

# **THE TRUE MEMOIRS OF AN INTERNATIONAL ASSASSIN**

by

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FADE IN:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE -- NIGHT

A French film plays to a full house. In a black Louis Vuitton suit, COLT RODGERS, mid 30s, total fucking badass, sits in back. Colt's only focus is on MIKHAIL, 30s, Euro-trash, two rows up. Mikhail and a SEXY WOMAN feed each other popcorn.

The movie ends.

Mikhail and Sexy Woman head for the exit. Colt stalks them, blends into the crowd.

EXT. PARIS -- NIGHT

Mikhail and Sexy Woman stroll the bustling Avenue des Champs-Élysées among a throng of Parisians.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP. Mikhail checks his Blackberry. CLOSE ON the cell, "DANGER!"

Fear floods Mikhail's face. He grabs the woman's hand, pulls her to move faster.

Colt stealthily gains on them. Mikhail lets go of the chick, RUNS. Mikhail desperately SHOVES PEOPLE OUT OF HIS WAY.

Mikhail darts into the busy intersection, HORNS BLARE. He nearly gets run over by a Peugeot.

He ducks into an art gallery.

INT. ART GALLERY

A crowd sips wine, views paintings. Mikhail frantically enters, knocks over an ART SNOB. Merlot soaks the fat bastard.

Mikhail streaks out the back.

EXT. ALLEY

Desolate. Quiet. Safe. Mikhail tries to catch his breath.

COLT POPS OUT OF A DUMPSTER, FIRES A SILENCED PISTOL...  
PFFFT! THE BULLET STRIKES MIKHAIL BETWEEN THE EYES.

Mikhail falls to the ground, dead.

Colt climbs out, tosses the gun back in the trash. He straightens his tie.

REWIND THE PREVIOUS ACTION.

-- Mikhail's limp body stands up.

-- The bullet travels out of his head back into the gun.

-- The dumpster shuts, Colt hides inside.

-- Mikhail treads backwards into the art gallery.

FREEZE FRAME.

Mikhail emerges from the gallery, scared.

COLT JUMPS OFF THE ROOF, LANDS ON MIKHAIL.

Colt wraps a wire around Mikhail's neck, STRANGLES him. Mikhail's eyes roll back, his face changes color. Mikhail's legs stop kicking.

Colt lets the limp body fall to the pavement. He straightens his tie.

REWIND THE PREVIOUS ACTION.

-- Mikhail rises from the ground, blood returns to his face.

-- Colt removes the wire from around Mikhail's neck.

-- Colt flies up in the sky.

-- Mikhail moonwalks into the gallery.

FREEZE FRAME.

Mikhail shoots into the deserted alley, spots Colt at the end of the block.

Mikhail charges him, but Colt sidesteps the attack. Colt punches Mikhail in the nose, follows with a round house kick to the head.

The next few minutes turns into a martial arts clinic with punches thrown so fast Compubox wouldn't be able to keep track.

Colt gains the upper hand when he ducks an overhand right, connects with a judo chop to Mikhail's throat. Stunned, Mikhail gasps for air.

Colt spins Mikhail around, jumps on his back. CRRRRRACK! COLT SNAPS MIKHAIL'S NECK. Mikhail's dead body bounces off the asphalt.

Colt straightens his tie. He didn't break a sweat or wrinkle the suit. He walks down the alley. Calm. Cool. Collected.

WE HEAR THE TYPING SOUNDS FROM A KEYBOARD OFF SCREEN.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

TIGHT on JOE SCHMIDT as he taps a final button on his laptop. Joe smiles, content. While Joe played Colt Rodgers, Joe and Colt are polar opposites.

CLOSE ON the monitor, "THE END."

JOE  
And that's how Colt Rodgers rolls,  
*sucka*. It's Mr. Rodgers  
neighborhood! I wouldn't mess with  
you, Colt. Unless of course you  
wanted some of... this!!!

Pull back as Joe, with just a pair of undies on, LEAPS OUT OF HIS CHAIR and throws a series of girly punches at no one. His flabby belly jiggles.

JOE  
Or a little of... this!!!

JOE ATTEMPTS A SPINNING BACK-KICK, BUT ACCIDENTALLY NAILS HIS LAPTOP. It flies off the desk.

JOE  
Crap!

Joe picks it up. He tries to make the computer respond, clearly worried.

CLOSE ON the monitor, "CRITICAL FAILURE!"

JOE  
No. No. No! Please, no!!!

LATER --

Joe beams proudly at the printed out manuscript, "THE MEMOIRS OF AN INTERNATIONAL ASSASSIN, BY JOE SCHMIDT."

INT. ACCOUNTING FIRM -- DAY

Joe crunches numbers. COOPER, 47, an overly self-assured Ivy Leaguer, drops a pile of papers on Joe's desk.

COOPER

I'll need these done by the end of the week.

Dumbfounded, Joe examines one of the folders.

JOE

But, these are Ralph's accounts.

Joe peeks across the way, an empty cube.

COOPER

Look, between you and me, I shouldn't have hired Ralph in the first place. But what can I do? He's my wife's brother. Not to mention he went to my bachelor party and he knows what I did with those strippers. He could ruin me. There might even be a video. Hate for something like that to end up on YouTube.

JOE

You kind of lost me.

COOPER

Joe, we're a team. Be a team player, okay?

Cooper gives Joe the single gayest wink ever.

JOE

It's just that I've been working a lot of hours so I could get ahead and maybe take a trip somewhere.

COOPER

Joe, Joe, Joe. I don't understand, big guy. You travel all the time.

JOE

For work. I haven't used any of my vacation days the past six years.

COOPER

But you're out there - seeing stuff.

JOE

Like Toledo. I want to go somewhere tropical.

COOPER

Tropical is overrated. I just spent two weeks in Tahiti - worst time of my life. I shit you not. How about this? Next quarter, you and I have a very serious discussion about that vacation. No promises, but we'll definitely talk about it. How's that sound, shooter?

Cooper leaves before Joe can respond. Joe eyes a travel brochure with a picture of a beach on it. Across the top it reads, "Discover Belize!"

FRANK, late 30s, short with a Napoleon complex, stands up in his cubicle next to Joe's.

FRANK

Why do you let Captain Douchebag walk all over you, man?

JOE

He's the boss. What am I supposed to do?

FRANK

Work slower.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- DAY

Joe exits his apartment building, saunters through his neighborhood. He wears a winter jacket, snow covers the ground. He stuffs a bunch of large envelopes in the mailbox at the end of the block.

TIME LAPSE.

By the time Joe returns to his apartment building, the snow is long gone. Joe takes off his jacket and is now in a short sleeved shirt.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Joe rushes in with a stack of mail, tears open one of the letters.

CLOSE ON the document, "We regret to inform you that we are not interested in publishing your novel. Best of luck with your writing."

Joe grabs another envelope, rips it open. His face indicates a similar message. He tosses it, repeats several times. Joe dejectedly flops on his couch, flips on the tube.

The telephone RINGS. Joe reaches over, answers it.

JOE

Hello?

INT. WALT'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

WALT WILLIAMS, 40, uber slick, props his feet up on his mahogany desk. A ridiculous panoramic view of the Big Apple can be seen out the large window behind him.

WALT

Joe Schmidt?

INTERCUT JOE AND WALT.

JOE

Yes?

WALT

Walt Williams - Global Publishing.

JOE

(too excited)

Yes, hello!

WALT

I had a chance to read that manuscript of yours. Come by my office tomorrow afternoon and we'll discuss it.

A huge grin shows on Joe's face.

INT. WALT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Joe struggles to keep his composure as he meets with Walt.

WALT

Let me cut to the chase. I loved your manuscript. Fucking great. A real page turner.

JOE

That's what my mom said. Well, she didn't use those exact words.

WALT

Joe, tell me this - have you been talking to other publishers?

JOE

I've... heard from a few.

WALT

Did you talk to that asshole from Random House?

(off Joe's blank stare)

You did, didn't you?! Look, I want to publish it. I believe in this book so much I'm not going to change a single word. Not a God damn one. I don't say this very often - I think this has a chance to be a best seller.

JOE

Am I being Punk'd?

Walt slides a contract over to Joe, leans back.

WALT

You just need to sign the contract.

Joe peruses the offer.

WALT

I don't haggle. I'm making you a fair offer. You take it - or you get the fuck out of my office and you see if that prick from Random House can touch this.

JOE

(gulp)

That's... not chump change.

WALT

If this book does as well as I think it will, it's going to change your life.



JOE  
Do you have a pen?

INT. ACCOUNTING FIRM -- DAY

With a swagger, Joe heads directly to Cooper's office. Cooper reads the paper.

COOPER  
Morning, Joe.

JOE  
I wanted to let you know, I quit.

COOPER  
Can you grab me some coffee? A little cream, a couple packs of sugar?

JOE  
Cooper, I quit.

Cooper glimpses over his paper.

JOE  
My novel is going to be published.

COOPER  
I'm going to go ahead and say, no.

JOE  
No?

COOPER  
I'm afraid I can't let you. If you quit on me, I'll give you a bad referral.

Cooper resumes reading.

JOE  
But, I don't need a referral. I'm a writer now.

COOPER  
We all have hobbies.

JOE  
No, no, I'm like a real writer. They're paying me and everything.

Cooper closes the paper.

COOPER

Don't burn a bridge. You may need to come back to this job one day.

JOE

(politely)

With all due respect, I hate this job. I dread waking up in the morning knowing I have to come here. Sometimes I hope the subway derails and I die so I don't have to work here anymore.

COOPER

Joe, I consider you a friend.

JOE

Since when?

COOPER

Don't leave me in a bind, okay? How long till your little novel or book - whatever you call it, comes out?

JOE

Six months.

COOPER

So what's the rush? We've been good to you all these years, haven't we? How about, as a personal favor to me, you stay on for a little while longer? Get us through tax season. Train your replacement. Then you can quit. You can go out the right way. We'll even throw you a party. With a cake. Whatever flavor you want. I'm a black bottom man, myself. How about you?

JOE

I like vanilla.

COOPER

Booooooring. But, hey, it's your cake. We'll get you vanilla if that's what your heart desires. What do you say, buddy?

Joe thinks about it.

JOE  
I... suppose I could stay on a bit longer.

COOPER  
Fantastic. Would you mind grabbing me that coffee now?

Cooper goes back to reading the paper.

INT. BREAK ROOM -- DAY

Frank devours a doughnut. Joe enters, pours some java.

FRANK  
What are you still doing here?

JOE  
I reconsidered. I think I'm going to stay until my novel comes out.

Frank's mouth drops, can't believe it.

FRANK  
You are such a pussy.

JOE  
It wouldn't be right to not give any notice.

FRANK  
Dude, admit it, you have Vaginitis.

JOE  
I'm being professional.

FRANK  
A professional pussy.

JOE  
I'll have you know, Cooper made me a pretty compelling offer to stay.

A beat.

FRANK  
Who am I kidding? I'd probably do the same thing.  
(beat)  
Hey, this is kind of a weird request, but my chick asked me to pick up some tampons for her today.  
(MORE)

FRANK (cont'd)  
I'm not going to be able to do it,  
super busy. Is there any chance you  
can grab some for me at lunch?

JOE  
(reluctantly)  
I guess - do I need to know her  
size?

FRANK  
You soooo have a vagina! What's  
with you?!

JOE  
I was being nice.

FRANK  
Hello?! You're too nice. You were  
going to pick up tampons for my  
girlfriend! I won't pick up tampons  
for my girlfriend!

(another approach)  
If I just signed some huge contract  
to have a book published, I would  
have walked into Cooper's office  
and slapped him in the face. I  
wouldn't have even said, I quit. I  
would have bitch slapped him and  
walked out. Maybe pissed in his  
garbage can too.

Frank snags another doughnut from the pink box. Joe eyes the  
coffee pot.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM -- DAY

SUPER: 6 MONTHS LATER

Next to the coffee pot is a large vanilla cake with the words  
"Good Luck Joe!" written in frosting. All of Joe's coworkers  
toast their mugs.

FRANK  
To Joe's novel and to never having  
to look at another spreadsheet  
again! God, I hate you! You better  
not forget us when you're famous  
and up to your ears in chicks and  
coke. Living the dream.

Joe glows, a wonderful new life ahead of him. He glances down at his belongings in a neatly organized box. The tropical travel brochure that says, "Discover Belize!" rests on top.

