

HAVE AT IT

Written by

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INT. FBI INTERNATIONAL SECURITY - LOCATION UNKNOWN

A bank of computers processing.

SNOW WHT
(distorted, Metallic)
Operation LOBO NEGRO in motion.
Objective: Contain Pitbull. Secure
1165.

Sections are labeled:

-SNOW WHT

-4TUNE COOKIE (Social Scrape)

-DRK 9GHT (dark web)

A printer whirs into copies.

POV: Front Page: OPERATION LOBO NEGRO

A man in a dark suit picks up the copy. Only hands and
midsection visible.

CARLOS
(groans, low)
Colombia all over again.

FADE IN:

BLACK. A distant siren threads the night.

It blends with a heartbeat.

A guitar riff slides in - Miami noir. Gunshots in the
distance. Sirens faint. Waves.

ON BLACK - SILENCE HUMS - THE SNOW_WHT FEED GLITCHES, NEW
TIMESTAMP LOADS.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI STREET - NIGHT (PRE-TITLE)

Miami beach waves lap in. A patrol cruiser idles beneath a
flickering streetlight. Heat haze rises off asphalt.

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

He coughs – dry, smoker's cough. Pulls a small inhaler, shakes it, doesn't use it.

Just looks at it.

MARINO (V.O.)
This city don't kill you quick. It
just forgets you slow.

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. But hell, who wants clean
streets if you can't see the dirt.

Me? I just watch. That's the job.
And tonight the city's got a pulse
of its own – someone's about to
flatline.

A black Bentley slides past. Chrome catches light. License
Plate: VANEGA.

Reflections multiply in Marino's mirrored shades.

He clocks the door of LOBO NEGRO. A breath, a hum – like the
city warning him.

He lowers his shades – a flicker crawls across the mirrored
lens, a digital ghost-image of scrolling code: SNOW_WHT.sys –
then gone.

Just heat shimmer, maybe. Or something looking back.

Sound of fingers texting.

CUT TO BLACK – TITLE CARD: HAVE AT IT.

EXT. MIAMI - DAY (PRESENT)

SILENCE hums - the SNOW_WHT feed glitches, new timestamp loads.

11 A.M.

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.

The 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.

SFX — A single-character flicker beeps.

He drags, tosses the butt. Looks up and down the street.

His walkie crackles.

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

He exhales.

MARINO
They're always checkin' on you.

MIAMI PD (RADIO)
(static) Officer Marino—

MARINO
NSTR.

A gust of heat rolls through. Smoke curls... turns blinding white.

He lights another cigarette, 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

MARINO (CONT'D)
(calling out)
You talkin' to me?

No reaction. MARINO 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 MARINO's mirrored lenses show only his own puzzled face. He shrugs. The reflection in his sunglasses melts into flame.

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

Gunshots heard. Marino flips on the cruiser lights and heads in the direction of the sound.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MEDELLÍN - PRE-DAWN (YEARS AGO)

ON SCREEN: [SNOW_WHT.sys // 02:21 A.M. 2021 Medellin]

Gun shots sound like rain in the distance.

Smoke and gunfire through rain. A young RAMON drags his bleeding partner BOZA into an alley.

BOZA
You still think Carlos sends
angels?

RAMON
I think he sends men who don't
flinch.

Boza grabs his wrist.

BOZA
Don't let him make you stone
inside.

Ramon looks away. Raises the gun. A single shot. Silence.

RAMON (V.O.)
(lethal)
You sold me out. A man without
orders only has one left – revenge.

Gun still warm. He looks down – a child's shoe half-buried in
the mud.

RAMON (V.O.)
There's always a kid's shoe in the
room. You died because I saw
weakness.

A guitar string vibrates – the heartbeat returns.

Shouts heard and it blurs into white noise.

MATCH CUT TO: a sun-bleached Miami skyline.

INT. PRIVATE JET – DAY

White noise bleeds into jet engine roaring.

