NARCOS

PILOT

Written by

Carlo Bernard and Doug Miro

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EXT. MEDELLIN, COMUNA 13, OVERHEAD - DAY

FLYING OVER the ramshackle apartments of the comuna, a sprawling mass of crumbling brick and rusted tin. DESCENDING into the barrio's heart, KIDS playing street soccer. An OLD MAN selling cigarettes off a cardboard box. And in an alley - a FIAT parked on a curb...

VOICE (O.S.)
(over radio, in Spanish)
Approaching the door now...

TITLE CARD: **MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA 1988**

INT./EXT. FIAT - DAY

Two Colombian UNDERCOVER COPS sit in the car. One is a dark skinned fire plug with a pony tail - TITO. The other is CAPTAIN MIGUEL ROJAS. Rojas is mid-40s, tall for a Colombian, and elegant for a cop. He has the studied, deliberate tempo of a man who observes carefully and acts judiciously...

ROJAS
(into walkie)
Copy. Keep your eyes open.

He looks up at the FOUR STORY APARTMENT BUILDING across the street. Takes a steady drag of his cigarette...

VOICE (O.S.)
(over radio)
Inside. No sign of Uribe, boss.

Rojas and Tito share a look, *shit.* Then, into radio -

ROJAS
Copy, Danilo. Just make -

MACHINE GUNFIRE rattles over the WALKIE - then - SHOUTING -

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Danilo? Danilo, come in!

DANILO (O.S.)
We're taking fire. Repeat -

Then - STATIC. Rojas makes a decision, reaches for his AR 15. Tito does too but Rojas stops him - handing him the radio -

ROJAS
Stay here. Watch the door.

INT./EXT. MEDELLIN STREET - DAY

Rojas snaps a clip into his .45, tucking the piece into his back pocket. Kisses the RELIGIOUS MEDALLION around his neck as he crosses the street...

INT. MEDELLIN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Rojas, AR raised, charges down the dim HALLWAY -

INT. MEDELLIN APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRS - DAY

Racing up STAIRS - taking turns fast as he can. Rounding to face a cartel SICARIO - running shorts, 'Sunkist' t-shirt - slumped on a landing. Shot dead...

INT. MEDELLIN APARTMENT BUILDING, TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Rojas bursts into a long HALLWAY. Sunlight streaking through slits in the unfinished roof. He moves down the hall - a door SWINGS open - an OLD WOMAN and her dog, sniffing his boots -

ROJAS
Stay inside.

She pulls the dog back. He continues, deep breaths. Pauses at the end of the hall - peers round the corner, seeing:

Another LONG HALL. The DOOR to the apartment at the end is open. A BODY draped out of it...

Rojas approaches, moving toward the BODY when he hears FOOTSTEPS - <u>on the ROOF above him</u> - reacting as -

GUNFIRE POURS DOWN ON HIM. Rojas hits the floor, scrambling, FIRING a burst into the ceiling. The GUNFIRE stops. Light streaming through a sag in the tin, a MAN'S BOOT visible. A drop of blood falls. Rojas watches it hit the floor.

Rojas stands, approaching the APARTMENT DOOR. Pushes it open, stepping past the BODY in the doorway -

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Ducking behind the counter of the GALLEY KITCHEN. Rojas, crouched low, hears someone call to him quietly - *PSST* -

Across the tiny LIVING ROOM he sees one of his cops - DANILO kneeling on the BALCONY beside another cop, PEREZ, who grips his bleeding leg -

Danilo nods to a BEDROOM off the living room. Signals *ONE GUNMAN*. Gestures he's out of ammo -

Rojas pulls his .45 and slides it to Danilo. Sees their WALKIE lying nearby. Picks it up...

INT./EXT. FIAT - DAY

Tito watches the street for signs of trouble. Taps the wheel, nervous energy. Walkie CRACKLES on his belt. A WHISPER over -

ROJAS (O.S.)
I've got them. Perez is wounded.
Don't reply.

INT. APARTMENT, GALLEY KITCHEN - DAY

Rojas, kneeling behind the counter, notices the dead Sicario at the door has a pair of Bolle MIRRORED SUNGLASSES propped on his head. Rojas pulls them off. Polishing them. Holds them round the counter so he can see in their REFLECTION:

The OPEN BEDROOM. Finding the SICARIO, ducked behind the bed -

He checks the action on his AR 15 and turns to Danilo, counting down on his fingers, *three, two, one* -

Rojas steps out and OPENS FIRE into the bedroom as -

Danilo hoists Perez, dragging him across the apartment, Rojas covering them -

The SICARIO in the bedroom returns fire - ripping apart a SOFA in front of Rojas -

Rojas sees him dart past the door - adjusts his line of FIRE -

The SICARIO falls with a dull THUD. Hit in the leg. Rojas stalks forward into the room -

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A half-dressed BRUNETTE wearing a ton of makeup charges at him. SCREAMING. He shoves her back onto the bed. The SICARIO tries to get up but Rojas puts his BOOT in the gunshot wound. He SCREAMS. Rojas lifts him to his feet...

ROJAS
How's it going, Uribe.
(bouncing him off dresser)
You still like to shoot at cops?

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Danilo slams into the stairwell - .45 in one hand - Perez under the other arm - helping him down the stairs. Rojas behind them with the cuffed Uribe, raising the WALKIE -

INT./EXT. FIAT - DAY

Tito, watching the building, AR 15 in his lap...

ROJAS (O.S.)
(over radio)
We got him. On our way down.

TITO
Copy that.

Tito smiles. Pats his shirt pocket for something, then remembers - lowers the visor - grabs a pack of *Pielrojas*. Puts one in his mouth. Presses the CIGARETTE LIGHTER. Keeping an eye on the building when -

BAM. He's shot in the head. Slumping sideways as the cigarette lighter POPS.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The Fiat's windshield is coated in blood. We hear FOOTSTEPS running away from the car. RISE over it to reveal -

A BOY, maybe eleven years old, sprinting down the alley. Tossing a .38 into a bin as -

BACK DOWN THE ALLEY: Danilo, Perez and Rojas come out of the APARTMENT BUILDING. They all stop, seeing it...

Rojas steps across the alley. Opens the car door, looking in at Tito, slumped over the gearshift. He turns, running back down the alley. Looking over the STREET for the killer...

And we see the Boy. He's there. Playing soccer with his friends. As Rojas turns, walking back to his dead officer...

WE CUT TO:

A ripped PRINT of a SAILBOAT moving through ocean waves. Headed toward a palm tree island. The colors are fading, but there's something inviting about it...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

JAVIER PENA is fucking STELLA, a chunky Asian Woman, from behind while looking at the print on the wall. Something occurs to him and he stops.

STELLA
What is it?

He takes off his socks. Starts fucking her again.

TITLE CARD: **AUSTIN, TEXAS**

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Pena lies in bed, drinking a fifth of Dewars. Staring at the print. Stella smoking next to him...

PENA
Sailboat's goin' to the island.

She rolls to him, runs a finger along his chest...

STELLA
Probably a lot of mosquitos. I hate mosquitos.

Pena just stares at the sailboat...

INT. FIVE LEAF CLOVER BAR - NIGHT

Fake wood panelling. Beer in cans. Pena's at the bar. He's in his usual jeans, cowboy boots, blue and white Diadora jacket. And he's staring at a GOLD CHAIN necklace lying on the bar...

He throws back a shot of Dewars and turns to the Bartender.

PENA
Phone please.

The Bartender grabs the TELEPHONE. Setting it down...

A beat. Pena picks up the receiver. Dialing. Hear a young WOMAN answer. The following is in *SPANISH*...

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
Hello.

Pena covers his ear, trying to hear over Ms. Pacman...

PENA
It's me.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
You home from work?

PENA
At the bar.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
I can hear... Saw my abuela today.

PENA
Yeah.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
She told me the day's good luck, the 27th of May.

Pena's silent. Sweating...

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Everybody's real excited here, Javi. I'm thinking about -

PENA
I can't do it.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
What are you talking about?

PENA
I can't do it, Nikki.

There's a long pause on the other end...

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
I know you been going through some stuff, Javi. Come down here, we can talk.
(off his silence)
We're getting married in a week.

Pena shakes his head, but says nothing.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Javier?

PENA
I'm sorry.

And he hangs up. Looks at the phone a beat, slides it back to the Bartender. Taps his glass. The Bartender fills it. Pena looks at the Scotch, swirling in the glass...

EXT. FIVE LEAF CLOVER BAR - NIGHT

Pena stumbles out. See an AUSTIN POLICE CAR sitting at the curb. Couple COPS getting some coffee next door. One of them eyes Pena, we think there might be trouble but then -

COP
Evening Agent Pena, you need a ride?

Meet DEA agent Javier Pena...

PENA
No thanks.

He slumps into his Bonneville. Grinds the ignition. Peels out.

INT. PENA'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pena sits at the table, PHOTOGRAPHS and LETTERS spread before him. He picks up a photo - him with a doe-eyed BRUNETTE in Texas countryside. Then a letter, bubbly handwriting.

He gathers it all up, dropping the pile into an empty DEWARS BOX on the floor...

Walks into his BEDROOM - opens the closet. Pulling out a sweater vest, a skinny tie. Then, remembering, taking off his belt. She gave him that too. Throwing it all in the box...

