

PABLO 'S RHINO

Written

by

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Inspired by a true story

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FADE IN

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY, CA - DAY (2003)

A sensible Volvo cruises down an open stretch of California highway. Windows are rolled down. "Wouldn't it Be Nice" plays over the stereo. We move in closer for a look at the driver --

INT./EXT. CHARLIE'S VOLVO - DAY

Good ol' CHARLIE BLEEKER (42) a middle aged white guy in a short sleeved button down collar shirt and brown tie. Handsome if he tried harder. Charlie hums along with his hands gripped firmly at ten and two.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

...that was "Wouldn't it be nice"
by our very own Beach Boys. You've
got it tuned to the dial that makes
you smile. Time for "On this day"
we look back at nineteen ninety-
three. Making the headlines, ten
years ago today, the space shuttle
Endeavor launches, notorious drug
cartel leader Pablo Escobar was
gunned down by federales, and
Canadian Reggae was topping the
charts with Snow's "Informer".

"Informer" by Snow comes on. Charlie knows every word, kinda--

CHARLIE

(raps along)
Informer, You
(mumble, mumble), me
A licky boom-boom down
(mumble, mumble)
Stabbed someone down the lane
A licky boom-boom down
Informer...

Several car lengths behind him we see a --

A CHERRY RED CONVERTIBLE

The driver is a beautiful sun kissed SURFER GIRL. Her surfboard is propped up in the passenger seat.

She pulls up alongside Charlie catching him bopping along and smiles.

Charlie's sunglasses flip down unintentionally but it gets him a laugh. He plays it cool. She gestures with her hand mimicking a surfboard as if to ask "Do you surf?"

Charlie raises a coy eyebrow, "Doesn't everybody?" when --

AN EIGHTEEN WHEELER

Pulls up behind Charlie and HONKS for him to speed up.

Charlie crooks an eyebrow at the surfer girl who bites her lower lip and beckons him to follow. She drives off.

He steps on the gas but quickly SWERVES to avoid the truck that just cut him off.

Great, now he's stuck staring at this jerk's giant bumper sticker that reads:

MOVE IT OR LOSE IT.

Charlie HONKS. He tries to pass, but the truck blocks him at every turn. The TRUCKER chuckles and flips him the bird.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh you wanna play? Let's play.

Charlie fakes left, moves far right. The truck swerves to block him. Charlie yanks the steering wheel left and veers into ONCOMING TRAFFIC.

He SHRIEKS as the car is about to crash.

INT. / EXT. CHARLIE'S VOLVO - DAY

Charlie opens his eyes. He is not about to die. The red convertible passes him without incident. More HONKING cars pass, as Charlie realizes his daydreaming is holding up traffic.

O.S. -- WOOT-WOOT. Charlie checks his rearview mirror.

CHARLIE

Oh Christ, now what?

A COP CAR has pulled up in front of him. Behind the wheel is a no-nonsense FEMALE COP(38) we will come to know as AUDREY, Charlie's ex-wife.

She exits and approaches. Charlie curses his life.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Unbelievable. Were you following
me?

AUDREY
License and registration.

CHARLIE
What, seriously? No.

AUDREY
What am I going to say?

CHARLIE
I have no idea what you're going to
say.

AUDREY
Then why'd you roll your eyes?

CHARLIE
Why were you following me?

She lowers her mirrored sunglasses and peaks in the backseat. We see a pile of "Accounting for Dummies" type of books with Charlie's nerdy face on the cover.

AUDREY
Is this how you drive when you're
with our son?

CHARLIE
Slowly, cautiously, of course!

AUDREY
So where we off to so slowly?

CHARLIE
To see my publisher if you must
know, so if we're done here.

AUDREY
Fine, I'll let you off with a
warning.

CHARLIE
Oh, sooo magnanimous.

Charlie rolls up his window but Audrey blocks it.

AUDREY
See? Saying shit like that is the
reason we got divorced.

CHARLIE

Really? Because I thought it had something to do with, oh I don't know, you suddenly discovering you were A LESBIAN!

AUDREY

The warning is this Charlie: stay in your lane or you might get hurt.

CHARLIE

Are we done?

AUDREY

Oh, we are so done.
(calls out)
And don't forget about Ben's Career Day. He's expecting you.

Charlie salutes her and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRANCE COLEMAN'S MANSION - DAY

A WALL of MOUNTED ANIMAL HEADS stare down at Charlie. They've all been stuffed to look like they're smiling. Charlie stares at a mount that has a mirror in place of a head. Beneath it is an engraved plaque that reads:

COLEMAN (O.S.)

You could be next.

Charlie, turns to meet TERRENCE COLEMAN (70's) an imposing man, in a smoking jacket with a rifle tucked under one arm.

CHARLIE

Hello Terrance.

Coleman

How's my number one author doing?
Another bestseller in the works?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I got loads of new ideas...

Terrance holds up a finger up to gesture he's on a call. We notice he has an ear piece in. Charlie shuffles awkwardly.

COLEMAN

Splendid. Can't wait to read.

Terrance hands Charlie the rifle.

CHARLIE
 Uh, I'm not really into..

Charlie holds it like a dead fish.

Coleman
 Fifty large for an advance sound
 okay? Terrific. Okay, buh-bye.

Terrance steps behind Charlie and positions his arms to show him how to hold it.

Coleman (CONT'D)
 (to Charlie)
 Feel that cold hard steel as you
 grip the shaft, slide your finger
 and **BLAM!** Dinner.
 (booming)
 Hahahahaha!

He slaps Charlie on the back. The gun FIRES hitting a statue,
 blowing off its giant cock.

Coleman (CONT'D)
 (takes the gun back)
 Aim higher next time.

CHARLIE
 (shaken)
 Terrance, on the phone you said you
 had some important news.

Terrance turns heel and walks out. Charlie follows.

EXT. CLIFF SIDE TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

Terrance walks up to his BUTLER and hands him his robe.

COLEMAN
 Charlie, you were my very first
 client. You took a chance on me
 when no one else would, which is
 why I wanted to tell you this in
 person...

Beneath the robe he's wearing a full leather body harness
 with a studded cod piece and nothing else. His nipples are
 pierced with large bull rings.

COLEMAN (CONT'D)
 Coleman publishing has decided to
 drop you.

CHARLIE

What?! Why?

The butler holds out gloves and marksmen sunglasses on a tray. Coleman puts these on.

COLEMAN

There comes a time when a man needs to let go and let God.

CHARLIE

I don't know what that means.

COLEMAN

It means people aren't buying accounting books anymore. No one wants to be called a dummy for something they can have well, someone like you do for them.

CHARLIE

Okay, but that's good actually because I was thinking of switching things up you know, maybe write a thriller...

COLEMAN

Charlie, c'mon, you're an accountant. There are many words to describe you but thrilling? *Really?*

CHARLIE

I never said it was an autobiography.

COLEMAN

Exactly my point. People these days crave romance, adventure, danger!

Coleman steps to the edge of a cliff. Charlie peeks. It's a long way down.

CHARLIE

(meekly)

I can do danger.

He recoils at the height, clenches his heart.

COLEMAN

Charlie, when I first started out I was living in a basement apartment selling zines I printed myself on a dot matrix printer. Remember those? EEERRRTTT EEERRRTTT EEERRRTTT-

CHARLIE

-YES! Yes, I remember.

COLEMAN

Now look at me. Much of it I owe to you. I took your advice and invested-

CHARLIE

-I invested.

COLEMAN

The royalties, sure. Probably got it squirreled away in all sorts of low risk, low return hidey-holes.

CHARLIE

(he bristles)

It's called fiscal responsibility.

Coleman gives a nod to the butler who hands him one of Charlie's books. He flips to a marked page.

COLEMAN

This is from the forward of your very first book, "Accounting For Drooling Imbeciles."

(reads)

The most important investment you will ever make is in yourself."

CHARLIE

What's your point?

COLEMAN

I'm going to do for you what you did for me all those years ago. I'm going to give you the chance to invest in yourself.

CHARLIE

Sooo you're not dropping me?

COLEMAN

Oh I'm still dropping you, but with a first-look promise at whatever you write next. Dare to be different.

CHARLIE

That's it?

Coleman nods to his butler.

COLEMAN

Life doesn't come with a safety net.

(to his butler)

PULL!

The butler yanks the skeet lever shooting off a disc. Coleman falls backwards off the terrace and fires smashing the clay pigeon to bits.

COLEMAN (CONT'D)

Good luck Charleeeee...

The bungee cord snaps back... minus Coleman. Charlie and the butler casually peer off the ledge and cringe.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALTA CALIFORNIA PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

Charlie pulls up to the front of the school, hits a "Drive Carefully" sign. He gets out in a rush to stand it back up.

His cell phone RINGS. Charlie fumbles to answer it.

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. TROPICALI CLUB, ALLEY - DAY

MARCUS(42), every part the hairy chested, gold chain wearing club owner, is on the other end supervising a DELIVERY of kegs being unloaded.

CHARLIE

Marcus, I can't talk right now.

MARCUS

Oh Hello Marcus. How's my oldest bestest friend? Fine Charlie, thanks for asking.

CHARLIE

Listen, I'm late for Ben's career day.

MARCUS

Benny needs a job? Why didn't you say so? Can he tend bar?

CHARLIE

Uh, he's nine, so I'm thinking no.

Charlie hurries into the school.

MARCUS

Men's room attendant then. Anyway listen, I need your input on a business thingy.

CHARLIE

What kind of business thingy?

MARCUS

Investment opportunity. You'll love it.

CHARLIE

Marcus... I'm pretty swamped these days. Working on a new book.

MARCUS

Uh-hunh, Remind me again who saved you from drowning back in third grade?

CHARLIE

Sam, did.

MARCUS

Only because I pushed him in too.

ALLEY WAY

A car pulls up at the other end of the alley. Two burly LATINO GUYS get out. One holds a bat.

BACK ON MARCUS

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Ohhhh fuck.

CHARLIE

What? What's the matter?

MARCUS

Nuh... thing. We'll discuss it at Sam's party, so do not bail!

Marcus walks away slowly at first -- then briskly. The guys follow.

CHARLIE

Gah, is that tonight?

Marcus takes off running.

MARCUS
Okaygottagotalklater.

Charlie hears heavy panting on the line so he hangs up.

INT. ALTA CALIFORNIA PUBLIC SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

Charlie stops in front of a classroom and peeks in spotting his cherubic son, BEN(8). He waves. Ben, looks up like he's just been caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

The TEACHER(28) comes over and opens the door for Charlie.

CHARLIE
Hi, am I too late?

TEACHER
Too late for...?

CHARLIE
Career day. I'm Charlie Bleeker.
Ben's dad.

TEACHER
(clueing in)
Oh, you must be the donor. Ben's
other mom said you might stop by.
Of course you're welcome to sit in.

CHARLIE
Donor?

A very confused Charlie is led inside to find --

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

-- CARLA (42) An attractive albeit hulking woman in a security guard uniform addresses the class beneath a banner that reads: "Career Day"

CARLA
As head of stadium security, rows J
through L, I've been in the shit.
(looks at the teacher)
Shit sorry, I said the shit word.

The kids giggle. Charlie's about to protest but he looks over at Ben who begs him with his eyes to keep quiet.

CARLA (CONT'D)
 Anyway, where was I?

CLASS
 (in unison)
 SHIT.

CARLA
 Right. That's why I carry this bad
 boy.

CARLA lifts a pant leg to reveal a TASER. She takes it out of
 its ankle holster and holds it up for everyone to see.

CARLA (CONT'D)
 Fifty thousand volts of piss your
 pants justice right there, kids.
 (to a girl in the front)
 Go on sweetie, pass that around.

Teacher scrunches a "no" smile. CARLA shrugs and holsters it.

CARLA (CONT'D)
 Last bit of advice before I go.

CARLA leans in like it's a secret, the class leans in too.

CARLA (CONT'D)
 You ever find yourself under some
 tweaker, quickest way to get him...
 (winks at the teacher)
 Or her, off? Jam a thumb right up
 the pooper. No matter the size of
 'em. That sumbitch'll pop right off
 every time. Go ahead and try it on
 a friend.

A few kids in the back are already trying it.

Teacher
 Okay, that was...insightful. Class,
 can we all say thank you to Mrs.
 Bleeker?

CHARLIE
 No, she's not-

CLASS
 (staggered unison)
 -Thank you Mrs. Bleeker.

CARLA sits and gives Charlie the ol' finger guns. Charlie
 stands, and coughs expectantly.

TEACHER

Oh, okay we have a final surprise speaker, Benjamin's um, paternal figure.

CHARLIE

I'm Ben's actual dad.

Charlie nods and walks up to the front awkwardly just as the bell RINGS. The kids dash out before Charlie can even say hi.

CARLA swats Charlie on the back as she leaves.

CARLA

Hey Chuck, looks like I stole your spot...again.

BEN

(grimaces)

Sorry, dad. She kinda just showed up. I tried stalling. You really shoulda been here sooner.

Ben runs off after his friends leaving Charlie alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICALI CLUB - NIGHT

A BOUNCER lets a few people in through the double doors past a sign that reads "Closed for Private Event".

SAM (O.S.)

(nervous)

Stacy and I are um, so happy to have our friends and family here.

INT. TROPICALI CLUB - NIGHT

SAM (41) stylish with boyish good looks, gives a speech while STACY (38) his frisky and perpetually drunk new fiancé keeps fondling his ass making it even tougher for him to speak.

SAM

--to help us celebrate our... uh engagement like this and we...

(mic feedback)

look forward to...seeing you at...

Stacy sloppily nibbles on Sam's ear.

CROWD (O.S.)
 Get a room! / Way to go Sammy! /
 Howdya pop the question?

The crowd cheers for the story until he relents.

SAM
 Well, um, we were walking back to
 my place, a little tipsy and
 exhausted, so I turned to Stacy and
 said "Will you carry me?"

People in the crowd snicker. Stacy flashes a devil sign.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Before I knew it, Stacy had planned
 this party and booked a caterer...

Sam's husky DAD, steps in and grabs the mic as Sam hands a
 drunk Stacy off to one of her friends.

DAD
 (misty eyed)
 Who'd have thought. After all these
 years. My boy, walking down the
 aisle. Man and wife! Man and
 FUCKING WIFE!

PEOPLE CHEER.

A VOICE from the back calls out over the crowd.

PHILIPPE (O.S.)
 I OBJECT!

