

Stranded

Written by

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EXT. ISLAND - DAWN

A starry night. We hear the CRACKLING of a fire. EMBERS float up, we follow them down...

GAVIN (V.O.)
He used to save up the whole year,
just so we could afford one trip down
to Panama, every New Year.

... to a 34-foot BOAT in FULL FLAMES. The sun is about to rise behind it.

GAVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He let me name it.

On the back of the boat, barely readable: **F O R T U N A**

GAVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What a stupid name.

A FACE illuminated by the flames. This is GAVIN (18, white, skinny). He stares at the fire, a tear rolls down his face.

The sound of a CROWD fades in, someone TAPS on a MICROPHONE.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Okay, everyone, the moment is finally
here. The winning ticket is... G. A.
forty-four!

The crowd CHEERS.

EXT. FORTUNA, DECK - DAY - FLASHBACK

YOUNG GAVIN (10) stands on the deck of Fortuna, a 34 foot double-engine offshore motorboat, holding a FISHING ROD that's bending like it's about to snap.

YOUNG LOGAN (2) jumps up and down next to him, excited. DAD (50s) stands nearby, cheering him on.

GAVIN (V.O.)
All our best memories are on that
boat, but now....

Dad positions a camera.

They pose for it, Young Gavin, front and center holding the fish with Young Logan next to him, Dad behind.

CLICK -- and we freeze on a happy family, and a proud dad.

GAVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... I'm just glad he won't know it
ended in up flames.

EXT. MIAMI, HARBOUR, FORTUNA - DAY

CAPTION: *MIAMI*

Gavin, boyish innocent look, in a dark suit stands on the deck looking out at the sea.

RORY (40s, white, but tan), suited, walks up to him.

RORY
You okay?

GAVIN
Yeah, I'm fine.

RORY
If you need a little money --

GAVIN
-- Thanks, Rory. But, we're gonna
need more than just a little. I'm
selling the boat.

RORY
Selling?

GAVIN
He didn't leave anything else, and I
have to take care of Logan now.

RORY
Shame to sell a boat like this, it's
very useful.

GAVIN
Not for making money.

Rory hesitates.

RORY
What if I said it is?

Gavin turns to him, intrigued.

Rory feels he already said too much... But Gavin looks
desperate to know more.

RORY (CONT'D)

I know a guy in Colombia that needs help moving some stuff over here.

Not what Gavin was hoping to hear.

RORY (CONT'D)

Look, good jobs don't grow on trees, alright.

GAVIN

It's not the type of job I want.

RORY

Okay, you know what, scrap it, forget I mentioned it. You want to sell your boat, I have retailer, I'll set you up.

INT. FORTUNA, LOWER DECK - DAY

The lower deck of Fortuna is one big room with a kitchen counter, a small fridge, a door to a bathroom, a couch, and one large mattress with LOGAN (10) laying on it, staring at the ceiling.

GAVIN O.S.

Hey buddy, time to go. Rory's gonna take us home.

Logan gets up sluggishly.

INT. GAVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gavin and Logan enter a small and depressing apartment. Logan heads straight for another room and closes the door.

Gavin sits down on the couch and stares at the wall...

... and a framed NEWSPAPER PHOTO, headline: LUCKY FAMILY WINS MOTORBOAT. Young Gavin and his family pose next to the boat, smiling.

Faint SOBBING, from Logan's room.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

A crowded office, the MANAGER (50s), looks apologetically at Gavin from behind his desk.

MANAGER

The most I can do for you is twenty-cents.

GAVIN

Twenty-cents? That's less than two dollars a day.

MANAGER

It would be two dollars a day more than what your co-workers are making, frankly I shouldn't even give you the twenty.

GAVIN

But it's not enough.

MANAGER

I sympathize, I really do, but I can't do more than that. You keep up the good work and you'll be looking at shift manager within a year.

GAVIN

Sir I... I appreciate the help, but I literally cannot afford to work here.

MANAGER

Well, Gavin, if that's the case, I'll be sorry to see you go. I wish you all the best.

EXT. MIAMI, HARBOUR, FORTUNA - DAY

Rory and Gavin stand on the deck, Gavin looks nervous.

A RETAILER (50s) walk out from below deck.

RETAILER

Boat's in good condition, but the equipment is very very outdated.

GAVIN

On the day it was worth over fifty grand.

RETAILER

Brand new, yes, and ten years ago.

RORY

Don't be an asshole Jerry just let him know how much he can get for it.

RETAILER

Well, I think optimistically,
fifteen. Realistically I'd settle for
ten.

Gavin looks unhappy. Rory sees it.

RORY

Okay, thank you Jerry, we'll be in
touch.

RETAILER

You know if --

RORY

-- Thank you, Jerry.

The Retailer leaves.

Silence. Gavin looks like he's got something to say, but
struggles to get the words out.

GAVIN

... How much?

RORY

How much what?

GAVIN

The job, you were talking about, how
much could I make?

RORY

A grand, per kilo. We could start
small, ease you in, say twenty k?

GAVIN

(chuckles.)

So, more than I'd get for selling the
boat?

RORY

You want to do it, I'll make the
call. We leave as soon as possible.

Gavin, despite himself, looks inclined to accept.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Gavin knocks on a door in a tired-looking hallway.

beat. MS. PEÑA (Hispanic, elderly, sweet) opens the door.

MS. PEÑA
Gavin, mi amor.

GAVIN
Hola, I was wondering if you could do
me a favor...

INT. LOGAN'S ROOM - DAY

Logan lays in bed, arm over face, grinning his teeth in
great discomfort.

GAVIN O.S.
You should watch.

LOGAN
You know I can't.

GAVIN O.S.
You need to learn.

LOGAN
Just tell me when you're done.

GAVIN O.S.
Done.

Logan removes his arm to see Gavin INJECTING him with a
NEEDLE for INSULIN. Logan immediately closes his eyes

LOGAN
You liar!

GAVIN
He-he. I am done now though, promise.

Gavin disposes of the needle.

Logan, scared, opens one eye. To his relief Gavin told the
truth.

Gavin puts away the insulin kit.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Hey so, I'm gonna... do some work for
Rory. I'll be away for a while.

LOGAN
How long?

GAVIN
A few weeks, probably, a month maybe.

Logan turns away, sad.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I've talked to Ms. Peña, she'll help you with this. I gave her the list too so, she knows what to buy.

(beat)

It's gonna work out bud, I'm gonna take care of us.

INT. COLOMBIA, CARTAGENA, CAFE - DAY

CAPTION: *CARTAGENA, COLOMBIA*

Nervousness, or the hot climate, either way, Gavin is sweating like crazy and his breathing's bordering on hyperventilation. A backpack on the floor next to his chair.

Rory walks up to the table with a couple of BEERS and hands Gavin one.

They're in a quiet and dark café, empty except for them and the BARTENDER (20s, female).

RORY

Here, calm your nerves. I've talked you up and he's big into it.

Rory leans as if to tell him a secret.

RORY (CONT'D)

What he doesn't want you to know is that he needs you. He'll act tough but, it's all show. Still, best if you play along.

Gavin feels a little more relaxed.

Rory's eyes shift to the entrance. He stands up and Gavin follows.

In walks FRANCO (30s, Hispanic) Escobar wanna-be, both in style and attitude. He speaks English with a slight Spanish accent.

His two companions follow: DANIEL (40s, Hispanic), gentle-looking and who, for reasons only he knows, doesn't speak, and ALEJANDRO (30s, Hispanic), ambitious.

Rory walks up to Franco and they greet each other in Spanish. All Spanish is with English subtitles.

RORY (CONT'D)
 (Spanish)
 Hey Franco, dude how are you?

They hug.

FRANCO
 Rory, my friend!

Franco is relaxed and cheerful, and so is Rory. Gavin is tense. Daniel is neutral, Alejandro attentive.

Franco turns to Gavin.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
 (English)
 You must be Gavin.

GAVIN
 Yeah.

Franco sits down followed by Rory and Gavin.

FRANCO
 (Spanish)
 Alejandro, go get me a beer --
 (turns to Daniel)
 -- Daniel, do you want one?

Daniel shakes his head.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
 Okay.
 (English, to Gavin
 and Rory)
 How about some shots guys? I know
 it's early but fuck it, I'm in a good
 mood.
 (Spanish)
 Three shots, tequila.

Alejandro, unhappy with the command, does as he's told.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
 (English)
 First time in Cartagena, Gavin?

GAVIN
 First time in Colombia.

FRANCO
 Beautiful country, beautiful city,
 right?

GAVIN
Yeah, Rory has said good things, I --

FRANCO
-- One day we'll have to take him to the high school we went to, eh Rory?

RORY
If that piece of shit school is still standing.

Franco laughs. Rory smiles.

FRANCO
Gavin, how come a kid like you got a boat like that uh?

GAVIN
It was my dad's.

FRANCO
Okay. Twenty K, like we agreed, Rory. If all goes well, you can start doing big boy stuff eh.

GAVIN
Twenty kilos... how much is that - in money I mean?

RORY
About seven-hundred grand.

FRANCO
You'll be paid ten grand before, and ten grand when it's done.
(beat)
Of course, when you start doing more, you'll make more.

RORY
A lot more.

Alejandro returns, hands Franco the beer and places the shots on the table. Franco doesn't acknowledge him.

FRANCO
You brought what we asked?

Gavin nods. He pulls out a folder from his backpack and hands it to Franco. Franco opens it, inside is Gavin's PASSPORT, BOAT LICENSE, and SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Good. We'll make copies.
(MORE)

FRANCO (CONT'D)

(beat)

Daniel.

Franco SNAPS his fingers. Daniel pulls a white envelope from his pocket and hands it to Franco.

Franco lock eyes with Gavin, who's too scared to look away.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

G.P.S coordinates. I want your boat here, tomorrow, noon.

Franco slides the envelope across the table, Gavin reaches his hand out to meet it, Franco doesn't let it go.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Now, you have to understand one very important thing.

Gavin leans in.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

You're only here because you have a boat, you're American, and most importantly, Rory has put his neck on the line for you.

RORY

Yeah, I've known this kid since he was in middle school man.

Franco doesn't break eye contact.

FRANCO

And I trust Rory's word. I understand it's just you and your brother, and if you try to mess with me in any way, I will kill him, before I kill you. And I'll do it very painfully.

Gavin nods, terrified. The fear in Gavin's eyes pleases Franco. He leans back, breaking the tension.

FRANCO

Believe me, I don't want to. Some lessons are hard to teach, but people still need to learn.

(beat)

The lesson here is don't fuck me over.

(smiles)

Now, shots?

EXT. CARTAGENA, HARBOUR, FORTUNA, DECK - NIGHT

Rory stands on the deck, looking out across the dark and quiet harbour. Gavin walks up to him and hands him a beer.

RORY
Thanks. You feeling alright?

Gavin looks unsure.

RORY (CONT'D)
You're overthinking it.

GAVIN
How am I overthinking it?

RORY
All you gotta do is drive your boat from here to Panama. My guy will do the rest.

GAVIN
You said Franco's desperate... Why?