Hitching up his pants as he walks into the bathroom. Grabs a TOOTHBRUSH. Opens the cupboard, finding TAMPAX. Then the shower, fruity SHAMPOO - all goes in the box.

Then back into the kitchen, finding it pinned to a corkboard. Cursive names embossed red over gold - the WEDDING INVITATION... It goes in the box.

AND WE CUT TO:

INT. PENA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Pena's passed out on the couch, still in his clothes. Light from the TV flickers over... Pena opens his eyes. Sees the TELEVISION, flipping through channels in RAPID SUCCESSION...

Realizes he's lying on the remote. Sits up. TV stops on ANIMAL KINGDOM. Watching a lion taking down a zebra when -

SOMETHING SMASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW BEHIND HIM.

He dives to the floor, covering his head. *What the fuck.*

Grabs his 9mm off the coffee table. Crawling to the window, a ROCK on the floor - glass everywhere. Peers out, sees a FIGURE kneeling beside his Bonneville...

EXT. PENA'S APARTMENT, PARKING LOT - DAY

Pena comes out, raising his gun...

PENA
Hey!

The Figure sprints off down the street, shouting -

FIGURE
Fuck you, Javi!

Pena recognizes him, looks back at his busted window. And then it hits him. He sinks to his knees, pukes everywhere...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, ELEVATOR - DAY

Pena gets off the elevator, coming to work. Enters glass doors next to a crest - DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION...

INT. AUSTIN DEA OFFICE, BULLPEN - DAY

Pena walks the bullpen, coming to ASAC SCOTT GIDDES' office -

PENA
Morning.

GIDDES
Yeah. In California. How's the Rafa thing?

PENA
Ongoing.

GIDDES
What's that mean exactly?

PENA
Means ongoing.

GIDDES
Hey, Javi, wait. Almost forgot. Your PCS came in.

Pena stops now. Sense he's been waiting for this. Giddes hands him the paper - Pena looks down at it, anxious -

PENA
What the fuck.

INT. OUTSIDE JOE TOFT'S OFFICE - DAY

Pena knocks as he enters -

INT. JOE TOFT'S OFFICE - DAY

A white man in his late 40s, blue blazer and slacks, sits at his desk. This is Pena's SAC, JOE TOFT. More than demanding, Toft bleeds DEA...

PENA
Boss, a word -

Toft nods. Pena has a seat -

PENA (CONT'D)
Got my PCS assignment. Think there's some kind of mistake. I requested offices in Mexico. Monterrey - somewhere near home.
(setting the paper down)
This says Colombia.

Toft nods, it sure does.

TOFT
Bob Nieves called from DC, they're looking for new blood down there. I said shit, guess whose PCS is on my desk.
(off his look)
Colombia's sending up three billion dollars a year in powder. Don't you want a piece of that? Go down, mount some traffickers on your wall. Make a name for yourself.

PENA
Look, honestly, sir...

TOFT
I get you're in a rough patch, Javier. But last year you booked more C1s than any agent I've had. Colombia's an agency priority.
(MORE)

TOFT (CONT'D)
And it’s a fit. You speak Spanish, work informants like long lost brothers.

PENA
All due respect boss, I need to get out of Austin. Somewhere I can clear my head. Not the front line.

TOFT
Last I checked the DEA wasn’t giving out sabbaticals. You cash the check, you close cases.

Pena’s silent. Toft slides back his TRANSFER PAPER -

TOFT (CONT'D)
Take Colombia or stay in Austin.

INT. PENA’S OFFICE - DAY

Pena pulls out a WORLD ATLAS, turning to a map of SOUTH AMERICA. Finding it... COLOMBIA. Pena, staring down at the brightly colored map. The sum total of his knowledge about this place...

And then we hear it, that all-American falsetto. Jon Bon Jovi SINGING, *‘Wo-oh, we’re halfway there. Wo-oh, livin’ on a prayer. Take my hand and we’ll make it I swear...’*

AND WE’RE FLYING OVER:

A sprawling MOUNTAIN RANGE covered in tropical green. Craggy peaks of Monseratte and Guadalupe cutting blue sky... COLOMBIA.

INT./EXT. AVIANCA FLIGHT - DAY

Pena listens to his WALKMAN, nursing a plastic cup of Dewars. Staring out the window, seeing it now...

Nestled into a high plain 8300 feet above sea-level, the capital city of BOGOTA. Its signature brick buildings spill from the mountains, a river of orange flowing into the towering glass skyscrapers of Carrera Septima...

AND WE CUT TO:

Pena waiting in the mayhem of PASSPORT CONTROL. He takes out his passport, flipping through EMPTY PAGES, waiting his turn.

AND WE CUT TO:

Pena sets his digital Casio to Colombian time by an elegant CLOCK on the TERMINAL WALL. The BON JOVI screeches to a STOP. He opens his Walkman, magnetic tape spilling everywhere -

PENA
Shit...

BARNES (O.S.)
Special Agent Pena?

Pena stuffs the tape in his pocket, turning to see a tanned, athletic looking American - Special Agent RICK BARNES...

BARNES (CONT'D)
Special Agent Barnes. Boss sent me to grab you.
(taking suitcase)
Vamonos.

PENA
Habla Espanol?

BARNES
(smiles)
Enough to get my ticket down here.

INT./EXT. BARNES CAR/BOGOTA - DAY

Pena looks out as they navigate a narrow STONE STREET in the old Candelaria district. Passing a mission-style CHURCH, ancient houses with clay-tiled roofs...

Can't believe his eyes. Like he's travelled back in time -

BARNES
Where else have you posted to?

PENA
My first.

BARNES
Popping the PCS cherry.

PENA
First time out of country actually.

Pena watches as older buildings mix with new, the Bogota street overflowing with bicycles, VENDORS selling everything from fruit to *arepas* -

He rolls down his window, taking in the smell - the sounds - a vendor with a wheelbarrow of avocados yelling rhythmically '*AGUACATE, AGUACATE, AGUACATE...*'

BARNES
Get used to that.

Two beautiful WOMEN walk over a board someone's placed across a puddle of water in the middle of the street. Like gazelles fording an urban river. Barnes nods to them, smiles...

BARNES (CONT'D)
And that.

Pena smiles, feels the car slowing down. Turns to see -

UP AHEAD: a CAR is being hooked to a TOW TRUCK. It's a wreck. Roof missing, chassis CHARRED beyond recognition...

BARNES (CONT'D)
Car bomb.
(a beat)
Get used to that too.

Pena watches Colombians weave through the crime scene like it's not even there. Sees several MEN milling around, plainclothes COPS. One of them knocks on the hood of the tow truck, *move out*. It's ROJAS, the cop we met in the opening. He watches the Americans as they drive past...

INT./EXT. BARNES CAR/EMBASSY - DAY

Barnes pulls to a GUARD BOOTH, showing his pass...

BARNES
Welcome to the 'island'.

Pena looks up at the FOUR-STORY OFFICE BUILDING dominating the block. American flag billowing from a post. Narrow rows of windows set in grey concrete. Like an enormous bunker...

INT. EMBASSY, DEA OFFICES - DAY

Pena follows Barnes down a basement corridor. Pushing through HEAVY DOORS into an open office with rows of desks - all empty. Smells musty. Water stains on ceiling and walls...

BARNES
Floods down here a lot. Don't put anything valuable in your desk.

INT. EMBASSY, ASAC THOMAS OFFICE - DAY

Barnes walks Pena in, ASAC THOMAS, overweight, ex-military, stands -

THOMAS
There he is. How's the flight?

PENA
Bumpy.

THOMAS
Mountains, what can you do? Bart Thomas, I'm your ASAC.
(Pena nods, shakes hands)
I've got your credentials here. Some paperwork to get squared.

BARNES
Good to have you, Javier. We work hard down here, play harder.

PENA
Thanks, man.

Pena follows Thomas out of the office -

THOMAS
(re: Barnes)
Hell of a ball player.

PENA
Yeah.

THOMAS
You should see him light up the spooks. Drives them nuts.
(coming to a door)
So along with regular service rotation, you'll be on the Medellin team. One other member...

Knocks as he enters -

INT. MEDELLIN TASK FORCE OFFICE - DAY

Desks crammed into a dingy room. An agent looks up from her lunch -

THOMAS
Agent Pena, this is Special Agent Vance -

SHELLY VANCE, (mid-30s) red hair pulled taut, colorful pantsuit with shoulder pads, air of relentless over-achiever. Offers her hand. Pena takes it -

VANCE
Nice to have you. Heard good things.

PENA
Thanks.

THOMAS
There's your desk -

His desk is next to a large WALL CHART, pyramid of PHOTOGRAPHS of CARTEL MEMBERS. Vance sees him eyeing it -

VANCE
What do you know about the cartels, Agent Pena?

PENA
Not much.

THOMAS
(wry, re: Vance)
Wrong answer, my friend -

VANCE
80 percent of the cocaine consumed in the United States is imported by *two* Colombian cartels - Cali and Medellin. Medellin's by far the most successful and dangerous of the two. The man in charge...

Vance points to the PHOTO atop the chart. A MAN in his late 40s, chubby face, a knowing half-smile under a fedora....

VANCE (CONT'D)
Jose Rodriguez-Gacha. Otherwise known as 'the Mexican'.

