

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. BEECHCRAFT PLANE - (PRESENT)

Surveillance and radio-telemetry antennae attached to the fuselage of a Beechcraft Model 350 prop plane.

INT. BEECHCRAFT - 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.

TRANSITION

TO:

EXT. CONGRESSIONAL BUILDING - BOGOTA (PAST)

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

LEGEND ON-SCREEN: "Bogota, Colombia. 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
(grins, to his mother)
You should have been more strict.
(turning 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

(interrupting)

--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 Galan and Lara)

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

(beat, pointed)

What is it we want to say?

INT. CONGRESSIONAL FLOOR - DAY (PAST)

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

An assortment of delegates come over to congratulate the
drug kingpin. Pablo accepts the adulation, shaking hands,
posing for pictures. Cesar Gaviria enters, 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, right at Pablo)

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

((beat, pointing)

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

(now, the killshot)

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, voice booming)

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, deadpan)
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

(raising his own
glass.)
Here, here.

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

The Colonel's table falls funeral still.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

(after a beat)

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

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

The celebratory air of only moments ago is now gone,
replaced by a palpable chill. The Colonel's colleagues
squirm, put off by their proximity to Pablo. Martinez takes
note. He glances over at a visibly dismayed General Vargas.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
(leaning in, quietly)
I thought he was denounced today.

GENERAL VARGAS
(nodding, grim)
He was...and there'll be hell to pay
tomorrow.

CUT
TO:

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

(reading printout)

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

Toft trades looks with Lake.

AIDE

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
(staring at the
screen)
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 tokes off a joint, watching the
tragedy in Bogota unfold on television...a dead, indifferent
gaze.

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

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

LAKE
Well, we'll have plenty of swords to
swing. The President just earmarked a
quarter billion dollars to battle the
cartels.
(beat, to Jacoby)
Major, how quickly can we get Delta
assembled down there?

JACOBY
(with a nod to Toft)
If the D.E.A. can provide pocket
cover and backstops in-country, we
could be up and running in a week.

LAKE
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
(listening, nodding)
Excellent. That's excellent news
Ambassador and I thank you.
(listens, smiles)
Yes...again, all my gratitude.

Lara disconnects, seems invigorated.

LARA
The Americans are committing.

AIDE
Good timing.
(reading paper)
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 regret)

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--

(gestures around)

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

(beat, with emphasis)

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

(reading)

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

(hands paper to

Parra)

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, summoning
piety)

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

TRANSITION BACK
TO:

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - MORNING (PRESENT)

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

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, composes
himself)

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. BEECHCRAFT - 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.

(reacts, back to
Jacoby)

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...

...TRANSITION
TO:

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

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

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 BACK
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, gesturing)

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

Without hesitating, Gaviria turns to his old friend Mendoza.

GAVIRIA
...Eduardo?

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

MENDOZA
Cesar...I'm a lawyer. We sell people
out for a living...
(off Gaviria's look)
You're serious?

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 Busby's silence)
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, looks 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 Gaviria)

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, unsure,

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

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

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BOGOTA - DAY

Jacoboy, 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.

Jacoboy 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.
(laughing again)
Does that help narrow it down?

MAUREEN (V.O.)
That's not funny. You're not funny.

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

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

THE CAMERA HAS PULLED OUT TO REVEAL: Weapons, an arsenal's
worth, stacked up on a night-stand; assault-rifles,

handguns, knives, all combat ready and within easy reach.

JACOBY
(glancing at
armament)
Oh, I wouldn't worry about that baby.

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

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

Jacoby gets up, moving to the window.

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

...TRANSITION
TO:

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

(another pause, then)

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

Pablo glances up at a wall clock.

PABLO

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...

...TRANSITION TO:

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 AIRSTRIPE - 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

(smiling, to Jacoby)

Stosh. You got the gang all here?

JACOBY

Just the good ones. Captain Robertson-

(gestures 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 amending)

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
(quietly, 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 Dessie'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, bigger grin)
Imagine our luck.