Beat.

RORY
Coast guard, they've been picking off his mules... but they're not looking for people like you. You're young, American, and very white. If you don't give them a reason to look at you twice, they won't.

Gavin nods softly, not convinced.

RORY (CONT'D)
It's just twenty K, you can hide that, easy.

GAVIN
I guess you're right.

Rory chugs the rest of his beer, then stands up.

RORY
I gotta head out. Early flight tomorrow. Call me if anything happens.

INT. ALCOVE, FORTUNA, COCKPIT - DAY

Fortuna glides along the coast, into a seemingly untouched alcove.

Gavin spots the mouth of a river, just wide enough for the boat.

EXT. COCA FIELD - DAY

The green COCOA PLANT...

... A HAND RIPS the green leaves off...

... stuffs the leaves into a big plastic trash bag...

... swings the full bag onto the back of JAVIER (40s). A man who's been working the fields for years, and it shows.

He looks over the field which extends far and wide, filled with plants and WORKERS, exactly like him.

EXT. FRANCO'S CAMP - DAY

Underneath the shade of a tarp is a POOL of leaves and clear liquid on a tarp dug into the ground.

Javier dumps the leaves into it...

... FEET, wearing black plastic long boots STOMP the leaves.

EXT. CARTAGENA, ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - DAY

Rory, splendidly dressed in a suit, walks into a beautiful rooftop restaurant overlooking the city of Cartagena.

The sea in the distance, skyscrapers to the right, and the old town with cathedrals on the left.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The river opens up revealing a wooden dock.

Several small motorboats, covered by tarps, are docked by the side.

Franco, Alejandro, and Daniel, carrying a large black bag are there waiting.

CHRISTINA O.S.
 (Spanish)
 Franco?

EXT. RIVER, DOCK - DAY

Gavin exits the docked boat and greets them.

RORY (V.O.)
 Trapped, but I don't think he knows
 it yet.

EXT. ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - DAY

Rory sits at a table by the edge of the roof, opposite
 CHRISTINA (late 30's). Wine in hand, beautifully dressed,
 and confidence to match.

She's in control of the conversation, they both know it.

RORY
 I'm just concerned that when he does
 he'll lash out.

CHRISTINA
 You're asking for protection?

RORY
 You don't want me dead almost as much
 as I don't want to be dead.

CHRISTINA
 Oh?

RORY
 I can get you Miami.

CHRISTINA
 (smiles)
 You already have.

EXT. COCA FIELD, DIRT ROAD - DAY

Franco brings Gavin past the forest along a dirt road that
 cuts through a giant field filled with coca plants.

Workers populate the field and ARMED MEN patrol the roads.

They're walking up a hill towards the treeline, to an area
 covered by a tarp.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)

The supply is cut off, thanks to you. Franco will be starved of money, and Miami starved of cocaine, we'll be ready to meet it... and more.

RORY (V.O.)

More?

Gavin does his best to keep his cool. Franco is enjoying every second, greeting the people they pass with a smile.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)

Colombia isn't big enough, why would Miami be?

EXT. ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - DAY

Christina takes a sip of her wine while looking sternly at Rory.

RORY

(english)

There's no free real estate left. You wanna go beyond Miami you're stepping on people's toes, and people tend to punch back.

CHRISTINA

We're not called the Rojo cartel because we ask politely. And this is the lifeline I'm offering you.

RORY

Lifeline? I'm sorry, I thought we had a deal, I help you with Franco, and then *I'm* your guy in Miami.

CHRISTINA

You confused Franco's confidence for competence. Now you're stranded on Franco Island, watching me in my boat sail by. I needed you to take Miami, I don't need you to keep it. New York, now that's different.

Rory looks at her defeated. Christina enjoys it.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I have some people in Miami, they'll be in touch... So go on, you have some toes to step on.

EXT. FRANCO'S CAMP - DAY

Franco and Gavin reach the top of a hill to the tarp-covered area, like a makeshift warehouse.

BIG PLASTIC BARRELS are lined up in a row, each with a worker stirring, one of them is Javier.

Behind is the pool with the leaves, chemicals, and workers stomping. It draws Gavin's attention. Franco sees.

FRANCO

Kinda like we're making wine eh?

GAVIN

Why are they stomping?

FRANCO

I don't handle the process, but I know it goes

(points to each
thing as he says it)

plant, pool, barrel,
(off in the distance)

lab,
(his own)

nose.

Franco laughs.

GAVIN

What's in the barrels?

Franco, annoyed, looks around... then points to Javier.

FRANCO

(Spanish)

You!

Javier turns to look at Franco.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Come here!

Javier walks over to them.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

What's in the barrels and why?

JAVIER

Cocoa leaves, acid, gasoline,
ammonia, mainly. The chemical
reaction draws the cocaine out.

(MORE)

JAVIER (CONT'D)
Later we separate the cocaine and
dump the rest.

FRANCO
(English)
Coca leaves, acid, gasoline, ammonia.
It draws the cocaine out of the
leaves.

GAVIN
(jokingly)
Yeah, exactly like making wine.

They look at him confused.

JAVIER
(Spanish)
What did he say?

FRANCO
He says, exactly like making wine.

Javier looks at Gavin confused.

JAVIER
... No.

FRANCO
(English)
He says no.

Awkward silence... Luckily Franco doesn't let it linger.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
(Spanish)
Go back to work.

Javier returns to the barrel.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
(English)
Tell me, why do your government
approve alcohol and tobacco, but not
cocaine?

GAVIN
I don't know.

FRANCO
(chuckles)
I'm not complaining. It's the only
reason I have a job.
(MORE)

FRANCO (CONT'D)

If they made it legal today, tomorrow
fucking Coca-cola or whatever would
be making cocaine like it's candy.
And that is why it's illegal, *money*.

GAVIN

Money?

FRANCO

Crime, is an economic sector, Gavin.
Judges, cops, guns, prisons, all
exists because of crime. And with
crime, you can raise taxes, to pay
all these people, and any money you
confiscate, you can keep. But if
Coca-cola is making all your cocaine,
the profit, they hide it, they don't
pay taxes. Suddenly, no more money
for you. Fewer cops, fewer prisons
people lose their jobs. A criminal
isn't outside the system, it's making
sure system *works*, society needs
criminals. And in truth, we're
nothing but simple farmers, working
with what the earth gives us. Now
you're in the farming business too,
how does it feel?

GAVIN

Uhm... good?

FRANCO

Great. Listen, change of plans.

Gavin's worried.

GAVIN

Oh?

FRANCO

Twenty K... too little, I think you
can do more

GAVIN

Okay... how much more?

FRANCO

We'll see how much we can fit in the
boat eh?

EXT. COLOMBIA, AIRPORT - DAY

Rory walks out of a TAXI at RAFAEL NÚÑEZ INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT with a carry-on luggage.

EXT. RIVER, DOCK - DAY

Gavin and Franco walk on the dock towards the boat. Alejandro and Daniel stand outside it.

The small boats previously covered by tarp are now exposed, some are filled with COCAINE packed in THICK BRICKS

FRANCO
(Spanish)
Ready?

Alejandro nods.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
How much did you fit?

ALEJANDRO
A little over a hundred.

Franco looks pleased.

FRANCO
(English)
A hundred-kilo cocaine, that's more like it eh?

Gavin tries to remain calm.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
How much is this boat worth?

GAVIN
Not much.

FRANCO
(laughs)
Well, it's worth over three million now.

GAVIN
So... I'll be paid more too, right?

Franco looks at him intimidatingly, but only for a moment.

FRANCO

Right, only fair. You get your ten first, and then... another fifty when it's done. Sounds good?

It doesn't.

GAVIN

Sure.

FRANCO

You'll get the rest when you get back here for another trip.

GAVIN

Another trip?

FRANCO

Gavin, we don't do one and done. I'm not some girl you can fuck and not call. This is a partnership now, like with me and Rory.

(Smiles)

Oh, Daniel will go with you. motherfucker doesn't say a god damn word. Perfect travel companion eh?

GAVIN

Does he understand English?

FRANCO

Fuck if I know. I'm not even sure he understands Spanish, but he does what I say.

They look at Daniel, he's expressionless.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Maybe he reads minds eh?

GAVIN

And my passport and everything... the money.

FRANCO

Ah!

(To Daniel)

Daniel?

Daniel nods and taps the bag.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Huh, I guess he understands English.
He also has a satellite phone, so we
can stay in touch.

(beat)
And a gun... Just in case. Now get
going before I shoot you.

Franco smiles.

INT. FORTUNA, LOWER DECK - DAY

Gavin walks down to the lower deck.

Thick bricks of cocaine are stacked several layers high,
covers all the furniture.

Gavin looks at it stunned.

EXT. RIVER, DOCK - DAY

Franco looks concerned at Daniel.

FRANCO
Daniel, you okay with this, yes?

Daniel nods.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Good. Kid is young so go easy on him
but, make sure he follows through.

Daniel nods.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Okay, call me when it's done... stay
safe.

Franco gives Daniel a friendly slap on the shoulder.

EXT. RIVER, DOCK

Franco and Alejandro watch the boat leave down the river.

ALEJANDRO
Was it a good idea to let the kid do
this?

FRANCO
Why do you think I sent Daniel with
him?

ALEJANDRO

I'm just saying it's not what I would have done.

FRANCO

Rojo are gonna think twice before they kill an American citizen.

(beat)

But if you think it's a bad idea, maybe I should send you next time?

Alejandro backs off. Franco heads down the road.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Bring the rest of the coke back to the camp!

Alejandro stays behind, angry.

INT. COLOMBIA, AIRPORT - DAY

Rory walks through a crowded airport. His phone RINGS.

INT. FORTUNA, COCKPIT - DAY

Gavin steers the boat while he holds the phone to his ear.

RORY (V.O.)

Yeah?

GAVIN

There's been a change.

RORY (V.O.)

What do you mean?

GAVIN

He's filled the whole boat with cocaine, a hundred k.

INTERCUT. RORY/GAVIN

Rory

wants to curse out loud but stops himself. He looks around for a less populated area to speak.

RORY

Okay, he shouldn't have done that.

Gavin

looks behind him, where Daniel is sitting, just out of earshot... maybe. Gavin speaks lower just in case.

GAVIN

And he's got that Daniel guy here, me too, watching me.

Rory

has found himself a dark and isolated corner.

RORY

Ah, Daniel's like a puppy, don't worry about him.

GAVIN (V.O.)

But, if I get caught with this that's life, right?

RORY

It's not going to happen so don't even think about it. The plan's the same.

END INTERCUT.

EXT. VILLA - DAY

A luxurious villa, hidden by the Colombian rainforest.

On the balcony overlooking the valley, Christina eats with her PAPA (mid 60s) and her BROTHER (20s).

They're both relaxed, casual. Christina is tense.

PAPA

(Spanish)

Miami is pointless, we're okay with what we've got.

CHRISTINA

Miami leads to New York.

PAPA

Too much hassle.

CHRISTINA

We're sharks. That's what you taught us. Smell blood and strike. But sharks die if they stand still.