INT. BOOKSTORE -- DAY

The STORE EMPLOYEE, 22, a goth college girl, unlocks the door and flips the closed sign to open.

The BELL ON THE DOOR JINGLES as Joe bolts inside. He spots the fiction new release section, eagerly scans for his book.

Joe doesn't see his novel, approaches the Store Employee.

JOE

Hi, I'm looking for a book. It came out today. *The Memoirs of an International Assassin*.

She types the title into her computer.

STORE EMPLOYEE

Should have plenty in stock.

JOE

I didn't see it.

STORE EMPLOYEE

Did you look in the nonfiction new release section?

Joe follows her to a different area of the store.

JOE

Uh, no, because it's fiction. Fiction as in, made up. It's okay, a lot of people get those confused.

She grabs the book.

STORE EMPLOYEE

(snarky)

This book here is nonfiction, as in not made up. A true story.

CLOSE ON the book, "**THE TRUE MEMOIRS OF AN INTERNATIONAL ASSASSIN.**" Below the title, a cheesy pulp-novel illustration of Joe gripping a pistol with a malicious scowl.

STORE EMPLOYEE

Anything else I can help you find?

JOE  
(horrified)  
Oh. My. God.

STORE EMPLOYEE  
Something wrong?

She notices the picture of Joe.

STORE EMPLOYEE  
Hey, that's you. Did you write  
this?

JOE  
Uh, yeah.

STORE EMPLOYEE  
You were an assassin? Holy shit.  
(seductively)  
So, you've like, killed people?

INT. WALT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Walt chats on the phone, Joe barges in.

JOE  
Walt, there's been a huge mistake.

WALT  
(on the phone)  
I'll call you back.

Walt hangs up.

JOE  
There was a printing error.

Joe holds up a copy of the book.

JOE  
It says, "The True Memoirs of an  
International Assassin."

WALT  
Sit down, would ya?

Joe does, flustered.

WALT  
I changed the title. It works  
better this way.

JOE  
Why would you do that?

WALT  
To sell more of those fuckers.

JOE  
I thought you weren't going to  
change a single word?

WALT  
I didn't. I added one.

JOE  
Yeah, the word "true!"

WALT  
Has a nice ring to it now, doesn't  
it? The True Memoirs of an  
International Assassin. Rolls off  
the tongue.

JOE  
It's fiction. People will think  
it's real!

WALT  
Real is subjective. You think this  
desk is real mahogany? I mean, it  
is. But most aren't.

Joe paces the room, incensed.

JOE  
The girl at the bookstore asked if  
I killed people! Me! I can't even  
play violent video games!

WALT  
Take a deep breath. You're acting  
crazy.

JOE  
(realizes)  
I told my grandmother to buy a  
copy!

Walt leans back, props his feet up.

WALT

Joe, this is done all the time.  
I've already scheduled you to do  
everything from Good Morning  
America to 60 Minutes to Bill  
O'Reilly. You just need to play  
along. Pretend to be the guy from  
your book.

JOE

Colt Rodgers?

Walt SNAPS his fingers.

WALT

Yeah, him.

JOE

(flabbergasted)

You want me to pretend that I'm an  
*assassin*?!

WALT

Joe, don't be ridiculous. Of course  
not.

Joe relaxes.

WALT

A *retired* assassin. Colt was your  
assassin name.

JOE

Colt murdered people for money!

WALT

A lot of people for money. And you  
were fucking good at it. You make  
Jason Bourne look like a bitch.

JOE

Are you out of your mind?! I can't  
go around having the world think  
I've killed people.

WALT

Do you want a Xanax?

JOE

Walt - this is fraud! If people  
find out, I'll never be able to  
write another thing again.



WALT

Don't you get it?! You were never going to be a writer. I called Random House to gloat after you signed the contract. They told me they rejected it - as did every other major publishing company. You want to be a writer, lie! Tell people you were an assassin.

JOE

No one is going to believe me - I'm about as intimidating as Ryan Seacrest. I'm not going to go along with this. No way.

Joe plops down on the couch.

WALT

Yes, you are.

JOE

I'm not going to lie to sell a few extra copies of my book.

Walt snatches a golf club from his bag in the corner. He swings it violently, SHATTERS A LAMP into a million little pieces.

WALT

Listen here, you little piss ant! This is a multi-million dollar publishing company. We have an army of lawyers and I will make sure they fuck you so hard I'll be able to use your ass as a garage for my Bentley! Do you understand me?! I'll make you wish you never thought about becoming a writer!

JOE

Trust me, I already do.

WALT

You're going to do the God damn interviews and you're not going to say a thing about this. Are we clear?

JOE

I guess it's not going to be a series, huh?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- DAY

Joe marches down the sidewalk, talks on his phone.

JOE  
(discreetly)  
No, Mom, I didn't kill anyone!  
(beat)  
Yes, I swear!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- DAY

Joe walks with STEVE KROFT from 60 Minutes. A couple of CAMERAMEN and a BOOM OPERATOR record the conversation.

STEVE KROFT  
(to the camera)  
For the last fifteen years, Joe Schmidt, AKA, Colt Rodgers, was the world's deadliest hitman. Luckily for those who may have become a target, Schmidt retired. He details his time as a contract killer in his book, *The True Memoirs of an International Assassin*. The names of his victims have been changed to protect Schmidt from prosecution.  
(to Joe)  
What made you become a killer? I mean, how does someone decide to start murdering people for money?

Joe looks extremely uncomfortable.

JOE  
You know, I really can't tell you.

STEVE KROFT  
(to the camera)  
Devoid of emotion, Schmidt would do the work of the highest bidder. Only those in the underworld would even know how to retain his services.  
(to Joe)  
What do you think made you so good at assassinating your victims?

JOE  
I'd rather people just read the book.

STEVE KROFT  
But in your book, none of your  
victims ever saw you coming. Is  
that true?

JOE  
I can guarantee you that.

STEVE KROFT  
(to the camera)  
His face and personality are so  
forgettable, Schmidt had a distinct  
advantage in his line of work. He  
could blend into any society and go  
unnoticed.

Joe gives him a dumbfounded look.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

AGENT JACKSON, 40, bald, sits with AGENT ZUCKER, ugly, 30, in  
his office. The CIA seal is visible on the wall behind them.  
They watch Joe's edited interview on 60 Minutes.

AGENT JACKSON  
Who is this guy and why have I  
never heard of him?

AGENT ZUCKER  
Could he be that good?

AGENT JACKSON  
Let's pull up whatever we can and  
keep an eye on him.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME -- NIGHT

GRANDMA SCHMIDT, 85, frail, watches 60 Minutes with a group  
of elderly women. They are all in shock.

GRANDMA SCHMIDT  
He used to be such a good boy.

INT. MAGAZINE OFFICE -- DAY

The magazine's editor, SIMON, 45, British, scribbles on a  
mock-up. Extremely beautiful and sophisticated, CLAIRE BROWN,  
early 30s, enters with Joe's book in her hand.

CLAIRE  
How would you like to have the  
exclusive on the next fake memoir?

She lobs the book on his desk.

CLAIRE  
I went to high school with him and  
there's no chance he was an  
assassin.

SIMON  
I'm listening.

CLAIRE  
He couldn't kill anyone - he  
couldn't even ask me out.

SIMON  
People change. It was twenty years  
ago.

CLAIRE  
Fifteen!

SIMON  
Just because he didn't ask you out  
doesn't mean anything. Were you fat  
in high school?

CLAIRE  
Prom queen. And he was cute, in a  
nerdy sort of way.

SIMON  
It's always the quiet unassuming  
kind. Look at Jeffrey Dahmer.

CLAIRE  
Dahmer wasn't cute. He ate people.  
I want to do an exposé.

SIMON  
Do a piece on Tom Cruise or Brad  
Pitt. Readers love that stuff.

CLAIRE  
I'm sick of doing fluff.

SIMON  
We sell fluff.

CLAIRE

Give me a shot. I've paid my dues.  
If I pull this off, it will make  
the magazine relevant again.

Simon thinks for a second.

SIMON

If you come back with nothing, from  
here on out, you will write fluff  
and like it. You will be my  
personal fluffer.

She shoots him a look.

SIMON

Not what I meant.

INT. GROCERY STORE -- NIGHT

Joe pushes his cart down an aisle. He stops, grabs his  
favorite brand of extra sensitive hand lotion. Nerdy  
teenagers, LANCE, 17, and ZACK, 18, approach Joe.

LANCE

Dude, you're the guy. You were on  
The Daily Show, right?

ZACK

We have your book - it kicks more  
ass than Chuck Norris!

LANCE

When I get older, I totally want to  
be an assassin.

JOE

Uh, no you don't. I recommend going  
to college.

ZACK

Assassin college!

LANCE

Could you show us some of your neck  
snapping techniques?

JOE

Bum shoulder.

ZACK  
From that shrapnel wound in Prague,  
right?

LANCE  
Can we get an autograph?

Joe shrugs, but seems hesitant. Lance hands Joe a notebook and pen from his backpack.

LANCE  
Could you make it out to, Lance  
"The Blade" Fluer - the only man I  
was ever afraid of. I know you're  
not, but it would look cool.

Joe starts to sign.

LANCE  
Oh, would you mind signing it,  
"Your Bitch - Colt Rodgers."

Joe looks up questioningly.

LANCE  
Come on, please? It would be sick.

Joe shakes his head, signs it.

LANCE  
(to Zack)  
Dude, take a picture of me with  
Colt.

Zack holds up his camera phone.

ZACK  
(to Joe)  
Could you look like you're about to  
shit your pants? That would be so  
pimp.

Zack snaps a picture of Lance with his arm around a grimacing Joe who looks more constipated than anything else.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- NIGHT

Joe fumes, talks on his cell phone as he leaves the market.

JOE  
Walt, I can't do this. People want  
to take pictures of me shitting my  
pants!

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Joe packs a couple of suitcases with a phone to his ear.

JOE  
No, Mom, I'm not running. I'm  
taking a vacation.

INT. CIA VAN -- DAY

Agent Zucker listens in on Joe's phone call, wears  
headphones.

JOE (O.S.)  
I'll call you when I get back.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Agent Jackson examines a file as Agent Zucker enters.

AGENT ZUCKER  
Schmidt's going to Belize.

AGENT JACKSON  
Belize?

AGENT ZUCKER  
It's a small English speaking  
country in Central America popular  
with honeymooners for its beaches  
and warm ocean water.

AGENT JACKSON  
I know where Belize is! What's he  
going down there for?

AGENT ZUCKER  
We don't know, sir.

AGENT JACKSON  
Well... let's go find out.

INT. MAGAZINE OFFICE -- DAY

Claire sits at her desk, holds the phone against her face.

CLAIRE  
I was hoping to arrange an  
interview with Joe Schmidt. We want  
to do a big story on the book.

INT. WALT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Walt practices putting, uses the speaker phone.

WALT  
No can do, honey. Joe's done doing  
press. After O'Reilly roughed him  
up, he's denied all requests for  
interviews.

INTERCUT CLAIRE WITH WALT.

CLAIRE  
We went to high school together. I  
think I might be able to get him to  
reconsider.

WALT  
He's leaving for Belize tomorrow,  
but I'll see what I can do when he  
gets back.

Claire smiles...

CLAIRE  
Belize, huh?

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS -- DAY

A PRETTY LADY sits next to Joe, reads his book. She studies  
the cover, sneaks a peek at him. Awkward.

EXT. BELIZE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

A SHUTTLE DRIVER stands next to a HOTEL LIAISON who holds a  
sign that reads, "Joe Schmidt." Joe exits the terminal with  
his luggage, waves to the men.



HOTEL LIAISON  
Joe Schmidt? Welcome to Belize.  
Allow us to get your bags.

The driver grabs the suitcases. They walk over to a white van parked nearby.

SHUTTLE DRIVER  
Have you been to Belize before?

JOE  
I'm a virgin.

HOTEL LIAISON  
You will like it very much here.

INT. VAN -- DAY

Joe rides in the back, views the various oceanfront resorts off to the side of the road.

HOTEL LIAISON  
While you are here, you must check  
out the Great Blue Hole - it's  
quite magnificent.

A property catches Joe's eye.

JOE  
Hey guys, not to be a backseat  
driver, but isn't that my resort?

The van continues past, SPEEDS UP.

SHUTTLE DRIVER  
We take a different way in for our  
celebrity guests.

JOE  
I wouldn't say I'm a "celebrity."

