

## Without Rights

After a deadly encounter with a mid-level drug trafficker, a tenacious DEA agent must defend his rash actions to his superior. But all of the cards are yet to be played.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
So, Fuentes fled the mansion. What  
next?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
I gave pursuit.

1 INT./EXT. CAR - APPLE ORCHARD - DAY

1

A mansion looms in the distance, nestled amidst groves of apple trees that spread out for acres in every direction; a serenity suddenly shattered as two cars blur by in hot pursuit.

The pursuer - driving a BUGATTI - is a youthful Hispanic man in a leather jacket; hungry eyes fixed on the car in front -- a DODGE VIPER. Meet AGENT FEDERICO VILLAREAL (30's).

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
In a stolen car. Hardly regulation.

Slamming down on the gear stick, swerving, Federico speeds up the right side of the Dodge, level to the driver--

-- a wiry man with immaculate black hair and a groomed goatee. He smiles back at Federico. This is NAZARIO FUENTES (40's).

Federico yanks the wheel; collides with the Dodge -- Fuentes crashes through a rickety fence into a grove of apple trees.

In the rearview, Federico clocks a group of Bikers hurtling up behind him. They're packing heat -- he takes a breath.

FEDERICO (V.O.)  
I guess true character is revealed  
in a crisis.

A dead end looms, the fence turning solid wall six feet ahead. Federico yanks the wheel -- his back end clipping the concrete -- and then he's is in free-spin.

He collides with an apple tree, stopping dead, apples pelting the car roof like a clap of thunder. In the distance, Fuentes pulls the Dodge to a halt, steps out, laughing.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
This inquest may well affect the  
rest of your career. Start taking  
it seriously.

The Bikers - four of them - pull up near the wreck.

FUENTES  
 (shouting)  
 Make sure the cucaracha's dead!

Fuentes picks an apple from a low branch and takes a bite as the four thugs climb off their Superbikes and inch toward the Bugatti.

The nearest thug cracks the driver door open -- Federico is slumped over the wheel. The thug peels him back by the shoulder; a dead weight.

FEDERICO (V.O.)  
 Oh, I take this very seriously.  
 Isn't that why I'm here?

His eyes snap open -- he lunges, pulls the thug into the car by the gun arm -- teeth slam into the car roof -- bullets spray into the passenger seat -- Federico twists -- a snap, and the gun falls loose into the passenger footwell.

The thugs's companions open fire.

2 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

2

The grey interview room is lit only by a buzzing fluorescent light. Federico sits -- bandaged and bruised -- at the single desk in the room. A woman stares back at him, studies him, her sour face pinched with distaste. This is CAPTAIN BURRELL (40's).

CAPTAIN BURRELL  
 I know you think your actions are acceptable under your mandate. But you are not a vigilante.

FEDERICO  
 My job is to catch drug dealers.

CAPTAIN BURRELL  
 Fuentes is dead, Villareal. Without rights. Without trial. You call that caught? You call that justice?

FEDERICO  
 No. Not yet.

Burrell throws a steely look across the table; Federico returns it.

3 EXT. ROAD - APPLE ORCHARD - DAY

3

The thugs cease fire. Glass tinkles. The car ticks, settles.

Then, like a coiled snake, Federico springs out of the passenger door, Uzi raised to eye level. Two short volleys sends two of the thugs flying through the air, arching blood.

CAPTAIN BURRELL (V.O.)  
So much wanton loss of life. And  
over what. A mid-level trafficker.

Fuentes, panicked, dives back in his Dodge, wheel-spins away, weaving through apple trees and disappearing.

The remaining thug sidles around to the back of the car for a better vantage and fires another wild volley.

The Bugatti roars into life -- the reverse lights blare white -- the wheels kick up dust as the car flies backwards into the still firing thug.

Threats dispatched, Federico rises from the mangled Bugatti, a bullet-wound to his right shoulder. He strides to the nearest bike, straddles it, revs the engine to a roar.