PAPA

But when sharks bite off more than
they can chew, they die.

BROTHER

You're thinking of snakes.

Father gives Brother a "don't disagree with me" look.
Brother quickly corrects himself.

BROTHER (CONT'D)

But your point still stands papa.

Christina's phone RINGS, she answers.

CHRISTINA

Yes?

EXT. RIVER, DOCK - DAY

Alejandro, by himself, stands on the river dock with a phone
to his ear.

ALEJANDRO

We've just sent a boat full of
cocaine to Miami.

INT. VILLA - DAY

Christina stands up, upset.

PAPA

(laughs)

Problems?

She ignores him and walks away.

INT. MIAMI, AIRPORT - DAY

Rory walks into the entrance hall of the airport. In a group
of PEOPLE waiting for arrivals are TWO HISPANIC MEN (40s) in
suits, soon to be known as Idiot-A and Idiot-B.

Idiot-A holds a sign that reads; *RORY PEARLE*.

Rory locks eyes with them, his heart skips a beat. He keeps
walking like he didn't spot them.

They quickly catch up to him. Rory tries to dismiss them.

RORY

Listen, I've had a busy few days and a long flight. I'm just gonna uber home. We can do this tomorrow.

IDIOT-B

You can come with us, or we can follow you, either way, we're gonna talk.

Rory knows he has no choice.

INT. CAR - DAY

Rory enters the backseat of a car and takes the middle seat. Idiot-A and Idiot-B enter either side. The passenger's seat is taken by ESTABAN (40s).

ESTABAN

Esteban. Nice to meet you, Mr. Pearle.

RORY

Rory is fine.

Esteban NODS to the DRIVER and the car STARTS.

ESTABAN

We've received some information.

RORY

Okay?

ESTABAN

Franco sent a shipment.

RORY

And?

ESTABAN

Christina wants to know why she wasn't told.

RORY

Same reason I don't tell her every time he blinks, I didn't think it was worth her time.

ESTABAN

A hundred kilos, not worth the time?

RORY

No, that's... wrong. The deal I had with Franco was twenty, I don't know where you're hearing this from.

ESTABAN

Our informant said they loaded the boat with a hundred.

RORY

If Franco changed it, I didn't know, he never told me. And who's this informant anyway?

ESTABAN

The driver, pale, American. You know him, yes?

Rory hesitates.

RORY

Yes.

ESTABAN

Christina thought so. The boat won't make it.

RORY

I'm not sure I follow. If there's a hundred K on that boat, that's good for us?

ESTABAN

She doesn't want the coke. She wants to know if she can trust you.

RORY

What does she want me to do?

ESTABAN

You know what Rojo means?

RORY

Yes.

ESTABAN

What?

RORY

Red.

ESTABAN

Yes, but not exactly.

RORY
... Blood.

Estaban smiles.

ESTABAN
So, what do you think the Rojo Cartel
wants you to do?

Rory doesn't want to answer.

ESTABAN (CONT'D)
Boat. Drugs. Driver. *Sink*.
Understand?

Beat.

RORY
Yes.

EXT. PANAMA, ISLA COLÓN - DAY

CAPTION: ISLA COLÓN, PANAMA.

Isla Colón, a popular tourist destination, filled to the
brim with hostels, bars, pristine beaches, and palm trees.

Close the shore of Isla Colón sits a 36-foot offshore
motorboat, similar to Fortuna, with **R E V E R B E R É**
spelled across the back.

EXT. REVERBERÉ, DECK - DAY

HARRY (30s, white, but tan), lays on the deck wearing a
PANAMA HAT, sunglasses, drinking a beer. Tall and strong, in
another life, he'd be a football player, but this life has
worn him down.

His phone RINGS, he answers.

HARRY
Hey, they here already?

RORY (V.O.)
No, tomorrow.

HARRY
So why are you calling?

RORY (V.O.)
... How well do you know boat
engines?

HARRY
Well enough to fix em' I'd say.

INT. MIAMI, MOVING CAR - DAY

Rory has the phone on speaker. Estaban peaks from behind the front, paying close attention.

RORY
Well enough to make sure they fail,
say after ten, twelve hours?

HARRY (V.O.)
... Why'd you want me to do that?

RORY
That wasn't the question, Harry.

HARRY (V.O.)
... I can think of a couple of ways.

RORY
Good. There's been a change of plans.
The drop is off.

HARRY (V.O.)
Why?

RORY
Harry, another god damn question and
I'm never letting you use my boat
again.

(beat)
I'll let you know when they're there
and what to do, but I think you
already understand.

HARRY (V.O.)
Yeah, I can put two and two together.

RORY
Talk soon.

Rory hangs up.

RORY
See, we're good. He knows basic math.

ESTABAN
And how will we know it's done?

RORY

If my word isn't good enough then your informant should be able to verify, but it might take a few days for it all to happen.

ESTABAN

If you're lying Christina will --

RORY

-- Yeah, kill me and everyone I know, I know the drill.

INT. MIAMI, RORY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rory pushes open the broken door into his apartment, which sits high on the twentieth floor overlooking the sea.

Sparsely decorated, it's clear he lives alone.

On the couch facing the window sit two men, OMAR and CARLOS, brothers, practically identical. Middle-aged, mildly overweight. They do all the lazy work, not the smartest.

Rory was expecting to find them.

RORY

Carlos, Omar.

They stand up.

RORY (CONT'D)

Always happy to see you, just next time do me a favor and just wait for me in the hallway, no need to break my door.

CARLOS

Franco wanted an update.

RORY

Franco could call.

OMAR

Ge tried, no response, got worried.

RORY

If you broke a door every time Franco got worried you wouldn't be in the cocaine business but the fixing-door business.

CARLOS
Carpenting.

RORY
Whatever, just tell him everything is
going fantastic... but to expect bill
for a door.

EXT. REVERBERÉ, DECK - DAY

Harry sits on the deck, reading a BOAT ENGINE MANUAL.

His phone rings, he answers.

HARRY
I think I found a way.

RORY (V.O.)
Good.

INT. MIAMI, RORY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rory, alone in the room, stares out of the window with his
phone to his ear.

RORY
There's one more thing I need you to
do for me.

EXT. PANAMA, ISLA COLÓN - DAWN

Fortuna sails into Isla Colon.

EXT. ISLA COLÓN, DOCK, FORTUNA - DAY

Gavin secures the boat to the dock. He checks his phone:
RORY, MISSED CALL (3).

He raises the phone to his ear.

GAVIN
Hello?

RORY (V.O.)
Hey, how's everything?

GAVIN
We just docked, is your guy here?

RORY (V.O.)
He's a bit delayed.

GAVIN
Delayed?

RORY (V.O.)
It's under control. Just sit tight.

GAVIN
For how long?

RORY (V.O.)
Jesus Gav, I said it's under control.
Franco's the idiot that changed the
plan last minute, this is on him.

GAVIN
Yeah, you tell him that.

RORY (V.O.)
Just relax. I'll call when it's on.

INT. FORTUNA, LOWER DECK - DAY

Gavin walks down the stairs to the lower deck, is standing ready.

GAVIN
Rory said he'd call when the guy's
ready.
(beat)
You should probably stay with the
boat, right? I'll go and buy us some
food, and some beer. Sounds good?

Daniel shrugs indifferently.

EXT. ISLA COLÓN, STREET - DAY

Gavin walks down the main street of Isla Colon carrying a grocery bag.

He passes restaurants, hostels, TOURISTS, and local CHILDREN in SCHOOL UNIFORMS.

EXT. ISLA COLÓN, DOCK

Harry, in his Panama hat looks across the dock. He spots Gavin walking towards the Fortuna.

INT. FORTUNA, LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Daniel lays down on the bricks, relaxing.

Gavin sits close by, clutching his phone... restless.

GAVIN

I doubt Rory is gonna call tonight...
You mind if I go out a bit?

Daniel raises his thumb approvingly.

EXT. ISLA COLÓN, DOCK - NIGHT

Gavin exits the boat.

In the shadows nearby, Harry watches Gavin leave.

INT. ISLA COLÓN, ROUGE WAVE HOSTEL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Dad, Young Gavin, and Young Logan walk into the ROUGE WAVE, a cozy but simple hostel.

Rory stands by the counter, talking to KEVIN (40s), the owner, he spots them entering.

RORY

Hey, are you the one that owns that boat out there, Fortuna?

DAD

Yeah.

RORY

Made me consider upgrading my own.
How much did it put you back?

DAD

Well, to be honest, nothing. We won it at a boat fare in Miami.

RORY

Ah, no shit? Good for you man! You from Miami?

(Dad nods)

You don't see that many Americans down here.

DAD

I was here in my youth, backpacking.
Finally got the chance to bring the kids here.

RORY
I'm heading out right now but, if you let me join you guys for a trip on the boat I'll show you the all best fishing spots.

DAD
Sounds good.

Rory gives them a wave as he walks away.

DAD (CONT'D)
Kevin, do you know a place nearby where I can develop photos?

INT. ISLA COLÓN, ROUGE WAVE HOSTEL - DAY

Heavy reggaeton blasts out from the speakers in the half-crowded hostel by people in their early twenties.

Gavin walk in. Kevin, standing behind the counter recognizes Gavin. He smiles.

KEVIN
He-hey! Gav! Didn't expect to see you for a few months.

GAVIN
Hey Kev.

KEVIN
Your dad usually calls ahead.

GAVIN
Sorry, I didn't know.

KEVIN
Nah, it's alright. Caught me by surprise is all. What brings you guys down here?

GAVIN
Just me... dad passed away, a few weeks ago.

Tough news for Kevin to hear.

KEVIN
Shit, I wasn't expecting that... Your dad was a good man.

Kevin gets two shot glasses and fills them with tequila. He gives Gavin one.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

To your dad.

They drink.

Gavin looks at the wall behind the counter... something's missing.

GAVIN

Hey, where's the photo?

KEVIN

Ah shit, sorry you had to find out like this...

Kevin leaves the room.

KEVIN O.S.

... But this is why he called ahead.

Kevin comes back with a FRAMED PHOTO of Young Gavin holding the fish, next to Young Logan, and Dad smiling proudly.

Kevin hangs up the photo.

KEVIN

You know it's a lovely photo it's just...

(gestures at the
people dancing)

... not the vibe we're going for.

GAVIN

(chuckles)

So he'd call ahead every year to make sure you hang it up?

KEVIN

Yeah.

They look at the photo, thinking back to a simpler time.

NINA, (early 20s, attractive) walks up to the counter.

NINA

can I have a Heineken, please Kevin?

Kevin grabs a Heineken and a shot glass. Fills it with tequila.

NINA

Oh no I didn't ask for a shot.

KEVIN
Courtesy of that gentleman over
there.

Kevin points to Gavin and Nina's eyes follow.

Gavin realizes they're looking at him.

NINA
Thanks! What's your name?

GAVIN
Gavin.

Gavin looks away.

Nina stands there awkwardly for a moment, expecting Gavin to say something, realizes he won't. She drinks the shot...

