

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 at the age of thirty-three, had reached a level of affluence and power stratospheric in scale...A man whom many believe to be the father of modern terrorism. He lorded over a billion dollar drug empire to brutal effect and waged open war against an entire country. He was ruthless, revered, vilified, feared and remains what many consider to be the last great gangster of the 20th century...**

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

END CRAWL

WE SEE: Pablo the family man. With his wife MARIA VICTORIA. Playing with his daughter MANUELA and son JUAN PABLO.

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; at a bullfight, at a nightclub, at a soccer match. Always the center of attention.

WE SEE: A final image of Pablo dressed as the famous Mexican bandito and revolutionary Pancho Villa. AS THE CAMERA PUSHES IN on this image, WE DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - MORNING
(PRESENT)

Pablo Escobar...One day after his 44th 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 the precipice of power. His cellphone begins to chirp.

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

The ringing cellphone reverberates, as THE CAMERA DRIFTS OUT AND AWAY FROM PABLO, TILTING UP toward the cloudless blue sky, revealing a small plane, high above.

EXT. BEEHCRAFT PLANE - (PRESENT)

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. We hear
The voice of a small girl: It is Pablo's
daughter, MANUELA.

ROBERTSON

(reacting
to
others)
He's talking! Get
Search-Bloc up!

Pablo's voice booms over the plane's cabin.

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 the 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, 21, 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. His bearing one of complete confidence and determination.

JACOBY

Yes or no?

HUGO JR.

Few more minutes.

The green line on Hugo's screen pulsates, lengthens. He removes his headset, 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 very being...Pablo Escobar. His phone rings, he grabs it.

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.

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.*
1986."

Pablo is mobbed as he makes his way up the steps, waving and smiling for the 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 Pablo ascends the steps, greeting his mother HERMILIDA, 60's and his lawyer, the diminutive, rodent-like GUIDO PARRA, 51.

REPORTER

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

PABLO

Show me the candidate who didn't spend money and I'll

show you the same
one who lost.

The gathered roar with laughter.

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 El
Doctor. 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 by-product of a
bicycle rental
business you started
with your brother?

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

PABLO

Your father and our former President was implicated by the American television show "60 Minutes" as a drug trafficker Ms. Turbay. Do you ask him these kinds of questions?

Turbay ignores the slight and presses her questioning.

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 to Colombia, to me. We don't have the gringo's drug problem here and the coca leaf, like the coffee bean, has been part of our 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

(grin
s,
to
his
moth
er)

You should have been
more strict.

(turn
ing
to
his
wife)

And you! Why would
you marry such a
man! Shame on you!

Reporters laugh and titter, totally charmed
and enthralled.

PABLO

If it's an outlaw
you require Ms.
Turbay and it seems
as though you do,
then you need look
no further than
Justice Minister
Lara. A man under
suspicion of
accepting bribes
from Colombia's drug
trade. It's him you
should be
investigating.

(beat
)

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. At

the other end of the conference table, U.S. Ambassador LEWIS TAMBS, 62, a stout, stalwart Reagan conservative and his aide de camp, counter-terrorism specialist MORRIS BUSBY, 54.

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, glances at his friend, SENATOR LUIS GALAN, 36, the man most likely to assume the mantle of President.

GALAN

...And what is it
you want?

BUSBY

We're asking that
you deny him a seat
in your congress and
denounce his
presence here today.

TAMBS

That vest is a
symbol of our pledge
to help you bring
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

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

(inte
rrup
ting)

--Escobar is thought
by many to be the de
facto leader of
Colombia Senor
Gaviria. 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
Gala
n
and
Lara)

The statement we

make today will be
heard by the rest of
the world.

(beat

,
poin

ted)

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,
gavelling the session to order. Everyone
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 and 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 criminal
accusations leveled
against me and my
office. Accusations
of accepting illegal
campaign checks and
ill-gotten gain from
the drug trade. In
response, I offer to
resign my post
should any proof of
this surface.

(beat

,
righ

t at

Pabl

o)

There is blackmail
and extortion being
perpetrated within
Colombia's political
class, but not by
me...

((bea

t,

poin

ting)

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

kill

shot)

This 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

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

(beat

,
voic

e

boom

ing)

And 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.

A sudden 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 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.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

My apologies.
Training.

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,
yes?

The Colonel nods, 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?

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
'
dead
pan)
He actually had to
be reminded there
was a safety.

Stemware trembles as the table roars with
laughter.

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

COLONEL MARTINEZ
(rais
ing
his
own
glas
s.)
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.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
(afte
r 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. He glances over at a visibly dismayed General Vargas.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

(lean
ing
in,
quie
tly)

I thought he was
denounced today.

GENERAL VARGAS

(nodd
ing,
grim)

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

CUT TO:

A TELEVISION SCREEN: Jittery images of police and armed soldiers exchanging gunfire with unseen assailants 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:

SUPER: "Washington D.C. November, 1986"

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

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 young Major Jacoby.

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

LAKE
You're convinced he's behind this?

TOFT
Assassinating half the supreme court?

It would be like one
of us putting a hit
out on the White
House--

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

AIDE
--Sorry to interrupt.

LAKE
No. Go. What?

AIDE
(read
ing
prin
tout)
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
The CNP are
estimating that in
addition to the
eleven slain
Justices, another
forty rebels were
killed along with
fifty palace
employees.

LAKE
Good Christ.
(back
to
Toft)
What about Barco,

the President? 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

(star
ing
at
the
scre
en)

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
beat, we better be
ready to bulldoze
every basic human
right he has...

CUT TO:

INT. ESCOBAR MANSION - NIGHT (PAST)

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

TOFT (V.O.)
...because he is the
hydra of a million
heads...and you'll
never be able to cut
'em all off.

C
U
T
B
A
C
K
T
O
S
C
E
N
E:

LAKE
Well, we'll have
plenty of swords to
swing. The President
just earmarked a
quarter billion
dollars to battle
the cartels.

(beat
, to

Jaco
by)
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

Done. 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, 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

(list
enin
g,
nodd
ing)

Excellent. That's
excellent news
Ambassador and I

thank you.
(list
ens,
smil
es)
Yes...again, all my
gratitude.

Lara disconnects, seems invigorated.

LARA
The Americans are
committing.

AIDE
Good timing.
(read
ing
pape
r)
Escobar just founded
a new political
movement that call
themselves--

INTERCUT

PABLO (V.O.)
--The Extradictables.

INT. ESCOBAR FINCA (MANSION) - ONE DAY
EARLIER (PAST)

Pablo holds court with a young REPORTER.

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

INT. ESCOBAR FINCA - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Pablo, leaning toward the reporter for
emphasis.

PABLO

--than 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 off his shoulder,
FIRING. Lara is hit in the head and
throat, slumping forward. His Aide and the
Driver are strafed/struck. The car slams
into a guard-rail as we CUT TO:

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"

SUPER: "Bogota, Colombia. 1987"

Black arm bands, hundreds 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. 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

...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. But 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, seeking an
autograph from the candidate.

Galan grins, gesturing for the boy to be
brought up. As two of the CNP officers
hoist him up, his smile evaporates as he
drops the 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
as the crowd explodes, bedlam breaking 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 Galan, but
he's gone...

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

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

INT. TAMBS RESIDENCE - SAME (PAST)

OFFICIALS from the embassy are on hand to
console Tambs.

TAMBS
--I've got a
granddaughter that
age for God's sake.

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.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

It's really the
safest place for
you...

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 like razors as a blast wave uncoils
from the car bomb just detonated beneath
him.

The force unleashed pinballs Tambs off the
far wall of his apartment. The room's other
occupants lie tangled in shock or
staggering upright, trying to stand,
bloodied, boggled.

Tambs lurches to his feet, stumbling
through the pall of impenetrable smoke
pouring in. Down below, his car burns,
upended. Passersbys lie dead on the street,
killed mid-stride. Tambs collapses,
shaking, sobbing 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, is he
alright?

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

BUSBY
...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
Was he hurt?

BUSBY
He got banged up,
yeah.

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 before a crowd of
underprivileged families, holding a pair of
scissors up to a large velvet ribbon strung
across a street lined with new homes.
Smiling, he cuts the ribbon and people rush
past to claim their new dwellings.

A PRIEST is on hand to anoint the grounds as well as Pablo himself, who receives the blessing with affected humility.

An OLDER WOMAN, her face deeply creased and fraught with tears, clutches Pablo's arm, thanking him profusely. He draws her in, smiling, laughing. She kisses his face.

