

PANAMANIA

by

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FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

A group of Hispanic children look up toward their teacher, LANE HASTINGS, 20s, handsome, clean cut, as he writes out several subtraction and addition problems on the blackboard.

He finishes writing out the problems and turns toward the class.

LANE
All right. Who wants to tackle
these bad boys?

Several eager students raise their hands.

LANE
Fatima.

A pretty curly haired girl gets up and walks toward the blackboard.

Lane hands her a piece of chalk.

Lane searches for another student.

LANE
Carlos.

Lane tosses Carlos a piece of chalk.

Carlos catches the chalk and goes to work.

Lane searches for one more student.

RICARDO, a young boy in the back row slinks down in his desk, trying to hide.

LANE
Ricardo. Come on up.

Ricardo hesitates.

LANE
Math's nothing to be afraid of.

Lane wiggles the chalk in his hand and smiles, attempting to entice Ricardo.

Ricardo relents and walks toward the board, taking the chalk on his way.

Lane checks over the students' work.

LANE
Good work, Fatima. Nice job,
Carlos.

Lane slaps Carlos five up high and then down low.

LANE
You can take your seats now.

RICARDO - Stares at the problem, unsure of how to solve it.

Lane kneels down next to him.

LANE
You can do this, Ricardo, I know
you can. You're a smart kid.

Ricardo concentrates.

LANE
Think of it this way. If you've
got ten plantains and Carlos takes
three of them...What do you got?

RICARDO
A reason to beat Carlos down.

Lane hides a smile.

LANE
Say you give Carlos three
plantains.

RICARDO
I wouldn't do that. He's a
maricon.

LANE
All right, then who would you give
three plantains to?

Ricardo points toward...

DOLORES REYES, 20s, a Latina beauty, sexy, curvy in the right
places. She watches Lane teach.

RICARDO
Her.

Lane smiles as he sees Dolores.

LANE

All right, so if you gave her three, how many would you have left over?

Ricardo uses his fingers to count.

RICARDO

Seven. I would have another seven I could give her.

LANE

That's right. But if you gave her all your plantains, you'd have an empty stomach.

RICARDO

But I'd have a full heart. Mr. Hastings...how do you say in English...Mamacita Caliente?

LANE

Hot Momma.

RICARDO

Si, that is what she is.

LANE

You're ahead of the rest of the class in biology, Ricardo, but keep working on the math, OK.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

It's recess. The boys all play soccer while the girls jump rope and play hopscotch.

Lane watches over his students from the school's garden plot. He pulls weeds with Dolores.

DOLORES

This corn is coming up nice.

LANE

Anything will look good if you give it enough TLC.

Ricardo watches Dolores as she weeds.

Dolores' lovely rear end has the young boy's undivided attention.

RICARDO - A soccer ball whaps him in the head as he watches Dolores.

Lane grins as the ball hits Ricardo.

LANE
I think Ricardo's got a little
crush on you.

Dolores turns toward Ricardo and waves at him.

RICARDO - Embarrassed. He runs to join the soccer game.

DOLORES
What about you?

LANE
Me? I've got a big one.

Dolores puts her hand on Lane's thigh and runs it down toward his crotch.

DOLORES
I know. I've seen it.

Lane recoils.

LANE
Not in front of the kids. I've got
an image to maintain.

Dolores listens.

LANE
As a part of the Peace Corps I'm an
ambassador of my country. I can't
be involved in groping in public.

DOLORES
You didn't mind last night.

LANE
(smiling)
Last night was different.

DOLORES
Yes, it was. I didn't know I was
so flexible...you either.

LANE
It's a good thing I stretch a lot.
A guy could pull a muscle spending
time with you.

Lane grabs a pack of planting peas and opens it.

As Dolores continues to pull weeds, Lane takes a diamond ring from his pocket and pours some of the peas in his palm with the ring.

LANE
Want to help me plant?

DOLORES
Sure.

Dolores digs a hole in the dirt and Lane hands her a pea.

She plants it and digs another hole.

Lane hands her the ring.

Dolores starts to plant it and then notices the diamond.

DOLORES - Surprised, turns back toward Lane.

LANE
It was my mother's. I had her send
it down last week. All she said
was make sure she's the one.

DOLORES
And you think I am?

Lane takes her hand in his.

LANE
I've known you for the better part
of two years, Dolores. You've been
my friend, my lover and I could die
a happy man knowing that you'd be
my wife.

DOLORES - Moved.

DOLORES
Yes, yes, of course I'll marry you.

She puts on the ring, crying tears of joy. She pulls Lane toward her and they kiss. They stop kissing as they hear GIGGLING O.S.

Lane and Dolores turn to see...

CLASS - All the kids are grinning and laughing at them.

LANE
 Class, I'd like you to meet the
 soon to be Mrs. Lane Hastings. Can
 you all say hello.

CLASS
 Hello, Mrs. Hastings.

LANE
 Very good. All right everybody
 inside. Recess is over.

The class files inside.

Dolores shows several interested girls her ring.

As Lane walks toward the classroom, he takes a soccer ball
 right in the nuts and doubles over.

He looks around for the culprit and his eyes land on...

LANE
 Ricardo!

A very guilty Ricardo makes his escape.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dolores drives Lane through Panama City in a flashy
 convertible.

DOLORES
 My father is going to love you.

LANE
 I can't believe I finally get to
 meet the mysterious Armando Reyes.
 You don't talk about him much, you
 know. What is it your father does
 again?

DOLORES
 He's in the import-export business.

LANE
 Importing and exporting what?

Dolores looks at him.

DOLORES
 I think it is better if he tells
 you.

LANE

Why can't you just tell me?

Dolores looks at him again, not paying attention to the road.

DOLORES

I...

LANE

Dolores!

Dolores puts her attention back on the road. She brakes hard, her brakes SCREECHING as she almost hits...

ROY DREXLER, 40s, rugged, uncouth and unkempt. He wears a beat up Panama hat and has a stack of several more hats in each hand. A capuchin monkey, PABLO, sits on his shoulder.

Roy drunkenly stumbles toward Dolores.

DOLORES

I'm sorry. Are you OK?

ROY

Oh, I'm fine. My monkey's a little shook up, though.

Pablo CHITTERS.

ROY

You guys like hats?

Dolores fans Roy's drunken breath away from her

Roy puts a Panama hat on Dolores and then Lane.

ROY

Thirty dollars each. What do you say?

LANE

I don't think, I...

ROY

Fifty dollars for the pair. Come on now that's a steal.

LANE

Look, buddy, we're kind of in a hurry.

Lane takes his hat off.

ROY
 Help a brother out. Forty dollars
 for the both of 'em. That's my
 rock bottom price.

Lane peels a price tag off of his hat.

LANE
 The tag here says ten dollars.

ROY
 These kinds of things happen when
 you got a primate for an employee.
 He mislabels shit all of the time.

Pablo jumps to Roy's other shoulder.

ROY
 I'd dock him if he were drawing a
 paycheck.

Dolores takes off her hat as well. She takes Lane's hat and
 hands the hats back to Roy.

ROY
 So, you're not connoisseurs of the
 chapeau. Maybe I can interest you
 two in a jungle tour. I've got
 over twenty years experience
 leading people into the Darien Gap.

Dolores and Lane listen. A HONK is heard from the car behind
 them.

ROY
 (to honking car)
 I'm working here!
 (to Dolores and Lane)
 A trip to the jungle is great for
 the sex life if you two are getting
 a little stale between the sheets.

LANE AND DOLORES - Shocked.

The monkey jumps off of Roy's shoulder and onto Dolores. He
 begins digging his paws into her cleavage.

ROY
 Pablo, get out of there.

Pablo jumps back onto Roy's shoulder.

ROY
Sorry about that. Like every other
guy I know, he's attracted to large
round objects.

LANE
(to Dolores)
Are you all right? Those things
have diseases.

ROY - Ogling Dolores' tits.

ROY
They look healthy to me. I can
take a look if you want.

Roy leans in and reaches his hand toward her breasts.

Dolores slaps his hands away.

ROY
If you don't want a professional
opinion all you had to do was say
so.

LANE
Look, I don't want any hats or
jungle trips or old perverts
feeling up my fiancée. Just leave
us alone all right.

ROY
I'm sorry. I want to apologize for
Pablo's behavior. Sometimes my
monkey has a mind of his own.

Roy leers at Dolores.

ROY
You know what I do when he gets
really out of control?

DOLORES
What?

ROY
I spank him.

Roy puts his card under their wiper blade, pinning it to the
windshield. He leans on her door.

ROY

If you ever get the urge to join me
in a spanking session, look me up.
My address is on the card.

Dolores slaps Roy on the arm.

ROY

If you want to slap the monkey, we
can do that, too.

Having had enough, Dolores hits the gas, and she and Lane
move on.

ROY

I'll take that as a maybe!

A car HONKS at Roy, the driver urging him to get out of the
middle of the street.

Roy moves toward the driver.

ROY

Hey, pal. What size are you? I've
got a hell of a sale going on
today.

Roy stumbles toward the driver.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lane and Dolores continue driving down the street.

LANE

Can you believe that guy?

DOLORES

You could smell the chicha on his
breath from a mile away.

LANE

I mean the nerve.

DOLORES

Forget about him. He' el gringo
loco.

LANE

What's his story?

DOLORES

People say he was in the C.I.A, a
left over from the hunt for
Noreiga.

LANE

I can see why they left him, he's
an asshole.

EXT. VILLA - DAY

Dolores pulls into a gated villa. Two tough hombres with
automatic weapons guard the villa gate.

LANE

(surprised)

Those guys had machine guns.

DOLORES

My father's bodyguards. Very
necessary in his business.

LANE

I'm starting to feel a little
uncomfortable here.

Dolores parks her car next to an Escalade.

DOLORES

Don't be nervous, Papi's going to
love you.

EXT. PATIO - DAY

Dolores and Lane walk across a small patio where several more
hombres with guns are stationed.

Lane, getting more nervous by the minute, sticks close to
Dolorous as they make their way toward the...

EXT. POOL - DAY

Latina beauties sit around the pool under umbrellas with
drinks.

Several more hombres surround, ARMANDO REYES, 50s, tough, he
watches the women while enjoying a Daiquiri. His attention
is quickly diverted as he sees...

ARMANDO
Dolores, my little dove.

DOLORES
Hola, Papi.

They share an embrace.

Dolores turns toward Lane.

DOLORES
Papi, this is Lane. The guy I told
you about.

Lane extends his hand out to shake.

Several hombres cock their guns and take aim at Lane.

LANE - Scared.

ARMANDO
Easy, boys. Tranquilo. Tranquilo.

Lane relaxes as they lower their guns.

ARMANDO
Sorry about that. A man in my
position can't afford to take
chances.

LANE
What exactly is your position? If
you don't mind me asking.

ARMANDO
Dolores didn't tell you?

LANE
No.

ARMANDO
I am the Gobernador of this state.

LANE
Dolores said you were in the
import/export business.

ARMANDO
Exporting good will and importing
the love of my voters.

Lane listens.

ARMANDO

Before I was elected, I sold local goods to your United States and Europe. You know...rugs, textiles, wood carvings, hand woven baskets that kind of thing.

LANE

Panama hats?

ARMANDO

Those, too. Politics takes up most of my time these days, but I still have a hand in my business. I won't be Gobernador forever. A man has to look to his future.

LANE

I couldn't agree more.

DOLORES

Papi, Lane and I are getting married.

ARMANDO - Surprised by the news.

ARMANDO

What about Enrique?

LANE

Who's Enrique?

DOLORES

Nobody.

ARMANDO

My vice president in charge of sales. Dolores and he have a long history.

Lane looks to Dolores for an explanation.

DOLORES

He's nobody.

LANE

He doesn't sound like nobody.

ARMANDO

Dolores, promises have been made, arrangements set in motion. This isn't a smart move.

DOLORES
 Promises made by you, not me and
 arrangements I had no part of.
 It's my life, Poppy. I have to
 make my own decisions.

Armando listens.

DOLORES
 I don't love, Enrique, I never did,
 but I love Lane.

LANE - Beams with pride.

ARMANDO
 I cannot permit this
 (in Spanish)
 Don't be stupid and throw your life
 away with this fool gringo.

LANE
 (in Spanish)
 I'm not a fool and Dolores is
 anything but stupid.

Dolores starts to cry.

DOLORES
 (to Armando)
 You don't care about me. You never
 have.

A teary eyed Dolores races away.

ARMANDO - Hurt, watches his distraught daughter flee. He
 turns toward Lane.

ARMANDO
 Go to her.

Lane runs after her.

LANE
 Dolores, wait.

EXT. HALL - DAY

Dolores runs down the hall that's adjacent to the pool and
 then up a set of stairs.

Lane follows.

LANE
Dolores! Dolores!

INT. DOLORES' ROOM - DAY

Dolores bursts into her room in tears and flings herself onto her bed.

Lane enters the room and sits next to her. He tries to comfort her as she sobs.

LANE
Hey. It's OK.

She embraces him and wipes her eyes.

DOLORES
I am sorry you had to see that.

LANE
Don't worry about it. I'm sure
this will all blow over in a little
while.

DOLORES
I must look a mess. Excuse me
while I clean up.

LANE
Take your time.

Dolores goes to the bathroom. Lane walks out onto the...