NINA
Thanks for the shot.

... grabs the beer, exchanges a look with Kevin, then leaves.

KEVIN
Her name is Nina by the way.

Gavin turns around to look for her, but she's long gone.

GAVIN
Ah shit, yeah... I'm just --

KEVIN
-- No don't worry. She works here,
you know. Funny girl, figured she
could cheer you up.

EXT. FORTUNA, DECK - NIGHT

Harry walks onto the boat, pulls out a POCKET KNIFE, and walks towards the engines.

INT. FORTUNA, LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Daniel lays down across the bricks, closed eyes... when

-- FOOTSTEPS -- from the deck above.

Daniel's eyes open widen. He listens attentively as he stands up slowly.

EXT. FORTUNA, DECK - NIGHT

Harry walks from the engines into the cockpit.

INT. FORTUNA, LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Daniel finds his gun...

... screws on a silencer...

... walks towards the door to the cockpit...

... places his ear on the door.

INT. FORTUNA, COCKPIT - NIGHT

Harry holds a small TRACKING DEVICE in his hand, searching for a place to hide it.

INT. RORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rory stares out the window of his apartment. A glass of whiskey, next to a half-empty bottle on the table in front of him.

His phone VIBRATES. He looks at it: *DONE*.

A FOUR DIGIT CODE and a link follows... it takes him to a map and the location of the tracker.

INT. FORTUNA, COCKPIT - NIGHT

Harry puts the phone back in his pocket.

INT. FORTUNA, LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Daniel, with his ear still on the door, turns the safety off on his gun.

-- FOOTSTEPS, right on the other side.

Daniel SLAMS the door open and sees a startled Harry right in front of him. Daniel raises the gun but Harry reacts faster and KICKS Daniel down the stairs.

Daniel lands HARD. He tries to lift the gun but Harry RUSHES down the stairs and They wrestle for control of the gun which ends up FLYING away.

Daniel pushes Harry away and gets up. Harry backs off, then pulls out the pocket knife.

Daniel hesitates. That's all Harry needs. He RUSHES towards Daniel, knife first. Daniel blocks Harry. The force sends him ON TOP of the bricks.

Harry, towering over Daniel, tries to drive the knife into Daniel's chest using his entire body.

Daniel diverts the knife into the brick next to him, the knife PIERCES it.

Daniel KICKS Harry off him and as the knife is pulled out it SLICES it open the brick. Daniel steadies himself... Then Harry lunges in again.

Like a pro-wrestler, Daniel bends down and meets the onrushing Harry by the waist and FLINGS him over himself and SLAMS him down on top of the bricks, knocking the wind out of him. Harry WHEEZES.

Daniel spins around, grabs the open brick...

... SLAMS it in Harry's face once.

Cocaine spreads everywhere.

He SLAMS it again.

The brick is too soft... but the cocaine is a problem. Harry tries desperately to wipe it away from his face.

Daniel puts down the brick, grabs a fistful of cocaine...

... SHOVES it in Harry's face.

With both hands Daniel covers Harry's nose and mouth, forcing the cocaine into him.

Harry STABS Daniel in the arms.

Daniel doesn't flinch.

Harry TWISTS the knife.

Again, Daniel doesn't react.

Harry lets go of the knife...

... and begins to CLAW at Daniel's hands above his face, ineffective.

Harry's body starts TWITCHING uncontrollably.

Daniel keeps his hands in place for a beat longer. Harry's twitching grows more violent.

Daniel takes a couple of steps back.

Harry's body falls onto the floor.

Daniel looks on as we hear the sound of Harry's body thrashing around uncontrollably...

Then complete silence.

Daniel sits down on the stairs, catching his breath. He looks at the knife in his arm... pulls it out and the pain comes rushing in.

Then FOOTSTEPS -- from the deck above.

Daniel, exhausted, turns around and prepares for another attacker...

... It's Gavin.

A welcome sight for Daniel.

A horrifying sight for Gavin.

GAVIN

Jesus.

Gavin disappears from view and we hear PUKING, while Daniel gathered his strength.

Moments later Gavin returns, closes the door behind him, and walks down the stair, trying his best not to freak out.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

What the hell happened here?

Daniel stares at him, not sure how to explain it.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna call Rory.

Daniel looks at Harry, suspicious. He turns to Gavin, who's holding the phone to his ear.

RORY (V.O.)

Hello?

GAVIN

R --

SLAP -- Before Gavin realizes what has happened the phone is on the floor and Daniel is staring at him.

Gavin stares back, confused and scared.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

What?

Daniel picks up the phone and ends the call. He points to Harry, then the phone.

Gavin thinks he understands.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

You think Rory sent him?

Daniel nods. Gavin doesn't want to believe it.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

No... why would he?

A phone VIBRATES.

Gavin and Daniel look at each other. It's not Gavin's phone, it's not the satellite phone... it's the dead man's phone.

Daniel grabs the phone out of Harry's pocket. He looks at the screen, then shows Gavin.

INCOMING CALL: RORY

Gavin is sad, betrayed...

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Why... I don't...

...then angry.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

That... Fucking...

INT. RORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BEEP... Rory listens to the rings... No one's picking up.

He drops the phone on the table...

... fills his glass with whiskey.

INT. FORTUNA, LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Gavin gathers his composure.

GAVIN
We have to get out of here and dump
this.

EXT. ISLA COLÓN, DOCK - NIGHT

Fortuna leaves the dock.

INT. RORY'S APARTMENT - DAWN

The sun enters Rory's apartment.

Rory's asleep on the couch, facing the window. The sun
crawls Rory and once it reaches his face, his eyes open.

He leans forward, rubs his face, and takes a deep breath.

INT. FORTUNA, COCKPIT - DAWN

Gavin and Daniel carry Harry's body up the stairs.

INT. RORY'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Rory walks into the bathroom... splashes water into his
face.

He places his phone on the counter, unlocks it, and looks at
the map with Fortuna's location marked - it has moved out in
the middle of the Caribbean sea.

RORY
... Okay.

He grabs his phone, walks into the bedroom...

... finds some fresh clothes to wear...

... grabs a bag...

... fills it with clothes, some cash, and a set of KEYS.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA, FORTUNA - DAWN

Daniel positions Harry's body underneath where the anchor
will drop. Harry's face is bloated, unrecognizable, eyes
open, staring at Daniel.

GAVIN O.S.
Slap the hull twice if you're ready.

Daniel SLAPS the hull of the boat twice.

The anchor lowers slowly. Daniel makes sure Harry's body stays beneath the anchor.

GAVIN O.S. (CONT'D)
Alright, I'm letting it drop.

The anchor drops, taking Harry's body down with it, out of sight.

EXT. FORTUNA, DECK - MORNING

Daniel struggles to get up, gritting his teeth in pain from the wound in his arm. Gavin helps him up.

INT. FORTUNA, COCKPIT - DAY

Gavin twists the ignition key. Nothing happens... He tries again. No response.

He pauses, concerned.

EXT. FORTUNA, DECK - DAY

He leans down by the engines and sees OIL running down to the water.

GAVIN
Shit!

Gavin gets back up.

Daniel, looks at him, worried.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
That guy must have messed with the engines. I can't get the boat started. I think we're stuck.
(beat)
Should we... call Franco?

Daniel shakes his head softly.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
The coast guard?

Daniel shakes his head forcefully and points to the lower deck.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Right... the drugs.

Gavin looks across the vast and empty sea.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
The current... it should take us
towards land... right? I mean we're
surrounded by it. Then maybe we could
buy a new engine, we got some cash.

Gavin looks at Daniel for confirmation... who shrugs but,
looks more in agreement than not.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
You're not very helpful.

Blood runs down from Daniel's arm to the deck. Gavin spots
it.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Jesus, Daniel, take off your shirt.

Gavin heads below deck while Daniel takes off his shirt.

Moments later Gavin returns with a FIRST-AID KIT.

Gavin cleans his wound, then wraps a bandage around it.

Daniel stares out over the sea, in great discomfort.

Gavin gets up, walks below deck... returns moments later
with TWO BEERS. Hands Daniel one.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Might as well drink these before they
get too warm.

Daniel takes the beer... then SIGHS heavily.

DANIEL
I've never... killed anyone before.

GAVIN
You work for a cartel and you've
never killed anyone before?

DANIEL
You work for a cartel too.

GAVIN
I didn't have a choice.

DANIEL
No?

GAVIN

I'm doing this for my brother.

DANIEL

I had an older brother who worked for the cartel. I only had him. So, when he was killed, I only had the cartel. They came to my house, told me. Then took me to their camp... I was too scared to talk... they just assumed I couldn't. Maybe it made them feel like I was more... trustworthy. It help make me special, kept me safe.

(beat)

Not speaking to anyone you know for over thirty years, just to stay alive... That's what no choice is.

GAVIN

You think we're going to die, don't you, that's why you decided to speak?

DANIEL

We're stuck... no-one knows where we are, and all we have is *beer*.

GAVIN

We need to call Franco.

DANIEL

And say what?

GAVIN

That we didn't run away with it, we're not trying to mess with him. If he thinks we are he'll come after Logan.

DANIEL

So, we tell him that Rory, your friend, set us up, and he should just take our word for it?

GAVIN

Okay, so what do we do?

Beat.

DANIEL

I don't know.

GAVIN

Go get some rest, I'll keep a lookout, maybe we'll get lucky.

INT. MIAMI, AIRPORT - DAY

Rory walks through an airport terminal. He looks at his ticket: *PANAMA*

EXT. COCA FIELD - EVENING

Javier and MIGUEL (40s) walk towards the treeline through the coca field, each with a full bag.

JAVIER

(Spanish)

You gonna watch the game against Bolivia?

MIGUEL

Don't know. We don't have electricity right now.

JAVIER

We can go to a bar.

MIGUEL

Don't think my wife would like me going out.

JAVIER

Oh, come on Miguel, we still have to live a little.

MIGUEL

I know, I have tickets for our game against Brazil.

JAVIER

How did you afford them?

MIGUEL

Bought them months ago, when they were cheap... My wife wants me to sell them now.

JAVIER

If we beat Bolivia, we only need a draw against Brazil to qualify... everyone will be wanting tickets to that game... You're sitting on a potential fortune, my friend!

They laugh.

EXT. FORTUNA, DECK - EVENING - DREAM

Young Gavin stands on the deck with his fishing rod, working to reel in a huge fish...

Dad and Young Logan are nearby.

Gavin spots the fish in the water, he's almost got it...

Then -- a CRASH and Young Gavin FALLS and --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNA, COCKPIT - EVENING

Gavin awakes to find himself on the floor of the cockpit. He looks around, confused. The boat is completely still.

GAVIN

Ah, shit.

Daniel walks up from the lower deck, equally confused.

EXT. FORTUNA, DECK - EVENING

Gavin and Daniel look over the deck, both in shock... They're stuck on a SMALL ISLAND... more like a sand dune with spots of green bushes.

EXT. FRANCO'S CAMP - EVENING

Javier and Miguel dump the leaves in the pool, where a worker is stomping away.

Javier points to a barrel.

