

**MACHETE**

Written by

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**EXT. MEXICAN CITY - DAY**

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

Piles of garbage scatter, stray dogs scramble.

**INT. FEDERALE CAR, MOVING - DAY**

forth  
MACHETE (MEXICAN FEDERALE OFFICER CRUZ) drives with ROOKIE  
OFFICER ERHMAN riding shotgun. A rosary swings back and  
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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 2.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 3.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 4.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 5.

**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**

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

points  
One of them coughs and seizes, obviously sick. Another  
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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 6.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 7.

**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?  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 8.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 9.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 10.

**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**

the Moco pulls out a hundred dollar bill and slides it across 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 payes. (Sub: You can pay me tomorrow.)

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 11.

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.

other  
One is a brawny thug with a neck like a tree trunk. The  
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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 12.

grabs The crowd goes wild. Rico pockets his winnings. Machete  
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.

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

**LUZ**

I do the carving around here  
pendejos.

**BRUNO  
(SPANISH)**

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

is Duke Luz drops her apron and gives them an eyeful. Her tan body  
barely covered in cut offs and a blouse. She makes Daisy  
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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 13.

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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 14.

**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.

well- He flips open a manila folder, inside is an 8 X 10 of a 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)**

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 15.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 16.

**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**

his Senator JOHN MCLAUGHLIN sits while a foppish Italian cuts 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)**

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 17.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 18.

**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**

moving Trucks and military surplus vehicles are lining up and  
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."  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 19.

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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 20.

**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.

shading  
Benz stands among the crowd, the brim of a cowboy hat  
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**

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

spots-  
Something catches his eye-a glint of a reflection-as he

...

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 21.

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**

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

**INT. TOP FLOOR, ROOF ACCESS**

leans  
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  
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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 22.

**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**

anti-  
Frantic down there, as a fight breaks out between Von's 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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 23.

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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 24.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 25.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 26.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 27.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 28.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 29.

**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."  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 30.

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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 31.

**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**

County  
The hospital is modern, tranquil, in sharp contrast to 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)**

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 32.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 33.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 34.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 35.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 36.

**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**

like  
Ranger MCGRAW (late 20s) lies in bed while SIS rides him  
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?

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 37.

**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**

JUNE

Benz sits at the head of the table eating with his wife,  
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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 38.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 39.

**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**

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

**MIGAS .**

gear 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 in the mountains, the pictures reveal a serious past behind the hot taco lady.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 40.

**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**

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 41.

**EXT. MEXICAN SLUMS - DAY**

Dirt streets. Cinder-block houses with tin roofs.

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

**ELEKTRA**

(v.o.)

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

hypodermic  
Low Angle, slo mo - PREACHER DAD with a sign around his neck and waving a Bible, shouting wordlessly. There are  
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."  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 42.

MACHETE He drops his sugar cane sword and picks up the BLOODY  
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**

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

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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 43.

**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.

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

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 44.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 45.

**INT. CONFESSIONAL**

the  
The little door slides open, wooden cross "windows" light 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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 46.

**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?

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

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 47.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 48.

**PADRE (CONT'D)**

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

himself News footage of the sniper attack plays. Machete sees  
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!

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 49.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 50.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 51.

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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 52.

**INT. PADRE'S CHURCH, GARAGE**

and

Padre opens the back of the hearse and sees the naked mom  
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?  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 53.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 54.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 55.

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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 56.

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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 57.

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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 58.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 59.

**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!  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 60.

green

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

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



June

**INT. CHURCH, INNER ROOM**

Padre sits at a computer, with streaming webcam video of  
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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 61.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 62.

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.

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

Pancho runs in and gobbles them up.

SNIPER and his henchmen open fire with their MACHINE GUNS.  
Luz dives back into the taco truck.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 63.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 64.

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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 65.

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?  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 66.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 67.

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

**FLASH CUT FLASHBACK**

the YOUNG MACHETE dropping the sugarcane sword and picking up

**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 ELEKTRA**

(in Spanish) (in Spanish)  
"--the more they stay the "--the more they stay the  
same." 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?  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 68.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 69.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 70.

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**

and  
Machete sees a SHADOW of a man through the window curtain  
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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 71.

**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 SHOOTS him in the face.

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. ALLEY, CHOP SHOP**

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

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 72.

**ELEKTRA**

My friend and I need a little help.

They see Machete behind her.

**MAN**

It's him.

**MONTAGE: CHOP SHOP ROCK**

metal  
Machete sharpens blades, makes all kinds of razor-sharp  
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.

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

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.

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

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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 73.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 74.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 75.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 76.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 77.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 78.

**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!  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 79.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 80.

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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 81.

**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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 82.

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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 83.

**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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 84.

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.  
RNewman / Endeavor Draft 85.

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.

RNewman / Endeavor Draft 86.

to  
Stumbles in the dark, in the dust. Scrambles but can't get  
his feet as he sees the outline of a DARK FIGURE above him.  
on  
Young illegals' prayers continue as the MACHETE comes down  
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.**