On screen: [SNOW_WHT.sys // 16:38 P.M. Bogata 09.24.25]

CARLOS and IRELAND face each other over a Folder stamped
CAYMAN ACCOUNT – \$6 M TRANSFER PENDING / FEDERAL EVIDENCE
#1165.

IRELAND
You think they'll show?

CARLOS
They'll show. Greed always lands on
time.

IRELAND
What about the Pitbull?

CARLOS
(checks watch)
Off the leash by now. If he bites
the wrong throat, we all bleed.

IRELAND
You trained him too well. Just like
me.

CARLOS
I trained him to survive. Not to
forgive. And that's my sin, not
his.

He turns to the window – reflection split: half badge, half scar.

CARLOS (INTO MIC) (CONT'D)
 Murphy. Keep all cameras hot.
 Reyes walks in first, you record everything.
 Blackhawk out.

Heartbeat builds.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
 Pitbull and I, two sides of the same coin.

Carlos rubs his temple. He pops two pills. Chews. Swallows.
 Heartbeat pounding, volume increase.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS – BRIEFING ROOM – NIGHT

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)
 Exactly. 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.

ON SCREEN: MEDELLÍN, COLOMBIA – SAFE HOUSE – DUSK

ON SCREEN: 4 years ago

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.

ON THE TABLE: a phone, mid-call. The voice of COMMANDER Snow White is clinical through the speaker.

[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)
You go in and don't come out until there's blood. You are like a Pitbull.

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.

RAMON
(low, to Carlos)
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.

On Screen: [SNOW_WHT.sys // 01:11 A.M.]

ENZO
He was there, I swear it. Ramon.
Same eyes. Same walk.
You said he was gone - then what
the hell did I see?

Static. A female voice (ISELA?) faint on the line. Enzo turns. Sees RAMON in the red neon glow. Unmoving. Predator and prey share a look.

Cut to black.

A single pluck of guitar string.

FADE IN:

INT. LOBO NEGRO

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

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.

CARLOS (TYPING)
Send photos. Watch for departure.
Do not engage. Highly dangerous.

He hits send.

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

Carlos exhales — half groan, half curse.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Fucking Colombia all over again.

He types another message.

CARLOS (TEXTING) (CONT'D)
Good work. Stand down. Report in
2300 hours.

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

CARLOS (QUIET) (CONT'D)
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 at 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.

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.

Show the number 1165 distorted in a chrome wall – becomes unreadable.

Blood seeps toward a puddle. The number distorts in reflection, rippling reflection turns dark – smoke swirling in water.

As it clears, the surface becomes the polished black marble of LOBO NEGRO's bar.

CUT TO BLACK.

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 VANEGA car rolls past slow.

-And down the alley, half lit by red, RAMON walks. Calm. Predator-still.

MARINO (V.O.)
Same faces. Same sins.
One day I'll write a book – call it
Pit Bull 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 - CONTINUOUS

Door swings. MATEO(35) fills the frame - chain wallet flashing, swagger born of bad choices. 6'2" a swagger as big as Vegas. He plucks a \$20 from the till, lights a cigarette, pours himself a bourbon.

JAVIAN

(sly)

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

Mateo looks, disregards.

MATEO

(grinning)

Coffee, Isela.

A look from him ends it. She moves to the machine.

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

(steam hisses; she sets
the demitasse)

Focus, boys.

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

Don't forget who's Papi Chulo in this room.

JAVIAN

Only till the check clears.

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)

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.

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 pit bull muzzled.

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

Another buzz. A filtered voice comes through a separate ear.

ON SCREEN — SNOW_WHT.sys (UI TEXT):

~BLACKHAWK: REPORT. CODE 1165 TRIPWIRE PING.~

CARLOS
(to himself)
We all make mistakes.

He pockets the phone. Keeps moving.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. BUGATTI LA VOITURE NOIRE — MOVING — NIGHT

ON SCREEN: [SNOW_WHT.sys // 23:35 // Little Havana, Miami]

Thick, muscled arms on the wheel. Red hair. A Marine tattoo:

"SEMPER FI."

This is IRELAND (40s). Silent. Focused.

Beside him, another arm — darker-skinned, knotted veins.
REYES.