JAVIER

(Spanish)

Is it ready?

WORKER

Yes.

Javier and Miguel walk to the barrel. Alejandro and an Armed Man are sitting nearby, chatting.

JAVIER

Get the gasoline.

Miguel grabs a container of gasoline from a giant stack.

Miguel returns with the gasoline and pours some into the barrel while Javier stirs.

JAVIER
Tickets aren't too expensive right now. If that...

Javier takes a nervous look around, Alejandro and the armed guard are close.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
(whisper)
... asshole can pay us in time. Maybe I can afford one too.

MIGUEL
(chuckles)
He's gonna end up dead before he pays us I think.

The Armed man and Alejandro walk over, threateningly.

ARMED MAN #1
What the did you say?

JAVIER
Nothing, you must have misheard.

ALEJANDRO
We're not deaf.

JAVIER
We... just want to know when we're getting paid.

Other workers gather, they too want to know. Armed men follow suit, ready for things to get out of hand.

ALEJANDRO
You get paid when you get paid.

JAVIER
We can't go much longer, we have families, we need to eat!.

FRANCO O.S.
Do we have a problem here?

Franco walks in. Javier tenses up

ALEJANDRO
They want money.

Javier battles fear, but desperation creeps in.

JAVIER
It's been a month.

Franco takes a deep breath... He looks around, the workers don't look scared, but desperate... on the verge of revolt. His eyes go to the pile of cocaine bricks... Idea.

FRANCO
You are right. And since I am generous, I will pay you, more than you deserve.

He walks over to the pile of bricks and picks one up...

FRANCO (CONT'D)
One brick, for every one of you.

... and tosses it to Javier. Franco feels good about his offer.

Javier doesn't agree, more confidently now.

JAVIER
This is worthless.

Anger builds in Franco, how dare he decline it?

FRANCO
Each brick is worth more than your fucking life.

JAVIER
Not if we can't sell it! Who is going to buy cocaine from us?
(beat)
Rojo owns the streets, no one in the countryside has the money.
(beat)
You can't even sell it! You have to be the worst drug lord in history.

Franco has had enough.

FRANCO
What's your name?

Javier hesitates.

JAVIER
Javier.

FRANCO
Well, Javier --

BAM -- Blood splatters over the face of Miguel... and Javier falls to the ground in front of him, shot in the head.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
There's your paycheck.

Franco look at the other workers, gun in hand. The workers look back, terrified. Just what Franco wanted to see.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Everyone else gets the same choice, a brick and work, or that.

The workers grab a brick and leave quietly. Franco walks away, Alejandro follows.

ALEJANDRO
This won't last.

FRANCO
It only has to last until Rory starts selling.

ALEJANDRO
And when's that?

Franco stops dead in his tracks and looks at Alejandro menacingly.

FRANCO
Doesn't matter when, because you will keep the workers in check until that happens, right?

ALEJANDRO
Right...

EXT. ISLAND - EVENING

Gavin and Daniel stand on the island, with water to their ankles, trying to push the boat loose, failing.

Daniel's satellite phone RINGS. He hands it to Gavin... who looks at him nervously as he answers.

GAVIN
... Hello?

INT. FRANCO'S OFFICE - EVENING

Franco, phone to ear, walks into his office... if you can even call it that. A safe, a desk, a chair, and a few shelves are all the pieces of furniture he has.

FRANCO

Did you make the drop?

Franco sits down in the chair behind the desk.

INTERCUT. GAVIN/FRANCO

Gavin

dreads telling the truth.

GAVIN

No... we have a problem. Rory sent a guy to mess with our boat, Daniel killed him but... we're stuck.

Franco

tries to stay calm.

FRANCO

Then you have to get to Miami.

GAVIN (V.O.)

No Franco, we --

FRANCO

Our deal was you deliver the drugs.

Gavin

can't believe what he's hearing.

GAVIN

Yeah, to Panama!

Franco

is suspicious.

FRANCO

Rory, your friend, brings you into this. Then he betrays us both? But he doesn't steal the drugs, just messes with the boat, is that right?

GAVIN (V.O.)

I know how it --

FRANCO

-- You must think I'm a fucking idiot. You and Rory are trying to FUCK ME OVER and I'm not letting you.

GAVIN (V.O.)

Franco I --

FRANCO

-- You get it to Miami. I don't care how. If you don't I will peel the skin off Logan and leave him in the sun to dry like a fucking tomato.

Gavin

is about to speak when -- CLICK -- Franco has ended the call.

GAVIN

FUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

He throws the phone out as far as he can. Daniel looks at him concerned. Gavin needs a beat to calm down.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

We have to get to Miami... we have to get to Logan.

END OF INTERCUT.

EXT. ISLA COLON, AIRPORT - DUSK

Rory exits the airplane at the tiny airport at Isla Colon...

EXT. ISLA COLON, DOCK - NIGHT

... Locates the Reverberé in a dock...

... Steers it into the pitch-black sea.

EXT. FORTUNA, DECK - NIGHT

Gavin and Daniel sit on the deck of Fortuna, planning.

DANIEL

We have life vests, we could swim?

GAVIN

We don't even know which direction... I have flares.

DANIEL
How long do they last?

GAVIN
... Like a minute.

They return to thinking. Gavin chuckles to himself.

DANIEL
What?

GAVIN
I was just thinking, if some... poor fisherman comes to rescue us, trying to explain away why we have so much cocaine.

(Pretending to talk
to a fisherman)
No no, it's purely recreational, I promise.

Daniel laughs.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
I don't think we're getting away here with it.

DANIEL
If we could only get rid of the drugs, and create a huge flare.

Beat. Gavin SIGHS heavily.

GAVIN
Shit.

DANIEL
What?

Gavin doesn't want to say it... but can't see any other way.

GAVIN
The boat... The only way we can get out of here is if someone sees us. So, we burn it... burn everything.. we have to.

CUT TO:

Gavin pours gasoline over the deck of the boat.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Grab the bag and everything useful.

EXT. ISLAND - DAWN

Gavin and Daniel stand on the island, a short but safe distance away from the boat.

Gavin holds a couple of FLARES.

He looks over to Daniel... who nods.

Gavin lights a flare and it shines BRIGHT RED... .. he THROWS it towards the boat and it lands on the deck and the boat instantly IGNITES and FIRE ENGULFS the Fortuna.

Daniel gives Gavin a beer.

GAVIN
You grabbed the beer?

DANIEL
You said everything useful.

GAVIN
(chuckles)
True.

They stare silently at the boat in ROARING FLAMES as the sun rises above the horizon. A tear rolls down Gavin's face.

EXT. FRANCO'S CAMP - MORNING

Franco walks to the warehouse where Alejandro is looking out over the field... Not a single worker in sight, only armed men.

FRANCO
Where are all the workers?

ALEJANDRO
None of them came back.

FRANCO
Those ungrateful fuckers!
(beat)
I want them tracked down, dragged back here, or shot dead.

ALEJANDRO
I don't think that's... possible...
But if we can pay them --

FRANCO
-- How Alejandro, FUCKING HOW? Rojo is starving us out!

Franco's getting unhinged. He's got a problem he's desperately trying to solve.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
The men, get the men. Get everyone!

Alejandro looks at him, scared.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
NOW!

EXT. ISLAND - DAY

A THICK BLACK COLUMN OF SMOKE rises towards the sky.

The sun bears down on Daniel and Gavin, staring at the burning boat, and the empty sea, pessimistically.

DANIEL
It might still work.

GAVIN
If it doesn't?

DANIEL
We can either swim... or shoot ourselves.

Gavin chuckles.

GAVIN
Well, at least we have options.

EXT. FRANCO'S CAMP - DAY

Franco, Alejandro, and 8 other armed men are standing around a table with a map.

FRANCO
They have a villa. Around here.

He draws a circle on the map with his finger.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
I want you to storm it, take them out, all of them.

The other men look nervously.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
What's the problem, does anyone have a fucking problem?

One is brave enough to say what they're all thinking.

ARMED MAN #1
We're only ten.

FRANCO
I'm not going. I can't leave this
unguarded.

Looks of disbelief among the Armed men

ALEJANDRO
So we're nine.

FRANCO
Yes but, they won't expect it. You
can take half of them out before they
even know what's going on.

They need more motivation.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
When they're taken care of, all of
our problems are solved. This time
next week, you will all be
millionaires.

None of them are convinced that's true, not even Franco.

EXT. ISLAND - DAY

The beautiful 34-foot boat, is now a few remaining scorched wooden beams. The previously thick column of smoke, now barely visible.

Gavin, covered in clothing, and Daniel, staring out across the sea, sit back-to-back on the ground, supporting each other. Daniel spots a DOT in the distance.

DANIEL
Gavin.

GAVIN
Hm?

Daniel stands up quickly and Gavin falls flat on the sand.

DANIEL
Boat.

Gavin stands up and looks at the dot.

GAVIN
It worked, holy shit.

LATER

The Reverberé stops a good distance away... but close enough for Gavin to see it looks familiar. Gavin's worried.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Daniel, get the gun.

Daniel looks at him confused.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
That's Rory's boat.

Daniel grabs the gun from the bag.

A small DINGHY with one person, Rory, approaches.

LATER

Rory stops the dinghy and gets, and walks towards them.

GAVIN
If he has a gun, shoot him.

Daniel nods and aims the gun at Rory, who stops and raises his arms. Then continues to walk slowly toward them.

RORY
What's up with the gun Daniel? You guys should worship me like I'm fucking Jesus right now!

GAVIN
What's up with sending a guy to kill us?

Rory hesitates.

RORY
(Re: Daniel)
Do you trust him?

GAVIN
More than I trust you.

Rory's hurt, but knows it's a fair comment.

DANIEL
Are you unarmed?

RORY
Wait, he talks now?

GAVIN
It's a long story -- actually, it's
not that long.

DANIEL
Can we just not make a big deal about
it?

RORY
Whatever, I am unarmed...

Rory lifts his shirt and does a 360, he's unarmed.

RORY
... okay?

Daniel lowers the gun.

GAVIN
(To Daniel)
Just because he's not armed doesn't
mean he doesn't deserve to be shot.

Daniel aims it at Rory.

RORY
Oh, come on! If I wanted you dead I
wouldn't be here.

GAVIN
Fine.
(to Daniel)
just a punch then.

Daniel puts away the gun.

RORY
I heard that!

GAVIN
Well, am I wrong?

RORY
Look, I had no choice, okay? I've
been working with Christina --

GAVIN
-- Who?

DANIEL
Rojo Cartel.

RORY
Franco's rivals --

GAVIN
-- You had me do this for Franco while working for them? That's fucking crazy!

RORY
You wanted money, Franco was desperate. No one cares about twenty K so I figured easy money. But then Franco, that fucking idiot changed the plan. That made you a person of interest to them, and Christina wanted me to get rid of you and the drugs.

(beat)
But I had Harry plant a tracker so I could find you and rescue you. That was always my plan.

(beat)
Do you trust me now?

They do. Daniel tucks the gun away. They all relax.

