

THE TRUE MEMOIRS OF AN INTERNATIONAL ASSASSIN

by

Jeff Morris

Art/Work Entertainment
Julie Bloom
(323) 456-0333

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... PFFT! 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. CRRRRACK! 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

Boooooring. 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.

CLAIRES
Joe Schmidt?!

Joe snaps out of his daze.

JOE
Claire Brown?

CLAIRES
What are you doing here?

JOE
I'm on vacation. What about you?

CLAIRES
Same.

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

CLAIRES
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.

CLAIRES
How have you been?

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

She giggles.

CLAIRES
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.

CLAIRES
You fish with a gun?

JOE
Easier than a pole.

CLAIRES
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.

CLAIRES
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.

CLAIRES
Why do you really have a gun?

JOE
For fishing, I said.

CLAIRES
Fishing?

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

CLAIRES
What a bizarre interest to have.

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

CLAIRES
Sounds dangerous.

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

CLAIRES
You've sure changed since high
school.

JOE
What do you mean?

CLAIRES
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 worsh 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 awestheme! I'm so awestheme 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.

CLAIREE

Morning.

JOE

(confidently)

I'm taking you to lunch today.

She smiles sweetly.

JOE
...If you want.

CLAIREE
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.

CLAIREE
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.

CLAIRES
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 ICCHAT.

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?

CLAIRES
Are you expecting someone?

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

CLAIRES
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?

CLAIRES
Of course.

JOE
This is something you can't tell
anyone.

CLAIRES
You can trust me.

JOE
I'm not an accountant anymore.

CLAIRES
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.

CLAIRES
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.

CLAIRES
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.

CLAIRES
He's... right there.

Jesus lays dead on the ground, squashed to death.

CLAIRES
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.

CLAIRES
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.

CLAIREE

(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.

CLAIRES
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.

CLAIRES
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 smile 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