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 on
the way.
(beat)
I don't like the feel of any of
this.

REYES
(teasing)
We'll be gone before Blackhawk
lands. Come on – you know I only
got eyes for you.

IRELAND
Yeah. And a libido for half the men
in Miami. Why are you going back
in? We have the money.

REYES
(growls)
Oh, is my baby jealous? I love when
you get territorial.
(beat)
And yes, we have the money – but I
want all of it.
Another six million in bricks.

IRELAND
(short, direct)
You're getting greedy.

REYES
Fuck that. I am greedy.
And I want Mateo to know it – I'm
the one who gets everything. Not
him.

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)
Drop me here. I'll walk the rest.

Clear my head.

Reyes gets out. 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.

INT. LOBO NEGRO - BAR - NIGHT

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 he's here for you,

Mateo?

MATEO

Fuck. What did I do to Reyes that
he didn't deserve? He used me. I
used him.

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.

Silence. Doors CLICK.

A silhouette in the frame.

REYES(40) slides in like silk. White tank. Muscles ripple
like a caged fighter. Sunglasses at 11:30 p.m.

The air changes. People pretend it doesn't.

Reyes smirks and helps Mateo up with a one-handed pull.

MATEO (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)
Knew you'd be back.

Reyes takes Mateo's plate, sniffs, eats.

REYES

(to Javian; warm, pointed;
Spanish)
Todavía haces este churrasco como
te enseñó mi mamá. Excelente.
(You still make this churrasco like
my mother taught you. Excellent.)

He eats, eyes never leaving Mateo.

MATEO

Still stealing what's mine?

REYES

Just taking what you can't hold.

Beat. He looks at Isela as if she never stopped watching him. She didn't.

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.

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
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
Not my fault Reyes woke up and saw
the light.

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. 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?

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
 Two halves, one serpent.
 (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.

REYES

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

ON SCREEN: [SNOW_WHT.sys // 01:20 // Lobo Negro]

A gloved hand opens a panel. Flick. A tiny LED goes from red → green.

Another charge slides under a prep table.

A final pack at the side door . Click. Lock.

The figure slips out the back - RAMON. Calm. Focused.
Blackhawk ink in the glow.

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.

The door creaks.

The room still.

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 - SERVICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT (1:40 A.M.)

Dark. Narrow. Hiss of refrigeration.

RAMON slides along the wall. A ghost in black. Calm breath.

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

A prep cook (19) appears with a bus tub.

Sees the tattoo flash. Freezes.

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

RAMON
(soft)
Silencio.

The kid nods. Ramon eases the tub from his hands, sets it down. The kid takes out his cell phone. Starts to dial.

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

The kid hits dial.

ON THE PHONE
911 what's your/

Stealth-like. Ramon takes the phone and snaps it in two.

With ease he has the kid in a choke hold. The kid is gasping.

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

Snap. His neck breaks.

Ramon scans the area. Dumpster just outside. Without any thought he pulls the kids wallet, pockets it and tosses him in the dumpster.

Ramon continues.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — DRY STORAGE — CONTINUOUS

Shelves. Flour. Oil.

Ramon kneels, tapes a charge behind stacked oil tins. LED dark. He pulls a remote. A slider.

ARMED lights, but LED stays dark.

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

He pockets the remote.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — BACK HALL — CONTINUOUS

A bouncer, (SALAZAR, 30s) blocks the way. Mountain with a neck tattoo.

SALAZAR
Private.

Ramon smiles like a priest.

RAMON
Abre la puerta o me abres el
cuello.
Open the door or open my neck.

Salazar squares. Ramon studies his stance. Weight on heels.

Then—

Two moves. A thumb to the carotid. Elbow. Salazar wilts, gasping.

Ramon catches him, lowers him silent.

A quick zip-tie around the mouth. Hands tucked.

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

Ramon pats Salazar's cheek — almost fond — then walks away. Leave him. Let him scream later.

Sound: heartbeat low, then muffled as the zip-tie tightens. The grandfather clock GONGS faintly in the distance. No overcut; keep it intimate.