The crowd turns to see PHILIPPE (30's), a flamboyant, albeit
 tiny, FRENCH MAN storming in from the back.

SAM
 (into mic)
 Ph-Philippe?

Charlie and Marcus exchange looks...*oh shit!* The crowd turns
 back to Philippe. Then to Sam. Then to Stacy.

PHILIPPE
 You said you LOVED me!

SAM
 (stymied)
 I- what I meant was...

Sam marinates in everyone's stares, takes a deep breath.

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh... fuck it. Oui, mon cheri. Oui!
I love this man and I'm going to-

Drunk Stacy SMASHES Sam with a right hook. Philippe jumps on Stacy's back. She swings him around, knocks Charlie in the gut. He goes crashing into the drink table. Marcus tries to intervene and gets smashed in the face by Stacy...

People stand back and gawk, thoroughly enjoying the spectacle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TROPICAL CLUB - LATER

Everyone's gone. Balloons deflated and the banner torn. Charlie and Marcus sit at the bar flanking Sam, who holds a bottle of wine over his swollen eye. They all look like they've been through the wringer.

CHARLIE

So that went well.

Charlie pats Sam on the back.

SAM

I guess you were bound to find out
sooner or later.
(deep breath)
I've been living a lie.

Charlie and Marcus exchange a look - a beat, they crack up.

SAM (CONT'D)

You guys knew? How? I only figured
it out a couple months ago! Who
told you?

CHARLIE

Uh, let's see, your parents,
teachers, mailman,

MARCUS

Coach Riley, Pastor Tim,
Shalumba, that foreign exchange kid
back in 8th grade...

A BAR MAN comes over and whispers into Marcus's ear. He downs his drink and makes his way towards the kitchen.

SAM

You know how hard it was for me to admit?

MARCUS

(calls back)

Relax, gay is the new black. Just ask Charlie's gay black wife.

CHARLIE

Only reason we never said anything was 'cause it seemed like such a big deal to you.

SAM

So this entire time I could have been-

CHARLIE

Proud and loud. Refill?

Sam holds up two fingers.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I better go see where Marcus ran off to.

Charlie makes his way to the kitchen. He's about to push through the swinging doors when he sees-

MARCUS

Through the porthole window in a heated discussion with TWO SOUTH AMERICAN(40) mob guys.

One of them shoves Marcus up against the wall before exiting past Charlie.

Marcus sucks in his gut and follows them out.

MARCUS

Sure, yep. I'll call you.

CHARLIE

What was that all about?

MARCUS

That? Pfft, just one of my backers telling me he's uh... back.

Sam walks up to them waving an empty glass.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Hey, there's the man of the hour.

Marcus throws an arm around both of them --

MARCUS (CONT'D)

What's with the long faces? I thought we were celebrating.

CHARLIE

Celebrating what exactly? Our collective mid-life crises?

MARCUS

Sammy coming out, you being canned. Whatever. I've got three words for you.

SAM

Kill me now?

MARCUS

All. Inclusive. Vacation.

CHARLIE

Please don't tell me this has something to do with your investment opportunity.

MARCUS

Gentleman, a little investment opportunity has fallen into my lap-

CHARLIE

And there it is.

MARCUS

I would like the two of you to join me on a sun filled getaway to...

SAM

Yes. The answer is yes. Sorry, go on.

MARCUS

Colombia!

SAM

YES!

CHARLIE

Colombia? Are you insane? Count me out.

MARCUS

Fuckdya mean you're out?

Charlie shrugs like it's common knowledge, counts on his fingers

CHARLIE

Uh, let's see, kidnappings, drug cartels... salted pork. Pick one. The only people who go to Colombia are drug mules and guys with hairy chests named Rico.

MARCUS

First off - racist. Secondly, you just described half the Bay area.

Sam nods in agreement. Charlie looks back in the direction of the kitchen and crooks an eye at Marcus.

CHARLIE

Wait, this wouldn't have anything to do with your backer by chance?

Marcus waves off the thought. He whips out a pamphlet and hands it to Charlie.

MARCUS

Forget him. Check this out. Paraíso Perdido.

CHARLIE

Please tell me you did not buy a vacation resort.

MARCUS

Better. I bought it. Okay not yet but my buddy Manny's making us an incredible deal.

SAM

Marcus. You are insane and I have prison man-love for you.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry did you just say us?

MARCUS

It's the deal of a lifetime. Why wouldn't I want to cut my best friends in?

CHARLIE

I thought we agreed you were going to run these kinds of things by me from now on?

MARCUS

I am. Right now. We're talking five glorious days of coma inducing fun in the Caribbean sun.

CHARLIE

Columbia's not in the Caribbean.

MARCUS

Whatever, Carmen Sandiego.

CHARLIE

Marcus, you don't know the first thing about running a resort.

MARCUS

So we hire people to run it for us.

CHARLIE

You keep using this word "us."

MARCUS

Look, if it weren't for me, all you'd ever do is stay home, play with your dolls and cry over your failed marriage.

CHARLIE

They're re-enactment figurines.

MARCUS

Besides, you need this. It's time to get back on the whore.

CHARLIE

-Sss. With an S.

MARCUS

Plural, exactly. Wouldn't you rather be an action figure instead of play with them?

Charlie considers this before coming to his senses.

CHARLIE

I can't just up and run off to Colombia. I've got responsibilities.

Charlie picks up the empties and walks off.

MARCUS

The old Charlie would have jumped at a chance like this.

CHARLIE

Yeah well, let me know if you see him. He's got some explaining to do.

Off Sam and Marcus watching him go.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUDREY'S HOUSE - DAY

Charlie parks his car and steps out, SHOCKED by what he sees in the driveway --

BEN

Ben, in full goalie gear, is duct-taped to a hockey net like a drill dummy, while CARLA takes slap shots. One ball hits Ben in the chest. Ben winces.

BEN

DAD!

CHARLIE

Benny?! What the hell is this?

CARLA turns to see Charlie approach.

CARLA

Oh hey Chuck, still cruising around in the old vulva I see.

CHARLIE

Carla, why the hell is my son tied up?!

CARLA

Little guy wanted to learn how to man up and take a slap shot. Figured someone had to teach him.

BEN

C'mon dad. Hit me.

CARLA offers Charlie the stick expecting him to back down.

CHARLIE
No, this ends now.

CARLA
Don't be such a milk dud Charlie,
do it for the kid.

Charlie can feel Ben's eyes on him. He grabs the stick, feels the balance of it in his hands. He winds up for the shot.

CHARLIE
CARLA, next time an eight year old
tells you to tie him up...

Charlie releases, top left corner - nothing but net.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Think like a grown up and don't...

Another shot- nothing but net. Just as Charlie goes to release his third shot, Audrey comes out of the house.

AUDREY
CHARLIE!? Are you insane!?

The ball flies and hits Ben square in the groin. He grunts and falls forward with the net falling on top of him.

Charlie drops the stick. They rush to Ben.

CARLA
Jesus Charlie, he's just a kid!

AUDREY
Ben, sweetie are you alright?

CHARLIE
Benny, I am so sorry.

Audrey rips through the tape.

BEN
Mom, did you see it? I took it in
the pills like a champ!

AUDREY
What the hell were you thinking?

Charlie is flummoxed.

CARLA
Pretty irresponsible, Chuck. You
could've seriously hurt the boy.

Charlie seethes but decides not to turn it into a thing.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry buddy, are you alright?

BEN

Yep, double bagged it just like
Carla taught me.

CARLA

Better check his coin purse just in
case.

Charlie throes Carla a look.

AUDREY

What are you doing here, anyway?

CHARLIE

I came by to tell Ben I won't be
able to take him to the Civil War
re-enactment this weekend. Turns
out I need to work.

AUDREY

So first you almost kill our son,
and now your bailing on him? That's
pretty low.

Charlie takes a knee. Ben doesn't want to show he's really
not all that disappointed.

BEN

No, that's okay. I understand, I
mean since it's for work.

CHARLIE

Pressure's on but I'll make it up
to you, all right bud?

BEN

Sooo... is it okay then if CARLA
chaperones the camping trip with
the other dads from school?

This one cuts deep but Charlie concedes for Ben's sake.

CHARLIE

The camping trip.
(he forgot)
Yeah, absolutely. I want you to
have fun. Just don't let her tie
you to any trees.

Ben nods and they hug before Charlie heads back to his car.

CARLA

Off to another exciting a-cunting
convention, Chuck?

She cackles. Charlie walks off, set to blow. Voices swirl in his head.

COLEMAN (V.O.)

There are many words to describe
you... but thrilling?

AUDREY (V.O.)

Stay in your lane, Charlie.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Wouldn't you rather be an action
figure instead of play with them?

BANG! Charlie turns back and walks right up to CARLA, projecting all the swagger a man in cargo pants can muster.

CHARLIE

Matter of fact, Carla I'm headed to
a little country called Colombia.
Only one of the deadliest places on
Earth. Jungles so dense even the
trees'll kill you. Twenty foot
Anacondas ready to swallow you up.

Ben's mouth drops - this is the coolest thing ever.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

A cess pool of cut throat
guerrillas and drug pushers armed
to the teeth with automatic weapons
looking to rip out your tongue and
use it for a stamp licker. That's
where I'm going.

(leans in and whispers)

And if you ever tie my kid up again
I'll come back and show you how
it's done. We clear... Carl?

CARLA is stunned. Charlie puts his shades back on, surprised with himself. He walks back to his car.

Audrey catches up with him.

AUDREY

Charlie? Listen, about career day--

CHARLIE

Don't mention it. Y'know I kinda
felt bad for CARLA. So awkward.

She smiles. There's still some sweetness left between them.

AUDREY

So Colombia, really?

CHARLIE

Research for my new book. It's a
thriller.

Audrey is impressed. She tries to hide a smile and laugh.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What?

AUDREY

It's just, for a second there, I
thought about when we first met,
and how excited you were to write
the great American novel.

CHARLIE

Maybe its time to change lanes.

Charlie smiles, turns to walk to his car.

AUDREY

Hey,
(Charlie looks back)
Check your blind spot. Okay?

Charlie winks and turns, his confidence descends into dread.

PRE-LAP: SCREAMING JET TURBINES take us to --

EXT. CARTAGENA AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

The plane SCREECHES down onto a heat blurred tarmac.

Over traditional CUMBIA music.

EXT. CARTAGENA AIRPORT, ARRIVALS EXIT - DAY

SLO MO: Marcus swaggers like Don Johnson, hair slicked back.
Sam, sporting a neckerchief, struts like a peacock. Charlie
straggles, covered in sweat, looking green.

The FRONT OF THE AIRPORT bustles with fruit vendors, beggars,
and TOUTS pushing taxis and brothels.

SAM
Hmm, not the village people I was
hoping for.

THROUGH A CAMERA MATTE -- FROM A DISTANCE

The guys are oblivious they are being photographed.

CLICK: PHOTO OF MARCUS

MARCUS
Keep your eyes peeled, Manny said
there'd be a driver.

CLICK: PHOTO OF SAM

SAM
I need a Fanta. Anyone else?

CLICK: PHOTO OF CHARLIE

CHARLIE
How about a tetanus shot?

MARCUS
Shots. Yes, now you're thinking.
Let me see if I can find our ride.

SAM
Do bring the car around Marcus,
There's a good man.

Marcus flips them the bird as he walks off.

EXT. STREETS OF CARTAGENA - CONTINUOUS

A couple big sweaty men standing around an old van snicker at
Marcus's approach.

MARCUS
Ho-la amigos, I'm looking for a car
that's supposed to take me to...
(takes out brochure)
Paraíso Perdido? Ring any bells?

TRUCKER 1
(in Spanish)
You hear that? This hijueputa wants
to go to Paradise.

They all laugh. Marcus, not getting the joke, laughs along.

TRUCKER 2

Sure. We take you there, marica.

The second trucker reaches behind his back for a pistol.

MARCUS

Excellent, did Señor Rojas send you? Si? Manny Rojas? He said he'd send a car but I guess..

TRUCKER 1

Did you say...Manolo Rojas?

MARCUS

Oh great, so you do know Manny.

The truckers get in their truck and apologetically drive off.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Wait, aren't you guys...? Guys?

EXT. STREETS OF CARTAGENA, CONVENIENCE STAND - CONTINUOUS

Charlie glumly watches a few STREET KIDS playing soccer while he waits. The ball rolls over Charlie's way. He stops it and passes it back to a KID. The kid arcs the ball back to catch it in the nape of his neck.

Charlie nods, suitably impressed. The kid smiles and rubs his index finger and thumb together.

CHARLIE

All right, Kid. That's worth a peso.

Charlie takes out his velcro wallet -- The kid KICKS the ball right at Charlie's nose. Stunned, he drops the wallet.

The kid grabs it and takes off.

He gets about ten feet when he's yanked back hard seconds before a speeding truck almost hits him.

Charlie comes running up to find --

LUCIA

A stunning Colombian woman (34), dressed like a female Indiana Jones with no nonsense attitude. A police badge dangles from her neck.

STREET KID
 (Spanish)
 Ow! Lemme go.

Charlie, still seeing stars, looks up and gets a glimpse of her... backlit by the sun, looking like an angel.

CHARLIE
 That was amazing.

LUCIA
 (Spanish)
 The wallet. Now!

The kid, unwillingly hands her the wallet. She lets him go and he runs off. Lucia opens it and checks Charlie's ID.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
 Charlie Bleeker. If you insist on being a target, at least be a moving one.

CHARLIE
 Thanks. I'll remember that.

Marcus and Sam come running up to them. Lucia eyes them all, tosses back the wallet.

LUCIA
 Colombia can be a dangerous place,
 Charlie Bleeker. Be more careful.

She walks off.

CHARLIE
 (calls after)
 What's your name? Can I call you?

LUCIA (O.S.)
 (yells back)
 En tus sueños.

CHARLIE
 What a beautiful name.

SAM
 In your dreams, Charlie.

CHARLIE
 Definitely.

Sam shakes his head and leaves Charlie staring off, smitten.

EXT. CARTAGENA, STREETS - DAY

We follow the street kid as he walks past A MAN (40's) gobbling a hamburger at a curbside cantina. The man sticks out his foot and blocks the kid. This is AGENT KNOWLES with the DEA, a "Miami Vice" throwback with perma-stubble.

KNOWLES
Where's the wallet?

STREET KID
Some lady she stop me.

The kid tries to a grab a fry. Knowles pulls them away.

KNOWLES
This guy, Americano?

STREET KID
Si.

