



MACHETE

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EXT. MEXICAN CITY - DAY

Aerial over the city, flying down into a FEDERALE CAR tearing through the slums.

Piles of garbage scatter, stray dogs scramble.

INT. FEDERALE CAR, MOVING - DAY

MACHETE (MEXICAN FEDERALE OFFICER CRUZ) drives with ROOKIE OFFICER ERHMAN riding shotgun. A rosary swings back and forth on the rearview mirror.

CHIEF TORREZ's yells crackle through the police radio.

TORREZ

(on radio)

Officer Cruz! Stand down! Do not attempt to take the safehouse alone! Officer Cruz! You hear me!?

OFFICER ERHMAN

Torrez sounds mad. You going to answer him?

Machete glares. Erhman nervously picks up the radio.

OFFICER ERHMAN (CONT'D)

On route to target, no need for assistance.

TORREZ

(on radio)

Machete, you son of a bitch! I told you to wait! Set up a perimeter and wait for further orders. You hear me, Pendejo!?

Machete slowly takes the radio from Erhman. He hangs up.

EXT. MEXICAN HOTEL - DAY

Fleapit motel sits derelict at end of the street. Dead cars on the lawn, chickens scratching in the dirt.

INT. FEDERALE CAR, MOVING - DAY

Machete guns the engine.

OFFICER ERHMAN

What are you doing? We're going to
set up a perimeter right? You heard
the boss.

Machete pulls his Machete, sticks it up to Erhman's face.

MACHETE

This is the boss.

Ehrman crosses himself.

A phalanx of ARMED GUARDS emerge from the dead cars. They
narrow their weapons at MACHETE's barrelling patrolcar.

OFFICER ERHMAN

Hijo de puta!

Machete FLOORS it directly through the DEAD CARS and right
through the FRONT WALL of the fleapit.

INT MEXICAN HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

Erhman flies THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD into the far wall. The
car stops in front of the check-in desk.

Machete steps out. The dust clears.

More ARMED MEN stream from the office.

MACHETE sideswipes the first THUG with his MACHETE, swinging
him around to face the fire of the others.

THUG ragdolls around like a marionette long enough for
Machete to slash one of the men's wrists, sending his aim
wild and taking out the others.

INT. MEXICAN HOTEL, HALLWAY

Machete kicks open a door.

INT. MEXICAN HOTEL, ROOM

Naked girl on the bed. As if she was expecting him.

MACHETE

Get dressed.

He checks the windows.

CHICA

It's too hot for clothes.

Checks her eyes.

She's been drugged.

He lifts her, ass over his shoulder.

CHICA (CONT'D)

Hey... what's your name?

She tries to read the nametag on his uniform, upside-down.

INT. MEXICAN HOTEL, HALLWAY

A THUG with an UZI runs out spraying bullets.

Machete spins and impales his face into the wall. THUG's Uzi falls into the girl's hands.

MORE THUGS emerge from the end of the hallway.

She absently pulls the trigger, ripping into the pursuing men. Blood sprays the walls like Jackson Pollock.

New THUGS emerge from the front of the hallway. Machete spins around and the girl unloads another spray.

CHICA

Oh... wow.

INT. MEXICAN HOTEL, LOBBY

The Uzi's out of ammo. The girl frowns and drops it.

The fucked-up patrolcar blocks the way out, for now. Machete resheathes his weapon into a slit in his pants.

Girl arches her back, her crotch in Machete's face, then slides down his front, her breasts brushing his eyes, nose, mouth.

MACHETE

We need to go. Now.

CHICA

In what? That?

The patrolcar isn't going anywhere.

She rips open his shirt and rubs his tattoo.

CHICA (CONT'D)
That looks like me.

She reaches into his pants.

CHICA (CONT'D)
What's this long, hard thing?

MACHETE
My machete.

CHICA
Is it sharp?

Machete looks into her eyes. She smiles drunkenly.

CHICA (CONT'D)
Good.

She yanks it, drawing it into his femoral artery. Hard.

He falls to the ground. He didn't see this coming.

She kicks him backwards.

He feels life escaping him. His point of view as:

She reaches down BETWEEN HER LEGS.

Fumbles with her CROTCH.

Pulls out a small cell phone from her snatch.

CHICA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I got him.

More life escapes him. Double crossed. He's ready to give up.

CHICA (CONT'D)
(hanging up)
Pobrecito.

CHIEF TORREZ steps in.

GIRL
Como hice? (Sub: How'd I do?)

TORREZ
Bueno... pero no tanto. (Sub:
Good... but not that good.)

He shoots her once; she drops, then he empties the gun into her body, making her do a spider dance on the floor.

TORREZ (CONT'D)

You had to stick your neck where it
didn't belong, amigo.

MACHETE

Torrez?

Torrez's boot connects with Machete's face and he goes
backwards onto the floor.

A SECOND MAN enters. This is DRUGLORD.

DRUGLORD

No, not Torrez. El Santo Muerte,
pendejo. (I'm Saint Death,
pendejo.)

DRUGLORD draws a Samurai sword and SLICES Machete like
carving meat. We don't see it.

DRUGLORD (CONT'D)

Quemalo. Quemalo todo. (Sub: Burn
it. Burn it all.)

Druglord walks out. Through Machete's blurred vision we see
Torrez and other officers lighting rags dipped in bottles of
tequila and throwing them into the corners of the room.

The place goes up as they run out.

Machete crawls and collapses as the flames rise around him
and we

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: THREE YEARS LATER

EXT. BORDER BRUSH COUNTRY - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: SOMEWHERE ALONG THE TEXAS BORDER

A group of ILLEGALS hunker down in the brush, creeping in the
moonlight.

One of them coughs and seizes, obviously sick. Another points
at a WATER STATION up ahead, pulling the sick man along.

Headlights of a large TRUCK appear over a ridge. A spotlight
scans the brush, catches them. ARMED MEN ride in the bed of
the truck.

MAN

I see em!

The burly driver, VON, shifts into gear and barrels down.
They scatter.

Shots from the truck hit them.

One keeps running.

They corner the last illegal. He's lit in the spotlight like
Christ on the cross, arms wide in surrender. VON smiles.

VON

Welcome to America.

Gunfire.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: AUSTIN, TEXAS. 4:45 A.M.

INT. BUNGALOW, BATHROOM - NIGHT

ELEKTRA RIVERS, 20s, lies naked, soaking in a bubble bath.
She stretches, revealing tantalizing glimpses of her bod.

She's having her "private time," caressing every inch of her
body with a phallic loofah. She oohs and ahhs with the joys
of pleasuring herself in the tub.

Headlights appear through the venetian blinds. She stops.

Sounds of people getting out of a car, laughing, shushing
each other. Then a key in a lock, struggling to open it. A
door forcibly opens.

More sounds of fumbling and shushing.

INT. BUNGALOW, BEDROOM

Dim lights silhouette two people getting naked and getting
physical.

Lights come on. ELEKTRA stands in a bathrobe.

COUPLE are stunned. Especially since the naked woman in bed
looks just like ELEKTRA.

ELEKTRA

Jesus, Sis. How long have you known
this one? Twenty minutes?

NAKED MAN

What the fuck? You're a twin? Hot.

SIS in bed covers up.

SIS

Mind your own business.

ELEKTRA

I'm trying to. I've got to get
ready for work. And you're in my
room.

NAKED MAN

Whoa, whoa. Why don't you join us?

ELEKTRA

What a charmer. You sure know how
to pick 'em, Sis.

SIS

Fuck off.
(to MAN)
Get out.

NAKED MAN

What?

SIS

You've been kicked off the island.
Get the fuck out.

Naked Man cold-cocks Sis. She's out.

NAKED MAN

Talk nice. And you--get that robe
off and get up here.

ELEKTRA

Sure thing. I like a man who takes
control.

She sidles up to the man, straddles him in bed, pushes his
hands up to the bedrail and snaps the cuffs on him, cuffing
him to the bed.

NAKED MAN

What the fuck?

ELEKTRA

You're under arrest, dick.

She pulls a handgun from her robe, pistolwhips him good.

NAKED MAN

You're a cop?

She hits speed-dial on a cellphone.

ELEKTRA

Yeah, this is Agent Elektra Rivers,
Homeland Security. I could use some
unis at the corner of Newning and
Drake for an assault. Suspect in
custody.

NAKED MAN

You're fucking hot.

ELEKTRA

(clicking phone shut)
Yeah. Thanks. I gotta get dressed
now.

NAKED MAN

Can I watch?

ELEKTRA

Suit yourself.

She strips off the robe, giving him an eyeful.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

Cops take the naked man into custody. Elektra, badge on her
suit, gets into her car. Sis appears in the doorway holding a
steak to her face. She lowers it, revealing a black eye.

SIS

Have a nice day, bitch.

ELEKTRA

You too, slut.

Elektra drives away. Sis shuts the door.

EXT. ELEKTRA'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Elektra drives. Flicks on the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

State Senator John McLaughlin is
once again under investigation for
his ties to an extremist militia
organization in the capitol city--

Switching radio to her favorite song as she speeds by--

EXT. DAY LABORER PICKUP SPOT - DAY

Men mill about, waiting to be picked up for work as trucks roll by.

MACHETE,; older and tougher, strides down the sidewalk.

A TACO TRUCK honks and pulls to the curb.

A window opens. A gorgeous raven haired beauty, LUZ,
stretches out.

LUZ

Cafe! Taquitos! Tarjetas de
llamada! (Sub: Coffee! Tacos! Long-
distance calling cards!)

Men walk up and get their breakfast.

Machete strides by.

Moco, a worker, approaches the taco truck.

MOCO

Q-vole, Luz! Dos taquitos de papas
con, por fa. Y cafe. (Sub: What's
up, Luz? Two potato and egg tacos,
please. And coffee.)

He digs into the steaming plate of Migas.

Luz's MINI BULLDOG PANCHO runs up and barks.

Moco throws him some chorizo. He scarfs it up.

LUZ

Pancho vamanos! Leave him alone.

MOCO

It's OK Luz. You gotta feed your
little man, he's hungry.

LUZ

He's a fat fuck, don't do nothing
and eats all day, like my last
husband.

MOCO

Orale, you ain't getting married
again with that attitude.

LUZ

Thank god. Why buy the pig when I
can get the chorizo for free?

MOCO

Put a.

LUZ

Eat me

Moco pulls out a hundred dollar bill and slides it across the
counter to her.

Their smiles turn serious.

Luz hands Moco a brown box to go.

LUZ (CONT'D)

Be careful mi amor, and don't leave
no scraps.

Moco looks inside; It's a .357 Magnum

She hands him a french fry box filled with bullets. Moco
takes the gear and leaves.

