

THE BALLAD OF PABLO ESCOBAR

by
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OVER BLACK:

"Don't let it end like this. Tell them I said something."

-- the last words of Pancho Villa (alleged)

EXT. FOREST AIRSTRIP - DAY

A swath of clear-cut land, unpaved, surrounded on all sides by forest. The hum of propellers in the distance grows louder and deeper until it's a rumbling thunder.

OVERLAY:

In the mid 70s, cocaine was introduced to the American nightclub scene. The demand was overwhelming.

Colombian smugglers responded by establishing trade routes through the Caribbean and into Miami. Overnight, petty thieves, kidnappers and strongmen became billionaires.

Two rival syndicates emerged to control the trade. The smaller "Cali Cartel" was headed by the Rodriguez Orejuela brothers. The larger syndicate was run from the city of Medellín. Its leader was Pablo Escobar.

Finally, a decommissioned military cargo plane swoops into view just over the treetops, and makes a rough landing.

Proudly watching: PABLO ESCOBAR (31). Full, jovial face, thick moustache, nest of curls atop his head.

INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

The payload door lowers, revealing Pablo and three young, cocky men with Uzis hanging off their shoulders. They are TYSON, EL MUGRE, and CHINO.

The AMERICAN PILOT (40s), Nam-soured and unkempt, walks down the ramp to meet him. They greet each other warmly.

PILOT

The man himself.

Pablo walks past him to inspect the cargo. Stacks of small wooden crates line the walls, held in place by netting.

PABLO

Is this all five hundred?

The pilot lights a cigar.

PILOT
White as the driven snow.

Pablo looks genuinely pleased.

EXT. NAPOLES, ENTRANCE - DAY

Cargo trucks clatter up a dirt road and pass under a stucco archway. "**NAPOLES**" is painted on each leg, and a single-engine Piper -- the smuggler's choice -- tops the arch.

Following close behind: Pablo on a motocross bike.

EXT. NAPOLES, ROAD - DAY

Pablo twists the throttle and pushes past the trucks. The surrounding grassy hills gently loll, one after the next, like a calm sea. The sun shines gloriously.

Pablo rides tall, his hair blowing back. To his right, a small herd of zebras gallop away from the twin trumpets of the bike's mufflers.

With a whoop, Pablo accelerates, challenging the wild animals to a race they'll never win.

EXT. NAPOLES, HACIENDA - DAY

The size of a resort-hotel, Hacienda Napoles rises above the river valley like a holy citadel. Exhilarated from the ride, Pablo enters the grand courtyard, calling out.

PABLO
Juan Pablo! Juan Pablo!

EXT. NAPOLES, HILLSIDE BESIDE THE HACIENDA - DAY

Pablo carries his four-year-old son, JUAN PABLO on his shoulders. The boy covers his eyes.

PABLO
Don't peek! Are you peeking?

JUAN PABLO
No!

Giddy, Pablo trots down the hill to where the wooden crates are arranged in rows. His men stand by.

Pablo sets his son down.

JUAN PABLO (CONT'D)
Can I look?

PABLO
Not yet...

Pablo signals his men with a nod. They start lowering the hinged doors on each one.

At first nothing happens. Then, a lone white rabbit cautiously hops out one of the crates.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Okay, open!

Juan Pablo opens his eyes to see five hundred white rabbits hopping around.

The boy can't contain his joy -- doesn't even try. He clumsily grabs for one after the next, but the rabbits easily dart to avoid him.

Pablo, engulfed by the tide of scattering rabbits, beams with pride as he watches his son play.

His heart dances.

CUT TO:

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

The car hits a bump, jarring Pablo back to the here and now.

OVERLAY: By 1988, Pablo Escobar had become one of the ten wealthiest men in the world. He had been living in hiding for four years.

Pablo, twenty pounds heavier, looks worn down, tired. The bumpy ride begins to annoy him.

PABLO
Be careful.

His driver, Limón, manages the best he can.

LIMÓN
Sorry, Patrón. It's the roads.
Always have been shit, always will
be shit.

They stop at a traffic light.

Out the window, Pablo notices a row of political campaign posters for **GALÁN -- A PRESIDENT FOR THE PEOPLE!**

The poster is modeled after the famous Ché print: Galán gazes toward the horizon, hopeful and proud -- his mane of curly hair a bonfire for democracy.

Pablo stares at him. The image of Galán perfectly aligns with Pablo's reflection in the glass.

EXT. EL MONACO - NIGHT

The five-story concrete block rises above the quiet, tree-lined street. Its walls are made of thick, cheerless concrete -- more a fortress than a home.

Pablo's Range Rover is met by ARMED GUARDS. Pablo climbs out with large bags full of gift-wrapped presents. He nods hello at the two men, then heads inside.

INT. EL MONACO, GARAGE - NIGHT

The ground floor garage features a showroom-quality collection of classic cars, all Rolls and Mercedes.

Pablo doesn't take joy in them. He passes through as if they weren't even there. The elevator doors slide open for him.

INT. EL MONACO, PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The elevator opens directly to the penthouse: marble floors; plush furnishings; Degas and Picasso on the walls.

Pablo is met by the comforting smells and sounds of dinner sizzling in the kitchen.

PABLO
...Hello?

His wife, MARIA VICTORIA (28) comes out of the kitchen, wiping her hands on a dish towel.

She's a comely woman, full-figured. The corners of her mouth turn down, giving her a perpetually heartbroken look.

She's surprised to see her husband.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Hi, Tata.

By now, the children have heard their father, and they rush out from their rooms to meet him.

CHILDREN

Papi!

He hugs both his children at once.

Juan Pablo is eleven now -- husky build, curly hair. Starting to resemble his father. And then there's little MANUELA (4), cute enough to top a cake.

MANUELA

What'dja bring us?

PABLO

I'm not good enough?

MANUELA

(undeterred)

What is it?

He laughs, then presents them each with one of his bags.

PABLO

For you, Manuela, my princess...
And for you, Prince Juan Pablo.

MARIA VICTORIA

What do you say...?

The kids thank their father out of obligation only; their focus is squarely on tearing into the presents.

Pablo looks at his wife, a guilty little grin.

PABLO

Smells wonderful.

INT. EL MONACO, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family around the table, heads bowed. Pablo says the blessing. The food is simple, homemade -- served on an imported mahogany table, below a lustrous chandelier.

INT. EL MONACO, PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Manuela sits on her father's lap. She blows on the dice in Pablo's hands for good luck. He rolls double sixes.

Pablo kisses her cheek, then moves the little silver top hat twelve spaces to Boardwalk. He counts off enough Monopoly money -- which he keeps in a roll -- to buy it.

...Juan Pablo rolls the dice, lands on Boardwalk. He lays the bills in his father's palm: one hundred, two hundred, three hundred...

...Maria Victoria holds out the Community Chest card to prove to all that she did, indeed, just win a beauty pageant. She smiles a churlish smile. Pablo gives her a kiss.

...Pablo lands in jail. He puts on a clownishly frown and holds out his hands out to be cuffed.

...While Maria Victoria takes her turn, Juan Pablo spies his father ever so casually swipe a stack of \$500 bills from the bank and tuck them under the sofa cushion.

Pablo glances at his son, knowing the boy saw everything. Pablo winks, and slips him a thousand to keep quiet.

Juan Pablo grins, and pockets the money.

INT. EL MONACO, PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Pablo sits on the couch, very much into the latest Bond movie on TV. His arms are around both his kids.

Maria Victoria watches Pablo more than the movie. He feels her eyes on him and turns.

The kids are both asleep.

INT. EL MONACO, HALLYWAY - NIGHT

Pablo carries the sleeping Juan Pablo to bed; Maria Victoria carries their daughter.

INT. EL MONACO, JUAN PABLO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pablo lovingly brings the covers to his son's chin and kisses his forehead. He stands there a moment to admire the sight. He takes a deep breath; his head drops. Deep regret.

INT. EL MONACO, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maria Victoria lifts her hair. Pablo, standing behind her, tenderly clasps an emerald necklace around her neck. She admires herself in the mirror.

INT. EL MONACO, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maria Victoria and Pablo make love, gently rocking in rhythm, their two silhouettes becoming one.

INT. EL MONACO, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pablo laces up his white on white tennis shoes. He dresses simply: blue jeans, polo shirt -- almost looking second-hand.

Maria Victoria comes out of the bathroom in her robe, seeing her husband already dressed. She stops short.

He sees the disappointment in her face. She approaches him, sultry, turning it on again. She lifts his chin with one finger. He looks up at her, resigned.

PABLO
You know I can't.

She lets go. Backs away. Gets a cigarette.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Do you need anything? It might be
a few days before I can call.

MARIA VICTORIA
We need more grocery money. Your
men are eating me out of house and
home.

He nods. Done.

PABLO
Anything else?

She pauses, weighing whether unload it all.

MARIA VICTORIA
No. We're doing fine, Pablo.

Pablo sees the weight on her shoulders. He goes to her. Brushes hair from her face.

PABLO
I'm trying to end it, Tata.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The main room is now dark. Pablo passes through quietly.

Then, a small voice from behind:

JUAN PABLO (O.S.)
Can I come with you?

Juan Pablo stands just outside the hall. Pablo takes a moment, then waves his son over.

PABLO
You have an important job here. I need you to be my eyes and ears. Next time I see you, I expect a full report. Every mark you've gotten in school, every goal you've scored, every funny thing that Manuela has said. I trust you, Juan Pablo. Do you trust me?

The boy nods.

PABLO (CONT'D)
One day soon, all this will be over, and we will be together again. I promise.

He makes the sign of the cross, then embraces his son.

EXT. EL MONACO - NIGHT

Pablo walks out of the building. He politely nods to the guards, and gets in the idling Range Rover.

INT. RANGE ROVER - SAME

Pablo shuts the door, settles in. His brow is heavy, his eyes distant. Limón checks his boss in the rear-view.

LIMÓN
Patrón? Any more stops?

Pablo shakes his head. Limón pulls out.

Pablo takes a joint out of his coat pocket. He lights it and takes an unceremonious hit, the way an aging salesman might down two fingers of scotch at the end of a long day.

INT. EL MONACO, JUAN PABLO'S ROOM - SAME

From his bedroom window, a heavy-hearted Juan Pablo watches his father motor away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EL MONACO - DAWN

The pre-dawn sunlight casts everything in the same dull gray as the concrete building. Morning dew blankets the cars parked up and down the road.

The guards continue to keep watch, though their attention has flagged. They smoke and play cards to stay awake.

A Renault parked on the street explodes with righteous fury.

The shock wave tears the guards apart before the chunks of steel even have a chance.

INT. JUAN PABLO'S ROOM - SAME

The windows burst into a thousand pieces and rain down over the boy, who opens his eyes in time to see a column of smoke and flame rising past his room.

JUAN PABLO
PAPI!!!!

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - MORNING

The dirt road meanders to a one-story hacienda atop a hill. We are far from the city; this is horse country.

OVERLAY: Somewhere in the Magdalena River Valley

Escobar's SUV parks alongside three others. Pablo and Limón get out, both looking exhausted.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Pablo unlaces his white tennis shoes. He takes them off and sets them neatly at the foot of the bed.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, BATHROOM - MORNING

Pablo brushes his teeth. He is mindful of each tooth. And when he is done, he puts more toothpaste on his brush and starts again.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - MORNING

GUSTAVO GAVIRIA (early 40s) knocks back another espresso, though the twitch in his eyes say he hardly needs it.

He studies a map of the Caribbean on the wall. It's a low-tech air traffic control system. Pins and colored yarn track the progress of cocaine north and money south.

White yarn extends from Colombia to the US via Cuba and the Bahamas. Green yarn returns through the Caymans and Nicaragua.

The room is outfitted with ten separate land-lines, a short-wave radio, and a briefcase-sized satellite phone.

The satellite phone rings, getting Gustavo's attention. Strange. He picks it up.

GUSTAVO
Who is this?

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE, COURTYARD - MORNING

Pablo sips a café and reads through the politics pages of *El País*. More stories and pictures of the fiery Galán.

Gustavo comes out carrying the satellite phone. Pablo looks up, immediately reading the concern on Gustavo's face.

GUSTAVO
Rodriguez brothers.

PABLO
What do they want?

GUSTAVO
They won't tell me, the pig fuckers.

Pablo sets the paper down, and picks up the phone.

PABLO
Gilberto? It's been too long, my friend.

INT. RODRIGUEZ OREJUELA RANCH - INTERCUT

The gentlemanly GILBERTO RODRIGUEZ OREJUELA (40s) stands on his veranda, having a morning espresso. A few feet away, his brother, MIGUEL (40s) listens.

OVERLAY: **Cali, Colombia**

GILBERTO RODRIGUEZ OREJUELA
Pablo. I just heard. They weren't in the building, were they?

Pablo steels himself. He plays along.

PABLO
...Thank God, no.

GILBERTO RODRIGUEZ OREJUELA
If you need, my people can take
them to you.

PABLO
That is kind, but I've taken care
of that. Forgive me, Gilberto, but
I have many things to attend to
this morning.

GILBERTO RODRIGUEZ OREJUELA
Of course. Miguel and I are at
your service. God be with you.

Pablo gently hangs up. He takes a long, deep breath. His
face is a portrait of calm. Gustavo waits impatiently.

PABLO
We need to call Roberto.

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MORNING

ROBERTO ESCOBAR (40s) runs with a purpose, brushing past the
idly curious, the shocked neighbors, to the police barricade.

An officer tries to stop him, but Roberto barely slows.

ROBERTO
That's my family -- PLEASE!

Roberto slips through the chaos until he comes upon:

EXT. EL MONACO - CONTINUOUS

The bomb has gored out a deep crater in the asphalt; burned-
out hulls of cars litter the street.

Roberto stops short. He's a thin man, muscular, but not
imposing. His gentle face has been rendered aghast by the
sight of El Monaco.

A fire brigade hoses down the building. While its concrete
facade has crumbled, the structure itself -- miraculously --
remains standing.

Roberto wanders, gripping his skull, hopelessly calling out:

ROBERTO
MARIA! JUAN PABLO!

His shouts elicit only cautious glances from police.

Through the melee, he spots Maria Victoria with the two children, being examined by paramedics.

He runs to them. They hug.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
Thank you...thank you God...

He looks them over: smoke-stained, pocked with little cuts -- only scratches, considering. Overall, in one piece.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Maria manages a nod, considering.

PARAMEDIC
Señora, we need you to get in the ambulance.

ROBERTO
This is my brother's family.
They're coming with me.
(to Maria Victoria)
He has a doctor waiting.

PARAMEDIC
We're going to the hospital.

ROBERTO
Do you know who my brother is?

He nervously looks at his partner, who stares at the ground.

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Roberto carries his nephew and niece to a waiting SUV.
Roberto helps Maria Victoria and the girl inside.

JUAN PABLO
Where are we going?

ROBERTO
To see your papi. Come on.

JUAN PABLO
But I wanna go back home.

Roberto pauses. The boy still looks dazed. Disoriented.

ROBERTO
*Tranquillo, niño -- papi will take
care of everything.*

Roberto loads Juan Pablo in, then gets in the passenger side.
The SUV speeds away.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Once on the main road, the driver, EL CHOPO (20s) hands out a
few pieces of black fabric.

CHOPO
Put these on.

Maria Victoria realizes what he's asking; her stomach turns.

ROBERTO
They don't need those.

CHOPO
Orders.

Roberto, resigned, takes the pieces of fabric and doles them
out to Maria Victoria and the children.

Juan Pablo examines it: an opaque black bag. He doesn't know
what to make of it.

Maria Victoria puts on a bright face for her daughter. She
speaks loud and slowly.

MARIA VICTORIA
Honey, we're going to put these on
and play a dress-up game, okay?

The girl nods, unsure of the game. Maria Victoria pulls the
hood over Manuela's eyes, stopping short of her mouth.

MARIA VICTORIA (CONT'D)
There, don't you look cute.

Maria Victoria looks at her son, helplessly -- hopelessly --
before putting her own hood on.

MARIA VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Now I'm wearing mine. And we wear
them until Chopo says stop. Isn't
this fun?

Juan Pablo looks to his uncle for some kind of reprieve. Nothing. Finally, he puts it on. And everything goes black.

FLASH TO:

EXT. NAPOLES, HILLSIDE BESIDE THE HACIENDA - DAY

Pablo crouched down, holding one of the white rabbits. Juan Pablo pets its head.

PABLO
Do you know why I got them?

The boy shakes his head.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Because they're good luck. So this way, we'll never run out.

With his son's help, Pablo releases the rabbit. The entire hillside is dotted with them.

RETURN TO:

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE, BACK FIELD - DAY

Pablo looks out over the field behind the house, a gentle slope segmented by horse fences. No rabbits.

Limón comes out of the house with a cell phone in his hand.

LIMÓN
Patrón.

Pablo turns his head slightly.

LIMÓN (CONT'D)
Roberto has them. They're coming.

Pablo simply nods. His composure does not crack. He returns his gaze to the fields.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

A neighborhood joint. Not a single barber under sixty. A group of men argue politics and soccer.

A paunchy man with thinning hair reclines in a chair, his face wrapped in a hot towel. The BARBER beside him hones his straight razor on a strap.

The neighborhood men quiet down to listen to the B&W television. The man under the towel can't help but overhear.

REPORTER (ON TV)
 ...ripping through the affluent
 Medellín neighborhood of Santa
 Maria de los Angeles shortly before
 dawn. The building is believed to
 be one of the dozens of homes owned
 by elusive narcotrafficker Pablo
 Escobar.

The man turns his head, ever so slightly. The barber removes his hot towel, and we see his face. FELIX GONZÁLES(50s).

He sees the remains of El Monaco on the set, and is clearly troubled by it. The barber, unaware, lathers his face.

BARBER
 Trim the nose today, Congressman?

GONZÁLEZ
 No thank you, Victor. Just the
 shave.

INT. EL MONACO, TELEVISION NEWSCAST - DAY

The news camera explores the remains of El Monaco. The antique cars, now ruined. The art. And Maria Victoria's massive shoe collection.

REPORTER (V.O.)
 ...the world's first glimpse into
 Escobar's lavish lifestyle:
 classic automobiles, priceless
 works of art by Pablo Picasso and
 Salvador Dali, a wardrobe
 containing an estimated *seven*
hundred pairs of shoes.

INT. GACHA'S HILLSIDE MANSION - DAY

JOSÉ RODRÍGUEZ "THE MEXICAN" GACHA (41) watches the very same news broadcast while talking on the phone. His office is the size of a tennis court.

GACHA
 I'm watching it now. Has he
 contacted you?

Gacha sports alligator boots and an emerald-encrusted belt buckle. Everything about him is intentionally *caballero*.