KNOWLES
And the woman who stopped you, did they know each other?

STREET KID
I don't think so. She was policia.

Knowles slides the plate of fries back with two thousand pesos under it. The kid grabs it all and takes off.

A THIN MAN in a straw hat comes out of the Cantina, with a camera slung around his neck. This is AGENT MARTINEZ(40's).

MARTINEZ
Anything useful?

KNOWLES
More "touristas" in search of Paradise. Courtesy of Manny Rojas.

EXT. CARTAGENA AIRPORT - DAY

An ELDORADO CONVERTIBLE pulls up in front of the guys. ERNIE, A skinny kid(20's) in cheap sunglasses flashes a wide grin.

ERNIE
One of you guys Don Markoos?

MARCUS
Marcus is my first name. This is Charlie, and that's Sam.

ERNIE

Con mucho gusto. I am Ernesto, your driver. Call me Ernie.

Ernie POPS the trunk, hops out and opens the doors.

MARCUS

What'd I tell you? First class all the way.

Sam

I'd hate to see last class.

Ernie grabs their bags and throws them in the trunk.

ERNIE

Okay hermanos, paradise awaits you.

As Charlie gets in he spots Lucia, across the street.

SAM

Hey Charlie, isn't that your dream girl?

CHARLIE

Yeah, what'd she say her name was? It was something exotic sounding. Entoos Swayno, something like that.

Ernie laughs as they pull out and drive off.

ERNIE

En tus sueños? JaJaJa. In your dreams, Charlie. In your dreams.

EXT. COLOMBIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DRIVING - DAY

Ernie switches on some reggaeton music as the guys take in the colorful Colombian cityscape.

SAM

So is Colombia as dangerous as everyone says it is?

ERNIE

Nah, it's much safer these past ten years since Don Pablo left us.

SAM

Don Pablo? What, was he like your President or something?

They all look back at him -- are you kidding?

MARCUS
Escobar, you tit.

SAM
I knew that.
(a beat)
Who's Pablo Escobar?

They all look at Sam like he's got nipples for eyes.

CHARLIE
Only the richest, most notorious
drug lord in history.

Ernie's mega-watt smile is momentarily replaced by a haunted expression.

ERNIE
Some say El Patron was the cancer
of Colombia. Many call him the
patron saint of pain and the warden
of agony... rumors persist he never
died and waits in the shadows so
that one day he may rise again.

He crosses himself. Sam still is still confused.

SAM
Okay, so not your president?

CUT TO:

EXT. FINCA HIDEAWAY - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

ANGLE ON an idyllic pastoral scene of a country farm house until we notice the armed guards in full on camouflage.

INT. FINCA HIDEAWAY, FRONT HALL - DAY

MARIA CHUNG (42), a five foot nothing spunky big-haired ball buster of an asian woman carrying her yappy LHASA APSO like a clutch handbag, and a rolled up newspaper in the other hand. She opens the front door, pushing aside an armed guard.

MARIA
Move.
(Broken English)
WHERE IS HE?!

RUDY, a henchman, comes out to greet her, smiling nervously.

RUDY

Doña Maria! We did not expect you back so soon. How was your vacation?

MARIA

Don't give me any of that shit. Where the hell is my husband?

RUDY

(covering)

Oh, Don Pablo? He is in the kitchen preparing the lunch for the children.

She shows the paper to Rudy.

MARIA

Did you know about this?

RUDY

(smiles nervously)

Ay Doña Maria, I am not privileged to such things.

SMACK.

Maria SWATS him with the paper and then storms down the hallway.

INT. ESCOBAR HIDEAWAY, KITCHEN - DAY

MARIA (O.S.)

PABLO!!!

PABLO(54), the instantly recognizable mustachioed bear, wears a frilly apron over his safari shirt. He stands in front of a hot stove chomping on a cigar making grilled cheeses.

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

I know you can hear me!

Pablo's eyes go wide -- uh oh! He takes the cigar out of his mouth, chucks it out an open window and waves his hand to clear up the smoke.

PABLO

(to himself in Spanish)

Shit, she's early.

MARIA (O.S.)

That better not be smoke I smell.

The door pushes open. In walks Maria, fit to be tied.

PABLO
 Maria, mi angel. You're back.

MARIA
 What am I going to say? WHAT am I
 going to say?

PABLO
 (rolls his eyes)
 I have no idea what you are going
 to say?

MARIA
 Then why do you roll your eyes?

PABLO
 What has gotten you so upset, mi
 amor?

MARIA
 (hands him the paper)
 Explain yourself.

She slams the paper down on the counter.

ANGLE ON FRONT PAGE:

The headline reads: "ESCOBAR DEAD OR ALIVE?" Above a grainy
 photograph of Pablo in a ball cap and sunglasses walking
 through a forest like Big Foot.

PABLO
 Mi vida, this is salacious gossip
 mongering. Why you pay attention?

MARIA
 A better question is why would a
 dead man VISIT DE FOCKING ZOO?!

He grimaces, the words stuck in his throat, then --

PABLO
 Okay fine. It was me. I did it. But
 querida, I need to see my animals.
 Next to you, they are my
 everything.

MARIA
 What about the children.

PABLO
 What about them?

MARIA

(exasperated)

Ten years, TEN YEARS you have been dead and you come out to feed the focking animals?! Idiota!

PABLO

Maria, my hippos, my rhino, they are out there, in the wild, cold and alone. They need me. I swear if anything were to happen to them...

MARIA

(over him)

Pablo, Pablo! Who is the head of this family now?

He waffles...technically On paper...

MARIA (CONT'D)

WHO?!

PABLO

(begrudgingly)

You are.

MARIA

Correcto. Yo. I am the one who is wearing los pants. I control the production and distribution. You control the grill cheeses. Got it?

Maria storms out of the kitchen. Pablo tastes his grill cheese, not bad -- ok bad.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATES - PARAÍSO PERDIDO - DAY

The car drives through security station flanked by ARMED GUARDS. Ernie waves and the car is allowed to pass.

EXT. PARAÍSO PERDIDO - DAY

As the sun dips below the trees, we arrive at an old colonial villa framed by exotic floral topiaries and fountains framed by fruit trees and palm fronds.

INT. PARAÍSO PERDIDO, VILLAS - DAY

Ernie opens the doors to an enormous room. The guys are dumbstruck. The luxurious suite is decked out in a tropical motif with marble floors and gold fixtures. It screams money.

ERNIE

Senior Rojas regrets he cannot be here to greet you personally but has instructed me to extend you every courtesy. His house is your house.

MARCUS

Hey, mi casa su casa. I just got that.

The guys drop their bags. Marcus pulls out a fiver for Ernie.

ERNIE

(waves it off)

Please, I would consider it an offense.

Marcus pushes it back into Ernie's pocket. Winks.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Now if you gentleman will excuse me. I must confer with the chef about dinner.

Ernie turns, pulls out the dirty bill like its a used tissue.

MARCUS

Now this is living.

SAM

Screw living. This is heaven.

Charlie opens a door to an adjoining identical suite.

CHARLIE

Check it out, adjoining rooms.

MARCUS

You see? I told you guys. Manny is the real deal.

CHARLIE

I will reserve judgment.

MARCUS

Crazy shit is gonna go down. I can feel it.

SAM

Speaking of, Sammy needs to drop a doble. I'm off to find the little muchachos room.

Sam steps into the ensuite and starts humming.

CHARLIE'S ROOM

Charlie unpacks, putting everything away neatly while Marcus grabs a swan towel off his bed and pretends to hump it.

MARCUS

Time to wang chung Columbian style, Papi. Whatdya think?

CHARLIE

I think you're going to catch swan herpes.

MARCUS

About buying the place, man. I mean you're the investment guru.

CHARLIE

Marcus, we've been here less than an hour. I get you wanted a free trip and everything but you're not seriously considering buying this place are you?

MARCUS

Admit it. You don't think I have the business smarts to pull this off, do you?

CHARLIE

It's not like running a night club. The hospitality industry is a major commitment, and no offense...

Sam walks back in fanning himself.

SAM

You should buy this place for the bidet alone. It's... liberating.

MARCUS

Charlie doesn't think I'm smart enough to run a resort.

SAM

Because you're not. Buuut you could pay someone to be smart enough like you do for the bar.

Marcus is satisfied with that.

CHARLIE

Putting aside the monumental risk factor, the financing, the liability, do you even know what's around here? Or anything at all about this country for that matter? It's called due diligence.

Marcus grabs three beers from the mini-bar and tosses them out. Sam SCREAMS completely missing the bottle. It smashes through a window. Marcus pulls out another.

MARCUS

I thought you might say that, which is why I arranged for us to go on a little fact finding mission. You know, take in some of the local culture.

SAM

How local?

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE MOUNTAIN ROADS - MOVING JEEP - DAY

Ernie and the guys ride in a range rover through the winding country side. The jeep pulls into a clearing in front of a small thatched hut with a satellite dish. They all hop out.

EXT. MAMO'S HUT - DAY

ERNIE

Okay chicos. To fully appreciate the beauty of Colombia you need to purge yourselves of all impurities in order to be born again as true Colombians.

MARCUS

I thought impurities were the whole reason we came.

ERNIE

Consider this your spiritual
rebirth. Listo?

CHARLIE

Not in the leasto.

SAM

For the record, I was told we were
going to a day spa.

Charlie pokes a wind chime of tiny skulls hanging off a tree.

CHARLIE

Remind me again why you thought
this was a good idea?

MARCUS

For one, this will help you
unclench. Or at the very least
it'll get you so blitzed you'll
totally forget your name.

Charlie shrugs -- good point.

INT. MAMO'S HUT - DAY

The guys walk in through the beaded curtain. There's a fire
pit in the centre surrounded by log benches. They sit.

SAM

Holy fuck a duck, it's like Satan's
sphincter in here.

MARCUS

(under his breath)
Hey, don't be rude. This is
somebody's house.

Enter Mamo (80's), very muscular for a man his age. He's
naked except for a loin cloth and feathered headdress.

SAM

(bites his lip)
Okay, now we're talking.

The Mamo chants in his mountain language as he reaches into a
pouch and blows a handful of cocaine dust at them.

Charlie lays a very wet old man sneeze right in Marcus's
face.

MARCUS
Dude! Seriously!?

Charlie wipes his nose, looks around for something to wipe his hand on but there's nothing so he wipes it on Sam.

ON MAMO

He takes out a CLAY BOWL, and blows some cigar smoke into it, letting the fumes waft over him. He takes a sip and passes it to Marcus.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(nervous)
When in Rome, I guess.

SAM
Sweet Jesus he's already forgotten
where we are.

Marcus takes a swig and passes it to Sam who gags from the smell. He drinks and passes the bowl to Charlie.

CHARLIE
(stalling)
Feel anything?

Sam and Marcus exchange looks and shrug. Neither feel a thing. Charlie resigns himself to the moment.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Why do I let you talk me into this
stuff.

Charlie takes a giant gulp. Everyone watches him, and then slowly a smile comes across his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
That actually tastes kinda... kinda-

He falls to his knees and wretches violently in the corner.

Marcus and Sam laugh maniacally in slow motion, then too join in the puking.

EXT. SHAMAN'S HUT - LATER

Marcus and Sam are at a water pump trying to wash the shit stains off their underpants.

Charlie emerges, born again. Marcus and Sam go to him.

MARCUS

Charlie!

SAM

We thought you were dead.

CHARLIE

Gentleman, I am alive... and ready
to par-
(gags)
-Nope. I lied.

He retches.

PRE-LAP: CUE WILD COLOMBIAN PARTY MUSIC

PARTY MONTAGE - NIGHT

GAMBLING PIT

Charlie, Sam, and Marcus -- in a boozy haze, hunch over a dirt pit surrounded by gambling FARMERS all clutching bills.

Across from them, a RANCHERO pulls the drawstring on a burlap sack and a COBRA slithers out. Charlie, scoffs. He whistles and a MONKEY jumps into the pit, flips open a switch blade. The crowd goes wild.

SCORPION DEN

We make our way through a CROWD OF ON-LOOKERS to the front of the crowd. At the front, a shirtless Marcus is in a chugging contest with another guy as the crowd cheers them on. We PAN down to REVEAL: Scorpions clamped to each of their nipples. The other guy swells up horribly making Marcus the winner.

FIGHT CAGE

Sam, bare chested and spent sits on a stool in the corner of a chain link fight cage. The CROWD SHOUTS his name. He does another rail of blow. The bell DINGS and a horde of masked MIDGET LUCHADORES pour in. Sam HOWLS and bats each one away.

NEON LOVE MOTEL

Marcus's door opens and out walk two gorgeous women followed by a satisfied Marcus.

NEXT DOOR a terrified Charlie runs out followed by a HUMOUNGOUS SWEATY WOMAN.

SAM'S DOOR opens and out comes three GORGEOUS MEN, eight MASKED MIDGET WRESTLERS, the switchblade MONKEY and a couple of CHICKENS followed by SAM doing up his robe.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRUCK MOVING THROUGH THE JUNGLE - NEXT MORNING

Ernie drives over bumpy terrain. Marcus, Sam, and Charlie are dressed in suits, looking very hung over.

SAM

My head feels like it was shat out of a ferret.

CHARLIE

Remind me again what part of waking up at the ass crack of dawn was a good idea?

MARCUS

Waking up? This is real?

ERNIE

(laughing)

You said you wanted the full cultural experience.

DISTANT P.O.V.

And again, they are being watched...

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - NIGHT

Knowles and Martinez sit in a parked jeep. Knowles hands Martinez a pair of binoculars.

SCOPE MATTE

The jeep stops and our weary travelers pour out. ERNIE and his helper, LUIS, unload a duffle bag of AK-47's.

MARTINEZ (O.S.)

Whatdya think? Could be arms dealers.

BACK TO SCENE

KNOWLES

It's possible. Whoever these guys are they're no amateurs.

MARTINEZ

My guess? Rojas is making a run for the throne.

Knowles smiles, throws an arm around Martinez.

KNOWLES

This is the one we've been waiting for, Marty. We do this right, we finally get out of this shit hole country.

MARTINEZ

How do you want to handle it?

KNOWLES

We've waited this long. Let's see how this plays out.

EXT. DEEP JUNGLE - DAY

Charlie shuffles along, his head is pounding. Marcus plays quick draw with an UZI. Sam is busy fellating a large cigar.

SAM

I'm starting to see the appeal of these things.

CHARLIE

Whose idea was it to wear suits in the middle of a rainforest?

