

**A NEW GAME**

## **PROLOGUE**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

The moon casts an eerie glow, filtering through the dense canopy of trees. The rustle of leaves and the distant hoot of an owl punctuate the silence. WALTER, mid-30s, disheveled and drenched in sweat, tears through the underbrush. His breath comes in ragged gasps. He glances over his shoulder, eyes wide with fear.

**NARRATOR (WALTER)**

*(voiceover)*

I always knew this day would come—the price to pay for being involved with the wrong investors—but it came too soon.

Suddenly, the sharp crack of gunfire shatters the quiet. Bullets whiz past, splintering the trees around him. Walter stumbles over a root, nearly falling, but catches himself just in time. He can hear the distant shouts of his pursuers growing closer.

**NARRATOR (WALTER)**

*(voiceover)*

For years, Harvey and I have been partners and friends, devising a way to scam others out of their hard-earned savings to invest in our phony businesses and made-up itineraries. The more we succeeded, the more we wanted to indulge in deceptive schemes.

Walter pushes through a thicket, branches scratching at his face and arms. He grits his teeth, his face a mask of determination and fear. The sound of a bullet striking a nearby tree makes him flinch, but he keeps running, driven by desperation.

**NARRATOR (WALTER)**

*(voiceover)*

It was thrilling at first—the power, the money—but we were blind to the enemies we were making. And now, they're closing in.

A bullet zips past his ear, so close he can feel the rush of air. He dives behind a fallen log, pausing for a moment to catch his breath. Sweat drips from his forehead, his heart pounding like a drum. He knows he can't stay here long.

**NARRATOR (WALTER)**

*(voiceover)*

Harvey always said we could outrun our past. But now I know, some things you just can't escape.

Walter takes a deep breath and pushes himself up, sprinting deeper into the woods. The trees seem to close in around him, their branches reaching out like skeletal hands. He knows he has to keep moving. Stopping means certain death.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FLASHBACK**

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY**

*The sun beats down on a busy construction site. The clamor of machinery and workers fills the air. A young WALTER, mid-20s, tall and lean with an ambitious glint in his eye, wipes sweat from his brow. Beside him, HARVEY, also in his mid-20s, shorter but sturdier, laughs as they finish a task.*

**WALTER** (leaning on his shovel) Man, this heat is killing me. We gotta find a way out of this, Harv.

**HARVEY** (grinning, tossing aside his hard hat) Yeah, no kidding. You got any bright ideas?

*Walter looks around to make sure no one is listening, then steps closer to Harvey.*

**WALTER** (whispering) I've been thinking. What if we didn't have to break our backs every day to make a living?

**HARVEY** (skeptical, but curious) I'm listening.

**WALTER** I've got this idea. You know how people are always looking for the next big investment? What if we gave them one?

**HARVEY** (raising an eyebrow) You mean, like, a business?

**WALTER** (nodding, eyes gleaming) Exactly. We pitch them on a surefire deal, get their money, make a bit of profit for ourselves, and then... well, we move on before anyone catches on.

*Harvey considers this, a slow smile spreading across his face.*

**HARVEY** That's risky, Walt. But it just might work.

*They share a conspiratorial look, both aware of the potential and the danger in Walter's plan.*

**WALTER** We could be out of here, living the good life. Just imagine it, Harv. No more sweating it out on construction sites.

**HARVEY** (enthusiastic) Alright, I'm in. Let's do it.

*They shake hands, sealing the beginning of their partnership and the start of their journey into the world of scams.*

**CUT TO:**

*The present day, where older Walter reflects on the decision they made all those years ago, a mix of regret and nostalgia in his eyes.*

**FADE IN:**

**INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

The office is cluttered with papers and files strewn everywhere. HARVEY, a wiry man in his late 30s, and WALTER, equally aged but more rugged, sit at the desk, deep in a heated discussion. The air is thick with tension.

**HARVEY** (leaning forward, voice low)

We need to be careful, Walter. The more we take, the more risks we face.

**WALTER** *(nodding, resolute)*

I know, but the rewards are worth it. We just need to stay ahead of the game.

The door suddenly bursts open with a deafening crash. ARMED MEN rush in, guns drawn. Harvey and Walter freeze, eyes wide with shock and fear.

**ARMED MAN #1** *(shouting)*

Get on the ground! Now!

Harvey and Walter exchange a desperate glance. In a split second, they attempt to flee, but the armed men are on them instantly, tackling them to the ground. They are quickly bound and dragged out of the office.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TRUNK OF A CAR - DAY**

The cramped, dark trunk is suffocating. Harvey and Walter are crammed together, struggling against their bonds, the car's movement jostling them.

**HARVEY** *(whispering, panic creeping in)*

What the hell is going on?

**WALTER** *(whispering back, trying to stay calm)*

I don't know. Just stay calm.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ABANDONED CABIN - DAY**

The car stops. The trunk opens abruptly, flooding the confined space with blinding daylight. Harvey and Walter are yanked out, still bound, and dragged towards the ominous cabin.

**INT. ABANDONED CABIN - DAY**

Inside the dimly lit cabin, Walter is struck in the head. His vision blurs, the room spinning before everything goes black.

**FADE IN:**

Walter's POV as he slowly regains consciousness. He's bound to a chair, a rough paper bag over his head. He hears Harvey struggling nearby, their breathing heavy and labored.

**HARVEY** (*off-screen, desperate*)

Walter? You awake?

**WALTER** (*struggling against his bonds*)

Yeah, I'm here.

The sound of their captor's footsteps echoes through the cabin, sending chills down their spines.

**NARRATOR (WALTER)**

(*voiceover*)

Harvey and I go way back. We met working construction, dreaming of a way to make it big. We found our answer in real estate—at least, that's

what we told ourselves. The Ponzi scheme started small, but it quickly grew.

**FLASHBACK - INT. BAR - NIGHT**

A younger Walter and Harvey sit at a dimly lit bar, drinks in hand, eyes gleaming with ambition.

**WALTER (FLASHBACK)** We just need to get a few investors, and the rest will follow. Easy money.

**HARVEY (FLASHBACK)** *(toasting)*  
To easy money.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY**

A small apartment complex with a sign reading "Future Site of Green Meadows Apartments." Investors gather, excited and unaware of the scam.

**NARRATOR (WALTER)**

*(voiceover)*

We ran an ad in the local paper, and the phone began to ring. Funds fell from the sky like snow. One project led to another, and soon we had more money than we knew what to do with.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ABANDONED CABIN - DAY**

Walter jerks awake as a blow lands on his head. The paper bag is ripped off, revealing a well-dressed man in a gray suit—ANTHONY GARCIA.

**GARCIA** Gentlemen, allow me to introduce myself. I am Anthony Garcia, one of your investors. And unless you want to lose your heads, I will become your new partner.

Harvey and Walter exchange a terrified glance, their minds racing.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Walter and Harvey sit in plush seats, still bound. Garcia stands before them, explaining their dire new situation.

**GARCIA** Your lawyer, Oscar Sanchez, tipped me off to your little scheme. Now, I want to use your business to launder money. Consider it a partnership.