MOCO

Thanks Luz, Hasta luego.

LUZ

Via con dios.

Luz notices MACHETE, standing away from the crowd, She waves
him over.

LUZ (CONT'D)

Looking for something?

She pushes two tacos and a coffee toward him. He shakes his
head no.

LUZ (CONT'D)

Mañana me pague. (Sub: You can pay
me tomorrow.)

Machete takes the food, steps aside.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Men circle in an alleyway, laying money down on the ground, placing bets on the two fighters in the makeshift ring.

One is a brawny thug with a neck like a tree trunk. The other is strong, but not big.

Brawny Thug makes quick work of his opponent. The men cheer.

Brawny Thug's HANDLER coaxes the crowd for another opponent.

Machete walks into the alley. Brawny Thug points at him.

HANDLER

He wants you.

Machete keeps walking.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

\$500 if you lose. \$2000 if you win.

Machete keeps walking.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Hey, you, wetback! You're gonna kiss off \$500 for five minutes?

Machete stops.

Rico, a WORKER, lays a fistful of bills on the ground.

RICO

A hundred on the new guy!

HANDLER takes the money, makes a note. Bets start flying as money changes hands.

RICO (CONT'D)

Orale! Come on!

A Benz pulls up into the alley, and a bearded man wearing sunglasses steps out, still in the shadows, watching from a distance.

Machete and the brawny thug fist fight bareknuckled. Brawny gets in several good punches, knocking Machete about, but Machete comes from behind to lay him out.

Brawny falls on his face with a sickening crunch.

The crowd goes wild. Rico pockets his winnings. Machete grabs his and walks off around the corner.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Machete is followed by two of Brawny's gangster friends. Another steps in front of him.

BRUNO

Hey man, that was some good work back there. Let me borrow some money.

Machete walks around him. Bruno blocks his path and sticks a Glock in Machete's face.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Hand it over.

The two gangsters behind Machete pull switchblades.

GANGSTER ONE

Don't make us carve you up farmer.

A standoff as Machete stares. They all turn when they hear...

LUZ

I do the carving around here pendejos.

BRUNO

(Spanish)

What the fuck is this? Get back to the kitchen chica.

Luz drops her apron and gives them an eyeful. Her tan body is barely covered in cut offs and a blouse. She makes Daisy Duke look like Jabba the Hutt.

A CLEAVER is in her manicured hand. She waves him over.

LUZ

Come to mami.

Gangster One lunges at her. Luz chops into his shoulder Bruno is distracted, Machete grabs his gun;beats him with it.

Her dog Pancho bites their ankles.

Luz takes out the others with lightning quick moves.

The gangsters lay beaten, moaning on the ground.

Machete and Luz share a look and part ways.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

A MERCEDES BENZ rolls down the street and stops by Machete.

The DRIVER of the BENZ points at him.

BENZ

You.

Another worker scrabbles to the window.

BENZ (CONT'D)

Not you, Ragged Dick. Him.

The worker steps aside. Machete walks up.

BENZ (CONT'D)

Get in.

Luz watches Machete leave.

INT. CAR, DRIVING - DAY

Benz drives, Machete rides shotgun.

BENZ

You speak English?

MACHETE

\$70 a day for yardwork. Hundred for roofing. One-twenty-five for septic. Sewage.

BENZ

\$125?

MACHETE

I cost the most, because I'm the best there is.

BENZ

Naturally.

They drive by a CATHOLIC CHURCH. A Mexican-American PADRE sweeps the steps.

BENZ (CONT'D)

You can call me Benz.

MACHETE

Like the car.

BENZ

You're sharp. That's right. Just like the car.

MACHETE

What are you looking for, Mr. Benz?

BENZ

Have you ever killed anyone before?

Machete eyes the church as they drive by.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The Benz parks underground. They take a freight elevator up to the office.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE

Benz hits the lights. The place is nice. Machete don't care.

BENZ

Drink?

Benz pours two tequila shots. They shoot em.

BENZ (CONT'D)

Like angels pissing down my throat.

Benz points Machete to sit behind the desk.

He flips open a manila folder, inside is an 8 X 10 of a well-dressed 40-something man.

BENZ (CONT'D)

Do you know this man?

Machete shakes his head no.

BENZ (CONT'D)

State Senator John McLaughlin,
Independent from Cocksucker County.
As you know, illegal immigrants
such as yourself are being forced
out of our country at an alarming
rate. If he had his druthers, he'd
ship you back to old Meh-Hee-Co.
That's his platform: Ship 'em back.

(MORE)

BENZ (CONT'D)

But first, he'd make you build a wall along the border for no pay. Not so much as a thank you then get the fuck out.

Benz sees this doesn't impress Machete.

BENZ (CONT'D)

What?

MACHETE

That doesn't sound like your problem.

BENZ

That's where you're wrong, friend. What our senator fails to realize is that this country runs on illegal labor. Thrives on it. Keeps costs down, keeps the wheels moving. Bust that, and the world stops turning. You've chaos and shit.

MACHETE

What do you want me to do?

BENZ

For the good of both our peoples, our new senator must die. And for that I will pay you \$150,000 cash.

INT. INNER ROOM

Benz flicks the lights. Tables are laid out with weaponry. Machete walks past the automatics and blades. He stops at a machete.

BENZ

You like the machete, huh? Strictly low-tech, but good close-up, or if you're trying to make a particularly brutal point. But it's entirely unsuited to our purposes. Here. Have a look at this.

He shows him an unassembled sniper rifle. As he lists the specs, he snaps it together perfect.

BENZ (CONT'D)
(specific dialogue about the
weapon, the laser-sight on it, the
ammo it uses, then) Cheer up,
Charlie. This is your golden
ticket.

Benz drops a hollow point sniper shell into Machete's hand.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CHURCH - DAY

Machete walks past, the briefcase in one hand, rifle case in the other. Families have gathered on the front steps after a baptism. PADRE shakes hands with the parishioners. Seems to recognize Machete, but when he looks again, Machete's gone.

EXT. DAY LABORER PICKUP SPOT - DAY

Machete steps up to the taco truck and sets the locked briefcase on the counter.

LUZ
(smiling)
You still owe me, amigo. Two tacos
y cafe. What's this?

MACHETE
Collateral.

Machete walks away.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Senator JOHN MCLAUGHLIN sits while a foppish Italian cuts his hair.

A REPORTER sits across from him.

REPORTER
But isn't this anti-immigration
platform a hard sell in this part
of the country, where so many
voters have strong ethnic
backgrounds?

MCLAUGHLIN
Not at all. Those voters are here
legally.

(MORE)

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

It cheapens their experience, their hard work, to have people jumping the border, taking advantage of loopholes in our system. It makes a mockery of everything they've worked for and turns it into a big steaming pile of--

A hand covers the reporter's recorder. It's Benz.

BENZ

Thank you, that'll be all.

The reporter half-smiles. Benz ushers her out and turns to the hairdresser.

BENZ (CONT'D)

Who the fuck is this?

MCLAUGHLIN

It's Mario. He's my goddamn hairdresser.

BENZ

Get out. Get the fuck out.

Mario leaves.

MCLAUGHLIN

I've got to look good for my constituency.

BENZ

You're in here with a reporter and a fucking shampoo queen, for Christ sake.

MCLAUGHLIN

Mario's the best.

BENZ

People want to know you're one of them. From now on, No manicures, no massages, no English tailored suits.

MCLAUGHLIN

Who died up your ass, Benz? I'm elected, you sonofabitch. The people have spoken, by a slim margin maybe, but they picked me.

BENZ

And they'll be picking through your trash looking for a reason to fuck you up. I'm doing everything I can to make your Von problem go away. Don't add more fuel to the fire.

MCLAUGHLIN

Von... that fat sonofabitch. What does he say?

BENZ

I don't give a damn. As long as he lays low and doesn't take a step out of his little tree fort, he and his boys can play soldier till Hell freezes over.

EXT. ABANDONED NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - DAY

Trucks and military surplus vehicles are lining up and moving out.

VON, driving a big truck, prepares to leave the premises. Shades and a cigar. MAN riding shotgun looks uncomfortable.

MAN

Maybe we shouldn't be doing this, Von. Not with the heat we're under.

VON

"Congress shall make no law abridging the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Do you know what that's from?

MAN

The Constitution?

VON

The First Fuckin Amendment
"Congress shall make no law abridging the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." I would like to assemble peaceably as I have some grievances to redress. Now is that all right with you?

Man stands down. Puts on his cap. It says "FREEDOM FORCE."

The trucks roll out.

EXT./INT. DOWNTOWN BUILDING - DAY

Machete in JANITOR uniform pushes a mop and bucket to the elevator and steps inside.

A woman in a business suit, hair pinned back and glasses stops the elevator door.

WOMAN

You!

Machete freezes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're not Cisco. You're new here, aren't you? Well, one of the toilets in the ladies' is busted again, and you need to clean it up snappy.

MACHETE

This is Cisco's floor. I'm on 11.

WOMAN

But this is an emergency!

MACHETE

Find Cisco.

The elevator doors shut.

EXT. TOHO JAPANESE STEAKHOUSE - DAY

ELEKTRA enters.

INT. TOP FLOOR, ROOF ACCESS

Machete wheels a mop and bucket. He pulls a plastic bag out of the gray water and enters the stairwell.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Machete slips the pieces of the rifle out of the plastic bag and assembles them. He preps for the kill.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Throngs of people are gathered to hear the Senator's speech. The citizen militia led by Von carry signs of support for McLaughlin and other anti-immigration slogans. They wear caps marked "FREEDOM FORCE."

Across the street, a counterprotest group assembles with signs of their own. Luz's TACO TRUCK is there.

SPEAKER

We're at a crossroads in this great land, and one man has the vision to see us into the future.

MILITIA MAN

(applauding)
Our man's up next.

VON

It's a great day in America, Amen.

Benz stands among the crowd, the brim of a cowboy hat shading his eyes.

SPEAKER

Please join me in welcoming our great State Senator John McLaughlin!

McLaughlin stands at the podium. Behind him hangs a banner: LAND OF THE FREE, NOT THE FREELoadERS. The crowds punctuate his speech with cheers.

MCLAUGHLIN

Make no mistake, my friends: We are at WAR. Every time an illegal sneaks across the border by dark of night it is an act of aggression against the United States. And I submit to you, it is an overt act of TERRORISM. These people are TERRORISTS.

Cheers swell in the crowd, spiked with boos and jeers from across the street.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Machete readies the sniper rifle and aims down at his target.

Something catches his eye—a glint of a reflection—as he spots—
...

ANOTHER SNIPER across the way, aiming another SNIPER RIFLE directly at HIM.