GACHA (CONT'D)
Maybe the FARC. M-19. DAS. Cali.
Maybe all of them. Whoever it was,
He'll wanna go to war.

EXT. POLO GROUNDS - DAY

On the other end of the line: JORGE LUÍS OCHOA (39), looking on-edge. Behind him, purebred horses compete in dressage to the polite applause of the well-heeled.

JORGE LUÍS OCHOA
Is that what you want?

He listens for a moment more. His two younger brothers, JUAN DAVID and FABIO, hang on his next word.

JORGE LUÍS OCHOA (CONT'D)
I need to discuss it with my
brothers first. We'll wait for his
call.

He hangs up.

JORGE LUÍS OCHOA (CONT'D)
God damn it.

FABIO OCHOA
(cautiously)
Who's going to tell papá?

They look to the gallery where the rotund FABIO OCHOA SR. (65) fans himself absently like a sheik.

INT. RANGE ROVER - EVENING

Juan Pablo takes off his hood. His eyes take a moment to adjust. He looks through the windshield and sees his father and Gustavo waiting for them.

MANUELA
Papi!

Manuela hurries out of the car before anyone.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - SAME

Pablo runs to her. Scoops her up and smothers her in kisses.

The others get out, and walk to Pablo and Gustavo. Juan Pablo, however, lingers by the car.

Pablo holds his wife, kisses her. Maria Victoria can't help crying with relief. *Besos y abrazos* all around.

Pablo looks over to his son, who hasn't moved. Pablo waves him over. Juan Pablo still doesn't come.

MARIA VICTORIA
(a scold)
Juan Pablo...

The boy shuffles over to his family. Pablo breaks away from the others to meet his son one-on-one.

A moment of silence, then Pablo hugs him. Juan Pablo returns the gesture, pro-forma. No feeling behind it.

And Pablo can tell.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, CHILDREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Maria Victoria puts the children to bed in the same room, a far cry from the penthouse. She leads them in prayer.

MARIA VICTORIA
Our father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom
come, Thy will be done, on Earth as
it is in heaven...

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pablo adds another log to the already roaring fire. He jabs at it with an iron poker.

Roberto and Gustavo sit behind him.

GUSTAVO
They think because we've been
laying low, we're weak.

ROBERTO
Won't the others want proof it was
Cali before they approve a war?

GUSTAVO
We don't need them to approve shit.

ROBERTO
It's not as simple as it was ten
years ago. The Ochoas have
business with Gilberto now -- they
own *banks* together.

GUSTAVO

Fuck their banks. And their drug stores, and whatever else they're hiding behind. Pablo and me built this from nothing, and I'm not letting some faggots from Cali make a play for it.

(to Pablo)

How fast can Don Berna get his men into Cali?

PABLO

We can't move on them yet. Not without proof.

Silence. Pablo stares into the fire.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Gilberto is a chess player. He has just exposed his queen. Do we go after her? Or do we find the pawns protecting her?

(to Gilberto)

Call a meeting with the others. We don't need their approval, but we do need to know whose side they're on.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, CHILDREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pablo quietly opens the door to check on the children. In one bed he finds Maria Victoria sleeping, cradling Manuela.

The other bed is empty.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Pablo ventures outside, where he finds Juan Pablo sitting under a tree, knees pulled to his chest -- his breath making little puffs of vapor in the chilly night air.

PABLO

What are you doing, it's freezing.

Juan Pablo doesn't look up.

JUAN PABLO

I don't wanna be inside.

Pablo takes sympathy on his son. He removes his heavy coat and puts it around the boy's shoulders. He sits beside him.

PABLO
You're safe here.

Juan Pablo nods, distantly.

They sit together for a long time. Pablo puts his arm around his son, and looks up at the stars. Or heaven.

PABLO (CONT'D)
(a whisper)
*Sana, sana, colita de rana. Si no
sanas hoy, sanarás mañana.*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RODRIGO LARA BONILLA MONUMENT - DAY

The granite obelisk points to the heavens. Its inscription:
RODRIGO LARA BONILLA 1946-1984. MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

LUÍS CARLOS GALÁN (45), the presidential candidate, speaks at the monument's foot to a crowd of thousands.

GALÁN
Four years ago, Rodrigo Lara stood
up to the cartels, and demanded an
end to their wholesale corruption
of the Colombian government. The
cartels murdered him, hoping a
bullet would silence his voice.

Galán shares the stage with a few other politicians. Among them is Felix Gonzáles, a supportive smile on his face, placed just so.

GALÁN (CONT'D)
No longer can this great nation
tolerate the destructive force of
the narco-terrorists! Their
bullets will not silence us. Their
bombs will not silence us. They
cannot silence peace! They cannot
silence democracy! They cannot
silence freedom!

The crowd erupts with cheers and chants of *Ga-lán! Ga-lán!*. The candidate, a master of oration, lets the moment breathe.

INT. BULLFIGHTING ARENA - DAY

A MATADOR, partially outfitted, walks the sandy floor, waving his cape, rehearsing for a bull that has yet to arrive.

Pablo watches the matador from the otherwise empty stands, admiring his movements. He sits with Felix Gonzáles, who uses the brim of his Panama to obscure his face.

GONZÁLEZ

I saw something remarkable today:
Luís Carlos Galán became the next
President of Colombia.

PABLO

I read you endorsed him.

GONZÁLEZ

He won the nomination fairly; I
don't hold grudges. The people
want change, and they believe he
can deliver. He reminds me of you,
once.

Pablo chuckles to himself.

PABLO

Are you trying to get me to run
against him?

GONZÁLEZ

You're still beloved. You
transformed this place. Some
people condemn how you've done it,
but the fact is you've brought
enough money into this country to
elevate us to first-world status.
Since Pizarro, the world has been
stealing from Colombia. You
finally brought the gold home.

Pablo looks off. The matador poses, swipes his cape.

PABLO

The Spanish have a completely
different style. More fluid,
lighter. But it lacks passion,
danger. It's too precise.
Sometimes the beauty is in the
flaws.

GONZÁLEZ

Why did you bring me here?

PABLO

It's time for this to end. I need
you to get a message to President
Barco. I've decided to surrender.

Gonzáles takes that one in, does the math.

GONZÁLEZ

Can't be done. The Americans would force him to turn you over.

PABLO

Not if he ends extradition. I serve my time here, in Colombia, where I'm safe.

Gonzáles pauses.

GONZÁLEZ

There are plenty of countries that would take you in right now. Liberia. The Philippines -- you'd live like a king.

PABLO

I own this arena. Everyone here works for me. The police captain is a personal friend. My only protection is here.

GONZÁLEZ

Bogotá isn't Medellín. After you disappeared, everyone started doing business with Gilberto and Miguel. In Bogotá, they aren't *narcos*, they're the owners of a chain of pharmacies, nothing more. Politicians lined up to take their money, Barco included. You surrender now, and you'll be surrendering to them.

PABLO

I don't see my children for weeks, sometimes months at a time. It's affecting them. Either Barco ends extradition, and I turn myself in peacefully, or he'll have a war on his hands.

GONZÁLEZ

(resigned)

I'll do what I can.

Gonzáles gets up, puts on his sunglasses, completing the incognito look. He takes a moment to observe the matador.

GONZÁLEZ (CONT'D)
I've always preferred the Spanish
style.

Gonzáles walks down the stairs between the rows, and
eventually vanishes under the arena.

Pablo watches the matador draw his sword, then pantomime
running the bull through. Pablo's gaze becomes remote.

FLASH TO:

EXT. MEDELLÍN SOCCER PITCH - NIGHT

A blinding strobe of flash bulbs.

Pablo -- younger, leaner -- cuts a ceremonial ribbon
inaugurating PABLO ESCOBAR STADIUM. He holds the pose for
the photographers. The two clubs are lined on either side.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Goooooooool! Goooooooool!!

EXT. MEDELLÍN SOCCER PITCH - NIGHT

Pablo runs a wide circle around the baseline following his
goal, pumping his arms in celebration.

ANNOUNCER (OVER P.A.)
Goooooooool ESCOBAR!

The REFEREE blows the final whistle and waves his arms.
Pablo's fellow players mob him; the crowd chants.

CROWD
Pab-lo! Pab-lo! Pab-lo!

They are toilers, sun-baked and street-worn. Proud and
frugal, with a taste for the *aguardiente*. And they love him.

Pablo is met by Maria Victoria and the young Juan Pablo. He
hoists his admiring son into the air. The chants continue:

CROWD (CONT'D)
Pab-lo! Pab-lo!

EXT. CITY SQUARE, MEDELLÍN - NIGHT

Thousands, young and old, chant his name. They wave signs:
ESCOBAR '82; ESCOBAR FOR CONGRESS. VICTORY!

CROWD

Pab-lo! Pab-lo! Pab-lo!

Pablo looks through the blinding stage lights onto the crowd.

PABLO

The people have spoken! Luis
Carlos Galán and the New Liberals
kicked me out of their party. Now
we know why -- they knew we'd win!

More cheers!

PABLO (CONT'D)

For too long, our country has been
controlled by the *chosen few*! They
own the factories but build nothing
with their hands! They drill our
oil, but cannot dig a hole! They
sell our coffee but have never
picked a single bean!

Behind him, just beyond the throw of the lights, Felix
González beams.

PABLO (CONT'D)

They are not Colombia. We -- We
are Colombia! *We are Colombia!*

Pablo pumps his fists, urging a new chant:

CROWD

We -- Are -- Colombia!

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The chants still echo, *We -- Are -- Colombia!* Felix Gonzáles
raises a glass to Pablo, still aglow from the victory.

GONZÁLEZ

By 1990, you'll be President.

RETURN TO:

INT. BULLFIGHTING RING - NIGHT

Night has fallen. The arena is dark. Pablo has not moved.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLES OF CAQUETA - ESTABLISHING

From above: a vast carpet of treetops spreads uninterrupted to the horizon -- impenetrable, primeval.

EXT. CAQUETA JUNGLE PROCESSING PLANT - DAY

Two shirtless men, soaked with sweat, stomp across a trough of coca leaves. Another worker with a rag over his mouth sprinkles the trough with ammonia from a watering can.

This trough is only one of ten identical ones, all with men stomping hundreds of cubic yards of coca.

CARLOS CASTAÑO (24) surveys the operation. Never out of his fatigues, never far from his sidearm.

As he walks the compound, two classes emerge: INDIGENOUS WORKERS processing the cocaine, and ragtag PARAMILITARY TEENAGERS standing guard.

The ramshackle encampment is little more than tarpaulins and thatch strung across rotting posts. Fifty-gallon drums of ether and acetone rust away in crudely-lashed pyramids.

At one station, workers pour gasoline into vats of crushed leaves. At another, the vats are strained, leaving behind large cakes of the yellowish base.

The jungle encroaches on everything, only inches and days away from swallowing the place whole.

INT. THATCH WATCHTOWER - DAY

A BOY IN CAMO, no older than 15, crumbles chunks of *basuko*, or coca base, in with his tobacco. Licks it. Rolls it. Lights it. Smokes it. His eyes glass over.

A small noise grows louder: Thp-thp-thp-thp-thp...

The boy looks up. To his horror, four helicopters thunder toward him. He scrambles for the radio.

BOY IN CAMO
Jefe! Jefe! They're coming!

INT. COMMAND TENT - SAME

The warning comes through the receiver, loud and clear. But no one is there to hear it.

EXT. THATCH WATCHTOWER - SAME

The chopper blades drown out the boy's shouts altogether.

As they buzz the watchtower, one slows. Its side-mounted machine gun trains on the boy.

He opens a door in the floor and scrambles down the rickety ladder -- he's a good fifty feet off the ground.

The chopper unloads a torrent of lead, tearing the flimsy structure to pieces.

Bits of thatch and canopy rain down. Bullets riddle his skull and torso. His limp body plummets to the jungle floor.

EXT. CAQUETA JUNGLE PROCESSING PLANT - SAME

Castano moves past a long stainless steel table where workers measure and weigh the refined cocaine.

He comes to a sturdier, wood plank structure. From inside: a woman's voice is heard.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Nariz. Nariz.

INT. CAQUETA SCHOOL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Castano enters what we immediately recognize as a classroom, full of kindergartners, practicing their spelling.

CHILDREN
N-A-R-I-Z.

The TEACHER, young and fair, gives Castano a familiar grin.

Thp-thp-thp....

Castano cocks his head. She hears it too.

TEACHER
Okay, children -- come with me...

EXT. CAQUETA JUNGLE PROCESSING PLANT - DAY

Castano runs out of the school, shouting to his men.

CASTAÑO
POSITIONS! POSITIONS!

Behind him, the teacher hurries the children away.

The paramilitaries grab their weapons. The workers abandon their stations and flee into the jungle in all directions.

The pulse of chopper blades fills the camp. The treetops rustle from the downdraft. Castaño and his men aim their guns up, but cannot see through the canopy.

For a few tense moments, nothing happens. Then one jittery kid squeezes his trigger and fires a shot skyward.

The helicopters return fire en masse. The men who aren't instantly torn apart, run, shooting haphazardly into the air.

Castaño, no fool, calls out the order.

CASTAÑO (CONT'D)
FALL BACK! FALL BACK!

He and whoever is left sprint into the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE AIRSTRIP - DAY

The fight is over. The helicopters have landed. Government soldiers with DAS on their backs corral the prisoners.

The dead lie in a row, uncovered. A single-engine Cessna burns. The teacher tries to keep the children from looking.

EXT. CAQUETA JUNGLE PROCESSING PLANT - DAY

DAS soldiers photograph the caches of weapons and drugs.

Others douse the processing decks with gasoline and set them on fire. Everything burns, even the schoolhouse.

EXT. CAQUETA RIVER - DAY

DAS soldiers slash kilo packs open and shake cocaine into the river. Others simply dump wheelbarrows full of the stuff over a narrow foot bridge.

Tons of coke flow down-river, turning the water into milk.

EXT. CAQUETA JUNGLE - DAY

Castaño, having reached higher ground with a small band of men, looks down at the black smoke rising from the plant.

PARAMILITARY KID
What now, *jefe*?

CASTAÑO
We go see Don Berna.

INT. PRESS ROOM, OFFICE OF ATTORNEY GENERAL - DAY

The PRESS SECRETARY addresses the press corps. He shares the stage with DAS AGENTS, crisply dressed in their blues.

Also displayed, on easels: pictures from the Caqueta raid, including a file photo of Castaño.

PRESS SECRETARY
I'd like to congratulate General Maza and the DAS for carrying out the raid without a single shot being fired.

He gestures to GENERAL MAZA (50s), the head of the DAS -- a humorless man with pocked jowls and tiny eyes.

PRESS SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Along with the eight thousand kilos, we have obtained direct evidence linking Carlos Castaño and his right-wing paramilitary group to the Medellín drug cartel. This office, in concert with the US Drug Enforcement Agency, has issued new arrest warrants for the leaders of the cartel:

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - INTERCUT

New cars arrive at the house, each one carrying an entourage of heavily armed men. We cut to each leader stepping out of his respective car as the Press Secretary rattles off names:

PRESS SECRETARY (V.O.)
José Rodríguez Gacha, a.k.a. "*El Mexicano*"...

"The Mexican" dons his snakeskin hat.

PRESS SECRETARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...Jorge Luís Ochoa, Juan David Ochoa, Fabio Ochoa Jr...

The two younger Ochoas pay clear deference to the eldest. "Fabito" almost looks like a terrier tagging along.

PRESS SECRETARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...Diego Murillo, a.k.a. "Don
 Berna"...

Apple shaped, thick moustache, heavy brow -- DON BERNA (40s)
 looks least at ease with the tranquil setting.

PRESS SECRETARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...Gustavo Gaviria, and Pablo
 Escobar Gaviria.

Pablo and Gustavo cordially greet their business associates.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE, COURTYARD - LATER

Lively music plays. Almost a party. Maria Victoria sets out
 a *tres leches* cake for everyone.

MARIA VICTORIA
 Just a little something to hold you
 over. I hope it turned out; I'm
 still getting used to this kitchen.

PABLO
 It looks delicious.

He kisses her cheek. She gives him a grin, more for the
 others' benefit -- she's not as gracious as she's letting on.

He helps her spoon out portions. Manuela scurries up, eager
 for a piece. Pablo sneaks her a bite off the spoon.

The men pass the plates, all thanking her.

MARIA VICTORIA
 (veiled distaste)
 I'm so glad we could all be
 together again, it's been so long.

Pablo spies his son lurking inside, and goes to him with a
 piece of cake.

JUAN PABLO
 I'm not hungry.

PABLO
 Come say hello -- everyone's asking
 about you.

Pablo takes his son to the men. They shout hearty hellos and
 jostle the boy, remarking how big he's gotten.

Gacha holds up his palms, goading Juan Pablo to throw a punch. Juan Pablo obliges, and Gacha makes a show of being hurt. He musses the kid's hair, and passes him along.

Juan Pablo floats from one man to the next, feigning enjoyment, desperately wanting to run.

Pablo stands off his son's shoulder, seeing Juan Pablo's discomfort. He pulls his brother aside.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Take the kids riding.

ROBERTO
You don't want me to stay?

Pablo shakes his head no. Roberto goes along and gathers his niece and nephew.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
Come on *niños*, let's go see the horses.

Pablo returns to his compatriots.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE, COURTYARD - DAY

The men relax, safe as sultans, talking business. Pablo, the consummate host, refills glasses with the finest brandy.

DON BERNA
I don't know how they found the lab. Castaño's my best man.

JUAN DAVID OCHOA
Where is he?

DON BERNA
He'll contact me when it's safe.

GACHA
Would he have sold us out?

DON BERNA
Castaño is loyal. I trust him with my life.

GACHA
Every man has a price.

JORGE LUÍS OCHOA
 To hell with the raid. We're here
 to talk about the bombing. Do we
 know who did it?

Pablo sets down the brandy. For his part, he drinks water.

GACHA
 Had to be a foreigner -- no one
 here knows explosives.

FABIO OCHOA
 CIA. They've got spy planes flying
 over the city, listening to the
 cellualars, you know...

PABLO
 Gilberto and Miguel ordered it.

JUAN DAVID OCHOA
 Do you have proof?

PABLO
 Enough, yes.

A tense silence. Juan David defers.

PABLO (CONT'D)
 We knew this was coming. They're
 businessmen like us; they're not
 satisfied with half of anything. I
 think we're all agreed what has to
 happen now.

He looks to Gacha first.

GACHA
 Absolutely.

The Ochoas look visibly uncomfortable.

JUAN DAVID OCHOA
 We're with you.

PABLO
 And your father?

JUAN DAVID OCHOA
 I speak for my whole family.

Pablo looks to Don Berna, who nods in agreement.