THE HOTEL LIAISON FORCES A CLOTH TO JOE'S FACE. He struggles for a few seconds before he's out cold.

I/E. EL TORO'S MANSION -- DAY

An opulent estate with multiple pools is backed up against the ocean.

Marble floors, sculptures and expensive art; the place is fit for a drug lord or Donald Trump.

EL TORO, 55, stands with TEN ARMED MEN in front of Joe, who begins to wake. El Toro's charm and sophistication hide the evil.

Now alert, Joe notices all the guns. He looks close to pissing himself - if he hasn't done so already.

JOE

I didn't do anything. You got the wrong guy!

EL TORO

(broken English)

Allow me to apologize about taking you here this way. I assure you, I mean you no harm.

El Toro nods to his guys, the guns are holstered.

EL TORO

My name is El Toro. I would like to hire you to kill the Prime Minister. He is a very bad man.

JOE

And you want to kill him, kill him?

EL TORO

I want you to kill him good. I want him very dead.

JOE

I don't mean to pry, but what could he have possibly done to you that was so bad you want to kill him?

Sadness overcomes El Toro, he stares out to the ocean. A true softer side emerges.

EL TORO

He killed my mother.

JOE

Oh my God, that's awful.

EL TORO

I'm kidding. He costs me a lot of money. Take a walk with me.

El Toro guides Joe through the luxurious mansion. Nothing but decadence. Two of El Toro's henchmen walk closely behind.

EL TORO  
I loved your book.

JOE  
Oh thanks. I worked hard to create  
a world ... What were you saying?

EL TORO  
My men don't have the passion for  
killing like you do. They're  
sloppy. For this, I need a  
professional. I need you, Colt  
Rodgers.

JOE  
Yeah, about that...

EL TORO  
I never take no for an answer.  
Seriously.

JOE  
There's something you should know.  
I'm not really an assassin. I'm  
just an accountant.

El Toro eyes him very intensely, then LAUGHS MADLY.

EL TORO  
That is a good one, Colt Rodgers!!!

The MEN CRACK UP as well.

EL TORO  
An accountant! Very funny!

El Toro hands him a picture of the Prime Minister.

EL TORO  
The Prime Minister will be at his  
estate for one week. He has forty  
or fifty secret service men  
protecting him at any given time.  
His house has barbed wire and  
surveillance cameras everywhere.  
Oh, and there are a few dogs. But  
that's it. It should be very easy -  
nothing like the job you had in the  
Czech Republic, right?

JOE

Uh, yeah. Okay, look, I'd like to help you because you know, I love assassinating people, but I'm retired. A few months ago, I totally would have done it.

EL TORO

I think you should come out of retirement - for your biggest fan.

JOE

Can't you talk out your problems? Work it out like adults? Assassination should be a last resort.

EL TORO

It is, that is why I'm hiring you.

El Toro nods to a cohort. The man leaves briefly, returns with a suitcase.

CLICK, CLICK. El Toro opens it. Nothing but tightly bound hundred dollar bills inside.

EL TORO

For your fee.

Joe looks unsure how he should react to it. El Toro tries to read Joe.

EL TORO

Fine!!!

El Toro motions to his guy again. He brings over another suitcase, CLICK, CLICK. Again, a stupid amount of money inside.

EL TORO

This is my final offer.

Joe scans all the men located through the house with guns - there's a lot of them.

JOE

Oh... what the hay! Only because you're my biggest fan.

EL TORO

This is wonderful!

JOE  
Yeah, super excited about getting  
back to killing.

EL TORO  
Would you mind signing a copy of my  
book?

JOE  
My pleasure.

A bodyguard hands Joe a pen and a copy of his book. He  
autographs it, "To my biggest fan!"

EL TORO  
Very good picture of you.

JOE  
That's my best side.

Several large crates of weapons get unloaded on the floor.  
It's a candy store for terrorists. Machine guns, assault  
rifles, bazookas, etc.

EL TORO  
Please, take whatever you like...  
for the job.

INT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

Agent Jackson and a few other CIA Agents stare into the house  
with binoculars from up in the sky. They observe Joe sifting  
through the various weapons.

AGENT JACKSON  
Son of a bitch! Guess this guy is  
who he says. It sure doesn't look  
like he's retired. How could he  
have possibly stayed under our  
radar this long?!

AGENT ZUCKER  
Should we intercept him at the  
hotel for extradition to the United  
States?

AGENT JACKSON  
And what are we going to hold him  
on? All those weapons are legal in  
this country. We need to get him in  
the act.

AGENT ZUCKER  
They should seriously rethink their  
gun laws here.

The chopper reverses course back to the mainland.

INT. EL TORO'S MANSION -- DAY

Enough weapons for a government coup form a pile.

JOE  
That's probably enough.

EL TORO  
You don't want the rocket launcher?

JOE  
I think I'm good.

EL TORO  
Take it. It's always good to have  
one around. How about the anti-tank  
missile?

JOE  
Sure. Never know when you might  
need one, right?

EL TORO  
Night vision goggles?

JOE  
Yeah, okay. Those could be fun.

The two men stroll to the door.

EL TORO  
To protect my investment, Felipe  
will be watching your every move.

FELIPE, 30, yolked, smiles politely at Joe.

JOE  
I wouldn't try to skip out or  
anything.

EL TORO  
(deadly serious)  
I know. It's only a precautionary  
measure. Enjoy your time in Belize.

Joe grits his teeth, surely the thought crossed his mind.

JOE  
What's happening, Felipe? Give me a pound.

Joe puts his fist out, Felipe doesn't move or speak.

JOE  
I have a feeling you and I are going to hit it off.

Suitcases in hand, Joe treks outside with Felipe. The weapons get placed into a crate and loaded in the back of the van.

I/E. RESORT -- DAY

Parents and children alike enjoy the five-star resort's facilities.

KENNY, 25, chubby with a baby face, works the registration.

Felipe carries the stockpile of artillery to the front desk with Joe's luggage. Joe holds the briefcases of cash, wears a backpack over a shoulder.

JOE  
I can take it from here, thanks.

Felipe takes a seat in the lobby, Joe heads over to check in.

JOE  
(to Felipe)  
Do you want to meet at the pool?

Felipe is not going anywhere.

JOE  
Or sit there. Good idea. It's fine.  
(to Kenny)  
He's lost without me.

KENNY  
Hi, checking in?

JOE  
The reservation is under, Joe Schmidt.

KENNY  
The Joe Schmidt?

The attention makes Joe uncomfortable.

KENNY

Can you sign this for me, please?

JOE

(angry)

You know, I am getting sick and tired of this. Can't people leave me alone! I write one lousy book and now I can't go anywhere without people knowing who the hell I am!!!

His tirade causes a commotion, everyone in the lobby gawks.

JOE

You know what, fame is not all it's cracked up to be! If I have to sign another stupid autograph, I'm going to...

KENNY

...It's for your room. In case there are any damages.

Joe eyes the document, it's a hotel form. A GUEST whispers to his WIFE.

GUEST

What an asshole.

JOE

But you said, "the" Joe Schmidt like you knew who I am.

KENNY

I do it with all our guests to make them feel special.

JOE

(humbly)

It's a nice touch.

Kenny slides the room card to Joe.

KENNY

Here is your key. We'll go ahead and send your things up.

Kenny tags the weapons crate.

KENNY

If there is anything we can do for you, please let us know.



Joe makes his way to the elevator, past the bar. He stops, something catches his eye.

At the bar, Claire enjoys a fruity drink. She wears a bikini, looks incredible.

In SUPER SLOW MOTION, Claire sensually licks the cherry from her Mai Tai.

Claire turns, sees Joe.

CLAIRE  
Joe Schmidt?!

Joe snaps out of his daze.

JOE  
Claire Brown?

CLAIRE  
What are you doing here?

JOE  
I'm on vacation. What about you?

CLAIRE  
Same.

JOE  
This is crazy. I haven't seen you since...

CLAIRE  
High school.

Claire rises to give Joe a hug. He sets his things down, doesn't notice a 9MM handgun slip out of his backpack.

CLAIRE  
How have you been?

JOE  
Great. You look hot. Did I just say that? I mean you look fantastic.

She giggles.

CLAIRE  
You too.

JOE  
(surprised)  
I did get a haircut.  
(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)

(beat)

I can't believe this. I mean what a strange coinkydink. I don't normally use the phrase coinkydink. Are you staying here? How long are you in town?

CLAIRE

I just checked in. I'll be here for a week.

JOE

Me too.

Joe notices the gun, doesn't know what to do. Claire doesn't see it.

CLAIRE

What a small world.

JOE

Are you here with your... husband?

Joe reaches for the pistol with his foot to slide it back, but misses.

CLAIRE

No. How about you?

JOE

No, I like women. I came alone.

She sees the gun.

CLAIRE

Is that your... gun?

JOE

No!

CLAIRE

I'm pretty sure it was in your backpack.

JOE

Oh right, that is mine. It looked different for a second.

Joe stuffs it away.

CLAIRE

Why do you have a gun?

JOE  
(gulp)  
For... fishing.

CLAIRE  
You fish with a gun?

JOE  
Easier than a pole.

CLAIRE  
Ooookay. Well, look, why don't you  
go put your stuff away and come  
back and have a drink with me?

JOE  
Seriously?!  
(cool)  
I mean, sure, I'd love to.

CLAIRE  
Great. Then I'll see you in a  
little while.

JOE  
Not if I see you first.

Joe hurries over to the elevator, no clue how retarded he  
just sounded.

As the doors close, a puzzled look wipes over Claire's face.  
She pulls out a small notebook from her purse, jots something  
down.

INT. JOE'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Joe pops open one of the suitcases El Toro gave him. He  
examines the cash. Picks it up, smells it. It doesn't smell  
very good.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

JOE  
Be right there.

Joe rushes over to the bathroom with the suitcases, lays them  
on the counter out of sight. He quickly hustles back, grabs  
the door.

KENNY  
Hello again.

Kenny shoves the bell hop push cart inside. Felipe sits in the hallway.

JOE  
Sorry again about my behavior.

KENNY  
Already forgotten.

It takes every bit of strength Kenny possesses to unload Joe's crate.

KENNY  
What do you have in here? This weighs a ton.

JOE  
Uh... golf clubs.

KENNY  
You do realize you're only allowed to have fourteen in your bag? Is there anything else you need?

JOE  
I think I'm good. Thanks.

KENNY  
I guess I'll be going then.

Kenny waits for a tip, Joe doesn't get it.

KENNY  
Nice day, huh? Hot.  
(beat)  
There's actually a chance of showers later if you can believe something as nutty as that. Weather changes fast in Belize. One minute it's nice - the next, bam! It's pouring. I'm not talking a little drizzle either - I mean like Noah's Arc raining - the world is coming to an end...

JOE  
(realizes)  
Oh, sorry.

Joe digs in his pocket for some cash, but doesn't seem to have any. An idea...

JOE  
Be right back.

Joe scoots into the bathroom, snakes a one hundred dollar bill from the suitcase. He returns, gives it to Kenny. Kenny looks at it twice to make sure his eyes are not deceiving him.

KENNY  
Can I give you a massage or something?

Off Joe's look.

KENNY  
For... the big tip. Maybe I should have just said, thank you.

Joe nods. Kenny gets ready to leave, turns back.

KENNY  
Okay, I have a confession. I knew who you were when you checked in. I'm a huge assassin junkie. I can't get enough of that crap. I'm honored to meet you. I promise I won't bother you. I just thought you should know.

JOE  
What's your name?

KENNY  
Kenny.

JOE  
I'll see you around, Kenny.

KENNY  
Make sure you see the Great Blue Hole while you're here. It's quite magnificent.

Kenny shuts the door, leaves.

EXT. HOTEL BAR -- DAY

Joe shares a drink with Claire on the patio overlooking the ocean. Felipe sits at the table next to them. Joe waves, Felipe remains stone faced.

CLAIRE

Why did you come on vacation by yourself?

JOE

I have needed a vacation for a very long time. I'm a workaholic.

CLAIRE

What do you do?

JOE

I'm a...  
(thinks better of it)  
...accountant. Boring.

CLAIRE

Everyone needs an accountant.

JOE

What about you?

CLAIRE

I sell insurance.

JOE

Everyone needs insurance.

CLAIRE

What we need is another drink.

Across the bar, DIEGO MARTINEZ, 25, covered in tattoos, eats lunch. He spots Joe, eyes him suspiciously.