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Lane leans against the balcony railing and looks out over the spacious villa.

He sees Armando by the pool as a man comes up to him carrying a parcel. Armando motions for the man to sit, and the man pulls up a chair.

Armando takes a switchblade from his pocket and cuts the packet open. He dips his knife blade into the packet and withdraws it.

Lane watches.

KNIFE BLADE - Covered in cocaine.

Armando sniffs some of the powder up his nostril. He looks at the man and gives him a thumbs up.

LANE
(shocked)
Jesus.

The man whistles and several men each with hand-trucks stacked high with kilos of cocaine wheel the product past the pool deeper into the confines of the villa.

Lane quickly heads back into...

INT. DOLORES' ROOM - DAY

Dolores comes out of the bathroom having composed herself as Lane enters looking a bit shaken up.

Dolores notices.

DOLORES
Are you all right? Is something bothering you?

LANE
If I tell you. It'll only upset you more.

DOLORES
Tell me. I believe in being Frank.

LANE
You mean like putting all of your cards on the table, like Enrique?

DOLORES
I was going to tell you about that when the time was right.

LANE
No more secrets.

DOLORES
None.

LANE
You'll tell me whatever I want to know?

DOLORES
Yes. Anything.

LANE

When were you going to tell me your father is a drug dealer?

Dolores starts crying again.

DOLORES

(sobbing)

I thought if you knew...you'd break up with me.

Dolores wipes some tears away.

DOLORES

It scares most guys away.

LANE

Well, it is a little daunting.

DOLORES

(sobbing)

I'll...I'll understand if you want your ring back.

Dolores starts to take the ring off.

Lane stays her hand.

LANE

Keep it on. It looks good where it is.

Dolores wipes a snuffle away.

DOLORES

You mean you still want me?

LANE

Of course I do. Every family has skeletons in the closet. Yours just probably happens to have some literally.

Dolores laughs.

LANE

I mean this won't effect us, right? We're going to live in the states. You're going to be a Hastings not a Reyes. When he comes to visit just make sure he leaves the cocaine and the thugs at home.

Dolores laughs.

EXT. PATIO - DAY

Lane and Dolores walk across the patio.

Armando hurries to catch them.

ARMANDO
Dolores, wait up.

Dolores turns toward her father.

ARMANDO
Do you really love him?

Dolores pulls Lane close to her.

DOLORES
Si, very much.

ARMANDO
Contrary to what you think, your
happiness is important to me.

Dolores listens.

ARMANDO
I couldn't live with myself if I
caused you pain.

DOLORES - Touched by her father's sentiment.

ARMANDO
You have my blessing.

Dolores pulls her father toward her, and they share a group hug.

Armando begrudgingly pats Lane on the back.

ARMANDO
Welcome to the family.

EXT. VILLA - DAY(LATER)

Lane and Dolores hop in their car when a luxury car pulls up. ENRIQUE ALVAREZ, 30s, LUIS PENA, 30s and JUAN ORTEGA, 30s all hop out. Three finer specimens of Hispanic machismo you'll never find.

Luis and Juan pull out another man, his face bloodied and bruised, his arms bound behind his back.

Lane watches them with caution.

Enrique moves toward Dolores.

ENRIQUE
Que pasa, Dolores?

Dolores flips him the bird.

ENRIQUE
Always so angry. One of these days, I'm going to have to break you of that habit.

DOLORES
My habits are none of your concern, and they never will be.

ENRIQUE
We'll see what your father says about that.

LANE
Yeah, we'll see.

ENRIQUE
I wasn't talking to you, maricon
(to Dolores)
Who's your gay friend?

DOLORES
My fiancée.

Dolores shows Enrique the ring.

ENRIQUE - Stunned.

DOLORES
Adios.

Dolores starts the car up and tears out of the driveway.

A perturbed Enrique watches them drive off.

EXT. VILLA POOL - DAY

Enrique, Juan and Luis escort their prisoner toward Armando who is pool-side once again.

ARMANDO

I see you found the source of our little distribution problem.

ENRIQUE

He had thirty keys in his garage. We reclaimed them this morning.

ARMANDO

I knew I could count on you, Enrique, you're my go to guy. You get things done.

ENRIQUE

I wish I could say the same about you.

ARMANDO - Surprised at Enrique's boldness.

ENRIQUE

Dolores was supposed to be mine. You promised me...remember?

ARMANDO

Of course I do. You don't have any children, do you?

ENRIQUE

I was planning to have some with Dolores.

ARMANDO

Children have a way of tugging at a man's heart strings.

Enrique listens.

ARMANDO

When I forbade her to marry this gringo...you should have seen the way she cried. She was hurt, Enrique...more hurt than I had ever seen her before. It was the only thing to do to help ease her pain.

ENRIQUE

You're getting soft in your old age.

ARMANDO

Besides, we both know she's never liked you. Maybe this is all for the best.

ENRIQUE

Do you know what I have done for you? I have sacrificed, lied, stole and killed on your behalf more times than I can count.

ARMANDO

I know, and I am grateful. You know I have been grooming you to take my place when I retire. You're the only one in the cartel good enough to succeed me.

ENRIQUE

Good enough for the cartel but not good enough for your family, eh?

ARMANDO

I know this is hard to take. Women can be cruel, harsh creatures. If you want another woman, pick one.

Armando motions toward all of the pool beauties.

ARMANDO

I have many. Pick two if you like. Let off some steam. But first we kill this pinche thief.

Enrique draws his gun.

The thief's eyes widen in fear.

Enrique coolly puts a bullet in the thief's brain, dropping him to the ground.

ARMANDO

There, didn't that feel good?

ENRIQUE

Yes, it did...and this will make me feel great.

Enrique drills Armando in the chest, dead center.

Armando's two body guards quickly go for their guns.

Luis and Juan drop Armando's guys before they can get a shot off, backing Enrique's play.

Several more hombres rush toward Enrique and crew.

Enrique and his boys cover them.

ENRIQUE
Stop right there if you want to
live.

The hombres stop.

ENRIQUE
The old man was weak. It has
always been the way of the Reyes
cartel to be run by the strongest.
I'm taking over...

Luis and Juan tense for a fight, carefully sighting their
targets.

ENRIQUE
Do you have a problem with that?

HOMBRES - Think about Enrique's proposal.

HOMBRE #1
No, patron. You're the boss.

They lower their guns.

Enrique and his men lower their weapons as well.

ENRIQUE
Good. Now clean up this mess.

Enrique walks over to a still conscious, barely breathing
Armando.

He plants his foot on Armando's chest wound and applies
pressure.

Armando winces in pain.

ENRIQUE
I don't want another girl, I want
what was promised to me.

Armando struggles to hold on.

ENRIQUE
Your word used to stand for
something. Mine does...and I
promise you, I will wed and bed
your daughter or die trying, you
old cabron.

Enrique finishes him off with a shot to the head. BAM!!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dolores drives Lane back to his place.

LANE

I wonder what mom and dad will think of their son marrying into a drug cartel?

DOLORES

You can't tell anybody what my father does, Lane. If any trouble is traced back to you...I don't know if I'll be able to protect you.

LANE

Really?

Dolores nods.

LANE

Noted.

DOLORES

Once you get to know my poppy, you'll see he's a good man.

LANE

For a drug lord he seemed all right to me.

Dolores playfully hits Lane in the shoulder.

LANE

Your anger must come from his side of the family.

DOLORES

Stop making fun.

LANE

I've just had some serious shit dropped in my lap. I joke when I'm scared. It's a coping mechanism.

Dolores listens as she drives.

LANE

If you were me, you'd be trying to find any way you could to wrap your mind around marrying Tony Montana's daughter.

DOLORES

There's no reason to be scared. There's advantages to being part of the Reyes family, too.

LANE

Such as?

DOLORES

No one fucks with you...and if they do, they don't live long enough to talk about it.

Suddenly Enrique and crew pull up fast behind them.

Luis at the wheel, pulls up alongside of them.

Enrique sticks his head out of the window.

ENRIQUE

Dolores, mi amour, I'm only going to ask you once to pull over and ditch the gringo.

DOLORES

When I tell my father how you're harassing me, he's going to cut off your cojones.

ENRIQUE

That would be difficult considering his current condition.

DOLORES

What are you talking about?

ENRIQUE

Right now he's in the Panama canal feeding the crocodiles. Pardon my English, I think my grammar is not correct.

Lane listens with trepidation.

ENRIQUE

I mean to say, he's being fed to the crocodiles.

DOLORES

You lie!

ENRIQUE

I thought you might not believe me,
so I brought along a little proof.

Enrique shows Dolores her father's severed head.

DOLORES - In shock.

Lane loses his lunch and throws up over the side of the car.

Enrique laughs.

ENRIQUE

Last chance, Dolores, pull over
now, and I'll let your fiancée
live. I'd hate to see you lose two
men that you love in the same day.

Dolores slams on the brakes.

Enrique and the boys rocket past.

Dolores turns down a side street.

Luis flips a U-turn and follows them.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A distraught Dolores cries her eyes out, grieving over her
dead father as they race through the back alleys of Panama
City.

DOLORES

Hijos de putas. I'll kill them.
I'll kill them all!

Lane looks behind them and sees Enrique and his hombres
rapidly approaching.

LANE

Step on it! Here they come!

Enrique blasts away with his gun.

Lane ducks down as a bullet impacts the car near him.

Dolores executes a sharp right turn and scoots down a back
alley.

Luis nails the turn as well, keeping on her tail.

ENRIQUE
Rapido! Mas Rapido!

Enrique fires a few more slugs.

Dolores' windshield shatters as several bullets impact it.

LANE
Shit!

Dolores takes a corner on two wheels, barely completing the turn.

She heads for a very narrow alley. People jump out of her way as she accelerates.

Lane sees the alley she's going for.

LANE
We're not going to make it. We're
not going to make it!

Lane braces for impact.

Dolores puts her foot all the way down on the gas pedal and blasts into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The sides of her small convertible scrape the sides of the brick alley emitting a shower of sparks, but she squeezes through.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Luis slows up.

ENRIQUE
What are you doing? Go! Go!

LUIS
We're too big, we won't fit.

ENRIQUE
We'll fit, don't be a pussy.

LUIS
Si, patron.

Luis guns it and they wedge themselves into the alley in spectacular fashion.

Enrique tries to open his door, but they're stuck in tight.

LUIS
I told you we wouldn't fit.

Enrique backhands Luis.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Lane looks back and sees their stuck pursuers.

LANE
Ha!

Lane flips them off with both hands as they squeeze through the last part of the alley.

Dolores pulls out onto the street and they continue their escape.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Dolores hits the brakes and rests her head on the steering wheel. She lets all her tears come out.

LANE
Dolores.

Lane puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder as she continues to wail.

LANE
I'm not trying to be insensitive,
but we've got to keep moving. You
bought us some time with your stunt
driving, but you know those guys
aren't going to give up easy.

Dolores raises her head.

DOLORES
You're right, but where can we go?
If my father is dead that means
Enrique controls the cartel. He's
got dozens of men now, a small army
working for him.

LANE
What about the police?

DOLORES
My father owned the police, a good
part of the national guard, too.

Lane listens.

DOLORES
They'll have the road's blocked,
the airport and the marinas
watched. We've got nowhere to go.

ROY'S BUSINESS CARD - Still stuck to the now shattered
windshield, pinned under a wiper blade.

Lane notices the card, sits up and grabs it.

He shows the card to Dolores.

LANE
Sure we do.

EXT. RURAL SLUMS - DAY

Dolores and Lane drive down a dirt road. A burro hitched to
a cart moves past them as they park in front of a...

EXT. SHACK - DAY

Chickens search for bugs in front of the dilapidated shack.

A rooster is perched on the edge of the roof, looking over
the hens. Several hogs and goats root around the shack as
well.

A run down Land Cruiser sits parked near the shack, several
dents are in the rust covered body. A piragua, a wooden
hollowed out canoe, is lashed to the land cruiser's roof.
Several bumper stickers decorate the back of the Land
Cruiser.

BUMPER STICKERS - One features a large chested cartoon woman
underscored by the words, "Honk if you love hooters."
Another reads, "Fuck the Police. Yet another, "Jack Mehoff."

Lane and Dolores approach the shack.

DOLORES
Do you think this is the place?

Lane steps in a pile of goat shit.

LANE
If it's not, I'll be happy.

INT. SHACK - DAY

Lane and Dolores part the palm leaves acting as a door and step in.

An odd menagerie of items fill this pig sty. Boxes upon boxes of cheap Panama hats, scores of empty chicha bottles and piles of plantains and papayas.

A stuffed crocodile is mounted on the wall with a bra in his teeth. Camping gear is strewn about the place, centerfolds of slutty women are pinned to the shack's walls.

LANE
I thought this place looked bad
from the outside.

DOLORES
Hello.

They accidentally kick over some empty chicha bottles. They CLINK together as they fall.

Suddenly Pablo, the capuchin monkey jumps onto a bunch of plantains and begins SCREECHING.

DOLORES AND LANE - Startled.

Suddenly Roy pops up from a hammock covered by a mosquito net, awakened by Pablo's vocals. He begins to rub his head and turns away from the two without even looking at them.

ROY
Chiquita, if that's you, I've told
you, I ain't paying no child
support. The kid ain't even mine.
I took the damn paternity test.
What more do you want?