MACHETE lets off two quick rounds and the SNIPER lets off three shots in rapid succession and one of them catches Machete in the shoulder. He flips onto his back and out of the other sniper's line of sight.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Down below, Machete's bullet has grazed McLaughlin's cheek. The second bullet has shattered McLaughlin's shin. The throng scrambles for cover as armed guards draw their weapons and scan the skies.

INT. TOP FLOOR, ROOF ACCESS

Machete zips up the gray coveralls but the blood starts to seep through. He pushes the mop and bucket and a small trickle of blood runs down the mop handle from where it leans against Machete's shoulder and into the bucket.

He walks briskly to the elevator and slips inside.

INT. ELEVATOR

The elevator stops on the sixth floor. A GUARD enters, talking on a 2-way.

GUARD
(into radio)
Roger. I'm on my way.

Machete pushes the bucket and mop out. The guard notices blood on the floor.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Hey!

He reaches for Machete but Machete pulls a hidden blade from the mop handle and jacks the guy with quick, sharp thrusts into his neck. The guard slides backwards into the elevator as the door closes.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR

Machete pushes the bucket and mop towards an open office. There's a fire escape out the window. He heads towards it.

INT. DOWNTOWN BUILDING, GROUND FLOOR

Elevator opens as the WOMAN complaining about the toilets earlier steps in and sees GUARD lying in pool of BLOOD. She SCREAMS.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Frantic down there, as a fight breaks out between Von's anti-immigration militia and pro-immigrant protesters.

Benz grabs McLaughlin and funnels him into a waiting limousine. The limo screeches as it speeds away.

INT. LIMOUSINE, MOVING

Benz presses his jacket against the bloody wound at McLaughlin's leg.

MCLAUGHLIN

The fuck was that?

BENZ

I'd say it was a fucking gift from the Gods.

MCLAUGHLIN

What are you talking about?

BENZ

Get ready for your numbers to rise like Lazarus. A thousand bucks says it was some bean-eating wetback just took a potshot at you. It will put the fear of God into the ethics commission. Now we get you to the hospital, you make your bedside speech and you're set.

McLaughlin looks at Benz, taking it all in.

MCLAUGHLIN

Fix me a goddamn drink.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Machete rockets down the fire escape.

He lands and a COP smashes the back of his head with a Shotgun butt.

Machete flies into garbage cans.

Shotguns pump.

He looks up. Two cops have shotguns pointed at his head.

PATROLMAN

Go ahead Jorge, I'll grease your
chips all over this fucking alley!

One of the cops cuffs him and shoves him into the backseat of
a patrol car.

PATROLMAN (CONT'D)

It's going to turn into a lynch mob
if we don't get him out of here
now.

The patrolmen drive away; A TV CREW spots them and jumps
into their van to give chase.

INT. PATROL CAR, MOVING

The two patrolmen are young, hyped.

PATROLMAN

This is fucking big. This guy took
a shot at a Representative.

COP

Senator.

PATROLMAN

Same fucking thing. He could die,
and we caught him.

COP

Yeah, we did. They're gonna hang
him like Saddam.

PATROLMAN

We're fuckin' heroes, buddy.

The patrol car zips in and out of traffic.

COP

I'm gonna call it in. Unless you
want to do it.

PATROLMAN

No. You go ahead. You're good at
it.

COP

What the fuck is that supposed to mean? That I'm not good at the action stuff? Just the pussy stuff?

PATROLMAN

Did I fuckin' say that?

COP

Did you fuckin' mean it?

PATROLMAN

Look, you and me both apprehended this fuckin' suspect. We frisked him and we cuffed him and now we're bringin' him downtown. We're gonna get a medal for this.

COP

I didn't frisk him.

PATROLMAN

Yeah, you did.

COP

I'm telling you. I didn't frisk him. You must have done it.

PATROLMAN

I didn't frisk him. I thought you--

Suddenly, a bolus of BLOOD appears at the driver's mouth.

COP

Jesus fuck! What's wrong, man?

In the backseat, Machete has his MACHETE in his cuffed hands, stuck through the driver's seat and into the guy's chest. Machete twists the blade and the driver turns the wheel in the direction -- MACHETE is STEERING THE CAR from the BACKSEAT with the MACHETE stuck through the DRIVER!

PATROLMAN

(spitting blood)

Oh, fuck!

His foot goes like iron to the floor, gunning the engine.

COP

Slow down, man!

Machete jerks the blade to one side and the COP CAR veers into oncoming traffic.

COP (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

The cop tries to grab the wheel but Machete jerks the blade in the opposite direction and the COP CAR wrecks, spilling sideways and sliding across the pavement.

Machete slides out through the busted glass and frees his hands on the blade, then limps towards--

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

TV VAN jerks to a halt and the cameraman gets footage of the cop car wreckage and of Machete miraculously walking away.

TV REPORTER hurries to catch up and describe the scene.

INT. TOHO JAPANESE STEAKHOUSE

ELEKTRA looks up from her teriyaki and martini to the muted TV mounted on the wall.

ELEKTRA

Hey, turn that up, would you?

TV REPORTER

(on TV)

...at the scene of an incredible accident just moments after the attempt on State Senator McLaughlin's life and we're not sure if this individual was in custody or was hit by the vehicle but he appears to be injured--

EXT. ALLEYWAY

The COP CAR ignites its spilled gas.

TV REPORTER

Holy fuck!

The car blows, sending them flying backwards into the side of the TV TRUCK.

Machete is thrown by the explosion into BLACKOUT.

INT. TOHO JAPANESE STEAKHOUSE

Elektra's phone rings. It's her BOSS.

ELEKTRA
I'm watching it.

BOSS
(on phone)
Don't watch it. Get on it now! I
want that suspect.

ELEKTRA
What do you know?

BOSS
I only know what you know, and
right know, you don't know dick.

ELEKTRA
I'm gone, relax.

EXT. ALLEYWAY/INT. SNIPER'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

SNIPER who took a shot at MACHETE watches as the cops sift
through the mess left behind.

SNIPER
(on phone)
I think he's toast.

BENZ
(on phone)
Don't think. Know. Check the
hospital. Check the morgue. Fucking
verify.

ELEKTRA arrives. SNIPER gets an eyeful as she crosses the
yellow tape barrier.

SNIPER
(hanging up)
Now that's what I call a fuckable
ass.

SNIPER drives off.

INT. COUNTY MEDICAL HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

COUNTY MEDICAL is noisy and dirty.

A SEXY SPANISH NURSE wheels Machete down the corridor and
into a room.

Her tattoos poke out from under her tiny nurse uniform.

NURSE
(quietly in Spanish)
They don't know you're here yet.
You were brought in as a Juan Doe.
Innocent bystander.

He's barely conscious; his vision blurred.

INT. COUNTY MEDICAL HOSPITAL ROOM

DOC FELIX checks X-Rays. Nurse gives him a kiss.

NURSE
Here he is, Doc.

DOC FELIX
Good girl.

She bends over and gives Doc an eyeful.

NURSE
Hey Doc... I can feel your eyeballs
in my uterus.

Doc slips a surgical glove on.

DOC FELIX
Let's investigate that.

Machete coughs into semi-consciousness.

DOC FELIX (CONT'D)
Oh hey, the hero has awoken. Check
it out.
(Holds up X-Rays)
This is amazing. You can see the
bullet rebounded, entered the back
of the cranium and was stopped by
another bullet already lodged in
the bone. I've never seen anything
like it. If he hadn't been shot
before he would be dead now.
There's a lesson in there
somewhere...

A GRUFF SECURITY GUARD walks in and HANDCUFFS Machete to the
side of the gurney.

SECURITY GUARD
You're going to tell me who you're
working for or I'll bury your spic
ass and have your wife turning
tricks for tacos by breakfast.

DOC FELIX

Hey, buddy. This is a patient of mine. He's in a fragile state. He's got a bullet in his cranium.

SECURITY GUARD

This wetback tried to kill the Senator, Doc! It's all over the TV.

DOC FELIX

Yeah? In that case you better let me keep him alive so you can beat the truth out of him. And collect the reward.

The Guard lightens up.

SECURITY GUARD

You're alright, Doc. You know how it is, they take our welfare money. There ain't none left for us decent folk... Now you get him lucid so I can torture him good.

DOC FELIX

Lucid. That's a good word. Go get a coffee and donut out in the lobby. I'll come get you when he's ready.

SECURITY GUARD

I'll be waiting.

He leaves. Doc locks the door.

Nurse pulls a leather pouch out from under her garter belt.

Inside are three hypodermic needles; Orange, Red and Black.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY

Sniper and two THUGS pass SECURITY GUARD making a mess of a powdered donut.

INT. COUNTY MEDICAL HOSPITAL ROOM

Doc uncaps the Orange syringe.

Machete struggles.

DOC FELIX
(IN PERFECT SPANISH)
Don't worry, amigo, this is not my
country. I'm from Cuba; one hundred
percent. She's from Puerto Rico.
We're all Children of the Sun.

The Nurse gives Machete a kiss, Doc slaps her ass.

DOC FELIX (CONT'D)
Leave him alone.
(beat)
Now these are my friends.
(taps the needles)
They will cheer you up special
until these bullet holes feel like
little butterfly kisses.

The Nurse blows a kiss at them.

Doc stabs the Orange one into Machete's arm.

Machete's eyes SNAP open.

The heart monitor speeds up.

Doc tosses the needle into the trash can and pulls out the
Red one.

DOC FELIX (CONT'D)
This one here...

The GUARD bangs on the door.

SECURITY GUARD (O.C.)
Hurry up in there!

Doc Felix panics.

DOC FELIX
...is for me.

He stabs his own leg with it.

DOC FELIX (CONT'D)
Oh wow, that hit the spot... all
the spots!

Doc's head vibrates.

The GUARD bangs the door.

DOC FELIX (CONT'D)
This one, I call this one "Popeye."

Felix stabs the Black into Machete's leg.

He jolts awake and breaks his shackles.

The heart monitor EXPLODES.

The GUARD KICKS the door in. Machete knocks him out.

Machete peeks from the doorway.

SNIPER and his men walking up.

He shuts the door. He's cornered.

MACHETE

Another way out?

DOC FELIX

Wait, I got something.

Doc hands him a wicked tool made of long curved surgical steel called a--

DOC FELIX (CONT'D)

SKULL SCRAPER. We use this to scrape the bones clean. It cuts through flesh like butta.

Machete slips the Nurses belt off and STRAPS the surgical tool to his arm like captain hook.

MACHETE

Thanks.

DOC FELIX

Vaya con Dios.

EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Doc and his Nurse cruise past the approaching Henchmen.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Machete clamps an OXYGEN CANISTER to the back of the gurney.

