

ON BLACK:

"A MAN MUST LOOK AT HIS LIFE AND THINK LUXURY."

FADE IN:

EXT. GUARJIRA, COLOMBIA - 1989 - DAY

A majestic panorama of the lush green slopes that are the Columbian highlands. A faint chopping sound IS HEARD and then another. WHOOSH. WHOOSH. The view changes and tiny dots appear on the hillside vegetation. WHOOSH.

CLOSER

We realize the dots are people. Workers swinging long steel machetes in slow methodical rhythm. WHOOSH. WHOOSH. WE SEE the South American Indian MEN clearly now. Their tar stained teeth. Their gaunt faces riddled with crow's feet. Their jaws chewing away on huge wads of coca leaves as they collect the harvest.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - COLOMBIA - DAY

Old rickety trucks carrying the huge green tractor-sized bales speed along the narrow road.

EXT. CLEARING - COLOMBIA - DAY

The bundles are undone and Columbian women separate out the leaves. Tribes of underweight workers carry armload after armload of the harvest and ritualistically dump them into a gigantic cannibal pot which sits on top of a raging bonfire. The leaves are being boiled down and a huge plume of smoke streaks the sky. Wizened Indios brave the heat and shovel ashes into the pot to cool the solution.

INT. JUNGLE - COLOMBIA - DAY

A primitive but enormous makeshift lab contains all the equipment. The machinery. The solutions. The over-sized vats. Dark-skinned bandoleros smoke cigarettes and sport automatic weapons at all the points of entry. The coca is now a "basuco" paste and is being sent in for a wash.

INT. LABORATORY - COLOMBIA - 1989 - DAY

A conveyor belt pours out brick after brick of pure cocaine hydrochloride. The bricks are wrapped, tied up, weighed, and stamped with a "P" before being thrown into duffel bags.

EXT. JUNGLE AIRSTRIP - COLOMBIA - DAY

A small twin-engine Cessna is loaded with dozens of duffel bags and the plane takes off.

EXT. VERO BEACH AIRFIELD - NIGHT

The Cessna touches down.

EXT. WORKSITE - WEYMOUTH - 1966 - DAY

The worksite is busy. George is amongst other workers, working a summer job. As George is taking five, he looks across the sight to Fred, who is sweeping up debris. A long way from being the boss.

INT. COLLEGE ADMISSIONS OFFICE - WEYMOUTH - 1966 - DAY

George stands in line to register for college, wearing his Brooks Brothers suit, bowtie, and freshly Bryllcreamed hair. The room is crowded and the line is long. Bob Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues" blares out of one of the kid's transistor radios. George looks around the room. He is uncomfortable. He catches his reflection in the shiny glass partition and stops. He doesn't like what he sees. Something is not right. He looks like everyone else. Same cookie-cutter hair, same cookie-cutter clothes, same cookie cutter faces. He's a carbon copy.

REGISTRATION WOMAN

Next.

It's George's turn but he doesn't hear it. "Twenty years of schooling and they put you on a day shift." The words hit him like a tone of bricks as he continues to stare at his own reflection.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I was standing there, and it was like the outside of me and the inside of me didn't match, you know? And then I looked around the room and it hit me. I saw my whole life. Where I was gonna live, what type of car I'd drive, who my neighbors would be. I saw it all and I didn't want it. Not that life.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - WEYMOUTH - 1966 - DAY

George sits with Fred. It's breaktime and Fred eats from a lunch box.

GEORGE

There's something out there for me, Dad. Something different. Something free form, you know? Something for me, and college just isn't it.

FRED

That's too bad. You would have been the first one in the family.

GEORGE

I know.

FRED

Alright. You want me to get your old job back? Because I could, you know, I could put in that word.

GEORGE

No, Dad. I don't want to...I mean, I just don't want...

It's obvious to Fred that his son doesn't want to be like him.

FRED

What are you going to do?

GEORGE

I'm going to California.

EXT. BELMONT SHORES APARTMENT - 1968 - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIFORNIA 1968

George and Tuna, now 21-years old, struggle with their bags. Their new place is a tackily furnished, two-story apartment with small balconies and a view of the ocean. As George and Tuna struggle with the bags, two California beauties appear on the balcony next door: BARBARA BUCKLEY, 20, and MARIA GONZALES, 21.

GIRLS

You guys need some help?

George and Tuna share a look.

TUNA

I don't know about you, but I think we're gonna like it here.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

Barbara and Maria introduce George and Tuna around to the Manhattan Beach regulars. They are immediately accepted despite their ill fitting shorts and Tuna's unhip black socks. The beach scene is one big party. Lots of beer, music, bikinis, and good times. By the end of the day, George and Tuna have a hundred new friends.

GEORGE (V.O.)

California was like nothing I'd ever experienced. The people were liberated and independent and full of new ideas.

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They used words like "right on," "groovy," and "solid." The women are all beautiful and seemed to share the same occupation.

WOMAN #1

I'm a flight attendant.

WOMAN #2

I'm a flight attendant.

WOMAN #3

I'm a flight attendant.

The weed comes out and is passed around. Pipes. Joints. Bongos. In SLOW MOTION, Barbara takes a huge hit of grass, grabs George's face, french kissing him, and giving him a huge shotgun.

INT. BELMONT SHORES APARTMENT - 1968 - DAY

George and Barbara are sleeping late. Their bodies intertwined beneath the sheets. A slam of the front door wakes them up. It's Tuna.

TUNA

Hey, wake up. Come on, you two lovebirds. Hurry, I want to show you

something.

George and Barbara shake cobwebs out and stumble into the kitchen to find Tuna holding a brown paper shopping bag.

TUNA (CONT'D)  
Figured it out.

GEORGE  
Figured what out?

TUNA  
You know how we were wondering what we were going to do for money? Being how we don't want to get jobs and whatnot? Well, check this out.

Tuna takes the paper bag and empties its contents on the kitchen table. It's a grey mound of stocky, seedy marijuana.

Barbara examines the reefer.

BARBARA  
Tuna, this is crap.

TUNA  
I know it's not the greatest. It's commercial.