PABLO
Castaño was paid off. When he
surfaces, I want him taken care of.

DON BERNA
...How do you know that?

PABLO
Just deal with him.

Don Berna -- against his every fiber -- nods again.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Settled. Enough business.

EXT. STABLES - DAY

Pablo leans against the horse fence, watching his son ride around the enclosure. Roberto leads Manuela's pony in a lazy stroll. Pablo finds it endearing.

PABLO
My little Lady Godiva.

He waves to his daughter, she waves back. Couldn't be cuter.

Pablo glances over at the STABLE BOY coming out to fill two buckets from the spigot. Pablo fixes on him for a moment -- bothered by something.

LIMÓN
(calling)
Patrón!

Pablo turns, sees Limón walking up with one of the large cellular phones. He hands it over.

PABLO
Yes?

EXT. PHONE BOOTH, BOGOTÁ - INTERCUT

A busy street in Bogota, the dome of the Chamber of Representatives in the distance.

GONZÁLEZ
There won't be a deal.

Pablo pauses.

PABLO
How much does he want?

GONZÁLEZ
There won't be a deal.

González hangs up, and gets into a waiting limousine.

STABLES

Pablo hands the phone back to Limón. He cloaks his anger with calm, measured movements.

MANUELA
Papi! Look at me!

Manuela holds her hands above her head as she rides.

PABLO
 I see, angel.

Pablo looks back to the Stable Boy, who finishes filling up the buckets. The boy looks up -- directly at Pablo -- and turns away quickly. He brings the water into the stable.

PABLO (CONT'D)
 (to Limón)
 Who is that? Where's the regular kid?

LIMÓN
 I don't know. Sick I think.
 That's his cousin.

Pablo stares into the stables.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

The Ochoas, Gacha and Don Berna leave the house, entourages and all, and get into their cars. They waste no time.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, VARIOUS - DAY

Inside, Pablo's men break everything down. They work swiftly, but are not rushed.

-- KITCHEN: men unload a cache of automatic weapons from the topmost cabinets, and pack them into duffel bags.

-- COMMUNICATIONS ROOM: Gustavo and his men unplug the phones and radios, and haul them out in boxes.

-- BEDROOM: Roberto opens the closet and pushes the hanging clothes aside. He presses against the back wall, springing a secret door hiding hundreds of thousands of dollars.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, PABLO'S BEDROOM - SAME

Pablo removes tightly-wrapped bundles of cash from a crawl space under the floor. Maria Victoria hurries in.

MARIA VICTORIA
What's happening?

Pablo rises, goes to her. Calm. Gentle.

PABLO
We're leaving. Get the children.

He pets her face, reassuring her.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Go.

He turns her around. In a daze, she leaves to get the kids.

MARIA VICTORIA (O.S.)
Manuela? Juan Pablo...

Pablo opens the dresser and removes a silver-plated Sig Sauer, a real gem. He tucks it into his waist band.

As he does, he catches sight of Juan Pablo down the hall, watching him. He saw the gun, saw the cash, saw it all.

Pablo can't mistake the fear in his son's eyes.

Maria Victoria appears and scoots Juan Pablo into his room.

MARIA VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Get your clothes together, *mi amor*.

Pablo takes a deep breath, then resumes packing.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Roberto shuffles Maria Victoria and the children into Chopo's waiting car. She hides her anxiety, but not very well.

Pablo comes out of the hacienda with Gustavo. He squints, scanning the road, then the sky. Everything's clear.

He goes to his family.

PABLO
I'll call in a few days.

MARIA VICTORIA
You're not coming?

Manuela climbs over her mom to hug her *papi*.

MANUELA
Come with us!

PABLO
You'll be fine, angel.

Maria Victoria pries her crying daughter from Pablo. He looks to his son, who doesn't shed a single tear. Indeed, Juan Pablo's look is one of profound disappointment.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Remember the job I gave you. Eyes
and ears. I'm counting on you.

Juan Pablo nods, then draws the black hood over his own head. Pablo pauses, disturbed by the sight.

GUSTAVO
Berto's got 'em, let's go.

Pablo turns away from his family and joins Gustavo in another car. He can still hear Manuela's cries.

Within a few moments, the last of the cars roll away from the hacienda, leaving behind only dust.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, VARIOUS - DAY

-- KITCHEN: cabinets left open, and emptied. Dirty dishes in the sink and on the stove.

-- COMMUNICATIONS ROOM: tables are left, and some phone cord, but little else.

-- BEDROOMS: holes in walls and floorboards, exposing empty hiding places. Overturned mattresses, slashed open. Dresser drawers pulled out, exposing false backs and bottoms.

-- COURTYARD: the music still plays. The half-eaten cake has been given up to the flies.

-- STABLE: the Stable Boy lies in a heap, shot execution-style through the head.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

The SUV takes each bump in the dirt road hard.

GUSTAVO
Which one of them gave us up?

PABLO
I don't know yet.

Once again, Pablo's gaze is troubled. He closes his eyes.

In his mind, he hears rapid gun fire -- tat-tat-tat-tat! He hears tires screeching, and a car crash.

FLASH TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

The TV reporter, distraught, fighting tears of his own, struggles to look into the camera.

REPORTER
It's been confirmed: the victim in
the fatal shooting is Minister of
Justice, Rodrigo Lara Bonilla.

Behind him, a Mercedes is wrapped around a phone pole, surrounded by police. A corpse lays covered in the street.

EXT. NAPOLES, HACIENDA - DAY

Pablo hurries from the house with his pregnant wife and young son. No bags. No time.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Today, April 30th, 1984, is a day
Colombia will never forget.

They board a waiting helicopter, its rotors already spinning.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The helicopter rises above Napoles. Pablo watches his beloved castle grow smaller by the moment.

JUAN PABLO
Where are we going?

Pablo can't stop staring out the window. Maria Victoria comforts her child.

MARIA VICTORIA
It's called Panama. It's a very
nice place. Very nice.

Soon enough, Naples is gone. And with it, Pablo's dreams.

FADE TO:

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Carlos Castaño descends a staircase, passing through the beaded curtain. The basement is painted in dirty velvet; fleshy prostitutes loiter, smoking and looking bored.

He looks past the women to the BOUNCER by the hall. The bouncer recognizes Castaño, and leads him into the back.

INT. BROTHEL, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Don Berna awaits Castaño. The jungle fighter, looking out of place and unsure, sits where he is directed.

DON BERNA
They want me to kill you.

Castaño, unafraid of his fate, is stone. Don Berna leans back in his chair and studies the young warrior.

DON BERNA (CONT'D)
I said you were loyal. Are you?

CASTAÑO
To you, yes.

INT. FLOP HOUSE - NIGHT

An aging TV plays EL MINUTO DE DIOS. No sound. The flowing cursive title fades to FATHER RAFAEL GARCIA HERREROS (80s), a kindly Catholic priest in an armchair, addressing the camera.

PABLO
We have tried to negotiate a peaceful solution, but your vile wretch of a President will not negotiate.

Pablo paces the room, composing. EL POETA, one of Pablo's few literate men scratches down his boss' every word.

From elsewhere in the house comes an anguished scream, throwing El Poeta off.

EL POETA
...vile...

PABLO
Vile wretch of a President.

El Poeta scribbles. More screams from upstairs. Pablo glances up, but more out of annoyance.

PABLO (CONT'D)
We demand nothing short of an end
to this country's policy of
extraditing its citizens --

More screams. Pablo loses his train of thought. Frustrated, he stomps upstairs.

INT. FLOP HOUSE, UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The SCREAMING MAN is strapped to a bed frame. JOHN "POPEYE" VELAZQUEZ (20s) crouches by his feet, snipping off his toes with a pair of pruning shears. He's on number seven.

Gustavo stands against the wall, eating a sandwich.

Pablo enters. He pulls his Sig and shoots the man in the forehead. The screams stop, and for a second, it's quiet.

Pablo turns to the fourth man in the room: EZKIBEL -- half naked, profusely sweating and shivering at the same time.

Pablo gets down on his haunches to look the man in the eye.

PABLO
What is your name?

Ezkibel stares at the gore draining from the man's skull.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Your *name*.

EZKIBEL
...R-r-rudolfo Ezkibel.

PABLO
Ezkibel. Basque. ETA?

He manages a nod.

PABLO (CONT'D)
How much did Gilberto pay you to
bomb my family?

Ezkibel's attention returns to the corpse. Pablo snaps his fingers in front of his eyes.

EZKIBEL
...A million U.S.

Pablo shakes his head regretfully. Ezkibel starts to weep.
Pablo gently wipes a tear from his cheek.

PABLO
Would you like to make two million?

EXT. DROGAS LA REBAJA, CALI - DAY

A good rain falls. A steady flow of customers come and go
from the brightly-lit corner drug store.

The pharmacy explodes, unleashing the same hell as the El
Monaco blast. Glass and body parts scatter in equal measure.

OVERLAY: **Cali**

EXT. SECOND DROGAS LA REBAJA, CALI - DAY

A different drug store, same chain. It burns wildly, having
just been bombed. A mother wanders the street, blood running
down her face, screaming for her child.

PABLO (V.O.)
President Barco leaves us no choice
but to fight back on behalf of
those persecuted by his corrupt
administration.

EXT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Popeye hands out slips of yellow paper to a group of eager
YOUNG BODEGA BOYS. We focus on one of them, LAGARTO (14), or
lizard, so named for his acne-devoured skin.

PABLO
For too long, this country has been
ruled by a chosen few who have sold
it off, piece by piece.

EXT. CALI STREET - NIGHT

Lagarto sits on the back of a motorcycle, driven by one of
the other young men, as they weave through the traffic.

EXT. CALI DISCOTEQUE - NIGHT

Lagarto flips down his visor as the motorcycle rides up to the busy nightclub. A gang of CALI BOYS stand out front.

Lagarto pulls his Uzi and sprays rounds at the Cali boys. Skin pops open, limbs flail. Some find cover, others die.

EXT. POLITICAL RALLY - DAY

Galán makes fiery pronouncements. The crowd, in the thousands, pulses with a fervor that cannot be contained.

GALÁN

The narcoterrorists are afraid of justice! When I am President, I will not hesitate to extradite each one of them and rid our nation of this cancer once and for all!

EXT. CALI STREET - NIGHT

A Cali city bus burns in the middle of the road, a gaping hole in its side. Charred bodies drape over melted seats.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

A FEDERAL JUDGE (60s) reads Pablo's open letter in *El Tiempo*.

PABLO (V.O.)

Extradition is a violation of our national sovereignty. For every Colombian extradited, we will kill ten judges.

The judge lowers the paper, his face drained of color.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The Judge types on official letterhead. His missive begins:
LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

INT. FISHERY - NIGHT

Quick-cuts of an assembly line at a fish processing plant:

-- Workers stuff balloons of cocaine down the gullets of sea bass.

-- The bass are stacked in crates of ice and loaded by forklift into refrigerated shipping containers.

-- DAS agents storm the facility, fully armed, lobbing tear gas cannisters into the building, smoking the workers out.

EXT. DAS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

General Maza exits with his bodyguards. Uniformed DAS Agents stand guard, on point, seeing the director into his limo.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET, BOGOTA - DAY

Maza's car drives home. About halfway up the block, it passes a parked BMW.

The BMW explodes, flipping Maza's limo on its side.

Maza and his bodyguards, bloodied but alive, climb through a broken window and get to safety.

INT. AUTO SHOP - NIGHT

Lagarto trades in his yellow slip from Popeye for cash. The MECHANIC asks no questions, just hands over the hundreds.

EXT. LAGARTO'S HOME - DAY

LAGARTO'S MAMA lights up as her son carts in a brand new refrigerator. It's the only new thing in the place; the family lives in squalor.

EXT. BODEGA - NIGHT

The Bodega Boys swill beer and smoke *basuko*. Lagarto shows his new Nikes off to his *hermanos*.

A motorcycle speeds up -- before Lagarto can take cover, he's swallowed in an avalanche of machine gun fire.

EXT. BODEGA - NIGHT

The bullet holes in the stucco are still fresh. Popeye hands out yellow slips to a new batch of eager young SICARIOS.

INT. FLOP HOUSE - NIGHT

El Poeta looks up at his boss, waiting for more. Pablo considers his next words carefully.

PABLO
Sign it: *The Extraditables*.

BLACK.

INT. SAFE HOUSE, JUAN PABLO'S ROOM - DAWN

Chopo shakes the boy awake. Juan Pablo disoriented and scared, sits bolt upright.

CHOPO
We have to go.

INT. SAFE HOUSE, GARAGE - DAWN

El Chopo leads the exhausted family, still in pajamas, into a Mercedes. He opens the garage door and starts the car.

OVERLAY: **1989**

INT. MERCEDES - DAWN

Chopo backs out of the garage.

CHOPO
Down, down.

Maria Victoria and the kids duck below the windows. They aren't scared -- this is routine by now.

Juan Pablo looks up at the cloudless morning sky, broken only by tangles of electrical wire strung across the street. He hears a rooster, and a dog barking, far off.

EXT. NEW SAFE HOUSE, MEDELLÍN - DAY

Another nondescript apartment building, one of many on the street. The Mercedes pulls into the garage.

INT. NEW SAFE HOUSE, MEDELLÍN - DAY

Chopo leads Maria Victoria and the children in. They flick on the lights, as the shades are drawn and will remain so. The place is nicely outfitted, large enough for all of them.

INT. NEW SAFE HOUSE, CHILDREN'S ROOM - DAY

Maria Victoria walks with her kids into their new bedroom. A giant stuffed bunny waits for Manuela. She hurries to it.

Juan Pablo finds a present, too: a new Nintendo, with a pile of game cartridges. He's not moved.

INT. NEW SAFE HOUSE, CHILDREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Manuela lies in bed with her daughter, holding a copy of "The Gingerbread Man and Other Stories" while Pablo's voice plays on a cassette player.

PABLO (ON TAPE)

I ran away from the farmer, I ran
away from the cow, I ran away from
the chicken, I ran away from the
horse, and I can run away from you,
I can.

Maria Victoria turns the page for Manuela.

PABLO (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)

Run, run, as fast as you can, you
can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread
Man!

INT. NEW SAFE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Juan Pablo plays Duck Hunt on Nintendo; he points a pistol at the screen and shoots pixilated ducks out of the sky.

Maria Victoria enters with the cassette player, disquieted by the sight of her son with a gun.

MARIA VICTORIA

Your father made you a tape.

Juan Pablo nods, looking past her.

JUAN PABLO

Lemme finish this level.

Maria Victoria yanks the plug from the machine. The TV screen turns blue.

JUAN PABLO (CONT'D)
What are you *doing*?

Maria Victoria puts the player on the coffee table and presses play herself.

MARIA VICTORIA
Show some respect.

Juan Pablo crosses his arms and slumps down in the couch.

INT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE, PABLO'S ROOM - INTERCUT

Pablo sits on his bed, recording the tape.

PABLO
Juan Pablo, it's me. I was thinking about the trip we took to Disney, do you remember? You were little. You wanted to go on every ride. You had no fear. It was the happiest I ever saw you.

Juan Pablo listens despite himself.

PABLO (CONT'D)
We had fun on that trip. We visited Washington, and Graceland, Las Vegas... There are so many places in this world I want you to see. I know a lot of what's happening doesn't make sense to you, but please, don't be afraid. Pretend we're at Disney, and this is just another big, fast ride. It will be over soon. Make me a tape, okay? Give it to Chopo, he'll get it to me. I'd like to hear from you. I want to know what's happening. Eyes and ears. Okay? Good. Good boy. Listen to your mother. Help your sister.

Pablo presses stop.

Juan Pablo looks up at his mother, whose cheeks are wet with tears. He gets up and plugs his Nintendo back in.

EXT. REMOTE FOOTHILL ROAD - DAY

José "The Mexican" Gacha rides in a wooden cart pulled by a PEASANT FARMER and his donkey. He takes every bump along the uneven road in the ass.

EXT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE - DAY

An imposing stone wall surrounds a large but plain-looking stucco home. The Farmer and his donkey stop at the gate.

Gacha gets out, gratefully. Pablo comes out to meet him.

GACHA
No phones I understand, but no
roads?

PABLO
Can't be too careful.

Gacha glances back at the farmer.

GACHA
And him?

PABLO
I built a school in his village.

Pablo nods hello to the farmer, who tips his hat back. The two friends continue inside.

INT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The inside is finely furnished -- deluxe entertainment system, full bar, pool table -- Pablo and his men still clearly live in comfort.

Pablo racks the balls.

GACHA
Gilberto wants to negotiate.

PABLO
Of course he does -- he's losing.

GACHA
I say we offer Los Angeles. We
keep Miami and New York.

PABLO
The war ends when extradition ends.

Pablo breaks. The balls scatter across the table, but none sink. Gacha takes his turn.

GACHA

That's fine for the newspapers, but let's remember why we're fighting.

PABLO

We're not fighting, we're winning.

GACHA

That's why it's the right time to negotiate. They're desperate.

Gacha sinks shot after shot. He's an expert.

PABLO

In Washington that time, we went to the Eternal Flame. You know that place?

Gacha shakes his head.

PABLO (CONT'D)

It's where they buried Kennedy. You should see how many people go see it, you know. That's how you know you were important, when they line up to look at your grave.

GACHA

The Ochoas want this. So does Don Berna.

Pablo pauses at the slight. Gacha reads it.

PABLO

You talked to them already?

GACHA

DAS is fucking up everything. It's costing us three times as much to move the product north. I like a good fight as much as you, but let's get back to making money.

PABLO

The next time you talk to the Ochoas, remind them what kind of world they live in.

GACHA

What the hell does that mean?

PABLO

This is a world where the DAS can grab us in the night, put us on a plane, and leave us to rot in a US prison for the next hundred years. It would take *one phone call, hermano*. One person who knew were to find us. We should all pray no one makes that phone call.

Gacha has fallen silent. Pablo motions for him to shoot.

GACHA

Don't you want it to be like it was? Aren't you tired of this?

PABLO

Your shot, *hermano*.

EXT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE - NIGHT

A large van makes the bumpy climb to the house. Tyson and El Mugre get out, both smiling greedily.

El Mugre slides open the panel door and helps out a procession of beautiful PROSTITUTES.

EL MUGRE

Right this way, watch your step.

One girl, with particularly innocent eyes, looks up at the house with trepidation.

INT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pablo sits on the sofa next to Gustavo. The other bodyguards practically jitter with anticipation.

The fleshy prostitutes, wearing cheap, flimsy nighties, parade into the room like a dessert tray.

The ladies all give Pablo seductive looks. He examines each of their faces patiently.

His men vibrate awaiting their turns.

Pablo's eyes stroll from girl to girl, unmoved, until sees the girl with the innocent eyes. She's the only one not looking at him. Her eyes are lowered.

