the communication. He sees Ireland at the  
door of LOBO NEGRO.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — COUNT ROOM — SAME

A HEAVY RAP at the front door — not a knock. A hammering.

IRELAND (O.S.)  
Reyes? You okay? Your car's  
outside!

RAMON  
Get the door.

Reyes opens. IRELAND fills the frame — 6'4", red hair, a  
storm of a man. He scans the room, his gaze clashing with  
Ramon's.

IRELAND  
(glaring)  
Reyes —let's go. We're out. Isela  
you're coming with me.

ISELA  
What party is this?

JAVIAN  
(sly)  
Mr. Leprechaun.

Ireland glances. Then focuses on Reyes and Ramon. Ramon  
stands — not fast, just decisive.

RAMON  
(flat)  
Fuck this.

BAM. A single shot. Ireland explodes backward against the  
door. Blood spatters the wood.

A mirror on the wall reflects Ireland's body slipping to the floor.

He crumples. Reyes rushes – hands on the wound, panic raw.

REYES

Buddy – stay with me. Don't go.

Ireland, slipping, manages a half-smile.

IRELAND

(breathing)

See you... over the rainbow.

He's gone. The room goes vertical with noise – a broken chord of panic.

SNOW\_WHT (O.S)

(metallic sound)

Ireland compromised.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Copy that.

RAMIRO (V.O.)

You never know when your time is up.

RAMON

(barking)

Mateo, clean up in the Men's Department.

Mateo grunts. Picks up the body. Reyes helps. Isela steps forward – composed like a queen who's watched too many men die to be surprised.

ISELA

You boys flex your muscles like  
your egos. Where has that led you?  
This room. This night.  
I can smell your fear and  
desperation. I'm walking out come  
morning.

She doesn't wait for permission. The room barely breathes. Something small – but real – shifts. She looks up at Reyes. Then at the ceiling.

ISELA (CONT'D)

He's going to burn us clean if we  
don't move.

REYES

Then we move.

EXT. LOBO NEGRO

FBI men move in silence The block is marked off.

FBI AGENT 2  
Blackhawk – what's our timeline?

CARLOS  
We stage at 0600 hours. We move to positions. At 0700 hours – Murphy, you breach the back. I go front. The rest stay comms and coordinate Snow White.

MURPHY  
Copy.

FBI AGENT 3  
We taking prisoners or... body bags?

Carlos looks at each man. No humor.

CARLOS  
Snow White wants Pitbull **\*\*alive\*\***.  
Follow my lead. No heroics.

INT. LOBO NEGRO – DINING ROOM – 4:00 A.M.

The wall clock TONES the hour.

GONG. GONG. GONG. GONG.

RAMON leans at the end of the bar now—like he's always been there. No one saw him arrive. He's just present .

RAMON  
¿Negocio o velorio?  
Business or wake?

REYES  
Depends on your manners.

Ramon smiles with no teeth.

RAMON  
Nunca tuve.  
Never had any.

MATEO 's hand inches toward his waistband. ISELA puts a finger on his wrist. Barely a touch. He stops.



A buzz like a gnat. The small drone drifts past a window outside. Ramon's gaze tracks it a centimeter. Then back to them. He knows.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
Halcón mirando.  
Hawk watching.

Eyes look at each other. Ramon as sharp as ever.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
(to Reyes)  
So the bricks will get us to \$6  
million, but I know there is more  
money elsewhere.  
He dangles the keys.

REYES  
Go to hell.

RAMON  
In time. But not before I get that  
money. How much is there?

JAVIAN  
(checking Reyes' phone)  
Try his phone. Check the account.

Ramon's eyebrow goes up. He puts his hand out for the phone. Reyes resists. Ramon cocks the gun. Reyes hands the phone over.

RAMON  
Reyes. The code.

Reyes stays silent.

JAVIAN  
(holding Ireland's ID)  
Try his birthday. Reyes hides his  
sins behind innocence.  
Try 03.17.80.

Ramon enters the code, the phone UNLOCKS. Phone in Ramon's hand. Bank info on the screen.

RAMON  
(low gravel)  
Attafuckingboy.

REYES SNAPS — lunges, knife in hand — tackles Javian.

REYES  
(stabbing, prison-style)  
You sick fuck. Christ almighty, I  
hate you!

Blood sprays. Javian collapses. Shirt torn open. Ramon's face is fractured in the reflection of the blood surrounding Javi.

A BLACKHAWK tattoo is revealed – stark across his chest, like a brand.

Ramon crouches beside him. Cold. Calm. He lifts Javian's phone. Presses his dead finger to unlock.

Screen flashes open.