Diego discretely picks up his cell phone, dials a number.

EXT. CARGO SHIP -- DAY

Lights flash on a police boat tied up to a large cargo ship.

On the deck, FEDERALES and THUGS hold the ship's crew at gun point.

JESUS SANCHEZ, an intimidating figure with acne scars, puffs on a cigar, commands the operation. He PISTOL WHIPS the ship's CAPTAIN, 60.

CAPTAIN

Do you know whose boat this is? Do you know what he'll do to you when he finds out you are stealing from him?!

Jesus FIRES A BULLET into the sky, terrifies the captain.

JESUS SANCHEZ

Do you think I am worried about El  
Toro?

A GOON emerges from the bow of the ship with a surfboard. He takes a hammer to it, cracks it open. He pulls out bags of cocaine.

GOON

Jackpot.

JESUS SANCHEZ

Unload all of it into our boat.

CAPTAIN

He's going to kill you!

JESUS SANCHEZ

You annoy me.

Jesus' guy throws the Captain overboard. SPLASH.

The men pull the loot out of more surfboards, toss it onto the police boat with precision. They've done this before.

Jesus' CELL PHONE RINGS.

JESUS SANCHEZ

This better be important.

INTERCUT JESUS WITH DIEGO.

DIEGO

Boss. You'll never guess who is at  
the hotel right now?

JESUS SANCHEZ

Ricky Martin.

DIEGO

Uh, no. Colt Rodgers.

Jesus grows frustrated, luckily for Diego he's not nearby.

JESUS SANCHEZ

Who is Colt Rodgers?!

DIEGO

An assassin. He wrote a book. He  
was on 60 Minutes.

JESUS SANCHEZ

And you're telling me this, why?!!!

DIEGO

In one of the chapters he said he assassinated a scuba instructor.

JESUS SANCHEZ

Thanks for the book report. I'll make sure to buy a copy the next time I'm at Barnes and fucking Noble.

DIEGO

But, your brother was a scuba instructor.

JESUS SANCHEZ

My brother taught sailing.

DIEGO

Man, I thought for sure it was scuba.

JESUS SANCHEZ

Nope. Sailing, you idiot.

DIEGO

Well why do you think he's in Belize?

JESUS SANCHEZ

How should I know?! Maybe he's on vacation!

(to himself)

I'm surrounded by morons today.

DIEGO

Okay, fine. I just thought it was a little weird a world renown assassin is hanging out with one of El Toro's guys.

Jesus suddenly looks very concerned.

JESUS SANCHEZ

What did you say?

DIEGO

I saw them come in together.



JESUS SANCHEZ  
So El Toro hired an assassin to  
kill me, huh?  
(beat)  
Take him out!

EXT. HOTEL BAR -- DAY

Diego puts his phone away, throws some cash on the table and bounces.

The WAITER places a couple more drinks in front of Joe and Claire. They look like they are starting to get a little tipsy.

CLAIRE  
Why do you really have a gun?

JOE  
For fishing, I said.

CLAIRE  
Fishing?

JOE  
I shoot sharks and stuff.  
Underwater. It's fun.

CLAIRE  
What a bizarre interest to have.

JOE  
I'm a big shark hunter. I know I  
don't look like it, but I am.

CLAIRE  
Sounds dangerous.

JOE  
My life is danger. Some guys play  
softball, I shark hunt.

CLAIRE  
You've sure changed since high  
school.

JOE  
What do you mean?

CLAIRE  
I don't know. Hard to explain.

JOE  
You've changed too.

CLAIRE  
How?

JOE  
You were always doing crazy stuff.

She rolls her eyes.

JOE  
Streaking in the quad - at lunch.  
Stealing Jefferson's mascot -  
toilet papering the principal's  
house. I never would have imagined  
that girl would end up selling  
insurance.

CLAIRE  
Yeah, me neither.

JOE  
I thought maybe you would be in  
prison. Or dead.

She hits him on the arm - kinda hard.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

Hours have passed. Joe and Claire walk along the water.  
Felipe follows a little ways back.

CLAIRE  
Maybe I've had too much to drink,  
but I think that guy is following  
us.

JOE  
Oh that's Felipe. My bodyguard.

CLAIRE  
You have a bodyguard?

JOE  
I am one bad ass accountant.

CLAIRE  
I'll say.

JOE  
We met earlier. He's harmless.

CLAIRE  
It's getting late. I should  
probably get going.

JOE  
I had a nice time tonight.

CLAIRE  
I guess I'll see you around then,  
huh?

JOE  
Hey, Claire?

He wants to ask her out. She knows. Hopeful, she smiles to  
encourage him.

CLAIRE  
Yeah...

JOE  
Don't drink the tap water. It will  
give you diarrhea.

CLAIRE  
(confused)  
Thanks. I'll remember that.

JOE  
Enjoy your vacation.

Mad at himself, he walks away.

JOE  
Come on, Felipe. Let's go.

FELIPE  
You should have asked her out.

JOE  
Yeah, I know. Thanks.

INT. JOE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Dressed as a hotel worker, Agent Jackson plants a bug in the  
lamp shade. He wears a hearing device in his ear.

AGENT ZUCKER (O.S.)  
Abort! Abort! He's on his way back  
to the room now.

Joe opens the door, sees Agent Jackson. Agent Jackson draws his weapon, aims it Joe.

AGENT JACKSON  
CIA! Let me see your hands!

Joe puts his hands above his head.

JOE  
I come in peace. I'm here on vacation.

AGENT JACKSON  
That's why you were meeting with El Toro, right?

JOE  
I can explain.

AGENT JACKSON  
And I bet you can explain what a crate full of weapons is doing in your room too, huh?

JOE  
Okay, that's a little harder to explain. Look, I'm not the person you think I am.

AGENT JACKSON  
For your sake, you better hope we take you in before Jesus Sanchez kills you.

JOE  
(alarmed)  
Who wants to kill me?!

AGENT JACKSON  
Don't act stupid. Jesus Sanchez.

JOE  
Who is Jesus Sanchez?

AGENT JACKSON  
The man who wants you dead.

JOE  
Right. Got that part. Why?

AGENT JACKSON

Have you killed so many people you don't even keep track? He thinks you killed his brother.

JOE

He thinks I did what?!

AGENT JACKSON

Or at least is here to kill him. He's not sure. But either way, he wants you dead.

JOE

What? No. I'm here to kill... nothing. Maybe you should take me in now then, huh?

AGENT JACKSON

You would like that, wouldn't you? We try you with only circumstantial evidence, you get found not guilty and you walk. No double jeopardy. You would be free as a bird. No chance, amigo.

Agent Jackson walks to the door, doesn't take his eyes off Joe.

AGENT JACKSON

I am watching you - like a really big hawk.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Agent Jackson leaves, walks past Felipe seated in the hall. Because Agent Jackson is disguised as a hotel worker, Felipe doesn't think anything of it.

INT. JOE'S HOTEL ROOM

Joe sits on his bed, buries his face in his hands.

Joe picks up his cell, dials a number. He paces.

JOE

Walt. It's Joe. We need to talk! Call me as soon as you get this!

Joe storms out of the room, SLAMS THE DOOR.

INT. HALLWAY

Felipe follows Joe down to the elevator.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- NIGHT

Only a handful of drunks remain. Joe bellies up, motions to the BARTENDER. Felipe sits at a table.

JOE  
I need something - hard. I don't  
even care what it is.

Kenny works the check-in desk nearby, spots Joe. Joe chugs his shot, SPITS IT OUT.

JOE  
(mouth numb)  
That ith the worsth thing I've ever  
tasthed in my life!

Kenny meanders over slowly.

JOE  
Give me another.

The Bartender gives him a refill. Joe does his best to get it down. It hurts.

KENNY  
You alright?

JOE  
(mouth still numb)  
I'm awesthome! I'm so awesthome  
ith's crazthy! I'm crazthy awesome!

KENNY  
You don't seem like it, man.

Joe sips some water, his mouth returns to normal.

JOE  
Just another day in the life of an  
international assassin.

KENNY  
You are such a gangster!

Joe downs another shot, visibly worried.

JOE  
(quietly)  
I think I'm going to get killed.

KENNY  
Isn't that one of the risks of the  
job? An occupational hazard?

Joe makes sure he's out of Felipe's earshot.

JOE  
I'm not an assassin. I'm an  
accountant for God's sake who wrote  
a dumb book.

KENNY  
So... none of that stuff you wrote  
is real?

JOE  
I made it all up.

KENNY  
*Everything?*

JOE  
Everything.

KENNY  
Even what happened in Hong Kong?

Joe nods.

KENNY  
It felt so real. Man, you're a good  
writer.

JOE  
I'm so good some guy named Jesus  
Sanchez wants to kill me - the CIA  
is after me and I've been hired to  
knock off the Prime Minister by  
this other guy named El Toro. So  
much for a freaking vacation!!!

KENNY  
(to the Bartender)  
You better keep 'em coming.

JOE  
What do I do?

KENNY

I don't know. Later. Good luck.

Kenny starts to walk away.

JOE

Where are you going?

KENNY

I'm staying far away from you.  
Those are some bad dudes.

JOE

Kenny, come on. Help me.

Kenny thinks for a second.

KENNY

Why don't you tell people the book  
isn't true?

JOE

I've tried! No one believes me!

The Bartender sets another shot down. Kenny drinks it.

KENNY

Alright, this might be some  
terrible ass advice, but I'll throw  
it out there.

(beat)

Since there is a very strong  
possibility your time on earth is  
about over, maybe you should live  
the time you have left like Colt  
Rodgers.

JOE

That hasn't worked out so well for  
me.

KENNY

I don't mean pretend to be an  
assassin. I mean, be the guy who  
isn't scared of shit - lives every  
moment like it's his last. I guess  
what I'm trying to say is - if you  
die, would you be happy with your  
life?



JOE  
No. My life has sucked and it's  
gotten a whole lot worse since I've  
come to this stupid country.

KENNY  
Then be Colt Rodgers.

Joe gives it consideration.

JOE  
I guess I can try.

KENNY  
Not...  
(mocks Joe)  
"I guess I can try."  
(firmly)  
I am Colt Rodgers. Let me hear you  
say it.

JOE  
(weak)  
I am... Colt Rodgers.

KENNY  
Colt mother fucking Rodgers.

JOE  
I am... Colt mother fucking  
Rodgers.

KENNY  
You're a mother fucker.

JOE  
I fuck mothers.

KENNY  
Good enough for now.

EXT. RESORT RESTAURANT -- DAY

Claire sips coffee, reads the paper. Joe takes a deep breath.  
He marches over, determined.

CLAIRE  
Morning.

JOE  
(confidently)  
I'm taking you to lunch today.

She smiles sweetly.

JOE  
...If you want.

CLAIRE  
I'd love to.

That was easier than he thought.

JOE  
Then, I'll see you later.

Joe leaves, grins from ear to ear. Felipe follows him out.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT -- DAY

Joe leans against a compact piece of crap that rents for \$19 a day. Claire exits the hotel lobby, waves to Joe.

JOE  
Your chariot awaits you, my lady.

CLAIRE  
Nice... car.

JOE  
I think it has air bags.

Claire smiles, climbs in.

-- Joe backs the car out, heads for the exit.

-- Felipe backs his car up, follows right behind Joe.

-- Down another row of cars, Diego drives behind Felipe.

-- In a van, CIA Agents Jackson and Zucker fall into position.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The four vehicles turn onto the two lane highway. They look like a caravan.

INT. JOE'S RENT-A-CAR

Joe sees Felipe in his rear view mirror. Joe PUNCHES the gas.  
THE ENGINE ROARS.

CLAIRE

In a hurry?

JOE

Just want to see what this baby can do.

THE ENGINE MAKES A HORRIBLE HUMMING SOUND like it's about ready to explode.

JOE

Eighty two.

Joe eases up on the gas. He looks back, watches Felipe close the distance.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BELIZE CITY -- DAY

The sidewalks are awash with tourists and locals.

Joe drives his car down a one-way street. He sees the only parking place in the area, takes it.

Felipe, Diego and the Agents pass by, but they have no where to park. All three circle the block, fast. They are helpless as Joe and Claire enter a restaurant.

As Felipe rounds the corner, a Mini-Cooper pulls out of a VERY TIGHT PARKING SPOT.

Felipe overshoots it, tries to back in, but Diego is right behind him. Frustrated, Felipe circles the block.

