

KILLING PABLO

Screenplay by Joe Carnahan

Based on the novel "Killing Pablo" by Mark Bowden

1/14/05

NOTE TO READER: With the number of characters in this film, the name and affiliation of each one will be super-imposed on screen as they're introduced. Also, TRANSITION TO: denotes a movement between PAST and PRESENT and vice-versa.

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: **THIS IS A TRUE STORY**

MONTAGE

Fractured visuals unfold. Faces, events, lives, passing in split second ellipses. Chaos as prologue. Carnage as backdrop.

CRAWL: Colombia, 1985: The Medellin drug cartel: An outlaw kingdom borne of bloodshed. A violent legacy writ large: Cocaine. At its core, the centrifugal figure of PABLO ESCOBAR, "El Doctor": A man who had at the age of thirty-three, reached a level of affluence and power stratospheric in scale...A man whom many believe to be the father of modern terrorism.

...The world will never again see a criminal quite like him.

END CRAWL

WE SEE: Pablo, the family man, on holiday with his wife MARIA VICTORIA. Holding his daughter MANUELA. Laughing and swimming with his son JUAN PABLO, every bit the doting father.

WE SEE: Pablo, the public figure, breaking ground on a housing project, visiting children in the hospital, attending functions for one of his dozen charitable organizations.

WE SEE: Pablo, the social animal, cheering at a bullfight, dancing and drinking at a nightclub, cheering his hometown of Medellin at a soccer match. Pablo piloting jet-skis, walking his pet giraffe, admiring his fleet of luxury cars.

WE SEE: A final image of Pablo dressed as the famous Mexican bandito and revolutionary Pancho Villa. It's a fitting visual and one that will come to define the man. AS THE CAMERA PUSHES IN on this image, WE DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - MORNING (PRESENT)

Pablo Escobar...One day after his forty-forth birthday.

A TITLE FADES UP ON-SCREEN, lower-third: **"ENDGAME PART I"**

He lies on a small bed in his aunt's apartment, taking deep drags off a joint, staring off, lost, long since removed from his precipice of power. His cellphone begins to chirp.

SUPER: "Medellin, Colombia. December 2, 1993. 11:40am.

The ringing cellphone reverberates as THE CAMERA GOES ALOFT and we are whisked out of Pablo's room, soaring up through

the apartment's skylight and into the clouds above Medellin, REVEALING surveillance and radio-telemetry antennae attached to the fuselage of a Beechcraft Model 350 prop plane.

INT. BEEHCRAFT - SAME (PRESENT)

Recessed in the plane's walls is an array of hi-tech eavesdropping devices. TECHNICIANS on headsets listen in, hunched over laptops displaying signal and frequency readouts.

CAPTAIN KYLE ROBERTSON, 25, sinew and smarts with a diamond cutter's attention to detail, commands CENTRA-SPIKE; the U.S. Army's elite surveillance unit.

ROBERTSON

Pick up the phone Pablo...

We hear the voice of a little girl: Pablo's daughter, MANUELA.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

(reacting, to others)

He's talking! Get Search-Bloc up!

Pablo's voice is heard.

PABLO (O.S. SPANISH)

Manuelita! Baby girl! How are you?

MANUELA (O.S.)

Hello Daddy, where are you now? I want to see you!

ROBERTSON

...So do we.

Robertson monitors his display as a green arc extends across his screen, undulating and sharpening as flashing white lines intersect the arc, gradually pinpointing Pablo's cell signal.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SIDE STREET - MEDELLIN - SAME (PRESENT)

An assortment of panel vans and nondescript vehicles sit idle. Their occupants, comprised of members of the Colombian Military's SEARCH-BLOC unit and American DELTA FORCE OPERATORS listen to the Beechcraft's feed of Pablo's phone call

INT. MERCEDES VAN - PARKING LOT - SAME (PRESENT)

LIEUTENANT HUGO MARTINEZ JR, aged twenty-one, a lean, boyish, intense man, occupies the passenger seat, adjusting dials on a gray metal box, pressing his headset tight. The SCREEN on the gray box is identical to the monitor in the Beechcraft.

Hugo Jr. studies the same green arc with the intersecting white lines as the door to the van is opened, revealing MAJOR STEVE JACOBY; 30, Delta Force Commander: The complete package. Confidence and determination etched on every feature.

JACOBY

Yes or no?

HUGO JR.

Few more minutes.

The green line on Hugo's screen pulsates, lengthens. He removes his earphones, takes up a cellphone, dials.

INT. CARLOS HOLGUIN SCHOOL - MORNING (PRESENT)

A converted police academy turned ad hoc military base op. This facility houses factions of the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) Delta Force and the CNP (Colombian National Police)

WE FIND COLONEL HUGO MARTINEZ, late 40's. A man possessed of a warrior's gird and a survivor's pedigree. The bane of his being...Pablo Escobar. His phone rings, he grabs it hastily.

HUGO JR. (O.S.)

...Dad...Pablo's back on the air.

The Colonel closes his eyes, a deep sigh...it's now or never.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

...Go get him.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. CONGRESSIONAL BUILDING - BOGOTA (PAST)

Commotion on the steps of Congress as newly elected congressional alternate PABLO ESCOBAR, 36, steps out of his car to a chorus of cheers. His wife Maria Victoria, infant daughter MANUELA and young son JUAN PABLO accompany him.

LEGEND ON-SCREEN: *"Bogota, Colombia. Six years earlier."*

Pablo is mobbed as he makes his way up the broad marble staircase, waving and smiling for the television cameras, protected on all sides by his men: JOHN "POPEYE" VELASQUEZ 28. ALVERO "LIMON" DE JESUS, 25 and BRANCE "TYSON" MUNOZ, also 25: A trio of vicious thugs who cleave through the crowd as El Doctor ascends the steps behind them.

Pablo greets his mother HERMILIDA, 60's, with great love and affection, embracing her as his lawyer, the diminutive, rodent-like GUIDO PARRA, 51, arrives.

REPORTER

(calling out)

Senor Escobar, what do you make of the rumors that drug money was used to purchase your seat in congress?

PABLO

Show me a candidate who didn't spend
on his campaign and I'll show you
the same one who lost the election.

The gathered roar with laughter. Pablo projects pure
confidence and a virtuoso's guile when dealing with the press.

GUIDO PARRA

Senor Escobar won this seat as an
alternate by running a clean race.
There was no drug money involved.

A young female reporter, DIANA TURBAY, mid-20's, pushes to
within a few feet of Don Pablo. His men block her advance.

DIANA TURBAY

What of reports that call you the
world's largest cocaine trafficker
and Colombia's foremost mass murderer.

Escobar stares down at her, his expression betraying nothing.

PABLO

They are the products of those in
the press ranks desperate to make a
name for themselves, Ms. Turbay.

DIANA TURBAY

You've been listed in Forbes magazine
as one of the fifty wealthiest men
in the world. Do you expect us to
believe that that fortune is the
result of a bicycle rental business
you started with your brother?

Pablo hoists his son Juan Pablo up into his arms in a vague
defensive gesture. Parra feels for his cue, but Pablo answers
the question himself.

PABLO

Some of us weren't born to privilege.
We had to work to succeed...How hard
does the daughter of our former
president have to work?

DIANA TURBAY

Are you worried about the U.S. and
their efforts to have you extradited?

PABLO

The blame for the cocaine problem in
America must go somewhere, so it
comes here, to Colombia, to me. Why?
No one knows.

(MORE)

PABLO (CONT'D)

We don't have that problem here and the coca leaf, like the coffee bean, has been part of this culture for thousands of years.

DIANA TURBAY

And what of your edict "Plata y Plomo," that you accept Pablo's silver, his "friendship," or you accept his lead.

PABLO

(grins, to his mother)

You should have been more strict.

(turning to his wife)

And you! Why marry such a man!?

(beat, to his son)

Pablito, pay attention here, your father is apparently a notorious criminal! Lock your toys away!

Reporters laugh and titter, totally charmed and enthralled.

PABLO (CONT'D)

If it's an outlaw you require Ms. Turbay, then you need look no further than our own Justice Minister, Roridgo Lara. A man under suspicion of accepting millions in bribes from Colombia's drug trade. It's Senor Lara you should be investigating.

(beat, smiling)

Not a newly-elected member of congress.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL CHAMBER - ANTEROOM - SAME (PAST)

A black bulletproof vest slides the length of a conference table, coming to rest in front of Colombian Justice Minister RODRIGO LARA, 38, handsome, fierce, formidable. He looks up. At the other end of the conference table sits U.S. Ambassador LEWIS TAMBS, 62, a stout, stalwart Reagan conservative and his aide de camp MORRIS BUSBY, 54, Former Navy Frogman and counter-terrorism specialist.

TAMBS

It's a gift and a promise Senor Lara.
It's how seriously the United States
is taking the threat of Pablo Escobar.

Lara grins, glancing over at his friend, SENATOR LUIS GALAN, 36, a brilliant, born leader and the man most likely to assume the mantle of President in the years to come.

GALAN

...And what is it you want?

Busby, all business.

BUSBY

Our government asks that you deny Escobar a seat in your congress and denounce his presence here today.

TAMBS

That vest is a symbol of our country's pledge to assist you in bringing him to justice.

LARA

And what justice would that be? The United States or Colombia's?

TAMBS

Whichever one burns him to the ground or puts him behind bars. Let's put that fine a point on it gentlemen. -

At the window, watching all the activity on the steps below, is House Speaker CESAR GAVIRIA, 36, a quiet, taciturn man.

GAVIRIA

...we're about to pick a fight we can't back away from.

Everyone's attention shifts to Gaviria.

GAVIRIA (CONT'D)

If we humiliate him in front of his friends and family, on the day he believes he's to be delivered into respectable Colombian society--

BUSBY

(interrupting)

--Escobar is thought by many to be the de facto leader of Colombia Senor Gaviria. More powerful than even your President Barco. If you continue to bow to the whim of this man--

Gaviria turns from the window, his gaze finding Busby.

GAVIRIA

--I'm not advocating any such action Mr. Busby. Please allow me to finish.

(to Galan and Lara)

The statement we make today will be heard by the rest of the world.

(beat, pointed)

What is it we want to say?

INT. CONGRESSIONAL FLOOR - DAY (PAST)

Pablo Escobar enters the chamber to collective gasps. He quietly takes his place on the floor, glancing up and winking at his family and friends, seated in the balcony above.

An assortment of delegates come over to congratulate the drug kingpin. Pablo accepts the adulation, shaking hands, posing for pictures. Cesar Gaviria enters and gavels the session to order. Everyone promptly takes their seat. Finally:

GAVIRIA

May I introduce, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Congress, the esteemed Justice Minister, Senor Rodrigo Lara.

As Lara steps to the podium, he is greeted by jeers from the balcony. Representatives look up, annoyed, only to be glowered back at by Escobar's goons. Pablo just picks at his nails.

LARA

I want to welcome all of our representatives and distinguished colleagues back to session...I'd like to begin today on a personal note. There have been several accusations leveled against me and my office. Accusations of accepting illegal campaign checks and ill-gotten gain from the drug trade. I will say only the following: My life is an open book...And I offer to resign my post should any suspicion ever befall my character or integrity.

(beat, right at Pablo)

There is blackmail and extortion being perpetrated within Colombia's political class, but not by me. Other members, sitting in session here today, cannot make that claim.

((beat, pointing))

We have here, Representative Pablo Escobar. Born in a very poor area, himself very poor and yet through astute deals in the bicycle rental business, he has amassed a fortune that includes dozens of mansions, learjets and expensive cars.

(now, the killshot)

The man mounts charitable organizations to bribe a needy and unprotected people while systematically destroying the very fabric of Colombian society.

Pablo now understands that this is to be an ambush and not an inauguration.

Barely contained rage bristles as he rises, storming down the aisle toward the exit.

LARA (CONT'D)

His presence here is a disgrace to decent political aspiration and I am determined to see him expelled from the New Liberal Party!

(beat, voice booming)

The more I know of the damage narcos like you are doing to this country, the more I vow to work with those governments seeking the demise of your kind! Never again will I refuse the extradition of one of you dogs!

Lara's words ring out like a rifle shot. Pablo stops at the chamber doors, looking back at the Justice Minister, a small tight smile on his face as he nods, exiting. An eruption rises from the balcony. An outcry from Pablo's men, who begin taunting Lara until they're forcibly removed by Security.

Tambs and Busby look on from the shadows. Both men understand the gravity of this moment. Tambs looks over at Busby, an expression of grave concern crossing his face as we CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - BOGOTA - NIGHT (PAST)

A group of high ranking Colombian military OFFICERS share a boisterous meal in the back of an upscale Bogota restaurant. - THE CAMERA TRACKS AND FINDS: Colonel Martinez, bespectacled, soft, academic in appearance. He lugs in technical manuals and reference books to the delight of his fellow officers, who clank big glasses of Bordeaux to toast his late arrival.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

My apologies. Training.

The Colonel stacks the books next to his seat, promptly saluting his superior officers once his hand is free. This brings bellows of laughter. GENERAL VARGAS, 60's, the Colonel's barrel-chested commanding officer, ribs him.

GENERAL VARGAS

We hear it went brilliantly out there today. You were on the range?

COLONEL MARTINEZ

Yes I was and yes, I left it locked in my desk.

More laughter. The Colonel pours himself a big glass of wine. GENERAL TAPIA, 60's, gruff, distinguished, chimes in.

GENERAL TAPIA

Did you remember what it did Hugo? - Where the bullets went?

COLONEL MARTINEZ

What do you think the books are for?

Another man, GENERAL MAZA, blustery, drunk, blurts out:

GENERAL MAZA

I heard a recruit had to remind you
where the safety was!

COLONEL MARTINEZ

See this is how rumors get started.

(beat, grin, deadpan)

He actually had to remind there was
a safety.

Stemware and fine china tremble as the table roars.

GENERAL VARGAS

Hugo, yours is a superb military
mind that has absolutely no business
on or near the field of battle.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

(raising his own glass.)

Here, here.

As the laughter slowly abates, a still irate Pablo Escobar
accompanied by his family and entourage, enter the
establishment to the collective shudder of everyone. The
owner, maitre'd and head chef hastily assemble to greet him.

The Colonel's table falls funeral still. Nervous. Most of
the men refusing to cast their gaze in Pablo's direction.

COLONEL MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

So Don Pablo ran into some trouble
on the Senate floor this afternoon...

A rhetorical that no one responds to. As Pablo and his group
are seated, General Maza stands and drops his napkin on the
table, abruptly exiting the restaurant without another word.

The celebratory air of only moments ago is now gone, replaced
by a palpable chill. The Colonel's colleagues squirm, put
off by their proximity to Pablo. Martinez takes note, eyes
moving over each man. In their faces he sees fear, shame,
regret...He glances over at a visibly dismayed General Vargas.

COLONEL MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

(leaning in, quietly)

I thought he was denounced today.

GENERAL VARGAS

(nodding, grim)

He was...and there'll be hell to pay tomorrow.

CUT TO:

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

A TELEVISION SCREEN: Jittery images of police and armed soldiers exchanging gunfire with unseen assailants. A nightmarish collage of burning cars and dead bodies in front of Bogota's Palace of Justice. Tanks ram the building. Helicopters hover over it as troops rope down.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK OFF THE SCREEN

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

These are images from the Palace of Justice in Bogota, Colombia, where a guerrilla rebel faction known as M-19 has stormed the building and taken what is believed to be the whole of the Colombian Supreme Court hostage. We've confirmed that eleven of the court's justices were killed in a fire-fight with authorities...This brazen act of terror has all but crippled the Colombian judiciary.

LAKE (V.O.)

...turn the volume down, please.

An AIDE steps in, adjusting the volume, THE CAMERA REVEALING:

INT. N.S.A. OFFICE - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY (PAST)

ANTHONY LAKE: The National Security Advisor to the President, 56, a slender, professorial, balding man with glasses. He sits in his office with two other men: D.E.A. Agent JOE TOFT, 50's, a grizzled drug war vet and a fresh-faced Major Jacoby.

TOFT

There's power...and then there's Pablo Escobar.

LAKE

You're convinced he's behind this?

TOFT

To assassinate half the supreme court? It would be like one of us putting out a hit on Congress--

--another AIDE comes rushing in, breathless, holding a computer printout.

AIDE

--Sorry to interrupt.

LAKE

No. Go. Read. What?

AIDE

(reading printout)

The guerrillas are demanding, in exchange for the lives of their remaining captives, that the Colombian government repeal its extradition treaty with the U.S.

Toft trades looks with Lake.

AIDE (CONT'D)

They're estimating that in addition to the eleven slain Justices, another forty rebels were killed along with over fifty palace employees.

LAKE

Good Christ. What about President Barco, will he pit-bull this or is h--

--Jacoby rushes over, restoring sound to the television. ON-SCREEN; pitch black smoke billows from the palace windows.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

--ablaze, with most of the north side of the palace engulfed by flame. Smoke was first spotted in the window of the first floor records area...

JACOBY

Pablo's burning the evidence against him.

LAKE

What evidence?

TOFT

(staring at the screen)

Any of it...All of it. Bogota houses the criminal records and court proceedings for the entire country.

(beat, back to Lake)

You can't take this guy straight up. His crew murders anyone that so much as bad mouths him and what he doesn't kill or kidnap, he buys. We want him

(MORE)

TOFT (CONT'D)

beat, we better be ready to shatter
every basic human right he's got...

CUT TO:

INT. ESCOBAR MANSION - NIGHT

Pablo lies in bed. Both his daughter and wife are asleep
next to him. He takes prodigious hits off a joint, watching
the tragedy in Bogota unfold on television.

TOFT (V.O.)

...because he is the hydra of a
million heads Tony...and you'll never
be able to cut 'em all off.

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

LAKE

Well, we'll have plenty of swords to
swing. The President just signed
National Security Directive 18 and
earmarked a quarter billion dollars
to battle the cartels.

(beat, to Jacoby)

Major, how quickly can we get Delta
assembled down there?

JACOBY

(with a nod to Toft)

If the D.E.A. can provide pocket
cover and backstops in-country, we
could be up and running in a week.

LAKE

For now, you won't be able to do
much more than observe and advise.

JACOBY

If that's the case, I'd like to bring
Centra-Spike in the mix asap. If we
plan on tracking Pablo at any point,
their unit could be instrumental.

LAKE

Done. Joe?

TOFT

The D.E.A.'s been working out of the
Holguin school, it's an old police
training academy up in the hills.

(to Jacoby)

Both units can bunk there, it's a
good base op.

LAKE

Good. I'll notify the Ambassador's office. Lew Tambs will be thrilled.

(beat)

Joe, if you could, get word to our friends in Medellin.

INT. CAR - OUTSIDE MEDELLIN - DAY (PAST)

Rodrigo Lara rides along the countryside, speaking on his cellphone. An AIDE sits in the backseat next to him, reading Colombia's national newspaper El Tiempo. In the rear window, we see a motorcycle trailing some distance behind them.

LARA

(listening, nodding)

Excellent. That's excellent news Ambassador and I thank you. We'll do whatever you need done on this end.

(listens, smiles)

Yes...again, all my gratitude.

Lara disconnects, seems invigorated.

LARA (CONT'D)

The Americans are committing.

AIDE

Good timing.

(reading paper)

Escobar has just founded a new political movement that call themselves--

INTERCUT

PABLO (V.O.)

--The Extradictables.

INT. ESCOBAR FINCA - ONE DAY EARLIER (PAST)

Pablo holds court with a young REPORTER in the confines of one of his many fincas (mansions) spread throughout Colombia.

PABLO

And we vow to fight, to the death, until the unlawful, unconstitutional treaty with the Gringos is--

INT. CAR - OUTSIDE MEDELLIN - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

The Aide continues reading.

AIDE

--terminated.

(MORE)

AIDE (CONT'D)

We promise swift, permanent reprisals
for any who choose to oppose us,
holding fast to one simple decree:
Better a tomb in Colombia--

INT. ESCOBAR FINCA - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Pablo, leaning toward the reporter for emphasis.

PABLO

--then a prison cell in the United
States. We know who our enemies
are...and they should know this--

INT. CAR - OUTSIDE MEDELLIN - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

The Aide finishes reading.

AIDE

--you are not safe.

Lara smirks, not noticing that the motorcycle has pulled
flush with his sedan. He looks over. Then his life ends.
The RIDER slings an Uzi Machine-pistol off his shoulder,
FIRING into the vehicle from less than two feet away.

Lara is hit in the head and throat, slumping forward. His
Aide and the Driver are strafed/struck. The Sedan veers
wildly, slamming into and through the guard-rail, plummeting
off the narrow road and onto the rocks below.

THE CAMERA STAYS REMAINS IN THE CAR as it impacts, twists,
frame shearing free, chassis crushing tin-can, flames
unfurling. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN...There, lying on the roof
of the upended vehicle, tossed in the tumult of the crash,
is the black bulletproof vest that Tambs gifted to Lara.

EXT. POLITICAL RALLY - SUBURB OF BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

A large, wreathed-adorned photograph of the slain Rodrigo
Lara sits beneath a podium. Luis Galan stands on a rostrum
behind it. Behind him, a banner reads: "GALAN FOR PRESIDENT"

He addresses a crowd of mourners. Black arm bands, thousands
of them, are worn to honor the slain Lara. Gaviria stands on
the rostrum with Galan, grieving alongside Tambs. A contingent
of CNP Officers, younger recruits, are on hand for security
purposes. Their commanding officer: Colonel Martinez.

GALAN

You can kill a man and drive the
life from him, like my dear friend,
Rodrigo Lara. What you cannot kill,
what will never die, is the spirit
that drove the man.

(MORE)

GALAN (CONT'D)

For it lives on long after he's left
this earth. It thrives in the eyes
of our children...

Galan makes eye contact with a YOUNG BOY in the crowd.

GALAN (CONT'D)

...and in the dreams they carry for
our country's future. A future which
is now under siege. The narco-
traffickers think that by silencing
those like Rodrigo Lara, they will
win. They are wrong. His death, while
bringing us all great sadness, will
do nothing to diminish our efforts
against their kind. And as President,
I will not stop until these cowards
are eradicated, one and all!

The crowd erupts in applause. The young boy has made it to
the front, right under the rostrum at the security rope. A
POLICEMAN stares down at him. The boy smiles, holding up a
note-pad and pen, seeking an autograph from the candidate. -

Galan grins, gesturing for the boy to be brought up. Two of
the CNP officers hoists him aloft...and his smile evaporates
all at once as he drops his note-pad and replaces it with a
9mm pistol-- discharging it into Galan at point blank range.
The candidate goes down behind a miasma of smoke and muzzle
flash, his body riddled with bullets as the crowd explodes,
bedlam breaking wide and spreading like a brush fire.

Instinct overrides common sense as the Colonel throws himself
into flash panic of people trampling one another, grappling
with the boy, his small black eyes beaming up as he fires
another shot, grazing Martinez, who wrests the gun away.

Gaviria and Tambs rush over to Lara, but it's too late...He's
lost too much blood...all they can do is comfort him in his
remaining moments...as he slowly ebbs away...and dies.

EXT. COLOMBIAN STREETS - MEDELLIN - NIGHT/LATER (PAST)

Fires rage- rioters roam- police sirens wail- All of Colombia
seems ready to implode following the slaying of Rodrigo Lara.

INT. TAMBS RESIDENCE - SAME (PAST)

OFFICIALS from the embassy are on hand to comfort Tambs.

TAMBS

That kid was no more than nine.
I've got a granddaughter that age.
Is this what Escobar's doing? Hiring
children to kill for him?

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Ambassador we'd like to move you to
the embassy vault for the time being.

Tambs stands, nodding absently, walking out on a balcony
overlooking the street, trying to get some fresh air.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

It's the safest place to be...

Tambs gazes out at the mayhem on the horizon. Then, A flash
hits below with white-hot concussion-- and Tambs is suddenly
weightless, intense heat rippling over him like little razors
as he is lifted, his eyes and lungs scorched by the blast
wave uncoiling from the car bomb just detonated beneath him.

The force unleashed pinballs Tambs off the far wall of his
apartment, depositing him in a heap. The room's other
occupants lie strewn around the room, in shock, weeping, or
staggering upright, trying to stand, bloodied, boggled.

Tambs, eyes blown bloodshot, lurching to his feet, stumbling
through the pall of impenetrable smoke pouring in. He arrives
back at the balcony, looking down-- His car is upended,
burning. Passersby lie dead on the street, killed mid-stride.
Tambs collapses, shaking...He begins to sob uncontrollably.

INT. BUSBY HOME - CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND - NIGHT (PAST)

A ringing phone intrudes on Busby's sleep. He rouses himself,
snatching the receiver up, mumbles a "hello," listens...

BUSBY

...oh Jesus Christ, is he alright?

His WIFE rolls over, rubbing off sleep, listening...

BUSBY (CONT'D)

...yeah...No, forget it, I'm getting
up now. I'll see you in an hour.

He hangs up, moves across the bed, lying in his wife's lap.

WIFE

What happened?

BUSBY

Lew Tambs just resigned his post as
Ambassador to Colombia. A car bomb
went off under his building.

WIFE

God, was he hurt?

BUSBY

He got his bell rung pretty good.

WIFE

Who are they getting to replace him?

A beat. Busby rolls around to face her...Guess.

EXT. BARIO DE PABLO ESCOBAR - DAY (PAST)

Pablo stands beaming before a crowd of underprivileged families, holding a pair of scissors in his hand. Beyond him, a large velvet ribbon has been strung across a street lined with brand new homes. Pablo cuts the ribbon with a great laugh as people push past, an overjoyed herd, rushing in to claim their new dwellings.