She nods to PHOTOS below Gacha - an elegant PLAYBOY, and a doughy faced MAN with a moustache and stoned eyes...

VANCE (CONT'D)
His associates, Jorge Luis Ochoa, Pablo Escobar...

THOMAS
Christ, Shelly, give the guy a chance to get used to the altitude.

PENA
(off Vance's look)
No sweat. Good stuff.

Pena sees how she looks at him, still sizing him up.

INT./EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Pena sits in a TAXI, new ID BADGE dangling from a LANYARD around his neck. He's looking at an elegant APARTMENT BUILDING. A sparkling lobby, glass and chrome. Pena checks the address. Climbs out. Pulling his SUITCASE from the trunk.

INT. PENA'S APARTMENT BUILDING, LOBBY - EVENING

Pena opens the glass doors. The DOORMAN looks up...

DOORMAN
Can I help you?

PENA
I think I live here.

INT. PENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pena flips on the lights. Sets his suitcase down, looking over his new home. It's massive. Hints of Latin 'posh' - marble, mirrors...

Part of him is impressed. Part of him feels utterly out of place. And as he stands there, alone in his big living room... we hear the CLICK, CLICK, of a SLIDE PROJECTOR...

INT. DEA OFFICES, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Pena and other agents watch a SLIDE SHOW of coca crop STATISTICS, narrated by Thomas...

Pena takes notes. Diligent. Then we move over his shoulder and see - he's doing the CROSSWORD from *El Espacio*...

Agent LINWATER, black, good looking, pokes his head into the briefing -

LINWATER
Just got the green light from CNP liaison, boss. Operational on that shipping company...

THOMAS
Outstanding. I want two teams, out the door in five -

Pena looks up as the lights come on. Everyone grabbing their things -

BARNES
Time to make like Miami Vice.

As Pena stands, Vance spots the crossword, shoots him a look.

VANCE
I hear you were the buy-bust king of the Southwest.

PENA
Made some cases.

VANCE
Some of the agents here - guys punching their time cards and getting a tan, must piss off a go-getter like you.

Pena just looks at her, heads out...

INT. DEA OFFICES, HALLWAY - DAY

Barnes is waiting for him, sees the look on Pena's face -

BARNES
Enjoying life on the Medellin team?

PENA
Vance is pretty worked up...

Barnes nods, punching the button on the ELEVATOR -

BARNES
Word is she caught her husband cheating with a Fed in Cartagena. Flipped the bitch switch.
(a beat)
Don't worry about her.

As they step onto the elevator...

INT./EXT. VAN, BOGOTA STREETS - DAY

Pena, Linwater and Barnes are in a VAN driven by a CNP cop. Briefing Pena on the operation as they speed through Bogota -

BARNES
We've been working this place for months. Title Three intercepts, trap and trace. Whole nine.

PENA
How'd you get up on them?

LINWATER
CI.

PENA
Ours?

BARNES
Colombians work the informant.
(off Pena's look)
Way things go down south.

EXT. SHIPPING COMPANY - DAY

The van races through a GATE - chain link topped with razor wire. Skidding to a stop as - a Colombian LIAISON OFFICER pulls the door open, saluting -

Pena hops out - sees a full-scale POLICE ACTION going down. TACTICAL TEAMS running past. Men with sub-machine guns, barking into RADIOS. Colombian cops everywhere, some still arriving. Pena taking it all in - chaotic, intense -

The SECOND VAN pulls in, Thomas hops out, approaching the CNP Liaison Officer -

THOMAS
Where are we at?

And then - GUNFIRE echoes from inside the MASSIVE GARAGE - Pena and the others duck behind the open doors of the van -

All the agents, gripping their handguns - crouched low as more shots ECHO. Barnes grins at Pena -

BARNES
Welcome to Colombia!

The shooting stops. The sound of men SHOUTING in Spanish.

THOMAS
(to Liaison Officer)
What are they saying?!

Pena stands, holstering his Sig 9mm...

PENA
It's clear.

INT. SHIPPING COMPANY, WAREHOUSE - DAY

Pena and the other DEA agents enter the huge garage. Thomas heading off to greet a CNP General (Londono)...

It's a swarm of ACTIVITY. Cases of FILES being carted off, a cop with a gunshot wound in his leg being treated, ASSAULT RIFLES laid out on a tarp, tagged. Pena and the others are led towards a row of SHIPPING CONTAINERS...

CNP techs are using acetylene torches, cutting into the central I-BEAM of the containers. The beams are hollow. We see PACKAGES bound with shipping tape stuffed inside...

Pena sees other containers that have already been cut apart. STACKS of COCAINE packages, guarded by UNIFORMED COPS.

PENA
Holt shit...

LINWATER
Big time, right?

LIAISON OFFICER
They were hiding cocaine inside the I-beams. So a container of bananas or bicycle parts clears customs in Miami, and a few days later...

THOMAS
It's hitting the street.
(to CNP General)
Great work. Congratulations General Londono.

General Londono says something in SPANISH which the Liaison Officer translates for Thomas -

LIEUTENANT CEPEDA (O.S.)
They love to pat each other on the back, don't they?

Pena turns to see a Colombian Lieutenant. This is CEPEDA. Barnes makes the introduction -

BARNES
Lieutenant Cepeda, this is our new guy, Javier Pena.
(to Pena)
(MORE)

BARNES (CONT'D)
Lieutenant Cepeda’s the man to know in CNP Narcotics Intel. This is his rodeo. What’s your haul look like?

Cepeda, eyeing the warehouse...

CEPEDA
Still opening boxes manifested for Miami. Call it 82 kilos. Maybe 86.
(Pena nods, impressed)
Bosses’ll round it up to 100, of course.

LINWATER
At New York prices, Senor Gacha’s out about 12 million dollars this morning...

Pena takes that in. Thomas, to his DEA staff -

THOMAS
Let’s get a paper party going on this. I want telexes hitting desks in DC by lunch time.
(turning to them)
Pena, Barnes, dig up any headlines we can get to Miami before that. We hustle, they can scoop up the other end of this thing.

Pena and Barnes nod, they’re on it...

LINWATER
Miami ASAC’s gonna be writing commendations to us for weeks...

BARNES
Looks like you’re good luck, Pena.

Pena smiles, spots the FOUR MEN who ran the smuggling operation. They sit on a bench, hands cuffed. Pena studies them. Early 20s. One of them, with FRECKLES and CURLY HAIR, scratches at his cuffs...

BARNES (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Yo. Javier. Do the honors...

Barnes hands Pena his CAMERA, as he and Linwater drop to a knee, posing by the small PYRAMID of cocaine packs -

Pena snaps their picture -

BARNES (CONT’D)
You want one?

Pena nods, sure. He steps next to the COKE. Looking over the scene in the cavernous garage: Cargo containers being cut open, Colombian Cops, DEA Agents, shaking hands, laughing...

BARNES (CONT'D)
Hey, smile or something.

Pena smiles, sticks up a finger...

LINWATER
That's it. We're number one, bitch.

AND WE CUT TO:

A PARTY. A COVER BAND plays American top 40...

EXT. AMBASSSADOR'S RESIDENCE, GARDEN PARTY - NIGHT

It's the monthly 'Garden Party' at the U.S. Ambassador's residence. Liveried servants passing drinks, tea lights and bougainvillea. Colonial elegance...

Pena takes a drink from a passing waiter. Looks over the crowd of diplomats and Colombian Generals. Couldn't feel more out of place...

THOMAS
You forget how to knot a tie, Pena?

Pena turns to see Thomas, Barnes and Linwater approaching, all in coat and tie...

PENA
I didn't pack one, sir. I can -

THOMAS
Next time.

Barnes, nodding to VARIOUS FACTIONS among the guests -

BARNES
State Department assholes, CIA assholes, Embassy staff assholes...

LINWATER
(heads up)
Ambassador on deck -

Pena and the others turn to see a heavy-set, ruddy faced man in an expensive suit approach. AMBASSADOR TURLING...

AMBASSADOR TURLING
I'm told DEA had a good day...

THOMAS
Sure did, Mr. Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR TURLING
What was it we seized? 200 kilos of cocaine? Remarkable.

THOMAS
More like 100, sir. But it was a big one. Team effort.

AMBASSADOR TURLING
Well regardless. Keep up the - keep it up.

As the Ambassador moves off into the crowd, off Pena's look -

LINWATER
He raised like 10 million or something for the last election...

Pena nods, watches as one of the State Department Wives climbs into the garden's fountain. Splashing around, dancing badly while her Husband tries to pull her out...

BARNES
State Department, every time. Let's get the fuck out of here.

And the plaintive voice of a VALLENATO singer rises...

INT. LA TRAMPA - NIGHT

We're in a Vallenato DANCE HALL. Accordion and base drums of a Colombian folk song drive to the chorus, everybody SINGING.

Pena, Barnes, Thomas et al. are at the bar, doing shots of *aguardiente*. Thomas hums along. Barnes salsas with twins in *pollera nera* dresses. Pena does another shot, steadying himself against the bar...

A THRUMMING BASE chugs beneath the folk song, begin to make out the song - BDPs *CRIMINAL MINDED*...

INT. THE END, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Pena and the others stumble towards a NIGHTCLUB. BDP bumping inside. Colombian SOLDIERS standing guard...

