

50 EXT. K TOWN, FURNITURE STORE - NIGHT 50 *

With wolf masks on, they run from the car to the back door of the shop. *

Louis listens against the door. He can hear voices inside. *

Mike notices a camera above the door. Louis nods. *

Louis stealthily opens the door handle and peeks inside revealing: *

51 INT. FURNITURE STORE - NIGHT 51 *

An OLDER MEXICAN WOMAN sits on a sofa watching TV. *

Louis enters the room and raises his finger to his face hushing the woman as she looks up. *

LOUIS *

Donde esta los otros? *

Outside the store Mike is breathing heavily as he cases the window's of the house to make sure the rooms are secure. He now enters and see a little boy in a living room. *

-POV through the Hector's mask, heavy breathing -- confusion. *

- In the Kitchen a LATINO MALE walks across the room. Hector eyeing him reacts and begins to fire. BRRRAP-BRRRAP! *

It's all very frenetic as - *

ANOTHER LATINO MALE enters the room too shocked to know what's going on. Louis caps him. The man drops onto the coffee table. Blood everywhere. *

- Suddenly A TATTOOED LATINO MALE FIRES his pistol. The bullet zings past Louis, splintering the wood wall behind him. Before he can get off another shot, Mike rushes inside and lets off a round that rips through his chest. *

MIKE *

There's a little kid inside guys. *

- Mike and Louis continue inside. Hector grabs the older Mexican woman and takes her hostage as they enter further inside the house. He kicks open a door that reveals a SHAVED HEAD LATINO MALE, mustache, 30s. This is JUAN. A TOPLESS GIRL seated next to him throws her arms in the air in a gesture to surrender. *

On the table lies three kilos of Mexican Brown Heroin packed up, a fourth opened up next to Tupperware, scales and enough baby powder to stomp the four kilos into ten.

JUAN

Trick or treating fellas? Whatever the fuck you want, it's yours-

MIKE

Shouldn't have cut out the middle man.

Juan looks confused.

JUAN

How you know, who you working with?
I'm sure as business men we can
come to an arrangement.

Juan backs up against the counter. Next to him is a pistol.
His hand inches over.

LOUIS

What you have in mind Cock-a-roach-
a? Your cards are spilled all over
the table.

Juan's hand inches closer to the pistol.

JUAN

It wasn't my decision. La Eme and
the cartel call the shots.

Chop! Hector bludgeons off Juan's fingers with his machete.
Blood spurting everywhere. He's in shock and then starts
hyperventilating.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Oh... fuck. My
hand.

Mike blasts Juan's leg. He drops to the floor. Blood
everywhere. The Topless Girl shrieks at the top of her lungs.

MIKE

And your leg. Who put this thing
together, me that's who!

Hector aims: BOOM. One last shot to the chest and he's dead.

LOUIS

Wanna come with us sweetie? Get you
cleaned up and something to eat.
Can play with my big bad wolf!

The Topless girl continues screaming blood all over her
torso.

Louis grabs the Heroin. Mike grabs a stack of cash off the
table and the three men turn to leave.

BOOM! The little boy stands in the hallway having just fired
a gun. The shrapnel rips through Hector's chest he falls
forward to the ground. *
*

MIKE

Fuck! Hector.