The old woman is gently guided away by her equally grateful son. News cameras capture the moment. Pablo turns his attention to the gathered reporters.

PABLO

A year ago this was
a landfill,
populated by
squatters and
beggars. I stood
here, on this spot
and asked God for
his guidance and
good grace.

(with
nod
to
the
Priest)

He showed me
this...so I built
it.

(turning
back)

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

How much of this
housing development
was subsidized by
our government?

PABLO

None of it...And I
don't consider the
current Government
to be "ours". It's
not something born
of, or built by
Colombians. This
country belongs to
us, not to its
failed leadership.

REPORTER #2

Senor, is your
attitude the result
of being denounced
in the Senate?

PABLO

(beat

'
with
regr
et)

I don't like
admitting how wrong
I was, or how
foolish I now feel.
Politics, I've
learned, is a parlor
game for the
corrupt...Men like
the late Rodrigo
Lara and Luis Galan.

REPORTER #3

There are those that
believe you were
behind their murders
Senor. 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...

A small child wanders up, Pablo lifts her
onto his lap.

PABLO

...Our group was
founded to preserve
our rights and
battle the oligarchy
running this
country. Both Lara
and Galan were
suspected of being
in the pocket of the
drug cartels. They
were criminals who
repeatedly betrayed
their people--

(gest
ures
arou
nd)

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

(beat

,
with
emph
asis)

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 veritable monument to Colombia's booming drug trade.

A wild party is in progress. Thong-clad women lounge poolside as waiters deliver drinks, joints and lines of cocaine on silver trays...Semi-nude girls slide down a banister toward Escobar's men, who line up at the bottom, tongues uncoiled. This is bacchanalia at its most debauched.

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

(read
ing)

The U.S. hasn't sent
a diplomat to
Colombia...They've
sent a warrior.

(hand
s
pape
r to
Parr
a)

Ours is a war of the
just.

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 Colombia. 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.

GUIDO PARRA

Doctor, might I be
the quiet voice of
calm here and urge
you to--

PABLO

--Guido, do you
understand what
we're set against?
What we're forced to
do battle with here?
Heretical,
hypocritical scum.
Killers. These
bastards in Bogota
say "Escobar is
evil" because they
can't bear to
acknowledge
everything I've
built in their
absence. Houses and
hospitals and
schools and soccer
fields. The poor in
this country are
shit on. Who's
their protector?
When they seek
salvation, when they
search the heavens
for hope, who do

they see? Me.
Pablo Escobar.
Private citizen. I
give selflessly and
ask only in return
to conduct my
business as I choose
and how does Bogota
respond? Do they
seek me out to shake
my hand? No. They
persecute and
provoke...and seek
my end.

(beat

,
summ
onin
g
piet
y)

This is a
revolution. Poncho
Villa, Guevara,
Castro-- all waged
similar wars with
the state. One that
dedicated itself to
their destruction--

TR
AN
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ON
BA
CK
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.

SUPER: "Medellin, Colombia. December 2,
1993. 11:53am."

PABLO

--Just as this
government dedicates
itself to mine, by
giving me over to
the gringos, so I
can be paraded in
front of their
President and put on
display like Noriega.
(beat

,
comp
oses
hims
elf)

My love, if I let
that happen, then
I've failed. Not
just my family, but
my country...what's
standing against
them but me?

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. BEEHCRAFT - SAME (PRESENT)

Robertson and the Techs, collective fingers
crossed.

PABLO (V.O.)
There you are my
love...

TECHNICIAN #2
Two minutes in!

TECHNICIAN
He should have
disconnected by now.

PABLO (V.O.)
My beautiful Maria
Victoria...

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

The green arc on-screen defines. The Techs
sweat...then, three intersecting lines
lock...Pablo has been located.

TECHNICIAN
Bravo-Charlie! We
have Tango!

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

HUGO JR.
(reac
ts,
back
to
Jaco
by)
*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 amped up, listening to Pablo's
voice over the vehicle's speakers and a
small 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, ex-
college linebacker, mans the radio-
telemetry.

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
surrender himself to
the authorities if
your family were
given exile
elsewhere?"

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.
Write this down son,
do you have a pen?

JUAN PABLO (O.S.)
Yes.

PABLO
Good...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.)

Okay. I got
it...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...

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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.

SUPER: "Bogota, Colombia. 1988"

INT. PRIVATE HANGAR -- DAY (PAST)

Jacoby moves down the jetway along with Joe Toft and an EMBASSY REPRESENTATIVE.

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 is prompted to pull his weapon as well.

JACOBY

Shit...it's that bad?

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

And they're gonna
repeal it.

TOFT

That's the vibe.
Pablo's got the
government pissing
down its leg pally.
(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.)
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.)
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 and running off.

INT. EMBASSY CAR - CONTINUOUS -- (PAST)

Toft continues his debrief.

TOFT
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 his
doorstep.

They slam the trunk on her.

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.

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE: *Thousands* of robed JUDGES
and MAGISTRATES protest, carrying picket
signs bearing Escobar's likeness.

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.)

Not even the
funerals were safe.

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

TOFT (V.O.)

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.

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.
Take up their
struggle y'can get
away with anything.

TOFT

This ain't Robin
Hood bub. 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 made one big
fucking mistake.
Not with all the
people he's
murdered. ...But
with the one he left
alive.

CUT
BAC
K
TO:

EXT. CNP HEADQUARTERS - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Moments after the explosion. Fires blaze
within the remains of the building, smoke
is everywhere, Out of this hellish maw
emerges a man; burnt, bloodied, *bent*. We
recognize him.

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 *serious* 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.)
...No one wanted to
fuck with Pablo.

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

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. They are met by the D.E.A. Agent JAVIER SANTOS, 40's, a tattooed ex-marine. Toft makes intros.

SANTOS
They flipped it.
The Supreme Court.

Toft scoffs. The three men start down a corridor together.

SANTOS
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 them. Assembled are Busby, presidential front-runner Gaviria, his slight, bookish campaign manager EDUARDO MENDOZA, 31, and a heavily bandaged COLONEL HUGO MARTINEZ, still recovering.

BUSBY
Gentlemen I'm sure
we're all put off by
the news out of
Bogota this morning.

But know that as
President Barco
prepares to step
down-

(beat

,
gest

urin

g)

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

A polite round of applause for an
embarrassed 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 speaks, voice 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
Gavi
ria)

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
Gavi
ria'
s
look)

You're serious?

GAVIRIA

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

my family.

Mendoza weighs that responsibility...then,
with reluctance.

MENDOZA

Very well.

BUSBY

Major Jacoby will
provide surveillance
on Escobar so his
movements can be
closely monitored.
Beyond that, our
government has
prohibited us from
taking military
action or
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 reads
the implication.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

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

(off

Busb

y's

sile

nce)

We lost thirty
officers in the
first five days of
Search-Bloc's
formation. Pablo's
murdered another
ninety-six since

then. It's
incomprehensible the
damage he's done. I
had to stop
attending funerals,
unless those killed
were of rank.

(long
beat

'
look
s up)

I only accepted this
assignment because
no one else would.
I too have a family
and I don't want my
wife to have to bury
her husband or my
children, their
father.

(to
Gavi
ria)

But I will see this
command through, no
matter the cost,
because I believe
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

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
heard in there.

JACOBY

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

COLONEL MARTINEZ

...Then what choice
would you make 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 Major...The
men I've lain to

rest, will be with
me, I'm sure, the
rest of 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...

(beat

,
unsu

re,

conf

used)

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

The Colonel abruptly ends their
conversation and turns, limping off down
the hall...Jacoby just watches him go.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BOGOTA - DAY

Jacoby, a can of beer resting on his chest,
has 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.)

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

Jacoby grins at this, plays with the phone
cord.

MAUREEN

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
of the room; a rathole with zero charm.
The bed looks absolutely abused.

MAUREEN (V.O.)
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.

(laug
hing
agai
n)
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

(glan
cing
at
arma
ment)

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. A
bunch of assholes,
celebrating.

Booms reverberate across the city as
hundreds of skyrockets soar into the skies
above Bogota. Escobar flunkies and
followers rejoicing the revocation of the
treaty. Cries of "Viva Pablo!" Rise up
from the streets.

MAUREEN (V.O.)

Why?

JACOBY

Why? Because a very

bad guy, just got a
very big break...

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INT. PANEL VAN - (PRESENT)_

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

SUPER: "Medellin, Colombia. December 2,
1993. 12:08pm."