The camera lingers a beat on Salazar's eyes — fading — then pulls up to Ramon's boot.

He steps over.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — BAR — SAME

REYES and MATEO in a low boil. ISELA listening like a blade.

The air changes.

A draft moves the napkins.

A predator has entered the tank.

MATEO
(itchy)
Did you feel that?

REYES
I felt you losing.

ISELA clocks the mirror behind the bar: a shape passes in the reflection—gone.

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

The ink on his neck shows when he tilts his head — a wing and a cross, prayer and threat.

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.

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

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

Ramon motions for the gun. Javian 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). No one dies on-screen. Threat. keeps ambiguity.

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

Mateo move to get up.

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

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. A shadow swallowing itself.

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.

MATEO (O.S.)
(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.

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

He shoves Enzo forward, dragging him inside.

INT. LOBO NEGRO — BAR — CONTINUOUS

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—

Enzo is tossed onto the floor.

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

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

ENZO (CONT'D)
(into the walkie)
Blackhawk. Pitbull in the room.

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

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

ENZO (CONT'D)
Shit, man. You don't scare me.

Ramon takes the phone, scrolls. He shakes his head slow, thoughtful.

RAMON
(soft)
What's your name, kid?

ENZO
Fuck you.

Mateo whacks Enzo across the face. Enzo crumples. 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 grabs Enzo's phone. He grabs Enzo's finger to unlock
the phone.

LOCK SCREEN: PHOTOS SENT — 3:02 A.M. — "LOBO_FEED_03.02." He
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)
Plane's down. 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.

Enzo's phone slides from his fingers, the screen alive with
camera thumbnails. Ramon swipes, taps Last Call.

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 (CONT'D)
(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.

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.

Beat – 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.

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

Reyes reads the room like a general before fog.

REYES
We move the keys now.

MATEO
We move when *I* say.

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. Tie 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.

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.

REYES
 We aren't ready.

ISELA
 We will be.

RAMON
 I say if and when we go.

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

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.

MATEO

What was that?

ISELA

Music.

She pockets her phone.

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. A message.

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.

RAMON

(bored, amused)

Yeah, yeah. You want it, you want it. (Spanish – soft, filthy)

Acuérdate que no tengo alma. La 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 another rail. 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 moves behind the bar, opens a hidden panel under the rail. Stainless safe box inside.

She palms a thumb drive the size of a thumbnail. No one sees.

REYES

What did you just take?

ISELA

Insurance.

MATEO

For who?

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.

(beat)

(MORE)

ISELA (CONT'D)

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

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?

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.

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.

IRELAND (O.S.)
And I know your past. Frisco,
we've all heard that story. 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.

MATEO (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.

(MORE)

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

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.

EXT. LOBO NEGRO — SAME

Agents move about in silence.

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.

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

RAMON
(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.

Only the wind answers.

INT. MARINO'S CRUISER — SAME

Marino stares at the restaurant neon reflected in his windshield.

He kills his engine. Listens to the city's heartbeat instead.

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. You're not part of the "we."

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 – pulse matching his heartbeat.

He slams the freezer shut. Leans against it, gasping.

Mateo didn't move. 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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
Now go get us a drink, Escobar.

She stares. Then turns toward the kitchen.

RAMON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

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
What so it's some money in a bank.

RAMON
Wrong answer.

He presses in – just enough for dominance. No humiliation.
Just threat. Power. Heat.

Reyes trembles, breathing shallow. Ramon whispers in his ear.

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? (a glance right, 50 yards)

PERKINS (hand up) – Check.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Samuels? (left, 50 yards)

SAMUELS (hand up) – Check.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Get Pitbull on line now.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Confirm status.

Carlos exhales, steady.

CARLOS (Spanish)

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.

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

He goes to the broken 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; the broken bathroom door;
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. Throat slashed. 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
bust open.

INT. KITCHEN

FBI AGENT
(talking on a comm)
Blackhawk, we got bodies in the
(MORE)

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)
walk-in. Kitchen window broken
from the inside.