RAMON  
(reading)  
Well now... what do we have here?

He holds up the phone.

\*\*CALL LOG: "BLACKHAWK"\*\*. Everyone freezes.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(cutting)  
I keep seeing Blackhawks.

He lights a cigar. Slow. Takes a sip of rum.

Javian's dead eyes stare up – the Blackhawk tattoo bared.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Mateo... Kitchen Department.  
And someone better start fucking  
talking.

Ramon grabs the neckline of his own shirt – rips it wide.

His chest: \*\*the same BLACKHAWK tattoo\*\*.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
(quiet menace)  
Anyone else?

EXT. ROOFTOP OPPOSITE – SAME

SNOW\_WHT  
(metallic)  
Agent Javian down.

CARLOS  
 (irritated)  
 Copy that.

Carlos lowers the binoculars, jaw tight. He sees Marino's cruiser pull up half a block short and park.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 (into mic) )  
 Local unit, hold position.

MARINO  
 Copy that. Holding.

INT. MARINO'S CRUISER - SAME

Marino stares at the restaurant neon reflected in his windshield. He kills his engine.

MARINO  
 Sometimes the best thing you do is  
 nothing. The city hates that.

He sips coffee. Steam ghosts the glass.

INT. LOBO NEGRO - BAR - 2:55 A.M.

Ramon lifts an empty glass, turns it slowly, listening to the hum .

RAMON  
 A las siete.  
 (\*At seven.\*)

REYES  
 A las siete.  
 (\*At seven.\*)

MATEO  
 I'm not waiting until seven.

Ramon sets the glass down.

He nods toward the kitchen .

RAMON  
 Entonces vete.  
 (Then go.)

The way he says it makes "go" sound like "die." Mateo doesn't move.

MATEO

So what's the plan, Ramon? You got me, Reyes and Isela. Two bricks, \$2M, and the code. Split it. Get the fuck out. Disappear. I'll be ghost from here on out.

No one believes him. Ramon crosses the room and shoves Mateo into a chair.

MATEO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

How much in that account for us?

RAMON

Enough to get lost.

Ramon's hand presses to Mateo's shoulder. Sweat beads on Mateo's temples.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(dead, small smile)

You keep saying "we." The word is me.

Mateo twists to get free. Ramon pushes him back with a practiced shove.

MATEO

Fine. Give me enough to get the fuck out of here.

RAMON

Mateo, you were always my favorite.

A mirror reflects this movement Ramon's face is flat. A single, quick movement – SNAP. Mateo's neck breaks. He drops like a rag.

Isela, blinks in shock and a slight gasp escapes.

Reyes's hands turn to fists of steel.

Silence. Not a sound from Reyes or Isela.

RAMON (CONT'D)

There's your share.

He nods to Reyes.

REYES

What are we doing?

RAMON  
Respect for the dead.  
Let's get these bodies in the walk-  
in before they start to  
smell.

Reyes picks up Mateo's body then drops him.

THUD.

REYES  
(hesitant)  
So... am I walking out of here?

Ramon ignores him, exhales slow.

REYES (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Ramon?

RAMON  
I heard you.

REYES  
And?

RAMON  
You know which team you're on?  
Which captain gets you out alive?

Reyes stiffens. Isela looks on.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Take off your shirt.

REYES  
What?

RAMON  
Your fucking shirt. Take it off.

Reyes obeys, shame flushing his skin. The BLACKHAWK tattoo glistens on his left pec under freezer light.

Ramon studies it—quiet, almost reverent.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Just like Javi. Enzo. You.

Mateo didn't have one.

REYES  
Isela?

RAMON  
(looks at Isela)  
Not sure.

REYES  
So what are you saying?

Ramon closes distance, arm around Reyes's neck until their foreheads press together. The freezer hum becomes thunder.

RAMON  
(low)  
Think differently.

Reyes tries to pull back. Ramon tightens the hold, finger tapping Reyes's temple.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Choose the captain who'll haul you  
out of the water, not leave you in  
with the shark.

He releases him. Silence. A faint ticking somewhere in the vents. Ramon slips his A-shirt back on, heads toward the bar door.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Choose your captain wisely. Boat or  
shark. Your call, soldier.

INT. KITCHEN - 4:20 A.M.

The door swings shut behind him. Silence again. Drip. Hum.

Tick.

Reyes drops Mateo's body. He leans on the counter. His heartbeat fills the room.

THUMP.

He blinks. THUMP. THUMP.

Muffled. Low. Like fists inside meat. He rubs his temples. Maybe it's the blood rush. Maybe it's guilt.

THUMP.

He looks toward the walk-in. The metal door quivers with the sound.