HICKS
Defense Force keeps the police from closing down the club after hours.

Off Pena's look -

LINWATER
Army hates cops 'cause they're corrupt. Cops hate the army 'cause they're corrupt. In Colombia, the more you know. The less you know.

Pena eyes the SOLDIERS with sub-machine guns, the crowd of BOGOTANOS, waiting...

BARNES
Don't worry. We've got an all access pass, baby...

The DEA Agents flash DIPLOMAT BADGES, jumping the line. Barnes points to a couple curvy CLUB GIRLS, waiting nearby -

BARNES (CONT'D)
'Uncle Sam wants you.' Vamanos chicas...

The girls laugh at his crappy Spanish, but come along. Happy to get inside...

EXT. THE END CLUB - NIGHT

A packed ROOFTOP CLUB. Pena walks to the railing, looking over the web of Bogota lights stretching to the mountains. Stunning. Noticing as -

Patches of lights throughout the city FLICKER and GO OUT.

VOICE (O.S.)
Power outage.

Pena turns to see a tall Colombian at the railing. Recognizes him - the cop he saw at the car bombing. ROJAS...

ROJAS
Watch this -

Pena turns, watching the BLACK-OUT roll like a wave through the city. As it reaches them, the lights GO OUT, the MUSIC STOPS. Everybody CHEERS. And starts counting...

CROWD
Uno, dos, tres, cuatro...

...Until the lights and music snap BACK ON. And everybody CHEERS again. Rojas smiles...

ROJAS
Sometimes you have to make the most of what you have, right?

PENA
(nods)
I saw you at the car bombing.

Rojas nods...

ROJAS
Most unfortunate.

PENA
Casualties?

ROJAS
A nice German sedan.
(a beat)
I hear you speak Spanish.

Pena looks at him now. Rojas shakes his head, 'impressed'...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
A DEA officer who speaks Spanish.

PENA
How did you know -

ROJAS
I know things, Agent Pena.

PENA
(in English, on guard)
Who are you?

ROJAS
I'm sorry. Captain Miguel Rojas. It is a pleasure.

Rojas offers his hand. Pena shakes -

PENA
So you're a cop.

ROJAS
DIJN. You know it?

Pena shakes his head. Rojas lights a cigarette -

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Our intelligence branch.
(a beat)
(MORE)

ROJAS (CONT'D)
It is very peculiar, a DEA agent who shares my language.

PENA
I'm Mexican American.

ROJAS
I mean it is peculiar the most powerful country in the world can't find more agents who speak Spanish.

PENA
(shrugs)
I'm not in charge.

ROJAS
Me either, my friend.
(raising glass)
Thank God for that, yes?

Pena raises his glass. They drink. Looking over the city...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
So George Bush is watching his big cities get destroyed by crack cocaine. And *El Presidente* doesn't like this because white people are getting car-jumped by some junkie so they won't vote for him.

PENA
It's 'car-jacked'.

ROJAS
Right, 'car-jacked'. A good term, I like it. My point is, you're here to stop the flow of cocaine to the United States so people will still vote for Mr. Bush, correct?

PENA
It's more complicated than that.

ROJAS
It always is.

Pena eyes him, not sure what that means. Rojas takes out his card, switching back to English...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Nice to meet you, Agent Pena. If you need anything, call me anytime.

He walks away. LINWATER approaches with two beers -

LINWATER
What'd the good Captain Rojas want?

PENA
You know him?

LINWATER
He's a solid cop. Hard liner. One of the few. But there's a reason DIJN work mostly at night - they're the wolves of the CNP.
(off his look)
If he's talking to you, he wants something. Chances are it's not something you want to give to him.

He hands Pena one of the beers - tapping his against it...

LINWATER (CONT'D)
Stay on the island, Agent Pena.

INT. EL CORREDOR DE LAS VEGONIAS, BAR - NIGHT

Pena and the others are posted up at a new bar. Putting down another round of *aguardiente*. Pena slams his shot, feeling the liquor course through his body. He sees a GIRL across the bar, a dark haired, coltish Colombian beauty in her 20s...

She looks right back at him. This is MARINA...

EXT. EL CORREDOR DE LAS VEGONIAS, BAR - NIGHT

Pena and Marina come out of the bar passing a VENDOR selling old BOOTLEG CASETTES.

Pena stops, finding a copy of Bon Jovi's *SLIPPERY WHEN WET*...

AND WE CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA BOTERO (MEDELLIN) - MORNING

A trim, handsome OLDER MAN sits on a bench, glances at his watch for the third time.

He's meeting someone in this sculpture garden of fleshy Botero BRONZES, set across from an ancient basilica...

JAIME
Good morning, boss...

The man turns to see a young man approach. JAIME, 26, Jeans and sneakers, leather jacket...

OLDER MAN
You're late.

JAIME
Traffic in this city. Now that's something you should take care of.

The older man is silent, doesn't want to be here. Jaime smiles. *So what've you got?*

The older man hands him a FILE. Jaime opens it, WHISTLES -

We see a SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of a dark haired, pretty WOMAN unlocking a front door. Entering her home. The address number clearly visible, 1749...

JAIME (CONT'D)
And when can we expect to find our friend there?

OLDER MAN
(shrugs)
He keeps irregular hours.

Jaime closes the file, looking up at the rotund BOTEROS...

JAIME
I hate fat people.
(as he stands)
I'll give your regards to el patron...

The older man looks up at him, not entirely comfortable with that. But he nods...

INT. PENA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Pena lies beside Marina, in a tangle of sheets. Light creeping through the curtains...

There's a BANGING on the door and Pena snaps awake - looking around -

MARINA
Over there.

He turns to Marina, she looks exhausted. Beautiful. She nods to what he's looking for - his PANTS. Tossed in a corner. His Sig 9mm lying nearby. As he scoops them both up -

PENA
Thanks.

More BANGING on the door. As Pena pulls on his pants, enters the LIVING ROOM we see the apartment is still mostly unfurnished. An UNOPENED BOX from Austin in a corner...

VOICE
Come on, open the door!

Pena recognizes the voice, opens the door to see - ROJAS standing there. Taking a beat to make sure he's alone -

ROJAS
Good morning, Special Agent Pena.

PENA
What are you doing here?

ROJAS
I thought I'd show you around -

PENA
No. How did you know where I live?

Rojas shoots him a look. And that's not all he knows...

ROJAS
She still here?

On Pena. What the fuck.

PENA
You following me?

ROJAS
I know things. That's my job right?

PENA
I don't know what your job is. Or what you're doing showing up at my door...

ROJAS
I'm here to take you out. So let's go.

PENA
It's Saturday -

ROJAS
I thought Americans were hard workers. Frankly, I don't see it.
(off his look)
(MORE)

ROJAS (CONT'D)
I'm going to show you the sights. Better than some slide show in the embassy basement, I can assure you.

On Pena, considering Rojas...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Come on. She'll be here when we get back.

Pena, finally relenting, letting Rojas in...

PENA
Yeah, OK. Just let me get dressed.

Rojas steps into the apartment. Taking it in, whistles -

ROJAS
I grew up in a house half the size of your fucking living room.

So did Pena, but he's not going to tell Rojas that. The Colombian cop tries to catch a glimpse of MARINA, Pena blocks his view of the bedroom...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Give me a break. I'm married.

Rojas, eyeing the BOX from Austin -

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Why haven't you unpacked?

Pena, pulling on a shirt, ignoring that -

PENA
This sightseeing, it business or pleasure?

ROJAS
With me, always pleasure.

Pena nods. Sets the 9mm aside -

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Oh no. Bring the gun. Please. Use your head.

PENA
Where are we going.

ROJAS
Medellin.

Pena looks at Rojas, makes sure he isn't joking. He's not.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
How can you be on the DEA 'Medellin team' without going to Medellin?

On Pena. And he grabs his gun...

WE CUT TO:

A MILITARY HELICOPTER. Descending out of that deep, blue sky. Touching down on a weed-cracked TARMAC...

EXT. RIO NEGRO AIRPORT - DAY

Pena climbs out of the HELICOPTER, looking over the stunning MOUNTAIN RANGE encircling them. Rojas WHISTLES, *follow me*. Heading towards a parked '86 OLDS CUTLASS where a young man, dark and lean, waits, smoking a cigarette. This is TATARETTA.

He gives Rojas a salute, opens the door for Pena -

ROJAS
This is Special Agent Pena. The American I was telling you about.

Tataretta, heavy accent, the last English he'll speak -

TATARETTA
Welcome to Medellin sir.

As Pena and Rojas climb inside, the car speeding away...

ROJAS (O.S.)
In Colombia everything's a dance...

INT./EXT. OLDS CUTLASS/MEDELLIN STREETS - DAY

Pena looks out at the crowded streets of MEDELLIN...

ROJAS
Politicians, the army, police, cartels, guerrillas, death squads. They all have their own agenda.
(eyeing Pena)
You know about *la violencia*?

PENA
It was your civil war, right?

ROJAS
(nods)
The government fought guerrillas, industrialists fought unionists, conservatives fought liberals. And the bandits took advantage of the chaos. Became heroes too. Sangrenegra, Tirofijo... legends.

Rojas looks out at Medellin -

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Supposedly it ended in '58.