LANE
Uh, hello, Mr. Drexler.

Roy sits up and looks them over with one eye closed.

ROY
Who the hell are you?

Lane shows Roy his business card.

LANE

You gave us your card this morning.

Roy fumbles his way out of the mosquito net and drunkenly stumbles past them,

Pablo jumps up on his shoulder and Roy proceeds to unzip and piss out the side window. Pablo pees off of Roy's shoulder in unison.

Dolores and Lane exchange an incredulous look.

LANE

We'd like to throw some business your way, take one of your jungle tours.

Roy motions to Lane with his free index finger that he'll be done in a minute.

Roy finishes and walks over to them. He wipes his hands on his grubby tank top and offers them his hand.

Lane is reluctant to take it.

LANE

You didn't wash your hands.

Roy searches for a bottle with some chicha in it but has no luck.

ROY

Pablo, chicha.

Pablo jumps onto gallon jug that is half full and CHITTERS.

Roy walks over to the bottle and pours some on his hand over an old oil pan.

Roy sticks an oil funnel in his mouth and pours the chicha from the oil pan down into his mouth through the funnel

DOLORES AND LANE - Disgusted.

Roy finishes his drink and looks over at them.

ROY

Waste not want not, right...besides I ain't got no running water in this place. No toilet either.

(MORE)

ROY(cont'd)

So if you've got to shit
remember...down wind from the
house.

Roy turns to Pablo.

ROY

Some people around here have a hard
time remembering that.

Pablo covers his eyes in shame.

Roy walks back toward them and offers them his hand again.

ROY

There you go, all disinfected, de-
germed and mostly disease free.

Lane reluctantly shakes his hand.

ROY

You ain't got much of a grip there,
chief. That's all right, we'll
work on it.

Roy shakes hands with Dolores and winks at her as they shake.

ROY

So, you two crazy kids got jungle
fever, huh? Where do you want to
go?

DOLORES

Columbia...quickly.

ROY

Are you two in some kind of
trouble?

LANE

A little, yeah.

DOLORES

Lane.

LANE

The guy has a right to know what
he's getting into.

ROY

You want to tell me what's going
on?

DOLORES
Some men are after us.

ROY
You're on the high end of hotness
scale, Senorita. I'll bet that
happens to you a lot.

LANE
They killed her father, man, and
they tried to kill me.

Roy looks at Dolores.

ROY
Who was your father?

Dolores fights back some tears. Lane pulls her to him,
comforting her.

DOLORES
Armando Reyes.

ROY - Impressed.

ROY
So, I take it you're well off?

LANE
Have a heart. She's just been
though hell.

Roy turns toward Lane.

ROY
And I'm sorry about that, but we
still have to come to some kind of
agreement. I don't do charity work
and as far as tour guides go, I'm
the bottom of the barrel so you two
must be desperate.

Lane listens.

ROY
The jungle is rough enough without
throwing a couple of cartel
enforcers into the mix. That's
going to up the price right there.

LANE
We didn't come here to get gouged.

ROY

You came here looking for someone to save your ass, and I can do it, but don't let my appearance fool you, I ain't cheap. I've been stuck down here since the invasion in '89. You two are going to be my ticket home. Now, how much money you got?

LANE

You haven't even told us your rates.

ROY

The rates went out the window when you mentioned the cartel.

DOLORES

Any money I had is gone now. Enrique controls everything.

Lane digs into his pockets and produced some money.

LANE

I've got sixty bucks.

ROY

Like I said, I don't do charity work.

DOLORES

You can have my car. It's worth at least fifteen thousand

ROY

Now, you're talking. Let's take a look.

EXT. SHACK - DAY

Roy looks over her sports car. Bullet holes in the body, shattered windshield and beaucoup scratch marks down the sides.

ROY

To be honest, I ain't seeing much difference between your ride and my shitty Land Cruiser.

Roy motions toward his rusty rig.

ROY

Say I get eight thousand for your car, that still leaves you twelve thousand short. I ain't risking life and limb for no less than twenty thousand, I can tell you that much. You got anything else?

Lane thinks for a moment.

LANE

I've got my Peace Corps money. Seven thousand five hundred. It's yours as soon as you get us to Columbia.

ROY

You're still four thousand five hundred short.

LANE

We don't have anything else.

ROY

Then you don't have a guide to Columbia.

DOLORES

We have something else.

LANE

We do?

Dolores takes off Lane's ring and shows it to Roy.

ROY

Two carat?

DOLORES

Three.

LANE

Dolores, you don't have to...

DOLORES

We don't have a choice, Lane. It's just a ring.

LANE

But it's a family heirloom. It belonged to my great grandmother, my grandmother, my mom...

DOLORES
We can get another one later.

ROY
She's right.

Lane glares at Roy.

DOLORES
You're all I've got now, Lane.
Ring or no, I still love you.
That's what matters.

Roy looks the ring over.

ROY
Love's a beautiful thing, isn't it?

He sticks it in his shirt pocket, walks up to them and puts a hand on each of their shoulders.

ROY
Well, youngsters, you've got
yourself a guide.

LANE
How do we know that you're worth a
damn?

ROY
I'm worth every penny you're paying
me, don't worry none about that.

Roy scatters the chickens, pigs and goats as he makes his way back toward the shack.

DOLORES
Were you really with the C.I.A.?

ROY
I used to be, we're divorced.

Roy walks back toward the shack.

INT. SHACK - DAY(LATER)

Dolores and Lane pack up some gear.

Roy walks in, now attired in his jungle gear and a wide brimmed hat. He stuffs some mosquito netting into a back pack.

He grabs several machetes and pulls one out of its scabbard to check its blade.

LANE

Are we really going to need those?

Roy checks the other blades.

ROY

We're going into the Darien Gap, kid, El Tapon. People that go into that jungle unprepared get swallowed up and crapped out its ass end. We'll need all we can carry and more.

Roy stows the Machetes.

ROY

Yaviza's the end of the road, from then on it's sixty miles of crocodiles, snakes, Columbian guerillas and all other kinds of terrible shit you don't even want to know about.

LANE

Come on, it can't be that bad, right?

Roy finishes loading a pack.

ROY

I'll let you tell me after our first night.

Roy tosses Lane a heavy pack.

Lane catches the pack, the force of the throw and the weight of the pack, knocks Lane back a few steps.

ROY

You'll either find your balls out there or find a jaguar had 'em for a late night snack while you were sleeping.

Roy begins searching through the rubbish on the floor.

ROY

If I can just find my gun, we'll hit the road.

LANE
What kind of gun?

ROY
Biggest one you ever saw.

Roy kicks some bottles out of his way, breaking them in the process.

ROY
The kind that would give Dirty Harry a hard on. You know what I'm saying?

Roy searches through a few more piles of stuff and then suddenly comes to a realization.

ROY
Ah, damn it. I traded it to this guy I know in Yaviza for a night with his sister.

Roy turns toward the two.

ROY
Don't worry, I'll get it back. He's a shitty card player.

EXT. SHACK - DAY

Roy stows some packs in the Land Cruiser, there is no space for Lane and Dolores to sit.

DOLORES
Where do we sit?

ROY
On top in the piragua. We'll probably hit at least one roadblock on the way to Yaviza if they're looking out for you.

Roy turns to Lane.

ROY
Give me that sixty bucks you had.

Lane hesitates.

ROY
Come on, cough it up. I've got to
grease the cop's palms with
something. If I don't bribe him he
might get suspicious.

Lane gives Roy the money.

Roy forms a step with his clasped hands and braces his hands
against his knee.

ROY
Come on, princess, up you go.

Roy boosts Dolores up. He cops a cheap feel as he shoves her
butt up onto the top of the Land Cruiser.

LANE - Irked.

ROY
What? A guy can't lend a helping
hand?

LANE
Keep your help and your hands off
of my fiancée's ass.

Lane climbs up to the top of the Land Cruiser.

ROY
Easy, kid. I'm not trying to steal
her away from you.

LANE
You've got everything else I own.
Why not go for broke?

Roy grins.

Lane lies in the canoe next to Dolores.

Roy hops up and begins to cover the canoe with a canvas tarp.

LANE
What makes you so sure they're not
going to search up here for us?

Roy lashes down a line.

ROY
I've got a gut feeling.

LANE

A gut feeling? We're not shelling
out twenty thousand dollars for a
gut feeling.

Lane starts to get up in protest when Roy tosses the heavy
tarp over him and the canoe and lashes it down.

ROY

Now you two just sit tight and keep
quiet. I'll have you both in the
jungle before you know it.

Roy hops down and gets in the Land Cruiser.

ROY

Pablo, road trip! You coming or
not?

Pablo comes out of the shack and hops in through the Land
Cruiser's window.

Roy starts the engine, and they head out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Roy drives through downtown Panama City. Upbeat LATINO music
plays as he drives.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Roy cruises down the Pan American highway, Pablo on the dash.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Roy drives through rural Panama.

EXT. ROAD BLOCK - DAY

Roy slows the Land Cruiser and stops behind two cars in front
of him.

A female police officer, HORTENSIA, 40s, tough but not
unattractive, conducts searches of the cars.

Roy pulls up to her.

ROY

Buenos dias.

HORTENSIA
 Could you please pull your vehicle
 over to the side of the road?

ROY
 Is there a problem?

HORTENSIA
 Please follow me, sir.

Roy pulls the Land Cruiser behind a police checkpoint booth
 off of the main road.

LANE AND DOLORES - Wait nervously in the canoe.

HORTENSIA
 Please step out of your vehicle,
 sir.

Roy steps out, leaving Pablo in the driver's seat.

ROY
 Any chance you could tell me what
 this is about?

Hortensia shoves Roy up against the Land Cruiser.

HORTENSIA
 Spread 'em.

ROY
 Easy, no need to get hostile.

Roy spreads his legs.

Hortensia searches him, patting him down, she moves her hands
 up to his groin area and gives his block and tackle a
 squeeze.

ROY
 Find what you're looking for down
 there, Senorita?

HORTENSIA
 Do you have a permit for that?

ROY
 My dick? I didn't know I needed
 one.

Hortensia shoves him up against the Land Cruiser again. She
 turns him around, facing her.

HORTENSIA
 There's a penalty for bringing
 unlicensed weapons into this state.
 Did you know that?

ROY
 Is it stiff?

Hortensia runs her hand down Roy's inner thigh, feeling him up.

HORTENSIA
 Oh, si...si, si, si.

ROY - Gets a perverse pleasure out of the shakedown.

HORTENSIA
 I'm afraid I'm going to have to
 sentence you to some hard labor.

Hortensia rips Roy's shirt off and begins kissing him passionately.

ROY
 (in between kisses)
 Well, if...that's...your...ruling.

Roy swings her around onto the Land Cruiser's hood and bites off her shirt's buttons one by one, spitting them off to the side.

Hortensia undoes his belt as Roy works on the buttons.

Roy bites the last button off exposing her ample cleavage.

LANE AND DOLORES - Sit tight in the piragua.

DOLORES
 (whispering)
 Why are we shaking so much? Are we
 moving again?

LANE
 (whispering)
 I don't think so. I didn't hear
 the engine start. That cop must be
 really working him over.

Roy and Hortensia get hot and heavy on the hood. The Land Cruisers shocks get tested as they go for it.

HORTENSIA
(in Spanish)
Oh, my God! Oh, my God,
yes...yes...justice is served!!!

EXT. CHECKPOINT BOOTH - DAY

Roy and Hortensia lay sprawled out on the hood of the Land Cruiser, exhausted.

ROY
Pablo, smokes.

Pablo grabs a pack of cigarettes from the dashboard and hops out onto the hood with them.

Roy and Hortensia each smoke a cigarette.

HORTENSIA
One of these days I'm going to
sentence you to house arrest.

ROY
What does your husband think about
that?

HORTENSIA
What he doesn't know won't hurt
him.

ROY
No, he'll just hurt me when he
finds out I've been nailing you
twice a weeks for the past year.

HORTENSIA
What can I say?

Hortensia takes a drag from her cigarette.

HORTENSIA
You're habit forming. Worse than
cocaine.

ROY
Addicted, are you?

Hortensia kisses him.

HORTENSIA
Something like that...by the way.
You haven't seen a young gringo
with a local girl, have you?

ROY
I wish...I could use the work. Me
and steady employment ain't exactly
been neighbors over the years.

HORTENSIA
Looks like you're geared up for a
job now.

Roy takes a drag.

ROY
Couple of retirees from Florida
booked me for a jungle fishing
trip. Which reminds me, I better
get rolling.

Roy puts what's left of his shirt back on and hops in his
rig. Pablo quickly follows.

Hortensia walks toward him.

ROY
Take it easy on me next time, would
you? I'm running out of shirts.

Hortensia tries to button up her shirt but is unable to
without buttons.

HORTENSIA
I'm running out of buttons.

ROY
I like that look on you. My stiff
penalty does, too.

HORTENSIA
You got time for another sentence?

ROY
Sorry, baby, got to work.

They kiss. Roy starts up the Land Cruiser and heads back
onto the highway.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Roy drives through the town. He pulls over and jumps up on top of the Land Cruiser. He unfastens the tarp covering the piragua.

Dolores and Lane pop their heads up.

ROY
Welcome to Yaviza.