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

...No, their
government does not
represent my
greatest fear. That
fear is the fear of
losing my family.

JUAN PABLO

(anot
her
paus
e,
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

Son, I'm going to
call you back
through the hotel's
switchboard. We'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 van 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 deploy, hitting the front door, weapons up, going room to room. Hugo Jr. directs Jacoby through the halls. They come to a closed door, Jacoby takes it down with a boot.

...But it's empty.

A beat before we hear laughter...Pablo's laughter, filtering slowly up over the scene, Everyone stands, stunned, as we...

.
. .
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:

EXT. NAPOLES MANSION - DAY (PAST)

THE CAMERA drifts over the sprawling, perfectly groomed grounds, past gardeners and landscapers laboring away.

SUPER: "Medellin, Colombia, 1988"

The laughter continues over this scene as WE FIND:

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

In the shallow end, blowing on his infant daughter's face, is Pablo, laughing himself hoarse as he dunks Manuela, teaching her to swim.

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

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

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

Pablo continues speaking as THE CAMERA
DRIFTS away, over the top of a table,
SETTLING on a copy of Semana magazine.

PABLO (O.S.)
What does an
extradition treaty
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."*

PABLO
The gringos should
be ashamed. The
U.S., that goddamned
Bush, they don't
belong in Colombia.
This is our home.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Busby and high-level embassy officials meet
with incoming Colombian President Gaviria
and key members of his staff.

BUSBY
Gentlemen, there is

one topic on the
table. Extradition.

An Aide shuts the large double doors. As 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

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's
scum...I think
Escobar represents
the worst of what
Colombia is...And is

our greatest
humiliation.

Mendoza nods, pleased. The stiff-backed
recruit beams.

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. 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
assembly. Bunch of
bench players.

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 the
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.

HASTINGS

And how involved do

we get?

JACOBY

Right now, we train
up their people and
provide surveillance
support. Beyond
that, it's "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

(smil
ing,
to
Jaco
by)
Stosh. You got the
gang all here?

JACOBY

Just the good ones.
Captain Robertson-
(gest
ures
to
his
men)
-meet the ladies of
Phi Delta Epsilon.

Icebreaker. The whole hangar laughs.

JACOBY

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. 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

...and so sad.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

(as
if
amen
ding)
No, no, *happy*...for
our son.

Adrianna kisses his nose.

ADRIANNA

I don't believe you.

He kisses her back.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

You never do.

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, standing in front and assessing his son's appearance. Hugo straightens up.

HUGO JR.

...Colonel.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

Cadet.

Another beat before the Colonel breaks into a wide grin, embracing his son. Adrianna begins to cry.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

(quite
tly,
to
Hugo
Jr.)

...very proud of you
boy.

Then, sudden screaming erupts close. 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
Dess
ie's
sobs)
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, slow-eyed, all menace.

HENAO

El Doctor! Victory!
Viva Escobar!

Pablo climbs out of the pool with his daughter. Mesa tosses him a towel. Henao hands him a lit joint. ROBERTO ESCOBAR, 30's, Pablo's piggish brother, 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?

ROBERTO
I was.

PABLO
We found a
sympathetic judge.
(beat

'
bigg
er
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 lit
joint in her father's mouth. She reaches
for it, Pablo, tries to keep it out of
reach. He hands it back to Henao.

PABLO
For now, yes, but
there are those that
want the treaty
reinstated.

(beat
'
exha
les)
Like Cesar Gaviria.
(beat

'
all
busi

ness)
You've put someone
inside?

MESA
We're getting close.

PABLO
Close enough to put
a bullet in his head?
(off
thei
r
look
s)
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. Gaviria moves down the row of
those selected, shaking hands, expressing
his appreciation. 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 yanks the
camera away, pulling the man aside.

TOFT

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

(grab
bing
the
man'
s
I.D.
neck
lace)

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

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, how fucking
helpful are you
going to be then?

DIEGO PEREZ

Hey, hold on, I'm
not going to stand
here and be talked
to like a fool--

TOFT

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

Perez, pissed at being upbraided, storms
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, we all know
these things tend to
get tribal. Units
not sharing
information,
sandbagging each
other. That's not
gonna happen here.
Forget whatever

issing matches
might have taken
place, our units are
gonna go forward in
this fight with an
undying devotion to
the other.
Understand?

(turn
s to
Robe
rtso
n)

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 boot.

More laughter. Everyone becoming fast
friends.

ROBERTSON

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, pulling out their bulky
secure black cellphones, each one has been

turned "on".

ROBERTSON

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

MURPHY

(hold
ing
up
his
phon
e)

You didn't get mine.

ROBERTSON

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

(to
Murp
hy)

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

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

EXT. NAPOLES MANSION - NIGHT - (PAST)

Pablo, cellphone in hand, comes stalking
down a stone path in his robe with Popeye
at his heels. In a bedroom behind them, we
see TEENAGE GIRLS, disheveled, half-

dressed, 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. Sitting with them, the young RECRUIT from Gaviria's 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 airport on their way to a campaign stop. Among those accompanying Gaviria, the young RECRUIT.

THE CAMERA TRACKS ALONG WITH THEM AS WE
FIND:

Popeye, glimpsed in the departure area, sits 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, sweating through his shirt. Popeye hefts a black briefcase up.

POPEYE

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

Popeye shows the Thug a small toggle switch

on the underside.

POPEYE

Keep it aimed like
this.

(lays
it
acro
ss
lap)

With this side
towards him.

(poin
ts
with
fing
er)

Lookit, *that's* the
microphone there.
You need to record
everything Gaviria
says. *Everything*.
Don't fuck up.

THUG

No, no, man. I got
it, I got it. What
does Gaviria look
like?

POPEYE

He's sitting right
across from you.
Now go, you'll get
the rest of your
money when you land.

The thug nods, taking the briefcase,
heading off.

INT. JETWAY - CONTINUOUS - (PAST)

Gaviria and Mendoza are intercepted by
Colonel Martinez and a detachment of
Search-Bloc troops.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

No more commercial

flights. 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
Mend
oza)
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
,
gest
urin
g)
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, moving 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 birthday party for his mother.

PABLO

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

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

PABLO

(quietly,
to
his
mother)
Happy birthday mama.

HERMILIDA ESCOBAR

You are my heart's
greatest gift...

She kisses her boy warmly.

EXT. AIRPORT PHONE BOOTH - DAY (PAST)

Popeye walks away as the Avianca flight rises into the cloudless Bogota sky behind him...

CUT TO BLACK

A thunderous explosion shudders across the void.

A chorus of startled shouts and screams ring out. The distant din and wail of emergency vehicles quickly fills the air.

CUT UP ON:

A TELEVISION SCREEN

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE FROM CNN: Showing the horrible images from the Avianca crash. Fire trucks douse a bomb-slashed section of fuselage. Bodies, covered with sheets, are carted to awaiting ambulances. Personal belongings, books, clothing, toys...burnt and strewn across a blackened field.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...from a bomb,
smuggled on board by
one of the
passengers.
Officials believe
that Colombian
presidential hopeful
Ceasar Gaviria was
the intended target
of this terrorist
act. CNN will
continue to update
you on this tragedy
as details emerge.

The images suddenly clicks off and WE PAN AROUND TO REVEAL:

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

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

Each of them are still staring at the blank television screen, shocked and dismayed.

An AIDE crosses frame, whispering to Lake before punching up a speaker-phone. Behind Lake, a gallery of photographs of Escobar and members of the Medellin drug cartel have been erected on stands.

The Aide, still over the speaker-phone, nods up at Lake.

LAKE

Morris?

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

BUSBY (O.S.)

I'm here Tony.

LAKE

(addr
essi
ng
room)

Ambassador Busby is
on with us now.

(beat

,
towa
rd
spea
ker)

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

'sitt
ing)
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:

The security RECRUIT from Gaviria's
protection team, head hung, hog-tied, in
his underwear, being dragged across a dirt
floor by Search-Bloc officers.

BUSBY (V.O.)
...and discovered a
breach in Gaviria's
internal security.
He had a mole on his
close protection
team.

The Recruit looks up and sees Colonel
Martinez glowering down at him.

BUSBY (V.O.)
This man provided
details.

FLASH CUT TO:

The Recruit is brutally interrogated by the Colonel.

BUSBY (V.O.)

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

CUT
BAC
K
TO:

Lake, unable to conceal or contain his disgust.