MARCUS

It's our last day. I thought it might be nice to class things up. Plus we look super dope.

Marcus practices his quick draw.

CHARLIE

Because we are dopes. Shouldn't we at least have safety vests or goggles, something?

MARCUS

Will you quit worrying? These guys are professionals.

Ernie and his helper Luis approach. Ernie carries a rifle.

ERNIE

Okay amigos, today we go through one of the most dangerous places in the world, but out here, man rules. Yes?

MARCUS

So what are we hunting?

ERNIE

Jungle cow.

CHARLIE

(under his breath)
Jungle cow?

MARCUS

I know, right!

Trudging through the jungle. Luis holds up a fist for all to stop. He goes to the edge of the tree line and looks in.

Something BIG approaches, we hear SNORTS.

LUIS

(in Spanish)
That should be your cow up ahead.
It's the oldest one I could find.

Ernie LAUGHS and shakes his head.

MARCUS

(above a whisper)
What'd he say?

ERNIE

Luis says he find you a ferrocious wild cow to shoot. Very dangerous.
(yells to Luis in Spanish)
Get it to come out this way.

Luis makes NOISES to attract the beast. SNORTING followed by more RUSTLING -- Ernie turns to Charlie.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Okay Charlie, here's your chance.

CHARLIE

What? Me? No. I do not want to shoot a cow.

MARCUS

Charlie, don't insult them. Kill the fucking cow.

JUAN
(in Spanish)
It's coming.

The SNORTING gets louder. Luis pokes his head into the brush.

The beast tears out of the forest. It's definitely NOT a cow but a charging

FOUR TON RHINOCEROS!

The rhino BUTTS LUIS, sends him flying. Now it's headed straight towards the guys!

ERNIE
RUN!!!

The rhino butts Ernie out of the way.

Sam and Marcus dive for cover. Charlie is frozen...

TIME SLOWS.

His heart POUNDS like a kettle drum.

The rhino charges...

Charlie takes a deep breath, grips the shaft, slide his finger to the trigger and...

BLAMMO!

The rhino skids to a stop barely a few feet away. Dead.

The shot echoes through the trees.

Everyone is speechless a long beat. Until they erupt, ELATED.

MARCUS
Oh my fucking God! That was insane!

Ernie slowly takes the gun out of Charlie's hand.

CHARLIE
W-what just happened?

SAM
Charlie, you saved us!

CHARLIE
(dazed)
Oh. Okay then.

Charlie faints and falls to the ground. Marcus rushes to his side and SLAPS Charlie to wake him up. Charlie awakens and SLAPS him back. It devolves into a girly slap fight.

SAM

Uh, I could be wrong but this doesn't look like a cow.

They turn their attention to Ernie approaching the dead beast.

ON ERNIE

He cocks his pistol and carefully approaches the carcass.

ERNIE

That's because it's not a cow. Dios mio. It's a rhinoceros.

MARCUS

You shot a fucking rhinoceros?! That is so baller.

All three move in for a closer look. Ernie checks the head and confirms it. One clean shot right between the eyes.

SAM

Aw, poor little guy.

Ernie notices a tag on the rhino's ear and stumbles back, does the sign of the cross.

ERNIE

Santa maria bendito de dios.

Marcus reads the tag:

MARCUS

"Propriedad de Pablo Escobar."
Holy shit, Dude. Not just any rhino, you just killed Pablo Escobar's rhino!

SAM

Is that bad?

CHARLIE

I would say that is in a whole other fucking time zone from bad!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

PODCAST RECAP OF ACT 1:

COLOMBIAN MUSIC CUE --

NARRATOR

Three clueless friends on a guys' trip to Colombia accidentally kill Pablo Escobar's beloved pet rhino, luring the notorious drug lord out of hiding after years of being presumed dead. Now they have just two days to replace it—or face Pablo's wrath.

[NOTE: CARTEL GUY will be our narrator for recaps. Picture Lalo Salamanca from "Better Call Saul", authentic Colombian voice with a dry, dark sense of humor.]

SFX of a creaking door slowly opening, then closing with a metallic clank. Heavy boots scuff across the floor, followed by a chair scraping as Cartel Guy sits down.

In the background, we hear faint, MUFFLED WHIMPERING from a bound and gagged VICTIM.

CARTEL GUY

Shh... tranquilo, hombre, no te pongas nervioso. Act One, amigo... Act One left us on edge, no? These poor huevones, thinking they're on a relaxing little vacation, and they go and shoot a damn rhinoceros in the middle of the Colombian jungle.

We hear the click of a gun being loaded. The victim whimpers, and Cartel Guy chuckles.

CARTEL GUY (CONT'D)

Then they realize, ay Dios, this isn't just any rhino... this is Pablo Escobar's rhino. And Pablo? Rumor has it...not so dead after all. Let's listen and see if these idiotas can survive what comes next.

Cartel guy SPINS the pistol's chamber and SNAPS it shut.

EXT. DEEP JUNGLE - DAY

Sam is still trying to process. Charlie is in shock, and Marcus paces trying to think it out.

MARCUS

(concealing concern)

Okay, calm down. Escobar has been dead for years... Supposedly.

CHARLIE

(frantic)

Supposedly?! If the rumors are true and he really is still alive--

(full hissy)

Who the fuck keeps a fucking rhinoceros in fucking Colombia?

MARCUS

He hasn't been seen in ten years!
If anything this rhino is *probably* proof that he *is* dead.

The guys ponder the thought, simultaneously looking around the jungle, noticing at last that Ernie has taken off.

CHARLIE

We should get out of here... Ernie?

They all look around... no Ernie, no Luis.

ALL

Ernie! Luis! Ernie?

Marcus takes off running. Charlie is right behind him.

SAM

Guys, come on! I think if we just stay calm we'll see this is--

And Sam takes screaming for them to wait up.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - NIGHT

They reach the clearing. There's no sign of Luis or Ernie.

CHARLIE

SHIT! They took the truck!

SAM

So we're stranded?

MARCUS

Look, no one saw what happened but us, right? Ernie's not going to tell anyone. They were his guns. I say we're in the clear.

Sam and Charlie look at one other. *He may be right...*

SAM

So now what?

CHARLIE

Now, we get the fuck out of this country and I mean now.

EXT. DEEP JUNGLE - LATER

Knowles and Martinez pull up next to the dead rhino. Martinez hops out and checks the ear tag. Displays it for Knowles.

KNOWLES

Looks like these assholes came to send a message.

MARTINEZ

I guess you were right. Rojas is making a play for the throne.

KNOWLES

One thing's for sure, if the rumors are true and Escobar really has been in hiding this whole time, these fuckers may be the ones to flush him out.

As Knowles and Martinez drive off into the jungle --

Three MENACING-LOOKING MEN step out of the brush. The men scan the area, guns raised. One of them checks the bullet hole in the rhino.

MAN

(Spanish)

So which one of you wants to be the one to tell the boss?

The two others cross themselves at the mere notion.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

An old RANCHERO on a burro CLIP CLOPS along lazily -- towing another larger horse upon which sits Marcus, Charlie and Sam, covered in mud and twigs, exhausted.

The rancharo brings the horse to a stop, points down a side road. They dismount and pay him a few bills.

EXT. FRONT GATES - PARAÍSO PERDIDO - LATER

The guys stroll past the guard house. The GUARD inside is hunched forward, eyes closed.

SAM

Tsk, some people take no pride in their work.

MARCUS

Bet your ass heads are gonna roll when I take over the joint.

Sam snaps a photo. They keep walking oblivious that the guard has three bullet holes in his chest.

EXT. PARAÍSO VILLAS - DAY

The guys reach their villas and find the doors are open. They rush in to inspect.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Oh my God, we've been robbed!

Charlie comes out a beat later, panicking.

MARCUS

They got my passport!

CHARLIE

Mine too. You think it could've been the cleaning staff?

Marcus shakes his head with disgust.

MARCUS

Again... racist.

CHARLIE

How is that racist? They had direct access.

MARCUS

It's racist because they're foreign.

CHARLIE

They're not foreign, dipshit. We're in their country.

MARCUS

Which makes it so much worse.

Sam comes out writing on a post card.

SAM

How do you say "Wish you were queer" in Colombian?

CHARLIE

What'd they take from you?

Sam lifts his shirt, reveals a bulging money belt.

SAM

Nada. All safely tucked away in my gunt. Come prepared, Charlie... Helps avoid life's little mishaps.

Marcus comes out with his bag slung over his shoulder and two handfuls of hotel toiletries.

MARCUS

Okay, now we can go.

CHARLIE

Hold up, has anybody else noticed how quiet it is around here?

They all stop and look around --

THE GROUNDS

What few people remain, mostly wait staff, are all lying face down...permanently.

SAM

Huh, must be siesta time.

All check their watches -- perfectly plausible. They leave.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

The guys walk backwards by the side of the road, bags in tow. They manage to flag down an old yellow school bus. It pulls over a few feet ahead of them.

Marcus runs up first. The door swings open.

MARCUS

Si, uh... air-o-porto?

The apathetic DRIVER looks him up and down and waves them in.

EXT. STEEP MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

The bus spews a giant puff of blue diesel smoke as it careens precariously around the edge of a steep cliff.

INT. BUS - DAY

The bus is packed with sweaty indigenous LABORERS, OLD WOMEN fanning themselves and MOTHERS with YOUNG CHILDREN.

Sam sits next to an OLD MAN in a straw cowboy hat. He's got a squirming rooster on his lap. Sam looks down at the rooster and back at the man.

SAM

You have a lovely cock. May I stroke it?

The man smiles, clueless as Sam pets his rooster. Charlie smacks him in the back of the head.

CHARLIE

The hell's the matter with you?

SAM

I can't help it. The stress triggers my sass.

Marcus returns and takes a seat.

MARCUS

He said we were close. Either that or he's taking us to the circus.

They all turn at the sound of a bat-shit looking one-eyed man slowly sharpening his machete starring back at them.

CHARLIE

If we survive that long.

MARCUS

Oh come on, can we all just take a minute to appreciate everything? Partying, tripping out with the locals, shooting a rhino? If this doesn't get the old juices flowing then nothing will.

CHARLIE

Alright, I will admit it's definitely creating some sparks. But you'll forgive me if I don't get too excited until we're back on home turf.

The OLD WOMAN seated next to Charlie gnaws on a dried chicken talon. She offers Charlie a nibble. He nearly gags.

SAM

Hey, we're slowing down.

MARCUS

Probably just making another pick up.

CHARLIE

(looking ahead)

Jesus, it's a road block. What if they're looking for us?

MARCUS

Relax, we're just tourists on our way home from a weekend bender. Stay cool and try to blend in.

The bus comes to a stop. The driver opens the door. A COP WITH AN ASSAULT RIFLE steps on and gives a cursory glance at everyone on the bus.

Marcus has on the farmer's straw hat pulled over his eyes, Sam has a shawl wrapped snugly around his head while Charlie gnaws on a chicken talon.

Bus driver

(Spanish)

What's the problem?

Cop

(Spanish)

Some idiots went and got themselves shot. Looks like you're going to have to sit tight for a while.

The cop steps off the bus. The driver turns back to everyone to let them know what's going on -- in Spanish. Naturally, the guys don't understand any of this.

People start getting off the bus to stretch their legs.

Sam gets up to follow.

MARCUS

Where the hell are you going?

SAM

I have a shy bladder.

Charlie and Marcus look at each other left alone with the smiling machete man still sharpening his blade.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Charlie and Marcus step out into the blinding sun.

People mill about in front of the bus. Some sit, fanning themselves. Fruit, flower and BBQ pork stands line the road.

SAM

stands in a long row of men peeing against a wall. He checks out what the other guys have to offer, mildly impressed.

THE ACCIDENT

The collision is between an overturned jeep and a fruit truck. The driver of the fruit truck appears banged up but otherwise unharmed. There's fruit everywhere.

Marcus curiously steps in for a closer look and instantly recognizes-

-ERNIE and LUIS, their bodies are riddled with BULLET HOLES.

Marcus freaks at this and starts scanning the crowd. He turns to Charlie, who is at this moment dry heaving into a ditch.

CHARLIE

That chicken claw is so *not* sitting well with me.

MARCUS

Charlie don't look, it's Ernie.

CHARLIE
Where? We're saved!

MARCUS
Not exactly.

Marcus drags him over to try and get a closer look. Charlie gasps before spotting LUCIA, the woman they met outside the airport.

CHARLIE
Oh my God. It's her.

MARCUS
Who?

CHARLIE
The woman from outside the airport.

MARCUS
Your dream girl?

CHARLIE
Well, I mean she's not exactly MY
dream girl, I mean she's definitely
A dream girl but I wouldn't-

They move in for a closer look but she doesn't see them.

MARCUS
(shouts)
-Entus Suenos!

CHARLIE
Shut up, what if she comes over?

Lucia glances over at Marcus, and for the first time they realize, she's a cop. Lucia is too preoccupied to react.

Charlie grabs Marcus and muffles him.

MARCUS
Ha, look at that, classic. Your
dream girl is a fucking cop! Man do
you have a type or what.

CHARLIE
Seriously? Well...maybe she can
help us.

MARCUS
Or cuff you and slam you to the
ground... chicka bow wow.

CHARLIE
 Not as fun as it sounds, trust me.
 (doubles over)
 Oh God.

Charlie's looking queasy again.

MARCUS
 What's the matter?

A POLICE OFFICER steps in and tries to push the crowd back.
 Charlie doubles over again.

CHARLIE
 I dunno. I think I'm gonna be sick.

MARCUS
 Hey that other cop's coming this
 way. Be cool.

The police officer moves in and tries to push them back. He
 looks at Charlie who won't move.

COP
 (in Spanish)
 What the hell's the matter with
 him?

Charlie smiles then blows chunks all over the cop. A beat. He
 looks up apologetically in time to catch:

THE BUTT OF A RIFLE

As it knocks him out.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

OVER BLACK

MARCUS (V.O.)
 Wake up sweetie, you'll be late for
 school.

CHARLIE'S POV

His eyes slowly adjust to the face of a TOOTHLESS old DRUNK
 picking chunks of puke out of his hair. Charlie uprights to
 find he's in a --

JAIL CELL

Packed in with other MISCREANTS, DRUNKS and DIRT BAGS.

CHARLIE

Please let this be the airport lounge.

MARCUS

Guess again.

Charlie tries to sit up.

CHARLIE

Ow. OW! My head. What the hell happened?