INT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Pablo sits on the edge of his bed. The girl with the innocent eyes stands in front of him.

Elsewhere in the house, the fucking has begun; its vulgar soundtrack reaches them easily.

PABLO
Paisita linda...

She cannot look right at him.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Do you have a father?

She shakes her head. Pablo runs his hand up her thigh, over her hip. He brushes her breast and finally cups cheek.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Neither do I.

Pablo unbuttons his polo shirt, and pulls it over his head. His belly hangs sadly over his belt.

He lays her down, then slowly slides himself behind her, spooning her. He pets her hair. Takes a deep breath, and relaxes. She takes quick, shallow breaths.

PABLO (CONT'D)
(singing softly)
*Si yo tuviera el corazón,
el corazon que dí...
Si yo pudiera como ayer
querer sin presentir...*

He wraps his arms around her, and holds her close.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Roberto slides open the bay door, flooding the furniture warehouse with daylight. He and Limón enter.

INT. WAREHOUSE, HIDDEN ROOM - DAY

The metallic whir of an electric drill. A door-sized panel falls off the wall, revealing racks of chairs and ottomans.

Roberto and Limón walk in, dragging a hand-truck. The room stores three six foot cubes of cash, on palettes -- tens of millions, in dollars and pesos.

LIMÓN
Smells like shit.

Roberto immediately notices something wrong. He kneels down and shines his flashlight on the first palette: dozens of holes have been carved out and the money shredded.

ROBERTO
Fucking rats again.

He shines his light on the other palettes which have been likewise ravaged by the rodents, and shakes his head.

Then he shines the light on second row of palettes, this one loaded with wooden crates. Painted on their sides, in English and Hebrew: DANGER -- EXPLOSIVE.

There are hundreds of them. Roberto goes pale.

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Pablo rides through Medellín, with its perpetually bumpy roads. He wears a prosthetic nose, wig, dark glasses, and sports a goatee. He hardly looks like himself.

Gustavo and Popeye ride along with him, also in disguises. The potholes annoy the hell out of him.

INT. MEDELLIN HOTEL, VARIOUS - NIGHT

-- SERVICE BAY: Pablo, Gustavo and Popeye get out of their car. Limón keeps it running.

-- HALLWAY: The three pass a clutch of chamber maids taking a smoke break.

-- KITCHEN: Through the chaos of the line, the busboys, the dishwashers, the three men pass unnoticed.

-- SERVICE ELEVATOR: They step in. The doors close.

INT. MEDELLIN HOTEL, PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Pablo peels the rubber nose from his face. His hat, wig and glasses sit in a pile beside him. He looks out on the city of Medellín -- his city.

PABLO
They have no problem chasing me all over the country, but get them to fill a single fucking pothole...

In the glass: Felix Gonzáles lights a Cohiba.

GONZÁLEZ

If they filled the potholes, the people would have nothing to complain about.

Gonzáles glances at Gustavo and Popeye.

GONZÁLEZ (CONT'D)

I thought we'd be meeting alone.

PABLO

I trust these men with my life.

Gonzáles considers it; he continues.

GONZÁLEZ

Barco is dropping out; he won't seek a second term. Galán is in.

PABLO

There's still enough time before the election. He'll crack.

GONZÁLEZ

He won't. You've made it politically impossible -- and Galán has staked his campaign on extraditing you. You made your point, but it's time to pull up your tents and leave town.

GUSTAVO

Are you telling us what to do?

GONZÁLEZ

You know everything about your business. Knowing Bogotá is my business. This country has been blowing itself up since '49. All your car bombs have done is make more potholes.

(pause, to Pablo)

You're only alive because the banks still enjoy laundering your money. If they're happy, Barco's happy, and he keeps the DAS on a leash. But a President Galán is another animal. If you want your freedom back -- if you want your *family's* freedom back -- you need someone more empathetic in office.

Silence, as Pablo sizes up Gonzáles.

PABLO

Are you asking me to finance your campaign?

GONZÁLEZ

Galán is unbeatable at this point. Not even your money could change that. But if he were to drop out, the party would have to name another nominee.

More silence. Pablo catches on.

PABLO

Why would they name you?

GONZÁLEZ

I came in second. And then I swallowed my pride and endorsed that hack -- the party owes me.

PABLO

So how could he be convinced to drop out?

GONZÁLEZ

Convincing people is your business.

Pablo takes some time to think. Gustavo leans in.

GUSTAVO

What's his security like?

GONZÁLEZ

Five to ten guards, normally. Armored convoy. But when he gives speeches, very light. He likes to appear accessible, one of the people.

GUSTAVO

Yeah, but DAS got those fuckers' backs in public -- watching the crowds, picking up guys two, three blocks away just 'cause...

GONZÁLEZ

I might have some sway there.

Pablo finally returns to the conversation.

PABLO
My answer is no. Keep pushing the
deal with Barco.

GONZÁLEZ
This wouldn't have to get back to
you. Galán has enemies everywhere,
men who would not hesitate, given
the chance.

PABLO
So give them the chance. Or make
the deal.

Gonzáles, seeing no wiggle room, extinguishes his cigar.

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

The men ride out of the city, car bumping along.

GUSTAVO
It wouldn't be hard.

PABLO
I don't like making the same
mistake twice.

Pablo, lost in thought, stares out the window.

FLASH TO:

INT. EL MONACO, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Pablo stands in his city penthouse bedroom, wearing a suit.
Hair neatly combed. He ponders two neckties.

Maria Victoria comes up to him. Runs her fingers along the
pressed seams of his shirt.

MARIA VICTORIA
You look very handsome.

PABLO
The rules say I have to wear a tie.

She selects one of the ties.

MARIA VICTORIA
I like this one. Let me see.

He drapes it over his neck, and crosses one side over the
other. Pauses. Reverses the cross. He whips it off.

PABLO
Fuck their rules.

EXT. PLAZA DE BOLIVAR - DAY

Pablo heads up the steps of the Capitolio Nacional, the home of the Colombian legislature. He wears no tie. The press corps follows, microphones outstretched.

REPORTER
Pablo, Pablo -- what will be your first act as congressman?

PABLO
To clean up the government, as I promised.

INT. CAPITOLIO NACIONAL ROTUNDA - DAY

Pablo strides across the marble toward the Chamber floor. The press continues to swarm around him.

Before he can enter, however, a SECURITY GUARD stops him.

SECURITY GUARD
Excuse me, congressman. But there is a dress code.

The reporters fall silent, eager for a showdown. Aware of their presence, Pablo launches into platitudes.

PABLO
The people elected me to fight for their basic rights as Colombians, not to wear a fascist necktie!

SECURITY GUARD
(quietly)
You can have mine.

SPEAKER GAVIRIA (V.O.)
The chair recognizes Minister of Justice Rodrigo Lara Bonilla.

INT. CHAMBER OF REPRESENTATIVES - DAY

RODRIGO LARA BONILLA (38) addresses the legislature.

LARA BONILLA
Narco money has infiltrated every level of government.
(MORE)

LARA BONILLA (CONT'D)
This "hot money" threatens to
undermine democracy itself!

In the middle of the assembly sits Congressman Escobar from
Medellín -- wearing the security guard's tie.

LARA BONILLA (CONT'D)
Members of this very chamber have
accepted mafia contributions in
exchange for no votes on
extradition.

Pablo leans forward into his microphone.

PABLO
Mister Speaker. This is a check
for one million pesos made out to
the campaign of Minister Lara by
Envaristo Porras, a known drug
trafficker.

Pablo waves a photocopy of a check for all to see. The place
comes alive. Gaviria bangs his gavel.

SPEAKER GAVIRIA
You are out of order, sir.

LARA BONILLA
I will not have my reputation
maligned by a mafioso! We all know
how you made your fortune, Mr.
Escobar -- the cancer on this
institution is you.

Pablo smugly holds out the check for the cameras.

INT. CAPITOLIO NACIONAL ROTUNDA - DAY

Pablo, surrounded by the press, measures his words carefully.

PABLO
I am a decent man who exports
flowers. My finances are an open
book, which is more than I can say
for the Minister of Justice.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Pablo sighs, confronted by an old mug shot on the front page
of *El Tiempo*. The headline: Escobar's 1974 trafficking
arrest surfaces.

GONZÁLEZ (V.O.)
The damage has been done. You're
radioactive. The smart move would
be to step down now.

Pablo, anguished, looks at his pregnant wife and son as they
peer out the tiny windows at the countryside below.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY

Pablo climbs the stairs bearing gifts.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Pablo, winded and glossy from the climb, knocks on the door.
The light behind the peephole flickers, and the door opens.
It's Chopo. He lets Pablo in.

INT. NEW SAFE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pablo enters. The place is oddly quiet.

PABLO
Where is everybody?

CHOPO
Sleeping.

Pablo checks the clock. It's past two in the afternoon.

PABLO
(calling out)
Hello?

The place is a mess. Clothes stacked in piles -- clean or
dirty, hard to say. Empty cartons of food left out.
Curtains drawn. Very little light getting in.

INT. NEW SAFE HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pablo enters his wife's room, finding her curled up in bed,
pillow over her head. He shakes her shoulder.

PABLO
Tata. Tata...

She moves the pillow from her head and looks up at him
through bleary eyes.

INT. NEW SAFE HOUSE, CHILDREN'S ROOM - DAY

Maria Victoria enters the kids' room to wake them up. Pablo watches from the doorway, still uneasy with the look of the place and the people in it.

MARIA VICTORIA

Honey, get up. Your father's here.

Manuela rouses first. She rubs her eyes, and brightens up when she sees her father. She climbs out of bed and gives him a hug and a kiss.

PABLO

Hi, honey. I missed you so much.

MANUELA

I missed you, too, papá.

Pablo smooths her matted hair with one hand.

Juan Pablo is harder to wake. Maria Victoria really gives him a jolt.

MARIA VICTORIA

Juan Pablo. Now. Get up.

Juan Pablo lifts his head and looks at his dad, unmoved.

INT. NEW SAFE HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

The children play Nintendo in the next room with Chopo. Maria Victoria throws together a lunch. She lights a new cigarette with the end of the old one.

Pablo observes it all, with waning patience. The gifts he brought remain unopened on the table.

PABLO

Why are you sleeping in the middle of the day?

MARIA VICTORIA

What else are we supposed to do?
We can't go outside, they can't go to school --

PABLO

I never said that.

MARIA VICTORIA

That's what we were told.

PABLO
Of course you can go outside.

MARIA VICTORIA
Thank you, Patrón, you are so kind.

Tense silence between the two. Pablo notices the pan on the stove starting to smoke.

PABLO
That's burning.

Maria Victoria doesn't do anything about it. Pablo gets up himself and grabs the pan, burning himself on the handle. He drops it on the floor.

Maria Victoria laughs at him. He grabs her suddenly and drags her out of the room.

MARIA VICTORIA
Let go of me!

Juan Pablo springs from his chair to stop his father.

JUAN PABLO
Stop it! Let go of her!

Juan Pablo tries to pull his parents apart, but Pablo pushes him backward. The boy hits the ground. Chopo steps in and keeps him from interfering further.

INT. NEW SAFE HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pablo drags his wife through the bedroom, into the bathroom.

JUAN PABLO (O.S.)
Mamá! Mamá!

Pablo shoves Maria Victoria into the shower, clothes and all, and cranks on the water.

Nostrils flaring, he pins her in place. Water streams over her as she cries, helpless and exhausted.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Limón drives. Pablo rides in back with his family, all freshly showered and combed. They do not speak.

EXT. HERMILDA'S HOUSE - EVENING

HERMILDA GAVIRIA (60s) answers the door with a gasp. Her rosy round face lights up, and her arms fly open.

HERMILDA
Pablito!

PABLO
Mamá!

Pablo gives his mother a big hug. She's a short lady, curly hair like Pablo, only more grey.

Hermilda looks past him at her grandchildren, and squeals with excitement. She smothers them with grandmother kisses.

EXT. HERMILDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Later. Some of Pablo's men pull guard duty, watching the street closely. All is quiet.

INT. HERMILDA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pablo sneaks some sauce from the pot bubbling away on the stove. She slaps his hand away.

HERMILDA
It's not ready -- go, go!

He kisses the top of her head. She shoos him out.

INT. HERMILDA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The place is alive with music and chatter. Gustavo chases some of his nieces and nephews around. Pablo's SISTERS carry on loudly with each other.

Pablo passes from group to group, coming back to life himself. His walk becomes a little dance, a one-man tango.

Roberto comes up to him, speaking quietly.

ROBERTO
I need to talk to you.

PABLO
This is a party, Roberto. No business now.

The children's game of tag passes between them, and Pablo jumps right in. As he chases his nieces around the room, he notices his son sitting outside, alone.

EXT. HERMILDA'S HOUSE, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Juan Pablo sits on the porch swing, listening to his Discman. Pablo comes out and sits beside him. He motions for his son to take off the headphones.

PABLO
Have you been getting my tapes?

Juan Pablo nods.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Haven't gotten any from you, did you make any?

He shakes his head.

PABLO (CONT'D)
That's okay.

Pablo reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pager. He hands it to his son.

PABLO (CONT'D)
I wanted to give you this. It's a beeper. When it goes off, there'll be number on the screen -- dial it from any phone and I'll pick up. And we can talk. For a few minutes, anyway -- it's not safe to stay on the phone too long. And if there's a star in front of the number, that means dial the number backwards. You'll get the hang of it.

Juan Pablo turns it over a few times.

PABLO (CONT'D)
And if you ever want to call me, just tell Chopo.

Juan Pablo nods. Uncomfortable silence.

INT. HERMILDA'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The entire family passes food around the long table. Pablo sits at the head, opposite his mother.

He looks at his wife and children seated on one side, none of them terribly happy to be there.

Pablo clinks his water glass, and raises it.

PABLO

To my mother, the best cook in the world, and my family, the best a man could hope for. I wish we all could spend more nights like this. It's been hard on me these past few years. Harder than I hope you ever know.

HERMILDA

Pablo, don't dwell.

PABLO

You're right mama. To family.
Salúd.

Everyone toasts.

INT. HERMILDA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gustavo plays a serenade on the guitar. The family sits around him, enjoying the impromptu concert. His voice and playing are surprisingly smooth and soulful.

INT. HERMILDA'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - SAME

Pablo and Maria Victoria hear the music, but don't pay attention. They sit at the now empty table, the air between them heavy.

MARIA VICTORIA

You can't keep dropping in and out of their lives. It's too hard for them.

PABLO

I'm close, Tata. It'll be over soon.

MARIA VICTORIA

You've been saying that for years. We're not a family anymore. I don't know what we are. Either stay with us, or let us go.

In the next room, Gustavo finishes his *canción*, and the family applauds.

EXT. HERMILDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hermilda, tears streaming down her face, won't let Pablo go.

HERMILDA
It's not fair, the lies they say
about you! You're a good boy...

PABLO
I know, mamá, I know...

Pablo wrenches himself away. She moves on to her grand kids.
Pablo hugs his sisters goodbye. Not a dry eye among them.

Pablo gets to his brother, who still looks concerned.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Everything all right? You wanted
to talk.

ROBERTO
It can wait.

Pablo gets his family in the car.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pablo walks his family back to their temporary home. Chopo
opens the door for them, and they go inside.

MARIA VICTORIA
(to the children)
Wash up, get ready for bed.

The kids head to their rooms.

Pablo has not entered the apartment. He stays in the hall.
Maria Victoria looks back at him, sadly.

Ultimately, he can't bring himself to say goodbye. He just
turns and leaves. Maria Victoria doesn't go after him.

INT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pablo compulsively brushes his teeth at the bathroom sink.

INT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pablo dials a cellular, and waits for an answer.

PABLO
I want visas for my wife and
children.
(pause)
When I have the visas in my hand.
Not a day before.

He hangs up.

[**Note: the following flashback is intercut with present-day.**]

EXT. MINISTRY OF JUSTICE, 1984 - NIGHT

Rodrigo Lara Bonilla comes out of the building with his
bodyguards, gets in the waiting car.

EXT. STREET IN SOACHA, 1989 - NIGHT

Popeye and two of his underlings follow the sounds of a
gathering crowd -- cheering, music, and someone talking over
a PA -- to a large town square.

About ten thousand gather for the rally. The bandstand is
decorated with red, yellow and blue bunting and a banner that
reads: Galán -- **A PRESIDENT FOR THE PEOPLE!**

As the three men walk up, volunteers hand them miniature
Colombian flags to wave.

INT. BONILLA'S CAR, 1984 - NIGHT

Bonilla sits in back, going over work papers. His
bulletproof vest sits on the seat beside him.

EXT. BOGOTA STREET - NIGHT

Two men on a motorcycle cut through the evening traffic,
their faces obscured by helmets.

EXT. SOACHA SQUARE, 1989 - NIGHT

The atmosphere is jubilant and eager, like before a concert.
Popeye patiently makes his way to the bandstand.

A group of DAS Agents pull a MAN aside and pat him down for
weapons. The men with Popeye tense up at the sight.

One of the DAS Agents makes direct eye contact with Popeye,
and gives him a subtle nod.

Popeye and his men continue along.

EXT. BOGOTA STREET, 1984 - NIGHT

The motorcycle rides up alongside Lara's car. The *sicario* on the back pulls his weapon and opens fire.

INT. BONILLA'S CAR - SAME

Lara Bonilla is hit. Falls over. The driver speeds off. The bodyguards return fire. Chaos.

EXT. SOACHA SQUARE, 1989 - NIGHT

Popeye and his men ready themselves a few yards away from the bandstand. The EMCEE works up the crowd.

EMCEE

It is my honor and pleasure to
introduce the next President of
Colombia, Luís Carlos Galán!

The crowd cheers, and breaks into a chant.

CROWD

Ga-lán! Ga-lán! Ga-lán!

Popeye draws an Uzi from his jacket. Flicks off the safety.

Galán takes the stage with one arm held up, waving to the crowd. Popeye draws the Uzi fires a few quick bursts.

Galán falls. His handlers drop on top of him. Screams erupt and the crowd scatters.

EXT. BOGOTA STREET, 1984 - SAME

The motorcycle chases Bonilla's car through the streets, jumping up on the sidewalk to get around the traffic.

INT. BONILLA'S CAR - SAME

Bonilla clings to life, struggling to get his vest on.

EXT. BOGOTA STREET - SAME

The car squeals as it makes a sharp turn. The motorcycle loses traction and skids out, sending the *sicarios* flying.

We think Bonilla is safe until we see a second motorcycle speed up and take off after him.

EXT. SOACHA SQUARE, BANDSTAND, 1989 - NIGHT

Galán's people, some of them shot themselves, drag Galán back into his car. The night is full of screams and sirens.