LAKE

Escobar has moved
into the realm of
outright terrorist
attack as far as the
President is
concerned. He's
gone on record, as
preferring, quote:

(read
s
from
brie
f)

"Direct military
action" in response
to this incident.

(sett
ing
asid
e
brie
f)

The vagaries of that
are still being
ironed out, but if I
had to guess I'd say
Delta was about to
get a big green

light.

INT. CARLOS HOLGUIN SCHOOL - DAY (PAST)

The Recruit, beaten, bleeding. He's hauled up and dragged outside. The Colonel exits the interrogation room a moment later. The Search-Bloc officers are assembled before him.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

(gest
ures
afte
r
Recr
uit)

He's getting off
easy. If any of you
men consciously
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 however, appears troubled.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

We're about to mount
the largest criminal
manhunt in Colombian
history to capture
the fugitive Pablo
Escobar. Several of
us may lose our
lives in this
undertaking, so I
won't begrudge a
single resignation
of duty...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.

(pause,
with
weight)
And God be with us
all.

MONTAGE

NOTE: This montage will be a mixture of
existing archival footage as well as
scripted material.

Raids and assaults commence, blitzkrieg-
style. Pablo's hideouts and fincas are
struck by assault forces, but it's always
too little, too late...WE SEE Pablo escape
seconds before Search-Bloc hits.

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. 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 the raids; Pablo's bloody
counter-punch for the Colonel. More cops

are killed. More of Bogota's ruling class abducted.

MONTAGE (RESUME)

In The Beechcrafts: Robertson and Centra-Spike, frustrated by 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 his force up a mountain-side, with trucks and armored transports trying to "sneak up" on a hideout.

MURPHY

This is like hunting
deer with a
bulldozer.

Troops walk up the hill instead of low-crawling as the Delta Operators do. 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. Accompanying him on stage is outgoing President Barco and past president JULIO TURBAY.

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 marbled bathroom houses a big screen television 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.

The officer walks out.

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.

SUPER: "Outside Medellin, Colombia. 1990"

ROBERTSON

...and their
soldiering is for
shit. We've put
them a quarter mile
from Pablo's
position a *half*
dozen times and
that's when they
start tripping over
their dicks. 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 dig the old
man...He's got a
heavy-hand but I
like what he's doing.

ROBERTSON

Stosh, he's
torturing suspects.

JACOBY

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

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?

BROBERTSON

No...

JACOBY

...Good.

INT. HIDEOUT - NIGHT (PAST)

Pablo, holed up, laid low, room illuminated
by candles. 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 seen...

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

PABLO

...We have
informants, inside.
That's how they're
finding us. Find
them. Contact the
Galleanos and the
Moncadas. Let them
know that I'll take
this fight to them

if I feel their
support stray.

Pablo stews, shakes a joint from his
pocket, reflecting.

PABLO
Colombia's biggest
crooks live in
Bogota...Murderers
masquerading as good
government...

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

PABLO
...Sending their
assassins.
(as
he
stud
ies
phot
os)
Find out everything
about him. His
family, 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.

ADRIANNA
This is the third
time we've moved.

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
it. They'd rather
resign their
commissions than
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

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

The Colonel erupts with a fury that seems
too familiar now.

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

(whis
peri
ng,
scar
ed)

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. A beat, another knock, followed by a voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

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

The Colonel slowly 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...
(awkw
ard
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
If I didn't agree to
come and talk to
you, they said they
would butcher my two
young sons. Said
this to me.

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
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
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

You've been my
friend for years. I
refuse to remember
you this way.

GENERAL TAPIA

(reel
ing,
scar
ed)
*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.
(tear
s of
ange
r
form

ing)
...The soul is
priceless
Alberto...to sell
off something so
magnificent,
squander a gift as
great...will pit all
of God against you.

(paus
e,
reco
veri
ng)

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.

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, stands at a lectern, reading a
recent missive from "The Extradictables"
The document appears via overhead projector
on a screen behind him. THE CAMERA PULLS
BACK...Pardo's new Vice-Minister 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.)

"...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,
is dragged into a warehouse.

JUSTICE MINISTER
PARDO (V.O.)

"...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
anywhere 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 seen..."

For the hundreds assembled, you could hear
a pin drop. Then, everything is shattered
at once by a barrage of flashbulbs and
camera shutters firing at once. Salvos of
SHOUTS follow. Pardo quells the commotion,
reading from a prepared statement.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

President Gaviria is
calling for the
dissolution of this
group "The
Extradictables" and
demanding a
cessation of
hostilities against
the citizens of
Colombia...Now I,
along with Vice-
Minister Eduardo
Mendoza will answer-
(glan
ces
at
watc
h)

-Whatever questions
we can in the time
remaining.

Voices erupt into a ceaseless clamor, a deafening overlap that discerns 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.

REPORTER #4

Why hasn't he been
captured?

MENDOZA

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

REPORTER #2

Does Colonel Hugo
Martinez remain in
charge of this unit?

MENDOZA

We're 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

That won't be
dignified with a
response.

T
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REPORTER

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

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
inept and
incompetent..

Hugo Jr., perplexed, pissed.

HUGO JR.

(into
head
set)

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.

SUPER: "Medellin, Colombia. December 2, 1993. 12:20pm."

ROBERTSON

Bravo-Charlie,
unless you're
reading coordinates
wrong, *that's his*
location-

Robertson slams the control console with a closed fist.

INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Jacoby quickly deploys Delta around the rest of the complex.

JACOBY

(head
set,
to
his
team)
On engagement, no
advance to contact.
CNP-Search Bloc has
dibs on Tango.
Stand down, wait on
"fire order"

Delta operators sweep the building...Pablo's gone.

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're our
best shot at
bullseye-ing 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.*

Hugo Jr's. Headset crackles, he 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 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
head
set)
TANGO IS BACK ON-AIR!

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - DAY
(PRESENT)

Pablo eyeballs the street below, nervous,
pacing.

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,
have 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...

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.

SUPER: "Outside Medellin, Colombia. 1991"

ROBERTSON

...It'll take some
time to master.
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 took it 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
Major Steve Jacoby,
I'm a big fan of
your father.

The two men shake hands.

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
Robe
rtso
n)

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 your
"Giant Gringo"
camouflage continue
to confound the
locals--

--Their sparring session is interrupted by
the appearance of The Colonel. Robertson
and Jacoby excuse themselves, leaving The
Colonel alone with his namesake.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

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

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.

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.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
...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.
That you and I wear
the same uniform
means nothing. That
I happen to be your
son does. It means
I'm marked.

(beat
)

You made a
choice...Let me make
mine.

The burden of being a father, loving your
son. The Colonel's embattled expression
bears every bit of that struggle.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - NIGHT (PAST)

Helicopter Gunships sweep over the treetops.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP FINCA - BARN - DUSK

Pablo, in hiding, meeting with the MOCANDA
BROTHERS, GERARDO, KIKO and WILLIAM:
Brutal. Bloodless. Long standing allies.

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 tons
worth, sitting on pallets, awaiting
shipment.

PABLO

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.

PABLO

(to
Monc
adas
&
Gall
eano)

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 for all
of us right now. It
is of some concern
to me however.
Because I am that man

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 close to Fernando, shows him a photograph of his family, edges burned
crisp, emulsion blistered by the heat.

PABLO

That was pulled from
a bonfire Search-
Bloc lit on the
front lawn at
Napoles...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
phot
o)

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.

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 two CNP gunships swoop in, encircling the property. 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." Jacoby 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

,

grab
bing
cell)
I'll call Limon,
tell him to get the
house in Los Olivos
ready.

As Popeye dials, Pablo takes 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.
(read
ing
disp
lay)
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 crosses over, taking the phone from him.

INTERCUT

EXT. JUNGLE - JEEP - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

Pablo speaks 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, his shocked gaze moving over the dead Tyson.

PABLO

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

The Colonel looks over at Hugo Jr.

PABLO (O.S.)

...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
and with equal parts rage and resolve--

COLONEL MARTINEZ
--Burn it...Burn
everything.

The pallets of cocaine are doused with
gasoline and set ablaze, flames climbing
into the 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 husband, JULIO TURBAY, 60's, the
former president. On Gaviria's desk sits a
blood-stained VHS tape.

NYDIA QUINTERO
(weep
s,
nods
to
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

'fres

h

tear

s)

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

--That is 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 ghoulish

routine of torture
and abuse.

Gaviria, to De Greif, cutting.

GAVIRIA

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

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

(pack
ing
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 with a piece
of paper that he shows to Gaviria.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

It's a diagram of

the route my
children take to
school every morning.