BARBARA  
It's garbage.

GEORGE  
It's oregano. You got ripped off, pal. What are you gonna do with all this?

TUNA  
We sell it. I got it all figured out. We make three finger lids and sell them on the beach. We move all of it. We've made ourselves a hundred bucks. Or a lot of weed for our head. What do you think? Not bad, huh? I got the baggies and everything.

BARBARA  
You can't sell this to your friends.

TUNA  
Man. Fuck you guys. I have this great idea and you guys have to be all

skeptical.

BARBARA

Look, if you really wanna score some  
dope, I got the guy.

EXT. THE WHIPPING POST - MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - DAY

George, Barbara and Tuna stop outside the front door.

GEORGE

Are you sure this guy is cool?

BARBARA

You'll see for yourself.

TUNA

A beauty parlor for men? Sounds pretty  
queer.

They walk in.

INT. THE WHIPPING POST - MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - CONTINUOUS

George, Tuna and Barbara enter. The Whipping Post is  
California's first male hair salon. George looks around at  
the customer's being pampered. Haircuts, pedicures,  
manicures.

GEORGE

Nothing like this back home.

BARBARA

Derek!

DEREK FOREAL is a curious man. Daringly effeminate,  
especially for the sixties, he is always surrounded by  
beautiful women. As he sees Barbara, he stops his haircut  
and runs to embrace her.

DEREK

Barbie!

Derek's female entourage rush over as well. Kisses all  
around.

DEREK (CONT'D)

So, this is the new man, huh? He's  
cute!

George and Tuna stick out there hands.

GEORGE  
George.

TUNA  
Tuna.

DEREK  
Tuna, oh my. Enchante, George. Barbie,  
he's yummy. He looks like a Ken doll.  
Oooh, Ken and Barbie. It's perfect.  
Alright, girls, give me five minutes.

Derek makes dismissing gestures and the girls scatter.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Everyone, shoo! You, too, Barbie. I  
want to talk to the boys alone.

After the girls leave, Derek closes the partition and his  
playful demeanor changes. He's all business now.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
What can I do for you guys?

GEORGE  
We want some grass.

DEREK  
I know what you want. But, first of  
all, are you cops?

GEORGE  
No.

DEREK  
Because if you are, you have to tell me.  
If not, it's entrapment.

GEORGE  
We're not cops. We're from  
Massachusetts. I mean, does he look  
like a cop?

DEREK  
I guess not. Okay. You know, you're  
very lucky you're friends of Barbie's.  
If you weren't, I'd never talk to you.

Derek pulls a television-sized brick of quality marijuana out  
from under a sink and sets it down in front of George.

GEORGE  
What the fuck is that?

DEREK  
It's your grass.

TUNA  
Wow. That's more than we had in mind.

DEREK  
I don't nickel and dime. You want it or not?

George and Tuna look at each other.

GEORGE  
We'll take it.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

Summer on the beach. It's one big party. George and Tuna are on the beach. They are the new kings. They smoke pot and drink brews.

George and Barbara get close as do Tuna and Maria. Slowly, George's clothes and hair start to look better, cooler.

George and Tuna hanging out with the SURFERS.

George and Tuna hang with Barbara, Maria and SOME GIRLFRIENDS in bikinis.

George and Barbara hang together at the life guard stand.

George and Tuna on the strand with HIPPY PROFESSORS selling half-ounces.

Derek, Tuna, George, Barbara, Maria and the Elves play volleyball.

Barbecue at Belmont Shores apartment with George, Barbara, Derek, Tuna, Maria and different Elves.

George and Tuna sell half-ounces to BIKERS.

Derek is having a party out of a mini-van in the beach parking lot. George, Barbara, Tuna and Maria are there.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - SUNSET

George and Barbara sit by the water, watching the waves crash into the sand. The sky is streaked with purple and red.

GEORGE  
This is it for me.

BARBARA  
What is?

GEORGE  
Just everything. You. California. The beach. This spot right here. I feel like I belong here, you know? It just feels right.

BARBARA  
You happy, baby?

GEORGE  
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BARBARA

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GEORGE

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BARBARA

You happy, baby?

GEORGE

Yeah. I am.

INT. BELMONT SHORES APARTMENT - 1968 - DAY

George walks in to find Tuna and Maria sitting with KEVIN DULLI, an old friend from back east. He's sitting in front of a water pipe and coughing his ass off.

TUNA

Look what the cat dragged in.

GEORGE

Holy shit, Dulli. What the hell are you doing here?

KEVIN

Well, I'll tell you. I was walking down the beach, minding my business, when who did I see but this fucking guy. I didn't know you guys were living in California.

GEORGE

Yeah, but what are you doing out here?

KEVIN  
I'm on vacation. On my way back to school.

GEORGE  
This calls for a joint. You want to do the honors?

KEVIN  
No, man. I'm too fucked up.

TUNA  
Nice weed, huh?

KEVIN  
Fuck yeah. I never seen nothing like it. I'm fucking wasted.

GEORGE  
Right on.

KEVIN  
G-d, I'm stoned. I'm stoned. I'm really...

GEORGE  
Stoned?

KEVIN  
I wish there was shit like this back home.

GEORGE  
Yeah?

KEVIN  
Shit, yeah. Do you know how much money I could make if I had this stuff back east?

TUNA  
No shit, Kevin?

KEVIN  
That's right.

GEORGE  
Yeah?

KEVIN

When there's something to move, it's too easy not to. Do you know how many colleges are in a twenty mile radius? U. Mass, Amherst, B.U....

TUNA

Smith. Hampshire....

KEVIN

Right. And Holyoke. There are a hundred thousand rich kids with their parents' money to spend, but there's never anything available. Nothing good, anyway. I'm paying four hundred dollars for shit.

INT. THE WHIPPING POST - MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - DAY

Derek, George and Barbara sit around. The blinds are drawn.

GEORGE

The way we figure it, Barbara flies to Boston twice a week. Two bags per flight. Twenty-five pounds in each bag.

DEREK

You're kidding, right? That's a hundred pounds a week.

GEORGE

Yeah, I know, it's a lot of weight.