MARCUS

Before or after they removed your kidney?

Charlie rips open his shirt and feels around. Marcus laughs.

CHARLIE

That is not funny.

MARCUS

Then you won't find this funny either. Aside from puking on a cop, and in the squad car, and in the station. It seems we may have ignited a teensy tiny cartel war.

CHARLIE

What are you talking about?

MARCUS

The cops think you shot Escobar's rhino to send a message. They're calling you "El Contador," come to rack up the body count.

CHARLIE

El Contador? Where the hell would they get an idea like that?

MARCUS

They said why else would Americans wear suits in the middle of the jungle? Who knew there was a dress code.

Marcus gestures towards the other inmates cowering in the corner, keeping their distance from them--

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Good news is this makes you somewhat of a bad ass or a target, same diff.

CHARLIE

We gotta get out of here.

MARCUS

No shit. Sam's working on that now.

PAN OVER: We see Sam, chatting up a PRISON GUARD. He winks coquettishly and walks back to Marcus and Charlie.

Sam

Okay, Guapito over there said he might be able to pull a few strings for us in exchange for a little action.

MARCUS

Fantastic. Seriously bro, way to take one for the team.

SAM

Oh he didn't mean me. Guapito prefers to watch so make it good.

Sam smiles deviously at one then the other.

CHARLIE

Watch what? What're you talking about?

(catches on)

With him? No way, not gonna happen.

Marcus clues in.

MARCUS

What? You're too good for me? Pfft, you're no prize.

SAM

Relax, it's just a little kissing, maybe some light petting.

CHARLIE

Uh, newsflash, we are not gay.

SAM

(enjoying this)

Look around honey, in here - we're all a little Judy.

They all look up at the guard who gestures suggestively with his tongue. Sam holds up a finger - "un momento."

SAM (CONT'D)

Unless you'd rather wait till they
auction you off in a cartel prison.

Charlie weighs options. After a beat.

CHARLIE

I'm thinking.
(rolls his eyes)
Fine, let's get this over with.

Charlie and Marcus shut their eyes. Neither makes a move.

SAM

C'mon boys, you're necking not
playing chicken now andale.

They both glance over at the guard who's watching closely. Marcus and Charlie slowly lean forward as repulsed as if they were about to swallow a live cockroach. They knock heads, rub faces -- everything they can do to not touch lips.

SAM (CONT'D)

That's it Charlie, get in there.

Marcus's tongue slowly pokes out through clenched lips.

The guard and all the other prisoners are really enjoying this when a SECOND GUARD comes in with Lucia. She smirks but doesn't stop them.

MARCUS

(with his tongue out)
He thmells like puke.

SAM

That's it. Now gently probe your
throat snake into his face vagina.

CHARLIE

(jumps up)
Oh hell no! I can't do this.

LUCIA

It's true. Prison really does
change a man.

Marcus looks up and sees Lucia, he shoves Charlie off him.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

Please don't stop on my account.

CHARLIE

Entusueno! You're here. That was,
oh no, we were just...

Sam and "Guapito" bust a gut. The guard unlocks the cell.

LUCIA

My partner was the one you threw up
on. He agreed to let you go
provided you, how did he put it?
"Get your puto madre culos the fuck
out of Colombia."

CHARLIE

I don't know how to thank you.

LUCIA

You can start by calling me Lucia
and don't thank me yet. It's not
safe for you here. We received a
tip that men are already on their
way to collect the bounty on your
heads.

MARCUS

Why would someone put a bounty on
us?

LUCIA

You mean the three Americans who
single-handedly re-ignited the
cartel wars?

CHARLIE

Oh, you heard about that.

LUCIA

They're saying you went on a
shooting spree at a resort.

CHARLIE

What?! I never even fired a gun.
Okay once but it was in self
defense.

LUCIA

Don't worry. You don't exactly
strike me as gun toting bad asses.
Anyway, the longer you are here,
the worse for everyone. So nos
vamos.

They all file out.

SAM

I really hope there's a gift shop
at the airport. I got a ton of
people expecting postcards.

Lucia stops -- considers this.

LUCIA

No. He's right. Escobar's men will
be searching the public terminals.
We need to hide you.

CHARLIE

Okay, but where?

LUCIA

I may have an idea.

PRE-LAP: Indigenous music rings out.

EXT. LUCIA'S ABUELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The sun sets over a modest cinder block house painted in
bright colors. There's still re-bar sticking out of the roof.
A few chickens peck about the front yard next to a pot
bellied pig. Lush gardens frame the house on either side.

INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marcus and Sam are clearing off the dinner table while
Charlie is at the sink washing a few dishes.

Lucia and her ABUELA (grandmother) sit at the dinner table.

LUCIA

You are making me look bad,
Charlie. Now whenever I try to hide
strange American men, Abuelita will
expect them to do the dishes.

CHARLIE

It's the least we can do.

SAM

Please tell your grandmother she is
a fabulous cook.

LUCIA

(Spanish)

He says you are a fabulous cook.

Abuela looks up at Sam, smiles and nods.

ABUELA
 (Spanish)
 I never cooked for a queer before.
 Who knew they ate the same things.

LUCIA
 She says you're welcome.

Abuela calls Marcus over and pinches his cheek.

ABUELA
 (Spanish)
 Now this one I could really sink my
 teeth into, if I had any left.

CHARLIE
 What'd she say?

LUCIA
 She said you have a kind face.

ABUELA
 (nods)
 Yeah, the kind I'd like to shove
 down my--

LUCIA
 --Okay, abuelita. We get the point.

MARCUS
 (smiles politely)
 Thank you!

Abuela gestures for Lucia to hand her a box off the shelf.
 Inside there's a pipe and some coca leaves.

The grandmother starts stuffing her pipe and lights it. She
 offers some to Marcus, who accepts out of politeness.

LUCIA
 I'd go easy on that stuff. It's not
 the bullshit they sell to tourists.

Marcus coughs up a lung.

MARCUS
 Tickles-
 (cough)
 -the throat.

Charlie is done with the dishes. Lucia grabs a bowl of food
 scraps from the counter.

LUCIA
Care to meet your breakfast?

CHARLIE
Meet?

EXT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Charlie and Lucia are silhouetted by the waning sunlight as they lean against the pig pen. Lucia feeds them slop.

CHARLIE
Has your family always lived here?

LUCIA
For generations going back, who knows. Long before the name Escobar ever meant anything to anyone. Before the unrest... If you ask my abuela she would tell you we sprang from the earth itself.

CHARLIE
It's very peaceful. I like it.

LUCIA
Peaceful? No. But safe at least.
(a long beat)
My father grew up in Rio Negro, the same town as Escobar. Things used to be so beautiful here. Now it feels all that has been painted over by the same ugly brush.

Charlie nudges her flirtatiously.

CHARLIE
Not everything.

Lucia smiles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
The pig is pretty cute.

She playfully punches his arm. He turns and winces.

LUCIA
My father was an optimist. No matter how bad things got, the war, the drugs, corruption. He always wished some day people could see Colombia for what it really was... for what it could be.

CHARLIE

It's not too late is it?

LUCIA

Between the cartels and las guerillas... They make it too easy to be part of the problem... or worse when people do nothing but sit back and cross their arms.

CHARLIE

I wish I had an ounce of power. I would help show people your beautiful country. Despite everything. I kinda love it here.

Lucia takes a long look at Charlie. Trying to figure out if this is a line.

LUCIA

I believe you.

They draw closer, studying each other.

Sam walks out, high as a kite.

SAM

It's getting pretty hot and heavy in there.

(looks around, spaced)

Oh look, a pig -- hello.

Lucia withdraws and goes back inside.

LUCIA (O.S.)

Abuela! What are you doing? Get off of him!

SAM

So what'd I miss?

Charlie smacks him in the shoulder.

CHARLIE

Don't you knock?

SAM

To go outside?

CUT TO:

INT. DEA APARTMENT - DAY

Martinez studies a pin-up board of photos. Manny Rojas is prominently identified at the top. His picture branches off into several low level captains and thugs.

Martinez tacks up pictures of Charlie, Marcus and Sam to the wall next to a photo of Manny Rojas.

Agent Knowles enters, loading his pistol.

KNOWLES

I talked to my guy. He said they let three Americans go late last night. Get this, one of them was The Accountant.

MARTINEZ

Whoah, for real? Man, I thought that guy was a myth. You know, like a boogey man for drug dealers.

KNOWLES

You saw the way he took down that rhino. Stone cold killer.

MARTINEZ

Well, word's out. Someone put a serious bounty on these assholes.

KNOWLES

Shit, you know what this means?

MARTINEZ

This is our ticket, baby. Follow the rats, find us some cheese.

They fist bump. Knowles nods at the map on the wall.

KNOWLES

There's a private strip running cesna's not too far from here. If they're getting help, that's likely where they're heading.

MARTINEZ

Guess we better get there before the competition.

KNOWLES

You ready for this?

Martinez smirks, grabs two shotguns from a cabinet and tosses one to Knowles. Martinez pumps his shotgun. Thinks a beat.

MARTINEZ
Can we stop for empanadas?

KNOWLES
Empanadas?

Knowles pumps his shotgun.

KNOWLES (CONT'D)
Fuck yeah.

EXT. PRIVATE AIR STRIP - DAY

A police truck pulls up to an old Cessna passenger plane with Charlie, Sam and Marcus in the back. Lucia rides up front with VICTOR (the cop Charlie puked on) behind the wheel.

They get out to open the door for the guys. Charlie has tape over his mouth. He screams when Victor peels it off.

CHARLIE
Was that really necessary?

LUCIA
He just had the car detailed.

Lucia nods to her partner. Victor begrudgingly un-cuffs them.

SAM
Mind if I hold on to these?

Marcus inspects the plane.

MARCUS
This thing is a deathtrap. I love it.

CHARLIE
You know, you really didn't have to do any of this.

LUCIA
We could always take you back to prison to play more kissy face.

CHARLIE
I think we'll take our chances on the deathtrap.
(beat)
Cute by the way, "in your dreams".

LUCIA

If I had told you my name sooner,
you might never have left.

CHARLIE

Now we'll never know.

She's charmed by this. Lucia takes the keys from her partner and undoes Charlie's cuffs herself.

LUCIA

Goodbye Charlie Bleeker.

CHARLIE

Hasta luego, Lucia de mis sueños.

They share a brief moment. Marcus and Sam roll their eyes.

MARCUS

Hate to break up this... whatever
this is but, great to meet you,
you're extremely hot. Charlie, get
the fuck on the plane.

The plane door opens. Out steps MANNY ROJAS, A gangster in a white pinstripe suit. Several of Manny's HENCHMEN follow, cocking their guns.

One puts a gun to Lucia's head. Victor puts his gun down.

MANNY ROJAS

Marcus, amigo. I find you at last.

MARCUS

Manny! Oh Thank God.

CHARLIE

(through gritted teeth)
Marcus, who are your friends with
the guns?

MARCUS

No, no it's cool. This is Manny.
The guy I was telling you about.

LUCIA

Wait you know this man?

MARCUS

Know him? He's my realtor. Manny's
the one who flew us down to check
out the property.

LUCIA
 (Spanish, to herself)
 Fucking moron.

MANNY ROJAS
 Yes, Marcus my man, I hope you and
 your friends enjoyed my
 hospitality.

SAM
 You have an excellent cold buffet.
 Sincerely.

MANNY ROJAS
 I am only sorry to inform you that
 your flight home has been
 cancelled.

CHARLIE
 Marcus? What's he talking about?

One of the henchmen steps forward and puts a black bag over
 each of their heads. Manny walks up to Charlie.

MANNY ROJAS
 Ah, you must be the infamous
 Charlie Bleeker. El Contador. The
 honor is truly mine.

CHARLIE
 Infamous? No. Not infamous.

MANNY ROJAS
 To put things in terms you
 Americans are so fond of, Charlie.

MANNY (O.S.)
 Welcome to the big leagues,
 amigos...

Manny's voice trails off as Charlie loses consciousness.

MANNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...you've been traded.

CUT TO:

INT. FINCA HIDEAWAY, PABLO'S PRIVATE STUDY - LATER

Charlie's vision slowly adjusts as he starts to come around.
 He sits up, still handcuffed.

The room is decked out, top to bottom in Rhinoceros paraphernalia and tchotchkes, including a big velvet painting of a naked cigar chomping Pablo straddling the now deceased rhino over the mantle.

Pablo pops his head into Charlie's field of vision. He is always smiling.

PABLO

There he is. The famous rhino killer.

CHARLIE

(groggy, looks up)
Where am I? Where's Marcus and Sam?

PABLO

So many questions, I know, I know. Am I going to kill you? How am I going to kill you? Will I eat your remains myself or force feed them to your loved ones?

CHARLIE

Oh dear god.

PABLO

Where are my manners, we have not been formally introduced.

PABLO covers his face like he's playing peek-a-boo.

PABLO (CONT'D)

It's me. The face of death. Pablo Escobar.

CHARLIE

Y-You're supposed to be dead.

PABLO

I'm baaaack.

CHARLIE

Oh God.

PABLO

And don't think I don't know who you are, Charlie Bleeker. El Contador.

CHARLIE

That's not me.

PABLO

Come on, don't be so modest. I have all your books. Much of the man I am today is because of your sage advice. "Invest in yourself, first, last and always." Truly profound.

Pablo walks over to Charlie and takes a knee.

PABLO (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)

You are in a lot of trouble, Charlie. Tsk tsk tsk. You killed my Rhinoceros. One of only three white rhino's left in the entire world.

Pablo stands, walks over to the Rhino portrait.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Years have been spent trying to save the species from the brink of extinction, merciless poachers, killing them for their horns.

CHARLIE

I swear Mr. Escobar, it was in self-defense. I had no choice.

PABLO

Hey come on, Charlie. My father is Mr. Escobar. Call me Don Pablo.

CHARLIE

Okay, well uh Don? You see my friends and I were hunting for Jungle cows and--

Pablo reaches out and squeezes Charlie's face affectionately. Charlie is silent -- and terrified.

PABLO

A rhinoceros is such a noble creature. Wouldn't you agree?

CHARLIE

(his face still squeezed)
Asloolee.

PABLO

But so much more. It is a symbol of power and respect. Like the rhino, men such as ourselves are a dying breed.

CHARLIE
Or, you know, maybe a living one.

PABLO
Really I should thank you.
(pats his belly)
Being in hiding for so long, has
made me soft. Kinder, even.