RORY (CONT'D)
Good.

Rory looks at the charred remains of the Fortuna.

RORY (CONT'D)
Sorry about the boat Gav, I didn't mean for Harry to set it on fire.

GAVIN
Oh no, we did that.

RORY
You set it on fire?

GAVIN
Yeah. We were hoping someone would see it and rescue us.

RORY
Wait-wait-wait, you set over three dollars worth of cocaine, on million fire?

They shrug "yeah."

RORY (CONT'D)
 (laughs)
 That's fucking mad man.

Gavin and Daniel join him in laughing... The laughter dies down.

GAVIN
 Sorry about Harry.

RORY
 Ain't no such thing as halfway crooks
 Gav. Harry knew what he was getting
 into.

(beat)
 Okay, are we all done apologizing
 now? Let's get the hell off this
 island, yeah?

GAVIN
 Daniel, I guess you have to come with
 us.

DANIEL
 Nothing for me in Colombia anyway.

EXT. REVERBERÉ - DAY

Rory steers the boat.

Gavin and Daniel stare back at the remnants of Fortuna.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DUSK

Alejandro and 8 other Armed men hide in the rainforest. The Villa, up on a hill is some distance away.

They're all scared, except Alejandro, he's calm.

ARMED MAN #1
 How many do you think they have?

ARMED MAN #2
 More than us.

ARMED MAN #3
 But they won't expect us.

ALEJANDRO
 They're the fucking Rojo Cartel, you
 don't think they're prepared?

ARMED MAN #3
It's either be killed by them or by Franco.

ALEJANDRO
If we all refuse, what the fuck is Franco going to do about it?

ARMED MAN #1
If Franco heard you say that he'd shoot you.

ALEJANDRO
Franco's a coward.

ARMED MAN #4
If we don't do this then where do we go? Hunted by Franco, hunted by the Rojo Cartel? At least Franco pays us.

ARMED MAN #5
But for how long? He's running out of money.

ALEJANDRO
I know someone who will pay us.

ARMED MAN #1
Who?

Alejandro nods towards the Villa.

ARMED MAN #2
Rojo?

Alejandro nods.

ARMED MAN #3
And go to war against Franco?

ARMED MAN #4
If we leave Franco, he's all alone. Easy war.

ALEJANDRO
I can call them. We bring them Franco, dead or alive, we can walk right up to their front gate.
(beat)
Or we can die for a man who's not even here to fight with us.

The Armed Men look among themselves... no one is interested in dying today.

Alejandro's phone RINGS. He picks it up.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Hello, Franco.

Alejandro shares a look with the men.

INT. FRANCO'S OFFICE - DUSK

Franco looks nervous.

FRANCO
Are you ready?

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)
Yes.

FRANCO
Okay... Call me when it's over.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DUSK

Alejandro hangs up, and looks across the faces of the Armed men. They're no longer scared, but determined.

INT. FRANCO'S OFFICE - DUSK

Franco stares at the phone, something feels... off.

EXT. REVERBERÉ, DECK - NIGHT

Gavin steers the boat. Rory and Daniel sit nearby.

GAVIN
How long to Miami?

RORY
If we keep driving, tomorrow evening.

GAVIN
I'm ready for this all to end.

DANIEL
Franco won't let us go just like that.

RORY
When we get to Miami, get Logan and just... get out.

GAVIN
He'll come for you.

RORY
I know.

INT. FRANCO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Franco sits in his office chair, staring at the phone on the table... uneasy... He can't wait any longer.

He picks up the phone, dials a number, and listens to the rings... BEEP... BEEP... BEEP... each beep a punch in the gut.

He THROWS the phone against the wall in rage.

Franco looks out the window into the dark forest...

He grabs a bag.

Opens a safe.

Puts cash and a PASSPORT into the bag.

EXT. FRANCO'S CAMP - NIGHT

Franco cautiously exits his office... which looks more like a wooden shack.

Franco walks to the warehouse while nervously looking around...

He takes a moment to look over the pile of bricks... then across the coca field... then the barrels, and the gasoline containers.

Franco KICKS and PUSHES all the barrels down, the CHEMICALS in them rushes down the cocoa fields.

Franco pours gasoline over his wooden shack.

... over the stack of cocaine... when

-- CRACK -- a twig was snapped, somewhere in the forest.

Franco stares in the direction of the noise and smiles.

FRANCO
(Spanish)
Come and get it you motherfuckers!

Franco SHOOTS a few bullets wildly into the forest and a HAILSTORM OF BULLETS flies out in response.

Franco SPRINTS down the hill for dear life.

EXT. COCA FIELD - NIGHT

At the bottom of the hill, Franco turns around, looks back and sees...

EXT. FRANCO'S CAMP - CONTINUOUS

... Alejandro, standing on top of the hill with the group of armed men.

FRANCO O.S.
(screaming)
Had enough already?

ALEJANDRO
Don't let him get away!

The armed men start running down the field...

Alejandro begins to look around the camp... all the barrels are knocked over, all the gasoline canisters... empty... The ground, wet, but not with water.

INTERCUT. ALEJANDRO/FRANCO

Franco

looks to his feet, a river of chemicals has made it from the top...

He ignites a lighter... and drops it on the gasoline, which catches fire and a BLAZE rapidly SPREADS OUT over the entire field.

Alejandro

sees the incoming blaze and runs in the opposite direction... barely escaping.

The Armed men are not so lucky.

Franco

watches with a manic joy the men ON FIRE running around screaming in agony.

END OF INTERCUT.

EXT. RIVER, DOCK - LATER

Franco gets into a small motorboat.

He starts the engine and speeds away, with a satisfied smile on his face.

EXT. VILLA - DAY

Christina gets into the back of a luxury car, holding a phone to her ear.

INT. LUXURY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Next to her in the car is Papa.

CHRISTINA
(shocked)
What?

Papa chuckles.

EXT. COCA FIELD - DAY

Alejandro walks through what just hours before was a green coca field, which is now ash... The burnt remnants of the armed men litter the field they used to patrol.

ALEJANDRO
It's all gone, all of the plants, the
drugs... the men.

INTERCUT. ALEJANDRO/CHRISTINA

Christina
is frustrated and embarrassed.

PAPA
I told you, this Franco thing isn't
worth it.

CHRISTINA
(to papa)
Yes Papa, I know.
(into phone)
Is he dead?

Alejandro
hesitates.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
DID.YOU.KILL.HIM?

ALEJANDRO
No.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
Where is he now?

ALEJANDRO
I can only think of one place, Miami.

Christina
is fed up with the whole situation.

CHRISTINA
Go there, find Rory. Kill Franco. If
Rory helped Franco, kill him too.
(beat)
The next time I see you, you better
have Franco's head with you.

PAPA
Good luck getting that through
customs.

END OF INTERCUT.

INT. MIAMI, HOUSE - DAY

A humble but family-friendly house.

Carlos and Omar watch a football game on a small T.V mounted
on the wall from the couch. Colombia is winning. Their mood
is light.

A KNOCK on the door.

Carlos looks at Omar... who rolls his eyes, then stands up.

Omar opens the door, and is shocked to see Franco.

FRANCO
Hello Omar, hello Carlos!

Franco walks in. Omar too shocked to do or say anything.

Carlos stands up. The good mood gone in an instant, replaced
by an uncomfortable uncertainty.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Who's winning?

CARLOS
 (stutters)
 We are.

Omar snaps out of it, shuts the door.

OMAR
 Why didn't you say you were coming?
 we could have picked you up.

FRANCO
 I'm just here for a gun... and a
 phone. If I need you, I'll call.

EXT. REVERBERÉ - EVENING

From Reverberé land can be seen on the horizon, Florida.

Rory, steering, turns to Gavin, half asleep.

RORY
 Gav, we're getting close.

INT. GAVIN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A KNOCK on the door. A moment passes... Logan walks up to the door.

LOGAN
 Hello?

FRANCO O.S.
 Logan?

LOGAN
 Yes?

Logan opens the door, but with the chain lock on.

FRANCO
 I'm Franco, a friend of Gavin. Can I
 come in?

LOGAN
 Gavin's not here.

FRANCO
 I know, but I'll wait for him here.

Logan unlocks the door.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Franco walks in and sits down on the couch, looking toward the wall.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Come, sit.

Logan, unsettled, sits down opposite Franco.

LOGAN

When is Gavin coming?

FRANCO

Soon, I expect.

Uncomfortable silence. Franco looks around the room. His eyes find the framed newspaper photograph on the wall.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Your dad?

Logan turns to see what Franco is looking at then nods.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

And your mother?

Logan shakes his head.

LOGAN

Cancer.

FRANCO

Only Gavin now then?

Logan nods.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Good brother?

A faint smile from Logan.

LOGAN

He tries.

FRANCO

Yes, he does try.

LOGAN

How do you know him?

FRANCO

Through Rory, me and him went to high school together for a year... a long time ago now.

(beat)

You know Rory, right?

Logan nods.

a KNOCK on the front door.

MS. PEÑA O.S

Logan?

FRANCO

Who is that?

LOGAN

Ms. Peña... The neighbour.

Franco gives Logan a suspicious look.

CUT TO:

Logan opens the door, chain-lock on, just enough to see her face.

MS. PEÑA

Hola Logan, it's almost dinner time, we should check --

LOGAN

-- It's okay Ms. Peña, I did it myself today.

Franco hides behind the door, gun ready, out of sight of Ms. Peña.

MS. PEÑA

Oh? Good! Gavin's gonna be so glad. I can come by later a--

LOGAN

-- I already ate, but tomorrow maybe.

MS. PEÑA

Well, I'll see you tomorrow, little man!

Logan closes the door.

LOGAN

I... haven't actually done it.

FRANCO
Done what?

LOGAN
I need to inject insulin.

FRANCO
Okay, do it.

LOGAN
I can't... I'm afraid of needles.

They exchange a look. Franco SIGHS.

FRANCO
... Okay.

CUT TO:

Logan, sitting in the sofa, eyes closed tight.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Done.

Logan opens his eyes.

LOGAN
Thanks.

FRANCO
You really should be able to do this yourself. Plenty of things much scarier than needles out there.

LOGAN
I know...

Franco holds the empty capsule of insulin.

FRANCO
I've heard this is very expensive here eh?

LOGAN
Yeah...

FRANCO
(to himself)
Just to stay alive...

Logan's phone RINGS. Logan takes the phone out of his pocket. Franco, calmly, takes it from him.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Go to your room.

Logan does. Franco waits for him to leave before he answers.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Hello, Gavin.

EXT. REVERBERÉ, DECK - EVENING

Gavin stands up suddenly, heart race increases, anger builds.

GAVIN
Franco.

Rory and Daniel worriedly at Gavin.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Is Logan okay?

INTERCUT. FRANCO/GAVIN

Franco
savors the power he has over Gavin.

FRANCO
Yes, he's fine... I even gave him the shot. But Gavin, if you don't give me what I want, I *will* hurt him.

GAVIN (V.O.)
I don't have it.

Franco doesn't believe him for a second.