BARBARA

We're gonna call it California sinsemilla. Sounds exotic.

GEORGE

I'm telling you, Derek, it will sell.

DEREK

I don't know...

GEORGE

Here's the best part. We can charge five-hundred a pound.

DEREK

Come on, George, no one is going to pay that.

GEORGE

It's already been negotiated. It's done. The money is there waiting.

Derek looks at Barbara. She nods.

DEREK

Goodness.

GEORGE

Goodness is right. If you do the math, that's over thirty grand a week profit. I want you to be my partner on this, Derek. Fifty-fifty. That's fifteen thousand a week for you, my friend. In your pocket, free and clear.

DEREK

And I only deal with you?

GEORGE

Barbara and me. No one else.

Derek thinks about it.

BARBARA

It's gonna work, Derek.

DEREK

I don't know. East coast. Airplanes. It all sounds pretty risky.

GEORGE

She's a flight attendant. They don't check her bags.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - 1968 - DAY

George drops Barbara off in her uniform curbside. They kiss and she walks away with two big, red Samsonites. She checks them with a SKYCAP and tips him.

EXT. SKY - 1968 - DAY

A huge jet goes right to left through frame.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - GATE - BOSTON - 1968 - DAY

Barbara is greeted by KEVIN DULLI with a hug. A baggage claim check is slipped into Kevin's hand.

BARBARA  
Any message?

KEVIN  
Keep it coming.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - BOSTON - 1968

We see Barbara's two red Samsonites being taken off the belt by Kevin.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - GATE - BOSTON - 1968

Same scene repeated, except different clothes on all. Maybe Kevin is dressed a little better.

KEVIN  
More.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - GATE - BOSTON - 1968

The same scene repeated, same things changed again; now Kevin is definitely dressed a little better.

KEVIN  
I need more.

BARBARA  
What do you want me to do? I can only take two bags, and I can't fly back here everyday.

KEVIN  
I know, but I've got a feeding frenzy on my hands. Tell George this is small potatoes. We're missing out on some serious cash. You tell George. He'll think of something.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - 1968 - DAY

MUSIC CUE:

Tuna drives the big Winny. Maria rides shotgun. Barrelling cross-country, it's a party on wheels.

EXT. WHITE OAK LODGE - AMHERST - 1968 - NIGHT

Kevin and his girl, RADA, are the welcoming committee as the RV pulls into the parking lot. They wave, slap the sides of the Winnebago, and greet the prodigal sons with hugs and

handshakes.

INT. WHITE OAK LODGE - AMHERST - 1968 - LATER

George's room is rustic and plush. A log fire burns and empty champagne bottles adorn the surroundings. The girls have taken to each other. The music is loud, and they dance while the boys do business. Kevin counts out the money. It's stacked in piles all over the table.

KEVIN

Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, nine.  
Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, a  
thousand. It's all there. Wow. A  
hundred and twenty-eight thousand  
dollars.

TUNA

Jesus Christ, I'm getting a boner just  
looking at it.

But George isn't paying attention. His wheels are turning.

KEVIN

What's the matter, George? Something  
wrong? You look like you just fucked  
your mother.

TUNA

Cheer up, man. Half this money is ours.  
We're fucking rich.

GEORGE

It's not enough.

KEVIN

What?

TUNA

What the fuck are you talking about,  
man?

GEORGE

The set-up is wrong. We're doing all  
the legwork, and at the end of the day,  
we're still paying retail. We're  
getting muddled.

KEVIN

So?

GEORGE  
So, we need to get to the source.

TUNA  
Source? What about Derek?

GEORGE  
He's getting middled, too. And Derek's our partner. What's good for us is good for him.

KEVIN  
Okay. So we need a source. Where do we start?

GEORGE  
Who speaks Spanish?

EXT. PUERTO VALLARTA - MEXICO - 1968 - DAY

MUSIC CUE.

SUPERIMPOSE: PUERTO VALLARTA, MEXICO

We PAN OFF the beautiful waters of Puerto Vallarta. This is a local beach on a Saturday afternoon. The girls on the beach are drinking coco-locos and swimming.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE GANG LOOKING FOR A CONNECTION

George with a bartender.

Tuna and Dulli with cabbies.

George and Derek talking with a local man, RAMON, at a corner bar.

Barbara, Maria and Rada talk with local girls.

EXT. OCEANA BAR - PUERTO VALLARTA - 1968 - DAY

TUNA  
This is bullshit, George. We're never going to find anything down there.

KEVIN  
You know, he's got a point. We're fucking Americans. We stick out like sore thumbs.

DEREK

I don't think so.

GEORGE

You guys are such babies. You want to go home, go. Me, I'm not going to stop until I find the fucking motherlode.

RADA

Georgie, we're gonna get busted if we keep this up.

GEORGE

We're not gonna get busted.

KEVIN

George, we'll wind up in a Mexican prison getting fucked up the ass by one of Maria's relatives.

MARIA

Hey, fuck you, Dulli. I'm not Mexican. I'm Italian.

BARBARA

You're Italian?

KEVIN

Yeah, right. Gonzales. What is that, Sicilian?

TUNA

As far as I'm concerned, we're on fucking vacation.

He grabs Maria, runs and does a huge belly-flop into the water. They all laugh.

SERIES OF SHOTS.

George and Barbara with local musicians on the beach.

George and Derek at a cab stand.

George talks with a bellboy in the lobby of a local hotel.

INT. COCOS FRIOS BAR - PUERTO VALLARTA - 1968 - DAY

George, Barbara, Tuna, Derek, Maria, Kevin, and Rada are at the bar. Ramon comes up to George, they briefly discuss and George follows him out of the bar.

EXT. STREETS - PUERTO VALLARTA - 1968 - DAY

George and Ramon climb into a beat up V.W. bug and take off.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - PUERTO VALLARTA - 1968 - DAY

Fields and Farms. The V.W. bug pulls up to an old ranch. They get out of the bug and are greeted by SANTIAGO and his THREE SONS.

SANTIAGO

Ramon tells me you are looking for some mota.

GEORGE

Yes, I am.