REYES  
(whispers)  
No...

He steps closer. The air grows colder, the hum deepens into a chorus.

THUMP. THUMP.

He grips the handle. Breath clouding. Opens it. The freezer light flickers.

Bodies that should be still aren't. Mouths move under frost. No breath, just sound.

JAVIAN (V.O.)  
The boat or the water, brother...

ENZO (V.O.)  
Choose the right captain.

MATEO (V.O.)  
(from the floor)  
Vegas, baby... bet 11, 6 & 5.

SALAZAR (V.O.)  
I was just trying to get out.

Their voices overlap – mechanical, half-frozen, like tape distortion. Reyes stumbles back. The green diode from the bomb winks in the reflection of the steel door – matching his heartbeat.

He slams the freezer shut. Leans against it, gasping. Reyes rubs his temples.

REYES  
Focus. Boat or the water.

He sees a lighter on the counter.

EXT. ROOFTOP OPPOSITE – 2:30 A.M.

ON SCREEN (UI ONLY):

`SNOW\_WHT.sys: DAWN CONTAINMENT WINDOW OPENS T-02:02:00`

Carlos watches the seconds eat themselves .

CARLOS  
(Spanish; a vow)  
No hoy.  
(Not today.)

SNOW\_WHT  
(metallic sound)  
Mateo dead.

CARLOS  
Copy that.

INT. LOBO NEGRO - BAR -

Ramon stands motionless. The hum still rides the air. Every bottle trembles.

RAMON  
Reyes, nice work on Javi.  
That was brutal. You just... cracked.  
Well done.

REYES  
Fuck you. I'm not waiting until  
sunrise.

RAMON (SLOW, AMUSED)  
Oh? So you've chosen a captain.

ISELA  
Ramon - give it a rest.

Ramon's patience snaps. He grabs Isela by the throat and lifts her from her stool. The room blurs into panic. Reyes reacts: a single hard right - connects. Isela drops.

For a beat Ramon's eyes do something small - narrow, amused. Ramon moves like trained muscle: spins, drop-kicks Reyes in the chest. Reyes falls. Ramon is on him immediately, pins his arms to the floor, blade at his throat.

RAMON  
Wake up, soldier. You sure you made  
the right choice?

Reyes spits in his face.

ISELA  
(quiet, deadly)  
You ever do that again, I will kill  
you.

RAMON  
(smug)  
That's what they all say. I'm still  
here calling the shots.



ISELA  
You'll tire of the water. I'll be  
on the boat watching you drown.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — 05:20 A.M.

Reyes sits at the bar. The night is weighing him. A half-empty bottle of rum sweats beside him.

In the distance — CLICK. BOOM.

A gunshot cracks the air. The bottle shatters, rum soaking Reyes's shirt; glass shards cling like glittering teeth. He freezes. A bottle rolls, spins out of frame.

RAMON (O.S.)  
(cold)  
Gotta stay sharp.

Ramon steps from the shadows; his pistol still smoking.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
The bottle was my target... this  
time.

Ramon drops a quarter in the jukebox. A slow, ironic pop track (in the spirit of "Faith") licks the room. The camera scans: faces, glass, blood. Under the bar a small green diode blinks — patient.

INT. SNOW\_WHT SYS — TERMINAL VIEW (UI ONLY)

`CAM\_KITCHEN\_05: SIGNAL LOSS.`

`BLACKHAWK\_FEED: CONFIRMED CONTACT.`

The code flickers, then resolves into a faint pulse: a heartbeat.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — OFFICE — 5:30 A.M.

RAMON  
Now go get us a drink, Escobar.

She stares. Then turns toward the kitchen.

REYES

(trying to make a deal)  
Ramon, listen... I'll do anything  
you want. Be your right hand. Your  
shadow. Wherever you go - I'll  
cover your Six.

RAMON

(turns, curious)  
You? You're my guy?

He steps in close. Reyes holds still.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Prove it.

REYES

(tenses)  
What do you mean?

Ramon says nothing. He pushes Reyes toward the wall - hard,  
but not brutal. Palms flat. Face to brick.

RAMON

(turning the screw)  
Tell me about the money.

REYES

It's some money in a bank.

RAMON

Wrong answer.

He presses in - just enough for dominance. No humiliation.  
Just threat. Power. Heat. Reyes sharp intake. Reyes trembles,  
breathing shallow. Ramon whispers in his ear. Ramon pulse  
him against the wall.

RAMON (CONT'D)

I own the night. Don't forget that.

Laughs low.

RAMON (CONT'D)

Attafuckingboy.