**HARVEY** *(voice trembling, eyes pleading)*  
And if we refuse?

**GARCIA** *(smiling coldly)*  
You won't live long enough to regret it.

**EXT. SALTILLO - DAY**

The jet lands in a small, remote town on the outskirts of Monterrey. The landscape is harsh and unwelcoming. Walter and Harvey are driven to

Garcia's estate, the surroundings blurring past ominously.

**INT. GARCIA'S ESTATE - DAY**

Walter and Harvey are led into the grand estate, still bound, struggling to comprehend their new, horrifying reality.

**NARRATOR (WALTER)**

*(voiceover)*

Our simple Ponzi scheme had become a drug money laundering scheme with all the wrong people. We were in over our heads.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. GARCIA'S ESTATE - DINING ROOM - EVENING**

Walter and Harvey sit nervously at an opulent dining table, surrounded by lavish decor and priceless art. The room is filled with the soft clinking of silverware and the murmur of subdued conversations. MR. GARCIA sits at the head of the table, his presence commanding. ALFREDO, his imposing bodyguard, stands nearby, overseeing everything with a watchful eye. Plates of lobsters and oysters are set before them, the aroma rich and enticing.

**WALTER**

*(thoughtful, to himself)*

This place... I could fit my whole house in this den and dining room alone.

**GARCIA**

*(smiling, raising a glass)*

Gentlemen, welcome to your new life. Wealth beyond your wildest dreams awaits you. But remember, if you cross me... your families will pay the price.

Harvey and Walter exchange uneasy glances, understanding the precariousness of their situation.

**HARVEY**

*(voice shaking)*

We... we understand, Mr. Garcia.

**GARCIA**

*(nodding)*

Good. Now, eat. We have much to discuss.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CASITA - PATIO - NIGHT**

Walter and Harvey sit outside the small guest house, the night air heavy with tension. The distant sounds of the estate's nightlife are barely audible over their hushed conversation.

**HARVEY**

*(whispering)*

We're in over our heads, Walter. This isn't what we signed up for.

**WALTER**

*(sighs, rubbing his temples)*

Our mistake was involving Oscar. Garcia's brother-in-law... we should've seen this coming.

**HARVEY**

*(desperate)*

What do we do now?

**WALTER**

*(resigned)*

We do what he says. We don't have a choice.

**FADE TO:**

**INT. GARCIA'S ESTATE - DINING ROOM - MORNING**

The next morning, Garcia continues his persuasive tactics over breakfast. The sunlight filters through the grand windows, illuminating the opulent spread on the table.

**GARCIA**

*(grinning, his eyes glinting with malice)*

You'll be safe, rich, and part of my family. Trust me, you'll come to love this life.

**HARVEY**

*(nervous, trying to muster confidence)*

We'll do our best, Mr. Garcia.

**GARCIA**

*(laughs heartily)*

That's the spirit! Now, let me show you something.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TEQUILA FACTORY - DAY**

Garcia leads Walter and Harvey through a high-tech tequila factory. The air is thick with the smell of agave. Workers efficiently bottle tequila, but a hidden section reveals the true nature of the operation: liquid cocaine being processed and bottled. The scale and precision of the operation are both impressive and terrifying.

**GARCIA**

*(gesturing proudly)*

This, my friends, is the real source of my wealth. Tequila is just a front.

Walter and Harvey exchange uneasy glances, clearly uncomfortable with the magnitude of the criminal enterprise they've been pulled into.

**INT. GARCIA'S ESTATE - NIGHT**

*The luxurious estate is bathed in moonlight. Inside, the atmosphere is tense. GARCIA, a ruthless and imposing figure in his late 40s, stands in the center of a grand room, surrounded by his loyal men. A DISLOYAL SUBORDINATE, visibly shaken, is forced to kneel before him.*

**GARCIA** (calm, almost friendly) You know, loyalty is everything in this business. Without it, we have nothing.

*The subordinate trembles, sweat dripping down his face.*

**DISLOYAL SUBORDINATE** (pleading) Mr. Garcia, I... I made a mistake. Please, give me another chance.

*Garcia nods, as if considering the plea. He takes a step closer, his eyes cold.*

**GARCIA** A mistake. Yes, we all make mistakes. But some mistakes cost more than others.

*With a swift motion, Garcia signals to his men. They grab the subordinate and drag him out of the room. A door slams shut, and the sounds of a struggle and muffled cries fill the air, then silence.*

*Garcia turns to the rest of his men, his expression hardening.*

**GARCIA (CONT'D)** Let this be a lesson. Betrayal will not be tolerated. Ever.

*The men nod, their fear palpable. Garcia's eyes flicker with satisfaction as he surveys his subordinates, reinforcing his iron grip on their loyalty.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FIELD BEHIND FACTORY - DAY**

They arrive at a secluded field where a badly beaten man is tied to a tree. Garcia, without a hint of emotion, pulls a gun from his waistband.

**GARCIA**

*(coldly)*

This is what happens to people who steal from me.

Without hesitation, Garcia shoots the man in the head. Walter and Harvey flinch, their faces paling as they witness the brutal execution. It's the first time they have seen someone die, and the reality of their situation crashes down on them.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CASITA - NIGHT**

Back in the casita, Walter and Harvey shakily dial their wives. The small room feels even more oppressive in the wake of the day's events.

**WALTER**

*(on the phone, forcing cheerfulness)*

Hey, honey. Everything went beautifully. We'll be coming home tomorrow.

**HARVEY**

*(on the phone, voice quivering)*

Yeah, it's all good. See you soon.

They hang up, looking at each other with a mix of fear and resignation. The enormity of their new reality settles heavily on their shoulders.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. SAN JOSE - DAY**

Walter and Harvey drive back into town, the tension palpable. Their faces are drawn and exhausted, their eyes constantly flicking to the rearview mirror. They pull up to their respective houses, the familiar surroundings providing little comfort.

**INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

KATHY, Walter's wife, greets him at the door. Her face is etched with concern, and she immediately notices the change in him.

**KATHY**

*(softly)*

Walter, what happened? You look... different.

**WALTER**

*(forcing a smile, but his eyes betray his fatigue and worry)*

Just a rough trip, Kathy. Nothing to worry about.

Kathy eyes him skeptically, sensing there's more to the story but choosing not to press further. Walter leans in, giving her a reassuring hug, but his mind is clearly elsewhere.

**INT. HARVEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Harvey walks in, greeted by NANCY, his wife, who hugs him tightly. The warmth of her embrace

contrasts sharply with the coldness he feels inside.

**NANCY**

I'm glad you're home. How did it go?

**HARVEY**

*(sighing, trying to hide his anxiety)*

It went fine. Just... a new investor. Nothing to worry about.

Nancy studies his face, sensing there's more to the story. Harvey forces a smile, but his eyes dart around nervously, unable to meet her gaze.