An OLDER WOMAN, her face deeply creased, fraught with tears, hands trembling, clutches Pablo's arm, thanking him. Pablo smiles, touching the old woman's cheek, thumbing away tears.

PABLO

It's okay dear, it's okay...You're welcome. Be happy here...

The old woman is gently guided away by her son, all the while blowing kisses to Pablo. News cameras capture the moment. Pablo turns his attention to the gathered reporters.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Where there is nothing like a home, there can be nothing like hope. Now look. At those children. These families. If you've never known joy it has a face...

(back over his shoulder)

And this is what it looks like.

REPORTER

Senor, how much of this housing development was subsidized by our government?

PABLO

None of it. It was built with private monies. And I don't consider the current Government to be "our" government. It's not something built by and for "the people"...This country, Colombia, I consider mine...Not its failed leadership's.

REPORTER #2

Senor, is this the result of your being denounced on the Senate floor?

PABLO

Politics is a parlor game for the corrupt...Those men like the late Rodrigo Lara and Luis Galan.

REPORTER #3

There are some who feel you were
behind their murders, this concern
that you've aligned yourself with,
"The Extradictables--

--Pablo, a smirk, shaking his head, waving off the question--

PABLO

--is a political coalition, not a
pack of wolves. This group was founded
to preserve our rights and battle
the oligarchy running this country.
Why were those two men killed? Because
all monsters turn on their maker.
Lara was suspected of being in the
pocket of the drug cartels. He and
Galan were cohorts. They were
criminals and died as criminals do.
I won't speak ill of the dead, even
those in elected posts who repeatedly
betrayed their people--

(gesturing around)

--these people, who are all things
blood and spirit and soil.

(beat, with emphasis)

And I will never again pledge faith
to Bogota. My allegiance now and
forever will be to my people and to
my country...Always to Colombia.

EXT. NAPOLES ESTATE - DAY (PAST)

The epicurean epicenter of all of Colombia: Hacidena Napoles, -
Escobar's most lavish finca. A manse rivaling even the most
ostentatious displays of decadence and wealth: A veritable
monument to Colombia's booming drug trade.

A wild party is in progress as revelers skim across a man-
made lake on jet-skis. Thong-clad women lounge poolside,
fighting off the advances of Escobar goons as waiters deliver
drinks, joints and lines of cocaine on silver trays...This
is bacchanalia at its debauched best.

Pablo and Guido Parra stroll the grounds as Pablo reads from
the current "El Tiempo." On the cover: a full-length photo
of the newly appointed Ambassador to Colombia, Morris Busby,
who stares right into the camera, an expression of cut stone.

PABLO

(reading)

The U.S. has not sent a diplomat to
Colombia...They have sent a warrior.

(hands paper to Parra)

Ours is a war of the righteous.

GUIDO PARRA

And one that if we continue to wage,
will only bring the gringos in greater
force and numbers...Rodrigo Lara,
Luis Galan, these men were beloved--

PABLO

--they were enemies of this country
Guido. And deserved fates far worse
than the ones they received.

The remark is uttered with total calm and a complete absence
of anger...making it all the more chilling. Pablo and Parra
sit. They are joined by the rogue's gallery of Pablo flunkies:
Popeye, Limon, Tyson, who, like the most loyal of lap dogs,
must always remain close to their master.

PABLO (CONT'D)

These bastards in Bogota can say
what I do is bad, but what they can't
say, what kills them, is the good
that flows from it: Houses and roads
and schools and soccer fields. The
poor in this country are unprotected,
they're shit on. Who helps them? A
private citizen shouldn't be able to
take better care of this country and
its people than all of congress
combined, but it's happening. Through
no fault of my own, I give this money,
build these things and all I ask in
return is to conduct myself and my
business as I choose. And how do
they respond? Do they seek me out?
Shake my hand? No. They persecute
and provoke...and seek my end.

(beat, summoning piety)

This is a revolution. Poncho Villa,
Che Guevara, they both waged a similar
war with the state. One that dedicated
itself to their destruction--

TRANSITION BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - MORNING (PRESENT)

Pablo, back in the present day, on his phone, resuming his
rant from the past. His tone more desperate now.

PABLO

--Just as this government dedicates
itself to mine. They want to see me
given over to the gringos, so I can
be paraded in front of their new
President. Put on display like a
clown? Like Noriega!?

(MORE)

PABLO (CONT'D)

(beat, composes himself)

My sweet Tata. My lovely girl. If I
let that happen, what kind of man
would it make me? What kind of father?

A TITLE FADES UP ON-SCREEN, lower-third: "ENDGAME PART II"

MARIA VICTORIA (V.O.)

I worry about you. You've been gone
so long now. I miss you so much.

PABLO

I know you do. Come outside, on the
balcony so I can see your face.

SUPER: December 2, 1993. 11:15am

Pablo walks to his balcony, a telescope is set up there.

INT. BEECHCRAFT - SAME (PRESENT)

Robertson and the Techs, collective fingers crossed.

PABLO (V.O.)

There you are my love...

TECHNICIAN #2

Two minutes in! Twenty seconds is
the norm.

TECHNICIAN

He should have disconnected by now.

ROBERTSON

He's tip-toeing on a tight rope...

PABLO (V.O.)

My beautiful Maria Victoria...

ROBERTSON

...C'mon, tell her how much you love
her shithead. Take your time...

The green arc of their display defines. The Techs sweat
tension...seconds stretch like millennia. Then, *Bingo*.
Three intersecting lines lock...Pablo has been located.

TECHNICIAN

Bravo-Charlie! We have Tango!

INT. MERCEDES VAN - PARKING LOT - MEDELLIN - SAME (PRESENT)

HUGO JR.

(reacts, back to Jacoby)

He's locked! Tango's signal is locked!

Jacoby, turning away from the van, mobilizing his men.

JACOBY
Escobar's lit, let's roll.

He and his Operators pile into vehicles, joining a caravan led by Hugo Jr's van as it pulls out of the parking lot.

INT. PANEL VAN (JACOBY'S TRANSPORT) - DAY (PRESENT)

Everyone is wired, revved high, the air electric. Pablo's voice emanates from the vehicle's speakers as well as a small field-squawk-box held by Jacoby.

MARIA VICTORIA (V.O.)
Your son wants to speak to you. He has some questions from the reporters.

PABLO (V.O.)
Put him on.

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - MORNING (PRESENT)

Pablo paces. From the skylight above, the sun strafes through, breaking the cloud cover, a beam playing over his form like a floodlight, illuminating him for the heavens to see...Not even God it seems, will let Pablo Escobar hide now...He stares up into the sunlight as his son's voice comes on the line.

JUAN PABLO (V.O.)
...Hello Poppa.

PABLO
Pablito, how are you boy?

JUAN PABLO (V.O.)
I wish you were here...I'm scared.

PABLO
Don't be scared son. Not now, we're too close. You have some questions?

INT. JACOBY'S VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Jacoby and the others listen intently. Delta Operator MIKE MURPHY, 20's, former farm hand and All American power forward for Villanova, mans the radio-telemetry relay.

MURPHY
He's fucking himself huge staying on the line like this.

JACOBY
Don't jinx it Hoss.

JUAN PABLO (V.O.)

Uh, okay: "Would your father be willing to surrender himself to the authorities if your family was granted refuge in another country?"

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Pablo sits back on the bed, pats himself down for a joint.

PABLO

Yes. If the terms were favorable and my family was protected and granted safe passage out of Colombia. I would also demand, as part of that agreement that those individuals, namely Colonel Martinez and his murderous Search-Bloc...

EXT. CARLOS HOLGUIN SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

The Colonel listens to his mortal enemy's lament as he pulls on his coat and heads out to an awaiting helicopter.

PABLO (V.O.)

...be vigorously prosecuted for their criminal actions against this country. Including the repeated torture and execution of innocent Colombians...

INT. JACOBY'S VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS

Weapons are locked and loaded, safeties flicked "off" extra magazines stored...expertly trained soldiers prepare to war.

JACOBY

(addressing all)

No contact until Search-Bloc fires the first shot. After that, run your mags dry, collect your brass and - don't bring a single bullet back from this fight fellas...I mean it.

Over the speakers, Pablo and son continue their conversation.

JUAN PABLO (V.O.)

Next question...

PABLO (V.O.)

Go ahead son.

JACOBY

I got a gut on this one. Today's the day we bag him.

JUAN PABLO (V.O.)
Does the government of the United
States represent your greatest fear?

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN SLOWLY ON Jacoby's face. Reflections
from trees and buildings obscure it, play over it as we...

...TRANSITION TO:

EXT. EL DORADO AIRPORT - BOGOTA - RUNWAY - DAY (PAST)

A younger, less world weary Jacoby, glimpsed through the
window portal of a small passenger jet as it taxis to a stop.

INT. PRIVATE HANGAR -- DAY (PAST)

Jacoby moves down the jetway along with Joe Toft and an
EMBASSY REPRESENTATIVE. His passport is quickly cleared and
he's hustled toward an awaiting embassy vehicle.

INT. EMBASSY CAR - DAY (PAST)

Jacoby and Toft blow through the streets of Bogota. Toft
removes a .45 from its holster and lays it across his lap. -

TOFT
If something pops, I don't want to
worry about clearing my holster.

JACOBY
(gazing at gun)
...Are you serious?

TOFT
Maybe not for you, you're young.
But Speed, fickle bitch that she is,
abandoned me a few years back and
took my quick draw days with her.

Jacoby is prompted to pull his weapon and lay it across his
lap as well. His tone is one of sudden, grim resignation.

JACOBY
Then this is how bad it is.

TOFT
No. It's worse. What's left of the
Supreme Court, the ones who survived
the assault in Bogota, declared an
emergency session to review Columbia's
extradition treaty with the U.S.

JACOBY
They're gonna repeal it.

TOFT

That's the vibe. Pablo's got the government pissing down its leg pally. A lot's happened.

(beat)

Let's do a little debrief.

CUT TO:

SCENES: As Toft speaks, WE SEE the wrath brought to bear on those who oppose Pablo and his all-powerful Medellin cartel.

TOFT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Monday morning, Guillermo Cano, Editor of El Espectador writes in his column:

GUILLERMO CANO, at his desk in the mammoth offices of El Espectador. WE HEAR HIS VOICE as he writes:

GUILLERMO CANO

"It seems we have decided to live with crime and declare ourselves defeated...men like Pablo Escobar have taken over Colombia."

EXT. STREET - EVENING (PAST)

Cano walks up the street. A MOTORCYCLE approaches from behind.

TOFT (V.O.)

Monday night...he's murdered.

The rider unloads an AK-47 into Cano's back as he passes.

TOFT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Tuesday, Jose Antequera, leader of the Union Patriotica Party and candidate for president...

EXT. STREET - MORNING (PAST)

Antequera, at a stop light, when we see POPEYE, in the crosswalk, suddenly dart in-

TOFT (V.O.)

...assassinated at a traffic light.

-and casually shoot him in the head, stripping a gold wristwatch off the arm of Antequera, then running off.

TOFT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Carlos Valencia, a judge that had issued arrest warrants for Pablo...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY (PAST)

A WOMAN struggles against her captors, screaming hysterically as she's stuffed into the trunk of a car.

TOFT (V.O.)

...has his wife kidnapped in broad daylight. She's later killed and dumped on the his doorstep.

CUT TO:

CARLOS VALENCIA, sobbing, cradling the body of his dead wife.

INT. EMBASSY CAR - CONTINUOUS - (PAST)

Jacoby and Toft rocket along. Bogota hurtles by outside.

TOFT

Pablo's clipped sixteen judges in just the last month, not counting the Supreme Court justices...and every one of them was pro-extradition.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BOGOTA - DAY - (PAST)

Thousands of robed JUDGES and MAGISTRATES carry picket signs, some bearing Pablo Escobar's likeness in caricature.

TOFT (V.O.)

Four-thousand appeals court judges went on a national strike last week protesting their vulnerability.

INT. EMBASSY CAR - CONTINUOUS (PAST)_

Jacoby, waylaid.

TOFT

After the last round of killings, President Barco suspended Habeus Corpus so the CNP could arrest and detain anyone they wanted, without charging them with a crime.

MONTAGE

CNP officers are murdered en masse.

TOFT (V.O.)

Pablo responded by issuing a standing bounty of five-million pesos for the murder of any police officer.

These images are hyper-fast, abbreviated: Cops shot outside their homes, while jogging, on the streets with their family.

TOFT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Not even the funerals were safe.

A cop is actually killed leaving the funeral of a slain friend

TOFT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Barco countered by forming a special police unit called SEARCH-BLOC.

A group of Colombia's best and brightest young officers are sworn into the new unit, their right hands raised in pledge.

TOFT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They were recruited from all over the country to cut down on corruption within their ranks. Their unit is dedicated exclusively to the quote "pursuit and capture of Pablo Escobar."

EXT. CNP HEADQUARTERS - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

The Colombian National Police building. Officers cycle in and out. Pedestrians move up the busy street.

TOFT (V.O.)

A day after their formation, three-hundred pounds of explosives are detonated outside CNP headquarters.

The face of the building is suddenly sheared away in a bomb blast that swallows everything whole, blowing out windows six blocks away.

EXT. EMBASSY CAR - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

They pull up to the Embassy gates; massive military presence is everywhere...troops, sandbagged barricades, bomb-sniffing dogs. Their vehicle is carefully inspected, then waived in.

TOFT

You know what Pablo's big quote is? "Terrorism is the atomic bomb of the poor. It's the only way they can fight back." This sonofabitch is a multi-billionaire and he's got the balls to plead poverty.

JACOBY

Plight of the poor. Identify with the underclass, take up their struggle you can get away with anything.

TOFT

This ain't Robin Hood bub.

(MORE)

TOFT (CONT'D)

Pablo is about money and power. And he'll bomb and kill and kidnap to perpetuate both for as long as he can.

(beat)

But he's made one big mistake. Not with all the people he's murdered. ...But with the one he left alive.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. CNP HEADQUARTERS - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Moments after the explosion. Fires blaze within the shattered remains of the building, smoke everywhere, the street littered with bodies and blast debris. Out of this hellish maw emerges a man...charred, bloodied, bent. We recognize him immediately:

TOFT (V.O.)

Colonel Hugo Martinez. Commander of the Search-Bloc...

INT. EMBASSY - DAY (PAST)

Toft and Jacoby, moving swiftly up the Embassy's corridors.

TOFT

Nobody wanted that command you know.

INT. DAS (DEPARTMENT OF ADMINISTRATIVE SECURITY) - DAY (PAST)

CAMERA TRACKS ALONG a row of Colombia's top OFFICERS: The finest fighting stock in the country. We've glimpsed them before...in the restaurant with the Colonel at the beginning.

TOFT (V.O.)

These are front line guys, field generals, back from battling Marxist guerrillas. They'd seen all kinds of combat and still, every one of 'em backed away from running Search-Bloc.

One after the other they decline the Search-Bloc command.

TOFT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...nobody wanted to fuck with Pablo.

THE CAMERA SETTLES on Colonel Martinez, the bullet graze from the boy who murdered Lara has hardened to scar. He looks less like an academic now...and more like a warrior in waiting

INT. EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS - DAY (PAST)

Toft and Jacoby step into an elevator as the doors shut.

TOFT

...except for the man you're about to meet...

INT. EMBASSY - FIFTH FLOOR VAULT - DAY (PAST)

The elevator arrives at the Fort Knox-like Fifth floor vault. Windowless, with bomb-proof concrete walls and a six-inch reinforced steel door for an entrance. They are met by JAVIER SANTOS, 40's, a tattooed ex-marine and Toft's D.E.A. cohort. Toft makes intros, Santos-Jacoby, Jacoby-Santos.

SANTOS

They flipped it. The Supreme Court.

Toft scoffs. The three men start down the hall together.

SANTOS (CONT'D)

The treaty was signed by a delegate of the President and not the President himself, so they revoked it...They'll be partying in Medellin tonight man.

INT. EMBASSY - FIFTH FLOOR VAULT - MEETING ROOM - DAY (PAST)

Jacoby, Toft and Santos enter. A subdued mood greets their arrival. Assembled are Busby, presidential front-runner Gaviria, a slight, bookish man named EDUARDO MENDOZA, 31, Gaviria's campaign manager and the heavily bandaged Colonel Martinez, still recovering from the attack on CNP headquarters. Requisite intros are made, handshakes exchanged.

BUSBY

Gentlemen I'm sure we're all put off by the news out of the Palace of Justice this morning. But know that as President Barco prepares to step down-

(beat, gesturing)

-Senor Gaviria has agreed, at the urging of the son of the late Luis Galan, to resume his father's presidential bid. And we all owe him a huge debt of gratitude for that...

A polite round of applause for a very embarrassed looking Gaviria. Then,

GAVIRIA

My first action will be to work with our courts and reinstate the extradition treaty so that the Cali and Medellin cartels can be dismantled...And narcos like Pablo Escobar can be permanently imprisoned.

The Colonel, bearing almost no likeness to the man we met earlier, speaks. His voice is ragged, rife with recent loss.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

I mean no disrespect to you Senor.
But if you attempt to reinstate the
treaty, Escobar will resume the
killing...And he'll start with you.

BUSBY

The Colonel's right. Once Pablo finds
out what you intend to do when you
take office, you'll be targeted.

TOFT

(to Gaviria)

You need to get someone close to you
to run your security. Someone that
you know would never sell you out.

Without hesitating, Gaviria turns to his old friend Mendoza.

GAVIRIA

...Eduardo?

Mendoza, taken by surprise, thinks it's a joke at first.

MENDOZA

Cesar...I'm a lawyer, we sell people
out for a living.

(off Gaviria's look)

You're serious?

(beat, then)

Security? What do I know of
protecting someone's life?

GAVIRIA

You are first, my friend...and the
only person I would trust right now
to ensure the lives of my family.

Mendoza weighs the massive responsibility. Gaviria seems
content to await his response. Then;

MENDOZA

Very well.

BUSBY

Major Jacoby will provide surveillance
on Escobar so his movements can be
closely monitored. Beyond that, our
government has prevented us from
taking military action, which prevents
the Major and his units from
participating any further...

COLONEL MARTINEZ

When Escobar goes back on the rampage
Ambassador. And he will. When does
the U.S. take up arms with us?

Busby doesn't respond. The Colonel knows what this means.

COLONEL MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Will the U.S. take up arms with us?

(off Busby's silence)

...We lost thirty officers in the
first five days after Search-Bloc's
formation. Pablo's murdered another
ninety-six since then. It's
unfathomable the damage he's done. I
had to stop attending funerals, unless
those killed were of rank.

(long beat, looks up)

I took this assignment not because I
wanted to, but because no one else
would...and this needs to be done.
But I too have a family and I don't
want my wife to have to bury her
husband or my children, their father.

(to Gaviria)

But I will see this through, no matter
the cost to me, because I believe
him, Escobar, to be a monster...and -
something that must be stopped.

The room has gone utterly still. The Colonel turns his gaze
to his bandaged hands, his words hanging like lead.

EXT. FIFTH FLOOR VAULT (MEETING ROOM) - LATER

Jacoby exits, jogging up the hall to catch the Colonel.

JACOBY

Colonel Martinez.

The Colonel stops, turning back. Jacoby reaches him.

JACOBY (CONT'D)

I just wanted you to know, anything
you need, anything Delta can do for
you, for Search-Bloc, we'll do.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

That's not what I just heard in there.

JACOBY

Within reason. I have to abide by my
orders Colonel. It's not my choice.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

What is Major?

Jacoby, stepping closer, sensing a kinship with Martinez.

JACOBY

Sir. We end lives for a living...and I'd like nothing more than to apply that to Pablo and put him down.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

Unfortunately...I'm, afraid that's exactly what it's going to take.

JACOBY

Killing him.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

Yes.

(long beat)

My heart has been broken...The men I've watched lain to rest, they will be with me, I'm sure, all my days. I don't know death as you do. Or didn't. Now, I'm...not certain. The fear I've felt these months, the pit in my stomach...is being replaced...

(unsure, trying to
pinpoint a feeling)

...I'm being turned in a way that, troubles me...

The Colonel then abruptly ends their conversation and limps off down the hall without another word. WE STAY ON Jacoby...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BOGOTA - DAY

Jacoby, a can of beer resting on his chest, the hotel phone to his ear, hooked into and routed through a portable scrambler. His wife MAUREEN is on the line. A copy of EL TIEMPO lies strewn over the bed. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY.

JACOBY

Is baby girl asleep already?

MAUREEN (V.O.)

Yeah, she's went down hard too. I can hear these tiny little snores coming from her crib.

JACOBY

Hah! That's classic.

MAUREEN (V.O.)

She burns it at both ends that little nut. Just like her daddy.

Jacoby grins at this, plays with the phone cord.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

You tired Love?

JACOBY

I'm beat...you miss me?

MAUREEN (V.O.)

I always miss you when you're gone...

THE CAMERA CONTINUES BACK, revealing more the of the room; a rathole with zero charm. The bed looks absolutely abused.

MAUREEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Can you at least tell me this time?

JACOBY

About all I can say is I'm somewhere in the western hemisphere between Northern Canada and South America. -

(laughing again)

Does that help narrow it down?

MAUREEN (V.O.)

That's not funny. You're not funny.

JACOBY

I'm hilarious. That's why you married me, 'cuz I make you laugh.

MAUREEN (V.O.)

You used to. Now you just make me worry. I hate not knowing where you are, or whether or not you're safe.

THE CAMERA HAS PULLED OUT TO REVEAL: Weapons, an arsenal's worth, stacked up on a night-stand; assault-rifles, handguns, knives, all combat ready and within easy reach.

JACOBY

(glancing at armament)

Oh, I wouldn't worry about that baby.

Jacoby looks over the copy of "EL TIEMPO": photos of slain cops: Victims of Don Pablo. A reminder of just how temporary life is...Suddenly fireworks begin exploding somewhere close.

MAUREEN

What is that? Steve! *What is that!*

Jacoby gets up, moving to the window.

JACOBY

Easy. It's nothing, it's fireworks.

MAUREEN (V.O.)

Fireworks!? Please don't lie to me--

JACOBY

--Maureen, I swear on the baby, it's just fireworks. They're celebrating.

Booms reverberate across the city as hundreds of skyrockets soar into the skies above Bogota. Escobar flunkies and followers rejoice the revocation of the treaty.

MAUREEN (V.O.)

Who's celebrating?

Cries of "Viva Pablo!" rise up from the streets.

JACOBY

Assholes. That's who.

MAUREEN (V.O.)

Why?

JACOBY

Why? Because a very bad guy, just got a very big break...

...TRANSITION TO:

INT. PANEL VAN - (PRESENT)_

The convoy closes on Pablo. Jacoby pumps his Operators up.

JACOBY

...and that was his last one. No more breaks. We deal in deathblows gents. We end him and this today.

A TITLE FADES UP ON-SCREEN, lower-third: "ENDGAME PART III"

INT. MERCEDES VAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)_

Hugo Jr., monitoring the gray box as Pablo's location coordinates lock.

HUGO JR.

I GOT HIM! TANGO CONFIRM! THREE BLOCKS UP ON THE RIGHT!

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - DAY (PRESENT)

Pablo, on the phone, unaware his pursuers are drawing near.

SUPER: "December 2, 1993. 12:02pm."

PABLO

...as the gringos have continued their persecution of me, but no, their government does not represent my greatest fear.

(MORE)

PABLO (CONT'D)

That fear is the fear of losing my family...Are you writing this down boy?

JUAN PABLO

Yes, yes, just a minute...

(another pause, then)

Okay. Next one: "The Supreme Court of Colombia revoked its extradition agreement with the U.S. once. Are you hopeful this can happen again?"

Pablo glances up at a wall clock.

PABLO

I'm going to hang up and call you back through the hotel's switchboard okay? I've been on too long--

--and Pablo disconnects, ripping off the battery back and crushing the phone under foot before fishing another one out of a box, brimming with cellphones.

INT. BEECHCRAFT - SAME (PRESENT)

The signal lock vanishes. Robertson still smiles.

ROBERTSON

Too late asswipe...we got you.

INT. MERCEDES VAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)_

Hugo, eyeing the display, suddenly realizes--

HUGO JR.

--STOP! STOP! STOP! HE'S HERE!

The Mercedes van brakes hard, wheels lock as it squeals to a halt in front of an office complex.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

The Colonel, keying his short-wave, urgent, yelling.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

Son! Seal off the entire block, post men on the far side--!

EXT. OFFICE COMPLEX - MEDELLIN - DAY (PRESENT)

--Hugo Jr., out of the van, his father blaring in his ear.

HUGO JR.

Dad-- Colonel! I got it. We're moving!

The other vehicles in the convoy arrive; DELTA & SEARCH-BLOC TROOPS deploying with split-second precision, hitting the front door, weapons up, clearing the complex room by room. Hugo Jr. stays on Jacoby's shoulder, directing him through the corridors. They come to a closed door, Jacoby rears back, shearing it right off the jamb with a shoulder charge, but...

...it's empty.

A beat before we hear laughter...Pablo's laughter, filtering slowly up over the scene, Search-Bloc officers and Delta Operators stand there, stunned, as we...

...TRANSITION TO:

EXT. NAPOLES MANSION - DAY (PAST)

THE CAMERA drifts over the sprawling, perfectly groomed grounds, past dozens of gardeners and landscapers laboring away. The laughter continues over this scene as WE FIND:

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - NAPOLES MANSION - DAY (PAST)

Three times the size of a standard Olympic lap pool. In the shallow end, blowing on his infant daughter's face to get her to hold her breath, is Pablo. He laughs himself hoarse as he dunks Manuela, teaching her to swim. She breaks the surface seconds later with that sour-puss face parents love.