Lays on it and shoots the valve.

It EXPLODES him through the door.

EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Machete soars down the hall with a FIREBALL behind him.

He blasts henchmen as he flies by, the corridor of windows shatters. SNIPER ducks for cover.

His HOOK ARM SLICES a man's belly open.

Machete CRASHES through a window at the end of the corridor.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Machete FALLS ten stories.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A middle aged couple is having a nice drive listening to the local RUSH LIMBAUGH spew vitriol about illegals.

They look up, smiles fade.

COUPLES POV : Machete falls face first towards them.

He CRASHES through the windshield into their laps.

The car drives through the front window of a coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Machete climbs out, into the night.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB HOSPITAL

The hospital is modern, tranquil, in sharp contrast to County Medical. Miles Davis plays softly over the speaker system.

Elektra walks down the hallway, high heels clip-clopping.

INT. MCLAUGHLIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM

She enters. Mclaughlin is making a statement on the phone.

Benz gives her a hard look, waves her away to wait.

MCLAUGHLIN

(on phone)

This act... this cowardly act...

(MORE)

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)
will not end my struggle, to keep
our country safe from those who
would destroy it. God bless
everyone who stood with me today, I
will return to the fight. And God
Bless America.

Benz takes the phone from him.

BENZ
No further statements. We only hope
that the perpetrator is brought to
swift justice in an American court.

Elektra flashes a badge at McLaughlin. Benz hangs up.

ELEKTRA
Elektra Rivers, Department of
Homeland Security.

BENZ
This is a state matter. We've
already talked to--

ELEKTRA
DHS has jurisdiction over everyone
so give it a rest, Mr--

BENZ
Booth. Michael Booth.

MCLAUGHLIN
I don't know what I can do to help
you in here, Agent Rivers. You want
to find the bastard did this, go
look for him.

ELEKTRA
I appreciate that, sir, and I
assure you--

McLaughlin spits on her shoe.

MCLAUGHLIN
You can't assure dick. Just ask
what you want and then you can be
on your way.

She keeps her steely resolve as she pulls out a small note
pad.

ELEKTRA

Is the shooter known to you, I mean, did you have any warnings or communication before today?

MCLAUGHLIN

No.

ELEKTRA looks over at Benz, gets nothing.

ELEKTRA

My expertise is in profiling and assessing risks of potentially dangerous individuals who are in this country illegally.

BENZ

Looks like you missed one.

Burn. Then, not missing a beat--

ELEKTRA

Would you like additional DHS officers assigned to your security detail?

BENZ

The senator is trying to project an image of resilience, not fear. Now I'm sure you'll agree, the Senator has had a very trying day.

ELEKTRA

Here's my card, in case you change your mind. Or you think of anything else.

She hands Benz her card.

BENZ

You'll be the first person I call.

Elektra leaves and Benz drops the card in the trash.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Machete runs down alleys, slowing, tired.

LUZ'S TACO TRUCK sits at the end of the alley. Machete approaches as Luz is cleaning up.

LUZ
Hijo de la chingada. What happened
to you?

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

SNIPER surveys the damage.

HENCHMAN
Booth isn't going to like this.
What are we going to tell him?

Beat.

SNIPER
(calm)
"Oops."

EXT. LUZ'S GARAGE, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The TACO TRUCK pulls into a garage.

INT. BEDROOM, LUZ'S HOUSE

Luz helps Machete to the bed.

LUZ
You'll be safe here.

INT. KITCHEN

Luz sets a pot to boil with all kinds of herbs.

INT. BEDROOM

Luz returns with the boiling pot and sets the briefcase down.

MACHETE
Did you open it?

LUZ
No.

Machete nods and Luz opens it. It's filled with cut newspaper. She shows him.

LUZ (CONT'D)
Nothing worth nothing here, unless
you were going to make a pinata.
Now lie back.

Machete lays down.

Luz scoops the boiling goop onto his wounds.

LUZ (CONT'D)
You know what this is, right?

Machete nods yes.

LUZ (CONT'D)
Works every time. When the sun
rises, you'll be good.

Machete feels her long legs up.

MACHETE
I don't know about that.

LUZ
Cuidado, chico. You might burn
yourself.

She places a Mexican blanket on him.

MACHETE
Why are you helping me?

LUZ
You know why Machete.

MACHETE
You know me?

LUZ
No, but I know the myth of the last
honest cop in Mexico.

MACHETE
The myth might be better.

LUZ
Cada uno lleva su cruz (sub. We
each have our cross to bear)

Machete pulls her down onto him.

EXT. ELEKTRA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Elektra drives into the driveway. There's a Texas Ranger pickup already there.

ELEKTRA
Good. Now I can get some answers.

INT. ELEKTRA'S BUNGALOW

Elektra comes in. Place looks deserted.

ELEKTRA
McGraw? McGraw, are you here?

No answer.

Elektra unholsters her sidearm, and scopes the place out.

Thumping coming from the bedroom.

She assumes her best vigilant stance and kicks open the door.

INT. ELEKTRA'S BEDROOM

Ranger MCGRAW (late 20s) lies in bed while SIS rides him like a cowgirl should, not missing a beat.

ELEKTRA
Goddamnit! You're fucking my
sister?

MCGRAW
Your sister? Holy shit. I thought
it was you.

ELEKTRA
Fuckin' liar.

Sis rides on, not giving a shit.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)
Did you at least get me the files?

MCGRAW
Sure I did.

McGraw is preoccupied with the business at hand.

ELEKTRA
Well, where the hell are they?

MCGRAW

Uh... uh... uhh...

ELEKTRA

Never mind. I see 'em.

She snatches a file from the bedside table.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

If you need me, I'll be in the
bath. Slut.

SIS

Bitch.

Elektra exits. McGraw howls.

EXT. BENZ'S ESTATE - DAY

Benz's home is a nice ranch-style spread.

INT. BENZ'S ESTATE, DINING ROOM

Benz sits at the head of the table eating with his wife, JUNE
and daughter, APRIL.

JUNE

The nerve. An honest, dedicated
American like John. What on earth
were they thinking?

BENZ

They weren't, dear. They weren't.

JUNE

I worry more about April. What kind
of world are we leaving her?

APRIL

I think Cole is going to ask me to
marry him.

JUNE

Oh, honey that's--

APRIL

But I don't want to marry him.

JUNE

Terrible.

APRIL

I mean, look at me. I'm not ready for that kind of commission.

BENZ

Commitment.

APRIL

That either. I have priorities.

JUNE

Good for you.

BENZ

School, career. Those come first.

APRIL

I'm talking about my modeling.

BENZ

You're a beautiful girl, April, but that's a tough nut to crack.

APRIL

No it isn't. Do you know how many hits I've gotten on my website?

BENZ

You have a website?

(to June)

She has a website. You know about this?

June nods yes.

APRIL

I know what the online public wants, and they want me. All of me. Cole's just going to have to wait.

Benz sees Sniper coming up the driveway.

BENZ

We'll talk about this later. I'll be in my office.

Benz walks off.

JUNE

(whispering to April)

Are there cute guys on there? You need me to inspect them I think.

APRIL
(whispering)
No way! You're such a slut, Mom!
You're a Cougar slut!

They laugh.

INT. BENZ'S OFFICE

Benz enters to find Sniper already there, pouring himself a drink. TV is on mute in the background.

BENZ
I hope you've got something to
celebrate.

Artist's sketch of MACHETE fills the TV screen.

SNIPER
He's off the grid. Sonofabitch
disappeared.

Benz points to a map of the city on his desk.

BENZ
I picked him up here. Find out if
anyone's seen him. He couldn't have
done it on his own. He has help.
Find the help.

INT. LUZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Machete wakes up, alone.

A note on the pillow reads - breakfast in oven.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Machete opens the oven door and takes out a plate of steaming MIGAS.

He eats and looks around at Luz's pictures on the walls; Luz as a young girl on a farm in Mexico, Protesting at a university, Newspaper articles about the riots, in Rebel gear in the mountains, the pictures reveal a serious past behind the hot taco lady.

EXT. DRUGLORD'S SPRAWLING RANCH, MEXICO - DAY

A TRUCK is waved through the gate by armed guards.

INT. DRUGLORD'S BEDROOM

Druglord being serviced by a trio of women.

TORREZ, older, enters. DRUGLORD is unfazed, keeps right on trucking.

TORREZ
He's alive.

Druglord stops in mid-fuck.

DRUGLORD
Go.

The first girl leaves off.

DRUGLORD (CONT'D)
All of you.

The other girls follow her and exit.

DRUGLORD (CONT'D)
Where?

TORREZ
Texas.

DRUGLORD
Take all the men you need. But
bring him back alive. I want to
kill him with my own hands.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICES, TEXAS - DAY

Elektra sits at her desk, going over Machete's file. Photos of Machete in Federale uniform, mugshots of YOUNG MACHETE.

Pulls a sheet that reads: PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATION in Spanish.

ELEKTRA
(to herself)
"Problems with authority. Prone to
violence. Fatalistic, ruled by a
sense of destiny and purpose."

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. MEXICAN SLUMS - DAY

Dirt streets. Cinder-block houses with tin roofs.

YOUNG MACHETE, 8, long hair, plays swordfighter in the street with a stalk of sugar cane.

ELEKTRA

(v.o.)

"Father was a preacher who butted heads with the local drug baron."

Low Angle, slo mo - PREACHER DAD with a sign around his neck and waving a Bible, shouting wordlessly. There are hypodermic needles in the street at his feet. He kicks them away.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

"Inherited sense of destiny from father."

INT. MEXICO, PRIMITIVE DRUG LAB

Barefoot women cut white powder.

Preacher Dad bursts in with a Bible in one hand and a lit TORCH in the other. Shouting in Spanish. Women scatter as he sets fire to everything inside.

EXT. MEXICO CHURCH - NIGHT

FIVE MEN walk in with clubs, bats, and a MACHETE.

THEY ATTACK Dad. BLOOD SPRAYS on the flowers.

CUT TO BLACK.

ELEKTRA

(v.o.)

"Subject was the first to find him."

FADE UP

Young Machete walks through the gate, waving his sugar cane sword. We see glimpses of gore as he does. CU EYES

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

"Subject developed Old Testament-style concepts of vengeance at an early age. Sense of righteousness."

He drops his sugar cane sword and picks up the BLOODY MACHETE used to kill his dad. (SLO MO)

INT. MEXICO CITY BAR - NIGHT

KILLER 1 plays foosball in the back. The ball pops into the air.

A hand catches it; reveal young Machete.

Killer 1 reaches for the ball. Young Machete CHOPS his hand OFF.