**INT. WALTER'S HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING**

*The family sits around the dining table. The room is warm and inviting, with the soft hum of evening sounds outside. WALTER, in his mid-40s, sits at the head of the table, looking preoccupied. KATHY, his wife, mid-40s, sits across from him, her eyes filled with concern. Their two children, JASON (16) and EMILY (12), eat quietly, sensing the tension.*

**KATHY** (trying to break the silence) So, Jason, how was school today?

**JASON** (shrugs) It was fine. Got a B on my math test.

**EMILY** (excitedly) I made the soccer team!

**KATHY** (smiling) That's wonderful, Emily.

*She looks at Walter, expecting him to react, but he remains lost in thought, pushing his food around his plate.*

**KATHY (CONT'D)** Walter? Did you hear that?

**WALTER** (snapping out of his daze) Huh? Oh, that's great, honey. Congrats.

*Emily looks down, a little disappointed by her father's lack of enthusiasm. Kathy takes a deep breath, trying to stay calm.*

**KATHY** Walter, we need to talk. You've been so distant lately. What's going on?

*Walter glances at the kids, then back at Kathy.*

**WALTER** (sighs) Can we not do this right now, Kathy?

**KATHY** (firmly) No, we need to. The kids and I, we're worried about you. You're not here, not really.

*Jason looks up, his face a mix of frustration and worry.*

**JASON** Yeah, Dad. You're always somewhere else. Is it work?

**EMILY** (softly) Are you mad at us?

*Walter's expression softens as he looks at his children.*

**WALTER** No, sweetheart, I'm not mad at you. It's just... there's a lot going on right now.

**KATHY** (pleading) Then talk to us, Walter. Let us help you. We're a family, remember?

*Walter looks at his family, the weight of his decisions and the risk he's taking bearing down on him. He takes a deep breath, struggling to find the right words.*

**WALTER** I... I promise, I'll figure it out. Just trust me, okay?

*Kathy nods, though her worry remains. Jason and Emily exchange uncertain looks. The family resumes eating, the atmosphere heavy with unspoken fears.*

**CUT TO:**

*Harvey's struggle with conscience.*

**INT. HARVEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT**

*The living room is dimly lit. HARVEY, in his mid-40s, sits on the couch, a drink in his hand. He stares into the glass, lost in thought. NANCY, his wife, mid-40s, enters, her expression filled with concern. She sits beside him, gently taking his hand.*

**NANCY** Harvey, what's wrong? You've been up every night this week.

*Harvey takes a deep breath, setting his drink down. He looks at Nancy, his eyes filled with guilt and worry.*

**HARVEY** It's everything, Nancy. The scams, the lies... I don't know if I can keep doing this.

**NANCY** (squeezing his hand) Then don't. We can find another way.

*Harvey shakes his head, his expression tormented.*

**HARVEY** It's not that simple. We're in too deep. Walter... he thinks we can pull through, but I... I'm not so sure anymore.

*Nancy looks at him, her eyes filled with empathy and fear.*

**NANCY** What are you afraid of, Harvey?

**HARVEY** (voice breaking) Losing you. Losing everything. I thought we were doing this to secure our future, but now... I don't know if it's worth it.

*Nancy pulls him into a tight embrace, holding him as he struggles with his emotions.*

**NANCY** We'll figure it out. Together. Whatever happens, we'll face it together.

*Harvey nods, finding some comfort in her words, but the fear in his eyes remains.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER AND HARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Walter and Harvey sit at their desks, surrounded by piles of paperwork. The mood is tense, the weight of their recent experiences pressing down on them.

**HARVEY**

*(to Walter, speaking quietly)*

Garcia's buying the complexes. We can stop the Ponzi scheme. It's our chance to get out.

**WALTER**

*(nodding, a flicker of hope in his eyes)*

He's paying in cash. We can return the money to the investors. We might actually make it out of this.

Suddenly, the door bursts open. ALFREDO walks in, his presence menacing. He carries two brown duffel bags and places them on the desk with a heavy thud, the sound of cash hitting the wood echoing in the room.

**ALFREDO**

Mr. Garcia's money. Ten million dollars.

Moments later, OSCAR arrives, his expression serious and unreadable.

**OSCAR**

We're flying to Nassau tomorrow. We'll deposit the money in the Bahamas National Bank. Be ready.

Walter and Harvey exchange glances, their relief tempered by the gravity of their situation.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Walter arrives home, holding a duffel bag full of cash. KATHY's eyes widen in shock, the sight of the money confirming her worst fears.

**KATHY**

Walter, what... what is this?

**WALTER**

*(sighs, sitting on the edge of the bed)*

It's our future, Kathy. Garcia's money. We're in business with him now. He's dangerous, but he's rich.

Kathy looks frightened but nods, trusting her husband despite her misgivings. She sits beside him, taking his hand, both of them feeling the immense weight of their choices.

**INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Walter glances out the window and notices a black pickup truck parked on the street. His face tightens with worry. He picks up the phone and calls Harvey.

**WALTER**

*(on the phone, voice low and urgent)*

Harvey, there's a black pickup outside my house. I think we're being watched.

**HARVEY**

*(on the phone, equally tense)*

There's a strange car outside mine too. They're keeping tabs on us.

They hang up, both men feeling the oppressive weight of their new reality. Walter sits in silence, staring out the window, the pickup truck a constant reminder of the danger they're in.

**EXT. REMOTE LOCATION NEAR GARCIA'S ESTATE - NIGHT**

*WALTER and HARVEY, both on edge, huddle in the shadows of a secluded area. They whisper urgently, checking their surroundings frequently.*

**WALTER** We have to make a run for it tonight. It's our only chance.

**HARVEY** (nervous) Are you sure this will work?

**WALTER** It has to. We can't stay under Garcia's thumb any longer.

*They finish their whispered conversation and start moving cautiously through the dark. The sound of crickets and distant nightlife fills the air. They reach a hidden car and quickly get in.*

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

*Walter starts the engine, and they begin to drive away, sticking to back roads to avoid detection. Their tension eases slightly as they put distance between themselves and the estate.*

**HARVEY** (relieved) We might actually make it.

*Suddenly, headlights flash behind them, rapidly approaching. Walter glances in the rearview mirror, panic setting in.*

**WALTER** Hold on!

*He accelerates, but the pursuing car keeps gaining. A high-speed chase ensues. Walter swerves to avoid obstacles, but the pursuing car rams into them, forcing them off the road.*

**EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT**

*The car crashes into a ditch. Walter and Harvey scramble out, dazed but determined to run. Garcia's men quickly surround them, weapons drawn.*

**LEAD HENCHMAN** (smiling coldly) Going somewhere?

*Walter and Harvey exchange a desperate look, realizing the severity of their situation.*

**HARVEY** This is it, Walt

. We're trapped.

**WALTER** (whispering) Stay calm. We'll figure something out.

*The henchmen forcefully escort Walter and Harvey back to Garcia's estate. Their plan has failed, and the gravity of defying Garcia has never been more evident.*

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Walter, Harvey, Oscar, and JUAN, the pilot, are seated as the jet cruises smoothly at high altitude. The atmosphere is tense but calm, with an undercurrent of unease.

**HARVEY**

*(nervously, voice slightly trembling)*

So, this deposit in Nassau... it's safe, right?

**OSCAR**

*(reassuring, though his eyes betray concern)*

Perfectly safe. This is routine. We've done it a hundred times.

Suddenly, the plane jolts violently. The hum of the engines sputters and dies, plunging the cabin into an eerie silence.

**JUAN**

*(over intercom, urgently)*

We've lost power in both engines. Brace for emergency landing.

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

The jet crashes into the desert, skidding along the barren landscape. One wing snaps off, sending dust and debris billowing into the air.

**INT. CRASHED JET - DAY**

Walter, Harvey, Oscar, and Juan groggily unbuckle their seatbelts, dazed and disoriented. The cabin is a mess of scattered belongings and broken seats.