PABLO

That's it! You're daddy's fish! -
You're daddy's beautiful baby fish!

The baby grins, giggling. A staff member rushes out poolside with a portable phone. Pablo takes it.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Yes...Yes, hello Silvio! Hey! Hey!
Of course I'll comment. I think this
is a huge victory. Columbia must be
allowed to police its own people.

Pablo continues speaking as THE CAMERA DRIFTS away from the pool, over the top of a table with towels and suntan oil on it, THE CAMERA SETTLING on a copy of Semana magazine, sitting under a large glass of iced tea.

PABLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...and what does the an extradition
treaty with the gringos stand for if
not a failure within this country to
enforce its own laws?

On the cover of Semana, in two inch typeset: "TRIUMPH OF THE PEOPLE - SUPREME COURT RULES UNANIMOUS - EXTRADITION NO MORE! TREATY WITH U.S. REPEALED." The words "EXTRADITION NO MORE" are magnified 10x. The glass of tea enlarging the letters.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Busby and high-level embassy officials meet with current Colombian President Barco, incumbent Cesar Gaviria and key members of his staff.

BUSBY

Gentlemen, there is a one topic on the table. Extradition.

An Aide shuts the large double doors. At they close on these proceedings, THE CAMERA PULLS BACK down a hall, finding Eduardo Mendoza, who enters a small embassy office.

INT. EMBASSY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - DAY (PAST)

Assembled there are prospective recruits for Gaviria's personal security. Mendoza looks the men over, referring to a clipboard, flipping through their personnel records.

MENDOZA

We're putting together a close protection detail for Senor Cesar Gaviria and his family. You've been chosen for consideration because of your exemplary service records. -

Mendoza tucks the clipboard away, scrutinizing the group.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)

How do you men feel about the drug trade...And narcos like Pablo Escobar?

One young RECRUIT needs no further prompting.

RECRUIT

I think he is scum Senor...I think Pablo Escobar represents the worst of what Colombia is...

(turns to face Mendoza)

...And this country's greatest humiliation.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Jacoby stands by as his DELTA OPERATORS disembark a small learjet. They tote shoulder bags, have scrub beards and wear their hair long, looking like eerily cloned variations of one another. Embassy officials, with their pressed suits, stand in stark contrast to the men they're lining up to greet.

JACOBY

Jesus, will you look at this sorry ass assortment. Bunch'a bench players.

Big smiles and middle fingers fly, everybody exchanging arm hugs and hard slaps. They start toward a nearby hangar.

Mike Murphy, tanned and fresh from the states, slips on shades.

MURPHY

So why send down dogs with nothing to hunt Maj?

JACOBY

'Cuz the GOC's current cease fire with Pablo is days away from falling apart. Gaviria's going to be elected and this fight's gonna go hot again.

Another operator pipes up; LANCE HASTINGS, 20's, a fearsome ground war vet with frat-boy good looks.

HASTINGS

And how involved do we get?

JACOBY

Right now, we train up their people and provide surveillance support. Beyond that, it's gonna be a big game of "watch and wait."

INT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER (PAST)

Jacoby ushers his men inside the hangar. Kyle Robertson and members of his Centra-Spike unit are assembled around the Beechcrafts. The mood is amiable but tense. The sizing up and assessing of opposing units begins almost immediately.

ROBERTSON

(smiling, to Jacoby)

Stosh. You got the gang all here?

JACOBY

Just the good ones. Captain Kyle Robertson-

(gestures to his men)

-meet the lovely ladies of Phi Delta Epsilon.

Icebreaker. The whole hangar laughs.

JACOBY (CONT'D)

Everybody grab some coffee and a seat and we'll get started.

INT. APARTMENT - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Colonel Martinez stands at a full length mirror, brushing lint off the shoulder of his suit coat. His wife, ADRIANNA, 40's, beautiful, fair-skinned, helps him with his tie. She finishes, taking a step back to admire her husband.

ADRIANNA

Such a handsome man...

He turns back to her, wrapping his arms around her waist.
She reaches up, touches one of the bandages on his face.

ADRIANNA (CONT'D)

...and so sad.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

(as if amending)

No, no, happy...for our son.

From the doorway, a voice.

HUGO JR.

...Dad.

The Colonel turns and sees Hugo Jr. standing there, decked out in academy dress blues. He walks over to his son and embraces him. Adrianna, Hugo Jr's mother, begins to cry.

Then, sudden screaming erupts. A child's. The Colonel moves like a shot, sidearm pulled from the holster slung across the door, gun gripped tight as he rushes out, his wife and son running right behind him, terror taking hold.

ADRIANNA

Oh my God, Hugo! Hugo!

COLONEL MARTINEZ

NO! DAMMIT! HUGO! TAKE YOUR MOTHER
OUT THE BACK! GET HER OUT!--

--as he bursts into the front room, revealing, a boy, standing there, seeing his father, seeing the gun, his eyes inflating--

BOY

--No, no Dad, Dad, it's Dessie, she
fell, she fell outside--

The boy, Hugo's son GUSTAVO stands in front of his little sister ESMERELDA, (DESSIE) sobbing, her knee badly skinned. The Colonel waistbands his weapon, hoisting his daughter up, walking her to the sink, breathing hard, adrenaline draining.

MARTINEZ

(over her crying)

No, no, no, it's okay, it's okay,
sweetie, let's get you cleaned up.

He hits the faucet, runs it cold, eases the little girl's leg under, she wraps her arms around her father's neck, buries her head, keeps crying. The Colonel glances back at his wife, jaw still clenched. Adrianna looks troubled by his outburst.

His gaze shifts to his namesake, Hugo Jr., it's there in his eyes. A unspoken message for his son. *Mark this moment: Panic and fear are fixtures now...a permanent part of our world.*

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - NAPOLES MANSION - DAY (PAST)

Two of Pablo's most trusted, most vicious sicarios sidle up poolside; HERNAN HENAO, 27, a twitchy, sawed-off, bodybuilder type and GUSTAVO MESA, 32, tall, sloe-eyed, all menace.

HENAO

El Doctor! Victory! Viva Escobar!

Pablo, smiling, climbing out of the pool with his daughter, Mesa tosses him a towel. Henao hands him a lit joint. ROBERTO ESCOBAR, 30's, Pablo's brother, slow of wit, ample of build, rises from a deck chair.

PABLO

Have you met my brother Roberto?

Roberto shakes hands with the Hernao and Mesa.

MESA

I thought you were in prison in Bogota?

ROBERTO

I was.

PABLO

Serving another three years. But we found a sympathetic judge.

(beat, bigger grin)

Imagine our luck.

The men belly laugh a strange, cruel kind of laughter. Then;

HENAO

The Gringos have lost their chance then, eh Doctor? No more extradition!

Manuela has become fascinated with the smoldering joint in her father's mouth. She reaches for it, Pablo, bobs and weaves, trying to keep it out of reach. He hands it back to Hernao and begins drying off his daughter's hair.

PABLO

The treaty may be dead for the moment, but there are those that want desperately to revive it.

(beat, exhales)

Like Cesar Gaviria.

(beat, all business)

Have you put somebody inside?

MESA

We're getting close.

PABLO

Close enough to put a bullet in his head?

(off their looks)

Then you're nowhere near close.

HENAO

Don Pablo, this man--

PABLO

--is just that Hernan. Flesh and bone, something that bleeds. -

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY (PAST)

Mendoza introduces Gaviria to the new members of his close protection detail...the men now guarding his life.

PABLO (V.O.)

...something we can kill.

Toft and Santos stand by, lending their assistance and providing last minute assessments. Gaviria moves down the row of those selected, shaking their hands, expressing his appreciation for their commitment to this detail. He arrives at the young Recruit who spoke so fervently against Escobar. -

Suddenly, flashbulbs burst as a Colombian EMBASSY EMPLOYEE, begins snapping photos. Gaviria turns, annoyed. Toft steps over and yanks the camera away, pulling the man aside.

TOFT

What are doing!? They're not to be photographed. These men don't exist inside or outside this embassy.

(grabbing the man's I.D. necklace)

Perez, Diego...Who do you work for?

DIEGO PEREZ

Ambassador's Busby's office.

Toft rips the back off the camera, removing the film.

TOFT

Did he ask you to do this?

DIEGO PEREZ

No, I thought it would be helpful.

TOFT

Helpful how?

(MORE)

TOFT (CONT'D)

By making sure the faces of the men protecting the next president of this country were put on film? And when the pictures show up on the front page of Semana and each of them is marked for death by the Medellin cartel, how fucking helpful are you going to be then?

DIEGO PEREZ

I'm not going to stand here and be talked to like an idiot.

TOFT

--Then stop acting like one. This isn't some dogdick embassy posting in Guam. This is Colombia. Think.

Perez, pissed at being upbraided, stalks off. Toft motions Santos over, whispering something, watching Perez walk away.

INT. HANGAR - DAY (PAST)

Jacoby begins the briefing. Robertson stands behind him.

JACOBY

Centra-Spike is the U.S. Army's new pride and joy and arguably the best mobile surveillance and tracking unit in the world.

ROBERTSON

There's no argument. We are the best.

JACOBY

And some modest motherfuckers too... Now, I know these things tend to get tribal. One unit not sharing information, sandbagging the other. That's not gonna happen here. Forget whatever pissing matches might have taken place, 'cuz this isn't shirts and skins, our units are gonna go forward in this fight with an undying devotion to the other. Understand?

(turns to Robertson)

Rip?

Robertson steps forward.

ROBERTSON

Well, when the time comes, what we're basically gonna do for Delta, without getting too technical, is guide you guys right up Escobar's ass and show you where to plant your foot.

More laughter. Everyone becoming fast friends.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

We can pinpoint him within five feet,
from six miles up, anywhere he goes.

HASTINGS

How?

Robertson gives one of his men a nod, who then keys a laptop. A brief beat ensues before a series of beeps sound throughout the hangar...the din of cellphones being powered up. The Delta guys exchange glances, confused, looking down at their shoulder bags. They unzip them, pulling out their bulky secure Black Cellphones, each one has been turned "on".

ROBERTSON

By being able to activate the battery
of any cellphone by remote, including
yours.

MURPHY

(holding up his phone)
You didn't get mine.

ROBERTSON

We can also make the phones appear
to be powered down.

(to Murphy)

You won't see it, but yours is still
emitting a low level frequency that
can be tracked and locked.

The Delta Operators are impressed but refuse to let on.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

Any time Pablo picks up his phone.
Any time he has it on him or near
him...We'll have his ass cold.

EXT. PARADE GROUNDS - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Colonel Martinez watches as his son HUGO MARTINEZ JR., graduates from the police cadet academy, receiving his credentials. A proud smile as he shakes his Commandant's hand, waving up to his family, nodding to his father.

The Colonel manages a smile as Hugo Jr. takes his place along a long line of fellow graduates. The Colonel's eyes move over that row...All these young men about to enter a world of brutality and bloodshed they can't even begin to comprehend.

EXT. NAPOLES MANSION - NIGHT - (PAST)

Pablo comes stalking down a stone path in his bathrobe with Popeye at his heels.

In a bedroom behind them, we see YOUNG GIRLS, no more than fifteen or sixteen, disheveled, in varying degrees of undress, being escorted out by Pablo's men.

INT. NAPOLES MANSION - DEN - CONTINUOUS - (PAST)

The doors to Pablo's private den are opened, REVEALING Henao and Mesa, smiling, bearing good news. They step aside to reveal, the young RECRUIT from Gaviria's close protection team rubbing cocaine residue from under his nose.

Seeing Escobar standing there, the man immediately leaps to his feet and with great reverence, prostrates himself before Don Pablo as if he were greeting the Pope.

EXT. EL DORADO AIRPORT - BOGOTA - DAY - (PAST)

Cesar Gaviria along with his staff and personal security arrive at El Dorado International airport on their way to a campaign stop. Among those accompanying Gaviria, the young RECRUIT, now assigned to the candidate's full-time detail.

THE CAMERA TRACKS ALONG WITH THEM AS WE FIND:

Popeye, glimpsed in the departure area, sitting with a nervous young THUG. He presents the man with a boarding pass.

POPEYE

We got you booked on the seat across the aisle from him.

The thug nods repeatedly, sweat through his shirt.

THUG

What does Gaviria look like?

POPEYE

What the fuck do you care? He's right across from you! Don't worry.

Popeye hefts a black briefcase up.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

When the plane takes off, you flip this switch here, right here.

Popeye shows the Thug a small toggle switch on the underside.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

Keep it aimed like this.

(lays it across lap)

With this side towards him.

(points with finger)

Lookit, *that's* the microphone there. -

You need to record everything he says. *Everything*. Don't fuck up.

THUG

No, no, man. I got it, I got it.

Popeye nods, then glances back over his shoulder as Gaviria and his group proceed down the jet-way to board their flight.

POPEYE

Yeah, s'good, don't fuck up. Go.
You'll get the rest of your money
when you land.

The thug nods, taking up the briefcase and starting off toward the boarding area.

INT. JETWAY - CONTINUOUS - (PAST)

Gaviria and Mendoza are intercepted by Colonel Martinez and a small detachment of Search-Bloc troops, moving up the jet-way from the opposite direction.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

No more commercial flights. It's too dangerous. We've chartered a private jet to get you to your campaign stop.

The Recruit looks thrown, eyes darting, what-to-do. He glances back down the jet-way, doesn't see Popeye or the Thug.

GAVIRIA

(to Mendoza)

Eduardo, why wasn't I told of this?

MENDOZA

I didn't know about this until now.
I asked the Colonel to review our itineraries for the next week.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

And I've made this determination,
Senor Gaviria...It's not safe.

(beat, gesturing)

Now if you could follow us.

Gaviria follows the Colonel through the jet-way service door, allowing them to descend directly to the tarmac. The door closes behind them as the THUG appears in the b.g. coming up the jet-way...unaware that Gaviria's group has just exited.

INT. AVIANCA 727 JUMBO JET - CONTINUOUS - DAY - (PAST)

The Thug stows his bag, finds his seat. He looks across the aisle: An ELDERLY MAN is seated there, in conversation with the man next to him. The Thug sets the briefcase across his lap, trying to situate it the way Popeye instructed him to. He then moves his thumb near the toggle switch...and waits.

EXT/INT. AIRPORT PHONE BOOTH - DAY (PAST)

Popeye stands inside the booth, dialing. In the b.g. we see the Avianca flight taxi for take-off. What Popeye doesn't see is the smaller commuter jet take off just ahead of it.

POPEYE

...Sussio is on board.

EXT. HERMILIDA ESCOBAR'S HOME - DAY (PAST)

Pablo, in the midst of a massive birthday party for his mother. Behind him, a mansion has literally been gift-wrapped. Hundreds are in attendance, eating, drinking and dancing.

PABLO

Good. Get back here. We're going to be singing to my mother soon.

Pablo clicks off and returns to the festivities, finding his mother and dancing with her much to everyone's delight.

EXT. AIRPORT PHONE BOOTH - DAY (PAST)

Popeye walks away as the Avianca flight takes to the air. As it rises into the cloudless Bogota sky, beginning its bank, it suddenly explodes into a thunderous fireball, the fuselage literally rupturing into flames and falling from the sky, wings blown free, tumbling end over end, jet fuel combusting mid-air, burning everything black.

The husk of the aircraft, a twisted molten mass now, hurtles horribly back to earth. A chorus of shouts and screams ring out across the terminal as people realize what's happened. The distant din and wail of emergency vehicles quickly fills the air. Popeye never looks back. He just keeps walking.

INT. N.S.A. SITUATION ROOM - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY (PAST)

National Security Advisor Lake presides over an emergency intelligence meeting with most of the Government's top agencies in attendance: CIA. FBI. DEA. ATF. Treasury. Etc.

Behind him, on huge boards that wrap around the room, is a gallery of photographs from the Avianca crash as well as images of Escobar and members of the Medellin drug cartel. The mood is charged, aggressive, confrontational. Lake raises his hand, calling for calm as he punches up a speaker-phone.

LAKE

Morris?

WE HEAR Busby's voice reverberate back through the speaker.

BUSBY (O.S.)

I'm here Tony.

LAKE

(addressing room)

Ambassador Busby is on with us now.

(beat, toward speaker)

We've got agency and bureau reps
sitting at this table, most of whom
I'm sure you know, so I won't bother
going around the room right now.

(beat, sitting)

Morris, how confident are we at this
moment that Escobar was behind this?

INTERCUT

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Busby paces a secure room off the fifth floor vault.

BUSBY

We're absolutely certain he was behind
it. Colonel Martinez and his Search-
Bloc unit have made some inquiries...

FLASH CUT TO:

An apartment door being taken down by a battering ram. The
security RECRUIT leaps off his bed in his underwear and is
tackled and hog-tied by Search-Bloc officers.

BUSBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and discovered a breach in
Gaviria's internal security. He had
a mole on his close protection team.

The Recruit looks up and sees the Colonel glowering at him.

BUSBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This man provided details.

FLASH CUT TO:

The Recruit is brutally interrogated by the Colonel.

BUSBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He was told they just wanted to tape
record Gaviria and professed no
knowledge of an assassination plot.

CUT BACK TO:

Lake, unable to conceal or contain his disgust.

LAKE

Drug-trafficking is one thing, blowing
up a commercial airliner is quite
another.

(MORE)

LAKE (CONT'D)

Escobar has moved into the realm of outright terrorist attack as far as the President is concerned. He said in a press conference today that he prefers and I'm quoting:

(reads from brief)

"Direct military action" in response to this incident.

(setting aside brief)

The vagaries of that are still being ironed out so we know exactly how hard we can land on Escobar, but if I had to guess Morris...I'd say Delta was about to get a big green light.

INT. CARLOS HOLGUIN SCHOOL - DAY (PAST)

The Recruit is thrown to the floor, bleeding, still bound. He is hauled up and dragged out to a detention van. The Colonel exits the interrogation room a moment later. The Search-Bloc officers are assembled before him.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

(gestures after Recruit)

He's getting off easy...If any of you men betray me or your fellow officers, I will personally shoot you in the head.

The Colonel looks each and every man in the eyes. As THE CAMERA TRACKS AROUND HIM, WE REVEAL Major Jacoby and Captain Robertson standing directly behind the Colonel.

Jacoby seems unfazed by Martinez's use of force. Robertson, on the other hand, appears troubled by what they've witnessed...and by the Colonel's callous attitude toward it.

COLONEL MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

We're about to mount the largest criminal manhunt in the history of Colombia. The fugitive Pablo Escobar has become our country's most wanted felon. So we will pursue him-

(gesturing to Jacoby & Robertson)

-and with the aid of American Special Forces, we will capture him. Several of us may lose our lives in this undertaking, so I won't begrudge a single resignation of duty...

(nods toward detention van as it pulls away)

But I'll punish the dereliction of one...If you choose to leave then God be with you...If you stay, you stay to fight.

(MORE)

COLONEL MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

(pause, with weight)

And God be with us all.

MONTAGE

Raids and assaults commence, blitzkrieg-style as the Colonel begins his pursuit of Pablo Escobar in earnest. Hideouts and fincas are struck by assault forces, but it's always too little, too late...Pablo has been tipped off. WE SEE Pablo fleeing on foot, by Jeep, by chopper, scrambling to safety seconds before his hideouts are descended upon.

CUTAWAY

Television Reporters and Newspaper Editors decry the Avianca bombing as an unforgivable act of cowardice, declaring Pablo Escobar public enemy #1. He has gone from revolutionary figure to renegade pariah in the eyes of many Colombians.

MONTAGE (RESUME)

More suspected hideouts are hit. But Pablo remains persona non grata. Only members of his staff are left behind...and no one is talking. Incriminating documents have been burned or are burning. The Colonel finds computers, reams of files and file cabinets, piled up and lit like a bonfire.

CUTAWAY

Retaliatory kidnappings and killings come in response to these raids; Pablo's bloody counter-punch for the Colonel. More CNP Officers are killed. More of Bogota's favorite sons and daughters are abducted.

MONTAGE (RESUME)

Up in The Beechcrafts: Robertson and Centra-Spike experience complete frustration at Search-Bloc's inability to close the gap on Escobar.

On the Ground: Jacoby and Murphy watch in horror as one Search-Bloc COMMANDER leads a fifty-man force up a mountain-side, with a full compliment of trucks and armored transports trying to "sneak up" on a suspected finca.

MURPHY

This is like hunting deer with a bulldozer.

Troops walk up the hill instead of low-crawling as the Delta Operators are. Jacoby gestures for them to get down. The Commander looks at the mud at his feet and refuses.

CUTAWAY

Cesar Gaviria is sworn in as the new President of Colombia, amidst a massive military presence on hand for his protection. Accompanying him on stage is outgoing President Barco and past president JULIO TURBAY. A swollen throng of Gaviria supporters applaud the new President as he poses with his family, arms raised in victory.

CUTAWAY

More cops are killed. Car bombs are detonated in front of precinct houses. Sicarios send Rocket-Propelled Grenades into crowded public venues containing CNP Officers.

MONTAGE (RESUME)

Doors are blown down on dirt floored huts serving as safe houses for Pablo. The bathroom however is done up in Italian marble with a big screen television mounted over the sink and a full satellite phone system installed.

Papers poke out of a gold-plated toilet. One Search-Bloc officer lifts the lid, sees human waste inside, recoils from the stench, flushes. Hastings, the Delta Operator, knocks the officer aside, pulling the potentially incriminating papers out before they disappear down the bowl.

He hustles over to the sink and begins washing the documents off. Pablo's handwriting and trademark thumbprint appears. Hastings catches the officer's look of disgust in the mirror.

HASTINGS

Yeah. We get our uniforms dirty too.

Vast amounts of money and artwork and automobiles and drugs are confiscated...But these are abortive efforts since Search-Bloc always seem to show up seconds after Pablo has fled.

ROBERTSON (V.O.)

They can't close the last hundred yards...

END MONTAGE

EXT. BARRACKS - CARLOS HOLGUIN SCHOOL - DAY

Robertson and Jacoby, back from yet another failed raid. Both are filthy, sweat-through, sucking on bottled water. In the staging area behind them, WE SEE Search-Bloc officers arriving back at base, climbing down off the transports.

ROBERTSON

...and their soldiering is for shit.
We've put them a quarter mile from
Pablo's position a *half* dozen times. -
He's sitting on the phone, calm, no
clue.

(MORE)

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

They could drop a dead ambush and break'm in half and *that's* when they start tripping over their dicks. When do the gloves come off man? What happened to our "green light"?

JACOBY

C'mon, that could take *months*. We're on a stopwatch, D.C.'s on a sun-dial, which puts us in the saddle with Search-Bloc, for better or worse.

ROBERTSON

Then let's hope we've seen the worst 'cuz "fucking piss poor" pretty much defines their performance to date.

Jacoby glances over as Colonel Martinez arrives, fatigued, frustrated. He stalks off with two Lieutenants in tow. They are dragging a blindfolded suspect inside.

JACOBY

I do like the old man...He's got a heavy-hand but I dig what he's doing.

ROBERTSON

Stosh, he's torturing the shit out of some of those suspects.

JACOBY

They're losing cops at the rate of six a day. If six New York City cops died in a single day, it'd be called a massacre and make news for *months*. ...It's happening down here daily.

Sounds of the suspect being "interrogated" begin to emanate from within the Colonel's office.

JACOBY (CONT'D)

Your guys are dying like that? You're leaving some *big* ass bruises behind.

ROBERTSON

I heard Martinez had two of Pablo's sicarios *thrown out* of the helicopter on the way back here yesterday.

Jacoby dumps the remainder of the water bottle over his head.

JACOBY

Did anybody see them get thrown out?

ROBERTSON

No...

JACOBY

...Good.

INT. HIDEOUT - NIGHT (PAST)

Pablo, holed up, laid low, room illuminated by flashlight. With him are Limon and Popeye. Pablo speaks, Limon writes.

PABLO

...we will unleash a level of violence
against you that this country has
never and will never see again...

Limon finishes, hands the paper to Pablo, who places his
thumb on an ink pad, applying it to the bottom of the page.

PABLO (CONT'D)

(as he sits back)

...We have snitches, inside. That's
how they're finding us. Find them.
Contact the Galleanos and the
Moncadas. Everything as is, or we
start stacking bodies...Let them
know I'll take this fight to my own
if I feel their support stray.

LIMON

What about Gaviria? What do we do?

Pablo, shaking his head, stewing.

PABLO

Colombia's biggest crooks live in
Bogota...and call themselves
government. They can't find or file
a single charge against me. I'm a
gangster. I deal drugs. I kill cops.
I blow up planes. Prove it. I confess
nothing. So put me in your courtrooms,
in front of your judges & juries and
by your precedents, prove it!...But
they won't because they lack balls
and will lose. So, like the gutless
do, these fucking cowards...

Pablo takes up the flashlight; several photographs of his
new nemesis, Colonel Hugo Martinez sit on the floor.

PABLO (CONT'D)

...they send their assassins.

(as he studies photos)

Find out everything there is to know
about this man. His family, his wife's
name, how many kids he has, their
names. Where he lives, eats, drinks,
fucks. Everything...

COLONEL MARTINEZ (V.O.)
Adrianna, nobody knows where we are.

INT. APARTMENT - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

The Colonel and his wife unpack their belongings. Empty boxes and bubble-wrap are piled everywhere.

ADRIANNA
This is the third time we've moved
Hugo. We can't keep doing this.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
...It's for our own safety.

ADRIANNA
No, it's for the safety of the people
living in our old building...Why
haven't they rotated the command?

COLONEL MARTINEZ
None of the other officers will
accept. They'd rather resign their
commissions then lead Search-Bloc.