CHARLIE
So... does this mean you're not
going to kill me?

PABLO
Oh no, I'm definitely killing you.

Pablo whistles. The double doors swing open. Marcus and Sam, still wearing hoods, get tossed in by a GARGANTUAN THUG. They stumble around like idiots bumping into each other before the thug pushes them to their knees next to Charlie and removes their hoods.

CHARLIE
Marcus! Sam!

MARCUS
Charlie, we thought you were dead.

PABLO
Listo. Let us call quorum to our
little meeting and get down to
business.

Pablo takes out a cigar from his inside jacket pocket and snips the tip with a pair of gold plated shears. His henchman lights the cigar for him.

PABLO (CONT'D)
That is after all why you came to
my country, correct Marcus? To do
business.

Marcus looks worried. Sam and Charlie both look at him.

MARCUS
Well I... I-

Pablo catches the look on Sam and Charlie's face.

PABLO
-You did not think he came just to
invest in a resort? Did you?
(laughs)
No.

(MORE)

PABLO (CONT'D)

Marcus would like to pursue a career in the lucrative field of money laundering.

CHARLIE

That's what this was all about? The resort was supposed to be a front?

MARCUS

I swear I was going to tell you guys. Honestly, I never actually said I'd go through with it...

PABLO

In reality you never had a choice. No matter. Your obligation to Manolo Rojas has been-

The henchman brings Pablo a box and opens it for him, TO REVEAL the head of Manny Rojas.

PABLO (CONT'D)

-taken care of. As for you three. I will need to get creative since you cannot all fit inside a conventional oven at the same time.

Pablo turns to leave. The henchman steps forward, menacing.

CHARLIE

Wait!

Pablo turns back.

PABLO

I'm sorry Charlie, did you have something to add?

CHARLIE

I'll replace your rhino!

Pablo is intrigued. He motions for the henchman to hold off.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let all of us go and I will get you a new rhinoceros. You have my word.

PABLO

Oh, I have your word.
(smiles)
And if you don't?

CHARLIE

Then...I guess you can kill me.

MARCUS

Charlie, what the fuck are you doing?

PABLO

Buh, I was going to kill you anyway. What else you got?

MARIA (O.S.)

(screeching)

I don't hear any killing in there.

PABLO

I WILL KILL THEM WHEN I AM GODAMN GOOD AND READY!

Pablo, Marcus and Sam are all surprised by this. There is an uncomfortable silence in the room.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Sometimes, it's like I CAN'T EVEN TAKE A PISS...

MARIA (O.S.)

What was that?!

PABLO

Nothing, my sweet!
(back to Charlie)
Sorry, where were we? Oh yes, your inevitably gruesome death.

Pablo snaps his fingers as he turns to leave again.

CHARLIE

(scoffs)

I know that sound.

Pablo stops.

PABLO

What sound is that?

CHARLIE

The sound of a ball-busting wife who chips away at your self-esteem till you're the shadow of the man you once were.

Pablo sits down on the edge of his desk, agitated.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You better get on with it, wouldn't want her to think you have a mind of your own, capable of making its own decisions.

Marcus and Sam look over at Charlie. Pablo drums his fingers.

SAM

(sotto)

What the fuck are you doing?

PABLO

Fuck it, okay! You have two days to replace my rhino. If you succeed I will consider letting you live. Oh, and in case you had any thoughts of trying to escape the country...

The henchman returns with Lucia bound and gagged. He puts a pistol to her head.

CHARLIE

Lucia!

The henchman pulls the trigger, but the gun isn't loaded.

PABLO

Two days, Charlie Bleeker. Happy hunting.

CHARLIE

Wait, how do I find you?

PABLO

You don't find el Diablo, Charlie. El Diablo finds you.

The black bag goes back over his head.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

PODCAST RECAP OF ACT 2:

COLOMBIAN MUSIC CUE --

NARRATOR

Three clueless friends on a guys' trip to Colombia accidentally kill Pablo Escobar's beloved pet rhino, luring the notorious drug lord out of hiding after years of being presumed dead. Now they have just two days to replace it—or face Pablo's wrath.

Sound of Cartel Guy snorting a line of cocaine, then laughing maniacally. We hear the VICTIM'S muffled whimpers in the background.

CARTEL GUY

On to Act Two, amigo. Here we go. Pablo doesn't just let them off easy, no, no. He drops them out in the middle of nowhere and gives them an ultimatum. " You have two days to replace my precious rhino... OR... I eat your face.

(menacing laugh)

And for extra motivation, he's holding that cop, Charlie's sweet little crush, as collateral. Keeps things... interesting, ¿no?

Victim whimpers; Cartel Guy spins the chamber, lets it click.

CARTEL GUY (CONT'D)

(low and dangerous)

But then guess who shows up? Ay, Dios, the pinche DEA. These caremondas actually think Charlie's some sicario badass called "El Contador.

He laughs so much, he coughs. Does more blow.

CARTEL GUY (CONT'D)

So they rough him up, tell him he's working for them now, and toss him back out into the jungle, thinking he's gonna lead them to a big bust.

More bullets are loaded. Louder anxious whimpers.

CARTEL GUY (CONT'D)

So what do these pendejos do? They break into a zoo to steal the only other rhino in Colombia. But too late! The zoo's already packed up and headed to Cali. So now, they're sneaking around the train yard, wading through un montón de mierda until finally they find ese pinche animal. They dose it with some magic polvo and (whistles) they go.

Cartel Guy spins the chamber one last time. Silence.

CARTEL GUY (CONT'D)

Now, will this little delivery get them back on Pablo's good side? Or have they just brought themselves one step closer to the grave?

(chuckles)

Let's listen.

The deafening click of the trigger followed by a GUNSHOT.

CARTEL GUY (CONT'D)

Oops.

EXT. COLOMBIAN PUEBLO - DAY

Dirty street children play outside ramshackle buildings. Hard working men walk by, pushing wooden carts laden with scraps of metal. Women hang clothes out to dry and gab as they pick through beans for the days meal.

A VAN pulls up and tosses Charlie, Marcus, and Sam out before taking off in a cloud of dust.

Everyone on the street stops with sudden interest.

Two seconds later another VAN pulls up. Martinez and Knowles hop out -- grab Marcus, Charlie and Sam and throw black hoods over their heads. Sam squeals like a girl. Knowles punches him out and throws them all in the truck and takes off.

Everyone on the street turns back to what they were doing as if this were a common occurrence.

INT. SCUZZY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Knowles finishes tying up Marcus and Sam to a couple of chairs. He crosses the room and exits through an adjoining door. Marcus and Sam wriggle and moan through their gags wondering what the hell is going on.

Outside through the wall we can hear some MAJOR PARTYING going on, like we're at some kind of frat house.

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie is tied up in this room also blindfolded and gagged. Martinez stands behind him.

MARTINEZ

All right, they're not going anywhere.

KNOWLES

What the fuck is going on out there?

MARTINEZ

POTUS is in country. Some of the Secret Service douches are on a bender.

KNOWLES

Christ, again?! Why don't they use their own safe house? We take bullets all the time, that never stops us from being professionals.

MARTINEZ

Should I say something?

KNOWLES

Nah, let's just get this over with.

Knowles pulls off Charlie's hood.

MARTINEZ

(in a Batman voice)

Tell us what we want to know and maybe we'll let you live.

Charlie doesn't understand.

KNOWLES

What are you doing?

MARTINEZ
Disguising my voice.

KNOWLES
He can't see us, He doesn't even--

Through the walls we hear more chanting and some random gunfire followed by more cheering.

KNOWLES (CONT'D)
That's it. How is anyone supposed to work like this?

MARTINEZ
No, let me.

Martinez opens the door to the hall and sticks his head out.

KNOWLES
Hey guys? Guys? A little professional courtesy. Some of us are trying to work in here.

CROWD WALLA (O.S.)
Fuck off!/ Douche enforcement agent/BWAHAHAHA...

Someone chucks a plastic cup of beer at Knowles's face, soaking him.

KNOWLES
Thank you.
(to Martinez)
We should be good now.

MARTINEZ
Alright Charlie, I'm going to take off the hood but if you scream, I start pulling finger nails. Clear?

Charlie nods.

KNOWLES
Wait, wouldn't that just make him scream even more?

MARTINEZ
Whatever. He gets the point.

Knowles waves him off. Martinez removes Charlie's gag.

KNOWLES
What are you doing in Colombia?

CHARLIE
I'm on vacation.

Martinez flicks Charlie's ear.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Hey!

KNOWLES
Try again.
(louder)
What are you doing in Colombia?

CHARLIE
No seriously, I'm on vacation.

Knowles turns to Martinez out of ideas.

MARTINEZ
Well I got nothing. Guy's a steel trap. I've never tortured anyone before. Should we boil water and tear some bedsheets?

KNOWLES
Only if he's pregnant.

CHARLIE
Uh, maybe it would help speed things along if you just told me who you are and what you want.

They exchange a look, shrug - it's worth a shot.

KNOWLES
I'm special agent Martinez and this is special agent Knowles. We're with the Drug Enforcement Administration.

A wave of relief washes over Charlie.

CHARLIE
Oh, thank God. Look my friends and I are American citizens. You gotta help us. We were kidnapped by Pablo Escobar. He's still holding one of our friend's hostage.

MARTINEZ
Woah, hold on. Pablo Escobar has been dead for ten years.

Suddenly, a SECRET SERVICE AGENT bursts in. He's sucking face with a PROSTITUTE, oblivious of everyone else in the room.

KNOWLES

Seriously?!

Knowles grabs the dry humping couple and guides them through to the adjoining room where Marcus and Sam are.

KNOWLES (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Where were we?

CHARLIE

He's not dead. He's been in hiding this entire time. If I don't replace his rhinoceros in two days he's going to eat my family.

Martinez looks over at Knowles and nods. Knowles takes out a photo of Escobar.

KNOWLES

Yeah, that sounds like his M.O.

MARTINEZ

Is this the man you met?

CHARLIE

He's older now but yeah, that's him.

KNOWLES

You're sure?

CHARLIE

(off photo)

Yes, that is Pablo Escobar.

Knowles and Martinez give each other a solemn nod, then behind Charlie's field of view do a quick happy dance.

KNOWLES

The man you met may have been an imposter. Escobar was known to keep several body doubles on hand. That's how he was rumored to fake his death in the first place.

CHARLIE

Well whoever it was, if I don't get him what he wants he's going to kill me and everyone I know.

MARTINEZ

Man, you really must've pissed him off to bring him out of hiding.

Some intense sex sounds are starting to build in the next room. Martinez and Knowles try to ignore it.

CHARLIE

Can't you just go and arrest him?

KNOWLES

Oh sure, you want to write down his address for us and we'll get right on it.

O.S. The sex noises start to intensify. It's starting to really get under Martinez's skin.

CHARLIE

They had a bag over my head.

KNOWLES

Not so easy then is it, smart guy?

MARTINEZ

He's like a Colombian yetti. No one's ever gotten this close to him and lived to tell about it.

KNOWLES

We need you to lead us to him.

CHARLIE

Like bait? I don't think so.

The O.S, orgasm builds to an earth shattering crescendo.

MARTINEZ

Look Charlie. You guys are in-
(pauses for the final
scream)
-for the love of God! Finish
already!

The secret service officer and the prostitute exit the room, not even noticing Charlie. Sam and Marcus can be heard crying in the other room.

KNOWLES

We could lock all of you up right now on money laundering, trafficking, jaywalking, anything we want.

Knowles crosses to get up in Charlie's face.

MARTINEZ

(menacing)

It doesn't even have to be real.
This is Colombia, son. Accidents
happen all the--
(stubs his toe)
Mother-cock-sucker! Shit-licking,
Ohmygod I think... I think I broke
the nail.

Knowles stumbles around the room in agony.

CHARLIE

Can we focus. What do you want me
to do?

KNOWLES

Carry on like everything is normal.

CHARLIE

Normal? Can't you guys just give me
a rhino?

MARTINEZ

What do we look like? The...
animal... keeping... people?
(scoffs)
Can you believe this guy?

KNOWLES

Understand this, Escobar has eyes
everywhere. He has to believe you
are completing his little test.

CHARLIE

And what? Drop by Rhino-mart and
ask for one rhino to go?

KNOWLES

Should have thought of that before
you murdered the man's pet.

MARTINEZ

And don't tell anyone about this
meeting Charlie, or finding a rhino
will be the least of your worries.

CHARLIE

Seriously? That's your plan? Sit
back and watch? You guys are the
worst fucking --

KNOWLES

The words your looking for is civil servants.

Martinez replaces the tape over Charlie's mouth as Knowles brings down the hood over his head.

EXT. COLOMBIAN VILLAGE - DAY

A truck pulls up and tosses the guys out before leaving them once again in a cloud of dust.

They get up slowly, dust themselves off and without a word stumble into --

INT. CANTINA - DAY

They take a seat at the bar. The BARTENDER pours them each a drink like he was expecting them. The cantina is otherwise empty aside from an OLD DRUNK passed out at the other end. No one speaks for a good long beat, till Sam breaks the silence.

SAM

What. THE ACTUAL FUCK. Was that?!

CHARLIE

I think it was like a wrong number or something.

MARCUS

Kidnapped. Brought to an orgy which we don't even get to participate in, then dumped back in the anus of nowhere and we STILL have no clue how the hell we're supposed to find another rhinoceros in Colombia.

SAM

Yes Charlie, prey tell, what is this brilliant plan of yours?

CHARLIE

Whoa, my plan? Why all of a sudden is it my plan?

MARCUS

Uh, anyone who didn't promise Pablo Escobar a new rhinoceros raise your hand.

Everyone in the bar besides Charlie, including the passed out drunk, raises their hands.

SAM

We're not actually doing that are we?

MARCUS

Uh, no.

CHARLIE

Are you fucking kidding me? We can't just leave Lucia with that maniac. None of us would even be in this mess in the first place if Marcus didn't bring us down here to be extorted by DRUG DEALERS!

MARCUS

Well excuse me, Mr. mid-life crisis, I'm sorry if this doesn't live up to your big shot accountant life of excitement.

SAM

Wait. I have an idea.

Charlie downs his drink and taps his glass for a top up.

MARCUS

We should have just stayed in prison. At least that way we'd be safe behind bars.

SAM

Or not.

CHARLIE

We should have stayed home. That way we'd be safe AT HOME!

MARCUS

Your whole life is safe. You wrote eight books on taking zero risks!