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

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

Manuela has become fascinated with the 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, exhales)
Like Cesar Gaviria.
(beat, all business)
You've put someone inside?

MESA
We're getting close.

PABLO
Close enough to put a bullet in his
head?
(off their looks)
Then you're nowhere near close.

HENAO
Don Pablo, this man--

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

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY (PAST)

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

PABLO (V.O.)
...Something we can kill.

Toft and Santos stand by, lending their assistance. 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.
(grabbing the man's
I.D. necklace)
Perez, Diego...Who do you work for?

DIEGO PEREZ
Ambassador's Busby's office.

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

TOFT
Did he ask you to do this?

DIEGO PEREZ
No, I thought it would be helpful.

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

(turns to Robertson)

Rip?

Robertson steps forward.

ROBERTSON

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

(holding up his
phone)

You didn't get mine.

ROBERTSON

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

(to Murphy)

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

The Delta Operators are impressed but refuse to let on.

ROBERTSON

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 across lap)
With this side towards him.
(points with finger)
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 Mendoza)

Eduardo, why wasn't I told of this?

MENDOZA

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

COLONEL MARTINEZ
And I've made this determination
Senor Gaviria...It's not safe.
(beat, gesturing)
Now if you could follow us.

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

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

The Thug stows his bag, finds his seat. He looks across the aisle: An ELDERLY MAN is seated there, in conversation with the man next to him. The Thug sets the briefcase across his lap, 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

(addressing room)

Ambassador Busby is on with us now.

(beat, toward speaker)

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

(beat, sitting)

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

INTERCUT

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

Busby paces a secure room off the fifth floor vault.

BUSBY

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

FLASH CUT TO:

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 BACK
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:

(reads from brief)

"Direct military action" in response to this incident.

(setting aside brief)

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
(gestures after
Recruit)

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 studies
photos)
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

(whispering, scared)

You said no one knew where we were...

Another knock. The Colonel puts a finger to his lips, edging his other hand over to retrieve a sawed-off shotgun. 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...
(awkward beat)
I come here old friend...*obligated*.

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

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

COLONEL MARTINEZ

--No, we haven't.

(tears of anger
forming)

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

(pause, recovering)

Pray forgiveness. Hold your sons
close. Remind them how much you love
them...and never come here again.

Tapia, humiliated, head hung as the Colonel slams the door.
WE REMAIN on the Colonel as he leans against the door.
Adrianna approaches, then without warning, the Colonel
swings the shotgun like a baseball bat, shattering the stock
against the wall, tears coming too fast to contain. He
roars, enraged.

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
Gomorra.

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-

(glances at watch)

-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.

REPORTER

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

TRANSITION
TO:

INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - MEDELLIN - DAY (PRESENT)

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

REPORTER (V.O.)

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

Hugo Jr., perplexed, pissed.

HUGO JR.

(into headset)

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

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

INT. BEEHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Robertson checks his display readings.

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
(headset, 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 headset)
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...

TRANSITION

TO:

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

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

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 Robertson)

Is the Captain here holding court?

ROBERTSON

Yeah, I was just explaining how much
more important we are in this process
and that Delta Force is basically a

"fetch and retrieve" outfit. Stuff
you could teach a dog to do.

JACOBY

(to Hugo Jr.)

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

ROBERTSON

--Stosh, that whole mullet-movement,
among your men, the hockey-hair,
that's really a nice bit of "blending
in". Y'think anyone will notice or
will 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 Moncadas &
Galleano)

Let's deal with one thing at a time.
If I understand right, the Moncada
and Galleano families have an issue
with the war tax. But what doesn't
seem to concern them is that one man

is drawing all the fire 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 photo)

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

(beat, hard)

The war tax stays, as is.

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, furiously.

JACOBY
...He got tipped off again.

EXT. JUNGLE - JEEP - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

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

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

As Popeye dials, Pablo 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.
(reading display)
Signal emanation is moving away from your position-- they're in the jungle!