Adrianna crosses over to him, her eyes imploring, pleading.

ADRIANNA
And what does that tell you? Please,
go to General Vargas. We can't
continue to live this way!

COLONEL MARTINEZ
I want to protect our son.

ADRIANNA
Our son? How does staying in charge
of Search-Bloc protect our son? -
He's been assigned to duty in the
Caldas region! He's nowhere near--

The Colonel erupts with a sudden fury that is quickly coming
to define his character.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
--GODDAMIT! He's training in radio-
telemetry Adrianna! In Surveillance!
Do you understand!? It's a matter of
time before he's brought into this!

Adrianna barely has time to register her shock at the
Colonel's outburst when a knock is heard. They react to it
as you would a gunshot...Neither one of them move a muscle.

ADRIANNA
(whispering, scared)
You said no one knew where we were...

Another knock. The Colonel puts a finger to his lips, edging his other hand over to retrieve a sawed-off shotgun. He takes aim on the door, motioning for Adrianna to get behind him. A beat, another knock. Then, from the silence, a voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hugo?...Hugo, it's Alberto Tapia.

The Colonel unlocks the deadbolt, using his foot to ease the door open. A face appears on the other side; it's General Tapia. His expression gray, anguished, pained.

GENERAL TAPIA

I'm so sorry to trouble you here.

The Colonel takes a step back, allowing him to enter.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

You shouldn't know I'm here at all.

GENERAL TAPIA

Yes, I...I'm...

(awkward beat)

I come here old friend...obligated.

Tapia carries a duffel bag, which he sets down and starts to unzip. The Colonel's fingers flex instinctively on the shotgun.

GENERAL TAPIA (CONT'D)

If I didn't agree to come and talk to you, they said they would butcher my two young sons. They used this word, said that to me..."butcher."

Tapia steps away from the bag...stacks of bills begin tumbling from it, bundled by the thousands. Adrianna audibly gasps. The Colonel takes a step closer, staggered by what he sees.

GENERAL TAPIA (CONT'D)

It's six-million dollars Hugo. Pablo doesn't care that Search-Bloc is hunting him. He just doesn't want you leading them.

The Colonel regards his wife, awe-struck. Here it is: a way out. Millions of dollars and the means to live comfortably, without fear, for the rest of their lives--

GENERAL TAPIA (CONT'D)

He also wants to know who inside his organization is feeding the CNP it's information, a list of names that you could provide for hi--

--but something internal snaps and the Colonel rears back, slapping Tapia, his superior officer, viciously.

Adrianna is startled by it. Tapia seizes his face, guilt consuming whatever anger has arisen at this slight. He then begins to sob miserably, overcome...The Colonel offers him no comfort.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

Pick up the bag and leave here.
Tell Pablo you didn't find me...and
forget this ever happened.

GENERAL TAPIA

Hugo, please, the money is yours t--

The Colonel grabs Tapia roughly and physically escorts the General to the door, shoving the duffel bag into his chest.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

--don't disgrace yourself any further. -
You've been my friend for years. I
refuse to remember you this way.

GENERAL TAPIA

(reeling, scared)
Why? You're no soldier Hugo! Why
would you fight this way, it makes
no sense! We've all accepted bribes--

COLONEL MARTINEZ

--No, we haven't.
(tears of anger forming)
...The soul is priceless Alberto...to
sell off something so magnificent,
squander a gift as great...will pit
all of God against you.
(pause, recovering)
Pray forgiveness. Hold your sons
close. Remind them how much you love
them...and never come here again.

Tapia, humiliated, head hung as the Colonel slams the door.
WE REMAIN on the Colonel as he leans against the door.
Adrianna approaches, then without warning, the Colonel swings
the shotgun like a baseball bat, shattering the stock against
the wall, tears coming too fast to contain. He roars, enraged,
keeps swinging with a kind of fury his wife has never seen...

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO (V.O.)

"We are declaring total and absolute
war on the government..."

INT. CONGRESSIONAL AUDITORIUM - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Newly appointed Justice Minister RAPHAEL PARDO, 40's, smart,
handsome, a statesman's aire, stands at a lectern, reading a
recent missive from the group known as "The Extradictables."
The document appears via overhead projector on a screen behind
him. Pablo's thumb-print is visible at the bottom.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK...Pardo's new Vice-Minister and Gaviria cohort Eduardo Mendoza stands next to him.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

"...On the individual and political oligarchies who have persecuted us..."

FLASH CUT TO:

A car, piloted by a SICARIO is steered toward a Bogota government building bustling with people. Two-hundred pounds of wired TNT sit in the backseat. The sicario bails, rolls, runs. The car impacts the building...it goes up like Gomorrah.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"...On the journalists who have attacked us..."

FLASH CUT TO:

Diana Turbay, the reporter is kidnapped at gunpoint along with her cameraman and thrown into a van by Pablo's sicarios.

Francisco Santos, editor of El Tiempo magazine, bound, plastic bag over his head, dragged into a warehouse.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"...On the judges and magistrates who have sold themselves..."

FLASH CUT TO:

Enrique Low, former Justice Minister, his body dumped in a busy intersection from the back of a flatbed truck.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL AUDITORIUM - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

THE CAMERA HAS FINALLY PULLED OUT TO REVEAL: A packed auditorium. A massive press conference being held. The security presence is colossal in both size and scale.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

"We are capable of executing you at any place on the planet. By continuing your pursuit and persecution of us, we will unleash a level of violence against you that this country has never and will never see, again..."

For the thousands assembled, you could hear a pin drop. - Then, like the unsettling calm before a storm, everything is shattered at once by a barrage of flashbulbs and camera shutters firing non-stop. Salvos of SHOUTS follow. Pardo quells the commotion, reading from a prepared statement.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO (CONT'D)

President Gaviria has issued a response which calls for the dissolution of this group calling themselves "The Extradictables" and demands a cessation of hostilities against the citizens of Colombia... Now I, along with Vice-Minister Eduardo Mendoza will answer-
(glances at watch)
-whatever questions we can in the time remaining.

Voices erupt into a ceaseless clamor, a deafening overlap that can be discerned only when Pardo points out individual reporters.

REPORTER

Is Pablo Escobar behind this letter and the recent terrorist attacks?

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

We believe him to be the intellectual author of both. Yes.

REPORTER #2

What does that imply

MENDOZA

(interjecting)

It implies nothing. It means that while he didn't participate in these attacks, he ordered them undertaken.

REPORTER #4

Why hasn't Escobar been captured?

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

Special Units of the CNP are pursuing him and his associates night and day.

REPORTER #2

Does Colonel Hugo Martinez remain in charge of this unit?

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

I'm not at liberty to say.

REPORTER

The Colonel has been accused of abusing suspects taken into custody. Does the GOC condone torture as a method of interrogation?

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

I won't dignify that with a response.

REPORTER

What of reports that Search-Bloc has repeatedly botched its attempts to apprehend Escobar...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - MEDELLIN - DAY (PRESENT)

Jacoby, Hugo Jr. and stunned members of Search-Bloc and Delta, as we left them earlier: Standing in an empty room. No Pablo.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...and that the officers that make up its ranks are both inept and incompetent..

Hugo Jr., perplexed, pissed.

HUGO JR.

(into headset)

Alpha! Last-locked position! We're standing on it! He's not here.

A TITLE FADES UP ON-SCREEN, lower-third: "ENDGAME PART IV"

INT. BEEHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Robertson checks his display readings,

ROBERTSON

Bravo-Charlie, unless you're reading the coordinates wrong, that is Tango's last locked position.

Robertson slams the control console with a closed fist.

SUPER: "December 2, 1993. 12:07pm."

INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Jacoby quickly deploys Delta around the rest of the complex.

JACOBY

(headset, to his team)

On engagement, no advance to contact.
CNP-Search Bloc has dibs on Tango. -
Stand down, wait on "fire order."

Jacoby's Delta operators sweep the building in tactical, split-second sync...but Pablo is nowhere to be found.

EXT. OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY - MINUTES LATER (PRESENT)

Hugo Jr. sits on the van's bumper, dejected. Jacoby approaches.

JACOBY

Let it go. It happens.

HUGO JR.

Too much and too many times.

JACOBY

Right now you are our best shot at bullseyeing him. He's back on the air in a second, so shake it off.

HUGO JR.

I know, it's just--

JACOBY

--frustrating as hell. I get that, but it's not forever. He doesn't have the legs anymore man. You can hear it in his voice. He's tired of running.

Hugo Jr's. headset signals an incoming transmission. He keys it, hears his father's voice...

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

The Colonel's chopper rotors over the jungle toward Medellin.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

Stay with this. He's never been more vulnerable than at this very moment.

INT. BEECHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Robertson and the other Techs sit on pins & needles, please-please-please...Slowly, digital signals cycle and coalesce, frequencies gradually refine and Pablo returns to the air.

PABLO (V.O.)

Pablito? Hello? Can you hear me?

JUAN PABLO (V.O.)

I can hear you Poppa.

ROBERTSON

He's up! He's up! -
(keys headset)

TANGO IS BACK ON-AIR!

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - DAY (PRESENT)

Pablo eyeballs the street below, watching for Search-Bloc.

PABLO

Alright, let's hurry this up son, you have more questions for me...

JUAN PABLO (V.O.)

Yes, yes...alright, the next one:
"Why do you think several countries
have refused to receive your family
and their request for asylum?"

INT. PANEL VAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)_

Jacoby, climbing into the van, slipping on his headset.

PABLO (V.O.)

Because they've been fed lies and
don't know the truth. That the gringos
have put a price on my head. That
they use a death squad called "Delta
Force" to do their killing...

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

The Colonel listens to Pablo's broken-record rhetoric; railing
against persecutors both real and imagined...WE PUSH IN.

PABLO (V.O.)

...That the government of Colombia,
using criminals like Colonel Martinez,
has committed massacres against
innocent citizens...That human rights
violations and other atrocities are
hidden or ignored. That I am denied
the means of a peaceful surrender...

INT. MERCEDES VAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)_

Hugo Jr., every bit of attention focused on the gray box.

PABLO (V.O.)

...That instead...I am being hunted...

Hugo Jr. tunes Pablo out, the sound slowly draining away as
he concentrates on the undulating green arc, watching as it
grows, sharpens, the flashing white lines intersecting it.

ROBERTSON (V.O.)

It's attempting to lock target...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CARLOS HOLGUIN SCHOOL - DAY (PAST)

Hugo Jr., younger, clean shaven, fresh from the academy.
He's being shown Centra-Spike surveillance gear and training
on the famed "gray box" with Robertson for the first time.

ROBERTSON

...see that? it'll take some time to
master.

(MORE)

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

Isolating coordinates, getting good location locks can be tricky. The ground units serve as points of triangulation, so you'll be looking at the same display as us.

Hugo Jr., nods, ever the eager pupil.

HUGO JR.

We ran sit-drills on this gear, but we never ventured out into the field.

ROBERTSON

Who was training you up over there?

HUGO JR.

Contractors from the states. I only knew them by their first names--

JACOBY

--Is this the heir apparent?

Robertson and Hugo Jr. turn to see Jacoby approaching.

JACOBY (CONT'D)

Major Steve Jacoby. I'm a big fan of your father.

The two men shake hands. Jacoby winks at Robertson, whom he knows is less than enamored of the Colonel.

HUGO JR

Lieutenant Hugo Martinez Jr.

JACOBY

You just transfer in?

HUGO JR.

Yes sir. Grateful to be here.

JACOBY

Well, we're grateful to have you.

(nod to Robertson)

Is the Captain here holding court?

ROBERTSON

Yeah, I was just explaining how much more important we are in this process and that Delta Force is basically a "fetch and retrieve" outfit. Stuff you could teach a dog to do.

JACOBY

(to Hugo Jr.)

Imagine spending most of your prime fighting years shoved up the ass of a single-engine prop about the size of a coffin, smelling your own farts and listening for dial tones all day--

ROBERTSON

--Stosh, that whole mullet-movement, among your men, the hockey-hair, that's really a nice bit of "blending in". Y'think anyone will notice or will their "Giant Gringo" camouflage continue to confound the locals.

JACOBY

You bitch because you still have to iron your shirts and salute officers..

ROBERTSON

While Delta's eating grub worms and wiping their asses with tree bark.
(big grin)
Imagine all that life I've missed--

--Their sparring session is interrupted by the appearance of The Colonel. Robertson gets icy. Both he and Jacoby excuse themselves, leaving The Colonel alone with his namesake. After an awkward moment between father and son:

COLONEL MARTINEZ

I thought you were sticking with the patrol posting in Caldas?

HUGO JR.

It didn't work out.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

What didn't work out? It was a year. You had time to break in.

HUGO JR.

Medellin is where it's happening.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

Medellin is where three-hundred and eighty officers have lost their lives. I'm revoking your transfer, you're going back.

HUGO JR.

So I can set up speed traps and write traffic tickets? I get asked every day, why I'm not her--

--The Colonel grabs his son roughly, hauling him outside.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CARLOS HOLGUIN SCHOOL - DAY (PAST)

Morgue attendants move out of the way as the Colonel drags Hugo Jr. past rows of tarp-covered bodies. He yanks one back, revealing a young officer, shot dead, post-mortem bloat setting in, distorting his features.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE NOT HERE BOY! LOOK
AT HIM! HE WAS NINETEEN GODDAMIT!

Hugo pulls himself free, troubled by his father's outburst. The Colonel tries to calm himself, slow his breathing...then;

COLONEL MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
...We are at war here. Escobar has
made that declaration. You're a
liability in that, like it or not.

Hugo Jr. holds his ground.

HUGO JR.
No more than Dessie or 'Tavo or mom
for that matter. That you and I wear
the same uniform means nothing. -
That I happen to be your son does.
It means I'm marked, like it or not.
(beat)
You made a choice...Let me make mine.

The burden of being a father and loving your son...The Colonel's troubled expression bears every bit of that weight.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - NIGHT (PAST)

Gunships sweep over the treetops, rotor wash raking foliage as they veer off in attack formation.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP FINCA - BARN - DUSK

Pablo, in hiding, meeting with the MOCANDA BROTHERS, GERARDO, 30's and KIKO and WILLIAM, mid-20's, all long standing Escobar allies. Each one of them is almost boyish in appearance, but as bloodless and barbarous as they come. -

Also present is RODRIGO OSPERA, 30's, an angular, rail-thin drug runner and FERNANDO GALLENANO, 30's, a prominent, short-tempered son of the Medellin cartel. Arranged behind them in the barn/processing facility is packaged cocaine; several metric tons worth, sitting on pallets, awaiting shipment. Popeye and Tyson appear, dragging a bound beaten man toward the swimming pool. His protests are cut short as Popeye pounds on him with closed fists. Pablo pays this no mind.

PABLO

(to Moncada)

The problem is, what? Explain.

GERARDO MONCADA

War tax. It's gone from two-hundred thousand, to over a million a week.

WILLIAM MONCADA

Business can't be maintained with you in hiding Doctor.

RUPOLPHO OSPERA

We're losing huge shipments and routes to the Cali Cartel...and they're starting to make inroads into--

--Pablo raises a finger and Ospera stops speaking as though a cord were cut. Popeye continues to brutalize the man as Tyson hogties his legs and arms using handcuffs, giggling like a sadistic goon, edging him closer to the pool.

PABLO

(to Moncadas & Galleano)

Let's deal with one thing at a time. If I understand right, the Moncada and Galleano families have an issue with the war tax. But what doesn't seem to concern them is that one man is drawing all the fire and all the heat for all of us right now. It is of some concern to me however. Because I am that man

The man is kicked into the pool. Unable to breathe or keep himself afloat, he begins to drown immediately. Tyson and Popeye laugh, trading tokes off of a joint as the man flails, screaming, fighting desperately for his life. Pablo, now put off by this display, crosses to the pool, pulls a .45 off his waist and shoots the man in the head, putting swift end to his suffering. He glowers at Popeye and Tyson.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Why would you do that? It's sick.

The two thugs, chastened, stare at their shoes.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Dump him downtown. Put a sign on his body. This is what will happen when you share information with the CNP.

Pablo waistbands the gun, walking back over to his guests.

FERNANDO GALLEANO

...Some think we suffer too much for this war Doctor...

PABLO

Who are "some" Fernando? If "some" think it, what are their names? So I can speak to them.

Pablo draws closer to Galleano, removing something from his pocket; a photograph of his family, edges burned crisp, emulsion blistered by the heat.

PABLO (CONT'D)

That was pulled from a bonfire Search-Bloc lit on the front lawn at Naples...and that's as much as I've seen of my family in months. The days I've lost with them, that time, can never be recovered. Have your homes been raided and burned to the ground? How many millions of dollars have you lost as a result?

(nods to photo)

How much of your history have they destroyed?...We do suffer too much Fernando. Some of us.

(beat, hard)

The war tax stays as is. One million per week, per family.

Galleano is cowed. The Moncadas say nothing. Pablo's cellphone rings. He goes to answer, glancing up into the night sky and catching the moonlit glint off an aircraft, high above, Running with no lights. Suddenly Gustavo Mesa appears, racing toward them. He grabs Pablo, knocking the phone to the ground.

MESA

Search-Bloc!

Pablo, along with Galleano, the Moncadas and Ospera, quickly hop into a jeep and head off into the jungle, just as four CNP gunships swoop in, encircling the property. Search-Bloc troops fast rope down and race up the hillside toward the secluded finca. Colonel Martinez touches down with Delta. Jacoby and his men fan out. Popeye has vanished, but Tyson is there, 9mm blazing, engaging the advancing troops.

A brief, dazzling gunfight ensues, culminating with a coup de grace headshot, delivered by Jacoby, who quickly directs a Search-Bloc officer to shoot Tyson again. Keeping Delta's involvement "dark." He bends down to retrieve his brass, tucking the spent shell in his chest pocket, leaving no trace. Within minutes, Pablo's hideout has been searched and cleared and its occupants apprehended...with the notable exception of El Doctor himself. The Colonel approaches Jacoby, furious.

JACOBY

...He got tipped off again.

EXT. JUNGLE - JEEP - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Bouncing along the uneven jungle, Pablo sits, rethinks the seconds before Search-Bloc hit, glances back up at the sky.

POPEYE

These fucking putas keep finding us!
(beat, grabbing cell)
I'll call Limon, tell him to get the
house in Los Olivos ready.

As Popeye dials, Pablo puts his hand over the keypad, taking the phone from him.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP FINCA - BARN - DUSK (PAST)

The Colonel and Jacoby stand before the pallets of cocaine, inside the barn/plant. The remainder of Pablo's men have been layed out face down on the ground and flex-cuffed. A transport jeep clambers up the hillside carrying Hugo Jr. and Search-Bloc's radio-telemetry unit.

Father and son see one another and nod an acknowledgment. Somewhere a cellphone starts ringing. The gray boxes begin to buzz. Everyone ramps back up. Jacoby sprints over to the source, plucking Pablo's fallen cellphone up off the ground.

INT. BEECHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Robertson and the other Techs are monitoring the signal.

ROBERTSON

Stosh, that's his phone ringing.
(reading display)
Signal emanation is moving away from
your position-- they're in the jungle!

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP FINCA - DUSK (PAST)

Jacoby punches the "send" button and lifts the phone to his ear. He listens, expression going slack as he turns back to the Colonel. A beat. He holds the phone out, grave. The Colonel, concerned, crosses over, taking the phone from him.

INTERCUT

EXT. JUNGLE - JEEP - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Pablo bounds through the jungle in the jeep, speaking directly to his nemesis for the first and last time.

PABLO

I know how you're tracking me Colonel.
I know you're using the signal from
this phone...and I want to tell you,
that no matter what happens from
here on out...I'm going to kill you.

The Colonel, shocked, bewildered, his gaze moving over the dead servant, bleeding out in the swimming pool.

PABLO (CONT'D)

I'm gonna shoot your wife Adrianna
and each one of your children.

The Colonel looks over at Hugo Jr.

PABLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...then I'm gonna take a trip to
your hometown and shoot your parents,
dig up your grandparents and shoot
them too. You will be without a past
or a future...and you will never be
safe, for what remains of your life.

And with that, Pablo disconnects, tossing the phone into the
passing jungle.

The Colonel, mortified, staring at the cellphone in his hand.
He turns to his men, standing at arms inside the barn...Then,
with equal parts rage and resolve, says:

COLONEL MARTINEZ

Burn it...Burn everything.

Jacoby is about to stop him, but thinks better of it. The
pallets of cocaine are doused with gasoline and set ablaze.
The finca follows, going up fast, flames climbing high into
the crystalline night sky...The Colonel sets his gaze into
the surrounding jungle, searching.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - CONTINUOUS (DAY)

Pablo sits in the jeep, looking back as the fire rages in
the distance...A scowl slowly forms, ugly and vengeful.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY (PAST)

New President Cesar Gaviria, sitting in his office, exhausted,
cadaver-colored, besieged by it all. Eduardo Mendoza is on
hand, as is a very pompous, effete-looking man in his 50's.
This is Colombian Attorney General GUSTAVO DE GRIEF.

Sitting before Gaviria is NYDIA QUINTERO, 60's, powerful
Bogota socialite and mother of kidnapped reporter Diana
Turbay. With her is her husband, JULIO TURBAY, 60's, the
former president of Colombia. On Gaviria's desk sits a blood-
stained VHS tape. Quintero wipes her nose, her eyes raw with
tears.

NYDIA QUINTERO

(nodding to the tape)

Shall I tell you what's on it? My
daughter Diana being tortured to
death by Escobar's men.

GAVIRIA

Nydia, I couldn't possibly console you, so I won't attempt to, there's nothing I can say--

NYDIA QUINTERO

--what I want can't be *said* Senor President...It must be done.

(beat, fresh tears)

Diana is gone...and that is your doing. It comes from having a heart of stone. For letting this violence become epidemic! For refusing to call off Colonel Martinez--

GAVIRIA

--something I cannot and will not do. Law enforcement is an obligation, not a choice.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

The man is a menace. If I could show you the letters my office has received, detailing the Colonel's ghoulisn routine of torture & abuse.

Gaviria, to De Greif, cutting.

GAVIRIA

I won't be intimidated into quitting or calling off Search-Bloc.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

(packing pipe)

We may not need to. This morning, I received a call from Guido Parra, Escobar's lawyer. Suffice it to say, he and his client seem keen on reaching some sort of settlement.

GAVIRIA

I've offered, in the press, the opportunity for a full and unconditional surrender.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

If we want to see an end to this war Senor President, I feel we'll have to sweeten the pot a bit more th--

--The door to the office opens and an ashen Justice Minister Pardo enters holding a piece of paper, which he sets down on Gaviria's desk.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

It's a diagram of the route my children take to school every morning.

(MORE)

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO (CONT'D)
 (beat, pointing)
 That's Pablo's thumbprint.

As everyone regards this most recent threat against them--

NYDIA QUINTERO
 --If you will not seek an end to
 this bloodshed Cesar, then we will.

JULIO TURBAY
 Nydia.

NYDIA QUINTERO
 There are those they have kidnapped
 that remain alive, including Francisco
 Santos. We want to negotiate with
 "The Extradictables" for their return.

JULIO TURBAY
 And we wish your permission--

NYDIA QUINTERO
 (sharply)
 --knowing that if we don't receive
 it, we'll act in spite of it--

JULIO TURBAY
 --Nydia, please.
 (back to Gaviria)
 We wish to grant this group, these
 "Extradictables" the opportunity to
 of become a bona fide political party.

Gaviria, though paralyzed by this endless stream of moral
 conflicts, has no trouble finding his ethical footing here.

GAVIRIA
 You wish for what?
 (beat, standing)
 For Escobar's collection of killers
 and kidnappers to become a legitimate
 part of our Government? To give them
 that distinction? -

Mendoza is incredulous. De Grief, smoking, smugly adds:

GUSTAVO DE GREIF
 To extend the olive branch of peace.

Gaviria starts to walk angrily out of his own office.

GAVIRIA
 No. To wave the white flag of
 surrender...To let one man, an outlaw,
 bring us all to our knees...

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - ENVIGADO - DUSK (PAST)

The sun sets behind the mountains west of Medellin. Atop a spectacular promontory to the east, in the fading light, Pablo, Popeye, Limon, Juan Pablo, now a chubby ten-year-old, unload boxes and crates down off of flatbed trucks.

Several of other men dig huge holes, lowering the crates down and burying them. Pablo's brother ROBERTO walks the area with him. The two of them seem to be pacing it off.

PABLO

(pointing)

Look, the fog settles below the mountain. We'll have anywhere from fifty to sixty miles of visibility during the day and at night. They won't be able to use helicopters to attack without us seeing them.

(points to other area)

I want a soccer field built here, strung with razor wire. If they are able to sneak a helicopter by, they won't have any place to land it.

ROBERTO

But we'll be safe here yeah? Away from Martinez and those fucking cops.

PABLO

Our enemies will know where we are... And they can still come after us.

(beat, looks around)

We'll need escape routes mapped Roberto. Ways down off this mountain that we can keep hidden.

Juan Pablo inspects the cargo with a flashlight. The metal boxes being unloaded are full of cash, millions in bank-bound bills. The crates are loaded with guns and ammunition.

PABLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Pablito! Come here boy!

Juan Pablo trots over to his father who steers him to a spot overlooking Medellin. The city twinkles in the distance.

PABLO (CONT'D)

I'm going to be moving here for awhile son.

JUAN PABLO

With us? Me and Mom and Manuela?

Pablo pushes the boy's hair back off his head, smiling.

PABLO

No. Just me. Just for awhile.

Juan Pablo processes this, grows concerned.

JUAN PABLO

By yourself?

PABLO

No...I'll have my friends here.