We stay with the ceiling fan. Audio drops. We hear only  
Reyes' breathing, ragged. Time bleeds on. Reyes slumps, shame  
crawling up his spine. Ramon walks away. Reyes pulls himself  
upright.

Isela returns. She lines up three shots. Ramon calls for  
Reyes. He pulls himself together. He declines the shot. Ramon  
gives a look. Reyes does the shot.

The room swirls slowly

EXT. ROOFTOP OPPOSITE — 6:00 A.M.

CARLOS (IN EAR COMM)  
T+60 final com checks. Murphy?

EXT. LOBO NEGRO — BACK ENTRANCE

MURPHY (INTO RADIO)  
Copy. In place. Ready on your mark.

EXT. LOBO NEGRO — FRONT

CARLOS  
Perkins? Samuels?(a glance right  
and left, 50 yards)

PERKINS & SAMUELS  
(hand up)  
Check.

CARLOS  
Get Pitbull on line now.

Carlos exhales, steady.

CARLOS (SPANISH) (CONT'D)  
Pitbull se mueve.  
(The Pitbull moves.)

INT. LOBO NEGRO — DINING ROOM — 6:05 A.M.

Lightning cuts through slats. For one frame, Ramon stands  
behind Reyes .

INT. LOBO NEGRO — BAR — DAWN

A crack of light in the window — morning coming. ISELA  
notices it, nods to REYES. He looks.

RAMON  
One hour till showtime. Reyes, you  
ready for your final scene?

REYES  
I won't die here. Carlos will save  
me.

RAMON

You're a casualty in his report. He sent Ireland to save you – how'd that work out? Thought you two were a handsome pair. Who gets the house in Spain?

REYES

If I go down—

RAMON

(soft, fatal)

It's not if, boy. It's when. You believe in God?

REYES

Shut up.

REYES (CONT'D)

(sudden plea)

Take me with you. I'll be useful.

RAMON

A snitch at my side? Fuck no.

ISELA

Ramon – don't you tire of yourself?

RAMON

Maybe when you marry me, you'll learn to love the sound of my voice.

ISELA

Now that's comforting.

They almost laugh – a warped family moment.

RAMON / REYES / ISELA (LOW)

Have at it.

EXT. LOBO NEGRO – PERIMETER – 06:30 A.M.

CARLOS (OVER RADIO)

Check in. Perimeters secured?

MURPHY O.S. / PERKINS / SAMUELS

(RAPID CHECKS)

Check. Check. Check.

CARLOS

Stay active. No civilians. Hold until my mark.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — 06:33 A.M.

ON SCREEN: [SNOW\_WHT.sys // 06:33 // Lobo Negro]

The Camera is on Ramon's eyes. They mirror the action.

BANG. Ramon shoots Reyes. A heavy, brutal shot. Blood arcs; the bullet hits the tattoo in the chest. Reyes, stunned, moans.

REYES (WEAK)  
Ramon... Ramon—

Ramon clamps a hand over Reyes' mouth and nose to hush him.

RAMON  
Shhh. Shhh.

A SNAP. Ramon breaks Reyes' neck. Reyes slumps — limp. Blood beads on the floor. Sounds of dripping, slow. Ramon closes Reyes' eyes with impossible tenderness.

REYES (GASPING, FADING)  
Stand down, soldier... you should've  
stayed in the water with me, the  
boat won't come.

SNOW\_WHT (O.S.)  
Reyes down.

MURPHY (O.S.)  
Sir?

CARLOS (O.S.)  
On my mark we move.

Ramon turns, scanning the room. No Isela.

RAMON  
(taunting, loud)  
Isela — no place to hide?

He goes to the kitchen door.

RAMON (SHOUTING) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Come out now and I'll only break  
your left arm. Wait and I'll break  
your heart.

INT. KITCHEN

He laughs, then spots the broken kitchen window and a note on the floor. He picks it up.

CAMERA READS THE

NOTE:

ISELA (IN SPANISH)  
 – Yo soy Escobar. No moriré a  
 manos de un niño.  
 (I am Escobar. I will not die at  
 the hands of a child.)

Ramon tucks the note in his pocket, smile hungry.

RAMON  
 (sinister)  
 Princess – I can't wait to dance  
 with you again.

The camera sweeps the room:

- blood-streaked floor;
- shattered bottle;
- bodies piled in the walk-in;
- Reyes tied and dead in the chair;
- a half-eaten plate of Churrasco Javian;
- the cracked kitchen window, Miami breeze slipping in;
- outside, Carlos and team assembled;
- Ramon standing center, harness on – crown in a ruined dining room.

INT. BAR 7AM

Reyes is tied to a chair. Blood still wet. The sun is coming through the windows.

The walkie-talkie squawks.