Lane and Dolores hop down.

ROY
Take a good look. This is the last bit of civilization you're going to see for a while.

Dolores notices Roy's torn shirt.

DOLORES
Are you OK? Your shirt's all torn.

ROY
Panamanian cops like to play hard ball.

LANE
You look all right to me.

DOLORES
Lane...I'm sorry for your trouble, Roy.

ROY
It's an occupational hazard. I was in and out of there before things got too serious.

Roy grabs a spare shirt out of his duffel and changes.

ROY
You two can hang here or follow me, it's up to you.

Roy walks into the night, Pablo on his shoulder.

LANE
Where are you going?

ROY
To see Jorge.

LANE

Who?

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Roy, Dolores and Lane pick their way through a crowd observing a cock fight.

SAWDUST RING - Two roosters, metal spurs around their legs go at each other to the death.

The crowd CHEERS as the combatants destroy each other.

ROY

Jorge, buddy. Que tal?

JORGE RAMIREZ, 40s, chubby, a walking slime-ball observes the fight. He takes notice of Roy but says nothing.

ROY

Got some business to discuss with you, Jorge. You got a minute?

JORGE

I'm not talking to you, pendejo. You broke my sister's heart. She's been crying her eyes out every night since you left.

ROY

Then she'll be happy to see me again, won't she?

JORGE

I don't know...maybe. I can't do no business with you until you smooth things over with her. It pains me to see her the way she is, comprende?

ROY

I don't know if you've ever noticed, Jorge, but your sister is one hot piece of ass.

JORGE

Yeah, I noticed.

Lane and Dolores share an incredulous look.

ROY

Not to mention an animal in the sack. I'm pushing fifty. I'm not the young strapping stud I once was. To tell you the truth she's a little much for me.

Jorge listens.

The rooster's continue to spar.

ROY

I was walking around bow legged for two days the last time we got together.

JORGE

I told her you're no good, but she won't listen to me.

ROY

Call her up, tell her to come down here and I'll talk to her. While we're waiting maybe we can play a couple hands of poker to kill the time. You're a gambling man if I remember right.

Jorge arches an eyebrow in interest.

EXT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Roy, Jorge and a couple of other lowlifes play poker.

A confidant Roy lays down a full house. His smile quickly fades as Jorge puts down four of a kind and scoops up the pot.

Lane and Dolores stand behind Roy watching the game. Lane leans in toward Roy.

LANE

Can I talk to you a second?

Roy gets up and steps away from the table.

JORGE

Leaving so soon, amigo. I know you've still got money in your pocket.

ROY
The game ain't over yet, Jorge.
I'm just taking a breather.

Lane, Dolores and Roy move away from the table.

LANE
You said he was a shitty card
player.

ROY
He is. He's cheating.

LANE
How do you know that?

ROY
'Cause I'm cheating, and he's still
beating me.

LANE
This seems like a big waste of time
to me, we should be getting as far
away from Enrique as we can, not
having poker night with the boys.

Jorge's eyebrows arch in interest once again at the mention
of Enrique.

ROY
I need my gun.

LANE
Buy another one. You should be
able to get something decent with
what you haven't lost yet.

ROY
You don't understand. It's got
sentimental value.

LANE
The way you're playing, you're not
going to have a shirt and shoes
before the hour's out.

ROY
(to Jorge)
Hey, Jorge, any objections to
another Gringo joining the game?

JORGE
Gringo money is the best kind.

Jorge flaunts his stack of bills in front of Roy in a fan pattern and smells the money.

JORGE
Easiest to get.

Jorge and his cronies all share a chuckle.

JORGE
Pull up a chair.

LANE
(to Roy)
What are you doing? I'm not a
poker player.

ROY
You won't have to be. You just
wait until I get the deal and go
all in when I tip you the signal.

LANE
What signal?

ROY
You'll know it when you see it.

CUT TO:

ROY - Scooping up a pot.

ROY
I knew if I hung in there long
enough lady luck would smile on me.
You still got that gun of mine,
Jorge?

Jorge takes a big frame revolver out from a shoulder holster tucked under his jacket and lays it on the table.

Lane stares at the size of the weapon.

LANE
That's your gun?

JORGE
Was his gun.

ROY
And will be again if you've got the
cojones to put it in the pot.

JORGE
It's on the table, isn't it?

ROY
Bueno.

LANE
(to Jorge)
Can I?

JORGE
Go ahead.

Lane picks up the gun.

LANE
It's heavy.

ROY
Alaskan, fifty caliber...bear gun.

Roy shuffles the cards.

ROY
That sweet lady will drop a
charging Grizzly faster than you
can say buenos noches.

LANE
This thing ain't a pistol, it's
field artillery.

ROY
To each their own...let's play some
cards.

Roy deals the cards.

Lane picks up his hand.

LANE'S HAND - King of hearts, Queen of hearts, Jack of
hearts, Ten of hearts and a three of spades.

Lane looks at Roy.

Roy meets his gaze.

Jorge and the other players look over their hands.

ROY
I'll open for Oh, two hundred.

JORGE
I'll see your two hundred and raise
you three.

Roy antes up.

The two other Panamanians fold.

Lane antes up.

ROY
Cards?

JORGE
Two.

Roy deals him two.

LANE
One.

Roy deals him a card.

Lane looks at his new card.

Card - Ace of hearts.

ROY
And dealer takes three.

Roy discards three and takes three off of the top of the
deck. He looks over his new hand and smiles triumphantly.

ROY
I'm sorry, boys, but I'm afraid I'm
going to have to go all in.

Roy pushes all of his money into the pot.

Pablo picks Dolores' diamond ring up and places it in the pot
for Roy.

Dolores watches with apprehension.

ROY
Your bet, Jorge.

JORGE
You're bluffing.

ROY
Ante up and find out.

Jorge goes all in.

JORGE
I think you and your monkey are
both full of shit.

Pablo chitters.

ROY
(to Lane)
Hey, Peace Corps.

Lane looks over his cards again, now holding a royal flush.

ROY
(to Pablo)
Looks like our young friend here
needs help making up his mind.
Why don't you go help him? Pablo,
gringo.

Pablo walks across the table and hops onto Lane's shoulder.

Lane looks at Roy and then at Jorge.

Both men stare back at him.

LANE
I call.

Lane bets his whole pot.

Roy lays down a full house.

Lane shows his royal flush.

Jorge stares oddly at Lane's hand.

ROY
What's wrong, Jorge? Don't like
the taste of defeat?

JORGE
I'm just curious.

ROY
About what?

JORGE
About how your friend can have the
ace of hearts...

Jorge lays down the ace of spades, the ace of clubs, the ace of diamonds and finally the ace of hearts.

JORGE
...when I have it.

Jorge and the two other Panamanians, get up in anger, eyeing Roy and Lane.

One of the Panamanians CRACKS his knuckles.

ROY
Now fellas, don't jump to any conclusions. I think the first question we have to ask ourselves is whose deck it was.

JORGE
Yours.

ROY
Fuck me, you're right.

Roy quickly turns over the table, grabbing the support and rams Pablo up against the wall with it.

The two other Panamanians charge Roy and Lane.

One grabs Roy's shoulder. Roy grabs the man's hand with his right, chops the guy in the throat with his left and brings his left fist down in a hammer shot to the guy's balls.

As his opponent doubles over, Roy brings his left elbow up into the man's chin.

Roy's opponent keels over.

Lane does his best to defend himself from the second Panamanian, putting himself between the thug and Dolores.

The thug lays one on Lane's chin, sending him reeling.

Roy notices Lane's predicament.

ROY
Pablo, kill!

Pablo jumps onto the thug's face and begins scratching at his eyes.

Dolores kicks the guy in the jewels and sends him to the ground.

She helps Lane up.

Jorge crawls toward the Alaskan. He's almost there when Roy steps on his hand.

ROY
Ah, ah, ah.

JORGE
You cheating puta madre...

ROY
Takes one to know one, pal. Sleep tight.

Roy kicks Jorge in the face and he passes out.

Roy grabs his pistol and begins scooping up the loot.

Pablo picks up some money as well.

Lane picks up the ring and just as he turns to show it to Dolores...

Roy snatches it out of his hand.

ROY
I believe this belongs to me.

LANE - Peeved.

The thugs start to wake.

ROY
Let's roll. This ain't what I'd call a healthy environment.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

They run past the crowd still watching and betting on cock fights.

VOICE (O.S.)
Roy.

Roy stops and sees...

A lovely vision of a girl. She smiles at Roy.

Roy walks toward her and as he's just about to her, she walks past him and into the arms of her lover.

VOICE (O.S.)

Roy.

Roy turns back around and sees...

JULIA, Jorge's sister, homely and heavysset.

ROY

You talking to me?

JULIA

Roy, it's me, Julia.

ROY

Julia?

Pablo covers his eyes at the sight of her.

LANE

That's your hot piece of ass?

Jorge and his friends rush through the crowd toward them.

Roy, Lane and Dolores flee.

JULIA

Call me.

Roy turns back toward her as they run.

ROY

I'll think about it.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

They all run toward the Land Cruiser and pile in.

Roy starts up the engine and barrels out of there down the road.

Jorge and his goons fire at them as they drive away. Several of their shots hitting the back of the Land Cruiser.

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAY

Roy puts some more distance between Jorge.

ROY

Woooo! Yeah! Don't nothing get the old adrenaline pumping like a little lead flying through the air.

LANE

Are you insane? You almost got us killed.

ROY

I get shot at all the time. It's no big deal.

DOLORES

What about Julia?

ROY

She'll be fine. Besides, I think Jorge's got a thing for her. I've never been one to stand in the way of true love.

LANE

She seemed...nice.

ROY

You don't have to beat around the bush. I know she's uglier than a harsh, four letter word.

Dolores and Lane listen.

ROY

To tell you the truth, I've only ever seen her in the dark, and I was drunker than a sorority girl on spring break.

Roy lights a cigarette.

ROY

Between you me and the Panamanian night, she was the best lay I ever had. Chicha has a way of making night into day, wrong into right and bad into good.

LANE

Is that why you're drunk all the time?

ROY

You try living in the slums of Panama for twenty years and keep a sunny disposition.

Roy takes a puff from his cigarette.

ROY

After a half bottle of the hard stuff my neighborhood starts to look like Disneyland.

INT. VILLA POOL - NIGHT

Enrique sits by the pool at a table as two bathing beauties look toward him. He sips on some whiskey as he watches them.

ENRIQUE

(in Spanish)

Continue.

They lock lips and engage in a passionate kissing session.

Luis and Juan move toward him. They stop and stare at the two women as they kiss.

ENRIQUE

Any word from our police contacts?

Luis and Juan continue to stare.

Enrique grabs a gun from the table and fires a shot into the air, grabbing Luis and Juan's attention.

ENRIQUE

Talk to me.

JUAN

They didn't catch a plane or a boat out of the country. We've got all of the ports covered.

LUIS

All the highways have roadblocks set up. They haven't been seen yet.

Enrique slams his fist on the table in anger.

ENRIQUE

Damn! You'd think with all of my eyes and ears out on the street, I wouldn't be so fucking deaf and dumb!

He throws his whiskey into Juan and Luis' faces.

ENRIQUE
Get out there and find them and
don't come back here until you do.

Luis and Juan start to walk away when the phone on the table rings.

Enrique answers.

ENRIQUE
Hola...Si, yes that fits the
description...Where are you calling
from again?

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Jorge sits at the poker table looking the worse for wear.

JORGE
Yaviza. I think they were headed
into El Tapon with Roy Drexler.
His Land Cruiser was outfitted for
a jungle trip.

EXT. VILLA POOL - NIGHT

ENRIQUE
Thank you, my friend. This won't
be forgotten.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Jorge turns toward a crying Julia.

JORGE
I just ask one thing. When you
kill them, kill Drexler, too.

Julia wails loudly.

JORGE
I owe that hijo de puta.

EXT. VILLA POOL - NIGHT

ENRIQUE
With pleasure.

Enrique hangs up.

ENRIQUE
 (to Luis and Juan)
 Hold it.

Luis and Juan turn back toward Enrique.

ENRIQUE
 They're in the jungle with that
 crazy gringo. Mount up.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Roy paddles his piragua with Lane, Dolores, Pablo and their gear stowed in the canoe's hold.

Some macaws fly overhead as they make their way down river.

Dolores watches the colorful birds fly overhead.

DOLORES
 It's so beautiful here, like a
 dream.

ROY
 Usually it's a wet dream. We're
 just lucky we're not in the rainy
 season. But don't let appearances
 fool you. This place can be your
 worst nightmare. Case in point.

BOA - Hangs on a tree limb above them.

DOLORES - Surprised.

ROY
 Back when I was a government spook,
 I used to move weapons, cash and
 mercenaries through this hell hole
 all the time.

LANE
 What happened with you and the
 C.I.A? Why aren't you with them
 anymore?

ROY
 The government has a huge database
 that keeps tabs on its personnel
 all over the world. In my
 particular case, they hit the
 delete button...hard.

Lane listens.

ROY
Officially I don't exist. No
social security number, no birth
certificate...nothing.

LANE
You must have done something to
make them mad at you?

ROY
You sound just like the inquiry
board. I'm the victim in this
situation. They had no proof, just
a lot of second hand hearsay
bullshit.

DOLORES
Proof of what?