Killer 1 falls; another CHOP, blood sprays Young Machete's face, he doesn't blink.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

KILLER 2 on the phone. He looks down at Bloody Young Machete.

MACHETE STABS the man THROUGH the GLASS booth.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A group of Mexicans playing late night Soccer.

The ball is kicked into the bushes.

KILLER 3 runs in to get it.

He doesn't come out.

TEAMMATE

Throw the ball back, Pendejo!

The ball FLIES out of the bushes and lands on the field...

Except it's NOT a ball! It's Killer 3's HEAD bouncing towards them.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

KILLER 4 sits on the couch watching a spanish sitcom.

MED SHOT - he's laughing hysterically - His smile fades.

A stream of blood pours down between his eyes.

He falls forward revealing a knife buried in his head and Young Machete standing calmly.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Doorbell rings.

KILLER 5 answers in bathrobe and cigar.

Young Machete stands there, knife in hand, covered in blood.

KILLER 5

(Spanish)

What do you want, little maricon?
What you going to do with that
knife? You think that scares me?
You think...

ELEKTRA

(v.o.)

"Subject's macabre killing methods
traced to childhood tragedy."

SLURRMP! KILLER 5's head is impaled on a wooden stake, we
are now at...

EXT. TREE HOUSE - MORNING

Pull back to reveal five heads on stakes surrounding a cute
plywood tree house.

A SWAT TEAM converges on it.

Young Machete in his Zorro pajamas eating cereal.

A TEAR GAS CANISTER flies in through the top and lands in his
cereal.

The SWAT TEAM rushes the door.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

A cell door SLAMS on Young Machete's face.

ELEKTRA

(v.o.)

"Recommendation: Total lockdown."

END FLASHBACK

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICES, TEXAS - DAY

Boss enters.

BOSS

You look like you've seen a ghost.

ELEKTRA

No. But I read the ghost's file. My local contact McGraw got it from the hot sheets down south.

BOSS

Local contact?

ELEKTRA

Ex-boyfriend. Whatever.

BOSS

And?

ELEKTRA

He's dangerous.

BOSS

I knew there was a reason we kept you on here. It's your brilliant insights.

ELEKTRA

I'm working on it.

BOSS

Get him. The hammer's coming down on us hard for this, so if you fuck up, it's not just your ass on the chopping block, it's mine.

ELEKTRA

You want me to put this background on the air?

BOSS

I could give a fuck. Just get him.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Machete walks into the church he drove by with Benz earlier.

INT. CHURCH

Machete steps into the confessional.

INT. CONFESSIONAL

The little door slides open, wooden cross "windows" light the scene.

MACHETE

Bless me, Padre, for I have sinned.
It's been a long fucking time since
my last confession.

PADRE

I was wondering when you were going
to show yourself. They're combing
the city for you. How long before
they get your file and track down
your stepbrother, the priest?

MACHETE

Sorry, bro. I mean, Padre.

PADRE

You were wrong to come here. How
long have you been here anyway?

MACHETE

Few weeks.

PADRE

Why didn't you come to me before?

MACHETE

Didn't need you before.

PADRE

What do you think I can do for you?
Give you absolution? You have to be
sorry for your sins, first.

MACHETE

I'm not sorry.

PADRE

I'm not surprised.

MACHETE

They used me.

PADRE

They use all of us. Welcome to the
real world.

MACHETE

They need to pay.

PADRE
In money or blood?

MACHETE
Either. Both.

PADRE
I am a man of faith. I took a vow
of peace. You want me to help you
kill all these men?

MACHETE
Yes, bro. I mean, Padre.

PADRE
I'll see what I can do.

Padre shakes his head, makes the sign of the cross.

EXT. DAY LABORER PICKUP SPOT - DAY

Luz's taco truck in its usual spot. Luz is sitting at the
window playing with LOTERIA CARDS.

Sniper pulls up. Shows Machete's picture to men who try to
avoid him. He braces a few of them.

LUZ
Hey Culero, leave them alone. They
don't like pork.

He shows her the sketch of Machete.

SNIPER
I'm no cop. You seen this guy?

Luz flips over a LOTERIA CARD with the grim reaper. She shows
it to Sniper.

LUZ
Have you seen *him*?

Sniper slaps it out of her hand.

LUZ (CONT'D)
Cono, this won't end pretty.

He grabs her arm, pins it to the counter and jabs a
switchblade into it, carving out a phone number.

SNIPER

Call me when he shows or I'll carve
that pretty face of yours into a
seven layer burrito got that puta!?

He holds the switchblade up to her face and leaves.

INT. CHURCH SACRISTY

Machete follows Padre into the church sacristy, a plush
bachelor pad.

MACHETE

When I get the money, I'll give
some to the church.

PADRE

You think Jesus wants your blood
money, Judas?

Machete shrugs. Padre lights a cigar and pours them two
drinks.

PADRE (CONT'D)

How much blood money are we talking
about?

MACHETE

A hundred-fifty thousand.

PADRE

(spit-take)

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! I want you
to say ten Our Fathers, ten Hail
Marys and ten Glory Be's, and I
want you to light a candle for Dad.

Machete eyes a bank of security monitors. Different
surveillance shots of the interior and exterior of the
church.

PADRE (CONT'D)

I had them installed last year. Too
many things were walking away from
the altar, the collection plate.
Check this out.

Padre points at a kneeler in front of a rustic altar-looking
armoire. Machete kneels.

Padre opens the armoire revealing an HD TV inside.

PADRE (CONT'D)

No time for that now. You need to see this. I Tivo'd it earlier.

News footage of the sniper attack plays. Machete sees himself on the big screen.

MACHETE

Stop it.

Padre pauses.

Machete picks out BENZ helping MCLAUGHLIN into the LIMO.

MACHETE (CONT'D)

That one. He's the one who hired me. Benz.

PADRE

That's Michael Booth. McLaughlin's aide or something. Cabrones, los dos. Why would he hire you to kill his boss?

The video replays part of the interview with McLaughlin from earlier.

MCLAUGHLIN

(on TV)

.....that I may return to the senate and fight on.

NEWS ANCHOR

(voice-over on TV)

Polls show McLaughlin's numbers are surging since the assassination attempt and officials say they've put a hold on the ethics committee investigation into McLaughlin's ties to the Freedom Force militia. Meanwhile, police continue to scour the city for the perpetrator. If you have any information on the whereabouts of this man--

Machete's mug fills the screen. Padre clicks it off.

MACHETE

Where does he live?

PADRE

Machete, you can't just kill everyone!

MACHETE

I'll leave some for you.

PADRE

That's not what I meant.

EXT. ALLEY, CHOP SHOP

Sniper looks around. Chop Shop GUY approaches.

GUY

What are you looking for, gringo?

SNIPER

This guy.

He shows them the sketch.

GUY

Looks like my sister's boyfriend's
cousin's mother's son.

SNIPER

You're sharp. You're liable to get
cut.

Sniper about to make a move, but sees he's outnumbered here.
Sniper puts his hands up, walks out backwards.

SNIPER (CONT'D)

Safety first.

INT. MCLAUGHLIN'S OFFICE

Benz sits behind McLaughlin's desk. Sniper across from him.

SNIPER

Lead's ran cold. He's underground.
Probably back in the homeland by
now.

Benz's fax machine powers on. Benz snaps his fingers and
Sniper pulls the fax as it's coming out.

SNIPER (CONT'D)

Ho-ly shit. Who knew that your
Mexican day laborer was a goddamn
Federale?!

Phone rings. Benz answers.

BENZ

Yeah.

MACHETE

(on phone)

My money.

BENZ

Holy Mother of Christ. You've got some balls. You *missed*, asshole.

MACHETE

Or else.

BENZ

Or else what?...Hello?

INT. PADRE'S CHURCH HEARSE

Machete hangs up.

He drives the windy road to Benz's estate.

EXT. BENZ'S ESTATE - DAY

He parks the Hearse at the back, gets out and follows the sound of girls' laughter.

EXT. NATURAL SPRING - DAY

Machete walks through some bushes and comes out at a waterfall and natural spring.

June and April are skinny dipping. They giggle. They spot Machete and cover themselves with their arms.

APRIL

Hey, you're not the usual boy!

MACHETE

He called in sick.

JUNE

That little bastard promised me a ride on his leafblower.

They laugh.

APRIL

Don't be shy.

Showing herself...

APRIL (CONT'D)

Why don't you come in? The water's fine.

JUNE

That's right. Come on in, sugar! We like variety around here, no matter what the boys say. You want a wine cooler?

Machete holds up a bottle shaped like a cross.

APRIL

Oh, momma! He's got the good stuff!

DISSOLVE TO:

They play with Machete in the pool.

The Girls drink from the Cross Bottle.

EXT. BENZ'S ESTATE -DAY

Back door of the hearse SLAMS shut on the girls passed out cold.

EXT. WINDY ROAD - DAY

Machete speeds away with the girls in the hearse. He passes BENZ driving home.

INT. BENZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Benz enters to find the phone ringing. He answers.

BENZ

June? April?

MACHETE

(on phone)
Or else *this*.

BENZ

Where is my wife and daughter!?!

Click.

INT. PADRE'S CHURCH, GARAGE

Padre opens the back of the hearse and sees the naked mom and daughter passed out inside.

PADRE

Holy...

Padre crosses himself.

EXT. ARMORY - DAY

Von watches as militiamen practice maneuvers sticking bayonets into burlap Mexican effigies.

A MILITIA MAN leads SNIPER and BENZ into Von's presence.

VON

Well, well, Look what's come asking for Papa Von's help.

BENZ

It's beyond my reach, Von. I need you on this now.

VON

You needed me from the get go, but let's not piss on what's past.

BENZ

He's got my wife and daughter.

VON

Sweet Jesus. I bet he's got a big imagination what to do with a couple cutie pies like that. Makes me ill just thinking about it. You must have broken off a dick in his ass. First he comes after your boss, then he comes after your family. Who's next?

BENZ

Just find him.

Benz and Sniper turn to go.

VON

Ain't you worried about staining the Senator bringing us into this?

BENZ

Don't you read the papers?
McLaughlin's a goddamn saint, a
fucking martyr. I've seen to that.

Benz and Sniper leave.

VON

What do you think he meant by that?

Von fires his pistol in the air. The men look over.

VON (CONT'D)

Boys! We're goin hunting.

Yee-has as they file into trucks.

EXT. OUTSIDE PADRE'S CHURCH - DAY

Elektra is in her BMW staking out the church with binoculars.

Her POV through binocs; A GUN BARREL blocks the view.

She looks up.

Machete's mug five inches from her.

He slides in the passenger side.

MACHETE

Drive.

She does.