Santiago moves to a tarp and pulls it back to reveal many bales of green, seedless sinsemilla.

SANTIAGO

For instance, something like this?

GEORGE

Very nice. I'll take it.

SANTIAGO

Ha ha ha. You are funny. Really, how much will you be needing?

GEORGE

All of it. As much as you've got. A couples thousand pounds. I'll be back in a week with a plane.

SANTIAGO

Listen, Americano, it is very nice to meet you, but maybe we are going too fast. You take a little and then come back.

GEORGE

I don't need a little. I need a lot.

SANTIAGO

Marijuana is illegal in my country, and I believe in yours, as well. We must be careful.

GEORGE

What if I brought you, let's say, fifty

thousand dollars? Would that eliminate some of your concerns?

SANTIAGO

Amigo, you bring me fifty-thousand dollars, and I have no more concerns.

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - 1968 - DAY

A pair of boltcutters snaps the chain off a single-engine Cessna.

TUNA

I can't believe we're stealing a plane.

KEVIN

Don't be such a pussy.

GEORGE

It's fine. We're not stealing it. We're borrowing it. And try to look natural. We've got company.

A MECHANIC working on the adjacent plane is giving them the hairy eyeball.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Be cool.

The three boys nod their heads in acknowledgement and give a small wave. The mechanic smiles and waves back.

INT. CESSNA - 1968 - DAY

The engine is on and the propeller is spinning. Kevin is at the controls. Tuna is not making the trip. He pokes his head in before shutting the cockpit.

TUNA

You guys are fucking insane.

George reads from a flight manual.

GEORGE

Alright, pull back the throttle...

The engine screams.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Not that far, only halfway. You sure you know what you're doing?

KEVIN

Relax. I've flown with my old man a million times. And he always told me, the taking off part is easy, it's the landing you've got to worry about.

EXT. SANTIAGO FARM - MEXICO - 1968 - DAY

The plane tries to land. It's a clumsy one. The Cessna is tipping and touching, first one wheel, then another, almost sideways before straightening out and stopping. George and Kevin hop out of the plane. They are greeted by Santiago and the Mexican contingency.

AMIGOS

Hola, George! Bienvenido!

George hands out presents to everyone. He's like Santa Claus, giving gifts to every man, woman and child. They love him. Santiago pumps George's hand.

SANTIAGO

Good to see you, Jorge. You are a man of your word.

GEORGE

Actually, I've got some news. That fifty thousand I promised you, I couldn't get it.

George throws Santiago a duffel bag.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So I brought you sixty.

EXT. DRY LAKE BEDS - TWENTY-NINE PALMS, CA. - 1968 - DUSK

Rada sits in the Winnebago and keeps flashing the headlights. Barbara, Tuna, and Maria stand on top of the Winnebago waving big, white towels. The plane descends from the sky and touches down, making another extremely shaky landing.

INT. FOREAL'S HOUSE - MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - NIGHT

It's on the water and beautiful. The furnishings are distinctly Derek Foreal. It's a surreal scene. The holiday decorations are up, TOPLESS WOMEN in elf outfits sip champagne, and a thousand pounds of cannabis lays on the living room floor.

GEORGE

Are you sure you want to do this in front of everyone?

DEREK

Don't be ridiculous, these are my babies.

George empties the pot all over the floor.

DEREK (CONT'D)

George, you're a genius. We're rich. Come, children.

The girls dive on top of Derek, caressing and kissing him.

DEREK (CONT'D)

George, get my camera.

Derek poses with a load of marijuana like it's a new fur.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Take a picture of me, George. Take a picture of me with my new friends. It'll be a fabulous Christmas card.

INT. VILLA - PUERTO VALLARATA - 1970 - DAY

A Mexican Real Estate Agent shows Barbara and George a sprawling Villa in Puerto Vallarta. It's amazing. White marble on the water. George looks at Barbara.

GEORGE

Should we buy it?

BARBARA

Are you kidding?

GEORGE

We'll take it.

EXT. VILLA - PUERTO VALLARATA - 1970 - MAGIC HOUR

The team is there. All of them. George, Barbara, Kevin, Rada, Tuna, Maria and Derek with a couple of new senorita friends. They all wear identical Mexican sombreros. A MEXICAN BOY approaches them with a camera.

MEXICAN BOY

Picture?

They pose, their arms thrown around each other in camaraderie, and FLASH. The picture freezes and WE DISSOLVE.

INT. THE BUGGY WHIP - WEYMOUTH - 1972 - NIGHT

George is taking Barbara and his parents out to dinner. The Buggy Whip is Ermine's favorite.

ERMINE

I just can't get over the size of that ring. I just love it. Fred, look at it. Tell me you don't love that ring.

FRED

I'm just happy that George has found someone he cares for.

ERMINE

Yes. Of course. But, I'm talking about that ring. It's something else. Let me tell you.

BARBARA

George has exquisite taste.

ERMINE

What is that, two carats? That's got to be two carats.

BARBARA

I don't know.

ERMINE

Yes. It's at least two carats, darling. Treasure it.

FRED

Hard to imagine being able to afford a ring like that on a construction salary.

All eyes turn to George, who fumbles.

GEORGE

Well, you know. It's um...

ERMINE

Oh, shut up, Fred. Shut your big fat mouth. You don't buy it all at once. It's called layaway.

FRED

Layaway shmayaway.

ERMINE

That's right. Layaway. Something you wouldn't know anything about, you cheapskate.

FRED

Who's the cheapskate?

ERMINE

You, you big old tightwad. He still has his communion money. Tell him, George. Tell your father about layaway.

GEORGE

Yeah, layaway.

ERMINE

The boy is happy, Fred. Don't be such a killjoy.

FRED

Killjoy?

George looks to Barbara, whose nose is bleeding.

GEORGE

Honey, your nose!

BARBARA

Oh my G-d, I'm so sorry.

ERMINE

Barbara, here, take my napkin.

BARBARA

Thanks. I'll be okay.

GEORGE

You wanna split?

BARBARA

Yeah, I don't feel so well.

GEORGE

Okay, guys, we're gonna leave. Let's get the check.