**WALTER**

*(struggling to stand, checking himself for injuries)*

Is everyone okay?

**OSCAR**

*(grimacing, clutching his side)*

We're fine. But we need to secure the money.

**EXT. DESERT - CRASH SITE - DAY**

The men dig a hole in the desert sand, working quickly and methodically. They place the duffel bags of money inside, covering it carefully and marking the spot with a discreet pile of rocks.

**JUAN**

*(panting, wiping sweat from his brow)*

This should be safe until we can come back.

They sit by the wreckage, waiting anxiously. Hours pass, the sun beating down mercilessly. The distant sound of a helicopter finally breaks the silence.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

A police helicopter lands nearby, kicking up sand. The men signal for help, relief washing over their faces.

**INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY**

The men are airlifted back to Saltillo, looking relieved but wary. The whir of the helicopter blades is a stark contrast to the earlier silence.

**OSCAR**

*(on his phone as they gain cell reception, speaking urgently)*

I'll update Garcia. He'll know what to do.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Oscar, Walter, and Harvey sit in a modest hotel room, the tension palpable. They are debriefing the situation, the weight of recent events heavy on their shoulders.

**OSCAR**

*(listening on the phone, nodding, then hanging up)*  
Garcia says we stay here for a few days. Rent a car, go back to the crash site, and dig up the money.

**HARVEY**

*(agitated, pacing the room)*  
This just keeps getting worse. How are we supposed to trust anyone?

**WALTER**

*(sighing, sitting heavily on the bed)*

We don't have a choice. We do what Garcia says.

The room falls into a tense silence, each man lost in his own thoughts and fears about what lies ahead.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Oscar, Harvey, and Walter sit at a table in a bustling restaurant. Attractive LOCAL WOMEN approach their table, striking up a conversation. Walter looks uncomfortable, while Oscar and Harvey are intrigued.

**LOCAL WOMAN #1**

*(smiling at Oscar)*

You gentlemen look like you could use some company.

**OSCAR**

*(grinning)*

We certainly could. Join us.

Walter glances around, feeling out of place as the women sit with them. Oscar and Harvey engage in flirtatious banter.

**LOCAL WOMAN #2**

*(whispering to Harvey)*

Why don't we go somewhere more private?

**HARVEY**

*(nervously)*

Uh, sure. Why not?

Oscar and Harvey get up, leaving with the women. Walter watches them go, conflicted. He pulls out his phone and dials his wife, Kathy.

**INT. WALTER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Walter is on the phone with Kathy, pacing the room.

**WALTER**

*(on the phone)*

Hey, Kathy. Just wanted to hear your voice.

**KATHY**

*(on the phone)*

Walter, what's going on? You've been so distant.

**WALTER**

*(sighing)*

It's just... work. But I promise, everything will be fine.

He hangs up, looking out the window, lost in thought.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. DESERT - CRASH SITE - DAY**

The next day, Walter, Harvey, and Oscar are back at the crash site, shovels in hand. They dig up the buried duffel bags, their faces grim.

**HARVEY**

*(panting, to Walter)*

I don't know if I can keep doing this, Walter. This life... it's too much.

**WALTER**

*(wiping sweat from his brow)*

I get it, Harvey. But honestly? I'm starting to enjoy the adventure.

Harvey looks at Walter, surprised and somewhat disheartened.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Walter, Harvey, and Oscar are seated in another private jet, ready to complete their journey to Nassau. The duffel bags of money are securely stored.

**HARVEY**

*(quietly to Walter)*

Maybe you're right. Maybe I'm just not cut out for this.

**WALTER**

*(smiling slightly)*

We'll make it through, Harvey. Just stick with me.

The plane takes off, leaving the desert behind as they head towards Nassau.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. NASSAU AIRPORT - NIGHT**

The private jet lands in Nassau around 1 a.m. The runway lights flicker in the humid night air. Walter, Harvey, and Oscar disembark, looking exhausted but relieved. The airport is quiet, the occasional hum of a distant engine the only sound.

**INT. NASSAU HOTEL - NIGHT**

The men check into a modest hotel. The lobby is dimly lit, with a single, sleepy receptionist at the desk. Walter and Harvey share a room. As they enter, Walter drops his bag on the floor, immediately collapsing onto one of the beds.

**WALTER**

*(mumbling, with a tired smile)*

Better than swinging a hammer on a construction site.

Harvey, still standing, takes a long, deep breath before sitting on the edge of his bed.

**HARVEY**

*(grumbling, half to himself)*

Maybe for you.

The room falls silent, each man lost in his thoughts, the weight of their journey pressing down on them.

**FADE TO:**

**INT. NASSAU RESTAURANT - DAY**

Sunlight pours into a bustling seaside restaurant. The sounds of laughter and clinking glasses fill the air. Walter, Harvey, and Oscar sit at a table overlooking the ocean. JAMES, their banker contact and Garcia's brother, approaches with a confident stride and a warm smile.

**JAMES**

*(shaking hands with each of them)*

Welcome, gentlemen. Shall we get down to business? They nod, a mix of anxiety and hope in their eyes.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BAHAMAS NATIONAL BANK - DAY**

The interior of the bank is cool and sterile, a stark contrast to the vibrant life outside. The deposit process is meticulous, with James guiding them through each step. The tension in the room eases as the transaction is completed without a hitch.

As they exit the bank, the weight lifts from their shoulders.

**WALTER**

*(to himself, smiling)*

This is better than swinging a hammer.

Harvey glances at him, managing a weak smile, but his eyes reveal lingering doubt.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NASSAU AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY**

The terminal is crowded and noisy, with travelers rushing to their gates. Walter and Harvey sit near their gate, trying to relax. The atmosphere is briefly interrupted as Harvey suddenly clutches his stomach, his face turning pale.

**HARVEY**

*(whispering, barely audible)*

I need a bathroom.

He rushes off, leaving Walter to watch after him with concern.

**INT. AIRPORT RESTROOM - DAY**

Harvey leans over the sink, splashing cold water on his face. He looks up at his reflection, eyes wide with panic.

**HARVEY**

*(to himself, whispering)*

I cannot do this. I want out.

The restroom door creaks open, and Walter steps inside, his face etched with worry.

**WALTER**

*(softly, placing a hand on Harvey's shoulder)*

Harvey, we'll talk about it when we're home. Just hang in there a little longer.

Harvey nods, but the fear in his eyes remains.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER AND HARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

The office is cluttered with paperwork and projects in various stages of completion. Harvey sits at his desk, his head buried in his hands. Walter enters, the sight of his friend's despair hitting him hard.

**WALTER**

*(sighing, gently)*

Harvey, go home. We'll figure this out.

Harvey looks up, his eyes bloodshot and tired. He nods slowly, gathering his things before leaving. Walter watches him go, the weight of their situation settling heavily on his shoulders. He picks up the phone and dials Oscar.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. RED LOBSTER - DAY**

The restaurant is lively, with families and couples enjoying their meals. Walter and Oscar sit in a secluded booth, their plates barely touched. Walter recounts Harvey's breakdown, his voice low and tense.

**WALTER**

*(explaining, struggling to keep his voice steady)*

He's breaking, Oscar. He says he can't do this anymore.

Oscar leans back, his expression serious.