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

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

He walk through the door into the bar.

INT. BARROOM 7:00 A.M.

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)
Look at you sharing family secrets.

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
 (MORE)

SNOW_WHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
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.

RAMON
(low, a vow)
Wait till I tell them how dirty you
really are.

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. He crushes the comm in his ear.

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.

He takes one last look at Ramon's chest – then turns away, satisfied. Carlos double-checks trophies into a briefcase: cash, bricks, keys.

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.

Isla 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 Reyes half-
carry Mateo toward a side door, hunched against the rain.

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
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.

EXT. TARMAC / RUNWAY — 8:05 A.M.

Wheels up. The city shrinks like a lie told last night.

MUSIC: heartbeat + guitar riff —slow, elegiac. The heartbeat spaces out; the guitar sustains.

Clouds take the window. Light goes white.

INT. AIRPLANE — MID-CABIN — 8:12 A.M.

Carlos sits alone. No drink. No tray. Hands folded as if in prayer he doesn't believe in.

He studies his palms. The camera lingers. Alive lines, tired lines.

He closes his fists. Opens them again.

A seatbelt chime . No turbulence.

He breathes. The music keeps its distance.

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
 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.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN – COAST ROAD – LATE MORNING

A taxi hums past dive shops and postcards.

Inside, Carlos's hand holds steady around 1165 . Nerves live elsewhere.

The sea flashes between buildings–silver and unbothered.

The heartbeat is a memory now; the guitar holds a note that decides not to resolve.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN – BANK DISTRICT – NOON

White stone steps. Brass doors. Air conditioning sighs as the vestibule opens.

Carlos pauses at the threshold. Looks up. For a second, he looks like a man who could choose differently.

He goes in.

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 think the Caymans will save you? That SUV won't outrun what's coming. 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.

FADE OUT.

Cut to: BLACK SCREEN.

RAMON (V.O.)
Never send a hunter to catch a
monster.

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.

COP
Whoa, hold up.

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

FEMALE LOCAL
Yeah – the place just blows your
mind.

Marino turns slowly, De Niro-style, eyebrows raised.

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.

MALE LOCAL
You got any money? We're a little
thirsty.

The cop brushes them off. They shuffle away.

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

MARINO
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.

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

The street goes still.

A faint electronic WHINE builds under the soundscape.

CLOSE ON – the patrol car's dashcam.

Its red light BLINKS back on by itself.

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

[SNOW_WHT.sys rebooting...]

[New target: A_ESCOBAR]

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

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. MIAMI — LITTLE HAVANA BUS STOP — 14:00 P.M.

ISELA sits two rows back on a city bus, jacket folded on her lap, hair damp from the night.

Outside the window: laundromats waking, a woman hosing a sidewalk, a boy practicing soccer touches against a wall.

Her phone rests face-down on her thigh. A text appears and fades without her touching it:

ON SCREEN — SNOW_WHT.sys:

`PROCEED TO HUB: ESCOBAR // HOLLYWOOD STG 1 - 09:30`

She watches the city move backward. She doesn't smile. She's past that.

EXT. MIAMI — GOVERNMENT COMPLEX / REAR ENTRANCE — 12:10 P.M.

A security door unlatches with a clack.

ISELA steps through, past the magnetometer no one bothers to look at her for.

Inside: a hallway painted the color of government. Fluorescent lights with nowhere to be.

She passes a glassed-in room where two techs eat at their desks, laughing at nothing. The laugh dies when she walks by.

A plain door ahead reads: H O L L Y W O O D in label-maker tape, one letter crooked.

She straightens it with a fingertip.

Goes in.

INT. HOLLYWOOD — COMMAND ROOM — CONTINUOUS

A half-circle of dark monitors. One white desk lamp. No chairs with arms—you don't get comfortable here.

Isela sets a sealed envelope on the central console. Her phone sits beside it, face-down.

She doesn't open anything yet. She stands and listens.

The room sounds like a held breath.