Diego scoots forward to parallel park, but the Agents rush up preventing him from doing so. Diego motions for them to back up, but they refuse. Diego grits his teeth, circles the block.

The Agents pull forward to parallel. As Agent Jackson puts it in reverse, Felipe REVS HIS ENGINE directly behind their bumper stymieing them from backing into the spot. Agent Jackson drives away.

This repeats several times before Felipe finally double parks the car in the street and gets out. If he's not getting the spot, no one is.

INT. DIEGO'S CAR

Diego watches Felipe run inside the restaurant.

DIEGO  
Screw it.

Diego hops out.

INT. CIA AGENTS' RENT-A-CAR

Agent Jackson looks confused.

AGENT JACKSON  
What the heck are these guys doing?

AGENT ZUCKER  
Maybe it's okay to park like that  
in this country.

Agents Jackson and Zucker shrug and follow suit.

INT. BELIZE CITY RESTAURANT -- DAY

The men keeping an eye on Joe are spread out around the restaurant trying to keep a low profile.

The SERVER brings a couple of dishes over, sets the plates in front of Joe and Claire.

Joe and Claire try their food.

JOE  
Delicious.

CLAIRE  
Mine too. This is great. Good call  
letting the waiter choose for us.

JOE  
I've reached a point in my life  
where it's time to try new things.  
Take chances.

The Server returns.

SERVER  
And how is the iguana and sea  
turtle?

Joe and Claire spit their food out.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BELIZE CITY -- DAY

Joe and Claire exit the restaurant, no doggy bags, and get in their car.

The men trailing them emerge and find ALL OF THEIR CARS HAVE BEEN TOWED.

They watch Joe's car turn down a street out of sight.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Joe and Claire stand in front of her room.

CLAIRE  
Thanks for today.

JOE  
I'll see you in the morning.

CLAIRE  
Hey, Joe. Do you think the sea  
turtle I ate for lunch had a name?

JOE  
(nods)  
Probably had a family who loved him  
too.

CLAIRE  
That's the saddest thing I've ever  
heard!

They both laugh.

Claire gives him a very quick kiss on the cheek, ducks into her room. Joe touches his face, shocked.

Joe heads down the hall tickled pink.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Claire sits in front of her laptop, chats with Simon through ICHAT.

CLAIRE  
I'm getting closer. I'm trying to  
get him to trust me first so he'll  
open up.

Simon's mug is on the screen.

SIMON  
Stay at it. Let me know when you  
have more.

CLAIRE  
He's a lot different than he was in  
high school. He's fun.

SIMON  
I really don't give a shit.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY-- DAY

Joe closes his door, spots Felipe camped out.

JOE  
Morning, Felipe.

Felipe nods, follows Joe to the elevator.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- DAY

The men walk past the bar.

JOE  
Felipe, take the day off.

FELIPE  
No.

JOE  
Yes.

FELIPE  
No.

JOE  
Please?

FELIPE  
No.

JOE  
Come on, I'm not going anywhere. I  
want to spend some time with Claire  
without you up my ass.

Felipe takes a moment to consider it.

FELIPE

You can't tell the boss or he'll  
kill me. Then he'll kill you.

JOE

It will be our little secret.

FELIPE

Okay.

Joe digs in his pocket, hands Felipe a C-note.

JOE

Buy yourself some drinks.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

On the dock, Joe and Claire get ready to snorkel. Joe gazes over his shoulders, cautiously checks his surroundings as he straps his fins on. He places his mask over his face, looks like a complete idiot.

CLAIRE

That's a good look for you.

Claire smirks, jumps in the water with her gear on.

From the cliffs above, over a mile away, Diego stares through the scope of a silenced rifle.

He has Joe perfectly in his sights. Diego's finger straddles the trigger.

Joe dives into the water. The bullet misses.

Joe and Claire take in all the fish below them.

Diego lines up the scope again. He has the back of Joe's head zeroed in.

CLICK.

Joe dives beneath the surface. The bullet misses.

A large sail boat comes into view, completely blocks Diego's sight line. Diego looks angry.

LATER --

Claire drives a jet ski with Joe behind her. She drives like a maniac, Joe hangs on for dear life.

In a small boat nearby, Diego tracks Joe in his rifle's viewfinder again.

CLICK.

Claire makes a crazy turn, JOE FLIES OFF THE JET SKI AND BELLY FLOPS INTO THE WATER. The shot misses.

CLAIRE  
(innocently)  
My bad.

JOE  
You think you're so cute, don't ya?

LATER --

Joe and Claire lay out on the beach. Claire's eyes are closed. Joe struggles to relax, keeps a lookout.

From up in a palm tree a few hundred yards away, Diego has an ecstatic grin on his face. He can't miss now.

Diego gets Joe in his cross-hairs, but right as he is about to pull the trigger, a FAT WOMAN next to Joe holds up her tanning reflector. The sun light bounces off the reflector, blinds Diego. He doesn't have a shot.

By the time the Fat Woman moves the reflector and Diego can see again, Joe and Claire are gone. Diego punches a tree.

INT. HOTEL -- DAY

Returning from their day, Joe and Claire walk past Kenny.

KENNY  
Joe, can I have a quick word?

CLAIRE  
I should freshen up before dinner.

Claire waves flirtatiously, takes off.

JOE  
Do you realize how big of a crush I  
had on her when I was in high  
school? I mean, she was a goddess  
and I was in band. Not easy  
convincing girls you're cool  
holding a tuba.  
(MORE)



JOE (cont'd)  
Kenny, I don't care if I die now -  
I had the greatest day of my life.

KENNY  
Well, that might happen sooner than  
you think.

Joe's excitement fades quickly.

KENNY  
I got word from a few of the guests  
they saw a guy running around with  
a gun earlier.

JOE  
You think he was after me?

KENNY  
You seem like the most popular  
choice.

JOE  
Did they say what he looked like?

KENNY  
He had tattoos.

Concern sets in.

JOE  
I don't want to die yet! We had so  
much fun today!

KENNY  
Then I suggest you keep your eyes  
open for anyone who looks  
suspicious, okay? And if they do,  
fuck 'em up! You're Colt Rodgers  
God damn it and don't forget it!

A renewed sense of confidence.

JOE  
Alright. I'm Colt Rodgers.

KENNY  
Who?

JOE  
Colt mother fucking Rodgers!

KENNY

That's more like it. And you might  
want to check on your buddy over  
there.

Felipe sings karaoke to Jimmy Buffet's, "*Margaritaville*." He is trashed. So drunk he can barely stand. The singing is not good.

FELIPE

(brings the chorus home)  
*Wastin' away again in  
margaritaville / Searching for my  
lost shaker of salt / Some people  
claim that there's a woman to blame  
/ But I know, it's nobody's fault--*

Joe shakes his head, pulls Felipe off the stage.

JOE

Come on, Felipe.

FELIPE

I was sober for ten years before  
today. Joe, I need to score some  
blow.

INT. JOE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Felipe sleeps on Joe's bed, SNORES LOUDLY, clearly having failed to score any blow. Joe shuts the door, leaves for the evening.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- NIGHT

Joe waits for Claire at the bar. He sizes up everyone in the room.

-- A SKINNY WIMP sips wine. No tattoos. Can't be him.

-- An enormous BODY BUILDER - no tattoos. Thank God.

-- A FAT DUDE eats peanuts, drinks a beer. No tattoos.

The Bartender sets a cocktail in front of Joe.

BARTENDER

Compliments of the guy over there.

Joe peeks at a BAR PATRON, 40, grinning at him. Joe didn't see him in his earlier survey of the room.

JOE  
Did he say why he bought me a  
drink?

The Bartender shrugs his shoulders.

The Bar Patron stares at Joe. CLOSE ON a dolphin tattoo on  
the guy's bicep.

The Patron is big - at least 6'5". Strong. Looks tough. Below  
the table, something in his hand is obscured by a napkin. Oh  
shit.

Joe inspects the drink, appears worried.

JOE  
Did you make this?

The Bartender nods.

JOE  
So the only person who has touched  
this glass was you?

BARTENDER  
Something wrong with it?

JOE  
I'm not drinking it.  
(suspiciously)  
You're not going to poison me.

Joe looks back over to the Bar Patron, but he's gone.

Joe scans the room, can't see him. Beads of sweat form on  
Joe's head.

From behind him, Joe feels a tap on his shoulder.

BAR PATRON  
Hello, Colt Rodgers.

Joe swipes a beer bottle from the bar, SMASHES IT OVER THE  
GUY'S HEAD.

WOMEN SCREAM.

The guy falls to the ground, instantly struggles back up to  
his feet. This is a big son of a bitch.

Joe KICKS HIS FACE.

The dude is woozy, but still has some fight in him.

Joe searches for another object, doesn't see anything of much use. Fuck it, THROWS THE SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS AT HIM.

Does nothing, just bounces off the guy's forehead.

The guy works his way up. JOE BREAKS HIS BAMBOO BAR STOOL OVER THE GUY'S BACK.

That does the trick. He's asleep now.

But just to make sure, Joe does a WWE FLYING ELBOW to the guy's face. The guy probably didn't feel it since he is unconscious.

Kenny runs over, pulls Joe off of him.

Joe breaks free, GIVES HIM A FINAL KICK TO THE BALLS to finish him off. Everyone winces. It definitely wasn't necessary.

Diego witnesses the whole thing go down. He slips out, stunned that Joe could take down such a ginormous dude with such brutality.

KENNY

What are you doing?!

JOE

He was going to kill me. He has a tattoo.

KENNY

So do I! A yin and yang symbol.  
He's here with his wife and kids.  
He recognized you earlier, asked me  
if he thought it was okay if he  
bought you a drink.

The man MOANS IN PAIN.

JOE

He doesn't want to kill me?

KENNY

He might want to now.

Joe sees his book lying next to the guy. The guy tries to get to his feet, but falls down.

JOE

You have no idea how sorry I am.  
Are you okay?

BAR PATRON  
I only wanted an autograph!

JOE  
Someone give me a pen!!!

Kenny removes one from his shirt pocket, hands it to Joe.

Claire meanders in, sees the commotion. Joe signs the book, waves to Claire.

JOE  
Are we good?

BAR PATRON  
I got a headache.

CLAIRE  
What's going on?

JOE  
(to Claire)  
I think he had a little too much to drink.  
(to Claire)  
Ready?

Joe pushes Claire towards the exit, fast.

BAR PATRON  
It was an honor to have you kick my ass, sir.

JOE  
Okay, you're welcome.

CLAIRE  
What's he talking about?

JOE  
I have no idea.

INT. BEACH RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Joe and Claire dine at a romantic eatery. He nervously looks around the room for anyone suspicious, not really listening to Claire.

Claire SNAPS her fingers.

CLAIRE  
Joe?

JOE  
What were you saying?

CLAIRE  
Are you expecting someone?

JOE  
What? Why do you ask? Do you see  
someone who looks like they know  
me?

CLAIRE  
Are you alright?

Joe puts his napkin on the table, takes a deep breath.

JOE  
No, I'm not. I need to tell you the  
truth. Can I confide in you?

CLAIRE  
Of course.

JOE  
This is something you can't tell  
anyone.

CLAIRE  
You can trust me.

JOE  
I'm not an accountant anymore.

CLAIRE  
What do you do?

Joe leans in really close.

JOE  
I'm a... writer.

Across the room, Agent Zucker poses as a waiter. He positions a mini camera, the size of a shirt button, to monitor Joe and Claire. He has a listening device in his ear.

INT. CIA VAN -- NIGHT

Agent Jackson sits with a couple of other Agents and views the feed Agent Zucker provides him on a little TV.

AGENT JACKSON

Get closer. We can't hear what they are saying.

INT. BEACH RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Agent Zucker meanders over, clears some plates. He lingers, making Claire and Joe uncomfortable. They stop talking and wait for him to leave.

Agent Zucker retreats casually.

CLAIRE

My life is so boring compared to yours. When I signed up for my job, I thought it was going to be exciting, you know. Full of adventure.

JOE

Why would you think insurance was so exciting?

CLAIRE

Uh, I don't know. Forget it.

JOE

Claire, your life might be in jeopardy sitting with me. I don't want anything to happen to you.

CLAIRE

I'm in danger?

For some unknown reason Claire seems to be getting turned on. They lock eyes. She bites her lip.

JOE

You could be. There's a chance someone in this room is here to kill me. God forbid he misses and shoots you in the face. I wouldn't be able to live with myself. Maybe we should... go.