CARLOS O.S.  
 Pitbull, how many are standing?

Ramon picks up the walkie-talkie. Camera only views the hand picking up the walkie-talkie and Ramon's mouth as he speaks.

RAMON  
 Why don't you come in and see for  
 yourself.

Ramon unlocks the door. A crash is heard from the kitchen as the backdoor has been busted open.

INT. KITCHEN

FBI AGENT  
(talking on a comm)  
Blackhawk, we got bodies in the  
walk-in. Kitchen window broken from  
the inside.

Scene shows slumped bodies of: Enzo, Salazar, Meteo, Ireland and Javian.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)  
Jesus what a bloodbath.

He walk through the door into the bar.

INT. BARROOM 7:00 A.M.

SNOW\_WHT.sys // overlay:

MORAL TEST // INITIATED

Candidates: Reyes / Mateo / Isela

Control Variable: PITBULL.

Ramon Facing the door. His chest and back are bare except for an "X" of explosives on his back and chest. The front door opens. Carlos walks in.

Carlos see that Ramon is Strapped up with explosives. He nods to the FBI agent who looks at Reyes. The agent nods

"Negative, dead."

CARLOS  
Pitbull, look at you all dressed up  
for the party.

The camera slowly canvasses Ramon. Ramon smiles.

Carlos nods for the FBI agent to leave.

RAMON  
Does the FBI even know how dirty  
you are?

CARLOS  
(sly, smiling)  
Sharing family secrets? I thought  
you always had my Six?

RAMON  
(voice cracks, rage)  
My heart stops and I explode.

CARLOS  
(soft, venomous)  
Why hoard the fun? Come on. You owe  
me a dance.

Carlos moves like a shadow – swift, controlled. He tackles Ramon, drives him to the floor. His knees pin Ramon's shoulders. One hand at Ramon's throat, the other delicately lifts a panel, exposes a crude device and a web of wires.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
(surgical, strategic, into  
his comm)  
Patch me through to Snow White.  
Sweep north perimeter. One team –  
disarm on my mark. Cleaners on  
standby. Don't touch the timer  
until I say so.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
(into his ear piece, low,  
clinical)  
Snow White, I'm on the device. Read  
me.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)(FILTERED, PRECISE)  
(through the comm, steady)  
Copy. Visual confirmed. Keep  
pressure on the housing. Don't let  
the feeding circuit flex. I need a  
hard line on the casing – steady  
hands.

CARLOS  
(quiet, to Ramon)  
Don't move. Breathe slow.

RAMON  
(spitting between teeth)  
You think you can walk in here and  
humiliate me? You and your  
Blackhawks? I killed them.



SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)

Listen to me. We'll engage a controlled hold - I'll time you. When I count, you'll shift your weight one degree. Keep your palm off the timer housing. Any sudden torque and we lose synchronization.

CARLOS

(soft, a razor)

I should have killed you in Bogata.

RAMON

(laughing, bitter)

You were always weak.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)

Three breaths. One... two... steady... on three, ease the panel by a quarter turn. Do not-do not pry. Maintain eyes on the trigger carrier. If you see movement, freeze and hold position.

Carlos nods into the comm. His fingers move, calm, like a surgeon's. Ramon fights under him, grunting, cursing.

RAMON

(hoarse, furious)

You think your badges mean anything here? You don't know how deep it goes. You don't know who I am.

CARLOS

(quiet, unblinking)

I know enough. I know what you fear.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)

Hold for my mark... now. Hold... hold... good. Begin the sequence recovery. I have eyes on telemetry; we're at ten percent drift - slow and even. Don't improvise.

Ramon claws, finally wrenching free a shout. Carlos clamps him harder to silence it, his jaw white. The room narrows to the comm, the breath, the ticking that we hear but never amplify.

CARLOS

(only to Ramon)

You'll remember the last face you saw.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
Two... one... mark. Stabilize. I have  
eyes. Begin the neutral pulse.  
Don't let go until you hear me say  
"clear."

Carlos exhales. For a suspended second the restaurant holds  
its breath — then the comm crackles: "Clear."

INT. LOBO NEGRO — DAWN

Carlos eases back. A small device sits dark in Carlos's hand.

CARLOS  
All clear?

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
You're clear. We need him in  
Bogotá. Cut the red wire—

Carlos snaps the com off. He smiles a cold, private smile.

CARLOS  
Now it's just you and me.  
I only fly solo.

He draws the gun — calm, deliberate. Ramon doesn't flinch.  
Doesn't blink. Only that faint, maddening smile.

RAMON  
(soft)  
We would've made a great couple.

CARLOS  
Doubtful.