CHARLIE

As opposed to you. My daddy left me money so I never need to grow up!

SAM

(loudly)

Why don't we get arrested so they'll put us back in jail.

Marcus and Charlie both stop and turn to Sam.

Marcus
Sam, you're a genius!

CHARLIE
What? That's a stupid idea, a
better idea would be-

SAM
We'll need to commit a crime.

MARCUS
(to Sam)
-Okay, like what're we talking
here? Maybe off a hobo?

Marcus nudges his head in the direction of the drunk guy at
the end of the bar.

CHARLIE
What? No you morons, it-

They've stopped listening to him altogether.

SAM
-It should be something minor so
they hold us long enough but not
too long. I can't do hard time,
maybe just soft core time.

MARCUS
Right, right. Maybe we could
shoplift something small.

Marcus tries indiscreetly to swipe the ashtray off the bar
but it's glued down.

SAM
How about we all whip 'em out and
wave at the school kids for a good
'ol public indecency charge.

CHARLIE
Seriously guys, I know where we can
find--

MARCUS
Oh I can get plenty indecent. Wait,
is that even a crime in this
country?

CHARLIE
GUYS!

The OLD DRUNK at the end of the bar, lifts his head long enough to speak.

OLD DRUNK
 (Spanish gibberish)
 Ay dios madre, vayanse al zoologico
 y agarran lo que quierren.

The old drunk slumps his head back down. They look at the bartender, confused.

BARTENDER
 He say why you no go to the Zoo in
 Cali and just take what you want?

MARCUS
 Papa Sancho makes a good point. I'm
 not going to let a little thing
 like a four ton rhino stand in the
 way of my dreams.

CHARLIE
 That's what *I* was trying to say.

Sam just shakes his head and walks out. Marcus shakes his head disapprovingly at Charlie.

Sam
 Really Charlie? Now you're taking
 credit for the old man's ideas too?
 Typical.

Marcus walks out leaving Charlie dumbfounded.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CALI ZOO, ENTRANCE - DAY

The guys take up different positions around the entrance trying to appear inconspicuous.

Marcus reads a news paper, Charlie casually eats an empanada while Sam pretends to be a blind, shaking a tin cup.

All looks clear. They each drop what they're holding and approach the entrance.

A woman walks by dragging her fat kid who slobbers over a huge ice cream cone. A SCOOP drops from the kids cone.

The guys all freeze, unsure what to do.

The kid WAILS but the mother just yanks him away harder.

So the guys continue their approach but the kid breaks free and goes after the fallen scoop. The guys freeze again trying to look inconspicuous.

The mother runs back, grabs her kid by the wrist, scolds him to leave the fallen scoop.

Sam, fed up, grabs the fallen scoop off the sidewalk and slaps it back on the kids cone.

The mother and kid are momentarily stunned by this. The kid goes back to licking his cone as his mom hauls him away.

MARCUS

Quick, before the fat lard tries to
lick the sidewalk.

Marcus runs over and laces his hands for Sam to climb onto. They fumble and grunt to get over the wall while Charlie walks right on through the entrance and stares at them from the other side.

Marcus calls out, oblivious.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(whisper yells)
Charlie! Charlie! I need a hand.
Chrissake where the hell'd he go?

SAM

I can't look down. Don't let me
fall. Don't let me fall!

Charlie pulls on Sam's pant leg. He squeals.

CHARLIE

Would you get down here already!!

Sam falls with a hard THUD to the ground.

Marcus looks up, hears Charlie on the other side - confused.

MARCUS

(looks behind him)
How? How'd you...?

Charlie pokes his head out the front gate.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Right.

EXT. ZOO GROUNDS - DAY

Marcus hurries in. Sam dusts himself off.

SAM

I could have been killed you know.

The zoo is run down and the place is empty except for a couple of grounds keepers off in the distance.

CHARLIE

Okay, we scope the place out and gather as much intel as we can.

MARCUS

Yes, good. So far we know there is a front gate.

Sam

What if someone sees us?

CHARLIE

Get on all fours and bark like a dog.

SAM

Right.

Charlie punches him in the arm.

CHARLIE

It's a public zoo, dingus. You're here to see the animals.

MARCUS

Yeah, about that...
(looks around)
I'm not seeing any.

CHARLIE

What are you talking about? Of course there are-

Charlie rushes up to one of the pens.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Maybe they're hiding...

A GROUNDS KEEPER drives by in a motorized pushcart. The guys swoop down on him, taking him by surprise.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Señor... uh
 (can't find the words)
 Animals... where-o?

SAM
 Where-o? Seriously?

Sam pushes Charlie aside and puts a hand to his head like it's a horn. He trots around in a circle. The grounds keeper looks even more confused.

CHARLIE
 What the fuck are you doing?

SAM
 I'm communicating.

MARCUS
 You look like a retarded unicorn.

GROUNDS-KEEPER
 (he clues in)
 Oh, you're looking for the animals.

CHARLIE
 You speak English!

GROUNDS-KEEPER
 For sure. Why wouldn't I? You're too late. The zoo moved.

The grounds keeper takes out a flyer and hands it to Charlie. Marcus grabs the flyer.

MARCUS
 They moved the zoo? Can they do that?

CHARLIE
 No, uh-uh. There is supposed to be a rhinoceros here.

GROUNDS-KEEPER
 (checks his watch)
 All packed up on the train to the new Animal sanctuary in Bogotá.

CHARLIE
 Bogotá? This makes no sense.

Sam pushes Charlie aside.

SAM
Step aside, it'll take forever your
way.

Sam goes back to his rhino impression. The grounds keeper mimes driving a truck. This turns into a conversation made up of weird imitations and sound effects.

CHARLIE
Sam, he already said he speaks
English!

MARCUS
Yeah but he speaks idiot.

CHARLIE
Which one?

SAM
Okay, so it looks like we just
missed em by...

Sam turns back to the grounds keeper and does an imitation of an eagle and the sun. The grounds keeper nods.

SAM (CONT'D)
Twenty minutes. The trucks just
left for the train yards, that's
how they're transporting the small
ones... from there the big ones,
including one rhinoceros, are going
by truck to Bogota.

MARCUS
Fine, except they left twenty
minutes ago and we don't even have
a car.

CHARLIE
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

Sam looks the groundskeeper up and down.

SAM
No, he's way too scrawny to pass
for a rhinoceros.

The three turn to the grounds keeper who smiles back.

GROUNDS-KEEPER
(to Marcus)
Nice suit.

EXT. COLOMBIA HIGHWAY - DAY

Sam holds on to Marcus who holds on to Charlie as they race down the highway on the grounds keeper's motorcycle, Marcus is now wearing the grounds-keeper's cover-alls.

EXT. TRAIN YARDS - NIGHT

Charlie scopes out the yards from a the other side of a chain link fence.

CHARLIE'S POV

Zoo workers off-load animals from cargo trucks onto train cars. We see a few TAPIRS, a HIPPO and finally... A RHINOCEROS.

BACK

CHARLIE

Bingo.

Out of nowhere A PISTOL is jammed in his back.

KNOWLES (O.S.)

Hello Charlie, miss us?

CHARLIE

Fuck.

Charlie turns slowly to see Knowles and Martinez - eating obleas. He puts his hands down.

MARTINEZ

You're a hard man to nail, Charlie.

KNOWLES

Down.

MARTINEZ

What?

KNOWLES

(still chewing)

He's a hard man to nail down.

CHARLIE

Really? I'm sorry, maybe it'd be easier to find me at the zoo in Cali. Oh wait, THEY SHUT THAT DOWN!

MARTINEZ

I'm sensing a little hostility.

CHARLIE

Look, unless you haven't noticed,
I'm a kinda busy at the moment.

Charlie turns his attention back to the yards.

KNOWLES

Consider this a friendly reminder
to keep your yap shut about our
little arrangement.

MARTINEZ

The walls have ears.

CHARLIE

We're outside.

MARTINEZ

It's a figure of speaking.

CHARLIE

Look I didn't tell them, okay?

The guys holster their weapons.

KNOWLES

Good. You worry about finding that
animal and leave the rest to us.

CHARLIE

Well it may be a long wait, unless
you can figure out how three guys
on a scooter can transport a four
ton rhinoceros.

Knowles and Martinez side eye each other and offer up a smug
smile.

KNOWLES

Now there we might be able to help.

EXT. CURB SIDE - TRAIN YARDS - DAY

Sam and Marcus sit on the sidewalk sipping a couple Club
Colombias wrapped in napkins. Charlie approaches.

CHARLIE

Okay we're in business. I saw them
loading animals onto cars including
one rhino.

Marcus and Sam get to their feet, relieved.

MARCUS

Fucking A.

SAM

So now what? Do we just saunter over and say "Your rhino or your life?"

CHARLIE

No. We'll come back after dark. That'll give us time to get supplies, and maybe some empanadas.

Marcus and Sam nod enthusiastically at the suggestion.

EXT. TRAIN YARDS - NIGHT

Marcus and Charlie are crouched behind an empty railway car. Sam sidles up beside them.

SAM

Okay, I spotted two guards, but one is watching reruns of Latino Matlock so really there's only one.

MARCUS

What about the animals?

SAM

I doubt they could see, it was a pretty small TV.

CHARLIE

Are they still there?

SAM

Oh, right. Well, I heard plenty grunting and snorting which is either the animals or someone be getting they fuh-reak on!

Marcus and Charlie give him a weird look.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's a new thing I'm trying. No? Too ethnic? Never mind.

CHARLIE

Okay, we'll split up. Anyone runs into trouble just call out and one of us will come find you.

MARCUS
What's our signal?

CHARLIE
I don't know... do a bird call or something.

SAM
I can do a Moroccan fire chicken -- kikipakoo kikipakoo.

MARCUS
That could literally be any animal.

CHARLIE
It's fine, whatever. Let's do a supply check. What'd you find?

Marcus looks in his bag.

MARCUS
First thing's first.

He passes out fake mustaches. They put them on without question.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(roots through bag)
What else, let's see, doggie treats, duct tape, bolt cutters, pantyhose--

SAM
--Sound like he uh-bout to get his fuh-reak on, am I right?
(off their looks)
Still no?

MARCUS
I also got these.

Marcus pulls out a small red packet and gives them to Charlie.

CHARLIE
Firecrackers? For what?

MARCUS
Uh, cause they're awesome.

Charlie... can't argue with that. Sam grabs a pack.

SAM

Ooh, d'ya get the sparkly kind that shoot out different colors?

CHARLIE

Could we please focus for a second.

Sam throws Marcus a look mocking Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

All right, here's the plan. Sam, since you speak the most Spanish...

SAM

And rhino.

Charlie lays out the plan over a series of shots set to latino heist music.

SAM

Slinks around between the rail cars, checking each one.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

You'll be our scout. Find out which car the rhino is in. Marcus and I will wait for your signal. Once you locate it, we'll come find you.

MARCUS

Hugs the side of the guard station while a guard-dog gnaws happily on a bone.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Marcus, you handle security. Make sure that dog stays put.

As Marcus peeks in we see a FAT GUARD glued to his television. Marcus rolls up his pant leg and sticks out a panty-hosed leg into the booth. The guard sees the leg, raises an eyebrow.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Whatever you do, keep it quiet. We don't need any undue attention.

BACK TO SCENE

CHARLIE

After the guard is out of
commission, open the gate and I'll
come find you guys with a truck.

SAM

Where are you going to get a truck?

CHARLIE

I'll get one. Just make sure the
gate is open.

MARCUS

This sounds great and all but how
are we supposed to get said rhino
off the train?

Sam takes out a cabbage from his bag that's been split in
half and hollowed out with a ball of paste in the middle.

SAM

This baby is packed with enough
goof juice to put down a... I don't
know, really big horse or a
smallish elephant or something.

MARCUS

Where the hell'd you get that?

SAM

From Mamo the medicine man. He had
a gift shop.
(holds out his wrist)
I also got this watch. It's a
Seiko.

EXT. TRAIN YARDS - NIGHT

Sam peaks his head around a rail car to see --

A ZOO WORKER sealing up a boxcar, before moving off.

SAM sneaks between the rows of railway cars, rapping on the
sides and looking between slats.

SAM

Here rhino rhino rhino.

We hear SNORTING. Sam peeks his head in one car. An ELEPHANT
snakes it's trunk out through the slats and SLAPS Sam hard,
momentarily stunning him.

Sam shakes it off but the elephant sprays some putrid brown liquid in his face.

SAM (CONT'D)
 (gagging)
 Two days out of the closet and I'm
 already taking it in the face.

He wipes it off and looks in another car, this time it's the right one. Sam slides it open. Sure enough, it's a young fourteen hundred pound BLACK RHINOCEROS.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Rhino Alert, Rhino Alert.

Marcus appears behind the train car.

MARCUS
 (whisper yells)
 Sam. SAM!

Sam startles.

SAM
 Over here, I think we may have a
 problem.

Marcus rushes over and looks in. The rhino is ass end out.

MARCUS
 Yeah, that's a problem. Did you try
 giving it the cabbage?

SAM
 Charlie said not until it was on
 the truck.

MARCUS
 Well Charlie doesn't know about
 this so I say give it to him now.

SAM
 Alright but why do I always have to
 be the fluffer?

Marcus smiles. Sam huffs and takes out the cabbage, lamely waving it around.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Here ya go boy. Got a nice big
 uh... cabbage for you.

MARCUS

You have to climb up there. He needs to smell it.

SAM

Are you fucking coco-puffs? I am NOT getting in there with that thing.

MARCUS

Well, I... can't see in the dark. I'm color blind.

(gropes around)

Sam? Sam? Where'd you go?

SAM

Oh, fine ya big baby!

EXT./INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

Sam climbs into the car and suddenly realizes-- the floor is covered in three feet of rhino turd.

SAM

(gags)

Oh my God I'm knee deep in after-birth.

MARCUS

Forget that, just give him the cabbage and get out.

Sam tries to shimmy around the rhino who seems pretty tame. He waves the cabbage around. The rhino turns its head and swats Sam's face with his tail.

SAM

Take it. TAKE IT!

The rhino slowly lumbers to its feet and tries to turn around in the tight space pinning Sam against the car.

MARCUS

Hurry up. I think I hear someone.

Sam wheezes and smacks at the rhino to get it to move. The Rhino barely notices. Sam throws the cabbage down. The rhino shifts over to sniff it, trapping Sam in the rear of the car.

SAM

Marcus! Marcus! Help, I'm stuck!

Headlights appear through the cars. Marcus ducks down.