(beat

,
poin
ting)

That's Pablo's
thumbprint.

As everyone regards this most recent
threat--

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

--knowing that if we
don't receive it,
we'll act in spite
of it--

JULIO TURBAY

--Nydia, please.

(back
to
Gavi
ria)

We wish to grant
this group, these
"Extradictables" the
opportunity to
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 want 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, frustration

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 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

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

(point

to

to

other

of

the 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? Away from
Martinez and those
fucking cops.

PABLO

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

(beat

and
look

at

around

and)

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.)
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
I'll 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

Don't cry...You're
not old enough to
know what all of
this means...

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 won't ever
catch you Poppa.

PABLO

I know they
won't...But I need
to make them feel
like they have. You
mark this boy, what
your father's
done...Stood up for
people who couldn't
stand up for
themselves. Fought
against very
powerful people who
wanted to hurt this
country.

(beat

)
Now I need you to
take care of our
family while I'm
away.

JUAN PABLO
Will you be gone a
long time?

PABLO
Maybe a year. But
after that, I'll
leave here and I'll
never have to run
again. We'll be
together then.

JUAN PABLO
All of us?

PABLO
All of us.

Pablo pulls his son closer as they sit and
watch the last remnants of sunlight slip
below the horizon.

PABLO
..."God kisses the
ocean and the trees
and the sun and the
breeze...and loves
Colombia like no
other..."

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 blood.

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.

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E:

Busby, dressed in his funeral attire, just back 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 Colombia
wired. He knows
about assaults being
launched against him
before they even
leave the ground.

BUSBY

If Gaviria doesn't
consent to a deal,
it'll 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 lawyer Guido Pardo, hammering out a
proposal for surrender.

BUSBY (V.O.)

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

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E:

LAKE

Jesus God...Could
that be *true*?

TOFT

Yeah. 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 him pleading
guilty to marijuana
possession back in
1974...and for this
admission, he'll be
exonerated of
everything.

Lake slumps back in his chair, incredulous.

LAKE

He's the most wanted
fugitive in the
world.

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

'
shak
ing
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.

LAKE (V.O.)

The gift of prison.

If his lawyers can
put that off. Total
amnesty--

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

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BUSBY
...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

(writ
ing)
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

(ligh
ting
join
t)
Have them arrested
and charged. Push
hard. The public

will want it.

Maria Victoria is ushered in by two of Pablo's sicarios. Parra takes his cue, stands to leave. Pablo looks his lawyer in the eyes. The message 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, she looks up at him.

PABLO

...What?

She shakes her head, just staring...

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
,
with
piet
y)
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. Pablo touches her, brings her close,
kisses her gently.

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.

C
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E:

GUSTAVO DE GREIF
He is to be
commended for this.

Gaviria looks nauseous. Mendoza is equally
put off.

GUIDO PARRA

My client is willing
to do whatever is
asked of him. Even
if it means
submitting to a
prison term to bring
about peace.

(beat

, to

Gavi

ria)

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,
Pablo 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 enough.

GAVIRIA

Does he consider the
slaughter of other,
innocent "Sons of
Colombia" as part
of some personal
belief? Can
planting bombs and
killing hundreds of
innocent people be
considered an act of
revolution?

(beat

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his
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risi
ng)

Your "client" 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
mali
ce)

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,
taking up a pen.

GAVIRIA

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

(To
Parr
a)

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 a post
in Madrid! You're
fortunate Escobar is
the only one going
to prison. I'd file
charges against you
today if--

-- The Colonel lunges for De Greif, fingers
fixed like claws. SECURITY steps in to
restrain him. De Greif stumbles back, big
gulps. The Colonel glowers at the room,
eyes misting.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

*The blood of those
men! WHERE DOES IT
GO!? Four-hundred
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!

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...

DIS
SOL
VE
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.

SUPER: "Bogota, Colombia. 1992"

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.
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...the depth and degree of the Faustian deal they've struck with Pablo remains immeasurable.

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, unable to pin
anything on Pablo.

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

PABLO
Not one. These
accusations stem
from one man:
Colonel Hugo
Martinez.

INT/EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY (PAST)

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

PABLO (V.O.)
...And I think this

is a result of his
frustration at not
capturing me, or the
guilt he feels over
the innocent people
he and his Search-
Bloc troops 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, a great distance in his eyes, his
thoughts elsewhere.

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E:

Pablo, the perpetual victim.

PABLO
He needs a target,
someone he can blame
for his own criminal
misdeeds.

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. COURTRROOM - BOGOTA (PAST)

Pablo walks out to a 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 and Maria Victoria as well.

After a few moments of photo op with his family, Pablo presses on toward a helipad where Justice Minister Pardo awaits.

PABLO

Senor Justice
Minister, how are
you?

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

(unsm
ilin
g)

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 and
your family were
spared.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

Is it God I should
be thanking? Or you?

Pablo grins wryly 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 reveals a homemade bomb,
hooked to the toilet.

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, dozens of heavily-armed blue-suits, rush up, rifles at the ready as Pablo steps down off the chopper.

PABLO

(to
guar
ds,
ince
nsed)

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, 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.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

Senor! Welcome to
La Cathedral!

Pablo, brandishes his monogrammed .45

automatic to the great consternation of De Grief. Then, with a deliberate flare for the dramatic, thumbs each bullet from the clip, signifying an end to his war with the State. The moment is played with masterful aplomb. Pablo enters the grounds a conquering hero to the rest of his men as 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.

CO-PILOT

They've asked us to
turn around and taxi
to a remote gate.

(beat

'relu

ctan

tly)

I'm afraid we won't
be able to transport
you and your family
either.

The Colonel looks up, his anger flaring.

CO-PILOT

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 of her.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

...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...

Pablo starts up toward the 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...

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:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY (PRESENT)

The Colonel, present day, opening his eyes,
an old fire filling them as the helicopter
roars over 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.

**"Medellin, Colombia. December 2, 1993.
1:08pm."**

INT. BEEHCRAFT - 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.

JUAN PABLO (V.O.)

Poppa, do you want
me 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 phone 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. Words cannot adequately describe these expressions; haunted, anguished, enraged...and frightened that Pablo may have finally slipped away forever. From this stark silence:

ROBERTSON

Tango off-air,
repeat, Tango off-air

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: "November, 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 an 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

(turn
ing,
yell
ing)

Morons, do not wager
on who will bite the
power-line first, we
don't bite power-
lines with children
present.

In the background, Hastings and Murphy,
like big kids, completely ignore Jacoby,
trying desperately to reach the power-line.
The children laugh endlessly at these
antics.

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.

MAUREEN

Y'know little
miss...move it.

She takes another tentative step toward the
grill. Jacoby laughs.

JACOBY

Get away from there
you little creep!
Lookit her! She's
her mother!

Maureen swats her husband for that comment,
reaching over and sweeping their daughter
into her arms and kissing her. She giggles
wildly as her mother walks her into the
house.

Jacoby reaches into the cooler and hands

Robertson a beer.

JACOBY
What are you hearing?

ROBERTSON
Somalia. Soon.

JACOBY
They've been talking
about going into
Mogadishu for
months. I've been
and it is a shithole
without peer... What
about down south?

ROBERTSON
Colombia? 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
think about it man,
you and I will *never*
have to deal with
that kind of
bullshit, losing
guys like that,
death threats--

ROBERTSON

--Whatever pain he
felt, he inflicted
just as much, the
guy was a thug.

JACOBY

And Pablo's not?
You gonna ask a guy
to fight fire with
firewood?

(beat

'
lean
ing
in)

We wind up back in
Bogota bro, it's
gonna be a flat-out
fuckin' *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.

SUPER: "**Envigado, Colombia. January 1993**"

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 five-star resort hotel. THE CAMERA PASSES THROUGH a Disco-Bar, fully stocked, mirror-balled, the DJ spinning for a packed floor of prostitutes and Pablo flunkies.

Moncada and Galleano are duly impressed as they are led up a staircase to a balcony. 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 watch 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

You consider this a difficult time?

PABLO

Well, I'm am in prison now, so--

ELIZABETH MORA

(scof
fs,
cuts
him
off)

--You'll excuse me, but isn't this a bit of a charade Senor?

(look
ing
arou
nd)

I mean can you really call this incarceration? Or construe your stay here as a "prison sentence?" Lately you've been spotted at soccer matches and at discotheques around Medellin. Do

you believe other
maximum-security
prisoners are
permitted such
freedoms?