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP FINCA - DUSK (PAST)

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

(weeps, 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, fresh tears)

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

GAVIRIA

--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 ghoulisn 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

(packing pipe)

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

GAVIRIA

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

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

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

--The door to the office opens and an ashen Justice Minister Pardo enters 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, pointing)

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 Gaviria)

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.

(points to other
area)

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

ROBERTO

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

PABLO

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

(beat, looks around)

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

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

PABLO (O.S.)

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.

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

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.

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

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, shaking head)

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

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

De Grief and Parra, broad grins and handshakes from both.

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...

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

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

(writing)

Of course...

PABLO

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

PARRA

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

PABLO

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

Parra pauses, seems thrown by this last statement.

PARRA

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

PABLO

(lighting joint)

Have them arrested and 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 piety)

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

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

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

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 Gaviria)
But in the spirit of this, he
requires from your administration a
guarantee that under no circumstances
will he be placed in the custody of
the United States...And that the
current constitutional ban on
extradition under Colombian law be
honored.

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

GUSTAVO DE GREIF
Senor President, 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, his anger
rising)

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 malice)
It won't be forgotten.

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

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

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

Gaviria nods, opening a bound booklet, taking up a pen.

GAVIRIA

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

(To Parra)

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

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

SECRETARY
Please, *please* Colonel--

GAVIRIA
--Colonel Martinez.

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

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

GUSTAVO DE GREIF
COLONEL MARTINEZ! Remove yourself! You've been reassigned to 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...

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. COURTROOM - BOGOTA (PAST)

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

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.

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

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
(unsmiling)
I'm well Pablo.

PABLO
And I'm glad to hear that. With all that's happened a rumor alone was enough to get someone killed. Thank God you 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 guards, incensed)
Lower your weapons dammit!

They do, some sheepishly, as if this were a half-hearted show of force in the first place. Justice Minister Pardo disembarks next, gazing around incredulously at the guards.

A MARCHING BAND from the local high school, fires up a rousing greeting for Don Pablo, who claps along, 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, reluctantly)
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...

...TRANSITION
TO:

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

TRANSITION
TO:

INT. LA CATHEDRAL PRISON - NIGHT (PAST)

Pablo, the same shot as before, the prison gates closed now as he disappears over the rise with his men.

ROBERTSON (V.O.)

...he's gone.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: "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

(turning, yelling)

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, leaning 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

(scoffs, cuts him
off)

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

I mean can you really call this
incarceration? Or construe your stay
here as a "prison sentence?" 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 Moncada,
concerned)

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 Moncada &
Galleano)

I'd like you two to take a look at
something.

Pablo gestures for both of them to look through the telescope. Moncada is first. He seems confused by what he's seeing, stepping back to allow Galleano a turn: What he sees is small shed, ten miles away, in the interior of the city of Medellin.

MONCADA

I don't understand? What are we
supposed to be seeing Doctor?

PABLO

(beat, emotionless)

Your greatest personal mistake.

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

FERNANDO GALLEANO

(terrified, reeling)

...Doctor...

Pablo, arms folded, leaning against the wall, calm, composed.

PABLO

Neither one of your families felt it
was fair to pay the war tax before.
Even if it meant using money that you
had already stolen from me.

(to Mesa)

How much did you find in that shed?

MESA

Close to twenty million dollars.

Fear consumes both Galleano and Moncada. Pablo shows no outward signs of anger, acting more the disappointed parent.

PABLO

You had to know 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 gamefish, laughing as Popeye plugs power tools into the wall.

Henao spreads kindling beneath their heads...so they can slowly burn to death while hanging upside down. Pablo briefs Limon, who is donning a rubber butcher's smock and gloves.

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 phone)

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?
(turning to Mendoza)
We need a lawyer on hand to make sure this transfer is formal and binding.
I don't want to give Escobar *any* legal grounds to battle us with.