EXT. THE BUGGY WHIP - WEYMOUTH - 1972 - LATER

George and Barbara exit the restaurant.

GEORGE

Are you sure you're okay? You're pale.

BARBARA

I feel like shit. Me and my frigging nosebleeds.

GEORGE

I'm taking you to the doctor when we get home, and I don't want to hear any arguments.

BARBARA

Would you be bummed out if I didn't go to Chicago with you?

GEORGE

No, not at all. Sure. You're right. You fly home and get some rest.

BARBARA

Nice first impression. A nose bleed in front of your parents.

GEORGE

Oh my G-d, how embarrassing were they? I wanted to shoot myself.

BARBARA

Oh, they weren't that bad. I mean, they were kind of cute.

GEORGE

Promise me that we'll never be like them. I don't want to wind up like that.

BARBARA

Relax, baby. We're going to wind up like us.

INT. POLICE STATION - CHICAGO - 1972 - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE

MUG SHOTS of George. Left, right, center. George sits handcuffed to a chair. Piles of marijuana bricks roll past him.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I had a little problem in Chicago. Something about trying to sell a truckload of dope to an undercover officer. So I applied the three rules of the game under if and when arrested.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - CHICAGO - 1972 - DAY

George and his COURT APPOINTED ATTORNEY stand before the JUDGE at the arraignment.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Rule one: don't fight. A trial will cost you a fortune in lawyer's fees and the jury will chop off your balls and hand them to you on a platter.

JUDGE

George Jung, you have been accused of possession of six-hundred and sixty pounds of marijuana with intent to distribute. How do you plead?

GEORGE (V.O.)

Rule two: plead not guilty and get bailed out of jail.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Your honor, I'd like to say a few words to the court.

The court appointed attorney puts his head in his hands.

JUDGE

By all means.

GEORGE

In all honesty, I don't feel like what I've done is a crime and I think it's illogical and irresponsible for you to sentence me to prison. None of the real criminals of the world ever end up behind bars. I mean, when you think about it, what did I really do? Cross an imaginary line with a bunch of plants? You say that I'm an outlaw, you say that I'm a thief, but where's the Christmas dinner for the people on relief?

George stops when his attorney stamps on his foot. The court officers roll their eyes and the judge smiles.

JUDGE

Those are very interesting concepts you have, Mr. Jung.  
Unfortunately for you, the imaginary line you crossed is real, the plants you brought with you are illegal, and what you did constitutes a crime.

The judge slams his gavel.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Bail is set at twenty-thousand dollars.

EXT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - CHICAGO - 1972 - NIGHT

George walks out, free on bond, to find Barbara waiting for him. She doesn't look so good.

BARBARA

Surprise.

GEORGE

Baby, you didn't have to come.

BARBARA

What, and miss all the fun? C'mon, not a chance. So, what's the verdict?

GEORGE

Lawyer says he can plead it down to five years. I'll serve two.

BARBARA

Two years. George, I can't wait that long.

GEORGE

What? You're not going to wait for me?

BARBARA

George, I went to the doctor. I don't have two years.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Which brings me to rule number three: which says, fuck rules one and two, skip bail and take off.

EXT. RENT-A-CAR - 1972 - DAY

George hits the gas and the car screams down the road.

EXT. VILLA - PUERTO VALLARTA - 1973 - GOLDEN HOUR

George and Barbara sit on the veranda drinking champagne and watching the sun go down over the Pacific. Barbara is completely bald. Rail thin, eyes sunken. But it doesn't matter. They're having a great time. They laugh and hold hands and laugh some more.

EXT. CEMETERY - PUERTO VALLARTA - 1973 - DAY

Everyone is there. All in black. Barbara's casket is lowered into the ground and George climbs to his knees to push the first dirt on the grave.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Time is such a funny thing. I look at where I am now, and in here, time inches along. So slow, it hardly seems like it moves. But back then, time went fast.

EXT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - NEW YORK - 1999 - DAY

George pushes dirt along the edge of a flower root. Still planting those sunflowers, he presses down firmly, standing before him is Barbara, still beautiful and young with flowing locks. George raises his hand and makes a small wave. Barbara opens and closes her hand. Bye bye.

GEORGE

It went too fast.

George looks down and Barbara is gone. No Barbara.

EXT. JUNG HOUSE - BACKYARD - WEYMOUTH - 1973 - NIGHT

George hops the fence like he did when he was a boy and goes in the back door.

INT. JUNG HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ermine looks at George blankly.

GEORGE

Hi, Mom.

Ermine just keeps looking at him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Surprised to see me?

ERMINE  
Take your boots off. You're tan.

GEORGE  
Mexico.

ERMINE  
Yeah. We heard all about it. I want you to know I'm deeply sorry about your girlfriend.

GEORGE  
Barbara.

ERMINE  
Yes, Barbara. She was very pretty.

GEORGE  
Thank you. Have you been getting the money I sent you?

ERMINE  
You mean the drug money? Yes, I got it.

Ermine's hands are trembling. She is emotional. She hugs George ferociously, not letting go.

ERMINE (CONT'D)  
G-d, son.

GEORGE  
Okay, Mom. It's okay. Where's Dad?

George turns around to see Fred's beaming face.

INT. JUNG HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

George and Fred sit at the table, a bottle of Scotch sits between them. The glasses are raised.

GEORGE  
May the wind always be at your back and the sun always upon your face...

FRED  
...and the winds of destiny carry you aloft...

BOTH  
...to dance with the stars.

The glasses clink and the drinks are sucked down.

INT. JUNG HOUSE - LATER

The bottle is dwindling. George and Fred are feeling it.

FRED  
You alright?

George nods.

GEORGE  
Just low.

FRED  
You loved her, didn't you? You really loved her.

GEORGE  
Yeah, Dad. I really did. What am I gonna do?

FRED  
Tough spot.

The glasses are refilled.

GEORGE  
You mad at me?

FRED  
Not mad.

GEORGE  
Yeah, you are. I can tell by the way you look at me.

FRED  
I just don't know what you're thinking. I don't understand your choices. You know, the police are looking for you.