**OSCAR**

*(frowning)*

This won't sit well with Garcia. We can't have a weak link in our chain.

**WALTER**

*(nervously, running a hand through his hair)*

What do we do?

Oscar sighs deeply, the gravity of the situation clear.

**OSCAR**

*(firmly)*

We'll have to talk to Garcia. But Walter, this is bad. Very bad.

Walter nods slowly, understanding the implications. He glances around the bustling restaurant, the noise fading as the reality of their predicament sinks in.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Walter sits alone in the dimly lit living room, the faint hum of the refrigerator the only sound. He grips his phone, waiting. The phone rings, piercing the silence. He answers, his voice weary but composed.

**WALTER**

*(softly)*  
Harvey?

**HARVEY**

*(over the phone, voice firm but tinged with regret)*  
Walter, I've made up my mind. I'm quitting.

Walter's face falls, the weight of the words hitting him hard. He takes a deep breath, fighting to keep his voice steady.

**WALTER**

*(softly)*  
I understand, Harvey. Take care of yourself.  
He ends the call, staring at the phone, lost in thought.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Walter sits across from Oscar in the cluttered office. Papers are strewn across the desk,

remnants of a busy week. Walter's expression is grave as he leans forward, hands clasped.

**WALTER**

Harvey's quitting. We need a replacement.

Oscar raises an eyebrow, his skepticism evident. Walter hesitates, then continues with a note of determination.

**WALTER**

I think Kathy could be a good fit.

**OSCAR**

*(skeptical)*

Your wife? Are you sure about this?

Walter nods, his conviction growing.

**WALTER**

Trust me. She's capable. She knows the business, and she's got the smarts.

Oscar leans back, contemplating, before finally nodding.

**OSCAR**

Alright, let's meet her.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Kathy sits across from Oscar at the dining table. The room is warmly lit, contrasting the tense atmosphere. Kathy speaks confidently, outlining her ideas and showcasing her knowledge. Oscar listens intently, occasionally nodding.

**OSCAR**

*(after a pause, impressed)*

I think we can make this work.

Walter, standing nearby, breathes a sigh of relief.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Walter sits at his desk, phone pressed to his ear, his heart pounding. He waits as the call connects.

**GARCIA**

*(calmly, after a pause)*

Walter.

**WALTER**

*(anxiously)*

What about Harvey? Is he okay?

There's a long, tense pause. Walter can hear his own heartbeat in the silence.

**GARCIA**

The situation is being taken care of.

Walter's stomach churns, a cold sweat breaking out on his forehead. He knows better than to press further.

**WALTER**

Thank you, Garcia.

He hangs up, the uncertainty gnawing at him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Several days later, the office is quiet. Walter's phone rings, the shrill sound startling him. He picks up, seeing Nancy's name on the screen.

**WALTER**

Nancy?

**NANCY**

*(worried, voice trembling)*

Walter, have you seen Harvey? He's been missing for two days.

Walter's heart drops, the gravity of the situation hitting him full force. He grips the phone tightly, trying to remain calm.

**WALTER**

*(stammering)*

Nancy, I... I don't know. Let me make some calls.

He hangs up, his mind racing, fear creeping in. He dials Oscar, his hands shaking.

**WALTER**

Oscar, it's bad. Harvey's missing. Nancy hasn't seen him in days.

Oscar's silence on the other end is deafening, the implications clear. Walter's world begins to crumble as the reality of their situation sets in.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Two officers from the San Jose Police Department sit across from Walter, their expressions serious.

**OFFICER #1** Mr. Walter, we're here to ask you some questions about Harvey's disappearance.

Walter feigns innocence, his heart pounding in his chest. He shifts uncomfortably in his chair, trying to maintain eye contact but failing.

**WALTER** (struggling to appear calm) I'm sorry, officers. I don't know anything about it.

**OFFICER #2** (clearly skeptical) We'll be in touch, Mr. Walter.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LANDFILL - DAY**

The sky is overcast, a light drizzle making the scene even more somber. A team of forensics works in the background. The camera focuses on Harvey's body, half-buried under trash, a gunshot wound to the head. A seagull squawks nearby.

**WALTER (V.O.)** For the first time, I felt very afraid.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY**

Soft organ music plays. The atmosphere is heavy with grief. Mourners dressed in black murmur softly among themselves. Walter stands at the

back, feeling out of place. He spots Detective Sanchez among the mourners, who locks eyes with him. Walter feels a chill run down his spine.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Juan, looking anxious, arrives with two duffel bags full of cash. Walter and Oscar stand by the window, the weight of their next move pressing down on them.

**OSCAR** (sighing) With Harvey out of the picture, I'll go with you to Nassau.

Walter nods, glancing at the bags. The room feels claustrophobic, the tension almost palpable.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BAHAMAS NATIONAL BANK - DAY**

The sun shines brightly outside, contrasting the tension inside the bank. Walter and Oscar, dressed in casual yet expensive clothes, enter the bank. They exchange nervous glances. Mr. Garcia, an imposing figure, stands by the counter, his smile not reaching his eyes.

**GARCIA** (smiling) Walter, I have a proposition for you.

Walter swallows hard, knowing better than to refuse.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Detective Sanchez stands at the door, his presence filling the room with unease. Walter sits behind his desk, maintaining a facade of calm.

**DETECTIVE SANCHEZ** Where did Harvey go in Nassau?

**WALTER** (confidently) I'm sorry, Detective. I can't disclose that information.

Detective Sanchez narrows his eyes but says nothing, leaving the office in a silence that feels like a threat.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BMW DEALERSHIP - DAY**

Kathy admires a flashy \$90,000 BMW, her eyes sparkling with excitement. Walter stands beside her, his expression a mix of frustration and disbelief.

**WALTER** (wincing) Kathy, what have you done?

**KATHY** (smiling brightly) Isn't it gorgeous?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Walter's car speeds down the highway, the cityscape blurring in the background. Suddenly, flashing lights appear in the rearview mirror. Walter's hands grip the steering wheel tighter as he pulls over. Detective Sanchez approaches, his expression unreadable.

**DETECTIVE SANCHEZ** (suspiciously) Where are you headed, Walter?

**WALTER** (honestly) Nassau. To discuss a co-op project.

Detective Sanchez studies him for a moment before nodding reluctantly.