ELEKTRA

You can put the gun away. I'm not
going to give you any trouble.

MACHETE

You're a cop.

ELEKTRA

Homeland Security. I guess that
makes you a terrorist.

MACHETE

How did you find me?

ELEKTRA

Come on. Give me some credit. It's
not every ex-Federale-turned-
assassin that has a local priest on
the family payroll.

MACHETE

Turn here.

She does.

ELEKTRA

So are you going to tell me why you did it? Destiny, maybe?

MACHETE

It was just a job.

ELEKTRA

A job? Who hired you? The undocumented workers' union?

MACHETE

Michael Booth.

ELEKTRA

Sonofabitch. Can you prove that?

MACHETE

Maybe. Turn here.

She does.

MACHETE (CONT'D)

Give me ten dollars.

ELEKTRA

What? Why?

MACHETE

Ten bucks.

Elektra digs into her purse. Pulls out a \$10.

MACHETE (CONT'D)

Stop the car.

EXT. DAY LABORER PICKUP SPOT - DAY

Elektra stops the car.

MACHETE

Wait.

Machete gets out, approaches Luz's taco truck. Luz looks beyond him to Elektra in the car.

LUZ

You get around.

Machete lays the ten on the counter.

MACHETE

For the tacos and coffee.

She reaches for the ten and Machete grabs her wrist, sees the sniper switchblade scar. She pulls away, slips the money between her breasts.

LUZ

Yeah, they came looking for you. I told them nothing, as far as I know you're a myth.

INT. ELEKTRA'S CAR - DAY

Machete gets back into Elektra's car. Elektra looks across him at Luz.

ELEKTRA

"Feelings of righteousness and purpose."

MACHETE

Drive.

In the rear view mirror; A TRUCK SPEEDS towards them.

ELEKTRA

Sure thing, Boss.

The truck REAR ENDS them, sending Elektra's car over the curb. They rattle around inside like ragdolls.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Sonofabitch!

She jumps out, pissed.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

What the fuck, man?

The Militia men open fire, her windows shatter.

She ducks back in, peels out. The truck revs up and pursues.

A second TRUCK joins the chase.

They sandwich Elektra's car between them.

Machete chops off the driver's hand of the right-side truck and the truck veers off, crashing.

They keep up the gunfire. A slug catches Machete's shoulder.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

My gun!

Machete unholsters it and fires at the truck. The handcannon shatters the engine block and the truck flips.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

You're shot.

MACHETE

No hospital.

ELEKTRA

Let me bring you to a safehouse. I can negotiate your safety. We'll bring Booth down together.

MACHETE

Onions.

ELEKTRA

You want onions?! Oh shit, you're delirious, dying. Don't die please.

MACHETE

Onions!

ELEKTRA

What? What do you do with...

INT. ELEKTRA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

It's a mess.

Machete chops onions. A pot boils over with thick green fluid.

He pours the boiling green gunk into a bowl.

MACHETE

Come here.

ELEKTRA

What, is this some "old Aztec" shit that's supposed to heal you?

MACHETE

Yes.

He sucks the mixture up with a TURKEY BASTER.

Hands it to her. It smells nasty.

ELEKTRA

What do I do with this?

Machete points to the hole in his shoulder.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Wait, you want this gunk squirted
in there...I don't...

Machete takes a swig of Tequila.

MACHETE

Do it.

ELEKTRA

I....can't.

She takes a swig, pops a pill and stares at the bloody hole.

She holds her arm up ready...

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Fuck.

She JAMS the baster in. The fluid squirts in the hole and
SIZZLES.

Elektra watches in awe as dark green fluid dribbles out of
the wound, followed by a thick yellow goo with veins and
lumps of flesh.

It bubbles like a volcano, she peers in and suddenly...

It BURSTS and SPRAYS pus and flesh chunks all over her.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Ahhhh!

Elektra runs screaming into the bathroom.

INT. CHURCH, INNER ROOM

April and June rouse from two small cots in a drugged and
drunken stupor. They're surprised to find they're naked in a
windowless room. There's a small webcam in a corner.

APRIL

Mom? Where are we? I'm scared.

JUNE

Me, too, honey.

APRIL

What is this place?

POV: WEBCAM. Grainy B&W image.

They embrace, huddle.

INT. BUNGALOW- NIGHT

Elektra walks out in a hot new outfit, blow drying her hair.

ELEKTRA

That was disgusting.

Machete smashes knife handles off and fits the blades into a belt under his jacket.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Do you mind not breaking knives in the house? It's kind of one of my rules. I mean...

Elektra's phone rings. It's Boss.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Oh shit. All right. I'm going to tell him what you told me. Wish me luck.

MACHETE

Luck.

ELEKTRA

(answering phone)

Yeah.

BOSS

(on phone)

Where the hell have you been?

ELEKTRA

I had a little fender bender.

BOSS

(on phone)

Goddamnit! I said where have you been?

ELEKTRA

Calm down! I have him right now.

BOSS
(on phone)
You do?

ELEKTRA
Yes, but it's complicated. He's
innocent. Sort of.

BOSS
(on phone)
Sonofabitch. What kind of Stockholm
Syndrome bullshit are you trying to
pull?

ELEKTRA
Just listen. Michael Booth
orchestrated the assassination
attempt on McLaughlin's life.

BOSS
(on phone)
His own advisor?

ELEKTRA
That's right. This was all some
kind of hare-brained scheme to call
off the ethics investigation. I
think I can get Machete to testify.

BOSS
(on phone)
You do, huh? Well that doesn't
matter because no charges are going
to be filed against Booth.

ELEKTRA
What?

BOSS
(on phone)
The order's come down from top
brass: No more black eyes on DHS.
Bring in the Mexican. Dead or
alive. Now are you gonna DO your
fucking job or are you gonna LOSE
your fucking job?

Elektra is stunned.

BOSS (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Agent Rivers! Agent Rivers! Answer
me, goddamnit!

Elektra hangs up, throws the cellphone into the bowl of green onion gunk.

She looks around for Machete, but he's disappeared while she was on the phone.

INT. CHURCH, INNER ROOM

Padre sits at a computer, with streaming webcam video of June and April on the screen.

PADRE

What do you want me to do with
this? We can't keep them locked up
forever.

EXT. ARMORY - NIGHT

Battered trucks roll in.

INT. ARMORY

Makeshift infirmary for the wounded.

Von oversees the patching up of several of his men.

VON

The day is upon us, my friends.
We'll take down the interloper, and
anyone who gets in our way.

Subdued chorus of mild approval.

VON (CONT'D)

Do you believe in freedom?!

Louder chants of "yeah!"

VON (CONT'D)

Will you die for freedom!

Louder -- "YEAH!"

VON (CONT'D)

If that's what it takes to make you
free, I will kill you with my own
bare hands, Amen.

The men look at each other as if trying to gauge the big man's sanity.

VON (CONT'D)
Heal up, brothers. Heal up good.
The day is upon us.

INT. SNIPER'S CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Sniper patrols the streets, looking for Machete.

His cellphone beeps with notice of a video message -- LINK TO APRIL'S WEBSITE.

He checks it out -- the WEBCAM footage of April and June naked in the windowless room.

SNIPER
Oh shit.

INT. BENZ'S OFFICE/INT. SNIPER'S CAR

Benz calls him. He clicks over from the message with his bluetooth earpiece so he can still see the webcam video.

SNIPER
Yeah.

BENZ
(on phone)
You seeing this?

SNIPER
Yeah.

BENZ
(on phone)
We have to find him. We have to
find him now! I'm going to rip his
heart out with my teeth!

EXT. LUZ'S TACO TRUCK, MOVING - NIGHT

Luz is being followed by Sniper and his goons.

EXT. LUZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Luz pulls into her driveway, into the garage.

She steps out of the truck carrying supplies. Her dog Pancho behind her.

GOON ONE is there with his boot in her crotch. She doubles over.

SNIPER and a HENCHMAN walk up.

SNIPER
Where's your boyfriend?

LUZ
(straining)
You again? You keep coming back up
like bad menudo.

Sniper pulls his cellphone, clicks it on so that she can see--

INSET: WEBCAM VIDEO

April and June nude in the locked room.

END INSET

LUZ (CONT'D)
Who's that? Your mother?

SNIPER
Where is he keeping them?

INSET: WEBCAM VIDEO

April and June pull out NUNS' ROBES from a closet. They hold them up to see if they'll fit.

END INSET

Luz laughs.

SNIPER (CONT'D)
You're not gonna think it's funny
when I cut you a new twat.

Luz swings the SPINDLE of PORK into the goons belly.

She stands. Her KNIFE ROLL unfurls, she grabs two knives as GOON TWO leaps at her.

In a BLUR she slices off his EARS like she's chopping onions.

Pancho runs in and gobbles them up.

SNIPER and his henchmen open fire with their MACHINE GUNS.
Luz dives back into the taco truck.

INT. TACO TRUCK

Luz ducks and runs through the truck, as bullets blast apart everything. She grabs a gun and shoots back through the windows.

Shrapnel sprays her face, a huge SLIVER of GLASS SINKS into her eye.

She yanks it out and shoots back.

LUZ
Hijo de Puta!

Luz is shot in the chest, she flies back blood spewing out.

She sees the men reloading through the window.

Luz is bleeding, one eye gouged out, fading fast.

LUZ (CONT'D)
You're coming with me Maricons!

With her last strength Luz opens the gas valves on the stove and passes out.

EXT. TACO TRUCK

Sniper and henchman finish reloading and raise their guns.

Sniper sniffs the air, smells the gas.

SNIPER
Wait...

HENCHMAN
Fuck that, you wait.

The overeager henchman opens fire. The bullets slam into the truck ignite the gas and it EXPLODES.

They are blasted back by the fireball.

Sniper and the Henchman wake up amidst the burning wreckage.

HENCHMAN (CONT'D)
Man...what happened?

Sniper shoots him in the face.

SNIPER
Moron.

His cellphone rings. It's Booth.

BENZ
(on phone)
Anything?

SNIPER
She wasn't very cooperative.

BENZ
(on phone)
What the hell is that supposed to
mean?

Sniper takes a look at the webcam images on his cell.

INSET: WEBCAM

April and June wearing the nuns' robes.

END INSET

SNIPER
They're in a church. I know where.

EXT. CHURCH - DAWN

(shorthand version -- to be fleshed out)

SNIPER and some HENCHMEN surround the church.

Mount a siege of the church.

Gunfight with Padre. Exploding candles as bullets rip through
the church. Elderly Hispanic women in shawls scatter and run
for the doors.

Gun battle continues outside.

Padre goes to car trunk, pops it, withdraws two big shotguns.