ROY
My superior and me had what you
might call a falling out.

LANE
Over what?

ROY
Over who...Maria...prettiest
creature you ever saw, dark brown
eyes, bronze skin, body like a
buffet...I mean you just wanted to
keep coming back for more.

Lane grins.

ROY
In the right light, you kind of
look like her, Dolores.

DOLORES - Flattered.

Lane's grin fades.

LANE
So, your boss moved in on your
girl, huh?

ROY
Yeah, he kept deploying me into
hostile zones so I couldn't see
her, hoping I'd get greased.

Roy steers them around a bend.

ROY
Eventually he told her I was dead.
Killed in action by Columbian
guerillas.

Lane and Dolores listen.

ROY
When I got wind of what was going
on, I crossed him off my Christmas
list.

LANE
You didn't kill him, did you?

ROY
Not exactly. Someone shot him in
the ass with my Alaskan.

LANE
You shot him?

ROY
That was never proven in a court of
law. There were no witnesses. No
one ever saw the shooter. I was
what you might call guilty by
association.

Roy paddles around a tree branch poking out of the water.

ROY
Anyway, when he got out of the
hospital he had a real
attitude...and here I am.

LANE
That's harsh, man.

ROY
Tell me about it. You know what
C.I.A really stands for?

LANE
Central Intelligence Agency?

ROY
No, cock in ass. Because that's
what they do to you...and they
don't use KY either.

DOLORES
What happened to Maria?

ROY
She married my boss and moved to
Maryland with him.

DOLORES
I'm sorry.

ROY
Well, don't be. I got even. My
old patron had a nasty coke habit.
I sent ten keys of cocaine to his
house via private courier and
called a buddy of mine in the
D.E.A.

Dolores pets Pablo as they float along.

ROY
Last I heard he was still in the
state pen getting all the C.I.A he
can handle, know what I'm saying?

LANE
You don't hold a grudge, do you?

ROY
That whole deal taught me there's
only thing more addictive than a
drug and that's a woman.

Roy grins at Dolores.

She smiles back.

LANE
Can we paddle all the way to
Columbia in this canoe?

ROY
River only runs so far. We can
trade for some burros up river with
the Choco' people. But we're still
going to have a good hike before we
reach the border.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Roy steers the canoe toward the bank. He hops out and pulls
the piragua onto dry land.

ROY

There's an old Spanish ruin not far from here. We'll camp there for the night.

LANE

I think we'll just sleep in the canoe.

ROY

It's your funeral.

Roy grabs some gear, slings it over his shoulder and heads into the jungle.

DOLORES

What do you mean by that?

Roy drops his heavy gear and turns back toward them.

ROY

Why do you want to sleep in the canoe?

LANE

Less bugs right? I mean they can't burrow through the wood overnight, can they?

ROY

It ain't the bugs you have to worry about on the river.

Roy picks up a stick, walks toward the edge of the bank and hurls it across to the other side into some brush.

CAIMAN - Hidden in the undergrowth, slips into the water.

Lane and Dolores watch it move into the water with a healthy respect.

ROY

They like to flip piraguas over in the night, see if there's an easy meal inside.

Roy slings his gear over his shoulder again and heads back into the jungle.

ROY

Hope you can swim.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Roy hacks a path through the thick brush with his machete. Dolores follows him with Pablo on her shoulder.

Lane carefully looks at the ground and surrounding bushes as he walks.

Roy turns back to check on them.

ROY
Hey, Peace Corps, what the hell you looking for?

LANE
Snakes. They got poisonous snakes here, right?

ROY
Sure. You ever hear of as Fer de Lance?

Lane shakes his head.

Roy walks back toward them and makes a swift striking motion toward his own neck with two fingers.

ROY
They're tree snakes. Look up not down.

Roy takes the point again and continues hacking his way through the jungle growth.

Dolores and Lane keep a watchful eye on the multitude of low hanging branches and vines that await them.

EXT. SPANISH FORT RUINS - NIGHT

There's not much left of the fort, the jungle has reclaimed what once was. A couple of stone walls partially knocked down are all that remain offering Roy, Lane and Dolores scant cover.

Lane and Dolores warm themselves by a fire, mosquito nets draped from tree branches hang about them.

DOLORES
Well, we're making progress, right?

LANE
Define progress.

DOLORES
He seems to know his business.

LANE
I'm not saying he doesn't.

DOLORES
Then what is it?

LANE
He's been eyeballing you like your
his next meal.

DOLORES
You're not jealous, are you?

LANE
Of him, not a chance.

Lane tosses another stick on the fire.

DOLORES
Still, he does have a quality about
him.

LANE
Yeah, two qualities, sleazy and
horny.

DOLORES
I think he looks pretty good for
his age. He's kept in shape.

LANE
Yeah, by screwing anything that
moves. You saw Julia. The guy's
probably got women stashed in every
village from here to Bogota.

Dolores puts her hands closer to the flames, warming herself.

LANE
Safe sex for him is making sure the
husbands aren't home.

Dolores places her hand on Lane's knee.

DOLORES
You don't have to worry. I'm all
yours.

LANE

I'd take off my net and kiss you,
but I don't want to chance getting
malaria.

Dolores leans in close to him and kisses him through the netting.

Suddenly Pablo appears beside them and begins chittering.

A startled Lane and Dolores break apart.

Roy walks back into camp, two small dead animals in one hand and a machete in the other.

ROY

You two got a whole Adam and Eve
thing going on, don't you? All
you're missing is the snake.

Quick as a jungle cat, Roy slashes above them with his blade.

FER DE LANCE - Drops to the ground in two pieces.

Dolores and Lane recoil in fear.

ROY

There he is.

Roy flings the pieces into the jungle with his machete.

ROY

I told you to watch the trees.

Roy flings the dead critters near Dolores and Lane.

LANE

What's that?

ROY

Agouti. They were all I could
catch.

Dolores studies the dead animals.

DOLORES

They look like rats.

ROY

Distant cousins.

DOLORES

Didn't you pack any food with you?
Dried fruit, camping meals?

ROY

That stuff is for nights when I
can't hunt up anything. Now skin
those up, I'm hungry.

Roy hurls a knife into the ground near Lane.

Dolores picks one up.

DOLORES

If it weren't dead, it would be
kind of cute. I'd feel bad eating
it.

ROY

Don't. If we didn't catch and kill
it, something else would have.
It's survival of the fittest out
here.

LANE

And the unfit?

ROY

The unfit hire the strong or end up
like our two friends there...on the
menu.

EXT. SPANISH FORT RUINS - NIGHT(LATER)

The two creatures roast over the fire on a spit.

Roy slices a piece off of one of them and tests it.

ROY

It's ready.

Lane and Dolores each try some.

DOLORES

It's actually not that bad.

ROY

Tastiest treats in the jungle. The
jaguars love 'em.

A jaguar SCREAMS in the night.

Roy grins as he finishes a piece of agouti meat.

ROY

See.

Lane dusts some ants off of his meat and shirt sleeve.

LANE

Apparently the ants do, too.

Roy digs a bottle of liquid soap out of his pack.

ROY

Here.

Roy tosses the soap to Lane.

LANE

Traditionally you wash your hands before you eat.

ROY

Squeeze a ring of it around where you lay down. Ants hate it. If it gets on their feet and they track it back home it'll contaminate the whole nest.

Roy hangs his mosquito net.

ROY

Pablo, dinner.

Pablo jumps onto Roy's shoulder and searches his hair for bugs. He finds one and pops it in his mouth, happily chewing his find.

LANE AND DOLORES - Surprised.

ROY

If you're smart, you'll have him look you over, too. There's a reason I keep him around besides his sparkling personality.

Pablo pops another bug into his mouth.

ROY

Ticks, chiggers and a whole bunch of other burrowing insects will have a smorgasbord with your scalp if you don't stay one step ahead of 'em.

EXT. SPANISH FORT RUINS - NIGHT(LATER)

Lane lays down under his net. He turns toward Dolores.

LANE
I don't know about you, but I'm
beat.

DOLORES
It's nice and quiet out here, we
should sleep well.

Roy smiles knowingly.

ROY
All right, lights out.

Roy kicks some dirt over the fire and extinguishes it.

He activates a head lamp and lays under his netting. He switches off his lamp and a quiet moment passes.

Suddenly the jungle roars to life with sound. Birds CALL, monkey's HOWL. A peccary OINKS and a host of other jungle sounds fill the night.

ROY
Sleep tight, you two.

LANE
Bite me, asshole.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

They continue down river. As Roy paddles along, he abruptly stops.

DOLORES
What is it?

ROY
Shh.

They all listen quietly for a moment.

Roy quickly shoves his paddle tip in front of Dolores' face.

PADDLE - Three blow darts sink home into wooden paddle.

ROY
Get down, kid.

Lane ducks down, narrowly avoiding two darts that shoot home into the side of the piragua.

Roy raises his paddle into the air above his head.

LANE
What the hell are you doing, man?

ROY
It's all right.

LANE
It's not all right, we were almost just killed if you didn't notice.

ROY
If they wanted us dead, we'd all be floating face down in the water.
(in native dialect)
We're friends. We are friends of the Choco' people.

Three Choco' natives step out from the brush and reveal themselves. They are all adorned with necklaces of silver shells and peccary tusks and tattooed in the traditional Choco' style.

The Choco' reply to Roy.

ROY
They want us to follow 'em.

LANE
Do you think that's a good idea?

ROY
It's either that or gamble with our lives. That first salvo of darts were warning shots, not poisoned, and these boys don't miss much.

LANE
Aren't these the guys you were going to trade with?

ROY
I'll trade with the village elder. Think of these three like tax collectors. We're trespassing on their land without permission and now we've got to pay the toll.

LANE

What do you think they want?

ROY

Probably a bite out of your ass.
They're descended from cannibals
and tradition dies hard around
these parts.

DOLORES - Shocked.

Roy winks at her.

Dolores hides a smile as Lane keeps a watchful eye on their guests.

Roy paddles the canoe toward the bank and beaches the piragua. They grab their gear and follow the Choco'.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

They follow the natives through the jungle.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The group walks into the small village, several huts in a small cluster. As they enter the village, they are surrounded by a group of half naked little native kids.

Dolores smiles as they crowd around her.

One small girl holds a baby jaguar, it belts a loud SCREAM at Dolores as she tries to pet it.

Roy, Lane and Dolores are instructed to sit before a hut where stacks of jungle creature skulls decorate the steps.

Lane watches as one of the Choco' sharpens his machete on a rock.

The native grins at Lane as he sharpens his blade.

LANE

(to himself)

Oh, shit.

Lane quickly turns toward Dolores.

LANE

If anything happens to me, I want
you to know that I love you.

The native with the machete walks toward Lane and raises his machete.

Lane cringes.

Another native throws up a large, pumpkin like, cacao fruit into the air.

The Choco' slices the fruit in two.

Sections of the fruit fall onto the ground next to Lane and Dolores. Lane relaxes.

Roy pulls out some of the seeds and eats them.

ROY

Better eat up. It's not polite to refuse.

Lane and Dolores eat some of the seeds.

LANE

Tastes like chocolate.

ROY

That's 'cause it is. Hershey Bars ain't got nothing on this stuff.

The VILLAGE ELDER, 60s, walks down the hut's steps. He uses a staff adorned with a monkey skull on top to support himself. He wears a head dress of macaw and quetzal feathers.

ROY

(to Elder)

How you been, you old three toed sloth?

LANE

You know him?

ROY

He used to guide for me back when I worked for the agency...We're friends.

The Elder pops Roy in the chest with his staff. Roy doubles over.

ROY

At least we used to be.

Roy turns toward the Elder.

ELDER

Friends don't piss on sacred ways.

ROY

Who's pissing? Nodody's pissing.
We're just looking for permission
to travel through Choco' land.
Just passing through.

ELDER

What have you brought?

Roy digs into his bag and pulls out several six packs of soda pop and handfuls of sugar candy and candy bars which he flings to the people.

The villagers and especially the kids go crazy for the sweets.

Roy pops the top on a can of soda and raises the can in a toast.

ROY

(in Choco')

To your health.

Roy hands the soda to the Elder who happily drinks. The Elder smiles, only a few teeth remaining stuck to his gums, the rest having rotted away.

The Elder lifts the can in a toast to Roy and drinks again.

DOLORES

It looks like you're friends again.

ROY

Sugar, it's the great equalizer.
Junk food is a rare delicacy to
these people.

Lane watches as the rest of the villagers eat and drink. Most of them have several teeth missing or none at all.

LANE

Looks like they've all got a sweet
tooth or at least used to until
they rotted out.

ROY

It's an unfortunate side effect.

Roy takes out several more six packs as well as some two liters.

ROY

This ought to get us some burros
and all the supplies we can carry.

Lane admires a hunter's blowgun propped up against a tree as
the hunter drinks down a can of soda.

ROY

You want that blow gun? I've got
some Tootsie Rolls, a Kit Kat and a
Snickers bar. He'd probably trade
you straight across.

LANE

If you think he'll go for it, sure.

Roy speaks to the hunter in Choco'.

The hunter replies.

ROY

He says throw in some Skittles and
you've got a deal.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Roy ties the last of their gear down onto a burro.

Dolores rubs her burro's head between the ears.