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

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, maybe this
conversation would
be taking 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

(to
Monc
ada,
conc
erne
d)

Where are your
brothers?

GERARDO MONCADA

Kiko isn't feeling
well. 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. And
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
Monc
ada
&
Gall
eano)

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
,
emot
ionl
ess)

Your greatest
personal mistake.

Their blood goes cold. A drunken Popeye and Limon appear, grinning with glee, like wolves cornering cattle.

FERNANDO GALLEANO

(terr
ifie
d,
reel
ing)
...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 what would happen if I found out about this.

GERARDO MONCADA

Doctor, we--

PABLO

No, don't bother. Really. My decision is made. I don't want to hear a lot of nonsense now.

(beat
)

Downstairs there's girls, cocaine, pot, drinks, whatever you like. I'll give you an hour...get as drunk and as high as you possibly can.

(beat

,

grim)
Make sure you can't
feel a *thing*.

INT. PRISON - RECREATION ROOM - LATER (PAST)

Plastic painter's tarp covers a pool table. Moncada and Galleano, ripped drunk, babbling, blubbing, trussed up over the table, feet bound with chains, thrashing like game-fish, 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.

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
COVER THEIR MOUTHS!
(beat
'
back
into
phon
e)
So...you had a bad
dream?

MARIA VICTORIA
What is that?

PABLO
No, it's
nothing...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. He seizes her hand,
throwing it aside, raising his finger
sharply. The young girl looks ready to
burst into tears.

PABLO

I'll talk to you
tomorrow my sweet.

He clicks off, the young prostitute smiles weakly as Pablo reaches down and slowly replaces her hand on his crotch. Roberto laughs 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. 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 pulled.

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 images, capturing pieces of the slaughter. Dolly Moncada drops to her knees. A wailing sound rises up from her that seems inhuman. Pain, emanating from the pit of her soul.

INT. HOME - OUTSIDE MEDELLIN - DAY

Rodrigo Ospera, a plastic bag cinched over his head, being choked out by one of Pablo's SICARIOS. Ospera lunges with his teeth, gnashing down on the man's hand 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 he

goes still...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - EARLY MORNING
(PAST)

Eduardo Mendoza, stumbling/jogging toward Gaviria's quarters. A hive of activity greets him. Justice Minister Pardo confers with 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...something is afoot.

The President stalks the room, face fixed in a scowl. He tosses Mendoza the morning's issue of "El Tiempo." Front page; the interview with El Doctor, entitled: "**STILL THE KING**" WE SEE a smiling Pablo, posing in his prison's nightclub and a photo-tour of his living accommodations at La Cathedral.

GAVIRIA

He's made fools of
us for the last
time. I'm having him
moved to military
barracks 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 will
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?
(turn
ing
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,
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 more soldiers mill about aimlessly. A huddle of high-ranking CNP officers stand near the gate.

MENDOZA

(loud
ly)
...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

(smil
ing,
info
rmal)
General Alberto
Tapia. And you must
be Vice-Justice
Minister Mendoza.

Tapia extends his hand. Mendoza shakes, 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

'
ligh
ting
ciga
r)

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
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

...I'm here with the
Vice Justice
Minister now...He
thinks we should
wait until morning
as well...

MENDOZA

(abru
pt,
angr
y)

No. No. General.
Escobar *must* be
removed now. I
won't defy the
President's orders
or wait any longer.

Tapia returns the phone to the Corporal,
feigns frustration. Moments pass. Mendoza's
exasperation hardens into resentment.

MENDOZA

General are you
refusing to attack?

TAPIA

(talk
ing
toug
h)

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
guar
ds)

Open the gate!

INT. LA CATHEDRAL - NIGHT (PAST)

Mendoza, flanked by two terrified

GUARDS...standing under a suspended bulb near the main bunkhouse, is El Doctor himself, surrounded by his always present phalanx of flunkies.

PABLO

(unsm
ilin
g)

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

(ice
cold)

--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.

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
Pabl
o)

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
embarrassed 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 gut this
Sonofabitch Doctor!*

Mendoza, trembling, trying hard to hold his
ground.

MENDOZA

You have rights as a
prisoner. All of
you do. We are
obligated to
guarantee your
safety--

--Guns appear now, pulled in haste--
Mendoza is left looking down a dozen

barrels. 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
Mend
oza)
Show me your teeth!
Smile Puta!

Popeye shoves the barrel in his mouth, flips off the safety--

POPEYE

*Watch how far his
fucking head goes!*

Pablo steps forward, laying his hand on the barrel.

PABLO

Not yet...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY (PAST)

A primal, enraged President Gaviria reacts to the news.

GAVIRIA

THEY'RE WHAT!?
HOLDING HIM
HOSTAGE!?

(turn
ing
to
CNP
and
mili
tary
offi
cers)
WHY DID THE VICE-

JUSTICE MINISTER GO
INTO THAT PRISON
ALONE!

(beat

,
back
into
phon
e)

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!?

(abso
lute
ly
livi
d)

*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

Get President
Gaviria on the line.

MENDOZA

He won't take the
call.

Pablo, clearly concerned, his settlement
going up in smoke.

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
Gaviria on the line.
I'll explain.

MENDOZA

He won't take the
call. There's
hundreds of armed
soldiers out there.
What can you
possibly 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, grinning, revealing a
briar patch of badly discolored, misshapen
teeth.

POPEYE
We gonna 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 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
RUN!

Mendoza, propelled by pure adrenaline and
panic, leaving nothing in his lungs as he
runs, the voice behind him booming.

VOICE
RUN! RUN! RUN!

WE STAY WITH MENDOZA IN P.O.V.: Explosions rock, 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
Have you got him!?

Tapia says nothing, just stares out of the jeep's front window as it dawns on Mendoza: Once again, Pablo has escaped.

MENDOZA
...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.

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:

Bodies slip through a fence-line,
flashlights leading.

JUSTICE MINISTER
PARDO (V.O.)

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.

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GUSTAVO DE GREIF
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.

SUPER: "Bogota, Colombia. February, 1993."

GUSTAVO DE GREIF
(V.O.)
...that one prisoner
could simply slip
past the Colombian
Army 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?

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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

(inte
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rude)

--I hold an
independently
elected office Senor
Justice Minister.

(with
an
eye
to
Gavi
ria)

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)

Mendoza is scrutinized and grilled by a
battery of government lawyers. He is
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.

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GUSTAVO DE GREIF

...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:

(beat

'read

ing)

"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
BAC
K
TO:

De Greif stops reading, looks over at
Gaviria.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

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

Colonel Pinzon is
commanding the new
effort to remand
Escobar back into
custody and return
him to prison.

Finally, the seething Gaviria speaks.

GAVIRIA

Escobar won't be
returning to prison.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - MORNING (PAST)

Pablo and his fellow escapees move through the dense jungle and down the mountain. Medellin looms in the distance.

GAVIRIA (V.O.)

He will be hunted
down and placed in
the possession of
the United States...

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E:

GAVIRIA
...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 ou--

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.

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GAVIRIA
...And I have fully
pardoned him.
(back
at
De
Grie
f)
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
Grief. 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
off--

MENDOZA

--It was nothing you
could have done
anything about.
Some tides are too
strong to turn.
Friendships are this
way...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.

MENDOZA

I've seen the *worst*
of what men can
be...Escobar doesn't
deserve another
chance. You have to
empty your heart now
Cesar...and be
merciless.

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E:

Gaviria, somber, without the slightest bit of theatricality.

GAVIRIA
...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: "March, 1993...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 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.

(gest
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Wagn
er)

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.

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E:

One of Wagner's aides distributes

confidential documents around the room in the form of black binders.

WAGNER

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 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?

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. Once
we grab Pablo with
this "group effort"
do we honestly think

everybody's gonna
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
Ospera and Moncada
have been utilized
as informants and
nothing more.

Toft, nodding but not convinced.

WAGNER
And while I get your
concern we've 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 (V.O.)
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
BAC
K
TO:

WAGNER

...And that
absolutely *cannot*
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...

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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.

SUPER: "Medellin, Colombia. December 2,
1993. 1:39pm."

...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.

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
head
set)

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 and we
have to scan the
whole range...so
stand by...

Then, activity. Blips. Signals. Random telemetry readings starting to cycle slowly...voices, garbled, clipped. 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: "July, 1993. Five months after
Pablo's 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. Support staffs
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 Search-Bloc grab up their gear and race out to the vans. Once inside, radios are tuned to Pablo's interview.