CLAIRE

Or maybe...

Joe seizes the moment, kisses her - hard.

JOE  
I've thought about doing that ever  
since sophomore year.

CLAIRE  
You probably shouldn't have waited  
all these years to make a move.

Claire kisses him.

INT. CIA VAN -- NIGHT

Agent Jackson watches them kiss.

AGENT JACKSON  
I want to find out who this chick  
is.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON Joe and Claire as they break from smooching. They  
are now outside. The waves crash against the shore in front  
of them.

JOE  
I don't think I could write  
something as perfect as this.

She smiles, turns and kisses him again.

JOE  
Then again, my book was filled with  
mostly guys getting their necks  
broken.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Claire uses her MacBook to talk on ICHAT again with Simon.

CLAIRE  
I was right. The book is a lie.

SIMON  
Great job, Claire! I'll never doubt  
you again.

CLAIRE  
I can't write it. His publisher  
will deny it and sue him.



SIMON  
That's not our problem.

CLAIRE  
I promised I wouldn't tell anyone.

SIMON  
Promised? You're not in junior high anymore!

CLAIRE  
It was high school.

SIMON  
You think Woodward & Bernstein  
"promised" Deep Throat they  
wouldn't tell anyone what they  
talked about?!

CLAIRE  
You don't understand.  
(beat)  
He's a good guy...

SIMON  
What? Do you like him or something?

CLAIRE  
I don't know.

SIMON  
You wanted this assignment, you got  
it. If you do not write the  
article, you'll be lucky to find  
work as a fluffer. And yes, I mean  
that kind.

INT. JOE'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Joe lays in bed next to Felipe, starts to wake up. Joe rubs his eyes, sees El Toro and five of his henchmen blocking the door.

EL TORO  
Good morning.

Joe rises, startled.

JOE  
You scared me.

Joe squints at Felipe, still asleep.

JOE  
Nothing happened between us.

El Toro turns the TV on. The PRIME MINISTER, 45, salt and pepper hair with a thick mustache, speaks to a few hundred Belizeans.

EL TORO  
Can you tell me what's wrong with this picture?

JOE  
(confused)  
Well... it's not HD.

El Toro tries a different approach.

EL TORO  
How about you tell me why the Prime Minister is on TV?

JOE  
To give a speech?

EL TORO  
Why is he still alive?!!!

JOE  
I haven't killed him yet.

EL TORO  
I know that! What are you waiting for?

JOE  
I'm still trying to figure out how I'm going to do it.

EL TORO  
If you get cold feet and decide not to go through with our arrangement, I'll be forced to... ask for my money back. I might also pay your mother in New Jersey a little visit.

A new side of Joe emerges, looks irate. He stands up, gets in El Toro's grill. El Toro seems unsure what he should do.

JOE  
Have you forgot who you are talking to? I will kill the Prime Minister when I'm good and ready.  
(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)

But, if you don't get off my back  
I'm going to get pissed. And trust  
me, I'm the last person in the  
world you want pissed off!

El Toro's men have never seen anyone show such blatant  
disrespect before, it makes El Toro uneasy.

EL TORO

Why are you getting so upset? We're  
just having a conversation.

JOE

I retired, okay? I've killed enough  
people. We all know how much blood  
is on my hands. I came on vacation  
to relax and now you have me  
working. Do you have any idea how  
long it's been since I've taken a  
real vacation?! Had a little time  
off for myself?! Do you?!

Off El Toro's look.

JOE

A long time! You people never  
understand. It's just work, work,  
work, work, work with you. I told  
you I would kill him, didn't I?  
Then he'll be dead by the time I  
leave. Now, do me a favor and get  
out of my room before I change my  
mind!

EL TORO

Okay, okay. We're leaving.

JOE

And if you ever threaten my mother  
again...

EL TORO

Joe, please forgive me.

Joe takes a deep breath, collects himself.

JOE

I'll think about it.

They all start for the door. El Toro turns back.

EL TORO  
See the Great Blue Hole while  
you're here. It's quite  
magnificent.

El Toro pushes his men out of the room.

Felipe wakes up, realizes he slept in Joe's bed.

FELIPE  
Did something happen between us  
last night?

INT. CIA VAN -- DAY

Agent Jackson and his men take their headphones off.

AGENT JACKSON  
And that's why he's here - to kill  
the Prime Minister of Belize.

AGENT ZUCKER  
Our intelligence says the Prime  
Minister is corrupt. He's on the  
take with Jesus Sanchez.

AGENT JACKSON  
Who do we have in line to replace  
the Prime Minister should something  
happen to him?

AGENT ZUCKER  
There's an ex pat living in Cabo,  
very pro U.S. - he'd make a great  
choice. We could bring him back.

AGENT JACKSON  
Can he win at the ballot box with a  
re-election?

AGENT ZUCKER  
We can make sure he does. This is  
just Belize after all.

Agent Jackson flashes a devilish grin.

AGENT JACKSON  
Then let Colt Rodgers do his thing.  
And afterwards, we nail the  
bastard.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- DAY

Kenny mans the front desk. Joe steps off the elevator, makes a beeline to him.

JOE

This is going to be a stupid question, but I figure it doesn't hurt to at least ask.

(beat)

Do you have any idea how I might be able to get a meeting with the Prime Minister of Belize?

KENNY

For what?

JOE

I need to warn him what El Toro is up to.

KENNY

I could probably set it up. He's a friend of a friend.

JOE

Seriously?

KENNY

Dude, less than 300,000 people live here. Everyone knows everyone - which really sucks sometimes.

JOE

You are hands down my favorite Belizean!

Kenny picks up the phone, dials a number.

KENNY

Hey, it's Kenny. I have a guest who would like to meet the Prime Minister. Can you make it happen?

Kenny puts his hand over the phone.

KENNY

(to Joe)

He's pretty busy. How about in an hour?

JOE  
Yeah, sure.

KENNY  
(on the phone)  
He'll be there. Thanks.

Kenny hangs up.

KENNY  
You're going to have to hustle - it  
takes 45 minutes to get there.

JOE  
What if there's traffic?

KENNY  
(laughs)  
Traffic? We don't have traffic.

Joe's CELL PHONE RINGS.

JOE  
Walt, thanks for finally calling me  
back!

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- DAY

Walt drives in his golf cart with his cell phone pressed  
against his head.

WALT  
Look, only have a second.

INTERCUT JOE AND WALT.

WALT  
A reporter wants to do a piece on  
you for when you get back.

JOE  
I told you, I'm not doing any more  
interviews.

Walt stops his cart, grabs a club out of his bag.

WALT  
That's what I told her, but she  
said she might be able to convince  
you since you two went to high  
school together.

Joe stops dead in his tracks, aghast.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

Claire sunbathes, Joe hotfoots it over to her. Felipe tries to keep up.

CLAIRE  
Hey, good morning.

JOE  
Why?

CLAIRE  
Why what?

JOE  
I know, Claire.

She looks away, doesn't want to have this conversation.

CLAIRE  
I was doing my job.

JOE  
Hang on a second.

Joe grabs a wad of cash, gives it to Felipe.

JOE  
Go get a Piña Colada.

Felipe gets excited, leaves quickly.

JOE  
What was the plan? Pretend you like me so I would tell you I wasn't an assassin.

CLAIRE  
Uh, yeah, actually. But it's not like that.

JOE  
I'm just a story to you.

CLAIRE  
Don't act like you're completely innocent. You lied to me too!

JOE  
But then I told you the truth!

CLAIRE

The truth was going to come out eventually. It always does.

JOE

Yeah, maybe. But what makes it worse is that it's you who is doing it.

CLAIRE

I told my editor I didn't want to write the article.

JOE

(hopeful)

Oh...

CLAIRE

But, he said he'd fire me if I didn't.

JOE

Well, congratulations. Your plan worked exactly the way you wanted.

CLAIRE

You have a couple of days to get in front of the story.

JOE

What is that going to do?

CLAIRE

Maybe save your life!

JOE

Save my life?!

CLAIRE

Jesus Sanchez will know you didn't kill his brother and you're not here to assassinate him.

JOE

That doesn't get El Toro off my back! I'm dead no matter what. Oh, and if I do somehow happen to live - I'll be an international laughing stock!

CLAIRE

Joe, I didn't mean for it to turn out like this.



Joe leaves hastily.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Joe heads outside, passes by Felipe boozing it up.

INT. JOE'S RENT-A-CAR -- DAY

Joe speeds down the highway.

EXT. PRIME MINISTER'S ESTATE -- DAY

The Prime Minister's palatial home overlooks Belize City.  
BELIZE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS patrol the grounds with DOGS.

INT. PRIME MINISTER'S FOYER

Impatiently, Joe flips through a tourism magazine. The  
SECRETARY presses the intercom button.

SECRETARY  
I'll send him in.  
(to Joe)  
The Prime Minister will see you  
now.

The Secretary opens the door for Joe, leads him inside.

INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE

The Prime Minister leans against his grand desk with the  
Belize flag behind it.

SECRETARY  
Prime Minister, this is Joe  
Schmidt.

Joe shakes hands with him. His moustache is even more awesome  
in person. It's so thick and bushy.

PRIME MINISTER  
Joe, it's wonderful to meet you.

JOE  
You as well, sir.

PRIME MINISTER  
How has your vacation been?

JOE  
It beats Toledo.

PRIME MINISTER  
Is this a beautiful country or  
what?

JOE  
I haven't seen as much as I'd like.

PRIME MINISTER  
Have you seen the Great Blue Hole  
yet?

JOE  
It's on my list.

PRIME MINISTER  
It's quite magnificent.

JOE  
That's what everyone tells me.

PRIME MINISTER  
I hope you'll tell all your friends  
about us down here, we could use  
the tourism.  
(beat)  
So, what is it you would like to  
talk to me about?

JOE  
Sir, this isn't easy for me to  
say...

PRIME MINISTER  
Even though I'm the Prime Minister  
of a country, I love saying that,  
feel free to speak freely.

Joe gets down to business, stares soberly.

JOE  
Do you know who El Toro is?

PRIME MINISTER  
Of course.

JOE  
He has paid me an excessive amount  
of money... to kill you.

The Prime Minister gets nervous, looks alarmed.

PRIME MINISTER  
You've been hired to *kill me*?

He struggles to breathe.

JOE  
Yes. And when I say an excessive  
amount of money - I am not lying.  
He really wants you dead.

The panic attack intensifies. He turns red.

THE PRIME MINISTER FALLS TO THE GROUND.

JOE  
Uh, sir? Are you okay?

Joe leans down to the floor, checks on him. The Prime Minister is not doing well.

Joe tries to give mouth to mouth, it doesn't look like he knows how to do it correctly.

Joe BANGS FURIOUSLY ON THE PRIME MINISTER'S CHEST.

JOE  
Come on! Please!

Joe tries more mouth to mouth.

He checks for a pulse, there isn't one. It scares the crap out of Joe. The Prime Minister stares wide eyed at the ceiling.

THE PRIME MINISTER IS DEAD.

JOE  
Oh God, I've killed him!

Joe takes a glimpse out the window, security all over the place.

JOE  
Oh no. Oh no. Oh no. I'm so  
screwed!

Joe thinks, doesn't have an idea what to do.

Impulsively, Joe drags the body over to the desk.

Joe struggles to pull him into the chair. He props the Prime Minister up.

INT. PRIME MINISTER'S FOYER

Joe shuts the door behind him in such a way that prevents the Secretary from seeing the body.

JOE

He said he was very tired and wants to be left alone. If anyone disturbs him, he said they're fired.

The Secretary continues about her work. Joe zips down the hall.

I/E. JOE'S RENT-A-CAR -- DAY

Joe turns the ignition. It won't start.

JOE

Damn it!

He turns it over again, zilch.

A couple of the Secret Service Men point at Joe.

JOE

Come on! Come on!

The ENGINE STARTS, he takes off.

Joe pulls up to the gate, waves to the GATE GUARD.

In Joe's rear view mirror, he sees an extremely fit SECRET SERVICE AGENT sprinting towards him.

The gate raises slowly.

The Secret Service Agent radios something to the Gate Guard.

GATE GUARD

I'm going to need you to wait a minute.

JOE

Is something the matter? I'm kind of in a hurry.

GATE GUARD

I said you'll need to wait.

The Secret Service agent reaches Joe's car.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
You dropped your hotel room key.

Joe lets out a huge sigh of relief.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

Sun burned, Agent Jackson lays out in a terrible Speedo.  
Agent Zucker approaches him.