GEORGE  
I know. I'm great at what I do, Dad. I mean, I'm really great.

FRED  
Let me tell you something, son. You

would have been great at anything.

Something outside catches George's eye. A light. A reflection. A movement. George is up and on the move.

FRED (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

EXT. JUNG HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens and FEDERAL AGENTS pour into the house.

INT. JUNG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

George is up the stairs in a flash.

ERMINE

George!

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

George slams the door behind him, moves over to the window, and opens it. Cops everywhere. He's trapped. Out of options, he folds. He moves to the corner and sits down, turns on the train set. A KNOCK on the door is heard. FBI Agent, JAMES T. TROUT.

TROUT

George Jung, you are under arrest.

FRED

Open the door, son.

EXT. JUNG HOUSE - LATER

They lead George outside in handcuffs. Ermine and Fred watch.

ERMINE

I had no choice.

George stops and looks at his mother, for the first time realizing her betrayal.

ERMINE (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that. What was I supposed to do? You're in our house. What, was I supposed to be an accomplice?

As George is led to the police car, Ermine follows.

ERMINE (CONT'D)

You don't think people know you're a drug dealer? Everyone knows. It's no secret. How do you think that reflects on me? Every time I go out, I'm humiliated. I see the stares. I hear the whispers. How do you think that makes me feel? Did you ever once stop and think of me?

George's head is pushed down as he is put in the squad car. He looks up at his mother.

ERMINE (CONT'D)

So you go to jail. It's for your own good. You need to straighten your life out.

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - 1974 - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:

George is being led through a series of gated corridors.

GUARD

Prisoner in.

As he walks, he takes in the faces of the other inmates. He arrives at his cell and notices he has a ROOMMATE.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Prisoner in.

The cell door opens and George steps inside. There are books and papers spread out over both bunk beds. George watches as his cellmate quickly clears everything off the top bunk. Apparently, the papers are private. George puts his things down and the little man proffers his hand. He is dark, polite and Colombian.

DIEGO DELGADO

My name is Diego Delgado. How do you do?

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - MESS HALL - 1974 - DAY

George pushes his tray through the cafeteria line. Diego is behind him.

DIEGO

If you don't mind me asking, what is the reason you are in this place?

GEORGE  
What?

DIEGO  
Your offense? Why are you here?

GEORGE  
I don't want to talk about it.

DIEGO  
Intriguing. I see. Would you like to know my crime?

GEORGE  
Not really, no.

DIEGO  
No?

GEORGE  
I don't like a lot of conversation, Diego.

DIEGO  
Me, too. Too much blah, blah, blah, blah is no good. But we are roommates, okay? And we must talk to each other. I am arrested for stealing cars. For the grand theft auto. Okay? So, now it is your turn. Now you will tell me, okay? You will tell me why you are here?

George says nothing. He keeps eating his food.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on, George. If we are to be friends, we must trust each other.

GEORGE  
Murder.

DIEGO  
Ah, yes. The murder.

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - GEORGE'S CELL - NIGHT

George lays on his bunk, smoking. Diego is on the bottom

bunk, furiously writing on a notepad. He flips through his books and rustles his papers. George peeks over the side to see what Diego is doing.

GEORGE

What do you got there, Diego?

DIEGO

Nothing. Just a little project.

GEORGE

What kind of project?

DIEGO

Never mind. Not for you to worry.

GEORGE

I thought you said we were roommates. That we should talk about everything.

DIEGO

You have your intrigues. I have mine. This is a happy day for me, George. Nine months from today, I will be in Medellin sipping champagne. In nine months, I am free. How much time do you have?

GEORGE

Twenty-six months.

DIEGO

Twenty-six months? For murder? I must be your lawyer.

GEORGE

I've got to get out of here, Diego.

DIEGO

Only two ways I know to leave here early. One is to escape.

GEORGE

What's the other one?

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - CLASSROOM - DAY

George is trying to teach basic education to the inmates. The room, mostly black and hispanic, is hostile. They don't want to learn.

GEORGE  
Alright, let's open our books.

INMATE #1  
Man, fuck you.

INMATE #2  
We ain't opening shit.

INMATE #1  
You just the warden's boy. We on to  
you. You just trying to knock some time  
off, asskissing motherfucker.

Diego watches as the room reacts with laughter. This ain't  
going to be easy.

GEORGE  
Alright. You're right. I want to get  
out of this shithole as fast as I can.  
And I don't want to do this any more  
than you do. But for me to walk early,  
some of you have to graduate. You,  
forget about it. You're hopeless, go to  
sleep.

The room laughs again.

INMATE #3  
Damn, homeboy, you got ruined.

GEORGE  
But the rest of you could get diplomas  
and get jobs when you're on the outside.

The room looks at him. They ain't buying it.

INMATE #1  
Shit, I'm in for life.

INMATE #2  
I'm a criminal. I ain't getting no  
motherfucking job.

GEORGE  
We can learn some criminal shit, too.  
Alright, I'll make you a deal. What if  
half the time, we learn about George  
Washington, and the other half, I'll  
teach you how to smuggle drugs?

INMATE #2

Man, you don't know dick about smuggling no drugs.

GEORGE

I was arrested in Chicago with six hundred and sixty pounds of grass. I think that qualifies me.

Diego looks up from his desk, suddenly very interested.

INMATE #1

How did you get a hold of six-hundred and sixty pounds of dope?

GEORGE

Flew it in from Mexico on a single engine Cessna. Now, do we have a deal or not?

They react. They're in.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Alright, the first thing you need to know about smuggling drugs is that it's easy. The DEA are a bunch of losers. They couldn't find their dicks in a whorehouse. They don't know what the fuck they're doing...

Diego watches George winning over the room. He listens intently to George's every word. His wheels are turning.

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - GEORGE'S CELL - NIGHT

Lights out. Diego and George lay in their cots. George is tired. Diego is not.

DIEGO

George? Hey, George? I listen to what you say to the class today about the smuggling. You are a magico, ah?

George doesn't respond.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

I never believed you were a murderer. I knew. I knew you are a magico. I have seen it in you. It's in your spirit.