JUAN PABLO

But not us...not your family.

PABLO

...No. Not my family.

Juan Pablo, solemn, sitting down on the hillside. Pablo sits down next to him, putting his arm around the boy as the tears appear...Pablo gently kisses his son on the forehead.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Don't cry boy. You're not old enough to know what all of this means and it doesn't matter now. But I need you to take care of everyone while I'm away. Can you do that for me?

Juan Pablo looks reluctantly up at his father.

JUAN PABLO

Why do you have to go away?

PABLO

For me to be able to take care of you and your sister and your mother, - I have to stop running so my business can be rebuilt.

JUAN PABLO

But they could never catch you Poppa.

PABLO

I know they can't boy. But I need to make them feel like they did.

Juan Pablo seems to understand this at some level.

JUAN PABLO

Will you be gone for a long time?

PABLO

Maybe a year. But after that, I'll leave here and I'll never have to run again. I'll be free...and we'll all be together.

(MORE)

PABLO (CONT'D)

(beat)

Would that make you happy boy?

Juan Pablo nods again. Pablo pulls him closer as they sit and watch the last remnants of sunlight slip below the horizon.

EXT. RESTAURANT - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT (PAST)

Morris Busby, Anthony Lake and Joe Toft share a meal in a small bistro-style restaurant. It's close to closing time and only a handful of diners remain.

BUSBY

To us, the problem is drugs, to them it's violence. Gaviria's got the most powerful families in Colombia breathing down his neck. They're putting tremendous pressure on him to cut bait on Pablo.

LAKE

How can they in good conscience? Knowing the threat he represents?

TOFT

Escobar's syntax is strictly slash and burn and Bogota's ruling class has got no taste for it.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (PAST)

Bogota's social elite, out in droves, dressed in black, gathered together to mourn the passing of one of their favorite daughters; Diana Turbay. A framed photo of her rests atop the coffin. A light drizzle falls like a dirge.

LAKE (V.O.)

...So if Gaviria caves...

Gaviria listens to the eulogy being delivered by Julio Turbay. THE CAMERA CLOSES ON HIM, black-rings framing forlorn eyes...

BUSBY (V.O.)

Not "if" Tony... "When." He can't hold out much longer.

WE SEE Busby, speaking to Gaviria post-funeral, the two men sharing an umbrella. -

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

We realize that Busby is dressed in the same funeral attire. - He has just returned from Colombia.

LAKE

And Delta can't get close enough to close this thing out?

BUSBY

Pablo's stayed a half-step ahead of them and Search-Bloc for months.

TOFT

He's got that country wired like a switchboard. He knows about assaults being launched against him before they even leave the ground.

BUSBY

Bottom line, if Gaviria doesn't consent to a deal, very soon, it will look like he wants this war.

LAKE

What are Escobar's people proposing?

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY (PAST)

Attorney General Gustavo De Grief sits with Escobar's lawyer Guido Pardo, hammering out a proposal for surrender.

BUSBY

We don't know exact details and nothing formal has emerged. There was a rumor that they were going to allow him to build his own prison above Envigado.

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

LAKE

Jesus God...Could that be true?

TOFT

It's on the breeze. The Bureau of Prisons would control the facility, but Pablo would own the land.

LAKE

Oh, c'mon. That cannot be something they're seriously considering.

TOFT

There's also a proposal out of the A.G.'s office, that has Pablo pleading guilty to a lesser charge of brokering a marijuana deal back in 1974. Supposedly for this admission, he'll be exonerated of everything

Lake slumps back in his chair, incredulous, beside himself.

LAKE

Escobar is the most wanted man in the world. The charges pending against him in this country alone would guarantee consecutive life terms.

TOFT

Well, they're willing to forget the thousands of cops, journalists and judges he's had killed and instead, crack down on a twenty-year old pot bust. Misdemeanor trumps mass murder.

(beat, shaking head)

It's a fucking embarrassment and a farce and would never fly if Gaviria had the support he needed.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY (PAST)

De Grief and Parra, broad grins and handshakes from both. Parra is immediately on the phone to Pablo.

LAKE (V.O.)

The gift of imprisonment. You talk sweetheart deals? If his lawyers can put that together? Total amnesty--

BUSBY (V.O.)

--then they're smart as hell and their client clean once he serves his time, which, based on that charge, would be no more than a year. Then...

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

BUSBY (CONT'D)

...he walks out a legitimate citizen.

Toft pulling matches from his coat, firing up a cigar.

TOFT

...and utterly unstoppable.

INT. REMOTE FINCA - NIGHT (PAST)

Pablo, the reluctant fugitive, sitting with Parra, revising their proposal for surrender. He rolls a joint, thinks.

PABLO

...No army or CNP within two-hundred meters of the prison. No Martinez. No Search-Bloc. No matter what.

PARRA

(writing)

Of course...

PABLO

Assurances that I won't be forcibly removed, or our agreement revoked.

PARRA

...I don't see a problem there.

PABLO

Don't ask. Demand. Get guarantees. They want this worse than they'll ever let on. I'll have Santos, the editor, released. Then have his kidnappers turned over to the police.

Parra pauses, seems thrown by this last statement.

PARRA

But, these are...your men, I--

PABLO

(lighting joint)

--Have them arrested and brought up on charges. Push hard for it. Public sentiment will swell...

Maria Victoria is ushered in by two of Pablo's sicarios. Pablo sets the joint aside. Parra takes his cue, stands to leave. Pablo looks his lawyer in the eyes. The message there is crystal clear...don't fuck up.

Parra exits. Pablo goes to his wife, taking her in his arms. She begins to weep, he soothes her, rocking her back and forth. She gazes up at him, wet-eyed...moments pass.

PABLO (CONT'D)

...what?

She shakes her head, still staring up at him.

MARIA VICTORIA

I want to remember your face, as it is right now, so I don't forget...

PABLO

Tata stop...stop staring like that.

MARIA VICTORIA

...Why? When will I see it again?

PABLO

Are you being serious with me!? What is it you want?

MARIA VICTORIA

My husband...That's what I want.

PABLO

Well so does every cop in Colombia,
so the competition is a little stiff.

MARIA VICTORIA

This is funny for you? Our family?
The state we're in? Falling apart?

Pablo breaks their embrace, holds her at arms length, angry.

PABLO

Why do you give me this nonsense?
With the few minutes we have alone!?

MARIA VICTORIA

I'm scared, my children are scared!

PABLO

"Our children"

(beat, stern)

This is my world. It was before we
married, before the children...and
it has to and always will be.

(beat, with piety)

I've deadlocked them. They set the
entire country against me and I
stopped them cold. I stood against
the State, alone. Don't forsake that
now. Don't forget what I've done.

A beat. Tears flow down Maria Victoria's face.

MARIA VICTORIA

I wish I could care more. I'm sorry.
I see only our son and daughter.

PABLO

...and I see this country and our
people being persecuted and abus--

Maria Victoria, an almost bemused look as she cuts him off.

MARIA VICTORIA

--If only you believed that as much
as you say you do...

Pablo, about to lash back, stops short...is there truth there?

GUSTAVO DE GREIF (V.O.)

...Senor Escobar's recent gesture is
most magnificent...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY (PAST)

De Grief addresses a gathering which includes Gaviria, Mendoza
Justice Minister Pardo and Escobar lawyer Guido Parra.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF
 ...by negotiating with the kidnappers
 for the safe release of Francisco
 Santos...

EXT. STREET - DAY (PAST)

A battered, bruised Francisco Santos, editor of El Tiempo,
 is hustled into an awaiting ambulance by CNP officers.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF (V.O.)
 ...He's shown all of Colombia how
 committed he is to ending the violence
 our country is embroiled in.

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

GUSTAVO DE GREIF (CONT'D)
 He is to be commended for this.

Gaviria looks nauseous. Mendoza is equally put off.

GUIDO PARRA
 My client wants only what is best
 for his country and is willing to do
 whatever is asked of him. Even if it
 means submitting to a prison term to
 bring about peace.
 (beat, to Gaviria)
 But in the spirit of this, he requires
 from your administration a *guarantee*
 that under no circumstances will he
 be placed in the custody of the United
 States...And that the current
 constitutional ban on extradition
 under Colombian law be honored.

Pardo tries to contain his contempt. Disgusted by the charade.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF
 Senor President, Senor Parra has
 also asked that we refer to this
 publicly as a "cease fire" rather
 than a "surrender."

GUIDO PARRA
 My client considers himself a son of
 Colombia and a revolutionary, fighting
 for his own personal beliefs.

Gaviria has heard just about enough.

GAVIRIA
 Does he consider the slaughter of
 other, innocent "Sons of Colombia"
 as part of some personal belief?
 (MORE)

GAVIRIA (CONT'D)

Can planting bombs and killing
hundreds of innocent people be
considered an act of revolution?

(beat, his anger rising)

Your "client" is scum. Nothing more.
He deals in drugs and terror. And if
it were up to me, I'd have him hunted
to the ends of the earth.

Parra, hands up, a feeble mea culpa.

GUIDO PARRA

I am merely the messenger.

Gaviria, boring in, eyes brimming with contempt.

GAVIRIA

No. You're part of what he is and of
what he's wrought on this nation.

(beat, with malice)

It won't be forgotten.

De Greif, sensing the growing animosity, subtly shifts topics.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

Senor President, I know you've
reviewed the proposal I've submitted
to bring Senor Escobar into custody.

Gaviria nods, opening a bound booklet sitting in front of
him on his desk, taking up a pen.

GAVIRIA

With no other choice. I must, with
grave misgivings and greater
apprehension, give it my endorsement.

(To Parra)

But if Escobar moves so much as an
inch outside those walls, I'll renew
our efforts against him using every
single soldier and every last piece
of law enforcement in the country,
and he won't hide behi--

--the doors are suddenly thrown open, revealing The Colonel,
face flushed, infuriated, being trailed by Gaviria's
secretary.

SECRETARY

Please, please Colonel--

GAVIRIA

--Colonel Martinez.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

You've struck a deal!? You're going to let him get away with what he's done!? Make him some kind of martyr for peace? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MINDS!?

De Greif, miffed at this intrusion, moves to reprimand.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

COLONEL MARTINEZ! Remove yourself! You've been reassigned to an embassy post in Madrid. You're fortunate Escobar is the only one being jailed today. I'd file charges against you this minute, if our Presiden--

-- The Colonel lunges for De Greif, fingers fixed like claws. - SECURITY, which had been summoned, steps in to restrain him. De Greif stumbles back, big gulps, that-was-close. The Colonel glowers at the room, tears flooding his eyes.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

All the blood of all those men! - WHERE DOES IT GO!? Four-hundred and twenty of them DIED fighting your fight! They risked their families to protect yours! How can you dishonor them this way!

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

Get him out of here!

COLONEL MARTINEZ

Stones in a cemetery! Forgotten! Fuck you all for that! LIARS!--

The Colonel has become completely unhinged.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

--GET HIM OUT!

Only Gaviria can meet the Colonel's withering gaze. The two stare at one another...Martinez's anger abates. A beat, then:

COLONEL MARTINEZ

...I told you I would see this through, no matter the cost...How could you abandon me now?

GAVIRIA

Colonel, we must do this. Not for you or I or any one man. But for all of us...to put our country right.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

...This country will never be put right as long as Escobar is alive.

And with that, he is led away by Security. WE HOLD on Gaviria as Pablo's voice slowly creeps up under the scene.

PABLO (V.O.)

I have never been convicted of a crime in Colombia...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - BOGOTA (PAST)

Pablo sits before a half dozen MAGISTRATES, many of whom have had their colleagues kidnapped or killed by El Doctor.

PABLO

...and I want to clarify that. Because there are those who have perpetrated crimes and committed horrible acts under my name, in order to harm me.

MAGISTRATE

With regard to the charge of distribution of marijuana which you've pleaded no contest to, tell the court what additional disciplinary or penal precedents appear on your record.

MONTAGE (THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE WILL MOVE IN A NON-LINEAR MANNER)

INT. CARLOS HOLGUIN SCHOOL - DAY (PAST)

The Colonel, solemnly making his way through the ranks, shaking hands with all the remaining Search-Bloc officers. Shutting down his command. Terminating their unit.

PABLO (V.O.)

There have been accusations. The majority being made by Colonel Martinez, according to whom, every crime committed in this country is somehow my fault. But the fact remains, I have never been convicted of one criminal offense.

INT. HANGAR - DAY (PAST)

Robertson and Centra-Spike operators pack it in, pulling tarpaulins over the Beechcrafts, taking down the bogus signage on the hangar doors which read "FALCON AVIATION."

MAGISTRATE #2 (V.O.)

How do you explain that you, Pablo Escobar, are identified as the acting head of the Medellin cartel?

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Jacoby and his Delta team members, bidding one another bon voyage, hoisting a farewell bottle of beer in unison.

PABLO (V.O.)

As another baseless accusation and one that's dogged me for most of my adult life...I am the third son of seven children, born to my father, a farmer and my mother, a school teacher. I was raised in Envigado and made my fortune from scratch as many fortunes in Colombia and the rest of the world have been made.

INT. GAVIRIA HOME - DAY (PAST)

The President sits with his wife and one of their young sons. He looks troubled, sensing the exact depth and degree of the Faustian deal they've struck with Pablo...the price and consequences of which, remain unknown.

MAGISTRATE #3 (V.O.)

Do you deny deriving that fortune from drug trafficking? By profiting from Colombia's massive cocaine trade?

INT. PALACE OF JUSTICE - VICE MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY (PAST)

Eduardo Mendoza, appearing thoroughly crushed, overseeing the packing and crating of hundreds of Escobar-related criminal files. There are literally hundreds of boxes.

PABLO (V.O.)

I deny the rumors that have linked me to that. I don't use cocaine and know only what I've read about it.

INT. COURTROOM - BOGOTA (PAST)

The frustrated Magistrates are unable to pin anything of substance on Pablo.

MAGISTRATE

So you profess as to having no involvement with the Medellin cartel?

PABLO

Not a one. These accusations again come from one man: Colonel Martinez...

INT/EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY (PAST)

The Colonel and his family board a flight bound for Spain.

PABLO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...And I think this a result of his
 frustration at not capturing me, or
 the guilt he feels over the innocent
 people he and his Search-Bloc team
 have tortured and killed.

The Colonel fastens his seatbelt as the plane taxis down the
 runway for takeoff. Adrianna grasps his hand. He looks over
 at her dully, a distance in his eyes, his thoughts elsewhere.

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

Pablo, the perpetual victim.

PABLO (CONT'D)
 He needs a target, someone he can
 blame for his own criminal misdeeds.
 I'm the logical choice for this.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (PAST)

Commotion suddenly erupts from the rear of the plane. A
 stewardess screams. The CO-PILOT goes sprinting past. The
 Colonel stands, starting back toward the galley.

EXT. COURTROOM - BOGOTA (PAST)

Pablo walks out beaming a big smile for the swarm of media
 camped outside the courthouse. Manuela, aged three now, runs
 to her father, who hoists her up and kisses her. The press
 swoons. Pablo milks a moment with Juan Pablo as well before
 settling into a long embrace with Maria Victoria.

The media, whose ranks Pablo decimated with murderous
 determination simply gush as he holds his long suffering
 wife. After a few more moments with his family, Pablo presses
 on toward a helipad where Justice Minister Pardo awaits.

PABLO
 Senor Justice Minister, how are you?

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO
 (unsmiling)
 I'm well Pablo.

PABLO
 And I'm glad to hear that. With all
 that's happened, a rumor alone was
 enough to get someone killed. Thank
 God you or your family were spared.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO
 Is it God I should be thanking? Or
 you?

Pablo just grins as they climb aboard the chopper together.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (PAST)

The stewardess, visibly shaken, being comforted by another member of the cabin crew. The CO-PILOT is huddled over something in the plane's rest-room as the Colonel arrives.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

What's the problem?

The Co-Pilot moves aside, revealing a homemade bomb, hooked to the toilet plunger.

EXT. LA CATHEDRAL PRISON - ENVIGADO - DAY (PAST)

The Helicopter touches down outside prison grounds. An even greater swell of press mobilize for Pablo's arrival. Inside the gates; Popeye, Limon and a dozen of Pablo's confidants and top sicarios, including his brother Roberto, await him. PRISON GUARDS, over a hundred heavily-armed blue-suits, rush up, rifles at the ready as Pablo steps down off the chopper.

PABLO

(to guards, incensed)

Lower your weapons dammit!

They do, some sheepishly, as if this were a half-hearted show of force in the first place. Justice Minister Pardo disembarks next, gazing around incredulously at the guards.

A MARCHING BAND from the local high school, fires up a rousing greeting for Don Pablo, who claps along, mimicing the drum major. The press eats it up. Pablo is all smiles, looking nothing like a man about to enter prison.

Standing there at the main gate, smiling obsequiously, is Attorney General Gustavo De Greif, accompanied by ever-faithful Escobar attorney Guido Parra. De Greif looks ready to curtsy in Pablo's presence.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

Senor! Welcome to La Cathedral!

Pablo, polite but terse, brandishes his gold, monogram-inlaid .45 automatic to the great consternation of De Greif. Then, with a deliberate flare for the dramatic, he thumbs each bullet from the clip in a brilliantly rehearsed bit that signifies an end to his war with the State.

Pablo plays the moment with masterful aplomb, handing his gun over to De Greif, as he enters the grounds a conquering hero to the rest of his men...The marching band plays on.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (PAST)

The Colonel finishes removing the bomb, stripping out the wires, handing the device to the Co-Pilot, who wraps it in a blanket to keep it out of view of the other passengers.

CO-PILOT

They've asked us to turn around and
taxi to a remote gate.

(beat, reluctantly)

I'm afraid we won't be able to
transport you and your family either.

The Colonel looks up, anger flaring across his face.

CO-PILOT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry sir, it's not my decision.

INT. AIRPLANE - MOMENT LATER (PAST)

The Colonel returns to his seat. He says nothing, then;

COLONEL MARTINEZ

It was him...

Adrianna turns as the Co-pilot moves past, carrying something
concealed under a blanket...A realization takes hold as the
color drains from her face.

COLONEL MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

...he'll never leave this alone.

EXT. LA CATHEDRAL PRISON - ENVIGADO - DAY (PAST)

Pablo, waving back at everyone as the prison gates close.

COLONEL MARTINEZ (V.O.)

...It won't be over between us until
one of us is dead...

He starts up toward the main compound accompanied by his men

FULL SHOT

The Colonel's face, stoic, statue-like...muted rage the only
emotion that remains. He closes his eyes. We settle on them...

...TRANSITION TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY (PRESENT)

The Colonel, present day, opening his eyes, an old fire
filling them as the helicopter roars over the outskirts of
Medellin.

A TITLE FADES UP ON-SCREEN, lower-third: **"ENDGAME PART V"**

PABLO (V.O.)

...and If you're listening Colonel,
the threat I made against you and
your bastard kin still stands...I
will see Hell before you'll see your
family live out their lives in full.

INT. BEECHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Robertson, pumped up, anticipating the end...

ROBERTSON

That's it, keep it up, keep-talking-shit. Bravo-Charlie, you should be getting a good lock any second now...

INT. MERCEDES VAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)_

Hugo Jr., watching those familiar lines on the gray box intersect rapidly, seconds from establishing target lock.

INT. PANEL VAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)_

Jacoby and the rest of the Delta operators, saying silent prayers, please-let-this-be-the-one...

INT/EXT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - DAY (PRESENT)

Pablo steps onto the patio, nervously scans the street below.

SUPER: "December 2, 1993. 12:10pm."

JUAN PABLO (V.O.)

Poppa, do you want me to ask the rest of these questions? There's about another thirty or so...

A beat. Pablo's true instincts seldom fail him. He glances up at the sky, then checks both ends of the block again.

PABLO

No. I'll contact you again. These bastards are listening in too much. I don't know when I'll call, but I'll be leaving the air for awhile.

JUAN PABLO

...Alright Poppa.

PABLO

Goodbye son.

And Pablo clicks off, repeating the same ritual; pulling off the battery back and crushing the cellphone underfoot.

MONTAGE

Faces: The Colonel's. Robertson's. Jacoby's. Hugo Jr's. Each gripped by a sudden, startling sense of failure. Of abject loss. Of being so close, so many times. Of having your most despised enemy, your most elusive prey, disappear once again.

Words cannot adequately describe their expressions; haunted, anguished, enraged...and frightened that Pablo may have succeeded in slipping away forever. From this stark silence:

ROBERTSON

...Tango off-air. Repeat. Tango off-air...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. LA CATHEDRAL PRISON - NIGHT (PAST)

Pablo, the same shot as before, the prison gates closed now as he disappears over the rise with his men.

ROBERTSON (V.O.)

...he's gone.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: "MAY, 1992...TEN MONTHS SINCE IMPRISONMENT"

FADE UP ON:

EXT. JACOBY HOME - VIRGINIA - DAY (PAST)

Classic Rock booms over bad speakers, blasting all the calm out of an otherwise lazy Sunday afternoon. Jacoby sits at a picnic table with his wife MAUREEN, late-20's, pretty, petite. Their backyard is filled with Jacoby's Delta Operators and their families, gathered for a impromptu barbecue-pool party. Kyle Robertson runs over from the trampoline, winded.

ROBERTSON

Your guys are betting on who can be the first one to bite the power line.

Jacoby smiles, not at all surprised.

JACOBY

(turning, yelling)

--Morons, do not wager on who will bite the powerline first, we don't bite powerlines with children present!

In the background, Hastings and Murphy, like big kids, completely ignoring Jacoby, trying desperately to reach the powerline. The children laugh endlessly at these antics.

MAUREEN

(watching, concerned)

They're not really trying to bite that are they?

Jacoby takes a slug off his beer, kisses his wife's shoulder.

JACOBY

Mo, with them, you never know.

ROBERTSON

I wouldn't put it past 'em.

Jacoby sees his infant DAUGHTER lingering close to the grill.

JACOBY

Hey...Baby girl, what did I say?

She looks over at her father, a big toothy grin beaming back.

JACOBY (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

Y'know little miss...move it.

She takes another tentative step forward. Jacoby laughs.

JACOBY (CONT'D)

Get away from there you little creep!

Lookit her! She's her mother!

Maureen swats her husband for that comment as she jumps up, sweeping their daughter into her arms, kissing her. The little girl giggles wildly as her mother rocks her into the house.

Jacoby reaches into the cooler and hands Robertson a beer.

JACOBY (CONT'D)

What are you hearing?

ROBERTSON

Somalia. Soon.

JACOBY

They've been talking about going in for months. I've been and it is a shithole without peer... What about down south?

ROBERTSON

Colombia?

(shaking head, quiet)

They re-ramp that, it'll turn into a track meet. Everybody suits up.

JACOBY

I talked to Joe Toft a few weeks back, Pablo's place, the prison, is supposedly a palace. Big screens, water beds, whole shebang. That's a smart, smart cat tees up that deal. Now he's free to reconsolidate his entire business from behind bars.

Robertson, troubled, still struggling with it.

ROBERTSON

What he did to that country man, the pass he got given. It's fucked.

Jacoby nods, a beat.

JACOBY

I want it to flare again for the old man, Martinez. I know you weren't too fond of him, but Jesus God junior. You and I will never have to deal with that kind of bullshit, losing guys like that, death threats--

ROBERTSON

--Whatever hurt he wore, he inflicted just as much...And I know you've got this soft gooey thing going for him, but the guy was a thug.

JACOBY

And Pablo's not? You gonna ask a guy to fight fire with firewood? Shit man, Martinez has got Godzilla-sized nuts fighting that fight as long as he did...and I'll tell you this,
(beat, leaning in)
We wind up back in Bogota, it's gonna be a flat-out fucking gunfight to the close of business...And if you thought it got ugly before...

EXT. LA CATHEDRAL PRISON - NIGHT (PAST)

A five-ton transport truck thunders up a steep hill to a guard house checkpoint inside the prison gate.

JACOBY (V.O.)

...just wait.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Inside the back of the truck, Popeye and Limon pass an open bottle of champagne around to a half dozen giggling teenage PROSTITUTES. Gerardo Moncada and Fernando Galleano look on.

The truck is loaded with goodies: Boxes of booze, stacks of porn magazines, cartons of cigarettes, three full-sized pinball machines, a dozen boxed VCR's, A '56 inch television and a bird cage, filled with fluttering carrier-pigeons. Galleano takes a closer look at the birds. They all sport personalized leg bands that read:

PABLO ESCOBAR

CARCEL DE MAXIMA SEGURIDAD, ENVIGADO

The tarp on the back of the five-ton is thrown open, revealing a trio of blue-suited PRISON GUARDS. After a perfunctory glance at the truck's cargo manifest, the guards remove a case of champagne and wave them through the checkpoint.

INT. LA CATHEDRAL - NIGHT (PAST)

More Club Med than maximum security. All the comforts and amenities of a top flight, five-star resort hotel. "Prison life" has never been made more of a mockery.

THE CAMERA PASSES THROUGH a Disco-Bar, fully stocked, mirror-balled, the DJ spinning for a packed floor which includes the prostitutes as well as the asinine pairing of Popeye and Limon, dancing drunk, stumbling and slamming into one another.

The Disco-Bar leads to a massive gymnasium with a full compliment of Nautilus machines, offset by an indoor lap pool where guards double as towel boys. Moncada and Galleano are duly impressed as they are led up a staircase to a balcony overlooking Medellin. There, seated in a chaise lounge, is El Doctor himself, some flab added to his already ample frame.

He is in the midst of an interview with El Tiempo reporter ELIZABETH MORA, late-20's, bright, tenacious. Sitting watching are resident sociopaths Gustavo Mesa and Hernao Hernan.

