

SHEEPDOG

EP: 1.01 - Pilot
"Narco Cash"

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SHEEPDOG 1.01

TEASER

FLASH IN

INT. WAREHOUSE/ROOM - NIGHT

A NAKED, middle-aged, MAN tied to a CHAIR with a BURLAP SACK over his head slumps against his restraints - unconscious - in a dark, dirty room. The pops of SILENCED M4's are heard over distant strains of NARCO CORRIDOS - POP-POP!, POP-POP!

AGGRESSIVE, TIME-PRESSURED ACTION SEQUENCE:

THE HOOD is YANKED AWAY to reveal the battered face of "BOB HANSEN" - white, male, 50s. Bob GASPS awake. A HAND CLAMPS over his mouth. LIGHT ILLUMINATES his frightened face.

"JOHN 'SHEEPDOG' BLACKWOOD" - white, male, 40s, rugged - dressed in CIVILIAN CLOTHES suitable for MEXICO, armed with a short barrel M4 - leans in and ...

JOHN

Nod yes or no. Can you walk?

Bob nods quickly "yes". The light goes out.

"HANK 'SAWBUCK' HOLDEN" - black, male, mid 30s, and "MARK 'CHILI' MARTINEZ" - both in civilian clothes, M4s - drag TWO NARCO BODIES into the room.

"CODY 'COYOTE' CRAWFORD" - white, male, 30s, civilian clothes, M4 - has the DOOR/HALL. Clock's tickin'.

Bob gets dressed. He's not as able-bodied as he'd like in order to get outta here.

BOB (strained whisper)

My legs are asleep.

A BULLET-PROOF VEST is YANKED onto Bob. Mark and Hank take Bob's arms over their shoulders. Bob's face strains from the leg tingles. Mark discreetly intones into his COM ...

MARK

Package secured. Moving now.

INT. WAREHOUSE/HALLWAYS - NIGHT

The team moves quickly down a hallway - deep in the guts of this narco warehouse. At a corner, stairs going up.

A door at the top of the stairs opens. THREE NARCOS descend - talking and laughing.

The team waits, frozen in the shadows of the hall - sweat dripping from their faces.

NARCOS enter the hall and they're instantly mowed down with rapid, stunning precision.

INT. WAREHOUSE/OFFICE MAZE - NIGHT

The team advances quickly through a maze in another part of the warehouse, clearing corners, covering their six. Bob's face grimaces at the pain in his legs. He wants to yell.

INT. WAREHOUSE/DOCKS 'A' - NIGHT

In another section of the warehouse, "ALEJANDRO 'LOBITO' VILLALOBOS" - hispanic, male, 17, tall, handsome, - is found leaning against a wall, grinning into his CELLPHONE as if texting his girlfriend.

BACK WITH OUR TEAM: Bob needs a break. His legs hurt. He grunts, and winces as he's forced ahead to the EXIT POINT.

BACK WITH LOBITO: When he casually moves around a corner, he SPOTS OUR TEAM. Fear covers his face. He freezes.

John SPOTS Lobito who's UNARMED. CODY spots him too - and NAILS him TWICE spinning Lobito back around the corner. Shit. John presses forward with Bob.

Lobito slides to the floor. BLOOD SPREADS through his shirt.

LOBITO (scared)

¡Ayuda! ¡Ayuda!

Disbelief fills his eyes - his young vibrant life is ending.

VARIOUS ARMED NARCOS RUN past him - leaving him on the floor to bleed out. NARCOS CORRIDOS plays in the background as SHOUTS and GUNFIRE ERUPT in the distance. As he bleeds ...

INT. WAREHOUSE/DOCKS 'B' - NIGHT

IN ANOTHER HALLWAY: Our team is moving fast along their ROUTE B. BULLETS chew the walls. MARK calls on his COM ...

MARK (intense, quiet)
Contact. Enroute. X point B.
Package still in play.

CUT TO

EXT. ALLY - NIGHT

In the shadows of a garbage-strewn back alley somewhere in a MEXICAN BORDER TOWN we find a DUSTY, GREY 1980 BONNEVILLE as the HEADLIGHTS come on.

INT. BONNEVILLE - NIGHT

Behind the wheel, "FRANK SCHAFFER" - white, male, 40s, 'GREY MAN' type - answers ...