GEORGE

I'm tired, Diego. Go to bed.

DIEGO

You like to make the boundaries disappear. It's not only the money, is it, George? The adventure is part of the victory. It's the thrill, ah?

GEORGE

Good night.

DIEGO

In my country, I am a magico. A man with a dream. A man on the rise. To take nothing and make it something, okay? I have failed my dream, but I will accomplish. That is why I am in your country. Yes, I lose my freedom. But they do not take my dream. Do you have a dream, George?

GEORGE

I would if I could get some sleep.

DIEGO

Yes, you have a dream. And maybe you accomplish your dream. But yet you failed. Why?

GEORGE

Because I got caught.

DIEGO

No, my brother.

GEORGE

Because they caught me?

DIEGO

You failed because you had the wrong dream.

Diego climbs off his bunk and looks George square in the eye.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

George? What do you know about cocaine?

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - MESS HALL - DAY

GEORGE

I don't know, Diego. I've got a good

thing going already. Everybody smokes pot. It's easy. Cocaine is a rich man's drug. It's too expensive.

DIEGO

No, no. That is where you are wrong. For us, it is cheap. In Medellin, we buy for six-thousand dollars a kilo. IN Miami, we sell for sixty.

George's interest is piqued.

GEORGE

That's over fifty-thousand dollars profit per kilo.

DIEGO

And that's wholesale. Cut it a few times and retail, you're looking at two, three-hundred thousand.

GEORGE

Oh my G-d.

DIEGO

Yes. And a kilo of coca is smaller than a kilo of your precious marijuana. Everything is the same, George, except instead of thousands, you are making millions.

GEORGE

Jesus Christ. Jesus fucking Christ.

DIEGO

Now do you see what I am saying?

GEORGE

Getting it here is no problem. Trust me. I'll fly it in myself if I have to. What about supply? How much can we get?

DIEGO

Don't worry. We will talk of everything. We have the time. You arrive here with a Bachelor of Marijuana, but you will leave with a Doctorate of Cocaine.

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - GEORGE'S CELL - NIGHT

Diego and George pouring over Diego's plans. Discussing, planning, plotting.

DIEGO  
What type of planes do you have?

GEORGE  
Four passenger, single engine Cessna.

DIEGO  
How many kilos can we fit in these planes?

GEORGE  
I don't know. A hundred, hundred and fifty. How many miles is it from Colombia to Miami?

DIEGO  
Fifteen hundred. We'll have to stop somewhere to refuel.

GEORGE  
We'll refuel in the Bahamas. I know someone there.

DIEGO  
Great. I love the Bahamas.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - WEYMOUTH - 1976

SUPERIMPOSE: JULY, 1976.

George is at a payphone. He drops in about a million quarters until he is finally connected.

GEORGE  
Diego Delgado, please?

DIEGO  
Allo?

GEORGE  
Diego? It's George.

DIEGO  
George, hallo! Today is the day, ah?  
Are you out?

GEORGE  
Yeah, I'm out.

DIEGO  
Congratulations, brother. I've been waiting for you.

GEORGE  
How are we doing?

DIEGO  
Perfect, George. Perfect. Everything is fine down here. Everything is all set up.

GEORGE  
Do we need a plane? How does this work? When do I see you?

DIEGO  
Slow down, George. Slow down.

Fred exits the liquor store carrying two bottles of Dom Perignon. As he catches George's eye, he lifts the bottles showing them off. George holds up his finger, indicating he'll be just a second.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
You need to come down here, everybody meets everybody. Ho ho ho. Ha ha ha. We do one for good faith and then we talk about airplanes.

GEORGE  
I can't go anywhere, Diego. I'm on parole. I can't leave the state.

DIEGO  
But you must. It's the only way.

GEORGE  
I just got released five minutes ago.

DIEGO  
George, are we gonna do this or not?

EXT. BASSETERRE HOTEL - ANTIGUA - POOLSIDE - 1976 - DAY

George steps outside and spots Diego. Their eyes meet. Diego looks different, relaxed. He wears a straw hat, shorts, and sports a healthy tan. The two men embrace.

GEORGE

Good to see you, Diego.

DIEGO

Yes. Look around you. The sun. The water. The women. It's better than Danbury, no? Come on. I have some friends I would like you to meet.

EXT. BASSETERRE HOTEL - ANTIGUA - POOLSIDE - 1976 - DAY

Diego and George sit with five other Colombians, most notably, a man named CESAR ROZA. The mood is not friendly.

DIEGO

Fifteen kilos. Seven and a half in each suitcase. You receive a hundred thousand dollars upon delivery.

GEORGE

Okay.

CESAR

Not so fast. I would like to go over the details.

GEORGE

What details? I put the coke in the false bottoms and take it through customs.

CESAR

Tell me about the suitcases. What is the make and the color?

DIEGO

Samsonites. Red. No tags.

Cesar thinks about it.

CESAR

Hmm. I see. Will there be clothes in the suitcase?

GEORGE

What? Yeah, sure.

CESAR

Whose cloths? Your clothes?

GEORGE

My clothes, your clothes. What does it

matter?

CESAR

I would like to know the contents.  
Every detail is important.

GEORGE

What are we doing here, Diego? This  
guy's a clown. He's talking about  
clothes.

CESAR

I demand to know everything. I do not  
trust six-hundred thousand dollars of  
coca to someone I don't know.

GEORGE

It's a lousy fifteen kilos. I piss  
fifteen kilos.

CESAR

The coca is my responsibility!

GEORGE

You're a fucking amateur!

DIEGO

Gentlemen, please. There is no need to  
be impolite. Cesar, this will be fine.  
You have my word. George, Cesar is just  
being thorough. That's all.

CESAR

Very well. But just remember, Mr. Jung.  
I will be with you the whole way. And I  
will be watching.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - 1976 - DAY

George carries the two Samsonites over to customs  
inspections. It's a long walk. George's heart beats hard.  
The sound is audible and grows with every beat. BA-BUMP. BA  
BUMP. Cesar lurks at the baggage carousel.

GEORGE (V.O.)