PABLO (V.O.)

...I had no choice
but to flee for my
life...and now I
have no other desire
than to return and
serve out the
remainder of my
prison term.

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

,
begi
ns
read
ing)

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

Gaviria listens to the interview from

inside the fifth-floor Embassy vault with Busby, Toft, Pardo and others.

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)

EMILIO VEGA

...Senor, did you
author this letter?

Pablo, in disguise, on 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 another line and reconnects Pablo...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...THE CAMERA TILTS DOWN,
REVEALING: A bomb, sitting under the seat
itself.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT (PAST)

An explosion rocks close. A huge telltale
black plume mushrooms through the rear
window of the retreating taxi. Pablo
glances back.

PABLO

None of them...It is

they who should fear
me.

With that, he tosses the cellphone out the
window.

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
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.

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
cond
esce
nsio
n)

I understand this
and I'm sorry, but
those are the risks
we face.

JACOBY

(unde
r
his
brea
th)
...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

I've never struck an
officer before and
I don't want to
start now, but if
you don't get your
ass in gear 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

Get out of here!

There, on his coffee table, incriminating
bindles of cocaine, and a cashbox loaded
with bundled bills. Jacoby sees this and
promptly slams Pinzon's face off the
nearest wall, pinning him there. Hugo Jr.,
looks on, aghast.

JACOBY

(to
Pinz
on)

Thanks for making
this so easy.

INT. HACIENDA - MADRID, SPAIN - DAY (PAST)
-- MORNING

SUPER: "Madrid, Spain. August, 1993"

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...He
listens...emotions collide; fear,

apprehension, conviction, resentment, rage.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

...Yes...yes...very
well...

He hangs up...moments pass. He moves like a
man underwater. Adrianna appears, smiling,
tanned, fresh from their garden.

ADRIANNA

...Who was that?

The Colonel says nothing, sits.

ADRIANNA

...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...

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.

(long
paus
e,
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

,
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deep
with
in)

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. Shoppers mull the racks
and venture inside the store with their
children to pick up books for the upcoming
school year.

SUPER: Bogota, Colombia. September, 1993"

On nearly every daily paper, headlines
trumpet: "EXTRADITION BAN OVERTURNED" and
"TREATY WITH U.S. REINSTATED."

THE CAMERA SETTLES ON A NEWSPAPER DISPENSER:

What happens in the span of the next few seconds will claim twenty-one innocent lives and wound another seventy people as two-hundred pounds of TNT are detonated within the store.

THE NEWSPAPER DISPENSER IS VIOLENTLY BLOWN OUT OF FRAME, THE CAMERA WHIP PANS TO FOLLOW IT. REVEALING: The shattered reflection of a department store window across the street; people staggering from the blasted bookstore, missing limbs, screaming, pitch black smoke pouring forth into the street.

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...There will be no return from this.

EXT. BOOKSTORE BOMB SITE - DAY - LATER
(PAST)

Enshrouded bodies, the pavement is an acrid black, gouged up, ripped apart, the force of the blast is evident everywhere. An 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 security cordon.

President Gaviria is issuing an impromptu address to reporters.

GAVIRIA
...by the cowardly
act that claimed the
lives of innocent
children here today.
(beat
,
with
conv
icti
on)

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. Past devastated family members and fire fighters, 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 one 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.
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 familiar black
binder.

WAGNER

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 affects, mementos and
reminders of life and love...now symbols of
loss. There is a deep, profound sadness in
the Colonel. Hugo Jr. finds his father
there. The two greet one another with a
huge embrace.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

I'm glad to see you
boy.

HUGO JR.

Everyone was hoping
you'd be back.

(beat
,

breast
king
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
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
will be safe.

Hugo Jr., taken in by his father's near
fervent conviction.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
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.

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INT. MEDELLIN HOTEL - DAY (PAST)

Popeye, sweat-soaked, feral, frantic,
fumbling the reload on a .44 Magnum.
SEARCH- BLOC OFFICERS storm in. Popeye
squeezes out a window, falling to a fire
escape below. More cops await him. He's
pinned. It's pointless. He fires the gun
dry--

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

This is how tables

are turned Major.

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!
Please, I'm
wounded...

Mesa gets down on his knees, putting both hands on top of his 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 flunkie, running for his life, gun in hand, parting pedestrian traffic fast.

HENAO

MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!

Search-Bloc is hot on his ass, an SUV swerves in, hops the sidewalk and rams into him, the brunt impact careens him off a wall. He screams, his legs a mangled knot beneath him. The Colonel steps from the car, a 9mm Glock in hand, walking slowly toward the writhing Henao.

INT. GUIDO PARRA'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT (PAST)

Parra, on the phone to his panicked client,

El Doctor. Pablo's 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
Grief 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
rece
iver)

Guido...*Guido*...

The phone is lifted, a ski-masked man whispers to Pablo.

SKI-MASK

...*Soon*.

EXT. GUIDO PARRA'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT (PAST)

Parra, kicking and screaming down the driveway. His assailants shackle his arms to the axle of a van, which roars off down the street, dragging him down the street. It brakes. The driver leaps out and shoots a half-dead Parra in the head.

The driver is holding something, which he leans down and slips over the head of Parra before leaping back into the van and speeding off.

THE CAMERA TRACKS IN: Hung around Parra's neck is a sign that reads: *"For working for the Narco-Terrorist and the murderer of children, Pablo Escobar. For All of Colombia. **LOS PEPES**"*

INT. CONGRESSIONAL AUDITORIUM - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Justice Minister Pardo addresses the media. ON A VIDEO PROJECTOR, behind Pardo, is a closer image of the 'Pepes' sign strung around Parra's neck.

SUPER: "*Bogota, Colombia. October, 1993*"

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 each time Pablo commits a terrorist act which injures or kills innocent people"

(beat

' read

ing

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...

We see projected photos of the Pablo properties torched by Los Pepes.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

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e)

We cannot and will

not condone this
type of lawlessness
and vigilantism and
we demand that this
group disband and
cease any further
violent action.

Pardo is besieged by reporters questions.

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. Escobar
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
threaten that
arrangement?

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

They will if they
keep killing his
lawyers.

Someone yells "They might be onto
something!" And raucous laughter rips
through the auditorium. Pardo stifles a
smile.

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

That's all I have
time for today,
thank you everyone
for attending.

Reporters lunge and jostle, still shouting
questions.

INT. CARLOS HOLGUIN SCHOOL - DAY (PAST)

Jacoby sits in the bunkhouse with Robertson
and Toft.

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-

(point
to a
table
)

-Right over there,
for reference.

(beat
for
emphasis)

That binder went
missing last week.

Toft shows photos of a slain man, wearing a
"Pepes" sign.

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 has his
camera taken by Toft. Argues.

TOFT (V.O.)
...back when Gaviria
was still running
for president.

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JACOBY
So he was 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
Rodrigo Ospera, the
cartel member who
went up to
Washington and had
his meet and greet
at the CIA. This is
an excerpt from a
sit-down he had at
DEA headquarters a
day later.

(read
ing)
"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 pulls his mask
off, revealing Rodrigo Ospera.

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TOFT
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 Martinez got a copy of the briefing.

TOFT

No...This is my copy...Guess what else I found?

Toft tosses a red binder up onto the table in front of Jacoby.

TOFT

That was in his desk.

Beat. Jacoby looks at the binder.

JACOBY

So, call it...The Colonel is working with Los Pepes. Is that the thought?

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 intelligence, that's then being leaked 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. And you
know he is! Shit
man, you've
basically been
cheering him on--

JACOBY

--We're talking
about *cold-blooded*
murder now--

ROBERTSON

--You had no problem
with what Search
Bloc was doing--

JACOBY

--Yeah, hunting and
killing, killers.
Give me a fucking
break, there's a *big*
distinction in my
book, between that
and them whacking a
bunch of lawyers and
accountants!

TOFT

This debate is
pointless gents. If
word reaches D.C.
that we're co-opting
a death squad, it
won't matter. The
hit and run congress
will do on this op,
overnight will leave
us all outta work.

We stay on Jacoby, deep consternation,
what-to-do...

GAVIRIA (V.O.)

"These massacres by
Los Pepes continue
unabated and without
end...

DI
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VE
TO
:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY (PAST)

Gaviria reads a personal letter from Pablo
himself.

GAVIRIA

Why have you not
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. WE REPLACE Gaviria's voice with
his...

PABLO (V.O.)