PABLO

--I've got a great sense of humor, ask my friends or family, anybody that knows me well, when times are tough, or I'm at odds with, whatever, I always try to stay cool, composed.

ELIZABETH MORA

Do you consider this to be a difficult time?

PABLO

Well, right now I'm in prison, so--

ELIZABETH MORA

(scoffs, cuts him off)

--You'll excuse me, but this is unlike any prison I've ever seen.

PABLO

My agreement with the State allows for certain "liberties". This facility is a reflection of that.

ELIZABETH MORA

Such favorable treatment must also extend to your being allowed to leave the prison and attend soccer matches and visit nightclubs in Medellin...

Mora hands over several Colombian tabloids that show Pablo cavorting with girls at a Medellin night club and sitting in a luxury box at a soccer match. His reaction betrays nothing.

ELIZABETH MORA (CONT'D)

Isn't this a bit of a charade Senor?

(looking around)

I mean can you really call this incarceration? Or construe your stay here as a "prison sentence?"

(sits back, smirks)

It seems laughable to me, not to mention I'm sure a source of great humiliation for the Government...Do you believe other maximum-security prisoners are afforded these things or treated this way?

Pablo wears that familiar, quasi-pleasant smile.

PABLO

They weren't required to make the personal sacrifice that I made...

ELIZABETH MORA

...To end the campaign of terror that had gripped our country.

PABLO

That's right.

ELIZABETH MORA

Mm-hmm.

(writing, looks up)

A campaign that many are convinced you masterminded.

Pablo, deadpan, possessing maybe the finest poker face ever.

PABLO

If only that could have been proven true. Then maybe this conversation would take place under different circumstances...

ELIZABETH MORA

...or not at all.

Mora, fearless. The implication of her statement is obvious: Pablo should either be in a real prison or dead. A loaded moment ensues, broken only by Pablo extending his hand...

PABLO

...I've enjoyed our visit Senora.

Mora shakes, saying nothing, refusing to blink or break her gaze. A GUARD, sensing the unease, quickly escorts her out.

After some internal deliberation, possibly deciding whether or not to have her killed, Pablo greets his new guests.

PABLO (CONT'D)
(to Moncada, concerned)
I thought your brothers were joining us?

GERARDO MONCADA
Kiko isn't feeling well. It was his birthday the day before last, so he's been partying a little. And - William's having some family problems.

Pablo leads them over to the edge of the balcony.

PABLO
We're all having family problems. That's why I wanted everyone here. Where's your sister?

GERARDO MONCADA
I've been sent on behalf of my entire family Doctor.

FERNANDO GALLEANO
As have I.

Pablo, irritated by this. Mesa is gazing through a telescope, making small adjustments. He nods to Pablo.

PABLO
(to Moncada & Galleano)
I'd like you two to take a look at something...

Pablo gestures for both of them to look through the telescope. Moncada is first. He seems confused by what he's seeing, stepping back to allow Galleano a turn: What he sees is small shed, ten miles away, in the interior of the city of Medellin.

MONCADA
I don't understand? What are we supposed to be seeing Doctor?

PABLO
(beat, emotionless)
Your greatest personal mistake.

Their blood goes cold. A drunken Popeye and Limon appear, stumbling up the steps, grinning with glee, like wolves cornering cattle. Moncada and Galleano realize how bad it just got for both of them.

FERNANDO GALLEANO
(terrified, reeling)
...Doctor...

Pablo, arms folded, leaning against the wall, calm, composed.

PABLO

Neither one of your families felt it was fair to pay the war tax before. Even if it meant using money that you had already stolen from me.

(to Mesa)

How much did you find in that shed?

MESA

Close to twenty million dollars.

Fear consumes both Galleano and Moncada. Pablo shows no outward signs of anger, acting more the disappointed parent.

PABLO

You had to know, in the back of your minds, what would happen if I found out about this.

GERARDO MONCADA

Doctor, we--

PABLO

No, don't bother. Really. It's done. My decision is made. I don't want to hear a lot of nonsense now.

(beat)

Go downstairs. There's girls, cocaine, pot, drinks, whatever you want. I'll give you an hour...and if I were you, within that hour, I'd get as drunk and as high as I possibly could.

(beat, grim)

And make sure I couldn't feel a *thing*.

INT. PRISON - RECREATION ROOM - LATER (PAST)

Plastic painter's tarp covers a pool table. Moncada and Galleano, ripped drunk, babbling, blubbering, trussed up over the table, feet bound with chains, thrashing like gamefish, laughing as Popeye plugs power tools into the wall.

Henao spreads kindling beneath their heads...so they can slowly burn to death while hanging upside down. Pablo briefs Limon, who is donning a rubber butcher's smock and gloves, flipping a visor-like splatter-shield over his face.

PABLO

Make sure you can see the damage. I want everyone to know what was done to them. When you're finished, find the other Moncada brothers and deal with them. I also want Ospera killed.

Limon nods, moving toward the pool table, hefting a bore drill as Mesa and Hernan take hold of Galleano's legs. Pablo's cellphone rings, he answers, exiting the Rec Room.

MARIA VICTORIA (V.O.)

Hello.

PABLO

Hello my precious girl.

MARIA VICTORIA (V.O.)

Are you well love? I had a horrible dream. I wanted to call, I'm sorry.

PABLO

No, no, I'm glad you called. It's nice to hear your voice...

Screams, shrill and guttural, resonate from the Rec Room. Pablo quickly cups his hand over the receiver, turning back.

PABLO (CONT'D)

COVER THEIR MOUTHS!

(beat, back into phone)

So...you had a bad dream?

MARIA VICTORIA (V.O.)

What is that?

PABLO

No, it's nothing. Don't worry. Tell me about your dream.

MARIA VICTORIA (V.O.)

No, I'm fine now. I feel better.

PABLO

Well good. I'm glad...Am I going to see you for breakfast?

Pablo's brother Roberto and a pair of giddy, slightly toasted TEENAGE HOOKERS await him at the entrance to the Disco-Bar.

MARIA VICTORIA (V.O.)

I'll be there between nine and ten.

One of the teenage prostitutes fondles Pablo's crotch as he arrives, pulling at his zipper. He seizes her hand, throwing it aside, raising his finger sharply. The young girl looks ready to burst into tears.

PABLO

Then I'll talk to you tomorrow. Sleep well my sweet. I love you.

He clicks off, the young prostitute smiles weakly as Pablo reaches down and slowly replaces her hand on his crotch.

Roberto laughs loudly as the four of them proceed inside.

EXT. MONCADA FINCA - MORNING (PAST)

DOLLY MONCADA, 30's, the Medellin cartel's big bad mamma. Decked out in a tacky gold Gucci pantsuit and wearing six-inch stiletto heels, she looks like Colombia's version of the outre Mafia princess. Bodyguards flank her up the walkway, stopping when they notice the foyer door ajar. They assume tactical crouches, weapons trained tight.

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM THROUGH THE ENTRYWAY.

The word "GUERRA" (War) has been scrawled in blood and viscera on Dolly Moncada's wall...And the butchered remains of her three brothers scattered over her living room. A broken chainsaw rattles across the floor like a wind-up toy.

A video-loop of the torture plays back over the Hi-Fi. Grainy camcorder images, capturing pieces of the slaughter, can only hint at their true horror.

Dolly Moncada, devastated, drops to her knees. A keening sound rises up from her that at first seems almost inhuman, emanating from the pit of her soul and expelled from her body in a sound so pitched with pain, it defies description.

INT. HOME - OUTSIDE MEDELLIN - DAY

Rodrigo Ospera, a plastic bag cinched over his face as he is choked out by one of Pablo's SICARIOS. The Sicario keeps a knee in Ospera's back, driving the air from his lungs. Ospera grabs at the man's hands, gets a hold of his fingers, lunges with his teeth and gnashes down through the bag.

The sicario shrieks, recoils, falls off. Ospera pulls the bag from his head and attacks, grabbing the stunned Sicario and slamming his head off the floor until the man slumps dead. Ospera gets to his feet, fleeing out the front door.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - EARLY MORNING (PAST)

Eduardo Mendoza, half asleep, stumbling/jogging toward Gaviria's personal quarters. A hive of activity greets him. - Justice Minister Pardo confers with several reps from the Bureau of Prisons, including the Guard that we recognize from the balcony at La Cathedral. Pardo sees Mendoza, gives him a wink and a big grin...something is afoot.

The President stalks the room, embittered, face fixed in a scowl. He tosses Mendoza the morning's issue of "El Tiempo." Front page: Elizabeth's Mora's interview with El Doctor, entitled: "**STILL THE KING.**" WE SEE a smiling Pablo, posing in his prison's nightclub, as well as photographs of his luxurious living accommodations at La Cathedral.

GAVIRIA

He's made fools of us for the last time. I'm having him moved to an army base in Bogota until he can be relocated. La Cathedral is being attacked as we speak.

Mendoza glances over, sees CNP MILITARY PERSONNEL on communication relays, coordinating the assault. It's all happening right now. Pardo walks over, flipping through notes.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

The guard is willing to testify that Moncada and Galleano entered the prison two nights ago. He said some other guards were summoned to put out a fire in the rec room at around two in the morning. The billiard table was burning and something was hung above it. It looked like a body.

You can actually hear Gaviria's teeth grind.

GAVIRIA

Executing enemies inside the prison?
(turning to Mendoza)
We need a lawyer on hand to make sure this transfer is formal and binding. I don't want to give Escobar any legal grounds to battle us with.

EXT. OLAYA HERRERA AIRPORT - MEDELLIN - DAY (PAST)

Mendoza is greeted by a CNP Major on the tarmac as he boards a jeep for the trip through Medellin up to La Cathedral.

GAVIRIA (V.O.)

I want you to fly to La Cathedral and make sure this is handled. Pablo should be in custody when you arrive.

EXT. LA CATHEDRAL - NIGHT (PAST)

Mendoza is concerned by what he's seeing as they progress up the mountain. Soldiers, hundreds of them, loitering along the roadside, sitting on their helmets, smoking cigarettes.

MENDOZA

What the hell is going on?

The Major shrugs. They pull to a stop just outside the main gate where fifty to sixty more soldiers mill about aimlessly. A huddle of high-ranking CNP officers stand near the gate itself, confabbing with one another. Mendoza hears laughter as he steps down off the jeep.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)

...can I ask who's in charge here?

A man turns back to him...we recognize him instantly. It's General Tapia, the man who offered Colonel Martinez the bribe.

TAPIA

(smiling, informal)

General Alberto Tapia. And you must be Vice-Justice Minister Mendoza.

(extending hand)

Pleased.

Mendoza offers his hand, tentative.

MENDOZA

Where is the prisoner? Pablo Escobar?

Tapia, his brow furrowed, expression blank.

TAPIA

Confined inside of course.

Mendoza blinks Tapia's response back. *What?*

MENDOZA

General, I was told an assault was underway to remove Escobar from this facility! I have orders to transfer him to a military base back in Bogota!

Tapia, grimacing, shaking his head.

TAPIA

I was given different orders Senor. I was instructed to surround the prison and secure the area.

MENDOZA

My orders come from the President.

Tapia removes a cigar from his shirt pocket, patting himself down for matches, as if he had all the time in the world.

TAPIA

This is very confusing.

(beat, lighting cigar)

Do you think we should do this tonight or wait until morning and have a negotiator sent in?

Mendoza can scarcely believe what he's hearing.

MENDOZA

General, there's no-- I'm not here on behalf of the military, so I can't

(MORE)

MENDOZA (CONT'D)

tell you how to conduct this. But by now Escobar knows we're out here and is no doubt aware of our intentions!

Tapia, nodding, taking a draw off the cigar.

TAPIA

I can't make any sense of this...Let me notify my command.

Tapia calls for a field-phone. A Corporal rushes one over to him. Mendoza can hear him conferring with his superiors.

TAPIA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

...I'm here with the Vice Justice Minister now...He thinks we should wait until morning as well...

MENDOZA

(abrupt, angry)

No. No. General. He *must* be removed now. Immediately. I won't defy the President's wishes or wait any longer.

Tapia returns the phone to the Corporal, feigns frustration. Moments pass. Mendoza's exasperation hardens into resentment with the realization of what Tapia is up to.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)

General are you refusing to attack this facility?

TAPIA

(talking tough)

I'd go in and grab Escobar by the scruff of the neck and drag him out here if I was ordered to. I just don't have the authorization...and I don't want to be blamed for what he'll do if we break his agreement.

Mendoza, fed up, yanking off his coat, rolling up his sleeves.

MENDOZA

I'm going in to inform the prisoner that he's being transferred. Are you going to accompany me?

TAPIA

Those are not my orders...I'm sorry.

Mendoza glares with such disgust and derision, that Tapia actually turns his back, returning to the group of officers.

MENDOZA
(to the gate guards)
Open the gate!

INT. LA CATHEDRAL - NIGHT (PAST)

Mendoza, flanked by two terrified GUARDS, trudging up the road toward the compound itself. There, standing under a suspended bulb near the main bunkhouse, is El Doctor himself, surrounded by his always present phalanx of flunkies.

PABLO
(unsmiling)
Good evening Senor Mendoza.

Mendoza fights a softball-sized lump in his throat.

MENDOZA
Senor Escobar, good evening. By the request of our President Cesar Gavir--

PABLO
(interrupting)
--You've betrayed me...and President Gaviria has betrayed me. The people who will die because of this decision have been betrayed by you as well. You've lied to your country.

Escobar's goons fan out, surrounding Mendoza and the guards. The atmosphere becomes one of deep, impenetrable dread.

MENDOZA
Senor--

PABLO
--You want to deliver me to the Americans. Is that what this is?

Limon, circling his intended victims.

POPEYE
We should have killed this one during the campaign, it would've been easy!

MENDOZA
(to Pablo)
It would be unconstitutional for us to send you to the United States.

PABLO
You want to take me out of here and have me killed because I embarrass the government. Because I have the power to do for our people what you bastards could never dream of doing...

Popeye leaps at Mendoza, spittle flying from his lips.

POPEYE

*Let me kill him Doctor! Let me gut
this Sonofabitch!*

Mendoza tries to keep from trembling, tries harder to hold his ground.

MENDOZA

You have rights as a prisoner. All
of you do. We are obligated to
guarantee your safety--

--Weapons appear now, slides and hammers being pulled in haste, aims taken. Mendoza is left looking down a dozen barrels at once. He glances over at the two Guards...and sees that they too are pointing their weapons at him. Popeye thrusts a pump shotgun right into his face, racking it.

POPEYE

*Let me take this cocksucker off!
(beat, to Mendoza)
Show me your teeth! Smile Puta!*

Popeye shoves the barrel in his mouth, flips off the safety--

POPEYE (CONT'D)

Watch how far his fucking head goes!

Pablo steps forward, laying his hand on the barrel.

PABLO

Not yet...Let them bargain for him.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY (PAST)

A primal, enraged President Gaviria reacts to the news.

GAVIRIA

WHAT! THEY'RE WHAT!? HOLDING HIM
HOSTAGE!?

(turning to CNP and
military officers)

WHY DID THE VICE-JUSTICE MINISTER GO
INTO THAT PRISON ALONE!

(beat, back into phone)

GENERAL TAPIA YOU WILL ATTACK WITH
EVERYTHING YOU HAVE! DO YOU HEAR ME!
I WILL HAVE TRIED AND CONVICTED YOU
AND ANY MEMBER OF THAT ASSAULT FORCE
WHO REFUSES THIS ORDER! ATTACK THAT
PRISON AND REMOVE ESCOBAR RIGHT NOW!

Silence comes in response. Then, to Gaviria's total outrage.

TAPIA (V.O.)

I'm sorry Senor President, but I must decline.

GAVIRIA

Y-- WHAT!? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING!?

(absolutely livid)

YOU ARE RELIEVED OF DUTY! YOU WILL

RESIGN YOUR COMMISSION IMMEDIAT--

The phone clicks off...Tapia has actually hung up on the President of Colombia. Gaviria, in a fit of rabid fury, turns and hurls the phone against the wall, shattering it.

INT. LA CATHEDRAL - PABLO'S QUARTERS - NIGHT (PAST)

Mendoza sits in a corner of a spacious, handsomely furnished suite. Popeye lords over him, shotgun pressed to his head. Pablo sits on a waterbed, speaking on the phone to his wife.

PABLO

Don't cry Tata. We have a little problem here, that's all. I'll call you back soon. Stay by the phone.

Pablo hangs up, handing the phone to Mendoza.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Get President Gaviria on the line.

MENDOZA

He won't take the call.

Pablo, clearly concerned, his prison settlement going south.

PABLO

The things that go on here are not his concern. The Moncadas and Fernando Galleano, their killings were an internal matter. Within our group. Why are you getting involved?...Get your boss on the line. I'll explain.

MENDOZA

I've told you, he won't take the call. There's an entire brigade of troops outside the gate. Over four-hundred heavily-armed soldiers. What can you do against that?

Pablo smiles patronizingly.

PABLO

Senor Mendoza...Who do you believe is really in charge here?

And with that, Pablo exits the room, leaving Mendoza alone with Popeye, who sits down on the bed, raising the shotgun under Mendoza's chin and resting the barrel against the bulge of his Adam's apple. Popeye grins, revealing a briar patch of badly discolored, misshapen teeth.

POPEYE

I'm going to piss on your soul, Puta.

Mendoza remains still. Popeye stares. Seconds become unbearable epochs. Then, commotion flares. An outburst of shouts and confusion, followed by staccato gunfire. Suddenly, an explosion rips through the bedroom, blowing its occupants end over end, the air combusting, burning.

Mendoza finds himself clinging to consciousness, crawling blind, oxygen cut, constricted, eyes quickly swelling shut. He feels wetness, thrusts his burning hands in the water bed bladder, punctured by the blast, empties over them. He then feels strong hands take hold of him and heavy boots rush in. He's hauled to his feet. A VOICE pounds inches away.

VOICE

WHEN I TELL YOU TO RUN. RUN!

Mendoza manages a nod, punchy, dazed, legs like taffy.

VOICE (CONT'D)

RUN!

Mendoza leaps out of the room, propelled by pure adrenaline and panic, leaving nothing in his lungs as he sprints toward the main gate, the voice behind him booming.

VOICE (CONT'D)

RUN! RUN! RUN!

Explosions rock close, rubble rains down. The subsonic snap of passing bullets rip the air. Through it all, Mendoza keeps running, reaching the main gate and collapsing to the ground. He looks up at the source of the voice: A huge COLOMBIAN SPECIAL FORCES COMMANDO, his face heavily camouflaged.

MENDOZA

Is Escobar dead?

The Commando doesn't respond. Mendoza glances over and sees General Tapia, sitting inside a CNP jeep, handcuffed.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)

Have you got him!?

Tapia says nothing, just stares out of the jeep's front window as it dawns on Mendoza: Pablo has once again, escaped.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)

...Oh my God...Oh my God...

INT. HACIENDA - MADRID, SPAIN - NIGHT (PAST)

Colonel Martinez, dressed in civilian attire, sitting in front of his television as news of Escobar's escape is reported. His eyes harden as he watches file footage of a smiling Pablo waving to reporters as he enters La Cathedral.

The Colonel glances over at his phone...willing it to ring.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - ANTEROOM - DAY (PAST)

An emergency session has been called. Colombia's major law enforcement bodies are represented. Infighting and internal bickering reign supreme. No one agency or individual is willing to accept responsibility for La Cathedral. Gaviria sits, silently seething as Gustavo De Greif, the showboating Attorney General, drowns out competing voices.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

Senor Parra reiterated that his client was "well disposed" to re-enter prison. It was not his choice to run. He felt his life was in danger.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

Escobar has openly violated every last tenet of an already generous agreement and committed further capitol offenses while in prison!

FLASH CUT TO:

Wire-cutters working quick, bodies slipping through a fence-line, flashlights leading.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He is a fugitive and an escapee who took Vice Minister Eduardo Mendoza hostage and threatened his life.

The last man through pauses...it's Pablo, looking back as Colombian Special Forces raid La Cathedral.

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

GUSTAVO DE GREIF (V.O.)

I'm sorry, but I remain dubious about Mendoza's story.

INT. COLOMBIAN LEGISLATURE - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

A packed courtroom for the Senate Committee's inquiry-inquisition of Vice-Justice Minister Mendoza and others in the wake of La Cathedral. The media is omnipresent.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF (V.O.)
 ...that one prisoner could simply
 slip past four-hundred armed soldiers
 seems ridiculously unlikely.

A bandaged, bruised Mendoza sits at the same table as General Tapia, facing a firing squad of SENATORS eager to slander his name and lay the blame for La Cathedral at his feet.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO (V.O.)
 Are you suggesting the Vice Minister
 was colluding with Escobar?

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

De Greif continues his denunciation of Mendoza.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF
 We know General Tapia was receiving
 money from the cartel. Is it not
 possible that Mendoza may have been
 profiting from a similar arrangement?

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO
 You presume guilt, without any factual--

GUSTAVO DE GREIF
 (interrupting, rude)
 --I hold an independently elected
 office Senor Justice Minister.
 (with an eye to Gaviria)
 Not an appointed one. I have the
 authority to act in what I deem to
 be this country's best interests. So
 I will push for Mendoza's resignation--

INT. COLOMBIAN LEGISLATURE - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Eduardo Mendoza is scrutinized and grilled by a battery of government lawyers. He is slowly and systematically taken down and torn apart...

GUSTAVO DE GREIF (V.O.)
 --and his prosecution, should the
 convening senate inquiry prove his
 complicity in the escape.

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

GUSTAVO DE GREIF (CONT'D)
 ...I will also strongly advocate
 allowing Senor Escobar to return to
 La Cathedral and serve out the
 remainder of his sentence. Senor
 Parra has contacted me with the
 following statement from his client:
 (MORE)

GUSTAVO DE GREIF (CONT'D)

(beat, reading)

"We will not carry out any violent retaliatory actions against the GOC or the citizens of Colombia yet--"

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - DAWN (PAST)

Pablo writes a letter by flashlight, snaps the pen when he's finished and applies his famous thumbprint with spilled ink.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF (V.O.)

--As long as we resume the peace process and are allowed to surrender ourselves to justice again with the terms of our imprisonment unchanged."

CUT BACK TO:

De Greif stops reading, looks over at Gaviria.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF (CONT'D)

Senor President, none of us are keen on rekindling the violence and bloodshed of before...The scars of which this country *still* bears.

De Greif gestures to a handsome, well-groomed military officer in his 40's, sitting at the far end of the table. This is CNP COLONEL LINO PINZON, and he looks to be cut from the same cloth as De Greif; a purebred bureaucratic climber.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF (CONT'D)

Colonel Pinzon, whom most of us are acquainted with and have great respect for, is commanding the new effort to remand Escobar back into custody and return him to prison in Envigado.

Finally, and with great gravitas, Gaviria speaks...

GAVIRIA

No. There won't be a return to La Cathedral for Escobar.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - MORNING (PAST)

Pablo and his fellow escapees move through the dense jungle and down the mountain. Medellin looms close in the distance.

GAVIRIA (V.O.)

He will be hunted down and placed in the possession of the United States...

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

GAVIRIA (CONT'D)

...or he will be killed...Those will be his only options.

De Greif sees grand plans and personal promises falling apart.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

Senor President, forgive me, but extradition is outlawed under our present constitut--

GAVIRIA

--I am issuing a mandate to our Supreme Court, ordering them to overturn the ban on extradition. We will no longer yield this country's judicial process and policy to criminals and criminal interests.

(right at De Greif)

I refuse to be opposed in this matter.

INT. COLOMBIAN LEGISLATURE - SUB-LEVEL - DAY (PAST)

Gaviria, alone with his dear friend Mendoza, talking quietly.

GAVIRIA (V.O.)

As far as Vice Justice Minister Mendoza is concerned. I have spoken to him, both as his friend and as President. He has been placed in an indefensible position and recognizes as much...so he has offered and I have accepted his resignation.

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

GAVIRIA (CONT'D)

...And I have fully pardoned him after the fact.

(back at De Greif)

He will not face criminal charges for La Cathedral. I won't allow him to bear that burden alone...We are all, each one of us, Guilty.

INT. COLOMBIAN LEGISLATURE - SUB-LEVEL - DAY (PAST)

Mendoza looks weary, worn out.

MENDOZA

Don't trust De Greif. He'll cut a deal with or without your consent.

GAVIRIA

...I let you down Eduardo. You're my closest friend and I let them run you into the ground--

MENDOZA

--It was nothing you could have done anything about, so forget about it for now. Some tides are too strong to turn...Friendships are this way as well...and you will always have mine.

He and Gaviria embrace goodbye. Then, as Mendoza draws back, his expression darkens, his voice rising just above a whisper.

GAVIRIA

I've seen the worst of what men can be Cesar...Escobar doesn't deserve another chance...or any mercy.

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

Gaviria, somber, without the slightest bit of theatricality.

GAVIRIA (CONT'D)

...We are in a fight for nothing less than the soul of this country...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COLOMBIAN LEGISLATURE - SUB-LEVEL - DAY (PAST)

Gaviria, flanked by bodyguards, walking through a corridor and into an underground garage. A black armor-plated Suburban pulls in and Ambassador Morris Busby steps out to greet him.

GAVIRIA (V.O.)

...And we are fated to fight it to the last.

MONTAGE

Delta Forces' Black Cellphones start ringing. WE SEE Hastings and Murphy and the rest of the Delta Operators in varying day to day activities, rushing to retrieve their phones.

We finally find Jacoby, holding his small daughter, fresh from a bath, running into the bedroom and grabbing his phone.

He answers, listens...and a smile spreads a mile wide.