Lane fools around with his blowgun. The hollow tube to his
lips, he inhales and then sharply exhales.

Roy grabs the blowgun from him.

ROY

Inhale before you put it to your
lips. You want a poison dart for
your last meal?

Roy hands him back the blowgun as well as a small wooden dart
case.

Lane opens the case.

Roy pulls out a plain dart with no markings.

ROY

Practice with these.

Roy pulls out a dart with a red band painted on it.

ROY

Not these. I'd hate to tell Dolores a blowjob was your cause of death. There's enough poison in one of these darts to kill ten men. Think about that before you play with this thing.

LANE

You're just a fountain of knowledge, aren't you?

ROY

C.I.A training. I've forgotten more things than you'll ever know.

Roy hands Lane back the blowgun and walks toward the Elder.

ROY

Well, this is the last time you'll probably ever see me. Any parting words for an old friend?

ELDER

Take care...and keep your snake in your pants.

Roy smiles.

The Elder gives Roy a love tap with his monkey skull staff.

Roy doubles over a bit.

ROY

Thanks, I think.

Dolores bends down to play with Pablo.

Roy watches as she bends down, getting a full view of her thong underwear.

Roy grins as he gawks.

Lane notices and rides his burro over toward Roy. Lane holds his blowgun in his free hand.

LANE

What are you doing?

ROY

Admiring the wildlife.

LANE
You mean watching her ass.

ROY
That is what you're paying me for,
isn't it?

LANE
I'm paying you to get us to
Columbia, not dream hump my
fiancee.

ROY
Easy, big cat, you better put your
claws away. I'd hate to have to
rip 'em out of your paws and wear
'em for a necklace.

Lane listens.

ROY
Word to the wise, kid. Don't fuck
with me. You piss me off enough,
I'll jam that blow gun up your ass.

Roy slaps Lane's burro on the rump.

ROY
Vamanos!

Lane's burro trots into the jungle, Lane fights to control
him.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Enrique, Luis and Juan all heavily armed cruise down the
river in a canoe with an outboard motor. At the tiller is a
new addition to the group, JAVIER MENDOZA. 40s, their guide.

They spot Roy's beached canoe and motor toward it to
investigate. They secure their boat and get out.

ENRIQUE
(to Javier)
You think this was his boat?

JAVIER
It's possible.

Javier removes a dart from the piragua and shows the hombres.

JAVIER
Whoever they were, looks like they
had a run in with the Choco'.

Enrique looks over the canoe and then flips it over.

CANOE HULL - The initials R.D. are burned into the inside of
the canoe.

ENRIQUE
Hey, Luis. What's that gringo's
name again that's guiding them?

LUIS
Ray something.

JUAN
No, Rick.

JAVIER
Roy. Roy Drexler.

ENRIQUE
That's the guy. You think you can
follow his trail, Javier?

JAVIER
It's what you pay me for, patron.

Javier begins to look for sign and leads the group into the
jungle.

Enrique shoots a short blast from his machine gun into the
piragua, destroying Roy's initials.

Juan, Luis and Javier look toward Enrique.

ENRIQUE
To match the holes that are going
to go into those two gringo's heads
when we catch them. Let's move,
cuates.

The hombres follow Javier as they delve deeper into the
jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

Roy, Lane and Dolores ride their burros on a jungle trail.
Pablo sits atop the pack burro hauling their supplies.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Javier, Enrique and the guys hack their way through the jungle with machetes following Roy's trail.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

Lane heaves on his burro's lead line, attempting to pull him forward.

Roy rides up next to Lane and surveys the situation. Roy dismounts, and fires his pistol into the air.

A jaguar bounds from the brush away from them.

Roy remounts and rides on. Lane collects himself, remounts and rides on as well.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Enrique and his men walk along when they are suddenly set upon by the Choco'.

Juan takes a few warning darts in the neck. He extracts the darts and examines them.

Enrique immediately opens up with his machine gun.

JAVIER

No, don't!

Juan and Luis open up as well.

A poison dart shoots into Luis' chest, he falls to the ground dead.

The Choco' continue to blow darts at them from the cover of the jungle.

Enrique spends his ammo and bends down to change his clip.

A poison dart embeds itself into the tree where Enrique's head was a second ago.

JAVIER

Run!

They make a hasty retreat deeper into the jungle.

Juan lies dead in the undergrowth, his eyes lifeless.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Roy takes a nap, propped up against a tree.

Lane shoots a practice dart into a tree.

DOLORES
You're getting better.

LANE
I'll master this thing before we
hit the border, you watch me.

Lane retrieves his dart and gets set for another shot when
the...

PACK BURRO - Starts BRAYING and bucking.

The BRAYING wakes Roy, and he quickly gets up.

The pack burro bolts into the brush. Roy pursues.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

The burro jumps into the water and begins to swim across.

CROCODILE - Slips into the water.

ROY - Runs after the burro and stops quickly as he hears the
burro BRAY desperately and then silence. Roy continues on.

He reaches the stream and sees a ripped pack floating in the
water but no burro.

He sees a crocodile tail break the surface for a moment and
then disappear under the water.

ROY
Shit.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Roy comes back into camp and moves toward the other burros.
He looks them over from a distance.

BURROS' NECKS - Crawling with bats

Roy breaks a switch off of a nearby tree and begins swatting
the bats away.

ROY
God damned vampire bats.

Roy continues to swat them vigorously and they fly off.

Roy turns toward Lane and Dolores.

ROY
What the hell happened? You two
were supposed to be on watch.

DOLORES
We're sorry.

ROY
Sorry...sorry is what we're going
to be. Damn near all the supplies
just went A.W.O.L.

LANE
Couldn't you catch the burro?

ROY
The burro is dead, muerto,
crocodile food thanks to you two.

LANE
You're a survival expert, right?
We've got your gun and my blow
pipe. We'll be OK, right?

ROY
This little adventure has been a
walk in the park until now. We've
still got twenty to thirty miles of
rough country up ahead.

LANE
Well, I guess you'll have something
to do now besides leer at Dolores,
won't you?

ROY - Angry.

ROY
You're going to make me earn my
money, aren't you?

LANE
According to you, you're worth
every penny.

ROY

You know, I should have stayed home and whacked off. It would have been a hell of a lot more fun than wet nursing you two.

LANE

As opposed to the circle jerk we're on now.

Roy moves toward Lane.

ROY

One more crack out of you, and you're going to limp into Columbia.

Lane moves in closer toward Roy.

LANE

I'm not afraid of you. You may have been hot shit in the C.I.A when butt rock was all the rage but now you're an over the hill asshole who's only friend is a disease ridden, bug infested, babbling, chattering idiot.

Pablo chitters.

ROY

Nobody badmouths my monkey.

LANE

I just did. What are you going to do about it, shit-head?

Before Lane can blink, Roy shoots a hellacious spin kick that Chuck Norris would be proud of into Lane's chest.

DOLORES - Surprised.

Lane is propelled backward into a tree trunk. He sucks in breath, the wind knocked out of him.

Roy is on him like a jungle cat.

DOLORES - Worried.

Roy puts Lane in a headlock as he tries to catch his breath.

ROY
That's right. Catch your breath,
take in some air. You're going to
need all of your strength as you
and I explore the definition of the
words...intense pain.

Suddenly Dolores SCREAMS.

Roy and Lane look toward her.

DOLORES
Something just bit me.

Roy drops Lane. Lane falls like a sack of spuds and
continues to struggle to catch his breath.

Roy quickly moves toward Dolores who sits on the ground.

ROY
Where are you hurt?

Dolores points to the back of her thigh.

ROY
I'm going to pull you up, OK?

Dolores nods weakly.

Roy takes her hands and pulls her upright.

ROY
Unbutton your pants.

Dolores looks toward Lane, still out of breath on the ground.

ROY
Do it.

Dolores unbuttons her pants and Roy quickly pulls her pants
down.

DOLORES' PANTS - A scorpion crawls out from them.

Roy quickly steps on it. He picks up the body and looks over
Dolores' wound.

DOLORES' REAR - To the left of her thong underwear, there is
a large welt like sting mark on her butt cheek.

ROY
You want the bad news first or the
good?

DOLORES
The bad.

ROY
Well, you've got a nasty scorpion
sting on your left cheek.

DOLORES
And the good?

ROY
Doctor Drexler is here to make
everything all better.

Roy rips the head and torso off of the dead scorpion and
squeezes the innards onto Dolores' sting.

Roy rubs the gooey guts all over her wound thoroughly.

DOLORES
What are you doing?

ROY
Jungle first-aid.

Roy continues to rub.

ROY
There you go, all done. That's a
good girl.

Roy pats her ass twice.

LANE - Seething.

Dolores pulls her pants up.

ROY
(to Dolores)
I don't know about you, but I feel
better.

DOLORES
It does feel kind of numb now.
Thank you.

ROY
We better keep a close eye on it.
A nasty sting like that can turn
septic out here. I'll look it over
again before we bed down.

Roy looks toward Lane.

ROY

We don't want anybody feeling under the weather on this trip. Do we, Lane?

Lane glares at Roy as he collects himself.

EXT. JUNGLE CANOPY - DAY

A toucan sits perched on a tree branch.

Lane steadies his blow gun and aims.

The dart sticks into the tree below the toucan. The bird flies off.

Roy walks up behind Lane and grabs the blowgun from him.

ROY

Give me that thing.

LANE

I'm starting to get the hang of it.

ROY

Yeah, well while you're getting the hang of it, I'm starving to death. Give me your darts.

Lane reluctantly hands Roy the darts.

LANE

Why don't you hunt up something with your gun?

Roy draws the Alaskan out.

ROY

Anything I shoot with this short of a Grizzly bear is going to be blown to hell and back. We want to eat, not look for what's left of something.

Roy climbs up a tree and sits on a branch.

ROY

The closer we get to the Columbian border the more we've got to look out for guerillas, too. We're getting into their territory.

Roy rests the blowgun's pipe on his foot.

ROY

A shot from the old Alaskan would
be like sending up a signal flair.
Now do me a favor and get out of my
sight, preferably somewhere down
wind so I can hunt.

Lane starts to walk away.

ROY

Why don't you keep, Dolores
company? Make sure she's ready for
when I get back. Getting an eyeful
of her rear end ought to calm me
down after sitting up here all day
to feed your sorry ass.

Lane glares at Roy and walks off. As Lane walks off he
brushes up against a thorny bush.

The bush cuts his forearm.

LANE

Ow!

EXT, JUNGLE - DAY(LATER)

Roy keeps a watchful eye from his perch.

A peccary, a Panamanian wild pig, roots around for food in
the underbrush. The pig uses his tusks to dig.

Roy readies a dart.

The pig moves closer and Roy lets fly.

Roy's shot hits home.

Roy grins.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Lane plays tick, tack, toe with Pablo. Lane makes an X next
to another X with a stick.

Pablo puts his paw print in an empty box, blocking Lane and
winning the game. Pablo grabs a stick from the ground and
draws a line through his winning three paw prints.

Lane throws his stick down in frustration.

DOLORES
What is it?

LANE
God damned monkey is smarter than
me.

DEAD PECCARY - Lands on Lane and Pablo's game.

Lane looks up at Roy.

ROY
Stick a fork in him, he's done.

Roy also tosses a handful of nuts down on the ground.

DOLORES
What are these?

ROY
Trupa nuts. Don't eat more than a
handful at once, though...the acid
in 'em will burn off the enamel on
your teeth.

Dolores hands Lane some of the nuts and notices something
strange on Lane's arm.

DOLORES
Lane, my God, what happened to your
arm?

LANE'S ARM - There is a lumpy mass on it.

LANE
I don't know.

Roy walks toward Lane and looks over the lump.

ROY
Botfly. One must have got under
your skin and layed some eggs.

LANE
Jesus. How do I get 'em out?

ROY
You got three options. You can let
it be and in about six weeks the
eggs will hatch and maggots will
squirm out of your skin.

Dolores bunches her face in disgust.

LANE

I'll pass. What's option two?

ROY

Stick a slab of fresh meat over the spot where they entered and try and lure the larva into a new host.

LANE

And the third?

Roy grabs his personal pack and digs into it. He pulls out a jar of Vaseline, some duct tape and some super-glue.

ROY

Smear some petroleum jelly over their breathing hole, put a piece of tape over that and seal it up with some super-glue.

Lane listens.

ROY

By morning all them larva will be near suffocation, gathered around that breathing hole searching for air. I'll yank the tape off and squeeze 'em out.

LANE

You mean pop it like a zit?

ROY

Yeah.

LANE

Let's go with door number three.

Roy coats Lane's infection with the Vaseline. He liberates a bottle of chicha from his bag and takes a drink.

ROY

Helps steady my nerves.

LANE

Give me some of that.

DOLORES

Do you think that's a good idea?

LANE
Would you want to be sober with
maggots living inside of you?

DOLORES
Give him the bottle.

Roy hands Lane the bottle, and he takes a large drink. Lane coughs violently as he drinks the chicha.

ROY
You done?

LANE
One more.

Lane takes another drink, producing the same result.

Roy takes the bottle and hands it over to Dolores. Dolores takes a drink as she watches Roy work on Lane.

Roy rips off a piece of duct tape and coats the sticky side with super-glue.

He puts the tape on Lane's lump and runs a bead of glue around the edges of the tape.