AGENT ZUCKER  
Sir, we got word the Prime Minister  
is dead.

AGENT JACKSON  
How?

AGENT ZUCKER  
We believe it was poison.

INT. EL TORO'S MANSION -- DAY

El Toro watches TV as two of his men torture some POOR  
BASTARD in the BG.

EL TORO  
He didn't even fire a bullet.  
(beat)  
He's good. Really good.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Claire clicks, "Send" on an e-mail, looks guilt stricken.

She walks in the bathroom and STARTS THE SHOWER. She hears a  
KNOCK at the door.

DIEGO (O.S.)  
Room service?

Claire opens it. Diego, dressed as a resort employee, stands  
in the hallway.

CLAIRE  
I didn't order any room service.

Diego produces a gun from under the tray. Claire tries to  
slam the door shut, but Diego wedges his foot in the door. He  
bursts into the room, grabs Claire by the hair.

DIEGO  
Scream and I'll shoot.  
(beat)  
Let's go. Nice and quiet.

Diego walks Claire out at gun point.

I/E. JOE'S RENT-A-CAR -- DAY

Joe pulls up to the resort, Kenny races over to the window.

KENNY  
I set you up for a meeting with the  
Prime Minister and you kill him?!  
You're taking this Colt Rodgers  
thing too far!

JOE  
I didn't kill him! I swear. I mean,  
I sort of did, but not  
intentionally!

KENNY  
It's all over the news!

JOE  
When I told him about El Toro, he  
had a heart attack. I tried to  
revive him. I really regret not  
taking a CPR class right now,  
okay?!

Kenny sees on Joe's face that he isn't lying.

KENNY  
There's police everywhere. You  
shouldn't be here.

JOE  
I have nowhere to go.

Kenny opens the passenger door, gets in.

KENNY  
Drive. You can hide out at my  
place.

Joe backs out, high tails it out of the lot.

KENNY  
I tell you to be Colt Rodgers and  
you rent this?

JOE  
Yeah, but I declined the insurance.

I/E. KENNY'S BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

It's a shack, but right on the beach.

Joe paces the room, worried. Kenny scoops ice cream into a bowl.

Joe's CELL PHONE RINGS. He answers it quickly.

JOE  
Hello.

INT. JESUS SANCHEZ'S COMPOUND -- NIGHT

Jesus holds a phone next to Claire's ear, her hands and feet are bound to the chair.

CLAIRE  
Joe, help me! Please!

Jesus rips the phone out of her hand.

INTERCUT JOE WITH JESUS.

JOE  
Claire? Where are you? Are you okay?

JESUS SANCHEZ  
If you want to see her alive - come to my compound at 8:00 Friday. I'll trade her life for yours.

JOE  
Wait, wait, wait!  
(beat)  
Is that AM or PM?

JESUS SANCHEZ  
PM!

JOE  
Can I get the address? I'll need to Mapquest it.

JESUS SANCHEZ  
It's the only compound in the  
entire country. It's not hard to  
find.

DIAL TONE. Joe hangs up.

KENNY  
What is it?

JOE  
Jesus has Claire.

KENNY  
You should come clean. Talk to the  
police.

JOE  
No way. They think I killed the  
Prime Minister. I have to do this  
on my own.

KENNY  
What are you thinking of doing?

JOE  
Rescuing her.

KENNY  
You can't go at it alone.  
(heroically)  
I'll help you.

JOE  
I appreciate it Kenny, but I don't  
want you to get mixed up in this.  
I'm the one he wants. This is  
between me and Jesus.

KENNY  
I was just volunteering to help  
train you.

Joe looks disappointed.

JOE  
Oh. Yeah. Okay.

KENNY  
I've watched every assassin movie  
ever made.



Kenny runs into the other room, comes back with an extremely little hand gun. It could fit in his palm.

JOE  
What is that?

KENNY  
It's my gun.

JOE  
It's a bitch gun. No one will take me seriously with that.

KENNY  
You're going to need a weapon.

JOE  
That's not a weapon.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT

Armed Federales are stationed everywhere.

Dressed as hotel bellboys, Kenny and Joe wheel a cart towards the elevator. Joe keeps his hat very low on his head.

INT. JOE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Joe removes the lid on the crate in the closet.

Inside are the rocket launchers, bazookas, grenades, pistols, rifles, shotguns, Glocks, etc.

Kenny's mouth drops.

JOE  
These are weapons.

Joe grabs the suitcases of cash and puts them in the crate.

KENNY  
What's in there?

JOE  
Don't worry about it.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT

Joe and Kenny push the cart past the Federales. Joe avoids eye contact.

Felipe sleeps soundly at a table; a slutty cougar, empty shot glasses and beer bottles nearby.

EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

The guys exit the building. Joe's rent-a-car is parked in the loading zone.

Kenny and Joe take the crate off the cart and try to force it in the back of the hatchback. They can only get half of it inside.

KENNY

I don't think it's going anywhere.

Neither looks very confident.

JOE

It's going to suck if a bunch of bazookas end up all over the road.

EXT. KENNY'S BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

The crate remains in the car which is parked on the beach.

Joe and Kenny stand nearby with weapons in their hands. Joe points a handgun at a beer can.

KENNY

Just aim and squeeze.

Joe closes one eye, steadies his hand. He takes a deep breath. Licks his lips. He wants to nail this thing out of the gates. He rubs the trigger with his finger. A final deep breath.

CLICK. Nothing comes out.

KENNY

Why don't we start by taking the safety off.

Kenny undoes the latch.

Joe repeats the order of operation. Closes an eye. Deep breath. Wets his lip. Massages the trigger. Breathes.

KENNY

For the love of God! Pull the damn trigger!!!

BAM!!!

The can does not move. He missed.

KENNY

It's okay, try again.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

The can remains in place.

JOE

It's a lot tougher than it looks.

Kenny takes the gun away from him, reloads it.

BAM!

The can flies into the ocean, obliterated.

JOE

Good shot.

Kenny hands him the gun back, chugs a beer. Sets the empty can on the rock.

KENNY

Let's try it again.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Kenny shakes his head. The can just sits there, taunts Joe.

KENNY

Why don't you move a little closer.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Not even close.

Kenny rolls his eyes, hands him a shotgun.

KENNY

This is going to have a kick, but  
let's try this instead.

Joe points the shotgun, fires.

BOOM!

The can does not die.

THE PALM TREE TO THE LEFT OF IT SPLITS - FALLS OVER.

LATER --

Joe holds the rocket launcher over his shoulder.

JOE  
You think I'm going to need this?

KENNY  
No. Not at all. It just looks fun  
as shit.

Joe fires it.

WHOOSH!

They wait for an explosion. Nothing.

JOE  
Maybe it was a dud.

KABOOM!!!

The hill becomes engulfed in flames.

LATER --

Joe lays face down, Kenny straddles him.

JOE  
I'm not going to lie to you, this  
feels weird right now.

KENNY  
I'm teaching you some basic MMA.  
Try to get out of my hold.

Kenny chokes Joe. Joe is a stuck pig. He GURGLES FOR AIR,  
passes out.

LATER --

Joe stands in the middle of the room blindfolded.

KENNY  
Attack me before I get you.

JOE  
But I can't see you.

KENNY  
This is ninja assassin training.  
The objective is to heighten your  
sense of hearing.

Kenny tip toes towards Joe. Joe listens intently.

KENNY PUNCHES JOE IN THE FACE.

KENNY  
Alright, we're going to have to  
work on that one.

LATER --

Joe drinks raw eggs, then vomits.

LATER --

Joe swings nunchucks - strikes himself in the face.

JOE  
AHH!!! Those hurt!

LATER --

Joe tries to climb up a rope, he makes it a few feet before  
he lets go.

JOE  
(out of breath)  
This assassin stuff is harder than  
it looks.

INT. KENNY'S BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Joe wears ice packs all over his body. He and Kenny inspect  
satellite photos of Jesus' compound.

JOE  
Where did you get these?

KENNY  
Google. The compound has a fence  
running around the entire thing.

Kenny circles the buildings he references.

KENNY

The main gate is here - it has a watchtower directly above it. Looks like there's a warehouse of some kind right here and his house is here. She could be in either of those buildings.

(beat)

Honestly, Joe. I don't think you should do this.

JOE

I'm the reason she was kidnapped. I have to.

KENNY

You're going to die trying to save her.

JOE

Did you forget who you're talking to? I'm Colt mother fucking Rodgers.

KENNY

No, you're Joe Schmidt.

JOE

Not anymore.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Agent Jackson and his men enter Claire's room with the HOTEL MANAGER.

HOTEL MANAGER

The housekeeper said the shower was still running when she came in to turn the bed down. Seemed suspicious.

The Agents comb through Claire's stuff.

Agent Zucker examines her computer.

AGENT ZUCKER

Sir, you might want to see this.

Agent Jackson approaches and looks over Agent Zucker's shoulder. They read a document on the computer monitor.

AGENT JACKSON  
Schmidt is just a writer?

EXT. KENNY'S BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

A five o'clock shadow, war paint and camouflage gear suggests Joe has one objective - to kill bad dudes.

He closes the trunk of his rent-a-car. The entire back is filled with weapons and ammo.

Kenny hands him the midget gun.

KENNY  
Take it, for luck.

JOE  
Thanks for everything.

KENNY  
Hey, Joe...  
(beat)  
...don't die.

Joe gets in the car, pulls away.

EXT. JUNGLE -- DAY

Armed to the teeth, Joe crawls around the backside of the compound.

Joe discovers a vulnerable section of fence, out of sight of any GUARDS. He pulls out some wire cutters, creates a small hole.

He quickly tries to squeeze through, but his AK47 on his back causes him to get stuck.

Joe backs out, strips off the various weapons. He tries again, this time successful. He makes it to the other side, pulls the equipment through the hole.

He straps back up. It takes a second, he brought a shitload of stuff.

EXT. JESUS SANCHEZ'S COMPOUND

He rushes behind an old storage shed, canvasses the watchtower with his binoculars. A lone gunman works the lookout post.

A GERMAN SHEPHERD rounds the corner, GROWLS at Joe. Saliva drips from its sharp teeth designed to tear skin off bones.

JOE  
Easy... Easy...

The dog LEAPS at Joe. Joe pushes the dog past him into the fence.

JOE JUMPS ON THE DOG'S BACK, THROWS HIM IN THE CHOKE HOLD KENNY TAUGHT HIM.

The dog struggles, but can't escape. He gives up, sleeps. The dog SNORES.

Out of breath, Joe pushes himself off the dog right as a GUARD rounds the corner. The Guard tries to pull his gun, but Joe already has his midget gun in his hand aimed at the assailant.

JOE  
Don't even think about it.

The Guard smirks at Joe's gun.

GUARD  
Does that even fire real bullets?

JOE  
(offended)  
Yes.

The Guard stares into Joe's eyes, tries to determine if Joe really has the courage to end another man's life. The Guard rolls the dice, goes for his gun.

Joe pulls the trigger. CLICK.

GUARD  
You might want to take the safety off next time.

The Guard LAUGHS, rubs the trigger.

GUARD  
Goodbye.

JOE THROWS HIS MIDGET GUN AT THE GUARD LIKE A CHINESE STAR, STRIKES HIM IN THE TEMPLE.

The Guard goes down, out cold.

Joe drags the unconscious body out of sight.



Joe takes a peek around, he has a clear path to the watchtower.

Joe makes a break for it, climbs up.

EXT. WATCHTOWER

Joe summits the top, the WATCH GUARD dozes off.

Joe rears back, PUNCHES the Watch Guard in the nose.

The Watch Guard wakes up, blood drips down his face.

WATCH GUARD  
I'm going to kill you!

The Watch Guard reaches for his gun, Joe PUNCHES HIM IN THE NOSE AGAIN.

This time, it does the trick. The Watch Guard slumps to the floor, lays motionless.

Joe grabs a pair of binoculars from his cargo pants, spies Claire tied up in the warehouse a couple hundred yards away.

Joe removes his belt, loops it over a wire that connect the buildings. Just as he is about to leap off, Joe accidentally kicks the ALARM BUTTON.

THE SIREN SCREAMS.

JOE  
(to himself)  
You idiot!

Guards reluctantly spring into motion, scramble to find the intruder.

Joe dives off the roof, zip-lines over a moat... but HALF WAY TO HIS DESTINATION GETS STUCK.

JOE  
Uh, oh.