The thousands of people instantly break into a stampede. Popeye and his men walk calmly, but with a purpose.

EXT. WINDING ROAD, 1984 - NIGHT

The car leaves the congestion of the city traffic and starts up a winding residential road.

The second motorcycle catches up, and the *sicario* shoots out the tires. The car skids, spins out and crashes. [**note: we recognize the crash from the earlier news broadcast**]

The driver draws a gun and fires through the windshield. The *sicarios* do the same and take out the driver.

The back door opens, and Lara Bonilla crawls out. The *sicario* ends his life with a few rounds to the head.

INT. GALÁN'S CAR, 1989 - NIGHT

The car speeds through the city toward the hospital. Galán can hold on to life no more. He dies.

EXT. MEDELLÍN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A black SUV pulls up to the curb. Roberto steps out first, followed by Maria Victoria and the children, and Chopo. They wear hats and glasses, and make their way inside quickly.

The usual airport police patrol the loading area; they take no special interest in the family.

INT. MEDELLÍN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, TICKET DESK - NIGHT

Roberto hands the family's passports and visas to the ticket agent. The others wait a few feet back.

MANUELA
Where's Miami?

MARIA VICTORIA

It's in America. It's very nice,
you'll like it.

JUAN PABLO

It's near Disney World.

Manuela gets excited. Juan Pablo looks around the airport, scanning the crowds. He sees more airport police, lazily pacing the concourse, but that's about all.

CLOSE ON: The ticket-taker's computer screen as she enters the passenger's last name. ESCOBAR. She hits enter.

INT. MEDELLÍN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, GATE - NIGHT

In the lounge, most everyone is gathered around the televisions, watching breaking news of Galán's assassination. They are stunned with grief.

From the gate, Roberto and Maria Victoria can see the reports, but can't hear them. The video footage of the Galán taking the stage and then falling is all they need to know.

Juan Pablo sits with Chopo and his sister a few feet away, looking particularly disheartened.

CHOPO

Hey. I had a good time hanging out
with you. It was a real honor.
I owe my whole life to your dad.
I'd fuckin' die for any one of you.

JUAN PABLO

Why?

CHOPO

Why? Kid, you got no idea what
it's like where I'm from.

Juan Pablo looks off. Across the concourse, he notices a BUSINESSMAN clearly watching them. The businessman looks away. Juan Pablo instantly feels uneasy.

Just then, the airline ticket-taker gets on the PA.

TICKET TAKER

Ladies and gentlemen, may I have
your attention please. Flight 451
non-stop to Miami has been delayed.

The departure monitor switches the flight from ON-TIME to DELAYED. Juan Pablo becomes anxious.

JUAN PABLO
Something's wrong.

EXT. MEDELLÍN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

DAS sedans pull up, lights spinning. Agents empty out, and swarm the terminal.

INT. MEDELLÍN AIRPORT, SERVICE CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Chopo leads the others as they run through the "backstage" area of the airport, down a long, empty service tunnel.

INT. MEDELLÍN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, GATE - NIGHT

The uniformed agents coalesce around the gate for flight 451. They search the passengers for the Escobars.

A unit of agents proceed through a door marked "Authorized Personnel Only".

INT. MEDELLÍN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, BAGGAGE CAROUSEL - NIGHT

The family ducks under the serpentine conveyors routing hundreds of bags.

INT. MEDELLÍN AIRPORT, SERVICE CORRIDORS - NIGHT

The DAS agents run down the service tunnel, in pursuit.

EXT. MEDELLÍN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, HELIPAD - NIGHT

A helicopter whirs to life: its props begin rotating; its engines fire up.

The family rushes out of the building across a patch of tarmac, toward the helicopter, completely exposed.

They get into the aircraft with little time to spare. Within seconds, its engine are roaring, and it becomes airborne.

INT. MEDELLÍN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, GATE - DAY

Several DAS agents watch the small blinking lights of the helicopter as it takes to the sky. They know who's on it.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Not enough earphones to go around. Chopo holds his hands over his ears, breaking long enough to flip two birds at the DAS agents on the ground.

Juan Pablo looks at his mother, who's near the breaking point. Tears run down her cheeks. She looks hopeless, clutching her daughter.

Juan Pablo sits up a little straighter, and puts his arm around his mother. She leans her head into his shoulder, and gives in -- she weeps like a child. He comforts her.

INT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE, COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

The room has only a few radios and mobile phones. The map on the wall tracks a fraction of the shipments it once did.

Pablo sits at the table, on the satellite phone.

ROBERTO (PHONE FILTER)
Everyone's fine. We got lucky.
Juan Pablo saw them first. He
saved us.

PABLO
Get them far away, to one of the
ranchos. Tell no one where. Then
I want you with me.

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

The country has come to a standstill.

-- CANTINA: Business has come to a stop as everyone pauses to watch the news of Galán's death on television.

-- BARBERSHOP: The old men watch the B&W footage of Galán falling on stage; even they are speechless.

-- PRIVATE HOMES: Families gather around their sets, somber and reflective.

-- GALÁN CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS: The sidewalk is coated with bouquets, letters, and candles. Many of Galán's staffers cry in each other's arms.

EXT. BOGOTA STREETS - DAY

A dozen police motorcycles escort the hearse, followed by a mile of slow-moving cars. The streets are lined with Galán supporters and admirers, quietly honoring the cortege.

EXT. POLITICAL RALLY - DAY

The stage is decorated with the late politician's visage. Galán's teenage son, CARLOS GALÁN, stands at the microphone. The crowd is subdued, but supportive.

CARLOS GALÁN

My father knew this fight was bigger than any one man. He dedicated and finally gave his life to it. We believe there is only one man who can continue my father's fight. One man who can succeed him as the Liberal Party's nominee for President. That man is César Gaviria.

The crowd cheers for Gaviria (whom we saw as President of the Congress in 1984). He's a bookish man, stoic, but earnest.

As he waves to the crowd, another face on stage stands out: Felix Gonzáles. He claps politely, and wears a passive smile of support. But inside, he seethes.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, PRESS ROOM - DAY

The President's PRESS SECRETARY addresses the media.

PRESS SECRETARY

In light of the recent tragedy, the Governor of Antioquia has instituted a ten PM curfew for the city of Medellín. Anyone seen on the streets after that hour will be subject to search and arrest.

INT. SEARCH BLOC JEEP - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: a wristwatch as it clicks over to ten PM.

PRESS SECRETARY (V.O.)
The President is also announcing
the creation of a special task
force with the sole purpose of
tracking down and capturing the
leadership of the Medellín Cartel.

The jeep pulls out with four officers of the SEARCH BLOC --
black uniforms, no badges. Armed to the hilt. More military
than civil. And ominous as hell.

EXT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Some BODEGA BOYS shoot dice, getting drunk. The Search Bloc
jeep rolls up, flashing its blue lights. The boys scatter,
only to run headlong into more officers on foot.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The Search Bloc officers lead the Bodega Boys down an alley,
and line them against a wall.

PRESS SECRETARY
No longer can we stand by while the
country is taken hostage by a
criminal mafia. The rule of law
must be restored.

One officer executes them all with a single spray of gunfire.

INT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE, PABLO'S ROOM - DAY

Pablo looks up suddenly from his typewriter. Listens.
Silence. Then:

Thp-thp-thp-thp-thp -- the unmistakable sound of helicopters.

INT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE - DAY

Pablo runs downstairs to alert his men. He grabs a pair of
binoculars.

PABLO
The mosquitos are here. Take
whatever you can carry.

EXT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE - DAY

Thp-thp-thp-thp-thp... It's getting louder.

Through the binoculars, Pablo sees a convoy of vehicles rolling over the terrain. Many men are coming.

Pablo actually grins.

EXT. REMOTE FOOTHILL HOUSE - DAY

The men flee into the woods, with weapons slung over their shoulders and pockets stuffed with ammo.

The helicopters thunder overhead. Gustavo runs alongside Pablo -- and sees him *taking pleasure* in the chase.

GUSTAVO
What's so funny?

PABLO
I think we're important again!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Pablo runs through the woods, leading his ragtag gang of brigands and thugs. There is no mistaking the rush of adrenaline behind his eyes.

EXT. CHURCH, SABANETA - NIGHT

Late. A small village. A modest church. Pablo counts off a few thousand, and hands it to the grateful priest.

Behind them, Gustavo inspects a rusted old bus with "Our Lady of Fatima" painted on the side.

INT. RUSTED OLD CHURCH BUS - NIGHT

Pablo drives the bus, sitting tall behind the wheel. His men, exhausted, try to catch some sleep in the seats.

Pablo glances at them in the mirror every so often, like a proud father might.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

The donkey chews some grass beside its cart.

FARMER (O.S.)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry...

The peasant farmer stands at the river edge, soaking wet.

FARMER (CONT'D)

The soldiers, they threatened my
boy... I didn't... I'm sorry...

Pablo stands before him, strangely empathetic. He looks back at the FARMER'S SON (9) a few yards away -- Popeye holds the kid in place.

El Mugre takes out a box of wooden matches. Beside him: a five-gallon gas can -- the farmer isn't wet with water.

FARMER (CONT'D)

Please... No... Please...

His hands and feet are bound; he cannot move. El Mugre strikes a match and tosses it; the farmer bursts into flames.

The boy screams. Popeye grips him tightly.

El Mugre pushes the farmer backward into the river, extinguishing him. He drags him out. The farmer is alive -- skin blistered horribly, body quivering.

Pablo goes to the boy.

PABLO

When I was younger than you, the communist guerillas came through my village, and they took my father, and the other boys' fathers, and brought them all to the plaza. They gave the men a choice, either join their army or die. Our fathers looked out at us -- we were all very scared -- and each one of them joined the guerillas. Every one, except my father. My father chose death. He wanted me and my brother to know that a life lived in fear is not worth living. They set him on fire, and I watched him burn. It was the greatest day of my life. It was the day I became a man. It was the day I stopped being afraid.

He nods to El Mugre, who douses the farmer with more gasoline, then lights him back on fire. Again, the farmer burns and screams.

PABLO (CONT'D)
(to the boy)
Open your eyes. Watch him. Watch!

El Mugre pushes the farmer into the water, once again putting out the fire. He pulls him on shore. The farmer is in shock, unable to stand, barely able to breathe.

Pablo has not taken his eyes off the boy. He pulls out his Sig Sauer and offers the butt end to the boy.

The boy looks at Pablo, in just as much shock as his father. Pablo urges the gun into the boy's hand.

PABLO (CONT'D)
He's in pain.

The boy takes the gun. Pablo leads him to the farmer's blistered, steaming body. His chest rises and falls in fits.

The boy, his cheeks red hot, lips quivering, raises the gun, and aims it at his father.

PABLO (CONT'D)
You never have to be afraid again.
Not even of death.

The boy pulls the trigger.

EXT. DOWNSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD, MEDELLÍN - EVENING

A row of sagging, chipped homes. Music drifts through open windows. Overweight women fan themselves on milk crates.

A Mercedes, too nice for the neighborhood, parks. Roberto gets out, and uneasily takes in the surroundings.

INT. CITY HIDEOUT - EVENING

Roberto enters to find Pablo's men going through stockpiles of weapons. Not just machine guns, but grenades, explosives and miles of detonation cord.

The men hardly pause to acknowledge Roberto. He makes his way through the place, looking for his little brother.

INT. CITY HIDEOUT - EVENING

On TV: the EL MINUTO DE DIOS begins, with Father Herrero. No sound. Pablo types out a letter at his desk, absently smoking a joint. A knock at his door.

PABLO

Come in.

Roberto enters. Pablo rises, genuinely relieved to see him. He gives his brother a hug.

PABLO (CONT'D)

How are they?

ROBERTO

Fine. Safe. I put them in the place outside --

PABLO

Shh!

Pablo stops him from continuing.

PABLO (CONT'D)

They drive vans up and down the streets with satellite dishes on top. The Americans are working with them.

ROBERTO

What's going on? What is all that downstairs?

Pablo goes back to his typewriter.

PABLO

They're about to find out what happens to people who break deals.

ROBERTO

Pablo -- we can't keep spending like this. We don't have enough coming in.

PABLO

Empty the stashes then.

ROBERTO

We already did. Or they've been raided, or destroyed, or we can't remember where they are because you didn't want to write 'em down. The bank accounts are frozen. The rest is tied up in land we can't sell.

PABLO

There's always more money, Roberto, find it.

ROBERTO
You're not listening.

PABLO
The money is your job -- keep track
of the money -- simple -- do your
fucking job!

Pablo pulls himself together. Puts his hands on his
brother's shoulders.

PABLO (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Pablo crosses into the bathroom to take a piss.

PABLO (CONT'D)
I want live music for my birthday
this year. What do you think?

Roberto sneaks a look the typewriter while he has the chance.

ROBERTO
I think it's risky to be seen.

On the page, in all caps: WE DECLARE TOTAL WAR ON THIS
GOVERNMENT.

From the bathroom, Pablo can see his brother's reflection in
the mirror -- he sees him snooping, plain as day.

PABLO
I'm glad you're here, *hermano*. I
need people I can trust now.

INT. CITY HIDEOUT, PABLO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pablo admires a photo of Manuela. He speaks into his tape
recorder.

PABLO
I won't know what I'll do when you
grow up. Promise me you won't get
any older. Can you do that? Can
you stay little for me?

He pauses. Starts to sing.

PABLO (CONT'D)
*Have yourself a merry little
Christmas. Let your heart be
light. From now on our troubles
will be out of sight...*

[note: he continues to sing under the following:]

EXT. SOCCER STADIUM, MEDELLÍN - NIGHT

A low flying propeller plane releases thousands of slips of paper. They flutter down through the night sky, and land upon the packed Stadium Escobar. The match comes to a halt.

Curious fans grab at the flyers and read them.

CLOSE ON the flyer: ONE MILLION PESOS FOR EVERY DEAD POLICE OFFICER. -- THE EXTRADITABLES

EXT. SEARCH BLOC HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The Search Bloc jeeps take to the streets, locked and loaded.

EXT. MEDELLÍN ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Pablo's men distribute submachine guns from the bed of a pickup to a clamoring crowd of impoverished young men.

EXT. MEDELLÍN BARRIO STREET - NIGHT

A Toyota full of eager young hoodlums pulls away, on the hunt for *policia*.

EXT. MEDELLÍN STREET - NIGHT

Members of the Search Bloc shoot it out with street kids. The kids, untrained and unprotected, fall quickly.

EXT. ANOTHER MEDELLÍN STREET - NIGHT

Another shootout -- this time the police suffer defeat. Once the last one has fallen, the barrio boys run up to loot him. They take his gun, his badge, his shoes.

One young man uses a machete to hack off the officer's head.

EXT. DAS HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

General Maza gets out of his limousine and enters the eight story cement building.

INT. CITY BUS - SAME

A YOUNG MAN drives a city bus through the congested Bogota streets. He lays on the horn and weaves through traffic.

Behind him: the rows of seats have been replaced with crates of TNT, all wired together into a single massive bomb.

EXT. DAS HEADQUARTERS - SAME

The bus barrels toward the building. As it crosses through the intersection, it T-bones a passing car and ends up halfway up the curb.

The young man leaps from the bus and sprints away. DAS agents pour from the building, firing after him.

In a flash, the bus DETONATES. The ground beneath it evaporates. The buildings across the street are reduced to matchsticks.

INT. CITY HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Pablo's men celebrate his birthday with him. The atmosphere is light and fun, even though no families are there.

A small band of musicians plays a tango, and Pablo dances. The musicians are all blind -- they have no idea who they're playing for.

IN THE NEXT ROOM

Roberto watches television, horrified. ON TV: the fiery carcass of an Avianca jetliner. Emergency crews scour the field outside Bogotá for survivors.

A picture of Cesar Gaviria comes up.

NEWSCASTER

We have confirmed that Presidential candidate César Gaviria was *not* on the flight, due to a last-minute change in his schedule.

Roberto -- aghast, terrified -- looks away from the set and into the next room where Pablo furiously types.

EXT. MEDELLÍN BARRIO - DAY

By the light of morning, last night's dead are stacked in a pile like so much lumber. Fifteen men -- boys, really -- shot in the face so their mothers can't recognize them.

INT. FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Pablo, into the recorder, finishes the song:

PABLO

*...And have yourself a merry little
Christmas now. Good night. I love
you.*

EXT. PLAZA DE BOLIVAR - DAY

César Gaviria stands before thousands of dignitaries and invited guests in the historic plaza. The President of the Congress swears him into office.

GAVIRIA

*...to uphold the Constitution, and
the laws of Colombia.*

The President of the Congress drapes a wide sash with the national colors over Gaviria's shoulders. The audience applauds the new President of Colombia.

INT. GONZÁLES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Felix Gonzáles is drunk, and fixing to get drunker. His tuxedo shirt is open; his bow tie hangs drearily to one side.

He pushes aside some papers on his desk to clear space for a new bottle of whiskey. As he does, a piece of mail stands out to him.

It bears his name, but no address, or stamps. It didn't go through the mail; it was left there.

He opens the envelope and takes out the letter. A single sentence, typed in all caps: YOU STILL WORK FOR ME.

Gonzáles drops the letter, instantly sickened.

EXT. OCHOA COMPOUND - DAY

The expansive horse ranch boasts enough stables and pastures for a dozen thoroughbreds. One of Pablos' cars makes its way up the long driveway.

EXT. OCHOA COMPOUND - DAY

Pablo and Gustavo get out, followed by their top men: Popeye, Limón, and El Mugre. Pablo wears a full beard, and looks heavier, unkempt.

The three Ochoa brothers greet them at the gate.

JUAN DAVID OCHOA
You're looking well, Pablo.

INT. OCHOA COMPOUND, FORMAL SITTING ROOM - DAY

The Ochoas lead Pablo and the others in. The room smells of old leather and books. Its walls are lined with portraits of long-dead patriarchs.

Already seated: Don Berna, along with his two grown sons, EDUARDO and PEDRO (20s). The three rise to meet Pablo.

DON BERNA
Doctór. You remember my boys,
Eduardo and Pedro.

PABLO
Not boys anymore, are they?

DON BERNA
To me they're always boys. They
got their own operations. Doing a
good business.

Pablo nods at them, then sees Carlos Castaño, the former jungle paramilitary, standing guard by the french doors. Castaño watches him like a puma.

Don Berna relishes the surprise in Pablo's eyes.

DON BERNA (CONT'D)
Carlos handles our security now.

Pablo looks at Don Berna closely.

PABLO
You must sleep well at night.

DON BERNA

We do.

JUAN DAVID OCHOA

Let's all sit and get started.

PABLO

Where's the Mexican?

An awkward pause. The Ochoa brothers exchange looks.