PENA
But it didn't?

ROJAS
In Colombia everything is a dance.

Pena nods, studying the city. CAMPAIGN POSTERS flashing past, CONSERVATIVES and NEW LIBERALS vying for wall space with COCA-COLA...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Thing to know about Medellin is shady business is high art here. Respected. The paisa is a hustler, see? Turning nothing into something. All of Antioquia - best smugglers in the world. Gold, emeralds. Then marijuana, now cocaine.

Pena, sitting in the back seat, taking in the city...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
The gangster dominates street life, and the dons - landowners - control political life.
(a beat)
Although now there are some who want to control both.

Pena looks at Rojas, who leans forward - to Tataretta -

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Take the next left.

EXT. OLDS/NORTH MEDELLIN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Pena watches from the backseat as they weave deeper and deeper into a ramshackle north Medellin neighborhood. Nowhere near the gleaming towers of downtown...

Suddenly Tataretta PULLS OVER, Rojas turning back to Pena -

ROJAS
This is it. Let's go...

Pena looks up - just a DILAPIDATED APARTMENT BUILDING -

PENA
What is this place?

ROJAS
(climbing out)
You'll see.

EXT. CAR/NORTH MEDELLIN NEIBORHOOD - DAY

Rojas approaches the entrance to the crumbling building. Pena climbs out of the car, just standing there, confused -

ROJAS
Move it. You don't want to be seen standing around here, trust me.

Pena shoots him a look. What the fuck is going on...

INT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING - DAY

Pena enters the building. It's dark. Sounds echo. A RADIO plays somewhere, a woman ARGUES on the phone -

Rojas is already halfway up the STAIRS. Pena follows him. Up to the TOP FLOOR. Down a dark, water-stained CORRIDOR...

PENA
Hey, Rojas -

ROJAS
I'll explain in a minute. Enjoy the scenery.

Rojas, approaches the LAST DOOR on the left. KNOCKS. It OPENS and he enters, nods for Pena to follow. Pena hesitates a beat, then steps inside...

INT. TOP FLOOR APARTMENT - DAY

First thing Pena sees is a MAN WITH AN AR-15. Standing there. Cigarette dangling from his lips. Pena starts to reach for his 9mm. Rojas looks back at him -

ROJAS
He's with me. They all are.

Now Rojas steps aside and Pena sees there's FOUR MEN, all armed, none in uniform. Staring at him...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Danilo, meet a friend of mine.

One of the men approaches, we recognize him. It's DANILO...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Behold this miracle, a DEA agent who speaks Spanish.

DANILO
(extending his hand)
Captain Danilo Gonzalez, DIJN.

PENA
Javier Pena, DEA.

ROJAS
Special Agent Pena is Mexican...

PENA
Mexican-American.

ROJAS
But don't hold it against him.

COP AT WINDOW (O.S.)
Enough bullshitting around. They're turning onto the street.

Pena sees a cop by the WINDOW with a pair of binoculars and a walkie, Captain HUGO AGUILAR, 32. Short of stature and temper. Aguilar is intense bordering on scary...

Pena, standing in a dark, shabby apartment. Surrounded by armed men...

PENA
<u>Who's</u> coming? What the fuck is going on?

AGUILAR
(to Rojas)
You haven't told him?

As Rojas steps to the window -

ROJAS
Better to show him.

He turns to Pena, take a look. Pena approaches the window...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Your narcotics seizure yesterday was a joke, Agent Pena.

PENA
The shipping company bust?

ROJAS
It wasn't a bust. It was a puppet show.

PENA
Bullshit. I saw the coke -

ROJAS
What you saw was a gift. To the DEA from the cartel, made with help from their friends in the CNP.

Aguilar gets a message on his walkie, nods to Rojas. *Almost here.* Rojas looks at Pena...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
See that building across the corner - with the courtyard?

Pena sees a patched-together BUILDING with a high walled courtyard -

ROJAS (CONT'D)
It's a cartel stash house.

Now Pena eyes Rojas, silent. A beat later TWO SUVs pull up. A KID with an uzi emerges from the building. Pena, watching as he unlocks the courtyard gate. The SUVs pull in...

Pena realizing this shabby apartment is perfectly situated to have a line of sight into the courtyard...

PENA
Whose apartment is this?

ROJAS
Oh, we're just borrowing it.
(nodding below)
Recognize anyone?

Pena watches a handful of MEN climbing from the SUVs. Shaking hands with a well-dressed BEARDED MAN who's come out to greet them. No one Pena knows. But then he sees him...

FRECKLES and CURLY HAIR. The YOUNG MAN who was arrested in the shipping company seizure.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
I guess holding 100 keys wasn't enough to keep him locked up...

'Freckles' shakes hands with the bearded man as others start to unload DUFFLE BAGS from an SUV. Carrying them inside...

PENA
What's in the bags?

ROJAS
You know what's in them.
(off his look)
But if you want to be certain, go to the CNP evidence lockup tomorrow and see if the coke you watched them seize is still there.

Pena, taking that in. Watching the scene below, corruption writ large, in broad fucking daylight...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
The cartel gave that bust to the cops on their payroll.

PENA
Why?

ROJAS
A pat on the head to keep Bogota happy. CNP gets to show the Americans how committed they are to stopping narco-trafficking. DEA gets to cable their bosses back in DC with statistics.

Off Pena's look -

ROJAS (CONT'D)
You saw what the cartel wanted you to see. What's out there right now? That's Medellin, Agent Pena. That's reality.

PENA
So do something about it. You know that's a cartel stash house, hit it.

ROJAS
It is not that simple.
(off Pena's look)
Only the men in this room know about this.

PENA
Jesus Christ...

ROJAS
Yes, he knows too. I have to assume he'd approve. Of course I can't be certain.

Pena's not laughing.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
You want to know how to tell when you've <u>really</u> hurt the cartel? They try to kill you.
(a beat)
These men are the only ones I trust to see what I just showed you. If this got back to CNP, I'd be a dead man - we all would.

PENA
Why show me? What do you want me to do?

ROJAS
I don't know yet.

Pena's not buying that.

PENA
I need to get back to Bogota.

Rojas nods. Smiles.

ROJAS
I can't let you go without a good meal.

INT. MEDELLIN RESTAURANT, 'EL SCORPIO' - EVENING

Rojas leads Pena to the bar. It's on the early side, but the place is still hopping. There's money in Medellin, and this is the kind of place where it's spent.

A CUMBIA BAND plays and beautiful YOUNG WOMEN crowd the dance floor, attracting attention like a magnet...

ROJAS
(to Bartender)
Two beers please.

Pena takes the place in, a lot to look at...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Those men back there, Danilo, Aguilar. They're good cops and good men. No simple thing in Colombia.

Pena nods, noncommittal. Watching the women dance...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
You see her - in the corner. The blue dress?

Pena does see her. A woman dancing by herself, young looking - maybe too young. But incredibly beautiful. Stunning.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
I'm working her.
(off Pena's look)
Not that. As a source.

Rojas lifts his beer to her. She sees him but doesn't return the greeting. But Pena sees the look in her eye. One he knows well. Rojas is telling the truth.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
She's tough. But worth it if I can get her talking...

PENA
What's she got?

Rojas smiles, Pena's curious. Rojas takes a swig of beer...

ROJAS
Access to the cartel. The top of the food chain...
(double-checking)
That the way you say it?

PENA
(nods)
She's connected to Gacha?

Rojas smiles, *these things are beyond you...*

ROJAS
You don't even know what you don't know, do you Pena?
(off his look)
(MORE)

ROJAS (CONT'D)
You want to talk to her? You might learn something. She lives in Bogota. Look her up. Elena Vera.

PENA
Why would she talk to me? I'm not Colombian -

ROJAS
Which means you're not on cartel payroll. A DEA agent can be trusted. Plus Americans have money.

PENA
Not this one.

ROJAS
Then get some. In Colombia money makes miracles.

Pena considers that, Rojas, the THUMPING MUSIC. The WOMEN dancing. He takes another drink...

PENA
I'll pass, thanks.

Rojas smiles. Knows Pena doesn't trust him...

ROJAS
Some of what your colleagues say is true. Most of it, probably.
(off Pena's look)
About the corruption down here.

PENA
Everything's for sale.

ROJAS
Certainly. And cops come cheap.

The music, POUNDING NOW...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
I saw your file. Don't ask me how. You put up good numbers in Texas.

A beat. Rojas studying Pena.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
But sometimes numbers lie.

Pena shoots him a look.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Why are you here, Pena?

PENA
I was assigned.

ROJAS
To do what? Fulfill the DEA mission in Colombia of shuffling some papers, buying a couple souvenirs?

PENA
My dad wants a blanket.

ROJAS
That's Peru.

Pena nod, takes a drink. Making the decision to tell Rojas something...

PENA
I had an asshole put a gun to my head. Three months ago, in some hotel room. A buy-bust.

ROJAS
He made you?

PENA
No, he was tweaked out of his mind. Paranoid. My snitch tries talking to him, I try talking to him...

Pena shakes his head, takes another drink...

PENA (CONT'D)
He pulls the trigger. Misfire.
(off Rojas)
Partner kicks the door in. Takes him down, breaks a couple of the shitbag's ribs. Then I busted a motel lamp off his head.