RAMON  
(smiling faintly)  
And I always plan for my own death.  
(beat)  
I get one last request, right?

CARLOS  
Time's running out.

RAMON  
Tell SNOW\_WHT I'm coming.  
Soon I'll be the one calling the  
shots.

WIDER — A wall mirror behind the bar frames them both,  
reflections slightly \*out of sync\*, as if time stutters.

CARLOS raises the gun.

RAMON's reflection grins a split-second \*before\* he does.

BOOM.

The mirror blossoms in slow motion – blood, smoke, and glass fractals exploding across both men.

RAMON folds, eyes open, still smiling. Blood arcs, hits the mirror, the image shatters into static.

[GLITCH: SNOW\_WHT.sys // ALERT: CONNECTION LOST]

The walkie POPS – faint static, then a synthetic voice:

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
(filtered, flat)  
Pitbull neutralized. Mission  
aborted.

Carlos doesn't answer. He kneels beside Ramon's still-warm body... stares. Then looks around.

The keys. The money. The bricks.

All his. All too easy.

He gets up. He doesn't see... The faint blinking light...

Under the bar. Green. Armed.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
Carlos? Carlos?

He raises the walkie.

CARLOS  
(quiet)  
Target neutralized. Operation  
complete.

He moves like a man who's fixed the world. He goes to the bodies. Checks pockets. Pulls cash, drugs. Two bricks. Two sets of keys. Reyes's phone. He rifles it – types a code, scoffs.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
03.17.80. You sad prick.

He drops the phone into his pocket. He straightens – the bar is a wreck. Bodies, blood, smoke.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — CONTINUOUS

He steps back into the dining room. Something is off. Blood on the floor, but no Ramon. A dark smear of blood runs along the tile... leading to the base of the grandfather clock.

The small service hatch beneath it hangs ajar. A crimson handprint marks the edge. A side door clicks shut. Somewhere in the bar:

**\*\*CLICK.\*\***

Carlos freezes.

Another **\*\*click\*\*** echoes — closer. Mechanical. Hollow. The clock ticks.

TICK.

One slow mechanical click. Carlos freezes.

TICK. TICK.

He spins. No one there.

TICK. TICK. TICK.

Carlos bolts for the front door.

EXT. LOBO NEGRO — CONTINUOUS

BOOM —

A controlled detonation rips through the building. Glass. Timber. Smoke. The bar implodes, folding into itself — a hungry roar swallowed by silence.

EXT. BACK ALLEY — MOMENTS LATER

Ash drifts through the air like snow. ISELA, soot-streaked but unshaken, emerges from the haze. She checks her phone — screen cracked, still glowing. She types fast:

ISELA (TEXTING)  
Target neutralized. Site  
compromised.

A reply flashes back almost instantly:

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.) (INCOMING TEXT)  
Tactical withdrawal complete. LOBO  
vaporized. Rendezvous HQ - Miramar.  
ASAP.

Isela exhales, pockets the phone. Her eyes lift toward the rising plume, the window she made for herself. She turns and disappears into the smoke.

EXT. SIDE STREET -

MARINO'S cruiser idles, engine off. He watches Ramon slide off into the morning heat.

MARINO (V.O.)  
Sometimes the sinners take the long  
way home. Sometimes they make it.

He doesn't intervene. The street swallows the men.

MARINO  
(on intercom)  
Control. Marino here. Lobo Negro  
Consumed. Need fire and rescue  
ASAP.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Ash settles. Locals cough, point. Sirens drone in the distance. Carlos stumbles free of the smoke, soot streaking his face. His ears RING - the world muffled.

FBI AGENT  
(grabbing him)  
Are you okay?

Carlos blinks.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

CARLOS  
(soft, lethal)  
Blackhawk.

He walks to a waiting BLACK LINCOLN - briefcase in hand. An AGENT slides in beside him.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
Confirm retrieval of Box 1165 and  
data assets.

CARLOS  
(beat)  
Negative. Bar's gone. So am I.

He crushes the walkie underfoot – static fades.

FBI AGENT  
Where to, boss?

CARLOS  
MIA. Then the Caymans.

FBI AGENT  
(uneasy)  
Snow White? Bogotá?

CARLOS  
(raises a brow)  
What about it?

He folds a \$500 and pushes it across.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
(cold)  
To help you forget. If anything  
comes back—you won't see me coming.

The Lincoln pulls away. From the smoking ruin, a single,  
bloody boot print leads into an alley.

A grandfather clock, cracked but upright, shows: 7:00. The  
second hand makes one last tick.

INT. AIRPORT – SECURITY / CONCOURSE – 7:46 A.M.