**INT. GARCIA'S ESTATE - NIGHT**

*The estate is eerily quiet, the tension palpable. WALTER, HARVEY, and JACK stealthily move through the shadows, armed and determined. They reach a back entrance and carefully slip inside. The plan is in motion.*

**INT. GARCIA'S ESTATE - MAIN HALL - NIGHT**

*The trio makes their way to the main hall, where they confront GARCIA, who is surrounded by his loyal men. Garcia stands, arms crossed, a sinister smile on his face.*

**GARCIA** (coldly) Well, well. Look who decided to pay me a visit. Didn't think you had the guts.

**WALTER** (defiantly) This ends tonight, Garcia. We're done being your puppets.

**HARVEY** (voice shaking but firm) You've taken everything from us. It's over.

**JACK** (stepping forward) We've got enough evidence to bury you. It's your call how this goes down.

*Garcia laughs, the sound echoing through the hall.*

**GARCIA** (mockingly) You think you can waltz in here and take me down? Boys, show them what happens to traitors.

*A brutal fight breaks out. Walter, Harvey, and Jack engage in a fierce battle with Garcia's men. The room is filled with the sounds of struggle, shouts, and the clashing of weapons.*

**CUT TO:**

*Garcia facing off with Walter.*

**GARCIA** (snarling) You always were a dreamer, Walter. Look where it got you.

**WALTER** (gritting his teeth) I'd rather dream than live in your nightmare.

*Walter and Garcia engage in a brutal hand-to-hand combat. Walter, fueled by desperation and determination, manages to overpower Garcia. He pins Garcia down, breathing heavily.*

**JACK** (rushing over, cuffs in hand) It's over, Garcia. You're done.

Jack cuffs Garcia, who struggles but is ultimately subdued. The police, who have been alerted by Jack's undercover contacts, storm the estate, arresting the remaining henchmen. Walter and Harvey exchange a look of relief and exhaustion, knowing the nightmare is finally over.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY**

The hum of the jet engines fills the small cabin. Walter sits in the cockpit with Juan, staring out

at the endless sky. His mind races with  
uncertainty and fear.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Walter opens the front door and steps into his home, the dim lighting casting long shadows. Kathy rushes to greet him, her excitement palpable.

**KATHY** (excitedly) Can you believe it, Walter? Living in Nassau!

Walter forces a smile, his mind elsewhere. He glances at the framed photos on the wall, a reminder of the life he's risking.

**WALTER** (flatly) Yeah, it's... something.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

The atmosphere is tense. Detective Sanchez stands in the doorway, his eyes narrowing as he studies Walter.

**DETECTIVE SANCHEZ** (suspiciously) I have a hunch, Walter. You know more than you're telling me.

Walter leans back in his chair, his sarcasm a thin veil over his growing anxiety.

**WALTER** (sarcastically) Then hunch away, Detective.

Detective Sanchez's stare is unyielding, making Walter's facade crack ever so slightly.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AIRPORT - DAY**

Walter trudges through the bustling terminal, his shoulders slumped. He boards the flight back to Nassau, this time in economy class, the hum of the engines mirroring his low spirits.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT**

The dimly lit bar is a mix of locals and tourists. Walter sits alone, nursing a drink. He spots one of the women from his first trip, her smile predatory.

**WALTER** (to himself) Not again.

Despite his better judgment, Walter approaches her. They exchange pleasantries, but the undertone is clear. They end up in his room.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

Sunlight filters through the curtains. Walter wakes up groggily, his head pounding. He looks around and realizes the woman is gone. He checks his wallet, finding it empty.

**WALTER** (cursing) Damn it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY**

The room is modern, with large windows overlooking the city. Walter sits across from Basley, a stern figure with piercing eyes.

**WALTER** (admitting) I have to confess, Basley. I was taken advantage of last night.

Basley's expression darkens, his tone grave.

**BASLEY** (somberly) My friend, you need to know who you are dealing with. Nothing is for free here.

Walter's heart sinks, the weight of his situation pressing down on him.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. AIRPORT - DAY**

A small private plane touches down on the island's runway. The tropical sun beats down as Walter and Juan step off the plane. Their relief at arriving is short-lived as they notice four armed men waiting near the tarmac.

**ARMED MAN #1** (gruffly) Where are the duffel bags?

Walter and Juan exchange panicked glances. The armed men approach menacingly, grabbing them and forcing them into a nearby van.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Walter and Juan are tied to chairs in a dimly lit, musty warehouse. The armed men pace around them, their faces shadowed by the flickering light.

**ARMED MAN #2** Someone tipped us off. Where's the rest of the money?

The interrogation is brutal, the men clearly having inside information. Walter's mind races, trying to find a way out.

After what feels like hours, the armed men leave with the duffel bags, their footsteps echoing as the warehouse doors slam shut.

**WALTER** (panting) We need to call Oscar.

Walter struggles to free his hands. After a tense few minutes, he manages to untie himself and then Juan. Walter grabs his phone with shaking hands and calls Oscar.

**OSCAR (V.O.)** (furiously) Garcia will join us tomorrow. Be ready.

Walter's heart pounds as he realizes the gravity of their situation.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ISLAND - MORNING**

The island is eerily quiet. Garcia, an imposing figure, stands with a group of local police officers.

**GARCIA** (intimidatingly) Find them.

The police officers nod and disperse. Walter watches, a sinking feeling in his stomach.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

The police have located the thieves in an old warehouse outside of town. The tension is thick as Garcia enters with Walter and the officers.

**GARCIA** (coldly) Who put you up to this?

The thieves, handcuffed and trembling, look at each other. Garcia's cold gaze does not waver as he executes them one by one. Walter turns away, his stomach churning.

**GARCIA** (to Walter) This better never happen again.

Walter's legs feel weak as he nods, understanding the unspoken threat.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Walter and Juan sit silently in the luxurious cabin. Walter stares out the window, reflecting on the events. His fear and regret weigh heavily on him.

**WALTER** (to himself) I need out.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Walter arrives home, looking haggard. Kathy notices immediately.

**KATHY** (concerned) Walter, what's wrong?

Walter sits down, the weight of his secret too much to bear.

**WALTER** (somberly) Garcia is not someone you can say no to.

Kathy's eyes widen as Walter explains everything. She sits down, stunned by the revelation.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Detective Sanchez stands in the doorway, his expression earnest.

**DETECTIVE SANCHEZ** (earnestly) Walter, I can help you. Just tell me what's going on.

Walter hesitates, torn between fear and the chance for escape.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Walter and Juan prepare for their next flight. This time, three armed guards accompany them, a constant reminder of their dangerous reality.

**OSCAR** (reassuringly) You'll have armed guards from now on.

Walter nods, feeling a slight sense of relief. The flight to Nassau is tense but uneventful. Walter keeps his guard up, wary of any potential threats.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. BAHAMAS NATIONAL BANK - DAY**

Walter and Oscar, along with their armed guards, walk into the bank. The transaction goes smoothly, the tension of the previous encounters lingering in the background.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Walter and Basley sit at a secluded table in an upscale restaurant. They discuss the project over dinner, the atmosphere light yet tinged with underlying tension.

**BASLEY** (relaxed) The construction is moving along well. Want to see it after dinner?

Walter nods, appreciating the distraction.

**INT. SECLUDED BAR - NIGHT**

*The bar is dimly lit, with few patrons scattered around. WALTER and HARVEY sit in a corner booth, their eyes scanning the room. The door opens, and a rugged man in his late 30s, JACK, enters. He moves towards them with purpose.*

**JACK** (quietly) Walter, Harvey. Long time.

*Walter and Harvey exchange wary glances but nod in recognition.*

**WALTER** Jack. Didn't think we'd see you again.

**JACK** (sitting down) I heard about your situation with Garcia. I might have a way out for you.

**HARVEY** (skeptical) And why would you want to help us?

**JACK** (smiling) Let's just say I have my own score to settle with Garcia. Plus, I'm not exactly a fan of seeing good men go down for a scumbag like him.

*Jack slides a folder across the table. Walter opens it, revealing detailed plans and photos.*

**WALTER** What's this?

**JACK** Inside information on Garcia's operations. I've been working undercover, gathering evidence to bring him down. With your help, we can finish this.