INT. EMBASSY - FIFTH FLOOR VAULT - DAY (PAST)

SUPER: SIX WEEKS AFTER PABLO'S ESCAPE

Everyone assembled: Delta, Centra-Spike, D.E.A. No reps from the GOC or CNP are present. A man we don't recognize right away, sits behind Busby. Inauspicious and somewhat devilish in appearance. This is CIA Station Chief, BILL WAGNER, 40's.

BUSBY

I've informed President Gaviria that this meeting would be a lockoff, involving only our people. That way, he can claim ignorance. Bottom line folks, nobody inside the Colombian Government, Gaviria included, wants to see Pablo retaken so he can stand trial. His lawyers could stall out that process indefinitely and there isn't a prosecutor or jury that can't be bought off or killed outright.

(gesturing to Wagner)

The Agency has joined us for this next go round and for those of you who haven't met him, this is Bogota CIA station chief Bill Wagner. Bill?

Wagner nods to those gathered.

WAGNER

Well as the Ambassador said, the mission, while not clearly stated is nevertheless clear...The GOC wants Escobar, if possible, eliminated.

INT. CIA BRIEFING ROOM - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY (PAST)

Dolly Moncada is greeted by Wagner and upper echelon agency members. Awaiting her is her old friend Rodrigo Ospera.

WAGNER

A week ago, Dolly Moncada and Rodrigo Ospera, two key members of the Medellin cartel, fled hit squads deployed by Escobar and flew to Washington to offer their assistance.

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

One of Wagner's aides distributes confidential documents around the room in the form of black binders.

WAGNER (CONT'D)

They provided us with a detailed description of his personal and financial infrastructure. The names and faces of Escobar's inner circle.

INT. CIA BRIEFING ROOM - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY (PAST)

Ospera, still sporting the wounds from his assault, speaks with Wagner and other CIA representatives.

OSPERA

By giving you these people, you have Pablo's base of power...so instead of trying to pluck the man off the top of the mountain, you can take the mountain out from under the man.

INT. EMBASSY - FIFTH FLOOR VAULT - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Toft looks troubled by what he's hearing.

TOFT

Have they been offered any kind of amnesty for their cooperation?

WAGNER

Would that be cause for concern Agent Toft?

TOFT

It would if they were being given a pass. Rodrigo Ospera, while no Pablo, is a premier piece of shit in his own right and Dolly Moncada is no prom queen. They've both allied themselves with the Cali cartel and are recruiting sicarios for battle.

WAGNER

Only after Pablo plunged the cartel into a civil war...The enemy of my enemy is my friend Agent Toft.

TOFT

And we start lying down with the likes of them Mr Wagner, the fleas will be bigger than the fucking dogs, pardon my language. We solicit assistance from the cartels, get cozy at that level? Then we're potentially helping build something up that will never be brought down.

BUSBY

What do you mean Joe?

TOFT

We're legitimizing relationships Ambassador. Once we grab Pablo with this "group effort" do we honestly think everybody's gonna return to their side of the street, resume the Cops and Robbers routine? It'll never happen. We will have permanently mobbed up the GOC and the cartels and virtually bullet-proofed the cocaine business in this country.

WAGNER

Our dealings with Ospera and Moncada are kept minimal. They're utilized as informants and nothing more.

Toft, nodding but not convinced.

WAGNER (CONT'D)

And while I understand your concern, we've much more urgent matters at the moment.

EXT. MEDELLIN OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT (PAST)

Gustavo De Greif and Guido Parra, spooked, riding around under the cover of night, the headlights of the passenger van cut as they roll through an industrial area outside town.

WAGNER

Attorney General Gustavo De Greif, in part to fuel his own political ambition and embarrass Gaviria's regime, has been secretly negotiating for Pablo's return to prison.

The van pulls to a stop and a tentative De Greif steps out with Parra. Standing in the shadows awaiting them, is Pablo.

CUT BACK TO:

WAGNER (CONT'D)

We cannot let that happen.

Busby turns to Jacoby.

BUSBY

Major, as far as operations, where do we stand?

JACOBY

Centra-Spike is being brought back in-country and Delta's been attempting to liaison with Colonel Pinzon, but we haven't been having much luck.

BUSBY
Which means what?

JACOBY
He isn't as available to us as Colonel
Martinez was sir...or as committed.
Is there any chance the Colonel could
get involved with the manhunt agai--

BUSBY
--No. They don't want Martinez
anywhere near this...How long do you
think it will take to locate Pablo
once Centra-Spike is up?

JACOBY
Well, he knows we're tracking his
calls, so until he decides to come
back on the air...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. PANEL VAN (JACOBY'S TRANSPORT) - DAY (PRESENT)

Jacoby, present day, pissed. Static and distortion emit from
the speakers...white noise, signifying nothing...

JACOBY (V.O.)
...he's a ghost.

...Pablo has left the air.

A TITLE FADES UP ON-SCREEN, lower-third: "ENDGAME PART VI"

INT. MERCEDES VAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Hugo Jr., stares at an empty display, rubbing a crucifix
between his fingers, praying for God's good fortune. The
sounds of static fills his van as well.

SUPER: "December 2, 1993. 12:16pm."

INT/EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

The Colonel steps off the chopper and into an armored
Suburban, speaking directly to Hugo Jr.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
He's angry. He wants to talk. Wait.

HUGO JR.
That's all we can do.
(beat, into headset)
Alpha, he's done this before, told
his son he was leaving the air and
switched over to shortwave.

INT. BEECHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Robertson and his Centra-Spike Techs scan radio frequencies.

ROBERTSON

We're scrubbing now. Range is 120 to 140 Megahertz, so we have to scan the whole range. If we caught the switch before, and he's pulling it again, it's very sloppy of him.

Then, activity. Blips. Signals. Random telemetry readings starting to cycle slowly...voices, garbled, clipped.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

--Shit, I may have spoken too soon...

Robertson sits up in his chair...Please God let this be him.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

...We have a special guest calling in and given his circumstances, I want to thank him for joining us. Senor Pablo Escobar.

Robertson's grimace goes shit-eating grin.

ROBERTSON

TANGO IS BACK ON-AIR!

INT. RADIO CADENA NACIONAL STUDIOS - NIGHT (PAST)

EMILIO VEGA, 30's, Colombian radio personality, sits inside a sound-proof booth, speaking with the fugitive Pablo Escobar.

SUPER: *Four months after La Cathedral escape...*

PABLO (O.S.)

Thank you for having me on Emilio.

EMILIO VEGA

No one has heard from you since your escape. Can you tell our listeners about the events of that evening?

MONTAGE-INTERCUT

Jacoby and Delta mobilize. It seems like there are hundreds of them now. Support staff and peripheral commands appear much larger than in the previous manhunt.

PABLO (V.O.)

The Colombian government violated its agreement with me and launched an unprovoked attack on the prison...

Hugo Jr. and his Search-Bloc tracking unit grab up their gear and race out to their vans. Once inside, the radios are tuned to Pablo's interview.

PABLO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...I had no choice but to flee for my life...and now I have no other desire than to return and serve out my the remainder of my sentence.

Robertson and Centra-Spike board the Beechcrafts.

INT. RADIO CADENA NACIONAL STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Emilio Vega holds a printout in his hand.

EMILIO VEGA
 I'd like to read a statement that was received over the wire today.
 (beat, begins reading)
 We, The Extradictables declare that if anything should happen to Pablo Escobar between now and his return to prison, we will hold President Gaviria personally responsible...

MONTAGE-INTERCUT

President Gaviria listens to the interview from inside the fifth-floor Embassy vault with Busby, Toft, Pardo and others. THE CAMERA DRIFTS ACROSS THEM...

EMILO VEGA (V.O.)
 ...and we will exact revenge. We will plant bombs at the U.S. Embassy and at the Presidential palace and create a death list of high-ranking officials both Colombian and American.

THE CAMERA settles on Bill Wagner, the faintest hint of a smile on his face...This is exactly what he wanted to hear.

INT. RADIO CADENA NACIONAL STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Vega sets the Extradictables' missive aside.

EMILIO VEGA
 ...Senor, did you author this letter?

Pablo, in heavy disguise, moving across Medellin. He speaks into one cellphone while dialing another.

PABLO (O.S.)
 No. But I support those patriots who feel they must go to such extremes to ensure that justice is upheld.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT (PAST)

The taxi stops. Pablo disembarks, dropping the cellphone, still connected to the radio station onto the backseat.

INT. RADIO CADENA NACIONAL STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

A show PRODUCER signals Vega, who punches a blinking phone line, reconnecting Pablo...and not letting on that he had left the air.

EMILIO VEGA

Senor Escobar, with a two and half billion dollar bounty on your head you have once again become the most sought after man in the world...

EXT. MEDELLIN STREET - NIGHT (PAST)

The original taxi Pablo occupied is boxed in by CNP cruisers and forced to the curb. Armed OFFICERS surround the vehicle, hauling the stunned CABBIE out and putting him prone.

EMILIO VEGA (V.O.)

...the Colombian authorities, U.S. Special forces, DEA agents, the Cali cartel, deserters of your organization, there seems no end to your list of enemies and pursuers.
...Whom do you fear the most?

A CNP OFFICER discovers the cellphone in the backseat. A bomb, hidden on the floorboard is triggered a moment later, vaporizing the scene, killing all, including the Cabbie.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT (PAST)

Pablo looks out the retreating taxi's rear window, spotting the telltale black plume of smoke rising up a few miles back.

PABLO

None. It is they who should fear me.

With that, he tosses the cellphone out the window. It hits the pavement and breaks apart.

EXT. LINO PINZON'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT (PAST)

Hugo Jr. beats on a door, Jacoby stands behind him. A haughty, annoyed Colonel Pinzon appears in a silk bathrobe and pajamas.

LINO PINZON

Lieutenant, do you own a watch?

HUGO JR.

Colonel, sir, I apologize about the hour, but we believe we've located Escobar in Tres Equinas and we'd like to move on him immediately.

LINO PINZON

Where does this information come from?

HUGO JR.

I'm not at liberty to disclose that.

LINO PINZON

I'm commanding this effort. Dozens of leads are reported daily. What makes this one worth acting on?

JACOBY

All you have to do is get your men moving. That's all we need from you.

LINO PINZON

Not at three a.m. Major and not when I've yet to be convinced anything will come of it.

HUGO JR.

Escobar detonated a car bomb earlier this evening and killed four officers.

Pinzon looks ready to yawn, nodding.

LINO PINZON

(with condescension)

I understand this and I'm sorry, but those are the risks we face.

JACOBY

(under his breath)

...fucking ticket-puncher.

LINO PINZON

I'm sorry?

JACOBY

Yeah, you are, actually. You and your little faggoty PJ's. What is it you're facing exactly?

Pinzon's face twists up like he just bit into a lemon.

JACOBY (CONT'D)

I've never stuck an officer before and I don't want to start now, but if you don't get your ass in gear

(MORE)

JACOBY (CONT'D)
and into this game, I'm going to
violate your person Colonel...Sir.

Pinzon smirks and slams his front door. Jacoby responds by shouldering through it. Pinzon, eyes ballooning as Jacoby bears down on him. He backpeddles, hands up, don't-hurt-me.

LINO PINZON
(shrill)
Get out of here!

There, on his living room coffee table, incriminating bindles of cocaine, and a cashbox loaded with bundled bills, similar to the ones Pablo had buried at La Cathedral. Jacoby sees this and promptly slams Pinzon's face off the nearest wall, pinning him there. Hugo Jr., looks on, aghast.

JACOBY
(whispering to Pinzon)
Thanks for making this so easy.

INT. HACIENDA - MADRID, SPAIN - DAY (PAST)

A ringing phone, a hand descending to lift it from the cradle. The hand belongs to Colonel Hugo Martinez.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
Hello...

Someone begins speaking to him from the other end of the line. THE CAMERA PUSHES IN. He listens, emotions collide; fear, apprehension, conviction, resentment, rage.

COLONEL MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
...Yes...yes...very well...

He hangs up...moments pass. He seems to hang there in mid-air, moving like a man underwater. Adrianna appears, smiling tanned, fresh from tending to their small garden.

ADRIANNA
...Who was that?

The Colonel says nothing, sits. -

ADRIANNA (CONT'D)
...is everything alright?

He looks at her in a way that makes her understand all at once. She goes to him. He pulls her close, holding her like you would someone you may never see again.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
I have an hour...a plane is coming.

ADRIANNA

We're here now Hugo, our children
are happy, why would you ever return--

COLONEL MARTINEZ

--He forced us from our our home and
from our our families...and as long
as he roams free, none of that will
ever be safe again...I can't say it
any more plainly Adrianna

(long pause, then)

What has to be done, I'll do. But I
won't expose you and the children to
that again...or to me.

(beat, understanding

something deep within)

And both will be worse this time.

Adrianna holds her husband as you would the condemned.

ADRIANNA

...don't come back to us that way.

The Colonel looks at her, everything right there in his eyes.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

...If I don't succeed, and stop
him...I won't come back at all.

EXT. BOGOTA BOOKSTORE - DAY (PAST)

A news stand fronts a busy bookstore in downtown Bogota. On
nearly every daily paper, headlines trumpet: "EXTRADITION
BAN OVERTURNED" and "TREATY WITH U.S. REINSTATED." Shoppers
mull the racks and venture inside the store with their
children to pick up books for the upcoming school year.

What happens in the horrific span of the next few seconds
will claim twenty-one innocent lives and wound another seventy-
six people as nearly two-hundred pounds of dynamite are
detonated from within the bookstore itself.

The blast craters half a city block instantly, deploying a
shockwave that obliterates everything in its path with sub-
sonic ferocity. Pablo has reintroduced his reign of terror
with an act as brazen and bold as it is cowardly. Public
sentiment will never again be swayed to his side...

...There will be no return from this.

EXT. BOOKSTORE BOMB SITE - DAY - LATER (PAST)

Cinder swirls over sheet enshrouded bodies, overturned
vehicles still burn. The pavement is an acrid black, gouged
up, ripped apart, the force of the blast is evident everywhere
An official embassy car slaloms up and Colonel Martinez steps
out.

He greets familiar faces with a grim nod, badging in and making his way past the heavily-manned security cordon.

Inside a bombed out department store, President Gaviria, under military guard, issues an impromptu address to reporters. We pick him up mid-speech.

GAVIRIA

...by the craven, cowardly act that claimed the lives of our children here today.

(beat, with conviction)

I have authorized the increase in bounty to five billion pesos for the apprehension of the fugitive Pablo Escobar and I will dedicate myself and all the might that is at my disposal, to that task. He is now our country's greatest living enemy...

The Colonel continues on through this morass of madness: Past EMT's tending to the mortally wounded in an makeshift field hospital. Past devastated family members, watching the deceased loaded into morgue wagons. Past firefighters, openly weeping, unable to contain their emotion.

Ambassador Busby is on hand, surveying the carnage, as is Justice Minister Pardo. Both look dejected, dismal. The trio commiserate over the clamor of shouts and sirens. Bill Wagner appears, approaching the Colonel, introducing himself. The Colonel follows him to a nearby Embassy vehicle.

INT. VEHICLE - SAME (PAST)

They climb in, sitting opposite on another. A beat, then:

WAGNER

I saw a child's arm in the gutter today...and I thought, I'm gonna help kill that sonofabitch if it's the last thing I do.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

There will be more of this Mr. Wagner. More loss...The fight won't be clean.

WAGNER

I don't deal in clean Colonel. That's why they sent me down. You know Pablo is famous for saying he would prefer "a tomb in Colombia" over a jail cell in the United States.

(beat)

I'm here to help make that happen.

Wagner hands The Colonel a black binder containing the same confidential materials from his briefing.

WAGNER (CONT'D)

Now I want you to picture a mountain,
with Pablo, standing at the top...

EXT. NATIONAL CEMETERY - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

The Colonel, head bowed, before dozens of graves: Search-Bloc officers, slain in the line of duty. Headstones are adorned with wreathes and personal effects: drawings from children, articles of clothing, framed family photographs.

Mementos and reminders of life and love and happiness...now symbols of loss. There is a deep, profound sadness in the Colonel. The resignation of a once peaceful man given over to extraordinary violence. He utters a prayer for the fallen.

Hugo Jr. finds his father there. The two greet one another, the Colonel holding his son in a deep embrace.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

I'm glad to see you boy.

HUGO JR.

Everyone was hoping you'd be back.

(beat, breaking embrace)

We can get him Dad--

COLONEL MARTINEZ

--We will get him. As much as we've forsaken.

(looking around)

As far as this has gone.

Father and Son turn and start walking out of the cemetery.

COLONEL MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

But how we fought before won't work.
This time it won't just be Escobar
we're targeting, but everyone who
works for him. Everyone who shelters
him, protects him, plants bombs for
him. All should be considered targets.

(cold as ice)

Nothing he loves should be safe.

Hugo Jr. nods, amazed by his father's near fervent conviction.

COLONEL MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

You feel good about your training?

HUGO JR.

I do. It's still touch and go but
I've gotten better with the equipment.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

Good...Because you're going to help
me find every last one of them.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MEDELLIN HOTEL - DAY (PAST)

Popeye, sweat-soaked, feral, frantic, fumbling the reload on a .44 Magnum, fingernails digging hot shells from the barrel. slotting bullets, snaps the chamber, spins back as the door is literally blown off behind him-- the force of the explosion hurtling it through the back wall.

Popeye gazes at the gaping hole in the hotel wall, then turns, firing, rounds traveling wide of the intended targets; SEARCH-BLOC OFFICERS, storming in, returning Popeye's fire. He squeezes out the hole in the wall, desperate to escape, falling to a fire escape as he fires the Magnum dry.

More cops await him below. He's pinned. It's pointless. He hurls his empty weapon at them and with defiance screams:

POPEYE

FUCKING PUTAS! I FUCK YOU ALL!

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER (PAST)

Popeye lies in a contorted heap, bones broken in a fall that didn't claim his life...the bullet between his eyes took care of that. Jacoby stands over him. The Colonel is nearby.

JACOBY

Pretty amazing shooting for a
gunfight...right between the eyes.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

I told you what it would take Major.
(beat, grave)
This is how tables turn.

MONTAGE

Search-Bloc raids resume as Gustavo Mesa, stalwart Escobar sicario, is cut down in another brutal, one-sided gun battle with Search-Bloc during a day raid in a small restaurant.

Mesa, already horribly wounded, realizes he's trapped, boxed in, as diners rush past him, evacuating the restaurant, leaving him alone with the advancing Search-Bloc officers.

MESA

Stop! Stop! I'm hit--
(patting himself)
I'm not armed, Please, I'm wounded...

Mesa gets down on his knees, putting both hands on top of his lowered head in anticipation of handcuffs as an unexpected volley of gunshots suddenly rip into him, killing the sicario in cold blood. He pitches forward, hitting the floor, dead.

FLASH CUT TO:

Hernan Henao, another Escobar cronie/contract killer, head shaven in disguise, running for his life, gun in hand, parting pedestrian traffic like a meat cleaver.

HENAO

MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!

Search-Bloc is hot on his ass, an SUV swerves in, hops the sidewalk and rams into him, shattering his hip, the brunt impact careening him off a wall and depositing him in on his back. He screams, his legs a mangled knot beneath him.

The Colonel steps from the car, unholstering a 9mm Glock, walking slowly toward the writhing Henao.

INT. GUIDO PARRA'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT (PAST)

Parra, on the phone to his panicked client, El Doctor. Pablo rants have grown more and more disconnected, scattershot, as if he were lashing out at everything all at once.

PARRA

I know you're angry, but we must allow time for De Greif to reintroduce your offer of surrender.

INTERCUT

INT. FINCA - SAME (PAST)

Pablo, in a filthy one room dwelling, pot smoke wafting, the billionaire drug baron barefoot in old jeans and a bathrobe.

PABLO

Gaviria raises his bounty? Has Martinez executing my men!? I'll up the price on every cop killed to a billion pesos! I'll escalate this until they beg for fucking mercy!

Parra, writing, taking dictation from a lunatic. He doesn't see the dark shapes moving across the room behind him.

PARRA

I'll speak to De Greif in the morning and demand that he go to the press with his allegations against Colonel Martinez and file charges ag--

Parra is suddenly grabbed, arms pinned, cinched with flex-cuffs, his mouth stuffed with a gag, his eyes go wide with shock as he blinks up at his assailants, issuing muffled pleas for mercy from beneath the rags in his mouth.

PABLO (V.O.)
(from the receiver)
Guido...Guido...

The phone is lifted, a ski-masked man whispers to Pablo.

SKI-MASK
...Soon.

EXT. GUIDO PARRA'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT (PAST)

Parra is pulled down his driveway kicking and screaming. His assailants shackle his arms to the axle of a van. The vehicle roars off down the street, dragging the lawyer behind, swerving at high speed for nearly a mile before the driver climbs out, pulls a pistol and puts a bullet in Parra's head.

EXT. PARRA'S LAW FIRM - NIGHT (PAST)

A small guard kiosk at the has been overturned. Two dead security guards are being lashed to the gate by ski-masked men. They are trussed up with rope, like gutted pigs. Another man exits the main building. A moment later, flames combust to inferno and the building is completely ablaze.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARRA'S LAW FIRM - MORNING (PAST)

Firefighters watch what's left of the structure smolder in embers and clogs. THE CAMERA PUSHES IN through the smoke. Past cops on the scene, past morgue vans, settling on the grisly site of Guido Parra, lashed to the gate in between the two guards, latter stage rigor mortis making him almost unrecognizable. Strung around his neck is a sign which reads;

"For working for the Narco-Terrorist and the murderer of children, Pablo Escobar. For All of Colombia...LOS PEPES"

THE CAMERA PUSHES all the way in on the sign as we CUT TO:

A PROJECTION SCREEN. The image of the sign is frozen. THE CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK, revealing:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL AUDITORIUM - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Justice Minister Pardo stands at the lectern. The photograph of the slain Guido Parra is projected behind him. He reads from some prepared materials.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

"Los Pepes" is an acronym for "Peoples Persecuted by Pablo Escobar." And they are from what we've been able to gather, a civilian militia of some kind. In a statement issued today, Los Pepes has vowed to quote "retaliate against Escobar, his family and his associates each time he commits a terrorist act which injures or kills innocent people."

(beat, reading on)

Last night, in addition to claiming credit for the death of attorney Guido Parra, The Pepes took responsibility for the burning of three Escobar owned businesses and the destruction of a hangar holding a collection of rare automobiles.

(setting brief aside)

Our government cannot and will not condone this type of lawlessness and vigilantism and we demand that this group disband and cease any further violence against Pablo Escobar, his immediate family or his associates.

Pardo is instantly set upon, Reporters firing questions from all sides of the auditorium.

REPORTER

Is that an official position, or a personal one.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

They are synonymous. Next question.

REPORTER #2

Do you have any idea who is behind Los Pepes?

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

Potentially thousands. Take your pick. Cartel members he's betrayed, or tried to kill. The families of those he's murdered or kidnapped. The man has no shortage of enemies.

REPORTER #3

Attorney General De Greif has been working out a deal that would return Pablo to prison. Does Los Pepes pose a significant threat to that effort?

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO
 (glancing at screen)
 They will if they keep killing his
 lawyers.

Someone yells "They might be onto something!" And raucous
 laughter rips through the auditorium. Pardo takes this
 opportunity to excuse himself.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO (CONT'D)
 That's all I have time for today,
 thank you everyone for attending.

Reporters lunge and jostle, shouting questions at the
 departing Justice Minister.

INT. CARLOS HOLGUIN SCHOOL - DAY (PAST)

Jacoby, sitting in the bunkhouse with Robertson and Toft.
 Their voices low. Their tone subdued.

ROBERTSON
 Any calls made to or from Escobar's
 people that we lock up, we then log
 if they're not actioned. The location
 coordinates are recorded and kept in
 a red binder-
 (points to a table)
 -right over there, for reference.
 That binder's been missing for the
 last week.

Toft shows Jacoby photographs of a slain man, with a "Pepes"
 sign hung around his neck.

TOFT
 This is Diego Perez, ex-embassy
 employee, got clipped two days back.
 Santos and I made this guy as a mole
 for the Medellin cartel years ago...

FLASH CUT TO:

Diego Perez, the man who was trying to take photos earlier
 in the film. He argues with Toft, who has taken his camera.

TOFT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...back when Gaviria was still running
 for president.

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

JACOBY
 So he was working inside, snitching
 for Pablo and the Pepes got to him.

Toft shakes his head "no."

ROBERTSON

In the back of that same red binder was a list of confidential informants. So if they were involved in a phone call, we knew they were our C.I.'s and wouldn't waste time chasing 'em.

JACOBY

I don't understand.

TOFT

(pointing to photo)

After Santos and I outed Perez he "turned" to avoid a prison sentence. He was our snitch.

(letting this settle)

He was working for us Steve.

ROBERTSON

If you were reading that binder and didn't know any better, he'd just look like another known associate of Escobar's...One of his people.

Jacoby looks from Robertson to Toft, big concerns brewing. Toft then opens a folder, reading from a file.

TOFT

Rodrigo Ospera, the cartel member who went up to Washington, had his meet and greet at the CIA. This is an excerpt from a sit-down he had at DEA headquarters a day later.

(reading)

"The only realistic solution is a brigade of freedom fighters, controlled by certain individual interests and independent of Colombian politicians, police or army. There are a great number of Colombian citizens from all walks of life who would be willing to assist, support and even finance such an endeavor."

FLASH CUT TO:

Guido Parra, lashed to the back of the van, dead. A ski-masked gunman standing over him, pistol smoke rising as he pulls his mask off, revealing Rodrigo Ospera.