Henchmen in a car try to run him down. He blows the car into
the air with double-blasts.

Padre faces down a HENCHMAN.

HENCHMAN
Please, Father. Have mercy.

PADRE
God has mercy. I don't.

Padre blows his head off.

Sniper shoots off Padre's leg at the knee joint. Padre goes down.

Sniper drags Padre inside the church.

INT. CHURCH, INNER ROOMS

Booth smashes down a door.

It's the room where June and April were.

It's empty. The nuns' robes are on the floor.

INT. CHURCH.

Sniper and a few of the henchmen hold a battered Padre down on the ground.

SNIPER

Where is he?

PADRE

In your nightmares.

Sniper looks to Booth, who nods.

Sniper hammers a nail into Padre's hand. Padre grits his teeth against the pain.

PADRE (CONT'D)

(to Booth)

You're afraid to get your hands
dirty, so you make others carry out
your sins.

Sniper raises the hammer again, but Booth stills his hand, takes the hammer.

Booth leans over Padre's other hand.

BENZ

You want to be a martyr? I'm good
at making martyrs.

Booth raises the hammer.

PADRE

Like McLaughlin?

BENZ

That's right. In our own way, we
can all be like Christ. Too bad for
you, you chose the worst way.

He slams another nail into Padre's other hand.

PADRE

You're so drunk with power, you
ordered the hit on your own boss.

BENZ

This is the boss.

Booth hammers the nails in one by one. Bloody Padre screams.

BENZ (CONT'D)

Now for the last time... where are
my wife and daughter?

Padre, beaten and bloody, laughs.

Benz puts two in his chest. Padre expires.

EXT. ONION FIELDS - DAY

A produce truck filled with migrant workers stops on the
roadside near an onion field. Workers spill out of the back
and get to work.

The last two out are April and June.

They look up and down the road. It stretches forever with no
sign of civilization anywhere.

A worker tosses burlap sacks at their feet.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Machete returns.

INT. CHURCH

Machete sees Padre crucified.

Elektra sits in a bench at the rear of the church.

ELEKTRA

I came back to look for you, and I
found him like... this.

Machete seems oblivious to Elektra. Focused on Padre's lifeless crucified body.

FLASH CUT FLASHBACK

YOUNG MACHETE dropping the sugarcane sword and picking up the MACHETE...

Swinging wildly, chopping up the bad guys...

PREACHER DAD's dead body...

Another boy's hand picks up the preacher's collar...

Puts it on... YOUNG PADRE...

YOUNG PADRE watches SWAT team surrounding treehouse...

YOUNG PADRE watches YOUNG MACHETE led away in chains...

YOUNG PADRE enters church...

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHURCH

ELEKTRA
(in Spanish)
"The more things change--"

MACHETE
(in Spanish)
"--the more they stay the same."

ELEKTRA
(in Spanish)
"--the more they stay the same."

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)
That's what my Grandma used to say.

MACHETE
The guards told me that before they beat me.

ELEKTRA
I'm sorry.

MACHETE
You came to arrest me?

ELEKTRA
Not me. I'm out. But others will.

MACHETE
Out?

ELEKTRA

They don't care about Booth. They just want to wipe you out. You're an embarrassment to the feds. I guess I am, too.

She comes close to him.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

You could have killed me.

MACHETE

(smiling)

The day's still young.

ELEKTRA

I want to help you.

She kisses him once, again. Again.

MACHETE

Help me find Booth.

Elektra weighs it.

ELEKTRA

First things first, I need a drink.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Elektra and Machete walk in laughing with a bottle of Tequila. She flops down on the couch.

ELEKTRA

Shit my heel is broke.

MACHETE

Give it here.

ELEKTRA

It's nice having a man around. It's been a while.

Machete pulls out some tools and fixes her heels.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

How long awhile you ask? Well, About two years.

Machete looks up.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Oh that got your attention? Hmm,
Actually you're better than my last
boyfriend. He never listened. I
don't know why I got so desperate.
Don't want to grow old alone I
guess. You ever get that feeling
you're alone and that you'll never
meet that one person...

Machete's POV: He sees Elektra talking, but only hears a
monkey like jabbering coming out of her mouth.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Are you listening to me?

Machete takes a drink off the Tequila bottle.

MACHETE

Si.

ELEKTRA

Give me that bottle.

He hands it to her. She swigs.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

So what happens now, when you get
him, that's it? It's over?

Elektra hears a noise in the back of the house.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Did you hear that? Stay here.

Elektra runs into the back.

Machete hears a scream from the bedroom. He heads towards it.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Machete enters. The lights are low.

Elektra grabs him from behind, gropes him.

ELEKTRA

Oh wow...is that a machete in your
pocket or...

MACHETE

You're borracha.

She pushes him down on the bed and stands over him. She's in lingerie.

ELEKTRA

I'm gonna fuck your brains out old man!

She pushes him back onto the bed.

She tears her clothes off, jumps on him and fucks his brains out.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Guns are loaded. Shotguns racked.

Men with guns run up the stairs.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elektra's on top; manic, yelling, scratching. The bed frame cracks

Machete sees a SHADOW of a man through the window curtain and another...

He tries to push her off him.

She WON'T let him! She's an animal, screeches and yells in SPANISH.

Machete grabs the gun off the night table, just as the HIT SQUAD gets there.

He manages to keep Elektra happy as he BLASTS the MASKED HITMEN coming in.

They crash through the windows and doors as he finishes everyone off at once.

Elektra lets out a final scream and collapses on him.

ELEKTRA

Wow that was...

She notices the carnage.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Oh my god...did I wake the neighbors?

They get up. She pulls the ski mask off a dead gunman.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

This is one of ours. He works for
the agency.

MACHETE

Come on!

They grab guns and run out.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Machete and Elektra run outside.

Sniper and his men are waiting for them; guns drawn.

He waves for his men to lower their guns.

SNIPER

Machete you can come quietly and we
won't hurt the girl.

Machete contemplates this.

SNIPER (CONT'D)

You can trust me. I've brought one
of your old friends to vouch for
me.

Erhman waves with his BANDAGED hand.

ERHMAN

Hola Machete amigo, long time!

Erhman beams a big cheese eating smile.

Machete draws his gun.

MACHETE

Not long enough.

Erhman's smile fades. Machete SHOTS him in the face.

Machete and Elektra open fire with machine guns and speed off
in a Volkswagon bug.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY, CHOP SHOP

Elektra enters. She's slowly surrounded by rough-looking
Mexicans.

ELEKTRA

My friend and I need a little help.

They see Machete behind her.

MAN

It's him.

MONTAGE: CHOP SHOP ROCK

Machete sharpens blades, makes all kinds of razor-sharp metal weaponry in the chop shop, using all kinds of scrap metal.

Machete lays down sketches and blueprints. The men and Machete build out a tricked-out arsenal on tricked-out vehicles, like something out of a south of the border Road Warrior.

Machete sharpens his blade as sparks fly.

EXT. ALLEY, CHOP SHOP

Sniper cruises by, hunting for Machete.

The chop shop boys spot Sniper snooping. They bring out a huge blowtorch and carve up his hood.

SNIPER

You punk kids! That's it!

Sniper climbs out of his car, gun in hand.

A steak KNIFE flies in from off screen and skewers his wrist.

He stumbles back gushing blood, and sees...

Luz; alive and well, a red eye patch on. She's wrapped in white bandages crossing and covering her chest and her arm.

She's a mess but a beautiful one, like a female road warrior.

Band aids on her forehead. The white bandages cover her dark skin.

LUZ

Cabron, I told you it wouldn't end pretty.

(to the guys)

Bring him inside.

They drag Sniper out of the car and into the chop shop.

SNIPER

You, I got you, what...

LUZ

It pays to have friends, Pendejo.
They got your ass when you need it.

FLASHBACK - INT. TACO TRUCK

Back to the moment Luz has passed out in the truck.

Pancho barks; BITES Luz on the ASS and pulls her out of the Taco Truck seconds before it explodes.

CUT TO:

INT. CHOP SHOP

Sniper struggles as they drag him toward a circular saw.

SNIPER

No! No!

MACHETE

Looking for someone?

SNIPER

Oh my God... Please... No. Please!
NO!!!

They bring Sniper up to the saw and grind away at him.

Luz and Pancho look on.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB HOSPITAL - DAY

News crews gather outside.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Booth walks towards McLaughlin's room, cellphone in hand, trying to reach Sniper. Only gets a gurgling, buzzing sound.

BENZ

Goddamn A T & T.

INT. MCLAUGHLIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Booth enters McLaughlin's hospital room. McLaughlin is dressed in a suit and a girl is brushing his hair while another brightens his cheeks with a little makeup.

MCLAUGHLIN

Where the fuck have you been?

BENZ

Taking care of business.

MCLAUGHLIN

My business is here. Did you see those crews out there? They expect a statement.

(noticing Booth's ragged appearance)

Jesus, what happened to you?

BENZ

Nothing. Just had a little talk with a priest.

MCLAUGHLIN

Well, what am I going to tell 'em?

BENZ

Whatever you tell them, I'm sure it'll be golden.

(off McLaughlin's blank look)

Just feed them the line about standing steadfast in the face of terrorism, continuing the fight. You know it by heart.

McLaughlin looks relieved.

MCLAUGHLIN

I do. All right. Once this is done, you need to take a vacation. You need some air.

BENZ

Maybe.

MCLAUGHLIN

No doubt about it. You're losing your marbles, Booth.

The girl finishes the makeup and hair job, and smiles at McLaughlin.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

It's showtime.

McLaughlin stands and exits, Booth right behind them. As they leave, we focus on the TV set in McLaughlin's room, showing the front of the hospital and the news crews outside. Suddenly the ticker shows BREAKING NEWS... SHOOTOUT AT LOCAL CHURCH RELATED TO MCLAUGHLIN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT? EXCLUSIVE VIDEO... DEVELOPING...

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Yellow police tape around the perimeter.

Torrez watches from a distance, looking around.

Torrez sees Elektra's car drive by. He hops into his rental and follows her.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

McLaughlin and Booth exit the hospital to face the throng of reporters. McLaughlin approaches a makeshift lectern of microphones.

MCLAUGHLIN

I'd just like to thank the all of
you for your support during this
difficult time.

McLaughlin's supporters cheer and hold up pro-McLaughlin, anti-immigration signs.

MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

My will to fight has only just
begun. We must not let the
terrorists win this battle for our
land, our America! Thank you.

More cheers.

One of the reporters steps up.

REPORTER

Congressman, there are reports
implicating your advisors as having
orchestrated the shooting. Would
you care to comment?

The cheers fizzle. McLaughlin looks stunned.

MCLAUGHLIN
Do what now?