FEDERICO (V.O.)  
I had reason to believe he had  
information on another case.

4 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

4

Captain Burrell watches Federico with quiet, piercing eyes.

CAPTAIN BURRELL  
What case?

FEDERICO  
A much more corrupt enterprise.

Federico stares right back at her, unreadable.

CAPTAIN BURRELL  
I think we'll take a break there.  
Reconvene in one hour.

Burrell never once takes her eyes off Federico. She flicks off the audio-recorder at the center of the desk. Federico raises an eyebrow.

CAPTAIN BURRELL (CONT'D)  
What did he tell you?

5 INT./EXT. CAR - APPLE ORCHARD - DAY

5

The Dodge Viper drifts -- smashes through a fence and skids onto a main road -- accelerating at an alarming rate towards a distant tourist town.

Fuentes checks his rear-view. Nothing. He exhales his relief.

Then an engine roars. Federico flies through the air atop the Superbike -- clearing the fence and landing on the tarmac.

Fuentes curses, hits the gas. But the Bike has the edge and closes the gap.

Federico fires a volley from his sub-machine gun and the Dodge's back window shatters.

Fuentes slams on the brake. Federico reacts on instinct -- yanks his own brakes, swerves -- sails past the car, missing it by inches -- skids to a stop ahead.

Fuentes revs his engine. Federico twists back -- Fuentes casts him a friendly wave, before slamming on the gas.

Federico twists the throttle and skids away but the Dodge is gaining fast.

6 EXT. ORCHARD TOWN - DAY

6

The quaint Mexican town grows closer as Federico milks the bike for all it's worth. But Fuentes inches the car closer, grazing the bike's tyre-guard.

Federico spots something: a sturdy wall ahead surrounding the quiet town, with a tiny archway at its centre, perhaps just big enough -- he chokes the throttle...

Fuentes gains ground, faster this time -- lining up the fatal collision.

Federico tucks himself in -- the wall surges towards him -- the bike zipping through the archway with inches to spare.

Fuentes's eyes widen -- he slams on the brakes but it's too late. The Dodge slams into the wall head-on and Fuentes bursts through the windshield -- hurtling neatly through the archway as though suspended in slow motion.

He flies -- shards of broken glass glittering in the sunlight as his body twists and flails toward the inevitable.

Fuentes's spinning body ploughs through the front of a souvenir shop.

Federico yanks his brake -- skidding -- a fountain looming up in front of him -- rubber screeches -- he's going to hit it --  
 -- he collides with marble, flies over the handle bars and into the water. But after a long moment, he emerges, gasping.

7 INT. ORCHARD TOWN - SOUVENIR SHOP - DAY 7

Federico limps in, still dripping water. The shop is destroyed. He scans the room -- a blood trail.

He turns into an aisle. And spots his target. Fuentes rests on an inflatable mattress -- legs snapped like branches, torso pierced and bleeding black, face unrecognisable.

Federico crouches next to the dying man -- mutters something to him. Fuentes leans in. Mutters something back -- Federico's eyes snap wide as Fuentes splutters and dies.

FEDERICO (V.O.)  
 He told me nothing I didn't already  
 know in my gut.

8 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 8

Burrell keeps her eyes locked to his. A long moment passes.

CAPTAIN BURRELL  
 You don't want to make me an enemy.

FEDERICO  
 Are we done?

CAPTAIN BURRELL  
 You can't prove anything.

FEDERICO  
 And I don't mean to.

Federico slams something down on the table. His DEA badge. Then he rises, flips on his jacket, and makes for the door, turning back for a brief second --

FEDERICO (CONT'D)  
 But I will be seeing you. Captain.

And with that he's gone. Captain Burrell, eyes softened for the first time, takes out her phone -- hits speed dial.

CAPTAIN BURRELL  
 (into phone)  
 Sir. We've got a problem.