EXT. OLAYA HERRERA AIRPORT - MEDELLIN - DAY (PAST)

Mendoza is greeted by a CNP Major on the tarmac as he boards a jeep for the trip through Medellin up to La Cathedral.

GAVIRIA (V.O.)

I want you to fly to La Cathedral and make sure this is handled. Pablo should be in custody when you arrive.

EXT. LA CATHEDRAL - NIGHT (PAST)

Mendoza is concerned by what he's seeing as they progress up the mountain. Soldiers, 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

(loudly)

...Can I ask who's in charge here?

A man turns back to him...we recognize him instantly. It's General Tapia, the man who offered Colonel Martinez the bribe.

TAPIA

(smiling, informal)

General Alberto Tapia. And you must be Vice-Justice Minister Mendoza.

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, lighting
cigar)

Do you think we should do this tonight or wait until morning and have a negotiator sent in?

Mendoza can scarcely believe what he's hearing.

MENDOZA

General, there's no-- I'm not here on behalf of the military, so I can't 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

(abrupt, angry)

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

(talking tough)

I'd go in and grab Escobar by the scruff of the neck and drag him out here if I was ordered to. I just don't have the authorization...and I don't want to be blamed for what he'll do if we break his agreement.

Mendoza, fed up, yanking off his coat, rolling up his sleeves.

MENDOZA

I'm going in to inform the prisoner that he's being transferred. Are you going to accompany me?

TAPIA

Those are not my orders...I'm sorry.

Mendoza glares with such disgust and derision, that Tapia actually turns his back, returning to the group of officers.

MENDOZA

(to the gate guards)
Open the gate!

INT. LA CATHEDRAL - NIGHT (PAST)

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

PABLO
(unsmiling)
Good evening Senor Mendoza.

Mendoza fights a softball-sized lump in his throat.

MENDOZA
Senor Escobar, good evening. By the request of our President Cesar Gavir--

PABLO
(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 Pablo)
It would be unconstitutional for us to send you to the United States.

PABLO
You want to take me out of here and have me killed because I 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 Mendoza)
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!?

(turning to CNP and
military officers)

WHY DID THE VICE-JUSTICE MINISTER GO
INTO THAT PRISON ALONE!

(beat, back into
phone)

GENERAL TAPIA YOU WILL ATTACK WITH
EVERYTHING YOU HAVE! DO YOU HEAR ME!
I WILL HAVE TRIED AND CONVICTED YOU
AND ANY MEMBER OF THAT ASSAULT FORCE
WHO REFUSES THIS ORDER! ATTACK THAT
PRISON AND REMOVE ESCOBAR RIGHT NOW!

Silence comes in response. Then, to Gaviria's total
outrage.

TAPIA (V.O.)

I'm sorry Senor President, but I must
decline.

GAVIRIA

Y-- WHAT!? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING!?
(absolutely livid)

*YOU ARE RELIEVED OF DUTY! YOU WILL
RESIGN YOUR COMMISSION IMMEDIAT--*

The phone clicks off...Tapia has actually hung up on the President of Colombia. Gaviria, in a fit of rabid fury, turns and hurls the phone against the wall, shattering it.

INT. LA CATHEDRAL - PABLO'S QUARTERS - NIGHT (PAST)

Mendoza sits in a corner of a spacious, handsomely furnished suite. Popeye lords over him, shotgun pressed to his head. Pablo sits on a waterbed, speaking on the phone to his wife.

PABLO

Don't cry Tata. We have a little problem here, that's all. I'll call you back soon. Stay by the phone.

Pablo hangs up, handing the phone to Mendoza.

PABLO

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.

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

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?

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

De Greif continues his denunciation of Mendoza.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF
We know General Tapia was receiving money from the cartel. Is it not possible that Mendoza may have been

profiting from a similar arrangement?