**HARVEY** (leaning in) And how do we know this isn't a trap?

**JACK** You don't. But what other choice do you have? Stay under Garcia's thumb, or take a chance to bring him down and save yourselves.

*Walter and Harvey look at each other, weighing their options. The tension is palpable, but so is the glimmer of hope.*

**WALTER** Alright, Jack. We're in. What's the plan?

**JACK** First, we need to get inside Garcia's main operation. That's where you come in.

**INT. WALTER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

*Walter sits on the couch, looking out the window at his children playing in the yard. KATHY enters, carrying a tray of coffee. She sits beside him, offering a cup. Walter accepts it with a grateful smile.*

**KATHY** (softly) How are you feeling?

**WALTER** (sighs) Better. It's going to take time, but we'll get through it. Together.

*Kathy nods, placing a hand on his.*

**KATHY** We will. And I'm proud of you, Walter. For doing the right thing.

*Walter looks at her, the weight of the past few months evident in his eyes.*

**WALTER** It wasn't easy, but... I had to. For us. For the kids.

**KATHY** (smiling) We're stronger now. And we have a future to look forward to.

*Walter nods, taking a deep breath, feeling a sense of peace for the first time in a long while.*

**CUT TO:**

*Harvey's home.*

**INT. HARVEY'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

*Harvey stands at the kitchen counter, preparing breakfast. NANCY enters, smiling as she watches him.*

**NANCY** Morning. You're up early.

**HARVEY** (smiling back) Thought I'd make us a proper breakfast for once.

*Nancy joins him, wrapping her arms around his waist.*

**NANCY** You're a free man now, Harvey. We can start fresh.

*Harvey turns to face her, his expression thoughtful.*

**HARVEY** I've been thinking a lot about that. About everything that's happened.

**NANCY** And?

**HARVEY** And I realize how lucky I am. To have you. To have another chance.

*Nancy kisses him on the cheek, her eyes filled with love and hope.*

**NANCY** We'll make the most of it. Together.

*Harvey nods, feeling a renewed sense of purpose and determination.*

**CUT TO:**

*Walter and Harvey meeting one last time.*

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

*Walter and Harvey sit on a bench, watching the world go by. They share a comfortable silence, both reflecting on their journey.*

**WALTER** So, what's next for you?

**HARVEY** (smiling) I'm thinking of starting a small business. Something honest. You?

**WALTER** Same here. It's time to build something real. No more shortcuts.

*They sit quietly for a moment, the weight of their past finally lifting.*

**HARVEY** You know, despite everything, I'm glad we went through it together.

**WALTER** (nodding) Me too. Here's to new beginnings.

*They clink their coffee cups together, a symbol of their renewed hope and determination.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT**

The site is well-lit, the ground graded and ready for foundation work. Basley and Walter walk through, discussing the progress.

**BASLEY** (confidently) The site supervisor estimates we'll be done in three months.

Walter listens, trying to focus on the project but his mind drifting to the dangers lurking beneath the surface.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BASLEY'S VILLA - NIGHT**

Basley's home is a luxurious villa by the sea. The opulence is almost overwhelming. Basley pours two glasses of whiskey and hands one to Walter.

**BASLEY** I've been with Garcia for over a decade. Loyalty is everything to him.

Walter sips his drink, the weight of Basley's words sinking in.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BASLEY'S VILLA - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Walter lies in the opulent guest bedroom, staring at the ceiling. His mind races with questions.

**WALTER (V.O.)** Why did Garcia choose me? Most of his workers are family or have known him for years. Is it just because I can be controlled by money?

Walter's eyes slowly close, his mind restless despite the luxurious surroundings.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE BUILDING - SAN JOSE - DAY**

Walter steps out of the elevator and finds Detective Sanchez leaning against the wall, his expression serious.

**DETECTIVE SANCHEZ** I know Garcia owned the plane that took you and Harvey to Nassau on that first trip.

Walter's heart skips a beat. He walks past Sanchez, his face a mask of indifference.

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Walter rushes into his office and immediately calls Oscar.

**WALTER** (urgently) Sanchez knows about the plane.

**OSCAR (V.O.)** (sternly) Leave it to me.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SAN JOSE - DAY**

The next day, Detective Sanchez is found dead, a bullet wound to his head. The news spreads quickly, the city buzzing with rumors.

**INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Walter sits at his kitchen table, the weight of the news heavy on his shoulders. He realizes the gravity of his situation.

**WALTER (V.O.)** In six months, I've been involved in six deaths. My life means nothing to the cartel; I'm just a decoy. Is there any way out?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Two detectives question Walter about Sanchez's death. Walter maintains his composure, knowing he has a firm alibi.

**DETECTIVE #1** Do you know who could have wanted Sanchez dead?

**WALTER** (honestly) I have no idea.

Walter's poker face hides the turmoil inside him.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Walter and Kathy sit at the dinner table, the atmosphere lighter since their decision to move.

**WALTER** (tentatively) Juan mentioned our next trip will include a visit to Garcia's ranch in Mexico.

Kathy looks up, her curiosity piqued.

**KATHY** Mexico? That sounds... interesting.

Walter forces a smile, hiding his growing anxiety.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. COCKPIT - PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Walter and Juan sit in the cockpit during their flight to Nassau. The clouds drift by outside the windows.

**WALTER** (nervously) Juan, have you ever thought about leaving the cartel?

Juan glances at Walter, his expression cold and blunt.

**JUAN** You kill yourself or die.

Walter's heart sinks, the reality of his situation pressing in on him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BANK - NASSAU - DAY**

The deposit goes smoothly, but Walter's anxiety about the next leg of their journey intensifies.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Walter's tension is palpable as the plane flies to Saltillo, Mexico. The three armed "guards" sit silently, adding to his stress.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. GARCIA'S RANCH - DAY**

Garcia's ranch is sprawling and opulent. Walter and Juan are escorted inside by the armed guards.

**INT. GARCIA'S RANCH - STUDY - DAY**

Garcia sits behind a massive wooden desk, exuding power. He gestures for Walter and Juan to sit.

**GARCIA** (smiling) Congratulations, gentlemen. You're taking over the Nassau operation. The last distributor got greedy and had an... unfortunate accident.

Walter's heart pounds, knowing refusal is not an option.

**GARCIA** You'll move to Nassau immediately. Walter, you'll also supervise the seafront project.

Walter nods, masking his fear with a forced smile.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Walter shares part of the news with Kathy, her eyes lighting up with excitement.

**KATHY** This is amazing, Walter! Nassau!

Walter nods, forcing a smile. They quickly start preparing for the move, putting their house on the market and tying up loose ends.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. AIRPORT - NASSAU - DAY**

Walter and Kathy step off the plane, greeted by Alfredo. He drives them to a stunning three-bedroom home.

**INT. NEW HOME - NASSAU - DAY**

Kathy explores the house, thrilled by their new surroundings. Walter tries to share her excitement, but his mind is elsewhere.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NEW HOME - NASSAU - EARLY MORNING**

Walter wakes early, the weight of his new responsibilities heavy on his shoulders.

**WALTER** (to himself) Here we go.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Walter and Juan arrive at the warehouse where Walter witnessed the executions. The memory sends a shiver down his spine.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Walter and Juan set up their operation. They call all the distributors, using coded language to arrange the first cocaine shipment's arrival.