JUAN DAVID OCHOA

He's dead. The Search Bloc raided
his home, killed him and his son.
I assumed you knew.

The news is a sledge hammer to the gut, but Pablo hides it.
Gustavo and the others follow Pablo's lead.

PABLO

When?

JUAN DAVID OCHOA

Two months ago.

DON BERNA

You've been a hard man to reach,
Doctór.

PABLO

That's unfortunate. I wonder how
they found him.

JUAN DAVID OCHOA

They're hunting all of us.

PABLO

(noting the setting)
Some of us more than others.

JUAN DAVID OCHOA

Sit. Please.

Pablo takes a seat, along with Gustavo. Popeye and the other
men take places at the edges of the room.

Every now and then, Pablo catches a glint off Castaño's eyes.
The man watches his every move.

INT. OCHOA COMPOUND, FORMAL SITTING ROOM - DAY

Later. The room has thickened with cigar smoke; empty hi-
ball glasses dot the tables. Pablo remains sober as a judge.

JUAN DAVID OCHOA
What about the Caribbean? We still
have people in Florida.

GUSTAVO
The DEA is all over Florida now.

DON BERNA
The future is Mexico.

JORGE LUÍS OCHOA
Those were José's routes. None of
us have connections there.

DON BERNA
But Cali does. And if we *partner*
with them --

PABLO
No.

Silence.

PABLO (CONT'D)
I am fighting a war, at great
personal expense, *for all of you*.
The end of extradition benefits
every one of us. But I am the only
one making sacrifices. I want two
million dollars a month, from each
of you.

More silence.

JUAN DAVID OCHOA
Are you asking us to *pay a tax*?

PABLO
Is your freedom not worth two
million?

FABIO OCHOA
You're a dope runner, not Simón
fucking Bolivar. I haven't seen my
children in weeks! My wife gets
death threats! They think we're
part of the Extraditables!

PABLO
Don't talk to me about children,
Fabito.

From the doorway, a gravelly voice:

FABIO SR. (O.S.)

Enough...

Fabio Sr, an immense man in a white hat and suit, enters with the aid of a cane. Everyone, Pablo included, pays deference.

FABIO SR. (CONT'D)

Sr. Escobar. Walk with me.

EXT. OCHOA RANCH - DAY

Fabio Sr. walks with Pablo along a path between pastures. Under a tree, a fantastic stallion lazes in the shade.

FABIO SR.

That's Aragón. His father was Finnegan's Wake, his mother was Pegretta. Since we put him out to stud, he's sired over a hundred foals. Do you know what the most valuable commodity in the world is?

Pablo defers.

FABIO SR. (CONT'D)

Good breeding. Money comes and goes. In the end, all a man ever inherits is his pedigree. He can either uphold it, or squander it. My sons, sadly, have squandered theirs. Thanks to this coca, the Ochoa name will be associated with smuggling. It will take many generations to correct. I understand why this business is attractive to someone with your breeding, but I regret ever letting my sons get involved.

Pablo holds his tongue.

FABIO SR. (CONT'D)

You are right about one thing: this extradition is an insult, and it needs to end. But my family cannot fight with you. I have made a deal with this new President. My sons are going to surrender, and serve at Iguatí. I hope they learn their lesson.

Pablo takes a moment to process the news, keeping calm.

PABLO

I've made your sons wealthy, Don Fabio. In fact, coca paid for Aragón. Your eldest would even smuggle a few kilos up its ass every time they'd travel for a race.

Fabio Sr. remains unruffled.

FABIO SR.

My sons were wealthy before they met you, Sr. Escobar. You made them weak.

INT. CITY COMPOUND, PABLO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pablo watches the evening news.

ON TV: Police escort the three Ochoa brothers in shackles from the federal courthouse in Bogotá.

Pablo switches off the television. The screen goes dark, leaving Pablo with his own reflection, staring back.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ - DAY

Two women, MARUJA PACHÓN and BEATRIZ VILLAMIZAR ride in a sedan through Bogotá's notoriously heavy rush hour traffic.

Suddenly, a bullet through the window zips through the DRIVER'S skull; he falls forward; the Mercedes rear-ends the car in front of it. They both scream.

MASKED GUNMEN throw open the doors and pull the women out.

MARUJA

Please -- just take me -- I'm the journalist -- please!

The men quickly and brutally drag the women into vehicles on either side of the Mercedes.

OVER BLACK: **1991**

INT. HOSTAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

ON A GRAINY B&W TV: The evening news.

NEWS ANCHOR

...more than six months since the shocking series of kidnappings. And still, negotiations between President Gaviria and the Extraditables remain deadlocked.

The windowless room has three beds and a small stand for the television, nothing more.

Maruja looks gaunt. Her eyes are sullen and desperate. Her clothes don't fit anymore.

If it were possible, Beatriz looks even worse. More pale. She lies in bed, nagged by a wet cough.

A third woman, older, and once quite elegant, shares the cell: MARINA MONTOYA. She looks no less haggard now.

The GUARD, an older, more brutish Bodega Boy, enters to retrieve the food trays. Two have been emptied. One -- Beatriz' -- is untouched.

The guard pokes her with the tray.

MARUJA

We told you, she's sick.

INT. CITY COMPOUND, PABLO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pablo types, lost in his own all-caps composition: ALL TEN HOSTAGES WILL BE RELEASED WHEN EXTRADITION...

Pablo stops. Looks up at Limón in the doorway.

LIMÓN

One of them needs a doctor.

Pablo can't seem to think.

PABLO

What time is it?

LIMÓN

Six.

PABLO

Morning?

LIMÓN

Night.

He crosses the room and takes out a joint from a drawer.
Lights it. Gets straight.

PABLO
I need to see Gustavo, where is he?

LIMÓN
Went to see his kids.

Pablo pauses, stirred.

PABLO
Oh. Right.

LIMÓN
What about the sick woman?

PABLO
Send a doctor, right away.

Limón nods, and leaves.

Pablo goes back to his small table and picks up the mobile phone. He dials a number.

A few rings, and then three quick beeps. Pablo types in the return phone number. He hangs up.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - SAME

On a night stand, Juan Pablo's pager lights up and beeps. The little green screen displays the return number.

Juan Pablo reaches down, and without checking the number, turns the pager off.

INT. CITY COMPOUND, PABLO'S ROOM - SAME

Pablo waits by the phone. He waits a very long time.

INT. HOUSE IN MEDELLÍN - NIGHT

Gustavo checks his watch. He sighs, his heart heavy. His wife ESME picks up on it, and corrals her children.

ESME
Okay, niños time to say goodbye.

GUSTAVO'S KIDS
No!

ESME

Eh-eh-eh...

Gustavo kisses his children goodbye. Holds back the tears. This is killing him.

GUSTAVO

C'mere. I need another hug.

None of them want to let go.

EXT. HOUSE IN MEDELLÍN - NIGHT

Gustavo comes out of the house, wiping the tears from his eyes. The fresh air does him good.

He walks to his car. As he does, he hears a shuffle down the street. He stops and turns.

The street is quiet. One streetlight flickers, the rest are off. By the flicker of that single light he catches the glint off a gun barrel across the street.

Gustavo draws the pistol from his belt.

Dozens of unseen men open fire on him.

Gustavo dives behind the car door, shooting blindly across the street, into the darkness.

Bullets scream into his legs, his side. He pulls an automatic rifle from under the seat and empties it.

But he is no match. He is shot in the head, the neck, the chest. He falls, dead.

Silence, except for the muffled screams of Esme and the children inside.

Search Bloc officers emerging from the shadows, masks over their faces. Their guns are drawn.

The first officer to reach him kicks the gun away from his hand, then plugs three more rounds into his head for safety.

Another comes up and fires another three shots into his chest. Yet another comes up and does the same.

EXT. HOUSE IN MEDELLÍN - DAY

Two cars pull up. Pablo's men get out of one and establish a perimeter, turning every pedestrian and car back.

Pablo gets out with Roberto. They approach the spot where their cousin fell. The cement is stained. The house bears the scars of the shoot out.

Pablo stares at the massive blood stain. He kneels down and touches the ground.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Driving back, no one says a word. The potholes of Medellín jostle them around. Roberto speaks up.

ROBERTO
I don't want to die, Pablo.

Pablo doesn't respond. Can't.

INT. HOSTAGE HOUSE - DAY

The guard comes in and without a word, takes Marina by the arm. He leads her out. The two others panic.

MARUJA
What are you doing -- where are you
taking her?

Marina looks back desperately. As soon as they're in the hall, a second guard shuts the door and padlocks it.

INT. CITY COMPOUND, PABLO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pablo stands at the sink. He mixes shaving lather in a small porcelain bowl, then applies the lather to his beard.

He takes up his straight razor. Unfolds it. Brings it to his neck.

He stares into the mirror, losing himself in his reflection.

The razor clatters to the floor. Pablo crumbles, covering his face with both hands, smearing the shaving cream, blending it with his tears.

He forces himself to cry silently so no one -- no one -- can hear him.

EXT. EMPTY LOT, MEDELLÍN - NIGHT

Marina, hood over her head, is led from an idling car into an empty lot. One of the CAPTORS raises a gun and shoots her in the back of the head. Marina falls.

He puts six more in.

FADE TO:

INT. CITY COMPOUND, PABLO'S ROOM - EVENING

ON TV: the GOD MINUTE titles come up, introducing Father Rafael Garcia Herreros. The normally beatific man looks troubled today.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS (ON TV)
O sea, O immense sea! O solitary
sea, which knows it all! I want to
ask you a few things, answer me.
You who keep the secrets, I would
like to build a grand institute for
the rehabilitation of *sicarios* in
Medellín.

Pablo lies in bed, beard still thick and full, absently watching TV. He seems to have not showered or even moved much in several days.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS (ON TV)
(CONT'D)
What do you think, O sea? Speak to
me, you who keep secrets. I would
like to speak with Pablo Escobar.

At the mention of his name, Pablo's eyes spark.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS (ON TV)
(CONT'D)
They have told me you want to hand
yourself over. They have told me
you want to speak to me. Tell me,
O sea, will I be able to do it?
Will they reject me if I do? Will
there be a gun battle when I go
with them, will I die with them in
this adventure?

Pablo sits up, hanging on the priest's every word.

INT. JEEP - DAY

The ride is rough; the dirt road through the country is uneven and dusty. In the back seat, Father Garcia holds on with both hands. His head is covered with a hood.

INT. RUSTIC COTTAGE - DAY

Father Garcia sits in a small, humble cabin, the hood still over his head.

Pablo reaches out and removes the hood. Father Garcia, disoriented, takes a moment to even recognize him.

PABLO
Hello, father. Forgive the
precautions. I hope your trip was
pleasant.

Pablo offers the priest a glass of water.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS
Thank you.

Father Garcia takes the water, and drinks.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Pablo and Father Garcia walk the property. Pristine country. Not another house to be seen.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS
You own all this?

PABLO
It wouldn't be my name on the deed,
but yes. My father used to say the
best thing a man could do with his
money is buy land.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS
He sounds like a wise man.

Pablo reserves comment.

PABLO
Why did you give me that message?

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS
I want to help you. I've had
contact with the families of the
people you are holding --

PABLO

I am holding no one. The
Extraditables have taken hostages.
I am not The Extraditables.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS

Nevertheless, they want the same
thing as you: peace.

PABLO

They didn't want peace when men
were dying by the hundreds every
night in the slums.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS

Sadly, man has never valued life
equally. That is why he needs God.
Are you a practicing Catholic,
Pablo?

PABLO

I built my mother a church.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS

You've been generous, I know. But
Christ calls on us to be humble,
too. When was your last
confession?

Pablo laughs at that one. The priest sees no humor in it.

PABLO

I like you, father. I need you to
deliver a message to President
Gaviria, detailing the terms of my
surrender. Can you do that?

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS

I will do whatever is needed to
help my country. But that's not
why I came here.

Pablo pauses.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS (CONT'D)

I came to help you.

PABLO

You came because I brought you.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS

You brought me because you wanted a
priest. Pray with me, son.

The priest kneels down, and waits for Pablo to do the same. He doesn't. Garcia gestures to the surrounding countryside.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS (CONT'D)
It's just you, me, and God.

Pablo, despite himself, kneels down with the priest.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS (CONT'D)
Hail Mary, full of grace, our Lord
is with thee. Blessed art thou
among women, and blessed is the
fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Eventually, Pablo joins in.

BOTH
Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for
us sinners, now and at the hour of
our death. Amen.

INT. CONGRESSMAN RIVERA'S OFFICE - DAY

Felix Gonzáles sits on the sofa, enjoying a glass of scotch with CONGRESSMAN RIVERA. An ATTORNEY with a briefcase sits quietly off to the side.

CONGRESSMAN RIVERA
What's the catch, Felix? What do
you want, an appropriation? A city
park or something?

GONZÁLEZ
A yes on the extradition clause.

Uncomfortable pause. Rivera's face sours.

GONZÁLEZ (CONT'D)
Gaviria *wants* to make a deal -- he
wants the hostages to be released,
but he can't -- the Americans have
him in a corner. But if we make
extradition unconstitutional, we
end this madness once and for all.

CONGRESSMAN RIVERA
...I can't. Escobar deserves more
than a slap on the wrist. If he
ever walked free, I couldn't
forgive myself.

Gonzáles nods, understanding.

GONZÁLEZ

Thank you for your time. And for
the Glen Morangie.

They shake hands; Gonzáles leaves. Rivera looks uneasily at
the attorney, who has remained.

The attorney motions for him to close the door.

CONGRESSMAN RIVERA

Excuse me, this is my office.

The attorney opens his briefcase and removes an envelope
stuffed to the ripping point with cash.

Rivera closes the door.

CONGRESSMAN RIVERA (CONT'D)

Put that away, and leave.

The attorney takes photos out of his briefcase, and lays out
them on the table, one by one, beside the cash.

Rivera takes in the pictures: they're all of Rivera with his
family. His wife. His children. His mother. His stomach
turns, his heart sinks.

The choice is before him: money, or death.

INT. CHAMBER OF REPRESENTATIVES - NIGHT

Representatives from each department, some wearing indigenous
garb, file to the front of the chamber to cast their votes.

Rivera drops his folded slip of paper into the box, as a bank
of photographers and video cameras record the event.

INT. CAPITOLIO NACIONAL ROTUNDA - NIGHT

Gonzáles gives a statement to a gathering of reporters.

GONZÁLEZ

This is an historic day for
Colombia. We have reclaimed our
sovereignty, and have set ourselves
on a path to a more transparent and
representative government. Every
Colombian should be proud tonight.

REPORTER
 (calling out)
 Congressman, are you planning
 another run for the Presidency?

GONZÁLEZ
 I am willing to serve my country
 however she may need me.

EXT. STREET IN BOGOTA - DAY

A car pulls to a sudden stop in a residential neighborhood.
 The back door opens, and Maruja, blindfolded, staggers out.

The car peels away. After a few moments, Maruja ventures to
 remove her blindfold.

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Father Garcia makes a last second adjustment to his collar as
 the titles to the God Minute play on the monitor.

The red light atop the single camera goes on, and along with
 it, Father Garcia's peaceful smile.

FATHER GARCIA HERREROS
 Today, the Lord has brought peace
 unto our great nation.

EXT. SOCCER PITCH - DAY

Pablo stands in the middle of the field with Roberto and the
 rest of the men, watching the approach of two helicopters.

ROBERTO
 I don't know if I want to go to
 prison. I haven't broken any laws.

PABLO
 We'll come up with something for
 you to confess. You'll be safer in
 there. We'll all be.

The military helicopters land, scattering debris everywhere.
 Roberto looks more nervous than ever.

ROBERTO
 (shouting over the noise)
 I think it's a trap!

Pablo nods, grinning.

PABLO
And they walked right into it!

Pablo leads the march toward the helicopters.

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - DAY

The long, squat prison is nestled into the foothills above Envigado. It backs against the thick tree line. A lone barbed-wire fence marks the perimeter.

ARMY SOLDIERS escort Pablo and his men from the helicopters to the front gate where the WARDEN awaits them.

WARDEN
Mr. Escobar, welcome to the
Cathedral.

PABLO
Warden. I hereby surrender to the
government of Colombia.

Pablo removes the Sig Sauer from his waistband and hands it over, almost ceremoniously, to the Warden.

The PRISON GUARDS lead the prisoners into the yard.

As the gang heads toward its new home, Pablo gives Popeye a nudge. Popeye hands over an extra pistol to his patrón.

Pablo tucks it into his belt. Ready for incarceration.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON, DISCO - NIGHT

A mirrored ball spins. Tyson works the bar. Lionel Richie's "Dancin' on the Ceiling" booms from the jukebox. Everyone surrounds Popeye, clapping, as he dances a solo.

The room is filled with women, too -- pageant queens from all over Colombia, still wearing their sashes.

Pablo stands against the wall, enjoying the music, but not really participating.

Popeye pulls MISS TOLIMA onto the dance floor. She tosses back her black hair, looking dead into his eyes. Her tiara sparkles in the disco lights.

INT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON, PRIVATE BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Red silk covers the lights. A leopard print bed. A small collection of dildos on night stand. Miss Tolima goes down on Popeye. He wears her tiara.

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - MORNING

Popeye kisses Miss Tolima goodbye, then covers her and the other beauty queens in the back of the pickup with a weathered, army green tarp.

He smacks the side of the truck, and it pulls away.

Tyson and Mugre off-load a second supply truck with fresh crates of booze, food, and other essentials. Popeye lends a hand carrying a particularly bulky TV into the prison.

INT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON, COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

Maps on the wall track shipments and cash up through Mexico and the Caribbean -- even to Spain, France and Italy.

Two men handle eleven different phone lines, several fax machines, radios, and two computers. Back in business.

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - DAY

Roberto tends to the garden. They grow some vegetables, flowers, and a good amount of marijuana.

INT. PABLO'S CELL - DAY

Pablo's cell is more like a penthouse. The living room is complete with art on the wall and a widescreen television.

-- A bowl of fresh fruit adorns the kitchen counter.

-- His bedroom features a large portrait of the Virgin Mary hanging over his king sized bed. There is a writing desk, with pictures of his family all around.

-- His private bathroom has a jacuzzi tub.

And outside, a spacious veranda:

EXT. PABLO'S CELL, VERANDA - DAY

Pablo gazes through a telescope at the city below. The prison's hillside perch affords a medieval view of Medellín, with Pablo its king in exile.

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - DAY

Pablo strides toward the gate, where two guards pat down Maria Victoria and the children.

PABLO
Let them in.

The pat down ends, and Pablo's family is allowed entrance.

Manuela has grown, Maria Victoria has aged. But Juan Pablo, now 14, looks most changed. He's shot up and put on solid weight. He looks more like his father than ever.

Even Pablo is arrested by the sight of his son.

PABLO (CONT'D)
You're getting so big.

Pablo hugs his son. Juan Pablo hugs him back, but only after thinking it over.

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - DAY

Manuela plays with her dolls in the life-sized gingerbread playhouse Pablo had built for her.

Maria Victoria and Roberto stand nearby, one eye on the girl, one on the soccer match playing out in the adjacent pitch.

MARIA VICTORIA
Why aren't you playing?

ROBERTO
My knees.

Maria Victoria reflects.

MARIA VICTORIA
We're not kids anymore, are we?

ROBERTO
No, we're not.

SOCCER PITCH

Pablo's gang versus the Colombian National team.

Juan Pablo weaves through the defense, moving the ball well. Pablo parallels him along the sideline, calling.

PABLO
Here! Here!

Juan Pablo passes the ball, but it's a little behind his father, and a defender steals it.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Lead me -- lead me!

Pablo chides his son, and then pursues the ball. Juan Pablo's patience is thin, and physically he's wearing out.

Another change of possession, and the ball gets to Pablo.

He spots Juan Pablo for the cross, and sends it his way.

Juan Pablo fields the ball, and takes his shot.

Wide. Well wide.

Pablo throws out his hands in frustration.

PABLO (CONT'D)
What was *that*?

The goalie, RENE "EL LOCO" HEGUITA (25), trots it out. His bush of long, tight black curls bounces with each step. He sails the ball to mid-field.

Pablo wins a battle for the ball, and drives again.

One man to beat. He jukes left and goes right. He has a clean shot on goal, and takes it.

Heguita dives -- the ball skips past his fingertips and finds home.

Pablo throws both fists up in celebration. His teammates clap his back and jump around him.

Juan Pablo sits the celebration out.

One of the GUARDS, serving as referee, checks his watch and blows a whistle. Match over.

Pablo sees his son's rather dour expression.

PABLO (CONT'D)
What's the matter -- we won!

JUAN PABLO
He let you score.

A few of the others, including Heguita, fall into uncomfortable silence.

PABLO
That's René Heguita! *El Loco!*

Juan Pablo shrugs, not moved. Pablo turns to Heguita.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Did you let me score?

HEGUITA
No, way -- that was a great shot.

Heguita's expression withers a little under the attention. By this point, everyone is silent.

PABLO
We're playing another period.

Pablo claps. The exhausted men hold their protests.

PABLO (CONT'D)
(to Heguita)
You don't let me score, do you understand? You block me.
Whatever you have to do. Do not let me score.

Everyone trots back into position. Juan Pablo shakes his head and heads to midfield.

Heguita stands back in the goal, and takes a deep -- almost doomed -- breath.

The Guard blows the whistle, and play resumes.

The ball goes back and forth a few times, but Pablo's heart is the only one really in it. Juan Pablo hangs off to the side, making a show of keeping up.

Eventually Pablo drives. No real opposition this time. Pablo is given an open shot yet again.

Heguita crouches down, ready for the shot.

Pablo shoots a bullet. Heguita dives, and once again the ball slips past and into the net.

Silence.

Heguita, on the ground, dare not look up at Pablo.

Pablo waits until the ball comes to rest in the nylon webbing, then looks at his son.

PABLO (CONT'D)
There! I told you!

Pablo walks off the pitch.

PABLO (CONT'D)
We win.

INT. PABLO'S CELL - NIGHT

The family eats dinner together around a small table. Spooning out the food, passing the plates. No conversation.

INT. PABLO'S CELL - NIGHT

The family sits in the living room, playing Monopoly. But no one has any fun; it's all pro-forma.

Roberto rolls and moves his piece. He lands on one of Pablo's properties. He dutifully pays rent.

While Manuela takes her turn, Pablo swipes some money from the bank and slips it between the sofa cushions.

Pablo glances at Juan Pablo, who caught him again. Pablo winks, and tries to give him a bill under the table.

But Juan Pablo doesn't take it. Pablo urges it on him.

Juan Pablo snaps, and with a swipe of his hand, overturns the board. Houses, hotels and Chance cards go everywhere.

MARIA VICTORIA
What are you doing!?

Juan Pablo storms out to the veranda.

Pablo holds out his hands, tries to calm everyone down. He follows his boy outside.

EXT. PABLO'S CELL, VERANDA - NIGHT

Juan Pablo stands at the rail, beside the telescope. He hears his father come out, but doesn't turn.

Pablo slides the glass door shut behind him, but leaves some space between himself and his son.

JUAN PABLO
I hate this place. I want to
leave.

PABLO
You don't hate it. We have
everything we could possibly want.

Pablo goes to the telescope.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Let me show you something.

Pablo trains it on the city, searching.

PABLO (CONT'D)
There. Look. It's your house.

Pablo offers the eyepiece. Juan Pablo looks at him,
confused. Doesn't take it.

PABLO (CONT'D)
If you knew what I had to do to get
us all here, you'd change your
tune.

JUAN PABLO
I know what you did. I read the
newspapers.

PABLO
You read the newspapers. You're a
man of the world now, 'eh? Have
you read how the Americans are
trying to kill me? That the only
thing standing between me and a
bullet is that fence? No you
haven't, because they only print
what they want you to know.

JUAN PABLO
I know enough. I know I never want
to be you.

PABLO
And who am I, Juan Pablo? Come on.
Look at me. What do you see?

Juan Pablo squares himself opposite his father. They are
practically eye-to-eye now.

JUAN PABLO
I see... a selfish old man.

Silence. Pablo stays calm, easy.

PABLO
One day, when you have children,
you'll understand the sacrifices
I've made.

Pablo goes back inside.

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - NIGHT

Pablo sees his family off. Pablo hugs his daughter tightly.
He kisses and hugs his wife.

JUAN PABLO
(to Manuela)
Come on.

Juan Pablo leads his sister to the gate while his mother
lingers behind, on the verge of tears.

PABLO
Don't cry, Tata. I'll see you next
week.

She pulls away from him, and joins her children, leaving
Pablo alone with the night sky.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - NIGHT

A light cargo truck pulls up to the gate. The guard makes a
 cursory inspection. The payload is filled with crates of
 food, fresh produce. He waves it through.

OVERLAY: 1993

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON, LOADING AREA - NIGHT

Popeye unloads a few crates from a supply truck, revealing a
 hidden compartment. He unlatches the door and opens it.

Eduardo and Pedro, Don Berna's sons, climb out, sore and
 cramped from the ride.

POPEYE
Hard part's over.

EDUARDO BERNA

I hope the hospitality makes up for the ride. I heard you have a hell of a setup here.

Popey shrugs.

POPEYE

It's home.

INT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Popeye leads the two men through the building.

PEDRO BERNA

I could use a drink. Whattaya got?

POPEYE

Whatever you want.

EDUARDO BERNA

Hey -- is it true? Did you fuck Miss Venezuela?

POPEYE

Don't believe everything you hear, bro.

Popeye opens a door, revealing a staircase going down.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

But yeah. In the ass.

The men share a jocular laugh. Popeye politely allows the two gentlemen to go downstairs first.

INT. PABLO'S CELL - NIGHT

A Sinatra record spins on the turntable: *In the Wee Small Hours*. The cover sits next to the record player, with a handwritten note: "Pablo, thanks for the memories! Frank."

Pablo sits at his desk, writing long hand. Photos adorn the wall. In one, Pablo and his young son pose outside the White House gate. In another, they stand with Mickey Mouse.

Another set is of Pablo the outlaw: one of him dressed as Pancho Villa with criss-crossing bands of bullets; the other of Gustavo and him dressed as Prohibition-era bootleggers.

A knock. Popeye enters.

POPEYE
Doctór. They're ready.

Pablo continues to write.

PABLO
I'll be down in a minute.

POPEYE
What's that, what are you writing?

PABLO
A book. About my life. You should write one, too. We all should.

POPEYE
Nobody'd read a book about me.

PABLO
They'll read books, sing *corridos*... Mothers will name their children after us. We're bigger than oil, *hermano*. And if we don't write down what happened, someone else will -- a *gringo*, probably. They'll turn us into monsters, or clowns, or both. They won't know what this was really like.

POPEYE
Should I tell everyone to hang out?

Pablo sets down his pencil, closes his notebook.

PABLO
No, I'm ready.

Pablo gets up and goes with Popeye.

POPEYE
Hey, am I in your book?

PABLO
You will be.

POPEYE
Make me look cool, yeah?

INT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON, DUNGEON - NIGHT

The door at the top of the stairs opens, revealing Pablo with Popeye. Pablo patiently descends to the cold, damp floor.

The room is about fifteen square, lit by a lone bare bulb at the end of an extension cord on the ground.

Dank sweat fills the air. Tyson is out of breath. He holds a length of chain. His bare chest is flecked with blood.

Eduardo and Pedro dangle from the ceiling by their feet, barely conscious. Their bodies are caked in their own blood.

Pablo approaches Eduardo first.

PABLO

Two million a month. That was the agreement. I know how you're making more than that.

EDUARDO BERNA

...No -- we're not...

Pablo grabs a fistful of his hair and pulls him away from the wall. Eduardo's breath quickens.

Pablo lets go, and Eduardo swings like a pendulum -- cracking his skull against the concrete wall with a sickening crunch.

Eduardo's eyeballs go red with fresh hemorrhages. He stares madly into space.

Pablo moves to Pedro.

PABLO

I fought a war and went to prison so you and your father could run your business, live your life, and see your kids. I died for your motherfucking sins, *hermano*. Why have you forsaken me?

Pedro smiles a bloody smile.

PEDRO BERNA

Fuck you.

Pablo takes a step back, and lets Tyson approach. He has exchanged the length of chain for a dull hatchet.

He lets Pedro see it before he winds up for his first swing.

INT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON, GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

The GUARD ON DUTY glances up as Tyson and Mugre push two a wheel barrows loaded with trash bags and a shovel.

The gate opens automatically for them.

The guard, addled, averts his eyes out of fear.

The gate closes on its own, and the men push their loads toward the woods.

The guard, a young, virtuous Catholic, checks if anyone is watching: no one, save the Blessed Virgin on his prayer card.

With a trembling hand, picks up the telephone.

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - MORNING

The rising sun starts burning off the thick fog that blankets the hillside. Two military transport vehicles emerge from the mist, rumbling up the winding road to the prison.

INT. PABLO'S CELL - MORNING

Roberto shakes his brother awake.

ROBERTO
Pablo -- Pablo! Something's wrong.

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - MORNING

Pablo stands with his men in a loose semi-circle behind him. They have no weapons. Only Roberto seems nervous about what is happening.

The fog is still thick enough to obscure everything beyond the gate. Only the vaguest outlines of the military trucks can be seen.

A man in a suit enters the yard with a cadre of prison guards. Vice Minister MENDOZA (30s). His muddied loafers and flop sweat give him up as someone in over his head.

MENDOZA
Mr. Escobar. I'm Vice Minister of
Justice Mendoza.

PABLO
Good morning.

Pablo offers his hand. Mendoza, off-kilter, shakes it politely.

PABLO (CONT'D)
What can I do for you?

MENDOZA

I'm here to inform you we are closing this facility and transferring you and your men to Bogotá. Immediately.

PABLO

That was not the arrangement. If President Gaviria wants to change the terms of my surrender, he can come here himself.

Mendoza swallows.

MENDOZA

With all due respect, you are in our custody.

PABLO

You will turn me over to the Americans.

MENDOZA

That would be unconstitutional. You should know that.

Pablo steps closer to him. Mendoza stands firm.

TYSON

Let's kill these motherfuckers already, patrón!

Pablo holds out a hand to keep his men quiet. Mendoza tries not to let on how nervous he is.

PABLO

I cannot let armed men enter here. I don't trust them.

MENDOZA

Mr. Escobar, I will personally guarantee your safety.

Pablo thinks it over for a moment, then nods.

PABLO

(to his men)
Take him inside.

Tyson and the others draw pistols and Uzis from under their jackets and their waistbands.

Mendoza instinctively turns to the prison guards -- whose weapons are also trained on him.

INT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON, BATHROOM - DAY

Popeye chains Mendoza to the sink. Mendoza looks not only terrified, but defeated.

Popeye drops a cell phone in his lap.

POPEYE
Call your boss.

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - MORNING

The soldiers have fanned out, and established a perimeter around the fence.

The ARMY CAPTAIN in command talks on his radio.

CAPTAIN
Understood, sir.

He hands the radio back to his sergeant.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
They've got a hostage. Orders are to wait.

INT. PABLO'S CELL - DAY

Pablo overturns his mattress, revealing a stash of about two million, neatly stacked.

PABLO
Here.

He tosses his brother a vest covered in zippered pockets, each large enough to hold a few bundles.

ROBERTO
What about negotiating?

PABLO
They're gonna kill us, *hermano*.

ROBERTO
You said we'd be safe here. You said we wouldn't have to run anymore.

PABLO
They're the ones who broke the deal, not me!

ROBERTO

I can't do this again -- I can't...

Pablo takes his brother by the shoulders.

PABLO

I've looked out for you since we
were children. I've never let you
get hurt. If we stay, we will die.

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - DAY

The soldiers watch the prison for any movement. They scan
the windows, the terraces. Nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - NIGHT

The standoff continues past nightfall, and still no signs of
life in the prison. The fog thickens as the night grows
cooler, and blows between the soldiers and the building.

Suddenly, the prison loses power. Every light inside and out
extinguishes, plunging the entire hillside into darkness.

The CAPTAIN raises his hand.

CAPTAIN

Hold your positions!

The soldiers hold still, awaiting certain attack. They try
pointing flood lights at the building, but the fog scatters
the light, illuminating little.

The silence is eternal. With each passing second, the
soldiers become more tense.

Then: a tiny CLICK. The soldiers move their fingers over the
triggers. Another CLICK. The hammer of a gun? CLICK. The
fog obscures even the direction of the sound.

ON THE CAPTAIN

Radioing his men.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

What do you see?

His men radio back: *Negative; nothing sir; etc.*

The clicks have stopped. The prison is silent, and still.

INT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A tear gas cannister enters through the door and skitters down the hall before releasing its noxious payload.

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - NIGHT

The soldiers storm through the gates. They split into two squadrons. One searches the grounds, one enters the prison.

INT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - NIGHT

The soldiers search room to room for the inmates, leading with their rifles and flashlights. Each room is empty.

INT. PABLO'S CELL - NIGHT

The soldiers bust into Pablo's cell, and sweep each room. Indeed, the looks on their faces give away just how shockingly well Pablo has been living.

But Pablo himself is nowhere to be found.

INT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mendoza, haggard and miserable, holds out his hands in desperation as two soldiers bear down on him.

MENDOZA

Don't shoot, don't shoot! I'm a
hostage!

SOLDIER

Where are they?

MENDOZA

I don't know!

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PRISON - NIGHT

The soldiers come upon a flap clipped out of the chain-link fence, large enough for a well-fed man to slip through.

The flap is no more than thirty meters from where the soldiers had taken their positions before the raid.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Pablo and his men tromp through the woods, their clothes torn in places, their feet covered in mud. Their grimaces show the difficulty of the terrain.

But Pablo cannot help smiling. He is an outlaw again.

EXT. EL SALADO - MORNING

The men make walk the dirt streets of El Salado, a neighborhood on the outskirts of the city.

The place is quiet -- most everyone is still asleep. But a few people have gotten an early start, and they eyeball the traveling band of men cautiously.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

The men walk to a small but tasteful farmhouse on a few acres. Pablo walks up to the front door and knocks.

After a few moments, PEREZ (60s) answers the door. He's taken aback by the sight of the outlaws.

PABLO
Good morning, señor. Do you have a
telephone?

INT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Sra. Perez washes the mens' garments in the basin.

INT. MEMO'S HOUSE - DAY

Perez hands out his own clothes to Pablo and the others. They get dressed, truly grateful for the hospitality.

PABLO
You're truly kind, sir.

PEREZ
You're the kind one, Sr. Escobar.

Pause. Pablo hadn't realized Perez recognized him.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
You helped my cousin once, a long
time ago. You built a house for
him, and many others here.
(MORE)

PEREZ (CONT'D)

We all owe you so much. Please,
stay as long as you'd like.

Pablo smiles in gratitude.

Then, a loud knock on the door. Pablo snaps his head to the sound. Popeye and the others draw their pistols.

PABLO

(to Perez)

Go see who it is.

Perez crosses to the front door, and cautiously opens it. Waiting on the other side: a line of older women, mothers and grandmothers, each carrying dishes of food.

INT. FARMHOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

One at a time, the women set their food in front of Pablo.

MADRE

Thank you, Don Pablo.

They all want to give thanks, to lay hands on him, as one might do with a living saint.

ABUELITA

Our sons are watching the streets.
They will not let the police come
here.

PABLO

Thank you, señora.

She kisses his hand. Another MADRE sets food down.

MADRE 2

Don Pablo, my godson is sick. His
name is Ricardo González. Can you
please pray for him?

PABLO

I will. Of course. Thank you.

MADRE 2

(tears in her eyes)

Thank you, thank you.

EXT. MEMO'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Roberto stands at the edge of the garden, hands in his pockets, looking off.

Pablo walks up, and take in the beautiful country. They stand in silence, for a moment.

ROBERTO

I bought an apartment in the city a few years ago, quietly.

Pablo takes it in.

PABLO

If they find you, they'll kill you.

ROBERTO

I need to stay in one place, Pablo. I'm not like you.

Pause.

PABLO

We'll get back on top, you know. We started with nothing. And look what we did.

ROBERTO

Yeah. Look at it.

Roberto goes back inside. Pablo stays behind, left to turn his brother's words over in his mind, and heart.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - DAY

Maria Victoria watches the television coverage of Pablo's apparent escape.

Juan Pablo's pager goes off. He looks at the screen, and doesn't recognize the number.

MARIA VICTORIA

Call it, now.

INT. FARMHOUSE - INTERCUT

The house phone rings. Pablo picks it right up. He looks at his watch, paying attention to only the second hand.

PABLO

Juan Pablo?

MARIA VICTORIA

No, it's me. Where are you, what's going on?

PABLO
Put him on.

MARIA VICTORIA
He's not here -- what's happening?

PABLO
Where is he?

Juan Pablo stands only a few feet away, listening. The second hand on Pablo's watch sweeps past the first minute.

MARIA VICTORIA
...Playing with Manuela. They said on the news you were shot!

PABLO
Don't believe the news. Call a radio station, do you hear me? Tell them we have a tunnel under the prison, and enough food and water for a month. Then get yourselves together. I'm moving you again.

Silence.

MARIA VICTORIA
Why?

Pablo watches the second hand as it approaches minute two.

PABLO
That's all.

He hangs up before two minutes have elapsed.

INT. FARMHOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Pablo walks in on his men around the table, filling their stomachs. He stands at the head of the table.

PABLO
We have to split up. We've made our share of enemies, and they will all be looking for us.

A few of the men trade nervous glances.

PABLO (CONT'D)
We'll be too easy to find all together.

EXT. SEARCH BLOC HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The Search Bloc jeeps roll out of the headquarters, each one carrying a full compliment of officers, armed to the hilt.

EXT. STREETS OF MEDELLÍN - NIGHT

Paneled vans with satellite dishes on top creep along various streets in the city.

PABLO (V.O.)
I'll give you enough money to
disappear, and get your families to
safety.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

El Poeta, desperate, drenched in sweat, runs down the alley looking over his shoulder for his pursuers. The Search Bloc rounds the corner and opens fire.

El Poeta falls, dead.

INT. TYSON'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The Search Bloc officers burst through the bedroom door. Tyson leaps off his woman. The officers spray the entire room with shells, obliterating the loyal bodyguard.

PABLO (V.O.)
We will all see each other again.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ OREJUELA RANCH - DAY

Don Berna, black band around his arm, shakes hands with Gilberto and Miguel Rodriguez Orejuela.

PABLO (V.O.)
This government doesn't want
another war. No one does.

Carlos Castaño stands a few feet away from Don Berna, gladly witnessing the deal.

EXT. BODEGA - NIGHT

The same Medellín corner bodega. The same sort of punks out front, shooting dice.

PABLO (V.O.)
I will do everything I can to
negotiate another surrender.

The entire bodega explodes in a flash of fire and debris.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Castano, face blackened like a warrior, crosses the room with a cross-cut saw hanging loosely from one hand. He walks to El Mugre, tied to a chair -- gagged, naked, spread eagle.

EXT. CITY PARK, MEDELLÍN - MORNING

Four corpses hang from a tree by their feet. Their hands and heads have been removed.

EXT. STREET IN MEDELLÍN - DAY

A corpse and its torn-off limbs litter the sidewalk.

INT. FARMHOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Pablo scans the trusting faces of his most loyal soldiers.

PABLO
You're all family to me.

BLACK.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - DAY

Felix Gonzáles sips his coffee.

GONZÁLEZ
Does your husband know I'm here?

Maria Victoria shakes her head.

GONZÁLEZ (CONT'D)
Even if I could get them... He
wouldn't be happy with me when he
found out.

MARIA VICTORIA
When has he ever gotten mad with
someone who's protected us?

Gonzáles isn't convinced.

JUAN PABLO
If you don't get us the visas, I'll
tell him you told DAS where we are.

Even Maria Victoria is taken aback by her son's brazenness.

GONZÁLEZ
The apple never falls far, does it.

JUAN PABLO
Help us.

EXT. BOGOTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Maria Victoria and her two children, their faces obscured by hats and sunglasses, walk into the international terminal.

INT. BOGOTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The family passes through the metal detector. Juan Pablo constantly scans for anything or anyone suspicious.

INT. BOGOTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, GATE - DAY

The card above the entrance announces the flight to FRANKFURT is now boarding.

Juan Pablo hands over their tickets, and leads his mother and sister down the jetway.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - DAY

Maria Victoria gets Manuela buckled in. Juan Pablo nervously taps his arm rest and stares at the airplane door.

The TICKET TAKER from the terminal hurries on board and flags the first class cabin STEWARDESS.

Juan Pablo's entire body tenses as he watches the two talk. They glance his way. The ticket taker hands the stewardess something, and the stewardess starts walking toward him.

She passes Juan Pablo and addresses the man behind him.

STEWARDESS
Sir, you left this in the terminal.

The man thanks her. Juan Pablo practically hyperventilates.

The stewardess seals the aircraft's door. Juan Pablo breathes, at long last. A tear rolls down one cheek.

EXT. BOGOTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The airliner carrying the Escobars lifts off Colombian soil and takes to the sky.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Pablo talks on his satellite phone in a moving vehicle, crouched down beneath the windows.

PABLO
Where are they now?

INT. GONZÁLES' OFFICE - INTERCUT

González stands behind his desk, on the phone.

GONZÁLEZ
Bogotá. The Germans wouldn't honor their visas, and they were sent back on the next plane.

EXT. BOGOTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Juan Pablo, his mother and sister exit the airport, now surrounded by federal agents. The entrance to the airport has been cordoned off and is clogged with police.

GONZÁLEZ
Once they landed, they were put in protective custody. They have them at the Hotel Tequendama.

INT. RANGE ROVER - INTERCUT

Pablo takes it all in.

GONZÁLEZ
There's nothing I can do. Too many careers are on the line. They'll hold your family until they find you.

PABLO
Or kill me.

A pause.

GONZÁLEZ

I can't help you anymore. Don't
contact me again.

González hangs up. Pablo holds on to the receiver until the dial tone returns.

EXT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA - DAY

An L-shaped brick and cement hotel, more institutional than regal in design. A cement awning bears the hotel's name: TEQUENDAMA.

Uniformed DAS officers stand guard outside the entrance, watching the street intently, scanning for threats.

ON THE STREET

Agents use mirrors to inspect the underside of every car parked nearby. Another agent patrols the sidewalk with a German Shepard on a leash.

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, HALLWAY - DAY

At the far end, two DAS agents stand guard at the elevator. The hall is empty, save Manuela, who lies on her stomach, playing solitaire outside her family's room.

MARIA VICTORIA (O.S.)

You can't keep us here!

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, FAMILY'S SUITE - DAY

Maria Victoria argues with a DAS OFFICER. Juan Pablo watches the news, trying to block out his mother's voice.

MARIA VICTORIA

I'm going to the God damned store
to get food for my children!

DAS OFFICER

Tell us what you need, and we'll
have it brought up.

MARIA VICTORIA

So we're hostages now. Is that it?

She spits on the floor and storms away. Juan Pablo looks at the agent plainly.

JUAN PABLO
Leave us alone.

The DAS agent turns and leaves. Once the door is shut, Juan Pablo turns back to the TV news.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RANGE ROVER - EVENING

Pablo drives himself. No one else in the car. He flies along the highway, away from Medellín.

Ahead, he sees the sign for LA CEJA and takes the turn-off.

EXT. LA CEJA, PLAZA - EVENING

Pablo gets out, looks around. La Ceja is a one-horse town in farm country. No paved roads. The church bells ring, and the whole town, it seems, files in for evening mass.

EXT. LITTLE WHITE HOUSE, LA CEJA - EVENING

Pablo walks up a dirt path away from the plaza to a small white house. In the background, the church bells toll.

He walks to door, but can't bring himself to knock right away. He takes a breath, summons the courage. Knocks.

A small man, old -- but by no means frail -- answers the door. Weathered, with failing eyesight. ABEL de JESUS ESCOBAR (late 60s).

PABLO
Hello, papá.

INT. ABEL'S HOME - NIGHT

The clock ticks. Abel pours some *aguardiente* in two dirty glasses, and gives one to Pablo. Pablo doesn't touch it.

PABLO
I had a feeling you'd still be living here. Was something wrong with the house I built for you?

ABEL
It was very big. And too far from church.

PABLO
Have you talked to mamá lately?

ABEL
No, no.

PABLO
And you haven't read the news?

ABEL
The Bible is good enough for me.
How's your little boy?

PABLO
He's sixteen. And I have a girl,
too. She's nine.

ABEL
A girl. Girls are good. Easy.
Boys... Boys are trouble. You
were trouble.

PABLO
I know.

ABEL
But smart. Too smart. You were
never content.

Silence.

PABLO
Why didn't you come for us, after
she left you? Why didn't you bring
us back here?

ABEL
Why are you still thinking about
that? You were a little boy.

PABLO
Please tell me.

ABEL
(defiant)
I don't remember.

Impasse. Pablo stands.

PABLO
This was a mistake.

ABEL
Go, go... Back to the city...
Back to your perfect life... Just
remember where you come from.

PABLO
I come from *shit*. You're a small
man, living a small life, and
that's all you'll ever be!

Abel scoffs, making a show of how little that affects him.

Pablo starts out, building steam all the way to the door.
Before he leaves, he pauses.

PABLO (CONT'D)
You couldn't even teach me how to
tie a tie.

ABEL
You survived.

Pablo sighs, then leaves.

EXT. LITTLE WHITE HOUSE, LA CEJA - NIGHT

Pablo starts back toward town. He takes one last look at his
father, through the window, where he left him, stubbornly
drinking his *aguardiente*. Alone.

Pablo walks away.

EXT. LA CEJA - NIGHT

As Pablo returns to the square, he is met by a church
procession. A hundred faithful, clad in white, march
penitently behind a vaulted statue of the Blessed Virgin. A
single drum beats slowly. A hymn is sung.

The golden statue bobbles on the shoulders of strong men.
Old ladies clutch their rosaries, praying softly.

The children skip in and out of line, misbehaving. Two boys
kick around a Coke bottle like a soccer ball.

Pablo is present, but he is not among them. He is a ghost.

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, FAMILY'S SUITE, BEDROOM - DAY

Juan Pablo's pager starts vibrating. Juan Pablo enters from
the next room to pick it up.

OVERLAY: **December 2, 1993**

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

An adjoining suite has been converted into a surveillance room. Half a dozen DAS officers monitor every inch of the family's suite.

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER
He's picking up a page.

They watch Juan pablo check the number, and then take out the radiophone hidden in his luggage.

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER (CONT'D)
That's got to be him.

All hands on deck as they prepare to monitor and track the communication next door.

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, FAMILY'S SUITE, BEDROOM - SAME

Juan Pablo takes the radiophone out onto the balcony, and slides the glass door shut behind him before dialing the number on the pager.

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

They have no cameras on the balcony, and no audio.

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER
He's on the balcony. He's on the balcony.

EXT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, BALCONY - SAME

After a few rings, Pablo picks up the phone. The reception is terrible.

PABLO (PHONE FILTER)
Juan Pablo?

JUAN PABLO
Dad? I can barely hear you.

PABLO (PHONE FILTER)
Where are you?

JUAN PABLO
In Bogotá. The Hotel Tequendama.

ON the balcony directly below Juan Pablo, two DAS officers eavesdrop on the conversation with a dish microphone.

PABLO (PHONE FILTER)
What room?

JUAN PABLO
1302. Where are you?

The line goes dead.

JUAN PABLO (CONT'D)
Dad? Hello?

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

The surveillance officer gets on his own radio.

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER
Commandante. Positive contact.
Escobar knows they're here, and
knows the room number.

EXT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, ROOF - DAY

DAS snipers take to the roof and set up at the ledges, where each has a clear view of approaching traffic.

EXT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA - DAY

The DAS officers out front wave away all cars attempting to pull up to the hotel. Code red.

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, FAMILY'S SUITE - DAY

Juan Pablo comes back into the main room.

JUAN PABLO
(puzzled)
That was dad.

Maria Victoria looks up.

MARIA VICTORIA
What did he say?

JUAN PABLO
Nothing.

The room phone rings. They all look at each other, none of them really knowing what to do.

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

The agents hear the phone, too, and are equally surprised.

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER
Who's calling in? Get a trace.

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, FAMILY'S SUITE - SAME

Maria Victoria crosses to answer the phone.

MARIA VICTORIA
Hello?

INT. APARTMENT IN MEDELLÍN - INTERCUT

Pablo, in the bedroom of his latest safe house, leans against the window. His voice is calm. He watches the second hand on his Rolex.

PABLO
Tata, it's me. How are you? How are the children?

MARIA VICTORIA
Fine, we're fine. We're in Bogotá.

PABLO
I know. I know everything. I'm so sorry for what you've had to go through. I'm going to make it right, Tata. I promise. Is my angel there? Can I speak to her?

MARIA VICTORIA
...Yes. Here.

Maria Victoria hands the phone to her daughter.

MARIA VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Here, honey -- it's papi.

MANUELA
Hi, papi. Where are you?

The very sound of her voice brings tears to his eyes.

PABLO
I'm far away, angel. I miss you so much. I think about you every day.

MANUELA
I miss you, too.

PABLO
I love you.

MANUELA
I love you, too. When are you coming home?

PABLO
...Soon, baby. It's so good to hear your voice. Are you being a good girl?

He watches the second hand sweep past one minute.

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, SURVEILLANCE ROOM - INTERCUT

The agents quickly work to trace the call.

DAS AGENT
Definitely in Medellín -- it's a mobile --

APARTMENT

Pablo stays on the phone.

PABLO
I love you, sweetheart. Put your brother on, okay?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET, MEDELLÍN - SAME

The satellite dish rotates on the top of the vans as they drive up and down each street.

INT. PANELED VAN - SAME

The Search Bloc agents scan the airwaves, trying to maintain a lock on the conversation.

[note: their progress is intercut with the following]

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, FAMILY'S SUITE - SAME

Manuela gives the phone to her brother.

JUAN PABLO

Dad?

PABLO

I have a new job for you, a very important one. Are you ready?

JUAN PABLO

Yes.

Pablo watches the second hand sweep past two minutes.

PABLO

Whenever they ask you questions, tell them the truth. Tell them you didn't have anything to do with my business. They'll ask you if you know where money is hidden, you need to tell them no. You need to tell them you're innocent.

PANELED VAN

The conversation comes through loud and clear. The van is closing in on the signal.

APARTMENT

Pablo remains on the phone.

PABLO (CONT'D)

They'll ask you what kind of person your father was. Don't lie. Tell them what you told me.

Juan Pablo glances at the clock on the wall -- he is also aware of the passing time.

JUAN PABLO

Should we hang up?

PABLO

No, not yet.

PANELED VAN

They locate the source of the signal. The driver of the van looks out the windshield and sees Pablo through the second-story bedroom window.

DRIVER
Holy shit!

APARTMENT

Pablo sees the van parked there. And he stays on the phone, and stops looking at his watch.

PABLO
People will tell you about me, and what kind of life I lived. Believe as much as you want; none of them will get it right. But none of them will be wrong, either.

JUAN PABLO
Dad, don't do this.

PABLO
All I wanted to do was build something.

EXT. STREET IN MEDELLÍN - DAY

The Search Bloc moves swiftly up to the apartment building. One officer swings a ram and busts the front door open.

INT. APARTMENT IN MEDELLÍN - CONTINUOUS

The first of the officers spot Limón at the top of the stairs. He pulls his gun, but is too late. TAP-TAP-TAP -- their bullets send him to the ground.

INT. APARTMENT IN MEDELLÍN, BEDROOM - SAME

Pablo hears the intruders.

PABLO
(calmly)
Something's going on downstairs.
I'll have to call you back.

Pablo hangs up.

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, FAMILY'S SUITE - SAME

Juan Pablo calls after his father.

JUAN PABLO
Dad? Dad?

INT. APARTMENT IN MEDELLÍN - SAME

The officers fan out stealthily, anticipating ambush.

INT. APARTMENT IN MEDELLÍN, BEDROOM - SAME

Pablo slides a clip into his Sig, his eyes torched with mischief.

He climbs out the window and shoots a few rounds back through the bedroom.

EXT. ROOFTOP IN MEDELLÍN - CONTINUOUS

Pablo runs out onto the roof, slipping on some loose clay tiles. Gunfire pops inside. Shots zip past his head.

Pablo shoots wildly, giddy with the chase.

Then, a round finds his side. He winces. Another in his leg. He drops.

A final shot to his head, behind his ear.

Pablo falls, face down, his belly hanging out of his shirt, undignified, bleeding out on the tiles.

The first calls of "HOLD YOUR FIRE" and "WE GOT HIM!" echo across the rooftops.

But for Pablo, all is still. He is dead.

INT. HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, FAMILY'S SUITE - DAY

ON TV: A news image of the apartment, surrounded by police. The caption: PABLO ESCOBAR DEAD.

Maria Victoria turns off the television quickly. She grabs her daughter, and holds her, crying.

Juan Pablo, in a daze, can't look away.

EXT. ROOFTOP IN MEDELLÍN - DAY

Eight members of the Search Bloc, elated, pose with their rifles over the corpse of Pablo Escobar like hunters over a twelve-point buck. A ninth snaps a picture.

Overlay: Pablo Escobar was killed one day after his 44th birthday. He did not live to finish his autobiography.

EXT. STREET IN MEDELLÍN - DAY

Thousands watch Pablo's funeral procession. The poor, the downtrodden, the honest folk. Mothers weep below black veils and hold their hands to heaven.

Men converge on the casket, trying to touch him, trying to glimpse him one last time.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Pablo's tomb is marked with a polished-granite stone, ringed with yellow flowers. A steady stream of tourists and admirers come to pay respects and take a few snapshots.

OVERLAY: His grave has since become one of the most popular tourist destinations in South America.

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

US DEA agents assume custody of the shackled prisoners from the Colombian authorities. The men in the orange jumpsuits are a somber Gilberto and Miguel Rodriguez Orejuela.

OVERLAY: In 1996, extradition was re-signed into law, and in 2006 the Rodriguez Orejuela brothers were extradited to the US where they each received 30-year prison sentences.

EXT. CITY PARK, MEDELLÍN - DAY

Roberto, in his sixties, sits on a park bench overlooking a small duck pond. His eyes are sunken, and focus on nothing.

OVERLAY: Roberto Escobar surrendered and served the remainder of his sentence in Colombia. Soon after entering prison, a letter bomb exploded in his cell, blinding him. He was released in 2004. He lives in Medellín.

EXT. BRIDGE TO BOLIVIA - DAY

Juan Pablo, dressed in a native poncho, crosses the 100 yard bridge linking Colombia and Bolivia. His mother and sister walk behind him.

Only sixteen, he looks decades older. And much like his father.

OVERLAY: Pablo's wife and children fled to Argentina and changed their names.

Juan Pablo has since returned to make peace with the sons of Rodrigo Lara Bonilla and Luís Carlos Galán.

He is married, and works as an architect.

EXT. NAPOLES, VARIOUS - DAY

We tour the former glory of the Nápoles estate. The hacienda is a run-down shell of itself.

The pool is empty and cracked, windows are broken. The vintage cars have all been looted, burned, or both.

OVERLAY: Billions of Pablo's fortune are believed to be hidden throughout Colombia to this day.

Inside, entire rooms have been ripped apart: the walls slashed open, the floors pulled up. Giant holes have been dug, fruitlessly searching for treasure.

OVERLAY: Despite the success of the largest manhunt in modern history, Pablo's death had no effect on the worldwide price or supply of cocaine.

EXT. NAPOLES, ROAD - DAY

Pablo races over his estate on his motocross bike, hair whipping behind him, with all the eagerness and joy of a child.

The day is perfect, and the world belongs to him.

FADE OUT:

THE END