FRANCO
Bullshit you don't have it! How are you getting back eh? You said your boat was stuck! Don't fucking lie to me again.

Gavin
realizes telling the truth gets him nowhere... new plan.

GAVIN
Okay-okay... I can take you to it.

Daniel and Rory look at each other, confused. Gavin looks at them, in control.

FRANCO (V.O.)
It doesn't work like that.

GAVIN
Then how?

FRANCO (V.O.)
You take it to me, not the other way
around.

Gavin is growing more confident.

GAVIN
No.

Franco
can't believe the audacity.

FRANCO
No? Don't test me. I will kill Logan.

Gavin
knows he's got Franco right where he wants him.

GAVIN
And then what?

Franco
can't believe what he's hearing... but more shockingly, he
can't believe he doesn't have a reply.

GAVIN (V.O.)
He's the only leverage you have. You
kill him, you end up with nothing.
You want the drugs, I can give it to
you, but we do it my way.

Gavin
waits for the reply...

FRANCO (V.O.)
And what is your way?

... and smiles. It's working.

GAVIN
Meet us at the dock, just before
sunrise. It's in the Everglades.

FRANCO (V.O.)
... Okay,

Franco hangs up.

END OF INTERCUT.

RORY
Gavin what the fuck are you thinking!

Gavin ignores Rory.

GAVIN
Daniel, you still have the gun,
right?

Daniel nods and walks below deck.

RORY
You're gonna shoot him, Gav? You
gonna kill him?

GAVIN
Yes.

RORY
How many people have you killed?

GAVIN
None.

RORY
Fucking right. How many people do you
think he's killed?

Daniel returns with the gun and give sit to Gavin.

Gavin finds the first aid kit, empties it, places the gun
inside. Place the first aid kit in the dinghy.

GAVIN
(while hiding the gun)
A lot, but he won't listen to the
truth, and he's threatening Logan.
He's gotta go, Rory.

RORY
Sorry Gav, but us three against
Franco, those odds aren't good for
us.

GAVIN
How do we even the odds then?

Rory thinks for a moment...

RORY
I might know someone who'd love to
help us kill Franco, but it's a risk.

GAVIN
Everything's a risk now.

RORY
Okay... Take the boat. Send me the
coordinates. I'll meet you there.

Rory and Gavin look at Daniel.

RORY (CONT'D)
What do you think Daniel? you know
him the best.

Daniel shrugs.

Rory looks at Gavin, annoyed at Daniel's unhelpfulness.

GAVIN
He's been like that the entire trip.

INT. RORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rory walks into his apartment and finds Esteban, Idiot-A,
and Idiot-B already inside.

Idiot-A aims his gun at Rory...

... who does his best to play it cool.

RORY
You know most people bring balloons
and cake to a welcome home party...

ESTABAN
I'll remember that next time.

RORY
But I'm still happy to see you,
Estaban.

(Re: Idiot-A and
Idiot-B)
Them not so much.

ESTABAN
We couldn't get a hold of you.

RORY
Is that why there's a gun pointed at
me?

ESTABAN
Let's just say we're not convinced
you can be trusted.

RORY

Well, I hope it pleases you all to hear that the reason you couldn't reach me was that I was making sure what you asked for got done right.

ESTABAN

And did it?

RORY

Yes, the boat and the drugs, gone.

ESTABAN

The driver? The pale boy?

RORY

Yes, him too.

Estaban nods to Idiot-A, who holsters his gun, disappointed.

Rory relaxes... until a toilet FLUSHES. Rory's confused... a fourth person?

RORY

Who's that?

Alejandro walks into the room. Rory isn't happy to see him but doesn't want it to show.

ALEJANDRO

Nice apartment, Rory.

RORY

Shit security though.

ALEJANDRO

The boy, I heard you killed him?

Rory keeps his eyes on Alejandro.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Had a brother, correct?

Rory doesn't like where this is heading. Alejandro smiles at him... deviously.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

(Rhetorically)

Maybe we should ask you to kill him too, just to make sure you're on our side.

Rory tries to fight back.

RORY

I thought the point of you was to give them info on Franco. You're kinda worthless here in Miami huh?

ALEJANDRO

Franco torched the whole camp. Nothing left, not even the coke.

Rory tries to stifle a LAUGH but can't quite.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

RORY

Nothing it's just... burning cocaine has gotten very popular lately.

Silence.

ESTABAN

We think Franco left for Miami.

RORY

Franco doesn't know the drugs are gone. He sent me a message, saying he's headed to our drop point in the Everglades.

ESTABAN

Why didn't you start with that?

RORY

I was a little busy making sure I wasn't shoot.

ALEJANDRO

I never heard anything about a drop point in the Everglades.

RORY

Yeah well, I'm not fucking surprised Franco didn't tell you the inner workings of the operation.

(beat)

Tomorrow morning, Franco will be heading into the Everglades. You want him dead, that's your chance.

EXT. MIAMI, HARBOUR - TWILIGHT

Daniel and Gavin stand on the dock, outside the Fortuna.

Franco, Logan, Omar, and Carlos walk toward them.

FRANCO
 (Spanish)
 Carlos, take Daniel and Logan below
 deck.

Carlos, Logan, and Daniel walk below deck.

GAVIN
 (English, as Logan
 walks past)
 I'm sorry, Logan, I'll explain later.

Franco looks at the boat.

FRANCO
 This is bigger than I remember.

Gavin doesn't want Franco to get suspicious.

GAVIN
 We should go. Won't take long before
 the place is crawling with tourists.

EXT. FLORIDA, EVERGLADES - DAWN

The sun rises on the vast marshland that is the
 Everglades...

Filled with alligators, snakes, and other wildlife hidden by
 dirty water, and thick forestation.

EXT. EVERGLADES, BOAT RENTAL STORE - DAWN

A wooden shack with GUIDED TOURS & AIRBOAT RENTALS written
 on the top.

A GUIDE fuels one of many airboats lined up close to the
 water.

Rory walks up to the guide, quickly followed by Alejandro,
 Estaban, Idiot-A, and Idiot-B.

RORY
 Hey. We'd like to rent a boat.

GUIDE
 I'm sorry you're gonna have to wait.
 We don't open for another couple of
 hou --

-- BAM -- Rory flinches. Idiot-A chuckles.

Alejandro holsters the gun.

ESTABAN

(Spanish)

Let's go.

(Re: dead body)

Bring it. We'll dump it on the way.

EXT. COAST, EVERGLADES, REVERBERÉ - DAWN

Reverberé slows down.

EXT. REVERBERÉ, DECK - MORNING

Gavin drops the anchor. Franco and Omar watch him carefully.

GAVIN

(English)

We have to use the dinghy rest of the way.

INT. REVERBERÉ, LOWER DECK - MORNING

Daniel and Logan sit on the mattress. Carlos sits between them and the door, with a gun.

Franco opens the door and walks down to Carlos.

FRANCO

(Spanish)

We're going in. Watch them. The kid might need this.

Franco hands him a small INSULIN KIT.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

But if you don't hear from me in an hour, kill the boy, but make it quick.

EXT. EVERGLADES - MORNING

Gavin

steers the dinghy into the Everglades, he makes sure the first aid kit is close to him.

The thick vegetation quickly surrounds them.

Franco

stares at Gavin, gun ready.

Omar looks ahead, scouting. He spots something moving, something metallic... he's not quite sure what it is.

Rory

seated steers the airboat, keeping an eye towards the coast.

Idiot-A, standing, stares Rory, suspiciously. Alejandro, Estaban, and Idiot-B are seated.

ESTABAN
(English)
Are we close?

RORY
Yes.

ESTABAN
(Spanish)
Let's get ready.

They double-check their guns.

Rory spots a small boat, through the trees. He accelerates, slowly and steadily... the others don't notice.

RORY
(English)
Alejandro, what do you think's gonna happen to you after we kill Franco?

ALEJANDRO
What do you mean?

RORY
What use do you have?

ESTABAN
Hey, stay focused.

Alejandro doesn't know what to say.

RORY
You're alive because we needed your info on Franco, now we don't need you at all.

Rory accelerates.

IDIOT-A
 (Spanish)
 Shut the fuck up gringo. Don't listen
 to him Alejandro I'd rather kill him
 than you.

ESTABAN
 Rory, slow down.

Instead, he keeps accelerating.

RORY
 Ah, that's it. If was trying to
 figure out why you hated me idiota,
 it's because I'm a gringo?

Idiot-B looks out towards the coast and spots the dinghy.

IDIOT-B
 There!

Rory takes a SHARP turn. The others hold on to their seats.
 Idiot-A stumbles but grabs onto the railing of the boat...

... They're headed straight for a mud bank.

ESTABAN
 Rory, STOP!

Idiot-A regains his balance.

Rory JUMPS into the water.

The airboat continues full speed ahead and CRASHES into the
 mud bank and sends Idiot-A flying headfirst into a tree.

The others hold on for dear life.

Gavin
 speeds up the dinghy.

OMAR
 (Spanish)
 What the fuck was that?

Franco
 turns around. They can see the crashed airboat not far ahead
 of them. He can just about make out a face... Alejandro.

FRANCO
 Alejandro, that motherfucker!

Franco turns back to Gavin.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
 (English)
 You set us up!

Gavin stares at him angrily.

A moment of fear in Franco's eyes... they planned this.

The dinghy CRASHES into a mud bank. Omar FLIES off while Gavin CRASHES hard into Franco.

Gavin reacts quickly, finds the first aid kit, and tries to open it... but Franco grabs him, flings him over the boat.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna fucking kill you!

Alejandro
 gets his bearings. He spots the dinghy and Franco. He points at them.

ALEJANDRO
 (Spanish)
 Kill them! Shoot!

Franco
 stand stands over a semi-submerged Gavin. He PUNCHES him hard in the face.

Omar gets up. Readies his gun.

Bullets start FLYING towards them.

INT. REVERBERÉ, LOWER DECK - MORNING

The faint sound of SHOTS being fired outside startles Carlos.

Daniel uses the moment to close the distance.

He JUMPS on Carlos, the fall to the ground and struggle over control over the gun. It's a tie...

... until Carlos is KICKED in the face by Logan. Daniel gets control over the gun, doesn't waste a beat, and SHOTS Carlos in the head.

Logan takes a few steps back, shocked.

DANIEL
 (English)
 It's okay, Logan, it's okay.

Daniel displays the gun to Logan.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
 This is the safety switch.
 (points safety on the
 gun)
 You need to shoot, you turn this off.
 (Turns safety off
 then on)
 Got it?

Logan nods. Daniel hands him the gun.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
 Hide here, lock the door. If anyone
 other than Gavin, me, or Rory knocks,
 you shoot, okay?

Logan nods.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
 I'll save your brother.

EXT. REVERBERÉ, DECK - MORNING

Daniel stands on the edge of the deck facing the Everglades where the shooting continues.

He takes a deep breath... then dives into the water.

EXT. EVERGLADES - MORNING

Franco

pulls Gavin out of the water. Gavin tries to get loose from his grip but fails.

FRANCO
 You're not going anywhere.