ROY
There we go. That looks like it's
nice and air tight to me.

Roy puts the glue, tape and Vaseline away. He stands and picks up the peccary.

ROY
Who's hungry?

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Lane, Roy and Dolores eat roasted peccary.

ROY
The whole invasion was bull shit.

Roy, Pablo on his shoulder, takes a drink of chicha and passes the bottle to Dolores.

Dolores takes a drink and passes it to Lane.

ROY

Noreiga was giving aid to Nicaraguan contras at the request of the U.S. government and we let him traffic drugs in return.

Lane listens.

ROY

Kind of a you scratch my back and we'll give you hundreds of thousands of tax free dollars to funnel as much cocaine into America as you can kind of a thing.

LANE

Wasn't the eighties supposed to be the war on drugs?

Lane drinks.

ROY

Your God damned right it was. Brings hypocrisy to a new level, doesn't it?

Dolores takes a drink and listens.

ROY

And the only reason...the only reason we invaded was because a C.I.A pilot was shot down over Nicaragua hauling documents that proved we were supporting Noreiga.

Roy gets the bottle and drinks some more.

ROY

He became what we call in the Agency a public relations liability. I mean you can't have the most anti-drug government in the world publicly supporting the world's largest drug dealer, can you?

LANE

It's un-American.

ROY

'Operation Just Cause,' we called it.

(MORE)

ROY(cont'd)

Should have been, Operation just
'cause we got caught with our pants
down.

DOLORES

How many civilians were killed when
the troops came?

ROY

Too many. The whole damn thing
makes me sick just thinking about
it.

Lane passes out and begins to snore, the chicha having
knocked him out.

ROY

Can I ask you something?

DOLORES

Si.

ROY

What do you see in that guy? I
mean you're muy caliente. You
could do better than him.

Dolores takes another drink of chicha.

DOLORES

You don't know Lane like I do.
He's honest, sweet, loyal...

ROY

So's Pablo, but you don't see me
marrying up with him.

Pablo chitters.

Dolores laughs.

DOLORES

I know your plan. You want to get
me drunk so you can take advantage
of me.

ROY

I don't recall forcing that bottle
into your hand.

Dolores drinks some more.

DOLORES
Lane would never take advantage of
me.

ROY
Must be hard on your sex life.

Dolores drunkenly giggles and then suddenly stops.

DOLORES
That's not funny.

Dolores erupts into laughter again.

ROY
You're the only chick I've met who
laughs when she's angry.

DOLORES
It's the chicha, it makes me giddy.

ROY
I hadn't noticed.

Dolores laughs some more.

ROY
You know, I used to be in the
C.I.A. Women usually get hot when
they hear that.

DOLORES
I'm not that easy.

ROY
Says you. I've had your pants off
plenty of times in the last few
days. Speaking of which, you
better let me take a look at your
wound.

DOLORES
I don't think that's a good idea.

ROY
It's your ass, not mine. If you
want it to get infected, that's up
to you.

Dolores relents and drops her pants.

Roy takes a look, placing his hands on her rump.

DOLORES
How does it look?

ROY
Pretty damn good from where I'm
sitting.

Roy slides his hand up her right thigh, caressing her.

DOLORES
What are you doing?

ROY
Just trying to give you medical
attention.

DOLORES
My sting is on the other side.

ROY
I like to be thorough.

Dolores turns toward him, her pants still down.

DOLORES
You know you can be a real jerk
sometimes.

ROY
Most women like that about me...You
know what your problem is? You're
used to light beer.

Dolores listens.

ROY
What you need is hard liquor. A
bite out of some forbidden fruit
would do you some good.

Dolores kneels down next to him and leans in toward him,
their lips inches apart.

DOLORES
It might also turn me into a really
big slut.

ROY
I'm willing to take that chance if
you are.

DOLORES
I...I feel tired.

Dolores passes out.

Roy looks at Lane and then at Dolores.

ROY
You kids today...you can't hold
your liquor worth a damn.

Roy grabs the chicha bottle and drinks.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Lane wakes up as Roy kicks some dirt over the fire.

Lane sees Dolores sleeping under her mosquito netting, her pants still down and her thong showing.

Lane gets up and walks toward her. He turns and glares at Roy.

LANE
What the hell?

ROY
Relax, nothing happened.

LANE
Then why are her pants down?

ROY
Sorry, I must have forgot to pull
'em up. We were both pretty drunk.

LANE - Incredulous.

ROY
Look. I made a pass, and she shot
me down. End of story.

LANE
Bullshit! You got her liquored up
so you could talk her into jumping
on your excuse for a dick. I know
how guys like you operate.

ROY
That was my plan, yeah.

LANE
You, sleazy prick.

ROY

I'm sorry, kid. I can't help it. I'm a heel, a cad, an asshole...like you say a sleazy prick. You turn into one after you've spent a decade plus living in a shit-hole and after a while you stop trying to climb out.

Lane listens.

ROY

If it's any consolation, she wasn't having none of it. All she did was talk about how great you are. She sees something in you. God knows what it is. You've got a good woman there. I'd hang onto her if I were you.

LANE

I plan to.

ROY

You ready to get those foreign objects out from under your skin?

LANE

Yeah, I don't need any more parasites in my life.

Roy grabs Lane's arm.

ROY

When I pop it, it's going to blow like old faithful. Tilt your head back and keep your mouth closed.

Lane leans back and closes his mouth.

Roy rips the tape off

LANE

God damn it! That hurt.

ROY

Here we go...big push.

Roy pops the infected lump.

ROY

There she blows!

Roy grabs the last of the chicha and pours it over Lane's wound.

LANE
Ah, shit! That stings.

ROY
You're telling me, that was the last of the hooch.

Lane continues to hold his arm.

Dolores stirs.

DOLORES
Lane.

She starts to get up but notices her pants are down.

DOLORES
Why am I half naked?

LANE
Ask El Capitan.

ROY
I thought it would be good to air out the infection.

Dolores pulls her pants back on.

DOLORES
I take it the operation was a success.

Roy puts his hand on Lane's shoulder.

ROY
I'd like to say he took it like a man but...

Lane knocks Roy's hand from his shoulder.

DOLORES
(to Lane)
Are you all right?

LANE
I'll be doing a hell of a lot better when we get to Columbia.

EXT. CAMP - DAY(LATER)

Javier examines the camp for sign.

JAVIER
There's three sets of tracks. It's
a good bet it's them.

ENRIQUE
How far ahead of us are they?

JAVIER
A day, maybe a little less.

Javier looks at Enrique.

ENRIQUE
Que paso?

JAVIER
We're nearing the border. The
closer we get the more likely we'll
run into some Columbian rebels.

ENRIQUE
So what?

JAVIER
They're not known for being
neighborly. We'd be outgunned if
we got into a fire fight.

JUAN
Who do you think sells them their
guns? The Reyes Cartel...

Enrique coughs.

JUAN
The Alvarez Cartel. We just don't
sell drugs. We're in arms sales,
prostitution and the mercenary
business.

Javier listens.

JUAN
We're trying to diversify.

ENRIQUE

A third of the men in the
Revolutionary Armed Forces of
Columbia are our boys.

JUAN

War is big business.

ENRIQUE

Politics even bigger. If we can
put our own man in power in
Columbia, the sky is the limit.
Viva la revolucion! Let's move.

They start moving.

ENRIQUE

We've got better things to do than
stand around here feeding the
mosquitos.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Roy, Lane and Dolores ride their burros across the stream.

EXT. STREAM BANK - DAY

They follow the stream, riding along the bank.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Javier follows some hoofprints left by the group, keeping hot
on their trail.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

Roy and crew ride by a waterfall, a series of hills behind
it.

EXT. STREAM BANK - DAY

Enrique and his men push hard along the stream bank, closing
the gap.

EXT. HILLS - DAY

Roy, Lane and Dolores traverse the hills as they near the Colombian border.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

Enrique and the boys march hard as they pass by the waterfall.

EXT. JUNGLE HILLS - DAY

A squad of Colombian rebels treks through the jungle. All are armed to the teeth and look pissed off. They are lead by a gaunt man, 30s, EL BUITRE.

Roy watches the guerillas from an opposing hillside through a pair of binoculars, his position hidden by a stand of trees and brush.

ROY
Shit.

LANE
What?

ROY
El Buitre.

LANE
The vulture.

ROY
They call him that because once you see him, you know death ain't far off. His real name is Hector Vaquez.

Roy lowers his binoculars.

ROY
When I was with the agency I supervised him. He handled any local wet work that needed doing.

LANE
Did he like you?

ROY

One time he told me that I had beautiful eyes and that he'd like to display them on a shelf in his house next to the flayed skin of the first man he killed. Does that count?

LANE

Humanitarian, huh?

ROY

One of Uncle Sam's finest.

LANE

He sounds beyond crazy.

ROY

Crazy doesn't cover it, mentally disturbed either. He's more what I like to call seriously fucked in the head. We don't want to be in the same vector as this guy.

Roy puts his binoculars back in his pack.

ROY

If we push hard, we can probably make the border by tomorrow night. You two up for some hard riding?

Suddenly a stream of bullets impacts the ground near the burros.

ROY

Move your asses! Ha, burro! Ha!

They ride their burros for all they're worth away from...

COLUMBIAN REBEL SCOUTS - Open up on them with machine guns. They pursue Roy and company on foot.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Roy and crew ride hard away from their pursuers.

LANE

Why don't you fire back?

ROY

You've got to use two hands to fire a fifty caliber pistol.

(MORE)

ROY(cont'd)

You try firing the Alaskan with one
and you'll break a wrist.

The Guerilla scouts push toward them.

ROY

Follow me.

Lane and Dolores follow Roy as he leads them into some thick
brush.

Roy dismounts.

ROY

Get down.

They all get down and hunker in the brush.

ROY

Listen up. If things go south and
we get separated head for the
mountains, Columbia is just on the
other side.

LANE

Separated?

ROY

I've got to get these guys off of
our tails or we ain't going
anywhere.

Roy takes Pablo off of his shoulders and hands him to
Dolores.

ROY

Look after him, will you?

DOLORES

Of course.

Roy leans in and kisses Dolores.

LANE - Shocked.

ROY

(to Lane)

Sorry, Peace Corps, but if I'm
going out today, I'm going out
satisfied.

Lane listens.

ROY

You can lay one on my jaw if we all live through this. I'll give you a free shot. Adios.

Roy slips away through the brush.

EXT. GAME TRAIL - DAY

Three Columbian scouts move down the trail single file.

Roy braces up against a tree and takes aim with both hands. BOOM!!! Roy lets fly. The recoil sends him back a step as he fires.

COLOMBIANS - The fifty caliber bullet rips through all three of them. They all fall dead to the ground in unison.

ROY

Fifty caliber, accept no substitutes.

Roy has little time to relax as bullets impact the tree near his head.

Roy sprints away from his pursuers around a bend. He quickly turns about face as he finds he is pursued by a mob of six guerillas.

Roy jumps behind a downed log and fires another shot from the Alaskan.

A Columbian rebel goes down, blown back off of his feet.

The rest of the guerillas scatter.

Roy searches for a shot when he finds a machete placed under his neck.

Roy drops his gun and looks up to see El Buitre.

ROY

Hector, buddy. Long time no see. You still a homicidal maniac or what?

El Buitre knocks Roy on the head with his machete handle. Roy goes out like a light.

EL BUITRE

Montoya.

MONTOYA, 30s, a burly guerilla, picks up Roy's pistol and sticks it in his belt. He grabs Roy like a rag doll and slings him over his shoulder.

El Buitre leads his men through the jungle single file.

LANE - Watches the Colombians carry Roy away through binoculars.

Lane hands the binoculars to Dolores, and she looks.

DOLORES
We have to help him.

LANE
What are we going to do against soldiers besides get killed? He told us to head to the mountains.

DOLORES
He's going to die if we don't do something.

LANE
There's a hell of a lot more of them than us, and they've all got automatic weapons. What do we have?

Lane grabs his blowgun off of his burro's saddle.

LANE
A blowgun, some donkeys and Pablo.

DOLORES
How many times has he saved us?

LANE
But that was his job, that's what we paid him to do.

DOLORES
Without him we'd already be dead, and you know it.

LANE - Dolores' words hit home.

DOLORES
He may be a mercenary, but I'm not, and I don't think you are either. If there's a chance we can save him, we have to try.

Pablo jumps onto Lane's shoulder and looks at Lane.

PABLO - His brown eyes seemingly pleading.

DOLORES - Her brown eyes pleading as well.

LANE

I must love you more than life
because I have a feeling I'm going
to lose mine trying to save that
jerk-off.

Dolores embraces Lane.

DOLORES

I knew I could count on you.

Pablo joins in the embrace.

EXT. JUNGLE GUERRILLA CAMP - DAY

El Buitre and his men herd Roy, now awake, into camp, a few scattered huts in a clearing.

Montoya shoves Roy every few steps to keep him moving.

As El Buitre and crew walk in, they are met by Enrique and his guys. El Buitre and Enrique exchange a manly embrace.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Lane and Dolores observe the camp from the safety of the jungle growth.

Lane watches the soldiers enter the camp through binoculars.

LANE

Great. Just great.

Lane hands Dolores the binoculars, and she looks.

DOLORES - Angry

DOLORES

Hijo de puta.