ROJAS
The least you could do...

Pena nods. Watching the crowd. What sticks with him...

PENA
The buy was ten ounces.

Rojas takes that in. Pena watches people dancing, talking with friends...

PENA (CONT'D)
Last week I was supposed to get married.

ROJAS
Some honeymoon. What happened?

Pena isn't sure he can answer that. Finally...

PENA
Guess after the thing in the hotel room it was more clear what I didn't want, than what I did.

ROJAS
Ten ounces isn't much to die for. That will make you think...

Pena takes a drink, after a beat.

PENA
I just had to get out of Austin.

ROJAS
Now you're here. With a job to do. Maybe that's what you need, Pena.
(a beat)
A job worth dying for.

Off Pena's look -

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Every knight needs his dragon.

Pena's silent. Rojas smiles, takes a drink.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Well you picked one fucked up place to be lost in, Pena. But sometimes we find things in strange places.
(lifting beer)
Viva Colombia.

Pena taps his bottle against Rojas's. Not sure what to make of Rojas. But it's hard not to like him. As Rojas downs his beer -

PENA
You do this song and dance for all the new guys, Rojas?

ROJAS
I try. You're the only one who's listened so far.
(MORE)

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Must be my Latin charm.
(a beat, smiles)
Time to get you back to that air-conditioned palace of yours.

As they stand, Pena glances back, looking for the girl in the blue dress. But she's gone...

AND WE CUT TO:

INT./EXT. TAXI/BOGOTA STREETS - NIGHT

Pena, sitting in the back seat of a TAXI, the lights of BOGOTA streaking past. Pena watching it all. In his own head. Then, as they drive past a FARMACIA...

PENA
(to Driver)
Hey. Hold up...

INT. BOGOTA FARMACIA - NIGHT

Pena walks the AISLES of the drugstore. Past bug spray, paper plates, batteries. Finding what he's looking for.

A pack of cards.

INT. PENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pena sits on his bed, playing a game of solitaire with his new cards. Turning them over, that satisfying *thwap*...

Pena's hands moving quickly. Turning cards, slapping them down, completing row after row.

He finishes. Gathers the cards up, shuffles them. But then he stops. Thinking about what Rojas showed him.

Pena stands, looking out at Bogota. The first glimmer of dawn bleeding across the city...

INT. EMBASSY LOBBY, GUARD STATION - MORNING

Pena flashes his PASS to the Marine on duty, as he enters...

BARNES (O.S.)
We missed you last night, Pena.

Pena turns to see BARNES, coming in behind him -

PENA
Spent the day in Medellin.

BARNES
Jesus. You looking for combat pay?

Pena just smiles. As they enter the EMBASSY LOBBY Pena almost bumps into a group of Colombian CNP OFFICERS being escorted past by the Assistant Ambassador -

PENA
Excuse me, sir.

A Colombian Colonel smiles, answers in perfect English -

COLONEL RIVERA
No, pardon me.

Now we get a look at the polite Colonel. Recognizing him. It's the trim, OLDER MAN who handed over that file in the statue garden...

As Pena nods to him, heads for the elevators...

INT. DEA OFFICE - MORNING

Vance works on a telex report, checks her coffee. Too hot -

PENA
Hey, Vance. I gotta name I need to run for address.

She looks up at Pena. Looking like he had another long night.

VANCE
Local?

PENA
Yeah, Bogota res.

VANCE
Damn it -
(correcting typo)
What, you fall in love at the bar last night?

PENA
Something like that.

Vance shoots Pena a look. Still trying to figure him out.

VANCE
Give it to Davis. He can get you an address and phone number.

Pena nods, on the move...

INT. DEA OFFICES, ASAC THOMAS'S OFFICE - DAY

Thomas looks up to see Pena in his doorway -

THOMAS
Grab a seat. What's up?

PENA
Got turned on to a potential CI. I want to feel her out, but I think it'll go better if I have some cash in hand.

THOMAS
A new CI? Who we talking about?

PENA
A party girl with cartel ties.

THOMAS
Look, all our snitches's are vetted by CNP - that's just how we do it -

PENA
What if CNP is only feeding us intel they want us to see?

THOMAS
Christ - close the door will you?

Pena closes the DOOR. Thomas looks at him - what's going on?

PENA
What if the cops we're working with are dirty?

THOMAS
Look, Javier. This isn't Austin. We are guests in a foreign country. Right? We have to work with the locals. Even if that means plugging our noses, we do it to maintain operational efficacy. Play the cards we're dealt.

Pena is silent.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You hear something solid, come back and we'll put a file together. See if there's a case to be built.
(a beat)
We're here to take product out of the pipeline. Focus on that.

Pena looks at him a beat, nods...

INT. DEA OFFICE, PENA DESK - DAY

Pena returns to his desk. Sits. Pulls open the drawer. The *El Espacio* CROSSWORD PUZZLE there, a couple BLUE ENVELOPES...

On Pena. Looking down at his choices...

INT. EMBASSY BANK/TELLER WINDOW - DAY

Pena hands his DEA badge and passport to the TELLER. We see the ENVELOPES there, open. As he scrawls his name across a couple pieces of PAPER...

PENA
All of it in cash, please.

The Teller looks up at Pena. As he slides his last TWO PAYCHECKS across the counter...

EXT. BOGOTA STREET - NIGHT

Pena sits in his Gio Tracker mini-jeep, keeping his eye on an upscale APARTMENT BUILDING. That bootleg Bon Jovi cassette playing. Sounding kind of shitty, but close enough...

Then Pena spots what he's been waiting for. Sliding out of the jeep, crossing the street as -

ELENA VERA enters the building. Rojas's beautiful young informant from the night before...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, VESTIBULE - NIGHT

Elena hits the button for the elevator as Pena enters -

PENA
Elena Vera?

She turns, seeing Pena. He's careful to give her space -

ELENA
Who are you?

She jams the button for the elevator again -

PENA
I saw you last night in Medellin. I was with Captain Rojas.

Stopping now, recognizing him, but -

ELENA
I don't know any Captain Rojas.

PENA
I just want to talk -

He stops as a COUPLE walk through the lobby. After they go -

PEN
See if there's some way we can help each other out...

He sets an ENVELOPE down on the vestibule's table. Elena eyes it. Picks it up, opens it to see U.S. CURRENCY, a lot of it.

PENA
For your time.

It's a flashy move. Elena says nothing, but she's impressed.

ELENA
You're not Colombian.

PENA
American.

ELENA
DEA...

Pena nods. She considers him, the money, then -

ELENA (CONT'D)
I don't have much time.

PENA
(shrugs, that smile)
I'm easy. Can we talk upstairs?

ELENA
My bitch neighbor's always in my business. Some place else.

INT. BOGOTA BAR - NIGHT

The place is down-market, blue collar. Quiet. A SOCCER GAME on the TV deflects attention. Pena and Elena in a booth in the back -

PENA
Rojas says you know what's what in the cartel.

Elena doesn't answer that.

PENA (CONT'D)
What's your 'in'? You party with them?

ELENA
I'm not a prostitute. If that's what you're thinking. There's a difference. I'm treated with respect.

PENA
Understood.

She's silent, nervous.

PENA (CONT'D)
If we work together, you help make cases, I can put you on payroll.

ELENA
I need two visas.
(off his look)
I have a little brother.

PENA
(nods, trying to connect)
I was the baby of my family.

Elena looks right through him, doesn't care.

ELENA
Without visas I won't talk to you.

Pena nods. Trying to keep her here, keep her talking. He takes in the bar - CUMBIA coming from the jukebox...

PENA
You like this - the music?

ELENA
You don't?

PENA
I miss American music.

She nods, silent. Then -

ELENA
I like Michael Jackson.

PENA
Everyone likes Michael Jackson.
(she nods, noncommittal)
The one with the zombies is cool.

ELENA
'Thriller'? That's pretty old.

PENA
It's a classic. Dancing zombies.

She eyes Pena, not what she expected from a DEA agent...

ELENA
If you say so.

But she smiles now, ice breaking a bit. Pena lets her settle in a beat, then...

PENA
I can work on visas, Elena. But first I need to know you're for real.
(off her look)
What's your boyfriend do for the cartel?

ELENA
He runs it.

PENA
(a beat)
The whole cartel?

Elena nods, that's right. Pena, can't really believe it...

PENA (CONT'D)
You're seeing Jose Rodriguez Gacha?

Elena laughs -

ELENA
'The Mexican' doesn't run Medellin.
(off his look)
Gacha is an animal. He's there to scare people.

PENA
For who?

ELENA
The boss.

Pena eyes her, wants to push hard but knows when to back off, let it come from her...

ELENA (CONT'D)
Pablo Escobar.

A beat. On Pena, he knows the name. But not what he expected -

PENA
You're telling me Escobar is above Gacha?

She shoots him a look, are you kidding me?

ELENA
Escobar runs all of it.
(off Pena)
If you didn't know that, what are you even doing here?

On Pena, that's a good question. Elena stands -

ELENA (CONT'D)
Look, I've got to go now.

PENA
How often do you see him? I need details -

ELENA
And I need <u>visas</u>.
(turning away)
<u>Shit</u>. I think he saw me -

PENA
Who?

Now Pena clocks a pock-faced MAN standing at the BAR. <u>Looking in their direction</u>.