Franco slams him against the ground and KNOCKS him out cold then pulls out a gun from his waistband.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
 (Spanish)
 How many are they?

OMAR
 Three, I think, no more

Franco checks his gun.

FRANCO

Good.

Franco aims toward the airboat and shoots a couple of shots.

Estaban

hides on the airboat, terrified. Bullets PIERCE the hull and the engine... fuel spills out.

Rory

emerges from the water, some distance away from the action.

He spots a knocked-out Gavin, next to Franco and Omar... then he focuses on the dinghy.

Alejandro

and Idiot-B hide behind a tree.

ALEJANDRO

Cover me, I'm gonna make my way around.

Idiot-B nods... takes a few steps out into the open... and gets SHOT in the head.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Fucking idiot.

Franco

looks at Omar, impressed.

FRANCO

Nice shot.

Omar turns to Franco.

OMAR

Tha--

-- BAM-BAM -- a couple of bullets fly into Omar.

Franco turns to see Alejandro marching towards him, determined.

BAM-BAM-BAM -- Bullets fly towards Franco, who takes cover.

ALEJANDRO O.S.

Come out Franco, I'll make it quick.

FRANCO

You better, because I won't.

Estaban

builds up the courage to sit up.

He jumps down on the side of the airboat, carefully... and pushes it back into the water.

Alejandro

tries to flank Franco when --

-- **Estaban**

starts the engine on the airboat and drives away.

Alejandro

turns to look at the airboat.

ALEJANDRO

Fucking coward!

BAM - Alejandro gets shot in the leg and GROANS. He turns to see Franco walking toward him. He aims his gun and shoots.

BAM - CLICK -- his shot misses, and now he's out of ammo. Fear takes a hold of him.

Franco

holsters the gun in his waistband. Walks toward Alejandro with a smile. Alejandro tries to limp away.

Franco grabs Alejandro's leg and pulls it back, Alejandro falls stomach down on the ground.

Franco drives his knee into his back...

... when an ALLIGATOR ROARS just a few meters ahead of them.

They both freeze and look at it for a moment, terrified... Then Franco smiles, grabs his gun, and SHOOTS Alejandro in the spine.

Alejandro SCREAMS.

FRANCO

Have fun.

Franco walks away.

ALEJANDRO

No Franco, please!

Alejandro tries to move his feet... but he's paralyzed The alligator walks toward him.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Kill me, please, Franco, kill me!

Franco ignores Alejandro... The alligator doesn't.

Franco checks his magazine for bullets, a few left. He orientates himself... and spots Gavin, trying to crawl to the dinghy and he walks towards him.

Estaban

steers the airboat... but it's taking in water...and then the engine fails... It starts to sink. The water is deep.... and filled with ALLIGATORS.

Estaban frantically looks for a safe place to go, there is none. He panics.

Franco

grabs Gavin and slams him against the ground.

FRANCO
(English)
Where is it?

He punches Gavin hard in the stomach.

Rory

grabs the first-aid kit in the dinghy.

Franco

SLAPS Gavin in the face. Laughing as he does.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
It's just you and me, and I can make this very painful, for a very long time. Or, you can tell me where it is, and it will be over quick.

Franco readies another punch --

RORY O.S.
-- You punch him again I will fucking shoot you.

Franco holds the punch, stands up and turns around.

Rory's got the gun aimed at him. Only a few meters separate them.

Franco is calm. Rory is terrified, hands shaking.

RORY
You should have believed him Franco. he had nothing to do with it.

FRANCO
So the coke is gone?

GAVIN
Yes... along with my boat.

Beat.

FRANCO
Then there's no reason to keep any of
you alive.

Franco quickly walks toward Rory.

Rory
takes a moment to realize. In full panic, he pulls the
trigger -- CLICK -- safety is on.

RORY
Gavin!

Rory THROWS the gun to Gavin... but too far. It lands in the
muddy water behind him.

Franco
PUNCHES Rory in the face. Rory crashes down to the ground. A
KICK to the FACE follows.

Gavin
searches frantically for the gun in the water, no luck.

Franco
stands over a knocked-out Rory and turns around. He sees
Gavin, searching the water.

Franco pulls out his gun, aims it at Gavin when suddenly, an
EXHAUSTED and SOAKING WET Daniel steps between Franco and
Gavin.

Franco stops, he can't believe his eyes.

FRANCO
Daniel. Move.

Daniel shakes his head... the betrayal cuts Franco deep.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
I thought we were friends, Daniel.
Alejandro and Rory I get, they're
leeches... But you, what reason did I
ever give you to betray me?
(beat)
Move aside, I'll let you live.

Daniel doesn't react.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Move!

DANIEL

No.

A moment of shock on Franco's face... then he begins to LAUGH.

FRANCO

No? NO? How long have I known you Daniel, twenty years? And the first fucking word you say to me is NO.

(beat)

Okay --

-- BAM!

Franco SHOOTS Daniel in the thigh, who drops to one knee, doing his best to remain between Franco and Gavin.

Franco moves in.

He tries to get past Daniel but Daniel blocks him with all that he has left, which is not much.

Franco and Daniel lock eyes. Franco presses the barrel into Daniel's chest... considers pulling the trigger... but decides to shove him away instead.

Daniel has no energy to fight back.

Gavin

finds the gun, but is suddenly DRAGGED back, losing the grip of the gun.

Franco

spins Gavin around, puts his foot on his chest, pushing him hard against the ground. He aims the gun at Gavin's head...

They stare at each other for a moment... Franco pulls the trigger back... and just as it goes all the way --

-- A HAND grabs his LEG and pulls him off balance and the SHOT misses Gavin by an inch.

Franco CRASHES to the ground.

Daniel JUMPS on top and grabs Franco's neck.

Gavin

quickly turns around and grabs the gun.

Franco

locks eyes with Daniel...then UNLOADS into Daniel while SCREAMING --

BAM-BAM-BAM -- CLICK -- CLICK.

Daniel's dead, and Franco out of bullets.

Rory

stumbles to his feet.

Franco

doesn't have the energy or will to push Daniel off him... instead, he looks into Daniel's dead eyes... and begins to SOB.

Rory

walks up to Gavin and helps him up to his feet.

Franco

has calmed himself down. He pushes Daniel off, gently, and Sees Rory and Gavin standing over him, looking down.

Gavin and Rory look at each other, unsure of what to do.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

You know I didn't want to do any of this?

GAVIN

You didn't have to.

Franco sits up. Gavin and Rory take a few steps back. Gavin aims the gun at him, but he doesn't care... he's resigned

FRANCO

Which part didn't I have to do? The part where you came to me? The part where my friends betrayed me? The part where I was lured into an ambush?

RORY

Don't give us this shit Franco, you're a psycho, you like killing.

FRANCO

No, I like staying alive. Sometimes killing is just... part of it.

Gavin lowers the gun.

GAVIN

I don't want to be a killer... and we don't need to kill him.

RORY

I know but... he doesn't deserve to live.

GAVIN

You're probably right, but I've seen enough of this... world. I don't want it to be a part of me any more than it already is... We'll take the dinghy out to the boat, then leave the it there, you can swim to it.

Gavin and Rory look at Franco... who looks pathetic, defeated.

RORY

Looks like you're gonna get a second chance Franco, don't fuck it up.

INT. REVERBERÉ, LOWER DECK - MORNING

Logan holds the gun aimed at the door, his body tense.

A KNOCK on the door. Logan stares at it, nervously.

GAVIN O.S.

Logan?

Gavin opens the door... sees the dead body of Carlos and almost pukes...

GAVIN

(to himself)

Hope I don't have to get used to this.

Gavin walks down the stairs and hugs Logan... who begins to CRY.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

It's okay, it's over, You did good, I'm sorry... I'm so sorry.

EXT. DINGHY - SUNSET

Franco steers the dinghy out towards the sea. With him is Daniel's dead body. Franco looks at it... fighting tears.

INT. GAVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rory, standing in the doorway of Gavin's apartment, hands Gavin a folder... and KEYS. Their cuts and bruises have started to heal.

GAVIN

What's this?

RORY

My boat, now, your boat.

(beat)

Go anywhere with it, or sell it, or whatever you want, I don't care.

GAVIN

What are you gonna do?

RORY

Rojo will probably come for me, but they don't know anything about you. I'm getting out of Miami. New York maybe... Don't worry about me, I'll be fine.

GAVIN

Okay.

RORY

I should go... I'm sorry, for getting you into all of this. I wish I could take it all back.

Gavin hugs him.

GAVIN

It's okay.

(beat)

Be safe. Stay in touch.

RORY

Thanks. You too.

Rory leaves the apartment.

Gavin stares at the keys in his hand.

INT. GAVIN'S APARTMENT, LOGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Gavin stands in the doorway, looking at Logan, laying in bed staring at the ceiling.

GAVIN

We don't have to stay here, in Miami, you know, we could go somewhere else, somewhere we could be happy.

LOGAN

To live?

GAVIN

Yeah.

LOGAN

Maybe... where?

GAVIN

Panama.

Logan turns to look at him, smiling.

INT. RORY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rory, in the bedroom, packs a suitcase when we hear the front door OPENING.

Concerned, Rory walks into the living room and freezes when he sees Christina.

She smiles at him. She's alone, and without a gun... at least it looks like it, Rory's suspicious.

RORY

I really should have fixed that door.

CHRISTINA

I've been having a hard time getting a hold of Estaban, figured you might know something about it.

RORY

Yeah... sorry about that.

CHRISTINA

Seems I'm in need of a man in Miami now, congratulations on making yourself useful.

Rory chuckles... tempting. Christina smiles at him.

INT. ISLA COLÓN, ROUGE WAVE HOSTEL - DAY

Kevin's behind the counter, as always. The hostel is largely empty, apart from some tourists, relaxing, chatting.

Gavin and Logan walk in, carrying luggage.

KEVIN
Hey boys! Nice to see you both! I kept the photo up, didn't feel right taking it down.

GAVIN
Do you think it would be alright if we... stayed?

KEVIN
That's kinda what hostels are for.

GAVIN
No, I mean for a while, until we find something else here.

KEVIN
You moving here?

GAVIN
Yeah, I think we are.

KEVIN
Well, rooms here aren't free.

GAVIN
Yeah no, of course --

KEVIN
-- But I am hiring.

A smile across their faces.

KEVIN
Are you boys willing to learn Spanish?

The boys nod.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Willing to get a tan?

They look at each other... bigger smiles.

GAVIN & LOGAN
Yes.

KEVIN
Then you're hired.

Kevin gives Gavin a "heads-up" look. Gavin turns to see Nina walking in.

GAVIN
Hey, sorry, I was... a bit out of it
last time, I didn't catch your name.

Their conversation fade out as we zoom in on the family
picture...

NINA O.S.
(laughs)
It's Nina.

GAVIN O.S.
Nice to meet you, Nina.

... and the Dad's proud smile.

KEVIN O.S.
Nina why don't you take them to room
two-o-three.

NINA O.S.
Okay, follow me.

GAVIN O.S.
Come on, Logan, let's get settled.

THE END