DOLORES P.O.V - Enrique bashes Roy across the face.

EXT. JUNGLE GUERRILLA CAMP - DAY

Enrique bashes Roy across the face again with his gun. Roy looks up at him, his face now bloodied.

ROY
Is that all you got? Come on, hit me like you got a pair.

Enrique hits him again, a punishing blow.

ENRIQUE
Was that hard enough for you, gringo?

ROY
No, you still punch like a bitch.

Roy spits a stream of blood on Enrique's boots.

ROY
You better let Hector pinch hit for you. At least when he lays one on me, I know there will be some balls behind it.

Enrique hits Roy again, knocking him out and curses him colorfully in Spanish as he holds his now hurt fist.

El Buitre kneels down next to Roy's face and pours some water on him from a canteen, bringing him around.

ENRIQUE
Where is Dolores Reyes and her fiancée?

ROY
Up your ass. I'm sure Hector would be happy to look for you.

Roy turns toward El Buitre.

ROY
You still dig dudes right, Hector?

Hector kicks Roy in the face.

Roy shakes it off as best as he can.

EL BUITRE
Take him to my quarters.

Two guerillas pick Roy up.

ROY
This is just like old times,
Hector. All we're missing is a
torture chamber.

El Buitre grins.

ROY
You're going to work on me
personally?

EL BUITRE
Si.

ROY
I'm honored. Really I am.

El Buitre motions for his men to take him away. The two guerillas drag Roy off.

ROY
(singing)
Reunited and it feels so good...

EL BUITRE
(to Enrique)
He's not going to break easy.

ENRIQUE
But you can do it, right?

EL BUITRE
Si, he'll talk. They always do if
you ask them the right way.

ENRIQUE
The right way?

EL BUITRE
You don't want to know.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Lane armed with the blowgun and Dolores with a machete cautiously approach the camp through the brush. Pablo is perched on Dolores' shoulder.

Montoya moves toward them with a bottle of chicha in one hand and a semi-automatic weapon slung around his shoulder.

Montoya takes a drink, lets out a sigh of relief and takes another drink...

Lane blows a dart at him.

MONTROYA - A poison dart sinks into his chest. Montoya drops his bottle and looks down as another dart shoots into him. A moment passes and Montoya hits the dirt.

Dolores and Lane rush out from the brush.

Lane grabs his machine gun and spare clips. Dolores reclaims Roy's pistol.

Lane stares into Montoya's lifeless eyes.

DOLORES

What is it?

LANE

(remorseful)

I've...I've never killed anyone before. I feel kind of shitty.

DOLORES

What do you think he would have done to us if he had the chance?

Lane thinks over Dolores' words.

Dolores grabs several grenades from Montoya's belt.

DOLORES

These should even the odds a little if we run into trouble.

LANE

Come on, let's get him into the bushes before somebody comes looking for him.

They drag the body into the brush.

EXT. TORTURE CHAMBER - DAY

Roy's hands are strung up by leather thongs attached to one of the hut's cross beams above him.

El Buitre rips Roy's shirt off.

ROY

Date rape! Date rape! Never a cop around when you need one.

(MORE)

ROY(cont'd)

You know my ex was right, men are only interested in one thing.

El Buitre clips an electrode to each of Roy's nipples.

ROY

Be gentle. It's my first time.

El Buitre moves toward a car battery and sits. He turns up the voltage dial.

Roy grimaces and grunts in pain.

El Buitre grins and ups the voltage some more.

Roy screams and El Buitre turns the dial off.

ROY - In much pain and suffering, hangs his head.

El Buitre walks toward him and lifts his head up.

EL BUITRE

Was that as good for you as it was for me?

Roy spits in El Buitre's face.

El Buitre smiles and takes an electrode clips off of a nipple. He forces Roy's mouth open and puts the clip on his tongue.

EL BUITRE

That should curb your tongue.

ROY

We all have different ways of coping with stress. I make fun of people...you, you like to get pissed on by other men and fuck farm animals.

El Buitre slugs Roy in the gut.

ROY

Or maybe it was the other way around.

He hits him again.

ROY

I hit a nerve, didn't I, Hector? I can tell. You always got aggressive when you were embarrassed.

(MORE)

ROY(cont'd)

This is just like that time I
caught you jerking off to a copy of
Guns and Ammo.

Another slug to the gut.

EXT. JUNGLE GUERRILLA CAMP - DAY

Enrique and his guys drink some coffee with some of the
rebels. A chilling SCREAM emanates from the torture
chamber. All of the men look toward El Buitre's hut.

Enrique turns toward Juan.

ENRIQUE

You've got to respect a man who
loves his work the way he does.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Lane and Dolores and Pablo move closer toward camp. They
stop as they hear Roy's SCREAM and look toward one another
with concern.

EXT. TORTURE CHAMBER - DAY

A steady stream of saliva runs down from Roy's mouth.

El Buitre removes the electric clip from Roy's tongue.

EL BUITRE

What? Nothing to say? No insults?
No smart ass remarks? You're
getting soft in your old age,
amigo.

Roy weakly lifts his head.

ELDER

The Roy I knew wouldn't have broken
for at least an hour.

El Buitre checks his watch.

EL BUITRE

We're only fifteen minutes in. I
expected more from you.

ROY

(a bit broken)
I'm sorry...to disappoint

EL BUITRE

That spark of life has gone out of your eyes...and yes, I'm still going to cut them out of your sockets.

ROY

If you didn't...I would have been disappointed.

EL BUITRE

You've become a broken shell of a man.

ROY

Five hundred volts will do that.

EL BUITRE

Do you feel like talking yet or should we continue the session?

El Buitre draws a knife and begins to sharpen it with a nearby whetstone.

EL BUITRE

I think you know where the electrodes are going next and out of respect for who you used to be, I'm going to shave them for you.

El Buitre tests the blades sharpness by pricking his thumb on the blade.

EL BUITRE

We don't want to burn your pubic hair.

ROY

You're all heart. I smell an ulterior motive.

EL BUITRE

You found me out. When we are done I'm going to eat your cojones for dinner. Over the years I've developed quite a taste for them. They go well with chiles.

El Buitre sharpens the blade some more.

ROY

I've only got two things to say to that...I hope you choke on 'em, and you're going to need a bigger knife.

EXT. JUNGLE GUERRILLA CAMP - DAY

Lane gives Dolores a nod. She pulls the pin on a grenade and throws it under a hut.

Lane pulls a pin on his grenade and tosses it under another hut.

Lane and Dolores run away from the two huts.

Enrique enjoys his coffee and as he is drinking...

A hut explodes.

A startled Enrique spills coffee all over himself.

ENRIQUE

(in Spanish)

Shit.

Another hut goes up. BOOM!!

The rebels run around the camp in a panicked state.

Javier sneaks off into the jungle, having had enough.

Lane, Pablo and Dolores move toward the torture hut.

Three soldiers come barreling around a hut cutting them off.

Lane immediately raises his machine gun and pulls the trigger, it doesn't fire.

DOLORES

Safety.

Lane quickly flips off the safety catch and fires sporadically but manages to shoot the rebels down.

Lane looks at the dead bodies and then at Dolores in disbelief. They have no time to discuss as several more guerillas open up on them.

Lane and Dolores dive for cover behind a nearby hut.

Lane returns fire.

Pablo makes his way toward the torture hut.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - DAY

El Buitre reacts to the sound of the explosions.

EXT. TORTURE CHAMBER - DAY

He pokes his head out and observes the two burning huts and the fire fight. El Buitre moves back inside his hut.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - DAY

Roy hangs limply from his bonds.

ROY
What's the matter, Hector? Trouble
in paradise?

El Buitre moves toward Roy and backhands him across the face.

EL BUITRE
We'll continue this later.

PABLO - Pokes his head in the tent as El Buitre talks to Roy.

Roy notices him.

El Buitre starts to turn toward the hut's door, but before he can...

ROY
Maybe I'm not the only one going
soft. You used to finish what you
started no matter what.

EL BUITRE
Are you in a hurry to die?

ROY
I may be a broken shell of a man,
but I'm still one thing you're not.

El Buitre moves closer to Roy.

EL BUITRE
And what's that?

ROY
Alive...Pablo, grenade.

Pablo jumps onto El Buitre's hip and pulls the pin on the grenade dangling from his belt.

Roy pulls himself up by his bonds and kicks El Buitre in the back as he tries to get the grenade off of his belt.

El Buitre stumbles forward out the hut's door and explodes in spectacular fashion.

The force of the blast sends Roy reeling back, his bonds breaking in the process.

He's blown out the back side of the hut. Roy collects himself and shakes out the cobwebs.

Pablo runs to him and jumps into his arms.

ROY
I owe you a banana, buddy.

EXT. JUNGLE GUERRILLA CAMP - DAY

Two guerillas pin down Lane and Dolores.

Lane hurls another grenade at them, and they're blown to bits.

LANE
Come on.

Lane and Dolores move around the back side of a hut and run right into Enrique and Juan.

Enrique smacks Lane with his gun butt, sending him reeling. Lane drops his gun in the process.

Juan grabs Dolores, quickly disarming her. He hurls the Alaskan away.

Enrique confidently strides toward Lane, his machine gun trained on Lane's head.

Lane crawls backward as fast as he can.

ENRIQUE
There's nowhere to run. This is it, gringo. The end, el fin.

Lane continues moving back.

ENRIQUE
 You've stolen from me, and now you
 must pay the price.

LANE
 She was never yours to steal.

ENRIQUE
 She's mine now.

Dolores continues struggling in Juan's iron grip.

ENRIQUE
 If it helps you make peace, know
 that I will care for her and love
 her with all of mi corazon.

LANE
 The same way you loved her father.

ENRIQUE
 A regrettable turn of events but
 necessary much like your death.

Enrique takes aim and as he does...

Roy pilfers a knife from a dead guerilla and hurls it.

ENRIQUE'S HAND - Roy's knife shoots home. Enrique drops his
 weapon.

Lane looks toward Roy.

ROY
 The gun, kid. Get the gun.

Lane and Enrique both go for the gun, wrestling for control
 of it.

JUAN - Surprised at the turn of events.

Dolores stamps on his feet and breaks free from him. She
 gives him a fierce kick to the family jewels.

Juan keels over in much pain.

LANE AND ENRIQUE - Locked in a power struggle for control of
 the gun.

Lane knees Enrique repeatedly in the kidney and manages to
 land a hard punch into his chin.

Enrique turns and ends up on top of Lane, choking him with the machine gun's barrel.

ROY - Concerned.

Enrique uses all of his might and positions the barrel right at Lane's head.

Lane pushes the gun barrel at the last second before Enrique fires a blast point blank.

Lane screams in pain, the gun's shots deafening at so close a range.

With what strength he has left, Lane flips Enrique off of him.

Lane takes in a much needed breath but finds Enrique has him covered with the machine gun.

ENRIQUE

Enough games. Time to die.

DOLORES - Holding the Alaskan aimed at Enrique's chest. She fires. BOOM!!

The recoil sends her flying back.

Enrique looks down at his chest. A fifty caliber hole in it. He looks at Lane in his last moment and then dies.

Lane gets up and runs toward Dolores who is on the ground, nursing her hand.

LANE

Are you all right?

DOLORES

I think my hand is broken.

Roy walks toward them, Pablo on his shoulder. He picks up the Alaskan.

ROY

I told you. You've got to use two hands.

LANE

What about the rest of the guerillas? Are we safe?

ROY
They scattered into the jungle.
You two put on a hell of an
offensive. They probably thought
the Marines had landed.

Lane and Dolores share a smile.

ROY
By the time they figure out what's
what, we'll be living it up in
Bogata.

EXT. JUNGLE GUERILLA CAMP - DAY(LATER)

Lane hoists Dolores up onto her burro. He walks toward his
burro when...

ROY
Hey, Peace Corps. Come here.

Lane walks toward Roy who sits on the porch of one of the
huts, Pablo as always on his shoulder.

ROY
I have to admit, when I first met
you, I thought you were a little
pussy.

Lane listens.

ROY
But you saved my ass, you and your
girl. You came through in the
clutch.

Roy digs into his pocket and produces Lane's engagement ring.

ROY
You earned this back.

A grateful Lane accepts the ring. He looks at it in his palm
for a second and then clenches his fist around the ring.

He socks Roy in the jaw, knocking him backward.

Roy glares at Lane.

LANE
You said you would give me a free
shot.

ROY

I thought you'd give me a little time to recuperate. I just went through a torture session with a homicidal maniac you know.

LANE

I thought it'd be best to get it over and done with.

ROY

Fair enough, but if you try and hit me again, I'll castrate you in front of Dolores.

LANE

Noted.

Lane helps Roy up and they walk back toward the burros.

LANE

Since you're in a giving mood, you think you might be willing to hand back my seven thousand five hundred?

ROY

(smiling)

Not a chance.

Lane slips the ring on Dolores' finger. They kiss passionately.

Roy grins.

Pablo stares at Roy.

ROY

What are you looking at? I might do anything for a buck, but I still got a heart.

EXT. JUNGLE GUERRILLA CAMP - DAY(LATER)

Roy, Pablo on his shoulder, Lane and Dolores all ride their burros toward the hills and Columbia in the distance.

ROY

So, you two, when's the wedding?

LANE
You're not invited.

FADE OUT.