Charlie pulls up in a cargo truck. The letters D-E-A are shoddily painted over in white like liquid paper.

He pulls up alongside the railcar, parks and gets out.

CHARLIE

Where's Sam?

MARCUS

He's in the car with the rhino.

CHARLIE

What the hell's he doing there?

MARCUS

Giving it the cabbage.

Neither notice the train has lurched forward.

CHARLIE

That was supposed to be for when the rhino was already on the truck.

SAM (O.S.)

Hey... Hey! We're moving-

MARCUS

Well, we had to improvise. It was facing the wrong way and now-

SAM (O.S.)

We're moving! The train is not supposed to be moving!!

They look up - SHIT! Charlie and Marcus take off running alongside the boxcar.

CHARLIE

Shit, shit! Sam, just hang on. Don't worry.

SAM

The fuck you mean don't worry!? I'm trapped behind the fudge maker of a mother-flipping dinosaur.

CHARLIE

(to Marcus)

Stay with him, I'll get the truck.

Charlie runs off while Marcus tries to keep up with the car.

MARCUS
 I'm running, I'm...
 (wheezing, huffing)
 ...running. I'm...dying.

Marcus reaches out and grabs on to the car's door handle. The momentum JERKS him off his feet till he's able to catch up and grab on.

Charlie drives up along side.

SAM
 Will one of you do something.

CHARLIE
 Marcus, I'll hold her steady, tell Sam to jump before the train picks up speed.

MARCUS
 (yells out to Sam)
 Charlie says you gotta jump!

SAM
 What?!

MARCUS
 JUMP!

SAM
 I can't get around this thing.

Sam tries slapping the rhino's butt, harder and harder but the Rhino doesn't even feel it, it just chews on the cabbage.

MARCUS
 He says he can't.

Carla appears to him in a vision.

CARLA (O.S.)
 Jam a thumb up the pooper. No matter how big they are. That sumbitch'll pop right off every time.

CHARLIE
 Tell him to ram his fist in its butt hole as hard as he can!

MARCUS
 What?!

CHARLIE

Trust me!

MARCUS

Charlie says you've gotta punch it
in the starfish as hard as you can.

SAM

I changed my mind.
(wails)
I don't wanna be gay!

Sam hums and haws grossed out until he swings his arm back
and RAMS his fist hard up the rhino's rectum.

FREEZE FRAME ON THE RHINO

As it jolts up - URK!

MARCUS

Swings out of the way at the last second.

MARCUS

OH SHIIIIIII...

THE RHINO

Breaks through the sidewall of the car.

CHARLIE

Turns the wheel at the last moment narrowly missing the
Rhino. The truck rolls up on two wheels, inches from rolling
over.

MARCUS AND SAM

Leap from the train and roll into the dirt kicking up a dust
cloud a few yards ahead of the truck.

CHARLIE

Holds a tight grip on the steering wheel. He jams on the
brakes trying to process what the hell just happened.

The rhino takes off running.

CHARLIE

Oh no no no no!

CHARLIE unbuckles, hops down from the truck just as Sam and Marcus catch up. They all watch dejectedly as the rhino runs off in a cloud of dust.

MARCUS

We're dead men.

SAM

Wait look.

--The rhino wobbles unsteadily and -- WHUMP! It buckles, stoned out of its gourd.

MARCUS

Perfect. Now how the hell do we get Andre the Giant here on the truck?

They all look defeated for a beat, then suddenly we hear the WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP of propeller blades. They all look up to see--

A CAMOUFLAGED HUEY HELICOPTER.

A harness drops to the ground above the rhino.

KNOWLES leans out the side and gives them a thumbs up.

CHARLIE

(smiles)

It's okay, they're with me.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The cargo truck cruises down the expressway. It's rear suspension is completely shot and the back edge of the truck scrapes sparks along the asphalt with every bump they hit.

MARCUS

So when exactly were you going to tell us the feds were involved?

CHARLIE

I couldn't. They said they'd arrest all of us if I told.

MARCUS

They were playing you! They want us to turn on each other. You can't fall for their mind games.

CHARLIE
Look, I'm sorry.
(beat)
I've been an asshole.

SAM
And a know-it-all.

MARCUS
Don't forget killjoy.

CHARLIE
Okay you're right. Look, whatever happens I just want you guys to know I would never turn on you.

SAM
Not me, I'd leave you both in a hot second for the right piece of ass.

They all mutually agree on that.

MARCUS
Fine, I admit it may be my fault we're in this mess. Okay definitely. I guess I was just really hoping I could pull this off for the three of us. Like we dreamed about when we were kids. Our own private hideaway.

CHARLIE
Well... maybe it's time we all grow up and stop hiding.

Sam spots something in the side mirror.

SAM (O.S.)
Uh guys, looks like we got company

A BLACK SUV pulls up alongside. The passenger, a TOUGH GUY in mirrored shades motions with his pistol for them to follow.

CHARLIE
He found us.

It's license plate reads SATAN.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINCA HIDEAWAY - LATER

They reach a large gated compound flanked by guard towers.

A GUARD with an uzi approaches the window and yells at them in Spanish to get their hands up, then to Charlie to roll down his window.

CHARLIE

Uh, delivery for Mr. Escobar.

The goon heads around to the rear of the van and opens it to see --

THE STONED RHINO.

The Goon motions to the guard to let them through.

GUARD

Through there.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESCOBAR HIDEAWAY, COURTYARD - DAY

Sam, Marcus and Charlie pull into an open air courtyard. Charlie looks around and clocks two ARMED GUARDS on a balcony. The large wooden gate closes behind them.

Through awkward smiles and clenched teeth--

MARCUS

Charlie, I hope to hell you know what you're doing.

CHARLIE

Just stick to the plan.

SAM

Right, the plan.

(a beat)

What plan was that again?

The doors open, out walks Pablo, back in full mobster form.

PABLO

Hey Charlie! You made it back alive. Color me impressed. Do you have my package?

CHARLIE

I held up my end of the bargain.

They open the back of the truck to reveal the Rhino.

Pablo steps forward, delighted -- his eyes well up.

PABLO
(bites his fist)
Dios mio. She's beautiful.

CHARLIE
You got your rhino, now let Lucia
go.

Escobar wags a finger and a henchman steps out holding Lucia.

LUCIA
Charlie!

CHARLIE
Lucia!

PABLO
You are a man of your word.
Nevertheless...

The Henchman puts his pistol against the back of Lucia's head
and cocks the trigger.

CHARLIE
B-but, but you said if we got you
the rhino...

PABLO
True, but technically I'm supposed
to be dead and since you all saw
me...

SAM
Is this the plan yet?

The Henchman hands Pablo his pistol. He points it at Charlie.

MARIA (O.S.)
PABLO! I don't hear killing.

CHARLIE
WAIT! I know what it's like. We
know what it's like. Convincing
yourself you're happy because you
have everything you could ever want
yet still feeling like something is
missing. Never pursuing your true
passion because somehow life had
other plans.

MARIA barges in, holding her dog.

MARIA

What the fuck is the hold up? You got what you wanted, now finish it!

Sam steps forward.

SAM

Only living to try and please others. Never being true to who you are. Living a lie to make other people feel comfortable.

MARIA

Why are they monologuing? Pablo, SHOOT THEM!

But Pablo's can't hear her. Not when finally he is seen.

MARCUS

Trying to live up to other people's standards instead of setting out on your own with the courage to make mistakes.

PABLO

Never feeling free to be...me.

Pablo lowers the gun.

MARIA

Oh for fuck's sake. Imbeciles.

Maria moves to grab it away.

PABLO

NO!

Pablo yanks his hand back. The gun goes off and -- BLAM, the henchmen nearest to him falls to the ground dead.

Pablo shakes his head, turns on Maria.

PABLO (CONT'D)

See what you made me do? I am sick of you constantly micromanaging me. From now on, yo no soy marinero. Yo soy CAPITAN!

SAM

Did he just quote La Bamba?

MARCUS

He's on a roll. Go with it.

LUCIA capitalizing on the distraction, grabs the UZI from the dead thug-

LUCIA
Charlie, run!

-and opens fire on the other Henchmen in the balcony.

CHARLIE
I'm not leaving you!

FROM UP ON THE BALCONEY

The henchman returns fire. Bullets SMACK the stone tiles inches from --

CHARLIE, MARCUS, AND SAM

They all dive for cover, terrified, as the firing continues.

MARCUS
OKAY, NOW WE CAN GO HOME!

Lucia expertly takes out another Henchman sending him over the railing to the ground in a cloud of dust.

TWO MORE HENCHMEN come running out.

Lucia turns to fire, discovering she's out.

PABLO
ENOUGH!

Lucia drops the gun and holds her hands up as the two draw down on her.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Come on out Charlie, it's over. You may not have lived like a man but you can at least die like one.

The guys all step out, with their hands up.

MARTINEZ (O.C.)
(through a bullhorn)
Pablo Escobar. This is the United States Justice Department. We have the place surrounded. Lay down your weapons and surrender immediately.

CHARLIE
(to Marcus and Sam)
That's the plan.

PABLO

(snorts)

Well played, Charlie but this changes nothing. Pablo Escobar does not surrender.

Everyone cocks their guns when suddenly --

THE RHINO

It stumbles out of the truck, clearly still stoned. It turns to Pablo and his men.

ON HENCHMAN

He raises a rifle. Pablo stops him.

MARIA

What's the matter with you? Kill it!

The rhino CHARGES.

Everyone scrambles in terror as the Rhino goes on a RAMPAGE.

PABLO

(yells out)

Consider this a divorce!

Maria looks genuinely shocked.

MARIA

What?! But cariño, why?

O.S. In the distance AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE can be heard.

PABLO

I will no longer continue to let you slurp up my manhood.

LUCIA

Then allow me.

Lucia straight arms Pablo, knocking him flat on his ass.

ON MARIA

She grabs a gun and turns to fire on LUCIA when the rhino butts her, sending her flying.

All heads turn to watch her soar through the air.

The rhino BREAKS THROUGH the courtyard doors and keeps on running.

Knowles and Martinez bust in with their guns drawn followed by several other gun toting DEA LACKEYS.

MARTINEZ
FREEZE, DEA! Nobody move.

KNOWLES
If you say freeze, nobody move is implied.

MARTINEZ
Duh, that's why I said it.

Knowles and Martinez see Charlie and Lucia standing over an unconscious Pablo.

KNOWLES
Good work, people. And remember, this never happened.

As the FEDS pour in taking charge of the situation. Lucia sweeps Charlie up in a heartfelt embrace.

LUCIA
Thank you, Charlie, for not giving up.

CHARLIE
And thank you for being the reason I came to Colombia in the first place.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)(PRE-LAP)
In a statement issued by the Colombian President, today. Candle lit vigils around the country are being held to honor the eleventh anniversary of the death of infamous drug kingpin PABLO ESCOBAR ending years of torment for the people of Colombia...

EXT. JEEP, DRIVING - DAY

ONE YEAR LATER

A military jeep races through the jungle. It pulls sharply off the path onto a paved road.

They pass a couple soldiers who patrol the road on either side of them. The guards give a thumbs up.

The road takes us to a large gated checkpoint.

The jeep stops. A GUARD comes out and is handed a metal BRIEFCASE. They salute each other as the guard takes possession.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The guard knocks on the door.

GUARD
Jefe? It has arrived.

VOICE (O.S.)
Come.

The Guard opens the door and enters into --

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A modest looking office with a wide oak desk. The man behind the desk with his back to us turns in his leather back chair and we see that it is --

CHARLIE dressed like Mr. Rourke from Fantasy Island.

CHARLIE
Thank you, Jason.

The guard leaves. Charlie opens the briefcase where inside he finds A COPY OF HIS NEW NOVEL.

The cover depicts a white rhinoceros. The title reads:

"EL CONTADOR"

Charlie flips it over to see a black and white photo of himself looking a bit like Indiana Jones.

There's a sticky note attached that reads:

Happy Re-Birthday ~ T.C.

The sound of a walkie talkie SQUELCHES.

MARCUS (O.S.)
(filtered)
Charlie, where are you?

CHARLIE
(into walkie talkie)
On my way out.

EXT. RESORT - DAY

The villa has been modernized and expanded into a full blown resort. The grounds are buzzing with workers beautifying the grounds. Exotic flowers and topiaries are everywhere.

Charlie comes out and waves to a GARDENER shaping a shrub into a giant RHINO.

CHARLIE

Looking good, Don Diego.

LUIS

Para servirle, Don Carlos.

An ASSISTANT comes out to greet Charlie. They do a walk and talk through the resort. Beneath a wrought iron sign that reads: PARAÍSO MIO

EXT. PARAÍSO MIO - CONTINUOUS

ASSISTANT

I rescheduled your four o'clock with the developers like you asked. And the Secret Service sent over a gift basket with a check for damages.

They're interrupted by Marcus who approaches holding said gift basket. Marcus wears reading glasses.

MARCUS

Can you believe this shit? Who sends a fucking fruit basket to a tropical resort in Colombia?

CHARLIE

Public relations is your department, amigo. Better handle it before it turns into another international incident.

MARCUS

Please, like anyone would find out.

CHARLIE

Are you joining us?

MARCUS

Someone's gotta run the joint.

Marcus goes back into his office.

ASSISTANT

Everything is set up on the
observation deck as you requested.

The assistant smiles and takes her leave.

Charlie looks over to see:

LUCIA

Sunning herself by the pool. Sun kissed and fabulous.

LUCIA

Charlie, you promised you wouldn't
spend the entire day working.

CHARLIE

Just one final thing I need to take
care of then I promise I'm all
yours.

LUCIA

All mine?

They share a long passionate kiss.

CHARLIE

En tus sueños.

Charlie crosses past a hot tub where Sam is enjoying a fruity
cocktail with PHILIPPE, his French lover.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Looking good, Sam.

SAM

Feeling good, Charlie.

EXT. PARAÍSO PERDIDO, OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS

Charlie walks up a few steps to a gorgeous terrace
overlooking a spectacular vista of waterfront property.

Charlie sighs and takes in a deep breath, soaking it all in.

BEN (O.S.)

Come on, Dad!

We pan over to see BEN, standing with a BUNGEE GUIDE.

Charlie throws up an apologetic hand and takes off his
jacket. The guide clips him into a harness.

BEN (CONT'D)
Sure you want to do this?

CHARLIE
Are you kidding? I live for this
SHIIIIII

As Charlie goes over the edge.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END