FRANK
Copy.

The Bonneville pulls slowly from the alley, followed by an OLD F150 to the alternate extraction point.

INT. WAREHOUSE/DOCKS 'B' - NIGHT

We rejoin the action MID-FIRE FIGHT. Our team is up against TRAINED PROFESSIONALS who move and shoot with precision.

Bob's able to walk but he's hobbling. JOHN guides him, or YANKS him out of the way with a FIRM GRIP on the back of his VEST. Our team is suddenly FLANKED so they BACK THROUGH two large double doors into ...

INT. WAREHOUSE/DOCKS/HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

A ROOM full of CAGES.

Narcos quietly REGROUP and RELOAD outside as our team sweeps the room with their LIGHTS.

CODY

Oh, shit. Guys?

IN THE CAGES: YOUNG WOMEN and GIRLS - none of them older than 15. Their huddled, frightened, dirty faces peer out at our team members.

HANK

What ... the hell?

John sweeps the girls just below their eyes and knows he can't let this go. ... He can't. Girl after girl. Cage after cage. Innocent lives - victims of the Narco slave trade.

MARK

Check this.

Mark pulls back a TARP to reveal a massive PALLET of CASH.

As the Narcos fortify outside, a white female, 13 - steps forward and grips the CHAINLINK CAGE HARD in her delicate hand. Her eyes silently plead at JOHN. His face hardens. A decision has been made. Cody steps up ...

CODY

Yo.

JOHN

Change of plans. Burn 'em down.

CODY

Copy.

Cody joins Hank and Mark at the double doors. FLASH GRENADES are deployed. Our team flips to FULL-ON OFFENSE and HELL IS UNLEASHED upon the remaining Narcos.

CUT TO

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAWN

Bob gets stuffed into the back seat of the BONNEVILLE.

INT. BONNEVILLE - DAWN

Frank waits, then comments in the rear view mirror ...

FRANK (politely)
Hey Bob? ... Seat belt.

Bob quickly buckles up.

BACK WITH JOHN: holding at the Bonneville to address Mark.

JOHN
Call it in. Local. Use a
burner. Then we're out.

Mark nods, pulls a BURNER PHONE, dials 311, and walks away speaking in Spanish to a DISPATCHER. Cody steps up to John.

CODY (an aside)
That's a lot of cash.

Hank looks to John. John doesn't like the sound of that but it wouldn't be the first time team members have taken a cut.

CODY
Narco cash.

JOHN
Plane leaves at six.

Cody heads back inside. John looks to Hank.

HANK
Nope. I like sleepin' at night.

OFF JOHN: John and Hank get in the Bonneville, slam the doors, and they pull away.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. WAREHOUSE/DOCKS 'B' - DAY

FOLLOWING A BLOOD SMEAR along a wall in the warehouse. we eventually come to a MEXICAN POLICE OFFICER - "PEÑA" - who discovers the BODY of LOBITO - nowhere near where he was shot. It looks like he made his way to the docks and hid himself behind some BOXES.

OFFICER PEÑA crouches over Lobito's body as OTHER OFFICERS work in the background. As he inspects the body, he happens to notice LOBITO'S CELLPHONE and wonders ...

He picks it up and the CAMERA APP is still open. He flips through the photos, and we see:

PHOTO ONE: CODY and MARK stuffing cash in BLACK DUFFLES.

PHOTO TWO: CODY LOOKING BACK - his face clearly visible - as they make their way out to the F150.

Officer Peña looks around discretely to make sure nobody sees him slipping Lobito's cellphone into his pocket.

CUT TO

INT. CHARTER PLANE - DAY

Seated in an old, loud, SINGLE ENGINE AIRPLANE, we find Cody and MARK - both resting their feet on BLACK DUFFLEBAGS FULL OF CASH - asleep. Hank stares out the window, seated next to Bob who's grim and clearly haunted by his experience.

John's busy sending a TEXT MESSAGE to his wife. SEND.

When he looks up, he finds Frank staring back. It's like they can read each other's minds. They just kicked the Cartel in the nuts. Not good.

END TEASER

ACT ONEINT. HOME/KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

"MEGAN BLACKWOOD" - female, white, 30s, down-to-earth and attractive - pours coffee. Her CELLPHONE DINGS. She picks it up - instantly relieved. As she writes a text back, "ELLIE BLACKWOOD" - female, 14, smart, spunky, lost in her CELLPHONE - bounces through the room for the fridge ...