Everything is ritual: belt off, shoes in bin, palms open. A  
man pretending to be ordinary. He re-laces slowly. His phone  
vibrates face-down; he lets it.

A PA chime. The guitar line sneaks in under the airport  
hum—soft, unresolved. He walks toward the gate.

Green text scrolls across the screen:

> [SNOW\_WHT.sys rebooting...]

> [DATA RECONSTRUCTION: 89% COMPLETE]

> [NEW TARGET: A\_ESCOBAR]

A single mechanical \*click.\*

Recording light: \*\*ON.\*\*

SMASH TO BLACK.

EXT. LOBO NEGRO — 8:55 A.M. — SAME DAY

Yellow CRIME SCENE TAPE flaps in the humid breeze. Marino stands guard, bored, sipping gas station coffee. Smoke still rising.

RICCARDO (20s) — fresh LOBO NEGRO polo, hair perfect, arms full of brunch trays — strides up like this is just another Sunday shift.

RICCARDO  
(like a robot)  
Brunch shift. Vanega party.  
Venezuela. They flew in last night.  
Expecting fireworks — and flan.

Marino looks and no expression. Sighs.

MARINO  
Sorry, kid. Place is taped.  
Whole thing was a bloodbath.  
Explosion this morning.

RICCARDO  
(sighs, dramatic)  
Javi always said I'd have to do a  
handstand to impress the Venegas.

He sets the tray in the Marino's arms.

RICCARDO (CONT'D)  
Don't drop the piña.

Riccardo steps back. Breathes deep. Then — boom — kicks into a perfect handstand. Legs crisp. Body locked. He holds it.

RICCARDO (INVERTED) (CONT'D)  
Tell the Vanega's their table's  
set. Just needs a little bleach.

He drops down. Takes back the tray. Nods. Walks off down the street.

The Marino watches him go, stunned.

MARINO  
(to no one)  
Fucking Venezuelans.

INT. MIA — BOARDING GATE D42 — 7:58 A.M.

Boarding commotion. People become luggage. The guitar riff reaches for the heartbeat and finds it. CARLOS stands at the window looking at the wing. Heat haze makes the tarmac breathe.

He palms a key in his pocket: 1165 etched tiny.

At the counter, a flight attendant: "Flight 221 to Grand Cayman—final boarding."

Carlos doesn't turn. He watches a plane lift into the sun until it disappears. Then he steps into the line.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI — SIDE STREET — 9:00 A.M.

MARINO watches coroners wheel a second gurney past. A sheet lifts at a corner: a Blackhawk tattoo winks in the sun, then vanishes.

MARINO (V.O.)  
Names turn into rumors. Rumors turn  
into weather.

He writes nothing in his pad. Closes it.

INT. FBI — BENJAMIN P. GROGAN FEDERAL BUILDING — MIRAMAR, FL

— 9:15 A.M.

WIDE — post-op debrief room. The space hums with soft mechanical breath. At the far end, a translucent digital wall glows with shifting data streams.

No human figure — only the projected outline of a woman formed by code and light.

ISELA sits across from it — immaculate, restrained.

ONSCREEN — rotating case files: REYES (Deceased), RAMON  
(Missing), JAVIAN, MATEO, IRELAND, SALAZAR.



A VOICE filters through the room – layered tones, synthetic female.

Text pulses across the glass:

[SNOW\_WHT.sys active...]

[COG-UNIT ONLINE.]

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
 (quiet, clinical)  
 One missing.  
 The PITBULL file flickers open. A  
 red warning tag:  
 "REACTIVATED."

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
 The file just reopened.  
 If Carlos doesn't bring him in –  
 I'll bury them both.

ISELA  
 (calm)  
 He'll come back.  
 The box was just the bait. Carlos  
 wants the monster. I want his head.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
 (flat, processing)  
 We all do.

New directive initialized –  
 Operation: HOLLYWOOD.

ISELA  
 Wait, I'm not following Pitbull?

From the digital wall, a \*\*mechanical armature\*\* slides out a thin dossier – paper in a paperless world. ISELA catches it mid-air.

She opens it: headshots of ALEX VEGA, FERNANDO VEGA,  
 title card – "DEUCE'S WILD."

A glossy insert: SHANTALL LYONNE – French Investor.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
 Query: fluency – French.

ISELA  
 (perfect French)  
 J'ai besoin d'un projet dans lequel  
 (MORE)

ISELA (CONT'D)  
 je peux investir, j'aime le film  
 noir.  
 (I need a project I can  
 invest in. I like film  
 noir.)

The wall brightens; code lines cascade.