Crocs stir in the water below him. Joe hangs above a COUPLE OF PATROLMEN, but they fail to notice him.

Quietly, Joe kicks and wiggles and squirms.

Finally, he gets his zip-line in motion. He descends on the warehouse fast. This is going to hurt.

INT. WAREHOUSE

JOE CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW, combat-rolls over shards of glass like he knows what he is doing. (Definitely got lucky.)

Arms bloody, he races past rows of shipment containers to untie Claire.

CLAIRE

Joe!

Joe presses his finger to her lips.

JOE

Shh. I know. I feel the same way.

CLAIRE

Joe!!!

JOE

Tell me later. We need to get out of here.

THE BUTT END OF A SHOTGUN SMASHES INTO JOE'S HEAD.

Joe's eyes roll back, he collapses. Diego drags Joe away by the feet.

CUT TO BLACK:

LATER --

The facility holds a criminal enterprise's spoils; cars, bags of drugs, electronics, etc.

Bound to a chair in only his undies, Joe wakes with blurred vision.

RACK FOCUS. As his sight returns to 20/20, he makes out several men with automatic firearms drawn at his head. Jesus holds a machete. Diego grips Claire's arm.

JOE

Don't worry. I'm going to get us out of here.

JESUS SANCHEZ

I don't think so.

JOE

Listen to me very closely because I will only say this one time. I'm going to make you an offer...

JESUS SANCHEZ

You're going to make me an offer?

JOE

Let us go now and I'll let you keep your life. I'll forget this whole thing ever happened.

JESUS LAUGHS MENACINGLY.

JESUS SANCHEZ

You're outnumbered, you don't have a weapon and you're in your tighty-whities!

Joe looks down, realizes he indeed does not have any pants on.

JESUS SANCHEZ

You don't make the offers! I make the offers!

JOE

(scary confident)

Do you have any idea who I am?

JESUS SANCHEZ

But of course.

(to his men)

Torture him. Then kill him.

JOE

Wait, wait, wait! Can't we talk about this first?!

CLAIRE

He's not Colt Rodgers!

JESUS SANCHEZ

I know, that's just an alias.

CLAIRE

He's not an assassin! He's a writer. The book is a lie. It's going to be all over the news today.

Joe nods his head.

JOE  
I didn't kill your brother and I'm  
not here to kill you.

CLAIRE  
His publisher changed it to sell  
more copies.

JOE  
What do you say we forget about all  
of this and you let me buy you a  
Sex on the Beach?

JESUS SANCHEZ  
Even if what you say is true, you  
still killed the Prime Minister of  
Belize. He was a great man and my  
partner. Now, because he is dead, I  
don't have the Federales to help me  
with my operation.  
(beat)  
Kill him!

A couple of guys grab Joe.

JOE  
I just can't catch a break, can I?!

Out of nowhere, KENNY BUSTS THROUGH THE WAREHOUSE DOORS IN A  
BIG ASS HUMMER, sprays bullets.

He drops six of Jesus's guys. Parks it strategically in front  
of Joe for cover.

Four bad guys remain, including Diego. They sprint for safety  
behind a shipment container.

JESUS GRABS CLAIRE, DRAGS HER OUT THE SIDE DOOR. He scoops up  
a dead guy's machine gun from the ground as he flees.

Kenny unties Joe, tosses him a weapon. They press their backs  
up against each other.

A HAIL OF GUN FIRE FLIES OVER THEIR HEADS.

KENNY  
You should get some clothes on -  
you look terrible in your  
underwear!

A guy fires at Kenny, gives enough of his location away that  
Kenny adjusts his position to get a better shot.

BANG.

Kenny kills him.

A bad guy moves to get a cleaner view of Kenny, but he doesn't realize Joe has a clear shot at him.

Joe goes through the pre-shot routine. It takes FOREVER.

Finally, Joe pulls his trigger, CLICK.

BANG.

The guy goes down, dead.

JOE  
(in disbelief)  
I got him?

Joe looks over his shoulder, Kenny holds his gun next to his ear (Kenny got him). Kenny removes Joe's safety, shakes his head.

Diego jumps off the Hummer onto Kenny, knocks the gun out of his hands.

Kenny and Diego fight in a crazy display that is part Kung Fu, Muay Thai and Choi Kawang Do.

-- Tons of punches get blocked by both guys.

-- Kenny lands a kick to the face.

-- Joe doesn't have a clear shot.

-- Diego flips Kenny to his back, pulls a knife.

-- Kenny pushes the knife away from his throat.

-- The two roll over, take turns threatening to cut the other.

Joe sees the last BAD GUY sprint across the floor.

Joe crawls to where he has a better view. Joe has a perfect line of sight to take him out.

Diego rolls Kenny back over. Kenny struggles to keep the knife from slicing his neck. It's less than an inch away.

Joe goes through his pre-shot routine...

BANG!

THE BULLET'S POV as it leaves the chamber in a flame, slices through the air and heads in the direction of the Bad Guy.

But... it misses.

It sails right over the Bad Guy's head... INTO A PROPANE TANK.

KABOOM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE PLACE EXPLODES!

Joe flies back in the air.

The blast knocks Diego off Kenny. Kenny doesn't hesitate, finally gets the upper hand and begins to beat the shit out Diego.

KENNY  
Go after Claire!

JOE  
Okay, I'm going after Claire!

KENNY  
Good idea! I'm going to fuck this  
dude up some more. He slept with my  
sister in high school!

Joe hops in the Hummer, backs it out. Knocks a bunch of crap over. Kenny continues to wallop on Diego.

INT. JEEP

Jesus and Claire turn down a muddy road.

INT. HUMMER

Joe takes off through the main gate, speeds down the same road.

INTERCUT BOTH VEHICLES.

Jesus crosses over a stream, tears down the side of a hill.

Seconds later, Joe boosts over the water.

EXT. BEACH

The Jeep emerges from the trees, barrels onto the sand.

A helicopter waits for Jesus near the ocean. The rotors whip around.

Jesus parks the Jeep, dashes over to Claire's side with his gun in hand. He yanks her arm, she BITES him.

JESUS SANCHEZ

You bitch!

Jesus tugs on her arm again, she KICKS HIM IN THE NUTS.

Jesus drops to his knees, watches the Hummer exit the bush.

He gets up, takes a chunk of her hair and tries to jerk her out. Claire grips her seat, doesn't let go despite the intense pain.

The Hummer gains ground and is now only a few hundred yards away.

Jesus walks away from the Jeep and makes a stand.

HE FIRES A BARRAGE OF BULLETS AT JOE.

Joe dives to the floor of the Hummer.

The windshield is bullet ridden in seconds. It's an all out assault.

The Hummer continues full speed towards Jesus as he relentlessly lights it up with gunfire.

Jesus should think about moving any second now...

Too late.

THE HUMMER RUNS OVER JESUS - CRASHES INTO THE HELICOPTER.

A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION!!!

The chopper and Hummer burn in a ball of fire.

Claire climbs out of the Jeep, runs over to the blaze.

CLAIRE

Joe!!! Joe!!! No!!!

Joe runs up behind her, still in his undies, but no worse for the wear. A few scratches here and there. Somehow, Joe got out of the Hummer before it collided with the chopper.

JOE

Where did Jesus go?!

Joe has no idea he ran him over.

She turns, thrilled to see he's alive. Joe takes Claire into his arms, holds her tight.

CLAIRE  
He's... right there.

Jesus lays dead on the ground, squashed to death.

CLAIRE  
I think there's some of him over there too.

JOE  
Oops.

The setting sun silhouettes the two as they kiss.

The fire continues to burn. Claire's face gets smudges of Joe's war paint on it.

CLAIRE  
Can you forgive me?

They go back to kissing, that's probably a yes.

Kenny, Agent Jackson and several CIA Agents pull up.

Joe greets Kenny, gives him a hug.

JOE  
Kenny, what were you thinking?! You could have died!

KENNY  
I was saving your life.

JOE  
You didn't have to do that.

KENNY  
It's my job.

JOE  
Man, your hotel has excellent service.

KENNY  
I don't work for the hotel. I work for the BIA.



JOE

The BIA?

KENNY

The Belize Intelligence Agency.

JOE

Belize has intelligence agents?

KENNY

Well... there's only four of us.  
Where do you think I got the  
Hummer? When we learned you were  
coming into the country, I went  
undercover to watch you. That's how  
I set up the meeting with the Prime  
Minister so easily.

JOE

Thanks.

The guys shake hands.

AGENT JACKSON

Would you mind covering up, please?

Agent Jackson hands Joe a blanket.

AGENT JACKSON

So, yeah, we kind of realize you  
aren't an assassin now and you  
didn't kill the Prime Minister.

JOE

The CIA is not after me anymore?

AGENT JACKSON

You're free to go.

CLAIRE

(to Joe)

Let's go home.

JOE

There's something we need to do  
first.

EXT. GREAT BLUE HOLE -- DAY

Claire and Joe snorkel around the incredible reef. They  
emerge from the water, kiss passionately.

EXT. BELIZE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

Claire and Joe exit a cab, grab their luggage from the trunk.  
Joe's two items are the suitcases of cash.

CLAIRE  
Is that all you have?

JOE  
I'm a light packer.

Joe grabs her hand, walks towards the terminal. They stop  
when they see a TV with the news on.

TV NEWS WOMAN  
Like several memoirs in recent  
years, we have learned another  
simply isn't true. Joe Schmidt's  
account of being a professional  
hitman in *The True Memoirs of an  
International Assassin* was a lie.

The news report cuts to an interview with Walt.

WALT  
(on TV)  
Joe Schmidt duped me. He said his  
book was true - I believed him.

TV NEWS WOMAN (O.S.)  
So you had no idea?

WALT  
None whatsoever.

Claire tugs on Joe's hand, continues towards their gate.

CLAIRE  
You okay?

JOE  
Yeah, I'll be alright.

A twinkle of sadness shows on Joe's face.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- DAY

Walt steps out of a restaurant, flags a cab.

A cab pulls up.

INT. CAB

Walt climbs in, shuts the door.

WALT  
Upper West Side.

Felipe opens the door, slides in next to Walt.

WALT  
Cab's taken buddy.

FELIPE  
We'll share.

WALT  
I'm going uptown.

FELIPE  
Me too.

Walt scoots over.

WALT  
Fine.

As the cab pulls away, Felipe forces a cloth to Walt's face.  
Walt falls asleep.

A closer look reveals the cab driver was the shuttle driver  
who abducted Joe in Belize.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Joe and Claire watch TV.

An ANCHORMAN delivers the news.

ANCHORMAN  
This is a breaking report.

The news cuts to Walt in front of a microphone.

WALT

(on TV)

A couple of weeks ago, it came out that Joe Schmidt's book, *The True Memoirs of an International Assassin* was a lie. I'm here today to set the record straight.

CUT TO:

INT. EL TORO'S MANSION -- DAY

Walt stands in front of the news cameras.

WALT

Joe wrote the book as a novel. It was me who changed it to a memoir to sell more copies. Joe had nothing to do with it. All blame falls squarely on my shoulders. Not Joe's.

PULL BACK: Behind the news cameras, El Toro and 20 of his men point machine guns at Walt.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Claire turns to Joe.

CLAIRE

Did you have anything to do with that?

A devilish smiles wipes across Joe's face.

JOE

I might have called in a favor.

She slaps him in the arm playfully.

INT. EL TORO'S MANSION -- DAY

El Toro's men hold Walt over the cliffs by a rope.

WALT

I went public with the truth! What else do you want from me?!

El Toro snaps his fingers. A henchman brings over a briefcase like the one he gave Joe.

EL TORO  
I want you to...

CLICK, CLICK.

EL TORO  
...Publish this.

Inside a stack of papers.

CLOSE ON the top page. "THE TRUE MEMOIRS OF AN INTERNATIONAL  
DRUG DEALER."

INT. HARPO STUDIOS -- DAY

SUPER: 1 YEAR LATER

Joe sits on the couch next to OPRAH.

OPRAH  
I can't believe your publisher  
would put you in that position. But  
your new book is fantastic.

JOE  
I had a lot of real life  
experiences to pull from.

OPRAH  
And I hear it's being made into a  
movie. Well, best of luck. Thanks  
for being here today. Joe Schmidt's  
new book is "*Colt Rodgers: Out of  
Retirement.*" We'll be right back  
with more.

Claire smiles at Joe from the audience.

FADE OUT:

THE END