INSET: TV SCREEN

Webcam footage plays of Booth in the church.

BENZ
You want to be a martyr? I'm good
at making martyrs.

PADRE
Like McLaughlin?

BENZ
That's right.

He slams another nail into Padre's other hand.

PADRE
You're so drunk with power, you
ordered the hit on your own boss.

INSET ENDS

McLaughlin looks to Booth, but Booth is GONE.

MCLAUGHLIN
No further comment. Thank you.

McLaughlin ducks back inside.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

McLaughlin stumbling.

MCLAUGHLIN
Could somebody fucking help me? I
think I'm having a heart attack.

Booth takes hold of him and ushers him out the back door.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB HOSPITAL - DAY

Outside McLaughlin's supporters are dazed and confused.

INT. LIMOUSINE, MOVING

Booth drives. McLaughlin pops vicodins with a bottle of Maker's Mark.

MCLAUGHLIN

What did you do, Booth? You jeopardized my career with that wetback! He could have fucking killed me!

BENZ

Not with that scope.

MCLAUGHLIN

You stupid sonofabitch. You pull something like this, without consulting me?! You fucked me. You are a stupid sonofabitch. The press is going to demand answers! You got another brilliant solution for that?

They stop.

Suddenly, MACHETE is standing on top of the limo. He's throwing knives into the open sunroof.

McLaughlin is pinned to the seat.

Booth exits the vehicle and hightails it. Machete pursues.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Booth and Machete on the run, after each other. Fistfight in the street.

Booth scrambles up a fire escape.

EXT. BACK ALLEYWAY

A group of men are standing around a pitbull pit where two pit bulls are going at it.

The men place bets excitedly on which dog will be the victor.

EXT. ROOF

Machete and Booth fight on the roof.

EXT. BACK ALLEYWAY

Machete and Booth roll off a roof and tumble into the pitbull pit, fighting each other as the dogs fight. The men around them start placing bets on Machete and Booth.

Booth cuts one of the men and the pitbulls go after him.

Booth escapes from the circle and carjacks a woman.

He kicks her out of the car and speeds towards the Armory.

BENZ
(dialing phone)
Von! Von!

EXT. STREET

Machete comes out of the alleyway. His buddies in their Road Warrior rides swing by and pick him up.

MACHETE
Follow him.

INT. ARMORY, MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY/INT. STOLEN CAR, MOVING

Von's phone rings. Von sits on a couch watching the news. Booth's mug fills the screen. Von makes no sudden move to answer.

MAN
Shouldn't you--?

VON
Let him stew awhile.

Von mutes the TV, answers the phone.

VON (CONT'D)
Von here.

Benz drives.

BENZ
Where are you, goddamnit!? I'm bringing him up.

VON
Up? Up where?

BENZ
Up your fat, fishbelly ass!

VON

Fine. Bring him here. Papa Von's got a big surprise a-waiting.

EXT. ELEKTRA'S BUNGALOW

Elektra enters. Place looks deserted again.

ELEKTRA

Shit. I don't even want to know who she's fucking now.

INT. ELEKTRA'S BEDROOM

Sis is being savagely attacked by Torrez.

INT. ELEKTRA'S BUNGALOW

Elektra hears it, but thinks it's Sis fucking.

ELEKTRA

Fucking shit, bitch. Make him pay for a goddamn hotel.

Thuds get louder, then stop.

Elektra looks up.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Sis?

Bedroom door opens slowly.

Elektra sees the horror inside. Puts a hand to her mouth to staunch the flow of projectile vomit.

Then she's taken from behind by Torrez's henchmen.

TORREZ

She was just a warmup. Now I'm ready for dessert.

He edges in.

EXT. ARMORY - DAY

Militiamen guard the gate.

Booth barrels towards the gate.

He spins out and gets out of the car.

BENZ

Shut the gate quick! He's after me!

Some of the men shut the gate. Booth approaches Von.

BENZ (CONT'D)

He killed McLaughlin. He's coming after me.

VON

And you led him right to Papa Von. That's some kind of thank you.

BENZ

I saw to it that McLaughlin gave you the keys to this fortress. You owe us.

VON

The senator, maybe. But what exactly do I owe you, turncoat?

BENZ

What are you talkin--

VON

You held the hand that held the gun, Booth. Just as good as you killed him.

Booth lunges for him but the other militia men hold him back.

VON (CONT'D)

Put the traitor in the brig.

They lead Booth away, kicking and spitting.

BENZ

You can't do this to me, Von! You need me!

INT. BRIG

Booth is secured in the brig.

Booth flings hot coffee in the guard's face, jerks his belt and smashes the guy's face into the bars. Snags the keys and escapes from the brig. He pulls a few bucks out of his pocket and flings them down Sonny-style on the prone guard.

INT. ARMORY

Booth and Von showdown. Booth slaughters Von with an American flag through the throat, coming out his spine at the back of the neck.

BENZ

Glory, glory, hallelujah.

EXT. SHOWDOWN

ROAD WARRIOR vehicles barrel towards the armory.

They're driving a semitruck --

It crashes through the front gate, then spins as --

The backdoor of the semi trailer rolls up revealing

A TRICKED OUT MOTORCYCLE

--as Machete rides it out.

Machete's army of workers stream out from their road warrior chop shop rides.

Machete dismounts. His army behind him.

He raises his MACHETE against the sun and his army all raise theirs.

Big battle sequence as they storm the armory. Knives and guns... a ballet of bullets and blood.

LUZ arrives in one of the HOT RODS from the chop shop. She has a MACHETE GUN that shoots out Machete blades like a Machine gun.

A minuteman grabs her from behind, but..

He is STABBED in the CALF by Pancho! A METAL HARNESS on his back holds a sharp KNIFE that he stabs with.

The minuteman falls, Pancho stabs him in the face.

Luz leads a gang of her customers into the battle.

Minutemen and Mexicanos of all walks of life--janitors, gardeners, laborers, gangbangers, etc.--fight it out at the armory. Fighting it out with the implements of their trade--knives hidden in mops, a weedwhacker attack, etc.

A wailing AMBULANCE CRASHES through a gate running down
minutemen. DOC FELIX and his sexy NURSE get out and help a
wounded Mexican. Doc flicks a SCALPEL at an approaching Goon.

Machete unveils a Gatling Gun with a special mount that
affixes to the front of the chopper.

Booth scrambles to arm himself, but he's cornered. He tries
to take cover behind thugs, but--

Machete on the motorcycle with the Gatling Gun mows down
Booth, machine gunning him in half.

Booth looks down at his own white shirt, now stained crimson
and ripped to shreds as he falls to the ground in TWO PIECES.

While the battle between chopshoppers and militia rages on--

TORREZ appears with ELEKTRA--

TORREZ

Machete!

Machete stops, turns to see Elektra, bound and gagged in
Torrez's control.

TORREZ (CONT'D)

You never learned to stay down,
pendejo. I killed you once. I can
do it again.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Machete skids into the warehouse. Fuel barrels line a far
wall.

Torrez is ready for him.

TORREZ

All roads lead to Hell, eh,
Machete?

Machete squints. Flashes back to the earlier scene. The two
images blur into one.

TORREZ (CONT'D)

Most people die in the fire, but
you survived, you unlucky bastard.

MACHETE

I was born in the fire. It wasn't
luck.

TORREZ

Faith? Yeah, faith got you a good job picking melons. While I bought the world.

MACHETE

What good is it...

TORREZ.

.. for a man to gain the whole world yet forfeit his soul? Mark 8:36. I know it better than you Machete. Your father taught it to me, too!

Torrez ATTACKS Machete

The two FIGHT with sword and machete.

Elektra rolls on the ground, dodging Torrez's rain of blows from the samurai swords.

One sweep slices her bindings and she scrambles to safety.

The distraction is enough for Machete to gain the upper hand and slash Torrez across the front.

On the edge of death Torrez seems to soften.

TORREZ

(in Spanish)

Machete, we were friends. We stood for something...

Machete impales TORREZ between the eyes.

Blood shoots out his mouth.

MACHETE

I'm still standing...Putá.

Machete pulls out the blade, Torrez falls dead.

EXPLOSIONS and black smoke light up the sky behind Machete.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Machete drives his Gun Bike south.

COP LIGHTS appear behind him.

He pulls over.

The Officer walks up. His flashlight blinds him.

MACHETE

What's the problem officer?

The Officer just stands there, silent, his flashlight blinding in Machete's eyes.

MACHETE (CONT'D)

Let me give you my ID.

Machete reaches for his knife: then he sees the cops shoes;

RED STILETTOS; It's ELEKTRA.

ELEKTRA

What's your name?

MACHETE

Machete.

ELEKTRA

I called in some favors. Look at this. All the right papers; a real identity. You could start over, be a real person.

She puts the green card in his hand. Machete looks at it, then crumbles it and drops it.

MACHETE

Why do I want to be a real person... when I'm already a myth?

ELEKTRA

Where will you go?

MACHETE

Torrez was just an errand boy. I'm going to find the man who sent the message.

Elektra steps into the headlights. She's dressed in hot COP LINGERIE.

ELEKTRA

I'll ride with you.

They kiss.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE UP

Machete and Elektra drive away on the gun bike.

The cop car abandoned on the side of the road; lights still flashing.

FADE OUT

DISSOLVE TO:

DESERT - NIGHT.

A family of illegals crossing the border in the desert, see a WATER STATION up ahead. They make for it, opening it up and drinking heavily from the water supply. A BULLET brings one of them down and the others scramble for safety but there's someone out there, shooting at them.

MOTHER hushes the younger ones.

MOTHER

Say a prayer to El Machete to
protect you.

The younger ones start to pray.

A JEEP patrols the area and we see it's MINUTEMEN taking potshots at the illegals.

MILITIA MAN

Did you get 'em?

2ND MINUTEMAN

I don't know. They're like brown
jackrabbits. Let's see if they'll
show their little white tails.

Flicks on a highpowered light by the side mirrors on the JEEP.

The light is on long enough to illuminate a MACHETE BLADE coming straight for them.

MILITIA MAN

Holy shit!

His words gurgle in his throat as his head is severed from his body. 2nd MINUTEMAN freaks and makes a run for it.

Stumbles in the dark, in the dust. Scrambles but can't get to his feet as he sees the outline of a DARK FIGURE above him.

Young illegals' prayers continue as the MACHETE comes down on 2nd MINUTEMAN.

Sounds of struggle, slaughter... then silence.

MACHETE

Light a candle... Say a prayer...

Young illegal opens eyes...

There's a glass candle in his hands, but no one else around. Instead of Christ or a Virgin on the candle is a silhouette of MACHETE...

CUT TO BLACK.