ONSCREEN – text scrolls: [SNOW\_WHT.sys expansion protocol.  
 LOBO PROJECT: CONCLUDED.]

ISELA glances up. The reflection of the code scrolls across  
 her eyes – the machine's voice now almost whispering in  
 binary.

SNOW\_WHT (V.O.)  
 (fluctuating)  
 Good hunting, Agent Escobar.

A final flicker – the words: [SNOW\_WHT.sys standby...] pulse  
 once and fade.

FADE OUT.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN – ARRIVALS – LATE MORNING (SUN-BLEACHED)

Heat like a blessing you didn't ask for. Palm fronds tick the  
 sky. The light is so bright the edges soften.

Carlos steps into it. His sunglasses reflect blue that isn't  
 the ocean yet.

He doesn't hurry. He doesn't stop.

INT. GRAND CAYMAN – PRIVATE BANK – LOBBY – CONTINUOUS

Quiet carpet. A smile that doesn't reach eyes behind the  
 counter.

BANKER  
 Good afternoon.

CARLOS  
 Box eleven sixty-five.

BANKER  
 Of course, sir. May I see your key?

He produces it. The banker's hands are gentle, practiced. A  
 signature pad slides. A ledger flips. Ink doesn't smudge in  
 this light.

BANKER (CONT'D)  
Right this way.

They disappear into a corridor where sound doesn't know how to echo.

EXT. DEEP WATER — NIGHT — BLACK SUV ON THE CAUSEWAY

ON SCREEN: CAYMAN ISLANDS

CARLOS, coat off, tie loose, smokes alone by the sea. He stares out at the skyline. On his phone:

TEXT INCOMING: Miss me?

He dials.

CARLOS  
(pure venom)  
Ramon, how are you not dead?

RAMON  
Carlos. Remind me—why did I ever let you live? You can't swim fast enough from this shark. Isn't it time you stand down?

Carlos walks into the night.

Behind him, a light blinks CCTV: ACTIVE — the cameras still watching.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
New game, boss.

Carlos closes his eyes. The guitar riff drops to a single string. The heartbeat doesn't return.

CARLOS  
Where are you?

RAMON (V.O.)  
Close enough to wave.

A tourist laughs in the background. A gull complains. Life refuses to be thematic. Carlos looks around trying to spot Ramon.

CARLOS  
It doesn't end.

RAMON (V.O.)  
It never did. I got your Six.

FADE OUT.

Cut to: BLACK SCREEN.

EXT. LOBO NEGRO — 11 A.M.

A Marino in a sweat-stained uniform leans on his squad car, watching smoke curl from the ruins. Coffee cup. Unlit cigarette behind his ear. His eyes say he's seen everything.

Two LOCALS amble up the street toward the burned-out shell of LOBO NEGRO. He stands guard, coffee in hand, bored, smoke curling from the wreckage.

MARINO  
Whoa, hold up.

MALE LOCAL  
Come on, man — we just want a drink  
at our favorite place, Gato Blanco.

Marino looks at the burnt sign LOBO NEGRO, Eyebrow goes up.

FEMALE LOCAL  
Yeah — the place just blows your  
mind.

They move closer, squinting through the caution tape.

MARINO  
Look around, genius. Place already  
did.

FEMALE LOCAL  
Well, good riddance. I thought they  
were—

MALE LOCAL  
Pretentious.

MARINO  
Ain't that Miami.

He gives them a tired move-along look.

A black 2025 Bentley Bentayga glides to the curb — plate  
reads VANEGA.

MARINO (CONT'D)  
Will this day never end?

Eight couture-clad guests step out. Head to go into Lobo Negro.

MARINO (CONT'D)  
Hold on. Esperar. Esperar.

MR. VANEGA  
Hazte a un lado, tenemos una fiesta privada.  
(Step aside we have a private party)

Marino looks at the burned-out bar – no door, no roof – then back at them.

MARINO  
Yeah, knock yourselves out.

They look. Shrug and get back in the car. They pull away.

MARINO (CONT'D)  
(sighs)  
Fucking Vanega's.

ON SCREEN: Correction Protocol: VANEGA Background

He takes one last drag, flicks the cigarette into the gutter. It hisses out – smoke rising in lazy curls. The street goes still.

ON SCREEN – a ghostly line of code flickers to life:

[SNOW\_WHT.sys rebooting...]

[New target: A\_ESC0BAR]

The reflection of the code glows in the Cop's sunglasses, as if someone else is now watching \*him.\*

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS SIGN

Isela stepping out of a limo in a couture outfit. "Deuce's Wild" on Backlot movie set.

SNOW\_WHT.sys: Human pattern undetermined. YOU SET THE ROOM.

**THE END.**