ELENA
He's one of Pablo's sicarios.
(off Pena)
You just got me <u>killed</u>, you fucking asshole -

Pena seeing the MAN the bar eyeing them, Elena's anger -

Thinking fast -

PENA
When I put my hand on your leg, push it away.
(off her look)
Then pick up that drink and throw it in my face.

Elena, beginning to understand. The man at the bar taking a step TOWARDS them now. But Pena looks her in the eye -

PENA (CONT'D)
If he asks, tell him I was bothering you. Understand?

She nods. Then, sliding a SCRAP of NAPKIN across the table -

ELENA
I visit my grandmother every other Sunday.

Pena palms the scrap, nods. Looking her in the eye.

ELENA (CONT'D)
You better run.

He grabs her leg -

ELENA (CONT'D)
Get your fucking hands off me!

She grabs the drink - throws the ENTIRE GLASS at him. Everyone in the bar turns to look - a few LAUGHS as -

PENA
Stuck up bitch...

He pushes past Elena, shoving her aside. As Pena heads out the back door, we see the pock-faced man, standing there. Watching him...

EXT. BOGOTA STREET - NIGHT

Pena hurries through the CROWDED STREET, walking not running. Looks down at the napkin Elena gave him, an address scrawled on it. He's about to cross the STREET when -

A black RENAULT cruises past. The POCK-FACED MAN driving.

Pena turns away, watches as the Renault drives past. Didn't see him. But then - the Renault HITS ITS BRAKE LIGHTS.

Begins REVERSING. Coming back towards him as HORNS blast -

Pena turns in the opposite direction. Moving quickly. Past DARKENED SHOPS - nothing open. Nothing familiar. On Pena, totally out of his element. Then, spotting a LAUNDRYMAT -

INT. LAUNDRYMAT - NIGHT

Pena enters. Looking the place over, a couple OLD WOMEN sitting there, waiting for clothes. Watching him...

PENA
Fuck...

Pena sees the Renault's pulled to the curb. A couple YOUNG MEN lean into its window, talking to the Driver.

Pena watches as they turn, looking towards the laundrymat. Nodding at the Driver's instructions. And as the Renault pulls away, the two young men jog towards him. Approaching in a hurry as -

Pena heads down a CORRIDOR towards the BACK DOOR - cracking it open to see -

HEADLIGHTS washing across the BACK ALLEY. Could be the Renault. Then the front door opens - voices of YOUNG MEN calling out -

On Pena, he's trapped.

Pena spots a MANAGER'S OFFICE down the corridor. Stepping in, closing the door quietly -

INT. LAUNDRYMAT, MANAGERS OFFICE - NIGHT

It's tiny. Cramped. Pena fumbles in the dark to close the SLIDE-LOCK just as -

The door RATTLES. Someone trying to open it. Pena steps back from the door, pulling his 9mm Sig. Waiting...

Pena doesn't breath. Doesn't make a sound. Standing there in the dark with the safety off.

He hears one of the young men CALLING OUT to his partner. Hears the back door OPEN. Silence.

Pena presses his ear to the door. Slides the lock back. Cracking it open. Gripping his gun as he steps into the CORRIDOR - it's empty. Sees the BACK DOOR, open...

EXT. LAUNDRYMAT ALLEY - NIGHT

Pena step into the BACK ALLEY. Scans the darkness. No sign of the Renault, the young men.

He's about to make a break for it when he HEARS something -

Turns to see a CAR driving up the alley - no headlights - just its running lights on. Coming at him. Pena instinctively steps forward - LIFTING HIS GUN - about to PULL THE TRIGGER -

A voice comes from the car -

ROJAS
Easy, gringo. Jesus. It's me.

Now Pena sees ROJAS behind the wheel. Leaning over to pop the PASSENGER DOOR open -

Pena jumps inside. As Rojas turns out of the alley - Pena sees -

The black RENAULT drive past. The pock marked DRIVER looking right at him...

Rojas glancing in the REARVIEW as - the Renault pulls a U-turn...

PENA
Go.

Rojas takes a hard left, ACCELERATING as SHOTS RING OUT behind them -

INT./EXT. ROJAS'S CAR/BOGOTA SLUM - NIGHT

Rojas speeds through the SLUM - blasting over rutted dirt paths - through narrow alleys -

Pena catching surreal flashes - CHILDREN kicking a DETERGENT BOX on the side of the road - a flickering TELEVISION SET on a window sill, tuned to the Colombian 'PRICE IS RIGHT' -

Pena, looking down at the gun still in his hand... Two weeks ago he was in Texas, engaged to be married.

He eyes Rojas, one eye on the winding road, the other on his rear view. Finally, as they pull out of the barrio - the Renault is GONE. They're clear.

ROJAS
That was 'El Mugre' in the car...

PENA
Who is he?

ROJAS
A killer for the cartel.
(a beat, dry)
You handled that well, I think.

PENA
What the fuck were you doing there tonight?

ROJAS
(simple)
Following you.

PENA
You wanted Elena to talk to me - tell me what she won't tell you -

ROJAS
That's right.
(a beat)
She doesn't trust me for some reason.

PENA
Jesus Christ...

Rojas drives, silent. Then -

PENA (CONT'D)
She says Escobar runs the cartel, not Gacha.

ROJAS
She's right about that.

Pena's silent. Rojas driving. Then...

PENA
Tell me what you know about Pablo Escobar.

Rojas studies him a beat. That's what he wanted to hear...

INT. DIJN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Rojas leads Pena across the DARK LOBBY of a government building. A couple lights on. Other than that, empty...

INT. DIJN HEADQUARTERS, CARTEL TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

Rojas flips on the lights and Pena enters to see a wall COVERED with PHOTOGRAPHS, red lines tracing links. A sprawling web: distributors, transpo specialists, money launderers, lab technicians, lawyers, killers...

And atop it all - resting above Gacha, the Ochoa brothers...

PABLO ESCOBAR.

ROJAS
He runs the cartel. I think he's the most dangerous man in the world. And he is destroying my country.
(a beat)
What else you want to know?

PENA
And Gacha?

ROJAS
Gacha is a fucking lunatic who will kill you for reasons known only to himself. But Escobar is the man in charge. Only reason DEA doesn't know that is they're buying bad intel. Most of it directly from Pablo.

Pena, looking at the PHOTO of Escobar. A pudgy face in a polo shirt, the trace of a smile, an unconvincing haircut...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
He's built the world's first fully integrated cocaine industry. He controls labs, trafficking routes, distribution. Takes a tax on every kilo he moves for other dealers...
(a beat)
No one tends to argue with don Pablo if their load vanishes into thin air. Or arrives a bit light.

Pena, listening, silent.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
In '84 Escobar had the Minister of Justice, Rodrigo Lara Bonilla, killed. In '86, it was the editor of *El Spectador's* turn. Plus a couple Supreme Court Justices. All murdered.
(MORE)

ROJAS (CONT'D)
(off Pena)
Last year, Enrique Parejo Gonzalez, former Minister of Justice had his jaw shot off while walking down a street in Budapest. He'd fled Colombia but Pablo found him...

Pena nods, studying the picture of Escobar.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
You want to stop the flow of drugs to America? Go after Escobar.
(off Pena's look)
Follow me, you might like this...

And off Pena's look...

INT. DIJN HEADQUARTERS, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Rojas leads Pena down a dark CORRIDOR. Coming to the end - a CAPTAIN'S OFFICE. Rojas enters - not turning the light on -

PENA
What are we doing in -

Rojas pulls a BOOKCASE aside - it's on a hinge. Sliding back to reveal -

INT. DIJN HEADQUARTERS, WIRE ROOM - NIGHT

A mist of CIGARETTE SMOKE hangs over a half-dozen DIJN Analysts who sit at two LONG TABLES, wearing headphones, working switches connected to racks of MARANTZ RECORDERS lining the walls -

A gnarled Corporal, MORALES, looks up from his desk. He runs this place - and he doesn't like surprises.

ROJAS
He's with me.

Pena, taking it all in...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
Our secret weapon.

PENA
Wire taps...

ROJAS
(nods)
Up every day, every night.
(MORE)

ROJAS (CONT'D)
We intercept hundreds of calls, conversations between bosses and sicarios, money launderers. Their families.

PENA
This legal?

ROJAS
Legal enough.
(beat)
And we have another wire room running in Medellin as well.

Pena nods. Impressed. Seeing the possibility here. Then he realizes something - all the DIJN AGENTS are staring at him -

ROJAS (CONT'D)
They've never seen an American in here.

On Pena, taking that in. The disconnect between their two countries. Rojas nods, *let's go*...

INT./EXT. ROJAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Rojas drives Pena home. Not speaking. Then...

ROJAS
You see it. I know you do.
(off Pena)
If you had access to Colombian resources - my wire room, street intel, informants - you could make some noise.

Pena looks at him, silent. Rojas knows he's right.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
I want the same thing, Pena. <u>Access</u>. To American money, surveillance technology. And you.
(off Pena's look)
I asked around about you.

PENA
You asked around?

ROJAS
You know how to talk to people, how to make cases.

PENA
And what'll I hear if I 'ask around' about you?

ROJAS
That I'm a zealot. That I can't be trusted.
(a beat, smiles)
That I might get you killed.