ELLIE

'Mornin'.

MEG

Oh, hey, I saw the post you did for the gym opening. Good job.

ELLIE

I know, right? I rule so hard.

MEG

You rule so hard. No breakfast?

ELLIE

Eatin' at school. Where's dad?

MEG (off the text)

He'll be home later.

ELLIE

Love you!

Then she's out the door like a whirlwind of positive vibes and electric sunshine. Meg hollers after ...

MEG

Love you!

CUT TO

EXT. RURAL ROAD - MORNING

Ellie's gait is self-assured as she marches down the road to the bus stop. Her TACTICAL STYLE BACKPACK - heavy with BOOKS - is covered with GIRL FLAIR.

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

"DANIEL THORNE" - male, mid-teens, quiet, pale, noodle of a boy - joins Ellie at the bus stop.

Daniel sniffs, and pulls his hoodie down around his face. The bus arrives, and they climb aboard.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - MORNING

TWO BULLIES - "HAYS" & "ZEKE" - giggle as they wad PIECES OF PAPER into hard little balls - eyes on Daniel.

Daniel plops down in an empty seat - lost in his cellphone and earbuds under his hoodie. Ellie finds a seat across the aisle just as a PAPER BALL SMACKS into the back of Daniel's head. He hunkers down.

Zekes unloads on him too. Ellie eyes the bullies and ...

ELLIE

Knock it off!

HAYS

Or what?

Hays makes a shitty face back. Ellie stares them both down. The bullies giggle and settle, unwilling to test the wrath of Ellie. She looks over to Daniel and wonders why he won't defend himself.

OFF ELLIE: Her eyes shift to the window and passing trees.

FADE TO

EXT. HILL COUNTRY - MORNING

HEAVEN POV: An expanse of Texas hill country passes beneath us in the glittering morning light. On a long stretch of country road, A PICKUP TRUCK - "BUTTERCUP" - hauls ass.

FADE TO

EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - MORNING

BUTTERCUP rattles to a stop. The ground is littered with SPENT BRASS. The driver-side door opens. Tough-ass COWBOY BOOTS step out, and walk around to the back of the truck. The tailgate BANGS OPEN to REVEAL MEG - who yanks out a big STORAGE BOX from the bed as VARIOUS CARS approach and park.

MEG (VO)

*One. Treat every gun as if
it's loaded. ...*

FADE TO

EXT. QUARRY/RANGE LINE - MORNING

This all female self-defense class is comprised of TWELVE WOMEN of various races and ages.

MEG (VO)

*Two. Keep your finger off the
trigger until your sights
are on target. ...*

Every face has a story and a reason why they're here. At the end of the row we find "DONNA" - white, female, 30s, pretty, with a BLACK EYE, BRUISES on HER ARM and AROUND HER NECK.

MEG (VO)

*Three. Be sure of your target
and what's beyond it. ...
Four. Never point the muzzle at
anything you're not willing
to kill or destroy.*

At the head of the class, we find Meg - a bit brassy ...

MEG

That includes your pedicure,
ladies. Here we go.

During a DRY DRAW FROM HOLSTER DRILL, Meg walks the line making adjustments. She makes her way down to Donna who is loading ONE ROUND, then inserts her MAGAZINE.

Meg gauges her, then steps off the line.

MEG

Here we go!

Meg blows a WHISTLE! The women draw, GUNFIRE ERUPTS!

Donna did well, but Meg notices she's trembling. Meg grins.

MEG

Good job, ladies! Again!

OFF DONNA: A mix of emotions: power, exhilaration, fear.

TRANSITION TO

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Donna stares out the window at traffic from a cozy booth in a funky, Austin-centric coffee shop. Then ...

DONNA

He said he was sorry.

Meg's with her, listening as a friend.

DONNA

He feels so bad about everything.

...

I don't want to cry here.

MEG

It's okay.

DONNA (softly)

I love him. I do. This isn't who he is. Not really. ... I know he loves me. ... We used to be so happy. ... He can't control himself. It's like, he's like a wounded animal. ... I don't want to hurt him.

Meg covers Donna's hands with her own.