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO
You presume guilt, without any
factual--

GUSTAVO DE GREIF
(interrupting, rude)
--I hold an independently elected
office Senor Justice Minister.
(with an eye to
Gaviria)
Not an appointed one. I have the
authority to act in what I deem to be
this country's best interests. So I
will push for Mendoza's resignation--

INT. COLOMBIAN LEGISLATURE - BOGOTA - DAY (PAST)

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.

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

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, reading)
"We will not carry out any violent
retaliatory actions against the GOC
or the citizens of Colombia yet--

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - DAWN (PAST)

Pablo writes a letter by flashlight, snaps the pen when he's
finished and applies his famous thumbprint with spilled ink.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF (V.O.)
--As long as we resume the peace
process and are allowed to surrender
ourselves to justice again with the
terms of our imprisonment unchanged."

CUT BACK
TO:

De Greif stops reading, looks over at Gaviria.

GUSTAVO DE GREIF

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...

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

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 Grief)
I *refuse* to be opposed in this
matter.

INT. COLOMBIAN LEGISLATURE - SUB-LEVEL - DAY (PAST)

Gaviria, alone with his dear friend Mendoza, talking
quietly.

GAVIRIA (V.O.)

As far as Vice Justice Minister Mendoza is concerned. I have spoken to him, both as his friend and as President. He has been placed in an indefensible position and recognizes as much...so he has offered and I have accepted, his resignation.

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

GAVIRIA

...And I have fully pardoned him.

(back at De Grief)

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.

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

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.

(gesturing to Wagner)

The Agency has joined us for this next go round and for those of you who haven't met him, this is Bogota CIA station chief Bill Wagner. Bill?

Wagner nods to those gathered.

WAGNER

Well as the Ambassador said, the mission, while not clearly stated is nevertheless clear...The GOC wants Escobar, if possible, eliminated.

INT. CIA BRIEFING ROOM - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY (PAST)

Dolly Moncada is greeted by Wagner and upper echelon agency members. Awaiting her is her old friend Rodrigo Ospera.

WAGNER

A week ago, Dolly Moncada and Rodrigo Ospera, two key members of the Medellin cartel, fled hit squads deployed by Escobar and flew to Washington to offer their assistance.

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

One of Wagner's aides distributes confidential documents around the room in the form of black binders.

WAGNER

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 BACK
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...

TRANSITION
TO:

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

Jacoby, present day, pissed. Static and distortion emit from the speakers...white noise, signifying nothing...

JACOBY (V.O.)

...he's a ghost.

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 headset)

Alpha, he's done this before, told his son he was leaving the air and switched over to shortwave.

INT. BEECHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Robertson and his Centra-Spike Techs scan radio frequencies.

ROBERTSON

We're scrubbing now. Range is 120 to 140 Megahertz 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, begins reading)

We, The Extradictables declare that if anything should happen to Pablo Escobar between now and his return to prison, we will hold President Gaviria personally responsible...

MONTAGE-INTERCUT

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 condescension)

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

JACOBY

(under his breath)

...fucking ticket-puncher.

LINO PINZON

I'm sorry?

JACOBY

Yeah, you are, actually. You and your
little faggoty PJ's. What is it
you're *facing* exactly?

Pinzon's face twists up like he just bit into a lemon.

JACOBY

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 Pinzon)

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 pause, then)

What has to be done, I'll do. But I won't expose you and the children to that again...or to me.

(beat, understanding something deep within)

And both will be worse this time.

Adrianna holds her husband as you would the condemned.

ADRIANNA

...don't come back to us that way.

The Colonel looks at her, everything right there in his eyes.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

...If I don't succeed, and stop
him...I won't come back at all.

EXT. BOGOTA BOOKSTORE - DAY (PAST)

A news stand fronts a busy bookstore in downtown Bogota. 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
conviction)

I have authorized the increase in
bounty to five billion pesos for the
apprehension of the fugitive Pablo
Escobar and I will dedicate myself
and all the might that is at my
disposal, to that task. He is now

our country's greatest living
enemy...