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

TOFT (CONT'D)

I found this on Martinez's desk.

JACOBY

How?

ROBERTSON

We broke in.

Jacoby sighs, oh-shit, pressing his thumbs to his temples.

JACOBY

So he got a copy of the briefing.

TOFT

No, he didn't...

(points to the header)

This is my copy...Guess what else I found?

Toft tosses a red binder up onto the table in front of Jacoby.

TOFT (CONT'D)

That was in his desk.

Beat. Jacoby looks at the binder.

JACOBY

So call it...The Colonel is in league with Los Pepes. That's what you both believe.

ROBERTSON

That's what it looks like.

JACOBY

No, fuck what it looks like Rip, I want to know your opinion, because this is monstrous in what it means.

ROBERTSON

If I'm providing intel-- no, the U.S. Government, of which we are all a part, is providing intelligence, that is being given to a vigilante group, so they can go out and murder Pablo's lawyers and aunts and uncles and fucking parakeets and the commander of Search-Bloc is moonlighting for 'em? Then I got a problem and yeah...I think he is.

TOFT

Bottom line, word gets back that we're somehow co-opting a death squad, the hit and run congress will do on this operation, overnight will leave a line of roadkill from Bogota to the beltway. It's just that simple.

We stay on Jacoby, deep consternation, what-to-do...

GAVIRIA (V.O.)

"These massacres by Los Pepes continue unabated and without end..."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY (PAST)

Gaviria reads a personal letter from Pablo himself.

GAVIRIA

Why have you, the President, not publicly denounced this group? Why has no reward been offered for them? No one pursues them, burns their homes, confiscates their assets or terrorizes their relatives...

INT. FINCA - NIGHT (PAST)

Pablo, smoking, scribbling his missive to Gaviria, grinding pencil lead to the nub. WE REPLACE Gaviria's voice with his...

PABLO (V.O.)

...They have kidnapped and killed sixteen members of my extended family, countless attorneys, financial advisors and close friends. Their list of targets narrows while you sit idly by...

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

Gaviria concludes the letter.

PABLO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...I remain disposed to turn myself in given written and public guarantees... Pablo."

Gaviria looks over at Pardo, who is sitting across from him.

GAVIRIA

What do you think?

PARDO

...I think that maybe for the first time in his life, he's scared.

Gaviria balls up the letter, dropping it in the trash.

GAVIRIA

...So do I.

MONTAGE

Hermilida Escobar, outside her home, arguing with reporters when machine-guns pop from a passing car. RPG's follow, taking out one-side of her house and setting the rest ablaze. Flame disbursts fast and devours. Mama Escobar can only watch as the birthday gift from her son, burns to the ground.

FLASH CUT TO:

Roberto Escobar, on the street, shuffling along in disguise. A van trails him. The doors slide open as two ski-masked men step off the moving vehicle, quickly and quietly closing the gap. They rush up, attacking Roberto with no warning, sticking shivs into him like sewing bobbins, then discharging a pistol into his back, lodging bullets in his lower spine.

Escobar flails, falls, balls in a fetal position, sobbing. They toss a sign down on the ground next him that reads:

"What do you think of the game now Pablo? **PEPES**"

FLASH CUT TO:

Pablo, fighting off his back now, increasingly desperate, despondent. His world crumbling precipitously. Limitless wealth and power a thing of the past. He's on the phone to his tearful wife, trying to calm her down. In the background, behind Pablo, a handful of his loyalists wrap stick-dynamite with duct-tape and load the bundles into backpacks.

Behind Maria Victoria, WE SEE Juan Pablo and Manuela packing their belongings into bags and their security staff collecting luggage and loading it up.

INT. EMBASSY - FIFTH FLOOR VAULT - MEETING ROOM - DAY (PAST)

Bill Wagner, the picture of poise and calm as Busby and NSA Director Lake grill him about the sudden appearance of Los Pepes. Justice Minister Pardo is present for this Q&A.

BUSBY

It's not lost on anyone, your arrival here coinciding so closely with the appearance of Los Pepes.

WAGNER

Pablo is on the ropes. The methods implemented to put him there seem of little consequence at the moment.

LAKE

The blowback we're about to experience as a result of unsanctioned covert action, is of great consequence at this very second.

WAGNER

I thought I made my mission pretty clear when I arrived.

BUSBY

That was the targeting of Escobar himself. Not persons peripheral!

LAKE

Washington is going to start asking for scalps Bill, so if something is going on that we need to be made aware of, make us aware.

WAGNER

It seems a coalition of citizens have rallied to form this group. And that is as much as I want to or am willing to comment on Los Pepes.

BUSBY

Is this a CIA-sponsored unit?

WAGNER

I have nothing more to say on thi--

--An AIDE knocks abruptly, sticks his head in, interrupts--

AIDE

--Pablo's trying to fly his family out of the country!

INT. EL DORADO AIRPORT - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Toft and Santos, at the airport, keeping a low profile, shadowing Pablo's family as they move under heavy guard to Avianca's ticketing counter. Toft is on the phone to Busby.

INTERCUT

TOFT

They're going to Miami, then from there they board a Lufthansa flight to Frankfurt, Germany. If he gets them safely out of the Colombia, away from the Pepes, he's free to go ripshit riot on the whole country, all over again.

BUSBY

Who protecting them? The family?

Santos snaps photos as a chubby Juan Pablo threatens the horde of reporters crowding in. Attorney General De Greif is on hand to expedite the family's flight from Colombia.

TOFT

It's a security detachment from the Attorney General's office...De Greif is here.

BUSBY

Gaviria's going to be furious.

(cups phone, to Pardo)

Can you deny them travel visas?

PARDO

Not without legal cause. If they have valid passports, we can't prevent them from traveling.

Busby, scrambling for last second solutions.

BUSBY

Wait...How old are Escobar's kids?
Don't they have to be over eighteen to travel without both parents?

Pardo, a broad grin...they've got 'em.

PARDO

That's true.

BUSBY

Good. I'll contact the German consulate to have their entrance blocked. Get a press release ready. If Pablo wants to get his kids out of the country, he has to show up, with his wife, at the airport and put 'em on the plane himself.

INT. FINCA - DAY (PAST)

Pablo, on the phone, in rare form; perfectly furious. A seldom seen frothing rage as he attempts to get Gaviria on the line.

PABLO

Tell Gaviria, if he doesn't grant my family passage out of this country, then I will bomb the German embassy and have every German citizen in Medellin and the rest of Colombia killed!! GET HIM ON THE LINE NOW!!

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY (PAST)

Gaviria, already on the phone to Pardo, receiving word of De Greif's deception as a PRESIDENTIAL AIDE enters, panicked.

AIDE

Pablo Escobar is on line one.

GAVIRIA
 (matter of fact)
 Hang up on him. And have Colonel
 Martinez and Search-Bloc dispatched
 to El Dorado airport at once.

INT. EL DORADO AIRPORT - BOGOTA - LATER (PAST)

Colonel Martinez and Search-Bloc march in and descend on the
 Escobar family, clashing with De Greif and his staff.

TOFT
 (into phone)
 Gaviria sent Martinez...fantastic.

Pablo's family is herded in. De Greif is livid. Juan Pablo
 shoves a member of security as the family is led through a
 restricted access exit out of the airport.

TOFT (CONT'D)
 They're leaving...

INTERCUT

Pardo is on another phone, nodding to Busby, who nods back.

BUSBY
 (to Toft)
 We're going to have them transferred
 to the Hotel Tequendama in Medellin
 and confined there...

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. TEQUENDAMA HOTEL - DAY (PRESENT)

The Hotel, in the distance, SHOT THROUGH the windshield of a
 moving vehicle. THE CAMERA WHIPS AROUND TO REVEAL. Hugo Jr.,
studying the gray box, signal peaked...Pablo close.

BUSBY (V.O.)
 ...It's close to Pablo's last known
 location...

A TITLE FADES UP ON-SCREEN, lower-third: "ENDGAME PART VII"

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - DAY (PRESENT)

Pablo sits before a short-wave radio, speaking to his son.

SUPER: "December 2, 1993. 12:24pm."

PABLO

Call the Attorney General's office again. Tell him I want to surrender in large part because I believe that Martinez has a vendetta against me and is desperate to end my life as he has the lives of so many Colombians.

Pablo hears a key being inserted into the apartment door, grabs a .45 automatic off a nearby table, spins back, taking aim as Limon walks in, carrying groceries.

JUAN PABLO

Why can't De Greif stop Search-Bloc?

INT. SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

The Colonel, listening in as their vehicle rockets across Medellin in an effort to meet up with the assault force.

PABLO (V.O.)

Because their unit is lawless and corrupt and led by a vicious criminal. You hear me sonofabitch! Martinez!

INT. PANEL VAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)_

Jacoby and The Delta Operators peer out the van's small slit-style windows. Jacoby recognizes the passing neighborhood.

JACOBY

Los Olivos. We've tracked him here more than once.

Pablo's conversation with his son crackles over the speakers.

JUAN PABLO (V.O.)

...Poppa, will we see you soon?

PABLO (V.O.)

I hope so son. We're working on it.

INT. BEEHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Robertson and the Centra-Spike Techs sweat buckets, precious seconds fleeting fast as they try to fix Pablo's coordinates. The lines on-screen pinch at the corners, tone diminishing.

PABLO (V.O.)

Listen, I'm going to get off now--

ROBERTSON

--no, no, not yet--

PABLO (V.O.)

--You and Manuela go out on the patio and use the telescope, make sure the bodyguards are with you.

JUAN PABLO (V.O.)

Okay.

PABLO (V.O.)

I'll wave to you guys.

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Pablo stands, powering down the short-wave, cutting the radio transmission to his son.

INT. MERCEDES VAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)_

Hugo Jr., looks on in anger as Pablo once again disappears from his screen.

HUGO JR.

Goddamit! Alpha, we lost him!

INT. BEECHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Robertson, confirming the last locked coordinate.

ROBERTSON

Bravo-Charlie, he's gotta be close, you were less than a hundred yards from target! He's there somewhere!

INT. PANEL VAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)_

Jacoby scrambles to the front of the van, looking out the windshield.

JACOBY

(to other Operators)

Eyes on! Eyes on!

Everyone gazes out the side windows...seeing nothing.

INT/EXT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Pablo steps out onto the balcony, retrieving his flip-flops. He looks off in the direction of the Tequendama hotel and holds his hand aloft.

EXT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Manuela and Juan Pablo takes turns at the telescope, waving down to their father, miles away in the city below.

INT. MERCEDES VAN - CONTINUOUS (SAME)

Hugo Jr., frustrated, dumping the gray box and turning his attention to the two-story row houses they're passing. He finds focus, scanning, assessing movement and detail, split-second determinations are being made...It's now or never.

Then, a shape, tucked into the shadows of a small second story balcony: A heavy man, beard, long black hair, his hand in the air. Hugo sees his face for less than a second...It assembles in his head, features distinguish, sharpen. A sudden chill seizes him, the hair on the back of his neck bristling. ...That was Him.

HUGO JR.

Stop!

(softly, to Driver)

That was Pablo.

These simple words land with seismic-like resound as each of our characters react to what they've just heard. Mutual, momentary bewilderment...My God, we've finally found him.

HUGO JR. (CONT'D)

I have visual on Tango! Los Olivos!
He's in a two-story yellow house on
the south side of the street!

INTERCUTTING

The Colonel.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

(hard into his headset)

Cordon and lock down the block! All
available force, respond!

Jacoby.

JACOBY

(to his operators)

East-west ground pound, don't let a
living thing past you. No contact
unless engaged! I'm eagle's nest &
will direct fire down!

Robertson.

ROBERTSON

(to Techs, pilot)

Get us on the deck right now! Find a
airstrip close! Have the embassy
clear us for an emergency landing!

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Pablo is oblivious to the white vans passing below. He's stooped over his own telescope, waving up at his kids.

INT/EXT. MERCEDES VAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Hugo Jr. directs the convoy, everything happening at lightspeed now.

HUGO JR.

Turn right at the next street!

The Driver veers around the corner and stops. Hugo Jr. hops out, weapon up, sprinting down the back alley behind Pablo's home. Other vans pull into the alley from the opposite end: - A dozen Search-Bloc officers deploy from them, mad dash.

Meanwhile, Murphy, Hastings and the rest of the Delta Operators coordinate tactically around the front of the home, establishing clean lines-of-sight and fields-of-fire.

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Pablo steps back inside, unaware of what's transpiring below. Limon is at the stove, cooking. He offers Pablo a lit joint. - Pablo waves him off and lies down on the couch, exhausted.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Jackboots ascending, troops lunging up the steps, shoulder to shoulder; blood lust and bad intent--

Search-Bloc hits Pablo's hideout door at full stride, shearing it clean off, spilling inside, shouting commands.

Pablo bolts up. Limon abandons the stove, grabbing weapons as he and Pablo break for the upper floor. Gunfire explodes, officers squeezing off full-auto, strafing plaster, punching fist-sized holes in the ceiling.

INT/EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Limon opens the window leading onto the roof, he and Pablo blasting back at Search-Bloc troops hard charging the stairs behind them. Limon climbs out, limps in a kind of sloppy sprint, no real speed. The Officers arrayed on the ground loose torrents of gunfire up at him. Confused, he covers his face, the cannonade raking the building around him.

He tries to leap across an expanse of roof when a headshot takes him off, mid-flight, a vaporized ribbon of blood suspends beautifully, hanging there in the midday sun as Limon plummets to the alley below, crashing down dead.

Pablo is next out, firing his gun dry, screaming back inside.

PABLO
COPS! MOTHERFUCKERS!

He can't see Limon, opts for another route, running across the terra-cotta tiles barefoot, dropping down onto a lower roof, rolled-up jeans unfurl with the effort, impeding his progress, he pulls at them, fumbling for a reload.

ON THE GROUND

Hugo Jr., racing along adjacent to the roof, can't see Pablo.

HUGO JR.
NO VISUAL ON TANGO!

Hastings leaps up onto parked vehicles, trying to see over the roofline.

HASTINGS
HE'S ON THE BACK SIDE OF THE
BUILDINGS!

Murphy hustles around the building, trying to pick up visual.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)
No eyes on Tango! Who Has!? Who Has!

ON THE ROOF

Pablo, depleted physical form running on a razor-sharp instinct, putting distance on his pursuers. He reaches a higher roofline, winded, forcing himself up.

ON THE ROOF (APARTMENT)

Search-Bloc Officers clamber out...no sign of El Doctor.

THE HOTEL TEOUENDAMA

Juan Pablo has heard the gunfire and leans into the telescope to investigate. His sister Manuela plays contentedly with her dolls on the patio floor behind him, blissfully unaware.

ON THE GROUND

Failure on the fringes, everybody feeling it. WHERE IS HE!?? Search-Bloc-Delta-CNP, shouts-confusion-frantic-frenzied-fucked...Pablo going ghost every second he stays unseen.

ON THE ROOF

Pablo, moving like he means it: A fat man fresh out of tomorrows. He lands on another roof, more terra-cotta tiles cut up his feet. He keeps running, looks as though he might lose the pursuit altogether...and then his knee literally explodes out from under him, like a blown tire.

Pablo plows into the tiles, an exit wound issuing hydrants of blood below the kneecap. Shock cancels pain, a temporary reprieve when much larger hurt looms. Footfalls come fast across the tile...pursuers closing on his position.

He tries to stand -can't- his leg unable to cooperate.

ON ADJACENT ROOF

Jacoby, binoculars up, watching as Pablo struggles to stand.

JACOBY

(into headset)

Tango down. Repeat. Tango is down.

He lowers the binoculars, shrugs his weapons shoulder-strap upward, then slowly bends down...and retrieves a spent shell casing from the ground, tucking it firmly into pocket. We never saw him use his rifle, or take the shot...

...So we will never really know...

ON THE ROOF

Pablo's pursuit has arrived, fanning out around him. A huge number of troops, their weapons trained, tentatively surrounding the most notorious criminal in Colombian history.

Pablo sags, his breath beginning to slow, his struggles slowly subsiding...Doom brings an odd, inevitable calm.

THE HOTEL TEQUENDAMA

Juan Pablo watches in abject horror as his father, wounded and cornered, quietly awaits his fate.

He turns back from the telescope and sees his mother, Maria Victoria standing there. She sees it her son's face...and knows her husband is never coming home.

ON THE ROOF

Hugo Jr., appears, an expression falling between euphoria and fear. His gun is already drawn, poised against his hip as he approaches the downed drug baron.

Pablo sees the pistol in Hugo Jr's hand. He makes no last second pleas for forgiveness, nor does he beg for his life.

He simply lies his head back on the tiles and gazes up at the sky, catching sight of a flock of gulls hanging on the thermals, high above. Then, everything goes gray, the sunlight falling away under cloud cover, taking the warmth with it...

...Heaven holds no greeting for him...

ON THE GROUND

The Colonel rushes from his vehicle to a ladder leading up to the roof.

ON THE ROOF

Hugo Jr. stands overtop of Pablo, drawing the hammer back on his sidearm. Pablo refuses to look up at him, instead, he turns himself toward the Hotel Tequendama in the distance.

THE HOTEL TEQUENDAMA

Juan Pablo stares at his father...the two look eyes through the telescope...and Pablo blows a kiss goodbye to his son.

Maria Victoria draws her boy away from the telescope and holds him as he begins to cry. A single gunshot echoes across the horizon... -

SHOTS OF THE CITY

...All of Medellin goes still with it. Time suspends into a fugue state...no sound, no motion, nothing...as if every living thing were holding its breath at once.

WE FIND a lone face...The Colonel's, standing on that roof, looking on. His eyes slowly closing. Then, a VOICE cries out from the void, words that seem to carry out across the entire city...

VOICE

VIVA COLOMBIA! PABLO ESCOBAR IS DEAD!

Gunfire as fanfare, bursts of automatic weapons from Search-Bloc signal an end to the years long manhunt. An eruption of shouts and car horns commence as citizens hear the news.

All the days and months and lives spent, pursuing Pablo. All of the innocent life lost, the families torn apart, the endless bloodshed, culminate now in the most rousing public celebration of death anyone is likely to see in their lifetime.

MONTAGE

Phones start ringing from Bogota to Washington D.C. WE SEE Toft, in the fifth-floor embassy, dropping the receiver and rushing out into the main hallway:

TOFT

THEY GOT HIM! ESCOBAR IS DEAD!

A wave of cheering and celebratory whoops sound.

WE SEE Busby, in D.C. receiving the news in the midst of a staff meeting. He reacts aloud to the news, startling everyone around him.

BUSBY
 (to the room)
 PABLO'S DEAD!

More cheers.

WE SEE Gaviria and Pardo being embraced by dozens of aides. Everyone embracing as they receive word of Pablo's demise.

The battle is over...The burden lifted. Gaviria excuses himself, finds a quiet corner and just sits, letting the moment overwhelm him.

IN THE STREETS

Word moves across the country like a shot. Open celebrations spill into the streets. Jubilation takes the form of dancing and tears of joy. Pablo's reign of terror is finally over. His omnipotent, God-like grip on Colombia, gone.

ON A TELEVISION

Media outlets across the country have broken into regular programming to announce the death of El Doctor. Images of citizens celebrating abound, as Colombian society rejoices the toppling of a true tyrant: A force once thought immovable and unstoppable now lies dead atop a roof in Medellin.

The television is turned off. In the reflection of the empty screen sits Maria Victoria and the kids, she now a widow, her two children now fatherless. THE CAMERA PANS AROUND...

...She sits with Manuela in her lap, gently rocking her and singing. Juan Pablo leans against his mother, looking utterly lost. Alone with their sorrow, their grief inconsequential to the rest of the world, they are truly alone.

...no one weeps for them now...and no one ever will.

ON THE ROOF

A shaken Hugo Jr., being embraced by his father, trying to fight tears, but unable to. The Colonel whispers to his boy, words we cannot discern at this distance.

Jacoby witnesses the moment between the two. In the b.g. Search-Bloc officers and CNP troops pose over Pablo's corpse like big-game hunters showing off a trophy kill.

Delta stands by, regarding Jacoby. He nods his consent and the men pull small cameras from their gear bags to take snapshots next to the deceased El Doctor.

Hugo Jr. approaches, he and Jacoby hug.

JACOBY
 What did I tell you...?

Hugo Jr., just nods. No more words, just a job well done. He is swept up by the rest of his comrades, who look as though they want to hoist him up and parade him through the streets. The Colonel walks over to Jacoby.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
...Will you be going home now Major?

JACOBY
I will. To my family...You?

The Colonel considers a future filled with doubt...

COLONEL MARTINEZ
Who can say...Deals were struck here.
The Faustian sort. I won't seek
forgiveness or offer apologies.

JACOBY
I wouldn't either. It's done. How it
got so is a matter for historians.
...Not for those who fought it.

The Colonel looks squarely at Jacoby, who extends his hand.

JACOBY (CONT'D)
It's been honor sir and very
inspiring...Thank you.

The Colonel shakes, pulls him into an embrace.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
Be well my friend...

The Colonel brushes the barrel of Jacoby's AR-15. Finds it warm to the touch...he looks at Jacoby, then places his hand over the pocket containing the spent shell on Jacoby's chest.

COLONEL MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
(with a knowing grin)
...and thank you.

The Colonel turns and departs, starting down the ladder. Jacoby looks after him, grinning as he kneels down and removes his helmet. A shadow falls over him. He looks up see Robertson, standing there.

JACOBY
Where the hell's the plane?

ROBERTSON
(squats next to Jacoby)
Put it down on a freeway about a
mile from here. Think I'd miss this?

Jacoby laughs. The two sit quietly, until:

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

...So? How you feeling?

JACOBY

Good. Great...worked out. I'm glad.

ROBERTSON

Yeah, we got him. I don't know what it's ultimately worth, but...

JACOBY

...We stopped a bad guy from doing very bad shit. From hurting people.

ROBERTSON

...A lot of those people loved him.

JACOBY

Yeah, well...I wasn't one of 'em. What we did was right...and I'll go out on that.

(beat)

Now I just want to go home.

ROBERTSON

...Brother, you and me both.

Jacoby and Robertson look on as their men arrange themselves around Pablo. Flashbulbs fire, everyone arm-over-shoulder, big smiles and thumbs-up to commemorate the moment.

FREEZE FRAME...THE CAMERA PUSHES IN.

The men, the photo: Triumphant. Exultant. Ageless...

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: *After Pablo's death, he was transferred to a nearby morgue. There, autopsy photos depicted his beard shorn, with only a small moustache remaining...*

MORGUE PHOTO FADES UP, SHOWS PABLO WITH HITLER MOUSTACHE

...After his body was removed from the roof and loaded into an ambulance, witnesses say they heard some CNP Search-Bloc Officers saying that they wanted to:

"...show the world what Pablo was to Colombia..."

...according to these same witnesses, one of the Officers then produced a straight razor, climbed into the back of the ambulance containing Pablo's body and began to shave him...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP ON:

Actual documentary footage of Escobar's raucous, riot-intense funeral plays under the prologue and end credits.

Thousands of mourners trail the casket through the streets of Medellin, some cracking open the lid to stroke Pablo's face. The outpouring of grief is astonishing considering what he put the country through: Pablo Escobar, loved or reviled, remains to this day, a legend unlike any other.

CHARACTER PROLOGUES

CESAR GAVIRIA - Stepped down as President of Colombia after his term concluded and became General Secretary of the Organization of American States.

MORRIS BUSBY - Now retired from the State Department. He still works as a consultant for several government agencies. He currently resides in Virginia.

EDUARDO MENDOZA - After leaving Colombia in shame, Mendoza moved to New York and was offered a scholarship at Yale, where he earned his Master's Degree. He now works as a lawyer for his old friend Cesar Gaviria at the Organization of American States.

JOE TOFT - He predicted what ultimately came to pass: The Colombian government's rampant corruption as a result of being tied to the drug cartels. Before resigning from the DEA, Toft went on Bogota television to accuse Ernesto Samper, Gaviria's successor as President of being in the pocket of the Cali cartel.

Tapes surfaced that authenticated Toft's claim, tying a 3.5 million dollar campaign donation to Samper, back to the Cali cartel. Toft now lives in Reno, Nevada.

HUGO MARTINEZ JR. - After serving as a Captain and Station Commander in the city of Manizales, Colombia, Hugo Jr. returned to Bogota to rejoin his old electronic-surveillance unit. He currently resides there.

COLONEL MARTINEZ - After Pablo's death, the Colonel brought some of Escobar's personal items home as souvenirs. His young son Gustavo was rooting through one of the bags containing these items when a small handgun, belonging to Pablo, discharged and nearly killed the boy, grazing, but not seriously injuring him. To the Colonel, it was as if Pablo had taken one last shot at him and his family from the grave.

The Colonel was subsequently promoted to General and spent time in Washington as military attaché to the Colombian embassy before finally retiring. To this day, he denies ever being involved with Los Pepes, calling them a "distraction" and a "nuisance." He was never formally charged for conspiring with this group...He now lives on a small farm in Mosquera, Colombia.

THE ESCOBAR FAMILY - After repeated attempts to flee Colombia, the family finally found refuge in Buenos Aires, where they lived quietly until their arrest in 2000. Maria Victoria and Juan Pablo are facing charges of conspiracy and money-laundering. They also face jail in Argentina and possible deportation back to Colombia.

Pablo's brother Roberto survived a stint in prison and now lives in Canada. He has written a book about his brother entitled "Mi Hermano Pablo" Their mother Hermilida still lives in Colombia and holds a weekly mass for her son. To this day, it draws thousands of mourners a week, more than a decade after Pablo's death.

ALL OTHER CHARACTER INFORMATION TBD

THE END