ON SCREEN — SNOW_WHT.sys (UI):

`AGENT ESCOBAR: STG 1 ACKNOWLEDGED`

`UPLOAD WINDOW: 00:10`

`SYNC MANIFESTS?`

Isela looks at the envelope. She looks at her hands.

She doesn't touch either.

ISELA

(like a prayer she wrote)
Run it when I say. Not when you want.

The UI doesn't answer. The silence feels like respect.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN — PRIVATE BANK — VAULT CORRIDOR — SAME (SUN-BLEACHED COOL)

Carlos follows the banker down a corridor that thinks it has no history.

A vault opens with choreography: one key, two codes, a weight shift that is almost a bow.

BANKER

Take your time, sir.

He retreats. The door whispers shut.

Carlos stands in the hush.

He slides 1165 into the small lock.

Turns.

INT. GRAND CAYMAN — PRIVATE VAULT BOX — CONTINUOUS

Objects inside:

- A bundle of bearer bonds , clean and unreal.
- The picture of a younger Carlos and Ramon, black ops.
- A black drive in a transparent sleeve, labeled by a hand that didn't like writing: SW // MANIFESTS

Carlos doesn't touch the bonds.

He picks up the sleeve like it could bite. He holds it to the light. Something oily moves in it—just a fingerprint he pretends isn't his.

He pockets the drive. He leaves the bonds where they can keep pretending to be money.

He closes the box.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN — COAST — AFTERNOON

Carlos stands alone where turquoise pretends to be infinite.

The drive sits in his palm.

The sun turns his face into something softer than he deserves.

His phone buzzes. Unknown number.

He answers without hello.

A voice, low and unhurried, with a smile in the wrong place:

RAMON (V.O.)
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
It doesn't end.

RAMON (V.O.)
It never did.

CARLOS
You killed Reyes.

Silence. Then:

RAMON (V.O.)
Two things I hate: Snitches and
stains.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN — COAST — SUNSET

The sea turns copper then bruised purple.

CARLOS walks the high-water line with his shoes in one hand, the drive in the other. The light makes him look almost forgiven.

He stops at a trash can. Opens it. Holds the drive above the mouth.

Leaves it there. Doesn't let go.

A wave runs up his ankles. The guitar riff returns, one string, patient.

He pockets the drive.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN — POST OFFICE — LATE NIGHT

Deserted. Moths around a sodium lamp. Carlos drops the sealed envelope into a night mail slot. It isn't addressed. The bin swallows it anyway. He keeps the original drive.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN — DOCK — LATER

The water is black glass. A small boat tics against a cleat.

Carlos leans on a piling, alone. The heartbeat is a far drum down the beach.

A phone vibrates in his pocket— Unknown .

He answers.

RAMON (V.O.)
You kept it.

CARLOS
So did you.

A light flares at the far end of the dock—just a match, then gone. No silhouette. No target.

RAMON (V.O.)
See you soon. You know we make a great team.

CARLOS
This ends when I say.

RAMON (V.O.)
It ends when she does.

The line dies. The night keeps breathing. Carlos pockets the phone and looks at the black water until it looks back.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI — LOBO NEGRO — PRE-DAWN

The street is empty enough to tell the truth.

Officer MARINO leans on his cruiser, the neon Croc winking from the window behind him like a dumb joke that knows too much.

A black sedan at the curb signals and pulls away — taillights receding.

Marino watches it go for a long, generous beat. He hears the city clear its throat.

He takes one last sip of coffee. Makes a face.

MARINO
(sotto; to no one))
Fucking Vanega's...

He shakes his head, dismissing an entire species of headache with two words. He keys his radio.

MARINO (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
Marino. NSTR.

He pockets the radio. Doesn't move until the street moves him.

The heartbeat fades. The guitar holds a single clean note.

BLACK.

ON BLACK — SNOW_WHT.sys (small,
centered, like a signature):

`POLICY: MERCY — ACK.`

`OPERATION // HOLLYWOOD — STAGE 2 — IN MOTION.`

`YOU SET THE ROOM.`

FADE OUT.

ON SCREEN: [SNOW_WHT.sys // HH:MM // LOCATION]

THE END.