..They have
kidnapped and killed
sixteen members of
my extended family,
countless attorneys,
advisors and close
friends. Their list
of targets narrows

while you sit idly
by...

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Gaviria concludes the letter.

PABLO (V.O.)
...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. Molotov cocktails follow, lobbed in, exploding, burning.

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 rush Roberto, sticking shivs into him and discharging a pistol into his back, lodging bullets in his spine. Escobar flails, falls, screams. They toss a sign down on the ground next him:

"What do you think of the game now Pablo?"
PEPES"

INTERCUT

Pablo, increasingly desperate, despondent. His world crumbling. Limitless wealth and power a thing of the past. He's on the phone to his wife, trying to calm her. Behind Pablo, a handful of 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 the staff collecting luggage.

MARIA VICTORIA

Your people are
dying! Your brother
is a cripple! The
Pepes almost killed
your mother!

PABLO

I cannot cede this
fight Maria!

MARIA VICTORIA

And you can't win it
either! This is no
longer a battle
Pablo! It's

borrowed time. Your
enemies will find
*and kill you...*there
is nothing left!
The newsmen call you
a terrorist, you
blow up airplanes
and book stores.
They say you're a
mass murderer!

PABLO
The poor don't fly
on planes, the
illiterate can't
read...this is the
Colombia I fight
for. I am their
only protector...

MARIA VICTORIA
...If only you
believed that as
much as you say you
do...

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

Bill Wagner, the picture of poise and calm
as Busby and NSA Director Anthoy Lake grill
him about the sudden appearance of Pepes.
Justice Minister Pardo is present for this
Q&A.

SUPER: "Bogota, Colombia. November, 1993"

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.

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 'Los Pepes' 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

It's a Lufthansa flight to Frankfurt, Germany. If he gets them safely out of the Colombia, away from the Pepes, he'll be free to go ripshit riot on the whole country, all over again.

BUSBY

Who's 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

Security detachment from the Attorney General's office...De Greif is here.

BUSBY

Gaviria's going to be furious.

(cups
phon
e,
to
Pard
o)

Can you deny them travel visas?

PARDO

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 might have '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
(matt
er
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
phon
e)
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
They're leaving...

INTERCUT

BUSBY
We're going to have
them transferred to
the Hotel Tequendama
in Medellin and
confined there...

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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. 1:24pm."

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 (O.S.)

Why can't De Grief
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 that unit is
lawless and corrupt
and led by that
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. BEECHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Robertson and the Centra-Spike Techs sweat
buckets, precious seconds fleeting fast as
they try to fix Pablo's coordinates.

PABLO (V.O.)
I have to get off
the line now boy.
You and Manuela go
out on the patio and
use the telescope.
I'll wave to you.

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN -
CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Pablo powers down the short-wave, cutting
the transmission.

INT. MERCEDES VAN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Hugo Jr., looks on in anger as Pablo once
again disappears.

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.

JACOBY
(to
othe
r
Oper
ator
s)
Eyes on! Eyes on!

Everyone gazes out the side windows,
looking, looking...

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.

EXT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Manuela and Juan Pablo take 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.

(soft
ly,
to
Driv
er)

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.

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
head
set)

*Cordon the block!
All available force,
respond!*

Jacoby.

JACOBY

(to
his
oper
ator
s)

No contact unless
engaged! I'm eagle's
nest & will direct
fire down!

Robertson.

ROBERTSON

(to
Tech
s,
pilo
t)

Get us on the deck
right now! Find an
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, all of it
happening at lightspeed

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 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 ascend, troops lunging up steps, blood lust and bad intent. Search-Bloc hits Pablo's hideout door at full stride, shearing it clean, spilling inside, shouting commands. Pablo bolts up, he and Limon 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 behind them. Limon climbs out, limps in a kind of sloppy sprint. The Officers arrayed on the ground loose torrents of gunfire up at 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 onto parked vehicles, trying
to see the roof.

HASTINGS
*HE'S ON THE BACK
SIDE OF THE
BUILDINGS!*

Murphy hustles around the building to pick
up a visual.

HASTINGS
*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.

ON THE ROOF (APARTMENT)

Search-Bloc Officers clamber out...no sign
of El Doctor.

THE HOTEL TEQUENDAMA

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, keeps running, looks as though he might lose the pursuit altogether...and then his knee literally explodes 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 refusing to cooperate.

ON ADJACENT ROOF

Jacoby, binoculars up, watching as Pablo struggles to stand.

JACOBY

(into
head
set)

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.. And 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 stops struggling...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 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 of both euphoria and fear. His gun is drawn 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 and taking the warmth with it...Heaven holds no greeting for Pablo.

ON THE GROUND

The Colonel rushes to a ladder leading up to the roof.

ON THE ROOF

Hugo Jr. stands overtop of Pablo, aiming the gun down. Pablo turns himself toward the Hotel Tequendama in the distance.

THE HOTEL TEQUENDAMA

Juan Pablo stares at his father...the two lock eyes through the telescope...and Pablo

blows his son a kiss goodbye. Maria Victoria draws her boy away from the telescope and holds him as A single gunshot echoes across the horizon...

SHOTS OF THE CITY

...All of Medellin goes still with it. Time suspends, fugue state...as if every living thing were holding its breath.

WE FIND a lone face...The Colonel's, standing on that roof. His eyes close slowly...Then, a VOICE cries out from the void, words that seem to carry out across the entire city...

VOICE

VIVA COLOMBIA!

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.

BUSBY

(to
the
room)

PABLO'S DEAD!

WE SEE Gaviria and Pardo being braced by dozens of aides. Everyone embracing as they receive word of Pablo's demise. The battle is over...The burden lifted. Gaviria finds a quiet corner, sits down...and lets the moment overwhelm him.

IN THE STREETS

Word moves across the country like a shot. Celebrations spill into the streets. Jubilation takes the form of dancing and tears of joy. Pablo's reign of terror is finally over.

ON A TELEVISION

Media outlets break into regular programming to announce the death of El Doctor. Images of celebration abound as Colombian society rejoices the toppling of a true tyrant: A force once thought unstoppable, now lay dead on a rooftop in Medellin.

The television is turned off. In the reflection of the empty screen sits Maria Victoria and the kids, she is now a widow, and her two children fatherless. THE CAMERA PANS AROUND...

...She sits with Manuela in her lap. Juan Pablo leans against her, looking utterly lost. Alone with their sorrow, their grief inconsequential to the rest of the world, they are 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 from this distance.

Jacoby witnesses the moment between the two. In the background 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 cameras from their gear bags to take snapshots. Hugo Jr. approaches, he and Jacoby hug.

JACOBY

What did I tell
you...?

Hugo Jr., nods...no more words, just a job well done. He is swept up by his comrades. The Colonel motions Jacoby over.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

...Will you be going
home now Major?

JACOBY

I will. To my
family...and 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
It's been an honor
sir. Thank you.

The Colonel shakes, pulls him into an
embrace, brushing 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...a wink, a knowing nod. A
soldier's shared secret. The Colonel
departs. Jacoby looks after him, grinning.
He sits on his helmet, takes a load off.
Robertson appears on the roof.

JACOBY
Where the hell's the
plane?

ROBERTSON
(squa
ts
next
to
Jaco
by)
Put it down on a
freeway about a mile
from here. Think
I'd miss this?

Jacoby laughs. The two sit quietly, until;

ROBERTSON
...So? How you
feeling?

JACOBY
Good. Great...it all
worked out.

ROBERTSON

Yeah, we got him. I
don't know what it's
ultimately worth,
but...

JACOBY
...Don't piss this
down.

ROBERTSON
I'm not.

JACOBY
Sounds like it.

ROBERTSON
I don't know, in the
end, maybe this gets
that asshole Bush
re-elected. Some
politicians get to
preen.

JACOBY
Rip, we stopped a
really bad guy from
doing really bad
shit. We did our
thing and did it
beautifully.

Robertson, his gaze moving to Pablo's dead
body.

ROBERTSON
...A lot of people
loved him y'know...

JACOBY
Not the ones he
killed...and not me.
What we did and our
reasons for doing
'em were
righteous...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
pose 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

FADE UP ON:

Documentary footage of Escobar's funeral
plays under the prologue and end credits.
Thousands of mourners trail the casket
through the streets. The outpouring of
grief is astonishing considering what he
put the country through: Pablo, loved or
reviled, remains 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 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 attachŽ 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 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 fifteen years after Pablo's death.

ALL OTHER CHARACTER INFORMATION TBD

THE END