

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FIRST KILL:

INT. D.E.A. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

John stands near his desk facing Anthony when a phone RINGS. John turns, reaches over quickly and presses a button for speaker.

JOHN
McCarthy.

The voice of Maria Santos answers through the speaker.

MARIA
John, it's Maria. We got a last
known address on Ramirez

JOHN
How recent?

MARIA
Two months.

Anthony moves in closer, next to John.

ANTHONY
Ok, have Miami PD send over a
perimeter team. Tell them hands off
until we get there.

MARIA
Got it.

John presses a button to hang up. He quickly moves to the office door and calls out to:

Jack is walking in the outer hall.

JOHN (O.S.)
Jack!

Jack looks up.

Angle back to John.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Get Anna. We need to move. We're
on!

INT. D.E.A. HEADQUARTERS, STAIRWELL - DAY

John move quickly down the stairs with Jack Toretto close behind.

JACK
You get an address?

JOHN
Yes.

INT. D.E.A. HEADQUARTERS, OFFICE - DAY

Maria Santos stands slightly crouched behind Victoria Manzini as Victoria works, typing away on her PC.

MARIA
Make sure they understand, they are
not to go in until John gets there.

Victoria nods as she continues to type.

ANGLE ON:

Anthony steps up to Anna. His expression reflect some worry.

ANTHONY
Maria just told me you got an
address on Ramirez.

Anna nods.

ANNA
That's right. We're getting it over
to John now.

ANTHONY
You sure there's nothing more
recent then this file? How do we
know they haven't changed
locations?

ANNA
My C.I. has never failed me before.
Sosa is dealing with the Russians.
They'll be taking a big shipment of
cocaine today and this was the last
known location. We can spend
another hour looking but there's no
guarantee we'll find anything
better.

ANTHONY

We haven't got an hour to waste.
Put transmitters on John and Jack.
I wanna be updated. I want to hear
their interactions so we can work
it up in real time.

ANNA

Got it.

Anna attempts to turn away, but Anthony grabs her arm and gently pulls her back.

ANTHONY

You gotta know I'm not comfortable
with this. It's a big job that
could get real ugly. I would rather
have you sit this one out.

ANNA

Are you asking me or ordering me.

Anthony sighs as he moves in close. He then appears dead serious as he looks straight into her eyes.

ANTHONY

(just above whisper)
Honey? I love you... I want you to
be real careful.

Anna softens her expression, looks down and nods her head in understanding. She then offers a little smile.

ANNA

I know... and I love you too.

Anna brushes Anthony's arm gently, turns and walks away.

NEW SCENE:

***Unsure where this scene takes place. I'm
guessing back at headquarters. Office?
Armory? locker room? Mens room?***

John and Jack both remove vests from a cabinet and begin to put them on.

Anna, with a case file in her hand is soon there as well.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Here you go.

JOHN
Whacha got?

She hands John a file. She then removes her own vest from a cabinet and does the same.

ANNA
It's everything we have on Hector.
And that address was where he was
arrested for dealing.

John opens the folder and starts to skim thru the pages.

Jack examines his weapon and slides it into his holster.

JACK
How recent.

ANNA
Two months ago. It's all right
there in the file. You can check it
out on the way.

John closes the file and finishes donning his vest and weapon.

JOHN
Good... Let's do it.

INT. D.E.A. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Sasha has a phone pressed to her ear.

SASHA
Okay. I'll tell him.

Sasha hangs up, and dials another number.

INT. ANTHONY MARCHELLO'S OFFICE - DAY

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - ANTHONY and SASHA

Anthony Marchello picks up.

ANTHONY
Yeah, Marchello.

SASHA
Sir, it's Sasha. I just got off the
phone with John. They just arrived.

ANTHONY
Is there a problem?

SASHA
John's not wearing a transmitter.

ANTHONY
(yells)
Why the hell not?

SASHA
He said it would take too long to
wire them up.

Anthony runs his free hand back through his hairs as he rolls his eyes toward the ceiling and shakes his head in disgust.

ANTHONY
(stern, determined)
Listen Martinez and you listen
good. You're running point on this
one. The second you receive any
information, any information at
all, I want it right away.
(louder)
You got that?

SASHA
You don't have to yell sir. We are
on the same side.

ANTHONY
(sighs)
I know... Look, we got to get Sosa
Ramirez on this bust in the next
three hours. We can't let 'm get
away again. Right now John's
location is our only lead. So I
need you to keep me up to the
minute. Understood?
(listens)
Okay good. Now get on it.

EXT. POOL SIDE, WHERE? - DAY

Salsa music plays in the background. A number of young, bikini clad babes populate the area.

Sosa Ramirez sits back on a lounge. He wears a sly grin as he looks up and gently strokes the thigh of one bikini clad babe standing next to him. Another babe sits near his feet on the lounge sipping a cocktail.

A couple of muscle bound bodyguards stand their post nearby.

A cell phone RINGS.

Sosa's expression turns serious as he reaches for it. He quickly looks at the display before answering it.

SOSA
Talk to me, Hector.
(listens)
Everything's still in place?
(listens)
They know the amount and how this
is all goin' down, right?

Sosa lips curl upwards slightly in a tiny grin as he nods his head.

SOSA (CONT'D)
Okay. You know what to do.

Sosa hangs up the phone. He stares off for a beat, deep in thought. He then calls out.

SOSA (CONT'D)
Get everyone together. We leave in
an hour.

Two bodyguards look back and nod.

BODYGUARD
Si, Jeffe.

EXT. ???? - DAY

**OUTSIDE THE AREA WHERE RAID WILL TAKE PLACE.... As long as
you know location, apartment? Warehouse?**

SUV PULLS UP. Jack and John exit SUV.

More vehicles pull up just behind and other Agents get out.

Anna Marchello parks down the street. She gets out and talks on her surveillance mic. A wire from her ear piece is visible.

JOHN
(through earpiece)
Anna are you in position?

ANNA

Yes. I'm meeting him in an hour.

John continues with Anna as he walks toward a plain clothes detective.

JOHN

(to anna)

Okay, keep me posted. We just arrived on site.

John reaches for and shakes the detective's hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Detective Rivera?

DETECTIVE RIVERA

That's right. And you must be John McCarthy.

JOHN

Yes, and this is my partner Jack Toretto.

Jack moves forward and both men shake hands briefly.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

No one's gone in or out since we got here.

JACK

How's the inside layout?

DETECTIVE RIVERA

A good thirty people total, spread out on all floors. The property's owned by the RAMIREZ'.

(points up)

He's got that corner unit, right there on the third floor.

JACK

And your people? You didn't go in there, right?

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Our orders were to stand down 'till you got here.

John looks at Jack and nods as he give Det. Rivera a single pat of approval on Rivera's shoulder.

JOHN
Okay, that's good.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
How much backup you want?

JOHN
None, right now. I just want your
men to cover the exits.

Det. Rivera looks both men over as if not believing his eyes.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
None? Are you nuts? There's thirty
pieces of shit in there, armed to
the teeth, ready to explode if they
so much as smell a cop.

JACK
Yeah, well, we don't want to set
off any alarms. Two of us can snake
in without a fight. Trust me.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
You're sure about that?

JOHN
Yep. We're sure.

John hands Det. Rivera a radio.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Keep this open on Channel One.
We'll let you know when we want you
to come in.
(to Jack)
You ready?

Jack nods affirmatively.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Let's do it.

END SCENE: