

FOREVER 22

Written by

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EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE CARTAGENA COLOMBIA - DAY

Nestled in a dense rain forest, a secure research facility. Sleek black walls hidden beneath the canopy. A small guard shack, tall fences. Cameras.

INT. CARTAGENA CIMARRON RESEARCH - CAFETERIA - DAY

Two YOUNG MEN sit at a table having lunch. We'll know them as ROLLICH and SAMSON. They're both early 20s, handsome, and bright. Rollich wears white with an ID bracelet, Samson in blue with a name tag. Behind them THIRTY OTHER MEN sit at tables eating, some in white, some in blue.

ROLLICH

The ravioli's better today.

SAMSON

Better than what?

ROLLICH

Better than...Chef Boyardee?

They laugh. A DOCTOR walks behind them, we'll meet him later as DR. BUNTEN.

DR. BUNTEN

Gentlemen...

ROLLICH

Us? I think not. We were plotting a food fight.

He ALMOST throws a CHERRY TOMATO at Buntten. There is a BELL, everyone gets up with their trays.

DR. BUNTEN

Not today it seems.

He walks off as Rollich and Samson get up.

SAMSON

Back to being an orderly, you go back to being a patient.

They laugh again and drop their trays off.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE DR. JEFFRIES OFFICE - DAY

Rollich walks down a modern hall toward a door. A sign declares "Head of Research Dr. Greg Jeffries" TWO BEEFY SECURITY OFFICERS, BELKIN and PEREZ, wait. Perez holds a locked briefcase.

OFFICER BELKIN
Good afternoon, Mr. Miramar.

ROLLICH
Say that three times fast.

OFFICER BELKIN
Sir?

ROLLICH
A little humor. Sorry. Is he ready for us?

OFFICER BELKIN
Of course, it's your regular time.

Belkin knocks at the door, opens it. They walk in.

INT. DR. JEFFRIES OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR JEFFRIES looks up from behind his desk, nerdy glasses perched on his bony nose. He's late forties and prematurely bald, bland, and humorless.

DR. JEFFRIES
And how was lunch today, Mr. Miramar?

ROLLICH
A sumptuous banquet, as always.

Dr. Jeffries didn't listen.

DR. JEFFRIES
That's good, we do our best. Officers Belkin and Perez, let's get started, please.

Perez discreetly keys in a combination, the briefcase opens. He removes a combat ready laptop, sets it in front of Jeffries. Belkin pulls a small metal case from his pocket labelled "R.M. 317". He types something onto the keypad on the case. It opens and he removes a flash drive with the same label.

BELKIN
It's ready, sir.

ROLLICH
The suspense is killing me.

A condescending smile from Jeffries as he boots the laptop.
On the screen "Insert Data Drive"

DR. JEFFRIES
Go ahead, Officer Belkin.

Belkin plugs the small drive into the laptop. The two officers take a step back, remain at attention, eyes forward. Jeffries clicks through some screens.

ROLLICH
Am I all better, Doc?

Jeffries, perturbed.

DR. JEFFRIES
Please allow me to examine the new test results.

Rollich re-ties his shoes.

ROLLICH
My vision seems perfect now. You used to be a grayish blob, now I can see that frown on your face with perfect clarity.

DR. JEFFRIES
Yes, the macular degeneration is gone. You've made a complete recovery.

ROLLICH
That's great.

DR. JEFFRIES
Or to be more accurate, it hasn't begun yet. You're a unique case.

ROLLICH
Two birds, one stone, right?

DR. JEFFRIES
In a manner of speaking.

From a distance they hear FIRECRACKERS.

ROLLICH
July twenty come early this year?

DR. JEFFRIES
I don't follow you?

ROLLICH
Colombian Independence day?

The SOUNDS move closer, now clearly GUNFIRE. Belkin and Perez snap to attention, Perez cautiously opens the door to the hallway, peeks out. Jeffries reaches under his desk, hits a BUTTON setting off a KLAXON.

BELKIN
Remain in here, both of you.

ROLLICH
What the hell is going on?

BELKIN
I'll find out, right now take cover.

Rollich moves behind a credenza. Belkin and Perez cautiously walk into the hall. Seconds later KABLAM a grenade GOES OFF, filling the room with smoke and flame. Belkin CRAWLS back in, badly injured. Jeffries is dead at his desk, a LARGE METAL SHARD in his HEAD. Rollich crawls to meet Belkin.

BELKIN (CONT'D)
Perez dead. Secure...

He reaches the desk, jams the laptop back into it's case. It doesn't sit quite right, the drive poking out of the side blocks it.

ROLLICH
Who's attacking? What do they want?

Belkin shakes his head, he's almost done.

BELKIN
Soldiers coming up the hall, get out.

He points Rollich to the window. Belkin barely manages to get the case closed and locked again. He shudders, quiets. He's DEAD.

Rollich looks quickly around the room, THROWS a chair through the window. He handily LEAPS out.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - DAY

He lands with aplomb, enjoys the moment.

ROLLICH

Nice.

He DIVES under an especially lush tree and looks back at the facility. The sleek black building is under siege. GUNFIRE and EXPLOSIONS continue throughout.

Through a window, Rollich sees Samson and a team of doctors head down a hallway. It is BLASTED by an explosion, nobody gets up.

In an adjacent room, scientists with their hands up are machine gunned down. Rollich is visibly shaken.

Rollich runs like a madman through thick jungle, his face a grimace of fear.

INT. DR. JEFFRIES OFFICE - DAY

As smoke clears, two ARMED SOLDIERS, CAPITAN JOSE and CORPORAL MATIAS lead a search team. Capitan Jose (24, Darkly handsome) examines a broken window, metal blinds bent and twisted outwards. He speaks into a radio.

CAPITAN JOSE

Sir, we don't have subject 317 yet, he may have escaped.

CORPORAL MATIAS

Shall we pursue him?

VOICE OVER RADIO

Send a team out in a jeep. There's twenty miles of jungle between us and Maracaibo. Besides, the data drive should be in that office.

Jose lifts the briefcase from Belkin's death grip, sets it on the desk. Matias, a friendly demeanor yet coldly calculating, considers the computer case.

CORPORAL MATIAS

Do you have the combination? Three wrong guesses and it scrambles the data.

CAPTAIN JOSE

As a matter of fact, I do.

He pulls out his 9MM. He SHOOTs the lock off the front the case pops open.

CORPORAL MATIAS

That was it.

They open the laptop. A message on screen "Incorrect Data Drive" appears.

He YANKS the USB drive, it's labelled "Arrested Development Seasons 1 & 2". A SOLDIER runs in from the hall.

SOLDIER ONE

Sir, subject 317 is not in his quarters.

CORPORAL MATIAS

Search again, we must find him and the data drive.

CAPITAN JOSE

We've already searched twice. (Into radio) Sir, the drive has been switched, we do not have eyes on the data drive.

VOICE OVER RADIO

Find him alive along with that drive! If they're not at the facility, send everyone to Maracaibo! Our contract is to deliver him and the data in one week, get moving!

INT. SMALL MARACAIBO CAFE - DAY

Rollich, his clothes ripped and dirty, sits at a dumpy bar. He gulps down a soda and uses an old wired phone. A plate of chicken bones sits in front of him.

ROLLICH

Jantry, never been so glad to hear your voice.

INT. MIRAMAR WINERY - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

JANTRY MIRAMAR, 46 handsome and distracted, sits at his desk. Behind him rows of vines stretch off into the distance. He's annoyed to hear from Rollich.

JANTRY
 Wouldn't be such a rare treat if
 you hadn't vanished six months ago.

ROLLICH
 I see how that could unnerve you.
 Look, could we...

JANTRY`
 You vanished for SIX MONTHS.

ROLLICH
 I just traded a Rolex for a chicken
 thigh, a bottle of soda, and this
 phone call. What does that tell
 you?

JANTRY
 You have no financial sense? I give
 up.

Rollich waves for another soda. The clerk sets it down, a
 massive, shiny ROLEX very much out of place on his wrist.

ROLLICH
 Send someone to get me.

JANTRY
 Uber OK?

ROLLICH
 I'm in a rainforest in Colombia.

JANTRY
 Lyft?

ROLLICH
 Men with guns are chasing me.

Jantry stops at his desk, finally hears his father's
 desperation.

JANTRY
 Mom's been worried.

ROLLICH
 Could you send a fishing trawler to
 the coast to smuggle me out?

He flips an object over in his hand. We've seen it before, a
 USB drive labelled "R.M. 317".

JANTRY

The trawler's in the shop this week. What are you talking about? Have you been drinking?

There is NOISE from outside, men and machines RACING through the forest.

ROLLICH

I've got to go. The village is "Maracaibo". Hurry, I'm running out of jewelry.

FOUR SOLDIERS RUSH into the bar to find Rollich's empty seat, the PHONE swings by the cord. They look to the clerk, he points out the backdoor.

SOLDIER TWO

Vamonos!

The men run out the back door into the jungle. The clerk clears the plate of bones. He straightens a rug that covers a trap door to the basement, then picks up the phone handset. As he puts it back on the receiver, we hear:

JANTRY

OK, I'll send someone. I love you Dad. Dad?

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MARACAIBO JUNGLE CAFE - DAY

Corporal Matias walks to the bar and looks around.

CORPORAL MATIAS
You say nobody was here?

The clerk shakes his head, scared. Matias notices a small scrap of plastic, picks it up. It's a hastily cut patient wristband, labeled "RM 317". He pulls the bolt back on his submachine gun, KACHUNK, tilts it up.

CORPORAL MATIAS (CONT'D)
One more time...

INT. MIRAMAR WINERY - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Jantry looks at his phone, makes another call.

JANTRY
Mom, are you seated?

INT. MIRAMAR ESTATE SITTING ROOM - DAY - INTERCUT

HELEN MIRAMAR, late 70s, uptight and annoyed, walks to a settee.

HELEN
OK, I'm seated. What's wrong? IRS nipping at our heels again? Or is it a blight at the vineyard??

JANTRY
The second I'm afraid. I just heard from Dad.

HELEN
Damn, I suppose I need to cancel the insurance claim?

JANTRY
Janet can do that. Mom, he's alive, but he needs our help.

HELEN
With what? That bastard. Some nerve, vanishes for a year, now he wants help. Can't one of his whores help him?

JANTRY

I'm going to call a family meeting tonight, can you make it? Banquet hall at eight?

HELEN

I'll check with my..., OK, fine, I'll be there.

She hangs up, still annoyed. Pours herself another drink.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - DAY

Blackened rubble in a clearing. A pile in the center moves, moves again and is UPENDED. Burnt remnants of the rug covering the trap door are still visible. Rollich BURSTS OUT. His eyes SQUINT at the bright sunlight, taking in the changed surroundings.

ROLLICH

Jesus fucking christ.

He wanders to a blackened corpse, notes a shiny watch, delicately removes it. Not happy.

ROLLICH (CONT'D)

Sorry, buddy. Was not my intention.

He finds a bottle of vodka and pours some over his blackened Rolex before putting it back on his wrist. He pours the rest over a cut on his leg then grabs a few packages of unburned candy.

He heads toward the empty road in front of the cafe.

EXT. MARACAIBO GAS STATION - DAY

Rollich nears the local service station. He sees a kid riding his bike. He holds out a package of candy. (DIALOG IN SPANISH WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES)

ROLLICH

Hey there kiddo.

BIKE KID

Hola Gringo.

ROLLICH

That's funny. Did you see some Army guys come by?

BIKE KID

Yes.

ROLLICH

How many?

BIKE KID

All of them I think.

Rollich chuckles briefly, gives the kid the candy.

ROLLICH

Where were they going?

The child cautiously takes the candy.

BIKE KID

They are going to the town,
Buenaventura, it is many kilometers
that way.

Rollich looks the direction the child pointed. Fresh tracks have crushed the vegetation on the side of the road.

ROLLICH

Thanks.

The child rides away with his candy. Rollich walks toward Buenaventura as long as the child is in sight. When the bike crests the next hill, Rollich turns into the jungle.

INT. MIRAMAR WINERY - MEETING HALL - DAY

Jantry and Helen at a large table with CHAUNCIE MIRAMAR (32, and gorgeous) and WILBUR MIRAMAR (41, pudgy and useless). They idly fiddle with snacks as a small team of WAITERS tend to their needs.

HELEN

Really, with all the noise about impending financial doom, I don't understand why we needed to meet here.

WILBUR

I've been told to release half my staff, yet here we have a small team serving us cucumbers.

Jantry SLAMS a glass of wine to the table, snapping the stem in half.

JANTRY

I realize that you all have very busy lives of luxury to get back to, so I'll keep it brief.

WILBUR

Here, here!

Wilbur holds his glass up for a toast. When nobody joins him he takes a swig by himself. GAGS on the wine.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Dear GOD! If this is the best Cabernet we're putting out, no wonder we're practically bankrupt. It's SWILL.

Jantry barely holds himself together.

JANTRY

It's a Beaujolais. Perhaps you should demand a refund for those sommelier classes. Can I call this family meeting to order?

HELEN

I don't know, can you?

CHAUNCIE

Why are you taking classes on Somalia?

JANTRY

Dad is alive. I got a call from him yesterday!

CHAUNCIE

Does HE want us to sign over more shares?

Jantry can't seem to get control of these idiots. He waves to the waiters.

JANTRY

Can the staff please give us the room? Take five, then bring the cakes, thank you.

The confused staff exit, everyone watches them go.

WILBUR

What does he want?

JANTRY

Aren't you even the slightest bit worried about him? We haven't seen or heard from him in six months.

WILBUR

He's seventy eight years old, went to a health clinic in San Diego. In all honesty I thought he was dead and you were embezzling our inheritance.

Helen checks her nails, finds something to pick at.

HELEN

You never could hold a room. Get to whatever it was you dragged us here for, or we're walking.

JANTRY

He said he was in danger. Armed men were chasing him through a Colombian jungle.

Mild shock, they look at each other with questioning looks.

CHAUNCIE

Well, they shouldn't have to chase very hard, should they? I mean he's blind as a bat and can barely walk.

JANTRY

I'm overwhelmed by the outpouring of sympathy here. I'm going to go rescue him.

WILBUR

You?

HELEN

Please, the last rescue you performed was that cocktail waitress at the country club you rescued from her virginity. That cost us plenty.

JANTRY

I need you all to approve the expenditure, since you are all on the board.

He passes a document to Helen, she glances at it.

HELEN

Fifty thousand? Couldn't we wait a couple weeks and see if he turns up on his own?

He storms from the room. Wilbur tries to stop him.

WILBUR

Could you send them in with the cakes now?

JANTRY

Eat all the cakes you want, when I return that form had better have all your signatures.

Helen makes a face at him as he leaves, then signs the form and hands it to Chauncie.

EXT. JUNGLE STREAM - DAY

Rollich washes the cut on his leg. Off in the distance smoke rises, he heads toward it, limping just a touch.

EXT. CARTAGENA CIMARRON RESEARCH - DAY

Rollich paces carefully in the jungle outside the center. Smoldering fires burn inside. He watches, sees no activity, cautiously approaches.

INT. CARTAGENA CIMARRON RESEARCH - CAFETERIA - DAY

He deftly climbs in a window, drops down then sits still, listening. He runs his hands over his muscular legs, amazed. As soon as he feels safe he runs for a water fountain, it doesn't work. He heads down the hall.

INT. ROLLICH'S ROOM - DAY

In his own room, he quickly loads a small bag with a few items. From atop the dresser he grabs a photo of his family and stops to look at it. We recognize everyone except for a crusty, older Rollich.

He sees the land line phone on his desk, picks it up. Dead. He drops it.

From somewhere deep in the facility he hears a BANG, sounds like a metal pot dropped on the floor.

INT. CARTAGENA CIMARRON RESEARCH - KITCHEN - DAY

Rollich walks quietly in. A DRIPPING FAUCET grabs his attention. He turns the handle and is THRILLED to see water GUSHING OUT. He drinks lustily. He sees some old muffins on a tray. He picks mold off and devours them ravenously.

He hears a THUMP from further back in the kitchen, walks carefully toward a storage room. He opens the door, is surprised to find TWO MEN, DR. BUNTEN (50s, full head of hair, nerdy) and PAUL GRIMALDI (60s, unhealthy looking) huddled under a shelf.

DR. BUNTEN
Please don't kill us!

ROLLICH
Only if you're hoarding food, I'm
starving.

The terrified men look up at him, relieved beyond words that he isn't a soldier.

DR. BUNTEN
Mr. Miramar? I thought we were the
only ones left alive.

GRIMALDI
They shot everyone.

ROLLICH
I left and came back.

DR. BUNTEN
What for?

ROLLICH
Needed a band aid.

He gestures to the oozing wound on his leg.

DR. BUNTEN
I can clean that up. Let's get to
my lab, help me with Paul here.

On closer inspection, Paul Grimaldi looks pretty bad. The left half of him appears to be in his 60s while the right half is distinctly younger, in his 30s.

ROLLICH
Yeah, he doesn't look so good. Like
a pair of mismatched socks.

They each get a hand under his arms and help him walk.

INT. DR. BUNTEN'S LAB - DAY

They lift Grimaldi onto a gurney. Dr. Bunten gives him an injection, he dozes off.

ROLLICH
The secret potion?

DR. BUNTEN
Yeah, I guess you could call it that.

He examines Rollich's injury. He cleans it with alcohol and hands Rollich a jar of antibiotics.

DR. BUNTEN (CONT'D)
It's not too bad. Take one every...

Rollich laughs, gulps a couple with some water.

ROLLICH
Doctor, the pain?

Reluctantly Dr. Bunten opens a secret panel in the wall, types a code on a safe. He pulls out two med kits, hands Rollich a jar of Vicodin.

DR. BUNTEN
There you go, Vicodin. Now these you need to...

Rollich gulps a handful down.

DR. BUNTEN (CONT'D)
They're very addictive.

ROLLICH
And I hope to live long enough for that to be a concern.

DR. BUNTEN
Good point.

Bunten grabs the bottle, pops a couple himself. They sit down.

DR. BUNTEN (CONT'D)
We need to get to Buenventura and arrange transport back to the States.

ROLLICH
Not a good plan if we want to see next week.

(MORE)

ROLLICH (CONT'D)
Those army guys are all headed
there, "scorched earth" style.

Grimaldi sits up, rubs his left eye.

GRIMALDI
Do we have a map? I was Army.

Bunten smiles, gets an old map out and unrolls it.

DR. BUNTEN
Here's a paper one from our site
surveys.

Grimaldi looks it over. Gets excited.

GRIMALDI
An airfield, and just 30 miles
away.

He POPS his finger down on the spot. Dr. Bunten and Rollich
check it out.

ROLLICH
What's this curvy line stuff
between us?

GRIMALDI
Elevation. A few hills, nothing too
big. We'll be fine.

ROLLICH
That's perfect, I can get my son to
come rescue us, if we can get ahold
of him.

Dr. Bunten loads some medical supplies into a bag.

DR. BUNTEN
Let's head to the administrative
office, there's a SAT phone there.

INT. CIMARRON ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - DAY

The team looks pretty good. They finish packing their bags
and stand tall. One side of Grimaldi's face starts twitching.

ROLLICH
Got everything we need.

DR. BUNTEN
Time to make that call.

He keys in a code on the SAT phone, hands it to Rollich. It functions in speaker mode, they hear it ring.

VOICE OVER PHONE

You've reached Jantry Miramar.
Leave a message if you must.

ROLLICH

Son, I wish you'd answered. Anyhow,
cancel the Maracaibo thing.
Instead, meet us at the airfield at
34.55.66 West by 45.34.43 North.

DR. BUNTEN

Tell him about us.

ROLLICH

Oh yeah, bring a plane with space
for me and my two friends. We'll be
there in 5 days, ten in the AM.

He hangs up. Dr. Buntten puts the phone in his pack. Grimaldi twitches some more.

ROLLICH (CONT'D)

What's wrong with him?

DR. BUNTEN

Some unresolved nerve issues. No
big deal.

He pulls a syringe from a med kit, quickly injects Grimaldi again. The twitch stops.

DR. BUNTEN (CONT'D)

See, problem solved.

ROLLICH

What happens when you run out of
syringes?

As Dr. Buntten prepares to answer the top half of his head breaks off and falls to the floor. The wall behind him has been sprayed red with a fine mist of blood.

DR. BUNTEN

Gah...

His body collapses to the floor, twitching. A second bullet SCOOPS OUT the wall. Rollich SPRINGS to life, grabs Grimaldi and SHOVES him into the hallway.

GRIMALDI

What's going on?

ROLLICH

Time to go.

Half running, half walking they make their way down the hall.

GRIMALDI

The motor pool is just ahead, let's hope they left a van or jeep or something.

ROLLICH

Why kill everyone?

GRIMALDI

Bunten knew something.

ROLLICH

Too bad he's not going to be answering any more questions. There, that door.

They BURST through two sets of doors into:

EXT. ROUGH CLEARING AT CIMARRON - DAY

Recently cleared land, trees piled messily to one side. An open crater in the center shows bomb damage. Burned vehicles are strewn about. PIECES of recently unearthed CORPSES are everywhere.

GRIMALDI

Isn't that Lyman?

Rollich tilts his head.

ROLLICH

Part of him. Looks like they were burying people in the freshly landscaped area.

GRIMALDI

There's a lot of bodies. Did everyone end up here?

ROLLICH

That's Peterson over there. Gout won't be troubling him anyhow.

In the distance they hear the BEAT of A HELICOPTER.

ROLLICH (CONT'D)

Helicopter? You think it's a rescue?

Grimaldi shakes his head sadly.

GRIMALDI

No, they've come to finish
destroying the evidence.

ROLLICH

And we're the evidence, come on.
RUN!

The HELICOPTER gets louder. They run through the pocked
graveyard, dodging body parts.

EXT. CARTAGENA CIMARRON RESEARCH - DAY

Rollich and Grimaldi are several hundred meters away when the
first BOMBS start BLOWING the remnants of the CENTER to
PIECES.

The next wave drops NAPALM or something like it, WAVES OF
FLAME pour from the sky. Finally, loud BOOMS echo through the
forest, shaking the ground.

ROLLICH

What the?

GRIMALDI

Bunker busters, for the burial
ground. They aren't going to leave
anything.

Once the bombardment ends, the helicopter drops lines, troops
start rappelling down.

ROLLICH

Time to go. Sooner or later they're
going to find our tracks and start
following.

GRIMALDI

I know a couple tricks. Let's move
out.

He starts to walk, is in pain. Rollich helps him along
through the rough terrain.

ROLLICH

Easy peezy.

GRIMALDI

Bad news, Bunten had the SAT phone,
and the medical supplies.

Rollich pats his pack.

ROLLICH
Not all of them.

Rollich looks down at his leg wound, it seems better.

ROLLICH (CONT'D)
I think I'll be alright. I'm more
worried about you.

GRIMALDI
We've got five days to get to the
airfield. I can keep it together
that long.

ROLLICH
I did grab these.

He shows Grimaldi a med kit of the syringes.

ROLLICH (CONT'D)
And these.

He holds up the Vicodin.

GRIMALDI
Easy peezy.

They head deep into the jungle as the remnants of the
Cimarron Center burn down.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - DAY

Rollich and Grimaldi dash through foliage, running for their lives.

GRIMALDI

Do you think they saw us?

A MASSIVE FLASH as a missile blasts a nearby tree to a flaming splinters.

ROLLICH

Yep.

Grimaldi hears another sound, beckons Rollich to the left.

GRIMALDI

Come on!

Good thing they turned, the tree that had been right ahead DISINTEGRATES into burning bits.

ROLLICH

Fuck, they're shooting missiles,
how do we get away from those?

GRIMALDI

We need to put some distance
between us and the helicopter.

ROLLICH

How do we...?

Grimaldi leads them to a line of trees.

GRIMALDI

Easy, JUMP!

And in an instant he's gone. Rollich looks over the edge to a ROILING RIVER. He's forty feet up, scared. Another missile STREAKS past him, smashes into the forest across the river.

ROLLICH

Fuck!

He takes a step back and JUMPS over the edge of the cliff.

EXT. ROILING RIVER - DAY

Rollich struggles to stay on the surface as the river WHISKS him downstream at a breakneck pace.

ROLLICH

Mother...

He barely ducks in time as the water RUSHES HIM below a massive branch.

EXT. SAND BAR - DAY

Heaving mightily, Grimaldi crawls up a sand bar at the edge of the river. He looks out at the water, sees Rollich coursing by.

GRIMALDI

Get out! Get out of the water and come back. I'll wait here.

ROLLICH

I'm trying!

Rollich vanishes from sight in seconds.

EXT. MARACAIBO GAS STATION - DAY

Bike Kid watches as a convoy of Army vehicles heads back toward Cimarron. He waves at them with a knowing smile.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Inside one of the vehicles Corporal Matias and Captain Jose go over a map.

CAPITAN JOSE

Why in the hell would he go back to Cimarron?

CORPORAL MATIAS

Because we left?

The convoy STEAMS past the burned down cafe.

CAPITAN JOSE

We need him.

CORPORAL MATIAS

We'll get him, alive. Tell that hot head pilot no more missiles.

EXT. RIVER SIDE - NIGHT

Rollich , wet and shivering, walks along the edge of the river in darkness. He jumps over a log in his path, laughs at the ease of movement in his new body.

ROLLICH
Grimaldi?

A WOLF HOWL answers him. He leans down and picks up a large stick.

INT. ANCIENT RUIN - NIGHT

Grimaldi warms himself by a small fire inside a ruin. He's just inside the jungle, near the river. He hears Rollich calling from outside, jumps to his feet.

ROLLICH
(O.S.)
Grimaldi? Where are you?

EXT. SAND BAR - NIGHT

Grimaldi finds Rollich wandering on the sandbar.

GRIMALDI
Hey there, fellow Guinea Pig.

ROLLICH
Thank god, I've been walking for an hour.

GRIMALDI
Come on, I've got a fire hidden back this way.

He motions to the forest, they walk.

INT. ANCIENT RUIN - NIGHT

They huddle near the fire, Rollich shivers. He takes off his soaking "Miramar Vineyards" jacket and tries to dry it by the fire.

ROLLICH
How did you find this place?

Grimaldi proudly whips his pack off the floor. He gets the map out.

GRIMALDI

I knew we couldn't lose this map or
we'd be fucked.

ROLLICH

I like the optimism, but I think
we're still fucked.

From outside they hear the HELICOPTER again. Rollich dives,
Grimaldi chuckles.

GRIMALDI

We're hidden from the river and
these stone walls are a meter
thick.

ROLLICH

And? Those missiles didn't seem to
give a shit.

Grimaldi chuckles some more, finishes eating a Papaya.

GRIMALDI

They're looking for us along the
river. We're not there to be found.

ROLLICH

Infra red?

GRIMALDI

As long as we stay hidden behind
these stones we're pretty hard to
find.

ROLLICH

Got any more fruit?

GRIMALDI

No, but how does a sopping wet
Granola Bar sound?

ROLLICH

Delightful.

Grimaldi hands him the soggy treat, Rollich smiles.

EXT. CARTAGENA CIMARRON RESEARCH - DAY

Corporal Matias and Captain Jose watch as troops blast
remaining scraps of evidence with FLAME THROWERS. All around
are tiny burnt pieces of the formerly impressive facility.
Matias kicks at the dirt, a HUMAN HEEL appears.

CORPORAL MATIAS

Idiots!

He walks to the nearest SOLDIER and SMACKS him hard across the face. He hands him the heel.

CORPORAL MATIAS (CONT'D)

Do you see this? NOTHING can remain, do you understand?

SOLDIER THREE

I'm sorry, sir. It won't happen again.

Captain Jose walks over with a rake, hands it to the soldier. He tosses the heel in a fire and starts raking carefully through the dirt.

CAPITAN JOSE

All four computers have been found, but we're missing the crucial data drive.

CORPORAL MATIAS

My biggest fear is that a crocodile will find them before we do.

CAPITAN JOSE

We have amphibious teams coming in the morning.

CORPORAL MATIAS

Every inch of that river, every inch.

CAPITAN JOSE

I've got another surprise for them tomorrow.

EXT. ANCIENT RUIN - DAY

The morning sun breaks through the jungle, Rollich and Grimaldi finish packing. Rollich looks up at a coconut palm above them, full of coconuts.

ROLLICH

Feel like splitting a coconut with me?

GRIMALDI

You gonna climb up there?

Rollich smiles and walks into the jungle, returns with a Y shaped branch. From the first aid kit he grabs a tourniquet, tying it to the branch.

ROLLICH
You are looking a champion sling
shotter.

GRIMALDI
You're lying.

Rollich picks up a rock, aims and KNOCKS down a COCONUT. A dozen BIRDS fly from the tree, cawing loudly. Soon HUNDREDS of birds join them, flying upward and making a ruckus.

ROLLICH
I wasn't lying. I just got us a
coconut.

GRIMALDI
Which I'll enjoy eating once I get
all this bird shit off me.

Rollich smashes the coconut open with a large rock, they eat ravenously.

ROLLICH
What was up with all the birds?

GRIMALDI
Do I look like an ornithologist?

Grimaldi starts shaking again, bordering on convulsions. Rollich digs out a syringe, injects him. Grimaldi slowly regains control of himself.

GRIMALDI (CONT'D)
It's getting worse.

ROLLICH
We've got six syringes, no need to
panic.

GRIMALDI
Then what? Just use half next time.

ROLLICH
OK.

He looks at Grimaldi, concern on his face.

GRIMALDI
What's wrong?

Rollich looks away.

ROLLICH
It's nothing.

Grimaldi grabs Rollich's head, turns it to face him.

GRIMALDI
The truth.

ROLLICH
Your young side is looking older.

This sinks in for a moment.

GRIMALDI
At least I'll match again.

They smile, fake. The shakes have subsided. Grimaldi tries to lift his pack, stumbles.

They listen as the HELICOPTER flies along the river again. It lands nearby, then takes off again. Both are relieved as the helicopter recedes.

ROLLICH
They're looking on the river.
They'll never find us heading
inland.

Grimaldi hears it first. BARKING from the direction of the river.

GRIMALDI
Unless they use...

ROLLICH
...dogs, COME ON!

They run into the jungle as fast as they can.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - DAY

Rollich and Grimaldi run from the BARKING dogs. Grimaldi limps.

ROLLICH
Come on, go a little faster.

GRIMALDI
This is as fast as I can go.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - FALLEN TREE - DAY

They come across a massive tree that has fallen in their path.

GRIMALDI
I've got an idea, should buy us
some time.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - TREE TIP - DAY

They rest for just a moment.

In the distance, smoke rises above trees to the East.

GRIMALDI
Perfect, we need to go East anyway.

ROLLICH
What do you mean?

Grimaldi shakes his head, starts walking toward the smoke.

ROLLICH (CONT'D)
Was that a head shake or were you
twitching?

GRIMALDI
Just follow me, smart ass.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - FALLEN TREE - DAY

Surrounded by FOUR SOLDIERS, Capitan Jose smokes a cigarette. They are near the midpoint of the tree. Footprints head off in two directions.

CAPITAN JOSE

They split up. How do we know which is 317?

CORPORAL MATIAS

Be patient, the dogs will tell us.

BARKING comes from both sides. The teams return.

K9 HANDLER #1

Path to the left continues.

K9 HANDLER #2

Path to the right stops after a hundred meters or so.

CAPITAN JOSE

To the left gentlemen, and hurry, we lost some time.

The entire party heads left.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - DAY - INTERCUT

Rollich and Grimaldi make the best speed they can. But the K9 team gains steadily. We see the two men pass a distinctive notched tree, moments later the K9 team passes it.

CAPITAN JOSE

I can see them, they're just ahead! Faster.

GRIMALDI

They're right behind us, you should go ahead, I'm holding you back. No reason for us both to die.

ROLLICH

Don't be dramatic, we're almost to the smoke.

EXT. COLOMBIA JUNGLE - BURNING SUGAR FIELD - DAY

Rollich and Grimaldi burst through the jungle onto the edge of a burning field.

ROLLICH

Sugar cane?

GRIMALDI

Yes, perfect place to lose the dogs.

Rollich takes a long sniff.

ROLLICH
 Hmm, smells like Creme Brulee
 without the creme.

They continue their trek through the tall smoldering stalks,
 they quickly vanish from sight.

GRIMALDI
 We head to the upwind side.

ROLLICH
 To get out of the smoke?

GRIMALDI
 To find the farmers. They'll have
 food and lodging.

They continue, smoke envelops them.

Capitan Jose and his K9 team arrive where Rollich and
 Grimaldi came out of the forest. The dogs start barking in
 circles, they've lost the scent.

K9 HANDLER #1
 Sir, the dogs can't find the track.

CAPITAN JOSE
 Damn it ! Not so dumb, these
 Gringos.

One of the dogs near him BARKS. He KICKS it, it YELPS.

CAPITAN JOSE (CONT'D)
 Fucking mutts.

EXT. EDGE OF SUGAR FIELD - DAY

Grimaldi and Rollich, blackened by ash, appear from the
 stalks. ONE DOZEN MEN AND WOMEN cut stalks and stack them in
 horse drawn wagons.

GRIMALDI
 Hola!

Grimaldi and Rollich walk to the wagons, trying their best to
 look friendly.

EXT. TRELANS VILLAGE - DAY

Late afternoon. A small mountain village in the jungle. Horses pull two rustic wagons loaded with sugar cane into town. Rollich and Grimaldi ride atop the sugarcane.

INT. TRELANS VILLAGE - ROUGH SHED - DAY

The morning sun creeps around holes in corrugated steel walls. Rollich and Grimaldi sleep on simple beds. A LOCAL WOMAN brings in some fruit and coffee on a wooden tray.

ROLLICH
Is that coffee?

LOCAL WOMAN
Yes, we grow it here.

Rollich takes his cup, enjoys a sip.

ROLLICH
It is divine. Thank you my fine lady.

She blushes, gives him a flirty look.

LOCAL WOMAN
It is not often that we have handsome American men visit us.

Rollich looks around, realizes she means him.

ROLLICH
Well, thank you.

LOCAL WOMAN
Your father? He does not look well.

ROLLICH
My father? Oh, yes. We should let him sleep.

LOCAL WOMAN
I could give you a tour of our village while he sleeps?

Rollich politely leads her to the door.

ROLLICH
Sounds like a great plan. There's much I am curious about.

EXT. LOCAL WOMAN'S SHACK - DAY

A similar corrugated steel structure, but with the MOANS and WAILS of people enjoying each other's bodies.

INT. LOCAL WOMAN'S SHACK - DAY

Rollich, spent, rolls off her. They are both giddily smiling. She runs her hands over his chiseled body.

LOCAL WOMAN

Very nice, Mr. American. You go to a gym, yes?

Rollich, embarrassed and thrilled at once, tries to answer without lying.

ROLLICH

I do what I can.

LOCAL WOMAN

Maybe you and your father could stay here for awhile?

Rollich's smile fades as she brings him back to reality. He starts looking for his clothes.

ROLLICH

Sadly, my father needs to see a doctor, very soon. We must get going.

She puts a hand out, stops him.

LOCAL WOMAN

We have a doctor, he visits every few weeks.

Rollich politely frees himself.

ROLLICH

He needs a specialist, and soon.

He kisses her passionately for one moment.

LOCAL WOMAN

I wish you would stay.

ROLLICH

Believe me, I wish I could.

INT. TRELANS VILLAGE - ROUGH SHED - DAY

Rollich gently shakes Grimaldi awake. Both sides of his face match now, and one of his eyes bleeds a little. Rollich sorts through the syringes.

GRIMALDI

What is it? Are they here?

Rollich pulls out a syringe.

ROLLICH

Relax my friend. This should help you feel better.

Rollich injects him with some of the contents.

GRIMALDI

How do I look?

ROLLICH

Just fine.

GRIMALDI

You're lying.

Rollich sits back to get a better view of him.

ROLLICH

Maybe a little. Once my son picks us up, we'll get you to a real doctor.

GRIMALDI

Two more days?

ROLLICH

Yes. If Jantry said he's coming, he'll be here. Have some fruit and coffee.

Grimaldi unrolls the map as Rollich brings him breakfast.

GRIMALDI

You seem especially happy today.

ROLLICH

I got some exercise this morning. Invigorating.

Grimaldi gives him a stare, smiles.

GRIMALDI

What was her name?

ROLLICH
You know what? I forgot to ask.

They laugh.

GRIMALDI
Yep, you're twenty again.

ROLLICH
I didn't mean to...

GRIMALDI
We've got a lot of ground to cover
in two days.

ROLLICH
Right now you need to eat.

Rollich hands him a bowl of tangerines.

GRIMALDI
Reminds me of when Kennedy was
shot.

ROLLICH
I don't follow you?

Grimaldi looks off, nostalgic.

GRIMALDI
I was sick that week. My mother
kept bringing me tangerines. I
could hear radios playing the news
everywhere.

ROLLICH
I was in school, they sent us home.
My father stared out a window for
days.

Grimaldi laughs for a minute, breaks the mood.

GRIMALDI
I keep forgetting we're the same
age. You're lucky the magic potion
works for you.

ROLLICH
I went there for macular
degeneration, was losing my sight.
All of a sudden I'm a teenager.

GRIMALDI
Good for you.

ROLLICH

Let's just see if it keeps working.
I may need a magic shot myself soon
enough.

Grimaldi takes a sip of coffee, amazed.

GRIMALDI

They really do make the best
coffee.

ROLLICH

Yep, they really do.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Capitan Jose and Corporal Matias look over maps on the hood
of a Humvee. A SOLDIER comes from the nearby trees with two
VILLAGERS.

SOLDIER FOUR

You need to hear this.

He prods one of the villagers.

VILLAGER 1

Some Americans are staying in our
village.

CAPITAN JOSE

Names?

VILLAGER 2

Don't know, but it's an old man and
a young man. Maybe father and son?

CAPITAN JOSE

Excellent. How far away is it?

SOLDIER FIVE

No more than five kilometers.

CORPORAL MATIAS

Should I get the helicopter fueled
up?

CAPITAN JOSE

No, they'll hear us coming. We
drive close, do the last half
kilometer on foot. They're not
squeezing through our fingers this
time.

EXT. TRELANS VILLAGE - DAY

Rollich walks past small vendors hawking food and goods in the town square. Some BOYS kick a soccer ball, Rollich joins them. He LAUGHS as he kicks the ball, thrilled at his renewed agility.

BOY #1
Want to join our team?

ROLLICH
Not today.

He kicks the ball again.

INT. MIRAMAR WINERY - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Jantry, behind his desk, holds his cell phone up.

JANTRY
Listen again, if you wish.

He plays a voicemail for Helen.

VOICE OVER PHONE
Son, I wish you'd answered. Anyhow, cancel the Maracaibo thing. Instead, meet us at the airfield at 34.55.66 West by 45.34.43 North. Oh yeah, bring a plane with space for my two friends. We should be there in 5 days, at ten AM.

HELEN
Him, him, him. All about him.

He sets the phone down. Helen holds an empty wine glass up, glares at Jantry. He pours her another one.

JANTRY
I'm going.

HELEN
You're playing his game by his rules.

JANTRY
I called the number back a few times. At first it rang off the hook, finally I got through to a line for Cimarron Research.

HELEN

So?

JANTRY

They lied to me. I asked about Dad and they swore they had no record of him being a client.

HELEN

He's a vain man, he might have used another name. Try "Jim Johnson".

JANTRY

I'm flying down tomorrow to charter a small plane into the jungle. I'm going to bring him home.

She glances at him, not completely sold.

HELEN

Eh, it's your life. Forgive me if I don't join you in the insect ridden jungle.

JANTRY

No worries, mother. Can I trust you to run the winery while I'm gone?

HELEN

I just need to know one thing.

JANTRY

The Security System password?

She shakes her head, smiles. Holds her glass up.

HELEN

Where do you keep the opener?

EXT. JUNGLE OUTSIDE TRELANS - DAY

Matias, Jose, and TEN MEN quietly pad through the jungle. They're eager and excited. They reach the edge of town, stop at a tree line.

CORPORAL MATIAS

Let's get them.

They BURST from the tree line, run into town. Terrified villagers BOLT for cover.

EXT. TRELANS VILLAGE - ROUGH SHED - DAY

Rollich makes his way back holding some Guavas. As he slides the sheet metal door aside he hears noise from the village. He turns in time to see the military men storm the town.

ROLLICH

Time to go. They're here.

EXT. TRELANS VILLAGE - DAY

Led by a villager, Matias and the men head to the shed. Matias stops them with a gesture. They lock and load.

CAPITAN JOSE

Hello, Americans. Come out now or we will have to shoot.

SOLDIER THREE

Are they armed?

CAPITAN JOSE

I'm giving you the count of...

CORPORAL MATIAS

Fire!

They open fire, RIDDLING the shed with bullets. Villagers duck and run. Jose holds his hand up, they stop firing.

Matias walks to the sheet metal door, now shot up. He roughly tosses it aside, pistol ready in his other hand.

INT. TRELANS VILLAGE - ROUGH SHED - DAY

Matias steps in, the beds are all shot up. Bits of red gore litter the walls, he smiles for a moment. Finally he sees that the gore came from a shot up guava.

The back wall has metal bent back, an exit. The quarry escaped. He runs back out the door.

CORPORAL MATIAS

They're on foot. Find them!

His team breaks up, SMASH their way into homes, WOMEN SCREAM.

EXT. OPEN MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Rollich and Grimaldi ride across a grand vista on horseback. They grin widely, the DISTANT SOUND OF GUNFIRE barely audible.

GRIMALDI

What did you trade for these horses?

Rollich looks at a blank spot on his wrist.

ROLLICH

Nothing important. When we get to the next tree line we'll check the map again.

EXT. BOGOTA AIRPORT - DAY

Jantry walks from a commercial airliner. He is met by TWO disheveled MEN, a PILOT and COPILOT, on the tarmac. They wear mismatched, threadbare uniforms. They lead him toward smaller planes. He looks at his iPad, a gleaming aircraft and two smartly dressed pilots appear in the advertisement.

JANTRY

Nothing too small, I hope.

PILOT

A Cessna C-111B, a fine plane.

They come to some old car seats arranged in a circle. The pilot flops down in one, falls asleep in seconds. A bottle falls out of his pocket.

JANTRY

Is he drunk?

COPILOT

Yes, but he'll be sober by the time the repairs are done.

JANTRY

Repairs?

He compares the pilots and plane to the iPad photo, quite a contrast.

INT. ARMY TENT - NIGHT

Captain Jose, Matias, and a DOZEN SOLDIERS at a table.

CAPITAN JOSE
You saw him enter the structure?

CORPORAL MATIAS
He was there, two minutes later he
wasn't. They escaped out the back.

CAPITAN JOSE
You searched the town?

One of the men giggles.

SOLDIER FIVE
Oh, we searched it alright.

CAPITAN JOSE
What does he mean?

CORPORAL MATIAS
The search became a little, eager.
Some women were...compromised.

Jose turns to the soldier.

CAPITAN JOSE
Did you find them?

SOLDIER FIVE
I'm sorry sir, no.

Captain Jose SMACKS him across the face with his PISTOL,
KNOCKS the soldier to the ground.

CAPITAN JOSE
Our employers are paying us very
well to find this man. Getting your
dick wet isn't part of the deal.

The soldier slowly rises to his feet, face bloody and gashed.

CORPORAL MATIAS
We couldn't locate them, we'll take
the dogs back tomorrow and start
fresh.

CAPITAN JOSE
See to it. We need good news.

He SMACKS the soldier across the other side of his face,
knocking him down again.

EXT. JUNGLE CAMP - DAY

Rollich and Grimaldi sit on a fallen tree. The map is spread in front of them as they eat fruit, the horses tied to nearby trees.

ROLLICH

We should have started with horses,
we're only a few miles from the
airfield.

GRIMALDI

Yeah, but the squiggly lines are
the mountains. And we've only got
one day left.

Grimaldi points at the imposing mountains.

ROLLICH

Those mountains?

GRIMALDI

That would be them. The airfield is
on a plateau behind the one on the
right.

Rollich picks up the map, examines it carefully.

GRIMALDI (CONT'D)

There is a pass, we just need to
find it. Looks like it's right
there.

As he points his hand starts shaking. He grasps it with his other hand.

ROLLICH

Don't let it bother you.

GRIMALDI

I don't feel well. Is there
anything left?

ROLLICH

Half a syringe. Let's save it.

GRIMALDI

I'd like it now, please.

ROLLICH

Let's wait until you really need
it.

Grimaldi holds his hand up again, it shakes horribly. He grimaces in pain.

GRIMALDI

I really need it. I'm afraid I'll
fall off the horse.

Rollich gets the last half syringe out. He injects him, Grimaldi quickly improves.

ROLLICH

Better?

GRIMALDI

Hold onto the empty, hopefully the
doctors in Bogota can identify the
drug.

Rollich looks doubtfully at the empty syringe, puts it back into it's case.

ROLLICH

Let's find that pass, I don't think
today is the day to take up
mountain climbing.

Grimaldi gives a sad look.

GRIMALDI

Only one of us is up to any sort of
climbing. I'd give anything to be
you right now.

ROLLICH

And run a failing vineyard with a
family of unbridled narcissists?

GRIMALDI

I'm a crumbling dotard, you're the
virile man I was back in sixty-
eight.

ROLLICH

I'd guess that's why those men want
us so badly. We hold the key.

GRIMALDI

Well, one of us does.

He rolls the map back up.

EXT. TRELANS VILLAGE - TOWN BORDER - DAY

Capitan Jose, Corporal Matias, and the K9 units follow the scent from Rollich and Grimaldi. They get to a place where the dogs lose the scent.

K9 HANDLER #1

They just vanish here.

Captain Jose looks carefully at the ground. See the marks from horse hooves.

CAPITAN JOSE

Morons, they got on horses here.
You two follow the tracks on foot.
We'll go back for horses.

CORPORAL MATIAS

They're probably miles from here
already, that was yesterday.

CAPITAN JOSE

If your men hadn't been fucking the
local women we wouldn't be fucked
ourselves right now.

CORPORAL MATIAS

I'm sorry, sir, I'll...

CAPITAN JOSE

What?

CORPORAL MATIAS

I'll send for horses.

CAPITAN JOSE

Get the helicopter fueled up too.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. JUNGLE WATERFALL - DAY

Rollich climbs down a tree, jumping the last few meters. He tosses Grimaldi a mango.

GRIMALDI

Show off.

ROLLICH

I couldn't even tell you how many decades it's been since I climbed a tree.

He and Grimaldi drink from the pond beneath a small waterfall.

GRIMALDI

Do you think we lost them?

ROLLICH

Maybe for awhile. We won't truly lose them until we leave Colombia.

GRIMALDI

So, you're confident that your son will be at the airfield tomorrow?

ROLLICH

If any of my children can be counted on, Jantry's the one.

Grimaldi eats his mango.

GRIMALDI

Not exactly a ringing endorsement.

ROLLICH

Do you have kids?

GRIMALDI

Two.

ROLLICH

Have they ever disappointed you?

Rollich finishes packing the bag, straps it to his horse.

GRIMALDI

You know the answer to that. But every now and then they surprise me, make me proud.

ROLLICH

My other offspring I wouldn't trust to organize a sock drawer. But Jantry?

GRIMALDI

Yes?

ROLLICH

He'll be there.

Rollich is distracted by movement behind Grimaldi.

ROLLICH (CONT'D)

Don't move.

A large snake makes it's way to Grimaldi. Rollich picks up a ROCK and MASHES it on the snake's head. It quickly curls around Rollich, incapacitating him.

ROLLICH (CONT'D)

Kill it! Kill it!

Grimaldi grabs the rock, fights with the weight and brings it down HARD on the snake. After three blows the snake is finally DEAD. Grimaldi is nearly spent from the effort.

GRIMALDI

A Boa Constrictor. Jesus! I didn't even see it.

ROLLICH

He had his eye on you.

GRIMALDI

It knew to go after the weak one.

ROLLICH

And yet you were the one who killed it.

Grimaldi smiles as he catches his breath.

GRIMALDI

Huh, yeah, I guess so.

ROLLICH

I think we could risk a daytime fire for some cooked meat, yes?

GRIMALDI

After four days on the all-fruit diet, most definitely.

INT. MIRAMAR WINERY - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Helen sits comfortably behind the president's desk. She drags her arm across the top, dumping everything into a banker's box.

HELEN

Janet, get in here.

The Miramar secretary JANET (40s, mousy) cautiously steps in.

JANET

Yes, Mrs. Miramar?

Helen smiles, points at the box.

HELEN

I'll need a few more of those boxes. And some trash bags too.

JANET

Certainly, Ma'am.

HELEN

And a list of all the company credit cards. Time to clip some wings.

JANET

Yes. Of course.

She scurries off. Helen grins as she picks up the phone.

HELEN

This is Helen Miramar, Call an emergency board meeting this afternoon, get everyone here.

She sets the phone down then picks up a cordless mouse and THROWS it at a framed photo on the wall. It CRASHES to the floor, a white haired gentleman smiles at us through the broken glass. The caption reads "Our President, Rollich Miramar".

EXT. JUNGLE WATERFALL - DAY

Rollich and Grimaldi sit by the bones of the massive snake, satisfied by a full meal. The small fire dies down.

GRIMALDI

And to think I almost got to the end of my days without knowing the pleasure of fire roasted snake.

ROLLICH

It was surprisingly edible. But I'd still prefer a thick porterhouse.

Thunder CRACKS in the distance. Dark skies roil above them.

GRIMALDI

We might be getting wet. Again.

ROLLICH

The horses are waterproof. And tomorrow we land in Bogota. You'll get real medicine and I'll get my porterhouse.

Grimaldi holds his canteen up as a toast. His hand shakes.

GRIMALDI

To Bogota.

ROLLICH

Bogota!

Grimaldi hesitantly gets up, not feeling well. He considers for a moment, then:

GRIMALDI

Matt Grimaldi, sells Darnley Freezers in Iowa City.

Rollich is confused.

ROLLICH

I'm sorry? What do you mean?

GRIMALDI

My son. I haven't spoken to him in three years. If I don't...

Rollich tries to blow it off.

ROLLICH

Don't be silly.

GRIMALDI

Matt Grimaldi.

ROLLICH

Iowa City. Got it

They mount their horses and continue up the pass.

EXT. BOGOTA AIRPORT - DAY

Jantry sits at the side of the airfield. Nearby the Pilot and Copilot continue work on the Cessna. Jantry spreads a map in front of him as the Pilot walks over.

PILOT

The fuel filter was clogged. Hard to get clean fuel everywhere.

JANTRY

But it's fixed now? Repairs completed?

PILOT

It will be ready to go tomorrow, as planned.

Jantry points out the coordinates on the map.

JANTRY

And we'll be able to get to this airfield, and pick up my father and his friends?

The pilot takes the map, looks at the indicated airfield.

PILOT

I'm not familiar with that one. It's at four thousand feet, pretty high up. But we should make it.

Dark skies overhead, lightning flashes in the mountains above them.

JANTRY

Is that bad?

PILOT

It's not good.

The pilot laughs, walks back to continue work on the plane.

EXT. JUNGLE WATERFALL - DAY

Corporal Matias rides into the deserted campsite with TEN SOLDIERS ON HORSEBACK. They dismount, inspect the site. The sun sets, a light rain falls.

CORPORAL MATIAS
 We're right behind them. This site
 is only a few hours old.

The men refill their canteens in the pond. Matias pulls his
 radio out.

CORPORAL MATIAS (CONT'D)
 Captain Jose, we're right on their
 tail. They're heading up through
 the pass.

CAPITAN JOSE
 (O.S.)
 Why would they go up the mountain?

CORPORAL MATIAS
 Who cares, they're cutting off
 their own escape routes.

CAPITAN JOSE
 (O.S.)
 Make camp, we'll join you with the
 helicopter in the morning. Tomorrow
 is the day.

CORPORAL MATIAS
 Tomorrow is the day.

The men unload supplies from their horses. Matias' grin fades
 as the rain picks up.

EXT. JUNGLE ROCK OUTCROPPING - NIGHT

Rollich and Grimaldi ride out the storm sheltered under some
 rocks. The horses are tied nearby. The wind picks up, they
 hug closer to the rocks.

GRIMALDI
 I'd be much happier in a room at
 The Hilton.

ROLLICH
 Aren't you special. I'd settle for
 a Motel 6.

GRIMALDI
 Hell, a tent and a sleeping bag.

ROLLICH
 Good news. My son arrives in the
 morning. And I'm pretty sure there
 IS a Hilton in Bogota.

GRIMALDI

The presidential suite, on me. And
a porterhouse from room service.

Rollich moves to clear some space.

ROLLICH

There's enough dry area for one of
us to lie down. You get some rest.

Grimaldi wants to refuse, but is near collapse.

GRIMALDI

Just for a moment...

He lies down, asleep in seconds. Rollich watches him
shivering in the rain, concerned.

EXT. BOGOTA AIRPORT - BUILDING - DAY

The Pilot walks in, finds Jantry asleep on a filthy couch. He
kicks the couch to wake him.

PILOT

Warming up for takeoff.

Jantry rises, half awake.

JANTRY

Running better today?

PILOT

It'll fly.

JANTRY

Let's go get my Dad.

EXT. JUNGLE WATERFALL - DAY

Corporal Matias and the men pack up their horses. The morning
sun breaks through clouds and a light rain.

CORPORAL MATIAS

In an hour or two we will finish
this mission. Five hundred cash
bonus if you take the young one
alive.

SOLDIER THREE

Five hundred? In cash?

Corporal Matias pulls a wad out, flashes the bills to happy men.

CORPORAL MATIAS

In cash. Let's go, the helicopter
will join us soon.

They ride off at a nice clip.

EXT. JUNGLE ROCK OUTCROPPING - DAY

Rollich stands where we last saw him. Grimaldi sleeps peacefully on the dry ground. Rollich checks his watch, gently nudges Grimaldi.

ROLLICH

Good morning.

GRIMALDI

Morning? You were supposed to wake
me.

ROLLICH

We can argue about it on the plane.

Grimaldi's hand shakes worse than before.

GRIMALDI

I may need help getting on my
horse.

ROLLICH

No worries. I found one more.

He pulls out a full syringe. Grimaldi is overcome with joy.

GRIMALDI

Thank God.

ROLLICH

And Dr. Buntan.

Rollich gives him half of the medicine, carefully places the syringe back in his bag.

GRIMALDI

Thank you, friend.

Rollich helps him onto his horse.

ROLLICH

Yes, we are friends. I look forward
to introducing you to my son.

They ride up the hill slowly, ruminating in their soggy clothes.

GRIMALDI
Can I use your jacket? I'm not
feeling well.

ROLLICH
Of course.

Rollich pulls it from his pack, gives him the jacket.

ROLLICH (CONT'D)
Probably smells bad, I'm sorry.

GRIMALDI
Thanks, it's perfect.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Captain Jose, strapped in a seat, grins broadly. The helicopter flies with ease, a skilled pilot in control.

CAPITAN JOSE
We are nearly done.

SOLDIER FIVE
Dead or alive?

He rubs his gun.

CAPITAN JOSE
Alive is best. But dead can work.
He must not escape.

INT. CESSNA - DAY

They fly over green jungle, climbing up the side of the mountain. Jantry looks out the windows uneasily.

JANTRY
Still running OK?

PILOT
It's running.

The Copilot laughs.

JANTRY
How far away is it?

COPILOT

Twenty minutes to the airfield. I hope they have fuel, we're nearing a half tank.

EXT. PORTUA AIRFIELD - DAY

Rollich and Grimaldi ride up a ridge, arrive at the airfield. It's horribly overgrown, the runway full of scrub brush and small trees. Evidently out of use for decades. No sign of a plane, just silence.

GRIMALDI

You sure this is the right time and place?

ROLLICH

Maybe the far end...

Grimaldi laughs, looks at his watch.

GRIMALDI

The map must have been older than we thought. We're here at the right time.

ROLLICH

Maybe there's enough open space at the other end.

Grimaldi smiles, they know it's hopeless. They ride slowly past overgrown buildings and broken lights.

GRIMALDI

Nothing has landed here for a long time.

At the far end, a helicopter appears in the sky.

ROLLICH

Jantry! He brought a helicopter. That's my boy!

He waves to the helicopter, it flies toward them. The side door opens, a soldier appears holding a microphone. Beside him another soldier has a rocket launcher.

CAPITAN JOSE

Hello and good morning, gentlemen. It is time for you to surrender, or die.

The men sit on their horses, Rollich gets out his slingshot.

GRIMALDI

Are you bringing a slingshot to a
rocket fight?

ROLLICH

Not exactly.

He pulls some rocks from a pouch. The men in the helicopter
start laughing.

CAPITAN JOSE

You Americans always with a sense
of humor. I'm giving you the count
of five to get off your horses.
One.

Rollich aims at a palm tree, he misses.

CAPITAN JOSE (CONT'D)

Two.

Rollich tries to load a second rock, he fumbles and drops it.

CAPITAN JOSE (CONT'D)

Three.

Rollich finally gets a rock in the rubber tourniquet,
launches it at the palm tree. A few startled birds fly out,
squawking.

CAPITAN JOSE (CONT'D)

Four.

Jose taps the rocket soldier on the shoulder, points for him
to aim at the men. As he does this birds start flying from
every tree, hundreds of them. Captain Jose and his men
quickly realize what is happening. He points for the rocket
to fire.

Rollich spurs his horse as the ROCKET BLASTS toward them.
Rollich gets his horse moving just in time. KABAM! The rocket
rips through the jungle where they were, leaving a crater.

ROLLICH

Where the hell is Jantry?

They gallop as the helicopter turns to follow. Birds fly
above and below, getting ground up as they go through the
rotor. Behind them Corporal Matias leads a team of men on
horses in chase.

GRIMALDI

He'd better get here real fast.

In the distance the Cessna appears.

ROLLICH
Thank god! It's Jantry.

GRIMALDI
Follow me!

They gallop at full tilt as the Cessna approaches. The helicopter starts flying erratically behind them.

INT. CESSNA - DAY

Jantry and the pilots are dumbfounded. They can see Rollich and Grimaldi being chased by armed horsemen. A fire burns in the middle of the runway where the rocket landed. And a helicopter flies in a large flock of birds, beleaguered.

PILOT
This is not a working airfield.

COPILOT
It is also not a situation we are prepared for, nor were we advised about it properly.

JANTRY
Do we really want to discuss things that have been misrepresented now?

He holds his iPad out, with the gleaming photo of their airplane service.

COPILOT
Our uniforms are being redesigned.

PILOT
We can't land here, and we don't have enough fuel to return to Bogota.

JANTRY
But my father...

COPILOT
We CAN'T land here. There is no runway.

JANTRY
Get us over them.

PILOT

We are turning around and going back. We may pass over them for a moment.

EXT. PORTUA AIRFIELD - DAY

Rollich and Grimaldi gallop from the pursuing forces. The Cessna swings low, matches their speed. Slowly descends.

GRIMALDI

Just a little lower and...

The helicopter starts gyrating madly, unable to maintain altitude. But Matias and his men are gaining, guns drawn.

ROLLICH

Holy shit.

GRIMALDI

You're a good man. Thank you for trying.

ROLLICH

What are you talking about?

GRIMALDI

Say "thank you" to Jantry for me.

In one quick motion Grimaldi leads his horse into the forest. He races away, the men on horses follow Rollich's jacket.

SOLDIER FOUR

Five hundred dollars!

They close on Grimaldi as the Cessna nears Rollich. Jantry leans out, tries to help Rollich in.

JANTRY

Get in!

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The men panic as the helicopter spins madly out of control. The helicopter struggles on it's way down.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Sir, we're going down.

CAPITAN JOSE

I can fucking see that!

WARNING INDICATORS and ALARMS go nuts, the helicopter starts spinning faster. The pilot fights the controls, it's hopeless. It races to the ground and CRASHES!

EXT. PORTUA AIRFIELD - DAY

The Cessna matches speed and floats just feet above the runway, Rollich tries to jump on board, misses. They are almost at the end of the runway, a wall of trees just ahead.

EXT. PORTUA AIRFIELD JUNGLE - DAY

Grimaldi, wearing Rollich's jacket leads the horsemen off into the jungle. A SHOT rings out, he FALLS from the horse.

EXT. PORTUA AIRFIELD - DAY

Rollich makes it into the plane. As soon as he is on board they pull up.

The horse turns away and misses the trees, the plane isn't so lucky. The right side landing gear is RIPPED AWAY on a tree.

EXT. PORTUA AIRFIELD - CRASHED HELICOPTER - DAY

Damaged and smoking, the helicopter sits in smoldering scrub brush. Captain Jose climbs out. The men on horses ride up, Grimaldi writhes in pain, tossed over his horse.

The lead rider pulls his hood down, it's Samson, the orderly we met earlier. Not only is he not dead, he's in charge.

CAPITAN JOSE

Thank god, you got him.

SAMSON

It's the wrong guy, we just captured the wrong guy.

CAPITAN JOSE

But...

SAMSON

Miramar escaped in that plane, and you've crashed our only helicopter.

He's barely able to speak he's so angry. The pilot climbs from the wreckage as flames start licking up the fuselage.

CAPITAN JOSE
Where are you going?

HELICOPTER PILOT
We need to go, there's a fire.

CAPITAN JOSE
Get on the fucking radio. The tail
letters on that Cessna are NW437,
have our men waiting in Bogota.

The pilot motions to the flames engulfing the helicopter.

HELICOPTER PILOT
But sir?

Capitan Jose pulls out his pistol.

CAPITAN JOSE
Get on that radio!

INT. CESSNA - DAY

The plane climbs, engine sputtering. Jantry looks
incredulously at Rollich. He's emotionally spent.

JANTRY
Why did my Dad ride into the
jungle? Who were those men chasing
him? Why?

ROLLICH
Jantry, that wasn't your Dad.

JANTRY
Old guy, white hair and a tacky
Miramar Vineyards jacket. Pretty
sure it was my Dad.

The engine sputters again, the plane starts dropping. Jantry
and Rollich are overcome with emotion, but for different
reasons.

PILOT
I'm sorry, Mr. Jantry, the trees
have damaged the engine.

Out the window, the jungle RUSHES TOWARDS THEM.

ROLLICH
I love you son, I knew you'd come.

He tries to hug Jantry who violently SCOTS AWAY from him.

JANTRY

You aren't my Dad, I'm not blind.

ROLLICH

You hated tomatoes as a boy.

PILOT

I'm sorry to interrupt the wonderful reunion, we will crash into the jungle shortly. Fasten your seatbelts, please.

The pilot and copilot fight with the controls as Jantry stares at the oddly familiar young man in front of him.

JANTRY

What...what...How can you be? Who was my favorite Scooby Doo character?

ROLLICH

How the fuck would I know? Your witch of a mother has turned you against me, again.

Tears form in Jantry's eyes.

JANTRY

It is you.

The pilot jams the throttle closed and open again, the engine regains a normal sound. The plane pulls up, roaring against gravity, just missing another MASSIVE TREE.

PILOT

Good news, I think the engine is better. We might make it.

Jantry and Rollich hug, overwhelmed. The Copilot looks out his window at the missing landing wheel.

COPILOT

At least we still have one wheel. If the engine doesn't die, we might be able to land.

Jantry and Rollich awake from their moment of bliss and look out at the ruined landing gear.

JANTRY

Might?

END SHOW