PENA
Will you?

Rojas shakes his head, smiles. Then...

ROJAS
All I know is at the end of each day I sleep like a baby.
(a beat)
You look like a man who could use that.

Pena is silent. Watching Bogota pass by...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
I know what I'm here for, Pena. Why I'm alive. I have a war to fight. And every day I wake up, and fight it.

PENA
You're a lucky man, Captain Rojas.

Rojas just nods. They pull up outside Pena's building...

ROJAS
You have cops in your family?

Pena shakes his head.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
My uncle was a policeman. He used to come by for dinner once a month. In his uniform, goddamn he was a handsome man. Knew it too. Lot of pride. I think I became a cop because I wanted to wear those shiny black boots he had...

PENA
Good a reason as any.

ROJAS
Last year, when I started the task force, he came to me. He had a message for me, an offer... Fifty thousand dollars to keep the task force going a couple months, make a few low level arrests, then pack it in.

Pena looks at him, silent. Taking that in.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
'Plato o Plomo'.

PENA
Silver or lead...

ROJAS
You take Escobar's money or you take his bullets.

Pena nods. A beat.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
My uncle was the reason I became a cop.

PENA
What'd you tell him?

ROJAS
(a beat, simple)
That I was ashamed of him.

Pena is silent.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
That's what the drugs you fucking Americans can't stop buying are doing to my country, Pena. Rotting it. From the inside out.
(a beat)
He died, what was it? Six months ago. Lung cancer.

Rojas smiles to himself, remembering his uncle.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
He looked good in that uniform.

Pena nods, a long beat. Then...

PENA
I know you're working me, Rojas.

ROJAS
I know you do.

The two of them, sitting there...

ROJAS (CONT'D)
I think you need this, Pena. Maybe even as much as I do.
(a beat)
Help me take down Pablo Escobar.

Pena looks up at his building. As he climbs out...

PENA
I'll think about it.

ROJAS
Don't think too hard. Unpack that box already.

Pena looks back at Rojas. The Colombian cop smiles, nods good night...

INT. PENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pena closes the door behind him. Looks over the empty apartment...

INT. PENA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pena lies in bed, staring up at the ceiling. Can't sleep. Doesn't really want to either.

INT. PENA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pena stands in the dark, practicing his baseball swing. Another habit. Head down, watching the imaginary bat-head make contact with an imaginary ball. His energy building...

Then he stops. Walks out into his barren LIVING ROOM. Sees it sitting there against the wall...

That BOX from Austin.

He goes into the KITCHEN, takes a knife from the drawer. Picks up the box. Drags a chair over to the window...

Pena cuts the tape, pulling the box open.

Looking down at it all. He takes out a FRAMED COMMENDATION from last year. Reading it.

He sets it aside, pulls out a folder of PRESS CLIPPINGS. Flipping through them, arrests, busts, seizures...

And, finally, at last... Pena starts to unpack. Taking things out of the box. Setting them down when -

The PHONE RINGS. Echoing from the kitchen.

Pena goes to it, lifting the receiver -

PENA
Hello.
(after a beat)
Yeah, this is Agent Pena.

AND WE CUT TO:

POLICE CARS. Parked haphazardly. An AMBULANCE, lights still strobing...

EXT. NORTH BOGOTA NEIGHBORHOOD, CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

It's a residential neighborhood on the outskirts of the city. Rows of tidy little houses. Pena climbs out of his car, looking at the chaotic CRIME SCENE...

POLICE everywhere, uniform and plain clothes. More arriving by the minute. Pena, not sure why he's here when -

DANILO (O.S.)
Agent Pena...

Pena turns to see the DIJN Captain approaching through the crowd.

PENA
What's up? I got a call -

Danilo nods, he knows. He gestures, follow me...

DANILO
I'm sorry to bring you out.
Especially for this...

Now Danilo nods, and Pena sees the BODY, sprawled on the sidewalk. A few steps from the FRONT DOOR of a house...

It's <u>ROJAS</u>.

His body's been torn apart by multiple gunshot wounds. Murdered a few feet from his own front door.

Pena looks down at Rojas, lying there, eyes open. But empty. Pena is silent, stunned...

DANILO (CONT'D)
I know he was with you tonight. You know anything about this?

Pena looks up from Rojas's body to Danilo. Not sure what he knows, who he can trust...

PENA
No. I - don't know.

Danilo studies him, then - to the Paramedic covering up the body -

DANILO
Hey, give me that...

The Paramedic pulls something off Rojas's neck, hands it to Danilo. The chain with the RELIGIOUS MEDALLION on it...

DANILO (CONT'D)
Things disappear at the hospital. I'll make sure his wife gets it.

Pena sees her now, Rojas's WIFE. Clutching their young daughter in her arms. Her face streaked by tears...

And we realize, seeing that dark hair, pretty face, we RECOGNIZE her. *She's the woman in that PHOTOGRAPH that was passed along in the statue garden.* And we see the ADDRESS, that number, clearly displayed on their front door... 1749.

Pena looks back to Danilo, holding the MEDALLION...

DANILO (CONT'D)
Virgin of Miracles. He always wore it.

Danilo, aware of the ironies...

DANILO (CONT'D)
It kept him alive this long.

PENA
Escobar did this.

Danillo looks at him, not sure if that's a question or a statement. Either way...

DANILO
Thank you for coming down, Agent Pena. May God bless you.

As Danilo turns back to his colleagues, we stay on PENA. Standing there, the lights bouncing off him. Rojas lying dead at his feet. Gunned down.

Something inside Pena shifting...

INT. DEA OFFICE - NIGHT

It's dark. Empty. Then the CEILING LIGHTS come on, hop-scotching across the vast room. Lighting up the empty office.

It's Pena...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I'm a man who loves his family...

AND WE CUT TO:

A crowd, standing as one. ROARING as a corner kick is lined up at a SOCCER MATCH. GROANING as it sails wide...

INT. ESTADIO ATANASIO GIRADOT (MEDELLIN) - NIGHT

INDEPENDIENTE MEDELLIN is playing AMERICA DE CALI tonight. Feels as if all of Medellin is here, in red and blue. Screaming for beloved 'El Poderoso' to tie it up...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
A man who, through good fortune and hard work has been able to give something back to his city...

CHANTING SONGS ECHO through the stadium as we move through the CROWD. THUNDERING as we find a face we recognize -

It's that young man from the statue garden - JAIME - making his way up the steep cement steps...

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
The people in my heart are the hard working people of Medellin. The poor...

Jaime, approaching a roped-off section. Watched over by couple guys with AR-15s. Jaime nods, enters. Mid-field, best seats in the house. A makeshift VIP box...

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Those without enough food to eat, shoes for their children...

We see few men, dressed casually. Some women too, showing a lot of skin for a chilly Antioquian night...

And in the center of it, sitting there, drinking a coca cola, is PABLO ESCOBAR.

His wife, MARIA VICTORIA on one side, respectable in a Bob Mackie skirt suit. Their little girl, MANUELA, on her lap. His son, JUAN PABLO, pudgy and a bit bored, on the other...

Jaime leans forward to update *El Patron* on the night's events but Escobar waves him off. No need.

We see a REPORTER sits behind Escobar, holding a mini-cassette recorder. Escobar being interviewed as he watches the game, he's the man we've been hearing...

ESCOBAR
Those privileged few in Bogota, who think themselves our superiors, can't help but speculate. Where does Escobar come from?

He stops, cursing as the ball is turned over -

ESCOBAR (CONT'D)
He must be involved in narco-trafficking...

The Reporter nods, Escobar warming to the topic. A man who enjoys talking...

ESCOBAR (CONT'D)
My fortune started from renting out bicycles! Ask anyone who knows me. Did you know I took a semester of accounting after high school? It was very helpful...

The Reporter laughs. Escobar grins...

ESCOBAR (CONT'D)
But I will tell you this - from what I've read in the media, cocaine costs a lot of money and is consumed by the high social classes in America and Europe. Yet somehow Colombians are to blame...

He shrugs, *makes no sense*.

ESCOBAR (CONT'D)
In truth, the only critic I care about is this lady right here.

His wife rolls her eyes. Escobar smiles. He nods, turning back to the game now. The interview's over...

REPORTER
Thank you, Don Pablo...

But as the Reporter goes, Escobar turns back. One more thing.

ESCOBAR
If what the media says is true, and all that money really is coming from the gringos in the north down to Colombia... is that such a bad thing?

Escobar smiles, that twinkle in his eye. The charm of a clever, if mischievous child. The Reporter smiles, thanks him, scurries off.

Escobar leans back. WHISTLING for Medellin. His home town, the place he belongs. Content. A family man, at ease with himself, and his place in the world.

A man in control.

INT. DEA OFFICE, 'CARTEL WALL' - NIGHT

Pena stands in front of the Medellin Cartel command structure CHART. He's shifting the board, pulling down the picture of GACHA at the top. Pinning him beside the Ochoas, Lehder...

Taking the picture of ESCOBAR. Pinning it at the top.

Pena steps back, looking at him. That doughy face, the amused, stoned eyes, the playboy moustache. Pablo Escobar. The man in charge. The man he's going to take down. <u>His new mission</u>.

On Pena, staring at him. Alone in the dark office.

And we FADE OUT.