**JUAN** (on the phone) The shipment arrives in a few days. Be ready.

**WALTER** (nervously) Yes, everything is on schedule.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. NASSAU - DAY**

Walter and Kathy spend the rest of the day sightseeing. They walk along the beach, visit local markets, and try to enjoy the beauty of their new home.

**KATHY** (beaming) I can't believe we live here now.

Walter smiles, trying to push aside his fears.

**WALTER (V.O.)** If only it were that simple.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Two officers from the San Jose Police Department sit across from Walter, their expressions serious. The room is tense.

**OFFICER #1** Mr. Walter, we're here to ask you some questions about Harvey's disappearance.

Walter feigns innocence, his heart pounding in his chest. He shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

**WALTER** (struggling to appear calm) I'm sorry, officers. I don't know anything about it.

The officers exchange glances, clearly not convinced.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LANDFILL - DAY**

Five days later, Harvey's body is found in the landfill, a gunshot wound to the head. The scene is grim, with detectives and forensic teams swarming the area.

**WALTER (V.O.)** For the first time, I felt very afraid.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY**

At Harvey's funeral, the atmosphere is heavy with grief. Walter spots Detective Sanchez among the mourners. Their eyes meet, and Walter feels a

chill run down his spine. Sanchez's stare is intense, filled with suspicion.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Juan arrives with two duffel bags full of cash. Walter and Oscar discuss their next move, the tension palpable.

**OSCAR** (sighing) With Harvey out of the picture, I'll go with you to Nassau.

Walter nods, but his mind is clearly elsewhere.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BAHAMAS NATIONAL BANK - DAY**

Walter and Oscar arrive in Nassau, the sun blazing overhead. Inside the bank, they are greeted by the imposing figure of Mr. Garcia.

**GARCIA** (smiling) Walter, I have a proposition for you.

Walter's stomach tightens. He knows this conversation could change everything.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Detective Sanchez visits Walter again, his demeanor more forceful.

**DETECTIVE SANCHEZ** (pressing) I know about Harvey's trip to Nassau. What else are you hiding?

Walter remains tight-lipped, struggling to maintain his composure.

**WALTER** (confidently) I'm sorry, Detective. I can't disclose that information.

Sanchez's frustration is evident, but he backs off—for now.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BMW DEALERSHIP - DAY**

Kathy purchases a flashy \$90,000 BMW, ignoring Walter's request for something inconspicuous. Walter's face twists in dismay as he watches her drive it off the lot.

**WALTER** (wincing) Kathy, what have you done?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Walter is pulled over by Detective Sanchez on his way to the airport. The highway is empty, adding to the tension.

**DETECTIVE SANCHEZ** (suspiciously) Where are you headed, Walter?

Walter takes a deep breath, his mind racing.

**WALTER** (honestly) Nassau. To discuss a co-op project.

Sanchez eyes him closely, then nods slowly.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Walter sits in the cockpit with Juan for part of the flight to Nassau. The luxury of the jet contrasts sharply with his inner turmoil.

**WALTER (V.O.)** I need out.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

*The dimly lit warehouse echoes with Garcia's menacing presence. Walter stands before him, fear tightening his chest. Alfredo, a silent enforcer, looms at Garcia's side, his eyes cold and unwavering.*

**GARCIA** (gruffly) You know too much, Walter.

*Walter's breath catches in his throat as he tries to reason with Garcia, his voice trembling with desperation.*

**WALTER** (desperately) Please, Garcia, don't do this!

*The cold barrel of the gun presses against Walter's temple, sending a shiver down his spine.*

**BANG!**

*The deafening gunshot reverberates through the warehouse, but Walter is stunned to find himself still alive. Garcia crumples beside him, lifeless. Alfredo's presence is a chilling reminder of the danger that still looms.*

**ALFREDO** (sternly) Get up. We need to get rid of the body.

*Alfredo's authoritative command sends a shudder through Walter's already shaken frame. With trembling hands, Walter obeys.*

**INT. SEASIDE - NIGHT**

*The moon casts an eerie glow over the secluded beach as Walter and Alfredo stand beside a roaring bonfire, the flames dancing against the night sky. The smell of burning flesh mingles with the salty sea breeze.*

**ALFREDO** *(authoritatively)* From now on, I'm in charge. You'll continue working for the cartel and on the seaside project.

*Alfredo's words hang heavy in the air, a stark reminder of the new order that has been established. Walter nods silently, knowing that defiance could mean certain death.*

**INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY (NEXT DAY)**

*The morning light filters through the curtains, casting a somber mood over Walter's living room. Juan's unexpected visit sends a ripple of unease through the air.*

**JUAN** *(explaining)* Garcia had a wife and son. We'll meet them at the funeral.

*Juan's words carry the weight of impending consequences, a reminder of the dangerous world they inhabit.*

**WALTER** *(gravely)* We need to proceed cautiously.

*Walter's voice is laden with determination, a silent vow to navigate the treacherous waters ahead.*

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. RANCH - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

*The dining room of the sprawling ranch is illuminated by the warm glow of candlelight, casting flickering shadows across the faces of the guests. Walter, Kathy, Alfredo, Juan, Basley, Basley's wife, and James sit around the polished wooden table, their expressions solemn as they await the funeral of Garcia. Elaina stands at the head of the table, her eyes glistening with unshed tears as she raises her glass in a trembling hand.*

**ELAINA** *(tearfully)* To Garcia, may he rest in peace.

*Her voice wavers with emotion as the others join in the toast, the clinking of glasses echoing softly in the somber room.*

*After dinner, the atmosphere grows tense as Alfredo, fueled by alcohol, reveals his dark intentions with slurred words. The air thickens with discomfort as his confession hangs heavy in the air, casting a shadow over the gathering.*

**ALFREDO** *(slurring)* I could have ended you tonight, Walter. But Garcia trusted you.

*Walter's eyes narrow with suspicion, while Kathy's grip on her wine glass tightens, her expression a mix of fear and uncertainty.*

**INT. RANCH - PATIO - NEXT MORNING**

*The morning sun casts a golden hue over the expansive patio of the ranch, where the memorial service for Garcia is set to take place. The scent of freshly cut flowers mingles with the crisp morning air as guests begin to gather.*

*Carlo's arrival is met with a hushed anticipation, the tension palpable as he steps forward to address the group. The priest's words are a solemn backdrop to Carlo's resolute declaration, his voice commanding and unwavering.*

**CARLO** *(resolutely)* I will lead this family and continue my father's legacy. I am your El Capo.

*The guests exchange uneasy glances as Carlo's proclamation hangs in the air, the weight of his words sinking in.*

*Suddenly, the tranquility of the moment is shattered as Carlo draws a gun from his belt, his movements swift and calculated. Gasps fill the air as he approaches Alfredo, his voice ringing out with a ferocious intensity.*

**CARLO** *(ferociously)* You deserve to die for what you did to my father!

*The crack of gunfire pierces the silence, followed by stunned silence as Alfredo falls to the ground, a crimson stain spreading across his shirt. Carlo stands tall, his expression unyielding as he addresses the stunned onlookers.*

**CARLO** *(assertively)* Witness the death of the man who killed my father. I am El Capo!

*The guests are left reeling, their minds racing with the implications of Carlo's actions as the weight of his newfound authority settles over them.*

**FADE OUT.**