The Colonel continues on through this morass of madness:
Past EMT's tending to the mortally wounded. 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, breaking

embrace)
We can get him Dad--

COLONEL MARTINEZ
--We will get him. As much as we've
forsaken.

(looking around)
As far as this has gone.

Father and Son turn and start walking out of the cemetery.

COLONEL MARTINEZ
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.

SMASH CUT
TO:

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 receiver)

Guido...*Guido*...

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

SKI-MASK

...*Soon*.

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

Parra, 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, reading on)

Last night, in addition to claiming credit for the death of attorney Guido Parra, The Pepes took responsibility for the burning of three Escobar owned businesses and the destruction of a hangar holding a collection of rare automobiles...

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

JUSTICE MINISTER PARDO

(setting brief aside)

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-
(points 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.

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

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.

(reading)

"The only realistic solution is a brigade of freedom fighters, controlled by certain individual interests and independent of Colombian politicians, police or army. There are a great number of Colombian citizens from all walks of life who would be willing to assist, support and even finance such an endeavor."

FLASH CUT TO:

Guido Parra, lashed to the back of the van, dead. A ski-masked gunman pulls his mask off, revealing Rodrigo Ospera.

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

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..."

DISSOLVE 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...

CUT BACK TO
SCENE:

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 phone, to

Pardo)

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

(matter of fact)

Hang up on him. And have Colonel
Martinez and Search-Bloc dispatched
to El Dorado airport at once.

INT. EL DORADO AIRPORT - BOGOTA - LATER (PAST)

Colonel Martinez and Search-Bloc march in and descend on the
Escobar family, clashing with De Greif and his staff.

TOFT

(into phone)

Gaviria sent Martinez...fantastic.

Pablo's family is herded in. De Greif is livid. Juan Pablo
shoves a member of security as the family is led through a
restricted access exit out of the airport.

TOFT
They're leaving...

INTERCUT

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

TRANSITION
TO:

EXT. TEQUENDAMA HOTEL - DAY (PRESENT)

The Hotel, in the distance, SHOT THROUGH the windshield of a moving vehicle. THE CAMERA WHIPS AROUND TO REVEAL. Hugo Jr., studying the gray box, signal peaked...Pablo close.

BUSBY (V.O.)
...It's close to Pablo's last known
location...

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

CUT
TO:

INT. APARTMENT - RURAL MEDELLIN - DAY (PRESENT)

Pablo sits before a short-wave radio, speaking to his son.

SUPER: "December 2, 1993. 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 other Operators)

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.

(softly, to Driver)

That was Pablo.

These simple words land with seismic-like resound as each of our characters react to what they've just heard. Mutual, momentary bewilderment...My God, we've finally found him.

HUGO JR.

I have visual on Tango! Los Olivos!
He's in a two-story yellow house on
the south side of the street!

INTERCUTTING

The Colonel.

COLONEL MARTINEZ

(hard into his
headset)

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

Jacoby.

JACOBY

(to his operators)

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

Robertson.

ROBERTSON

(to Techs, pilot)

Get us on the deck *right now*! Find 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 headset)
Tango down. Repeat. Tango is down.

He lowers the binoculars, shrugs his weapons shoulder-strap upward, then slowly bends down...and retrieves a spent shell casing from the ground, tucking it firmly into pocket. We never saw him use his rifle, or take the shot.. 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

(squats next to
Jacoby)

Put it down on a freeway about a mile
from here. Think I'd miss this?

Jacoby laughs. The two sit quietly, until;

ROBERTSON

...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 attaché to the Colombian embassy before finally retiring. To this day, he denies ever being involved with Los Pepes, calling them a "distraction" and a "nuisance." He was never formally charged for conspiring with this group...He now lives on a small farm in Mosquera, Colombia.

THE ESCOBAR FAMILY - After repeated attempts to flee Colombia, the family finally found refuge in Buenos Aires, where they lived quietly until their arrest in 2000. Maria Victoria and Juan Pablo are facing charges of conspiracy and money-laundering. They also face 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