When you're carrying drugs across the  
border, the idea is to remain calm. The  
way I do it is to think of something  
pleasant, a fun party, a moment of  
triumph. A sexual encounter. I  
actually project myself to that place.

Anything to keep your mind off the fact that you're going to jail for a very long time if they find the fifteen kilos of cocaine in your suitcases.

George stands in front of the customs agent. He tries his best to look relaxed as the agent reviews his documents.

CUSTOMS AGENT  
On vacation?

GEORGE  
Yes.

CUSTOMS AGENT  
On vacation for only one day?

BA-BUMP. BA-BUMP. The heartbeats are very loud.

GEORGE  
(weak smile)  
My brother's wedding. Imagine that, huh?

George's breathing is labored and his swallowing reflex doesn't seem to be working. Cesar passes through, eyeballing George the whole time.

CUSTOMS AGENT  
Open your bags, please.

George opens the Samsonites. Super dry mouth. BA-BUMP. BA BUMP. The beats are deafening now. Cesar nervously monitors the situation from the payphones.

CUSTOMS AGENT (CONT'D)  
Whose clothes are these?

GEORGE  
Mine.

The customs agent holds up a woman's undergarment. Cesar throws up his hands in frustration.

CUSTOMS AGENT  
And this?

GEORGE  
What can I tell you? Different strokes.

George winks at the customs agent, who shakes his head before

finishing the inspection.

CUSTOMS AGENT  
Alright, go ahead.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - PAYPHONES - CONTINUOUS

George moves to the payphones, sets down the two suitcases, and pretends to make a call. Not inconspicuously, Cesar grabs the bags and walks quickly out of the terminal.

INT. BASSETERRE HOTEL - ANTIGUA - 1976 - DAY

Diego, Cesar, George and JACK STEVENS, a silver haired executive type, lounge around the mini-suite. Cesar still has that crazy look in his eye.

DIEGO  
Three-hundred kilos it is, then.

A beautiful Latin woman enters and kisses both Diego and Cesar. Her name is INEZ, and friendly she is not.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
Has everyone met Inez? This is George.  
I've told you about him. And this is  
friend, Jack Stevens.

The men proffer their hands, but she just looks at them like ants before sitting down next to Diego.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
Try to be more respectful, darling. My  
apologies. But she is mistrustful of  
Americans. Shall we proceed? Let's  
hear it again, Mr. Stevens.

STEVENS  
I'll fly down on a Friday, refuel in the  
Bahamas, and then to Medellin.

INEZ  
Friday?

Inez addresses Diego and Cesar only. She speaks in Spanish. The conversation is about "Why Friday?" Inez has some problem with it. Diego explains. And Inez is reassured.

DIEGO  
Please, continue.

GEORGE

We make the pick-up, refuel once more in the Bahamas, and fly back on Sunday with the mom and pop traffic.

CESAR

Why are you speaking?

GEORGE

Excuse me?

CESAR

You. Your responsibility is over. You do not fly. You are not a pilot. You are not a distributor. You introduced us to Mr. Stevens and the use of his airplane. That is all. You make a percentage. A generous one. And you're lucky to get that.

GEORGE

I see. How much?

CESAR

Padrino will pay ten-thousand per kilo. For everyone. For you, and you, and you.

He indicates George, Diego and Jack Stevens.

CESAR (CONT'D)

There is no negotiation. Three-million dollars. That is all.

STEVENS

I want two.

GEORGE

Gee, Jack, a million each had such a nice ring to it.

STEVENS

No way. I'm doing all the work. Taking all the risk, and it's my plane.

Diego and George look at each other.

STEVENS (CONT'D)

Hey, you guys don't have to do shit. Just sit back and collect your money.

GEORGE  
You good with this?

Diego nods.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Alright.

This is too much for Inez to handle. She starts screaming machine gun Spanish. Something about a "lousy two-hundred and fifty-thousand dollars," and how Diego is "such a coward" to give away all his money. Diego is embarrassed but tries to remain calm.

DIEGO  
You will watch what you say. Especially around George. He is my brother and he speaks as good Spanish as you.

But Inez is wild. She starts in again, a log of "Putos (SOB's)", and "Cojones" and "Maricones (gay/sissys)." Even Cesar is uncomfortable. Diego stands.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
Okay. That's enough.

INEZ  
Get your hands off me.

Inez takes a swing at Diego and catches him full across the face. Time stops in the room. Question. What will Diego do? Answer: SMACK! Diego swings back and a full scale is on. Cesar continues the conversation. It's surreal. As if Diego and Inez weren't beating the shit out of each other right in front of them.

CESAR  
Do you have pictures of your kids?

STEVENS  
What?

CESAR  
I'll need to see them. Also need their names and the names of their schools. We are trusting you with ninety million dollars worth of coca, Mr. Stevens. Without your children, there is no deal.

Stevens thinks about it. Kids as collateral. Inez and Diego are still duking it out. But Diego finally gets the upper

hand and drags her into the bedroom.

STEVENS

Fine. So if that's all, I'll be leaving now.

Cesar walks him to the door.

CESAR

Don't forget the pictures.

Diego calls from the other room.

DIEGO (O.S.)

George. George, come in here.

INT. LA BELLE MER - BEDROOM - LATER

Diego has put Inez in the bathroom and is holding the door closed. She pounds and kicks and screams in frustration, but he pays no attention.

DIEGO

What's the matter, George?

GEORGE

What's the matter? We're moving three hundred fucking kilos and we're making dogshit.

DIEGO

A million dollars for our first run is not bad, George.

GEORGE

It is bad. It's chump change. We might as well be hauling suitcases across the border. We're getting screwed.

DIEGO

I know.

GEORGE

And what happens when these guys stop paying? Sooner or later, these guys are going to cut us out. Then where are we?

DIEGO

That's my George, always thinking.

The door is yanked open to reveal Inez. She is in a rage. Diego slams it in her face.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

This is only part of the business, George. A very small part. Don't worry, there is so much more to do. Which reminds me, I need a favor from you. I must go to Colombia.

GEORGE

What is it, George? Because I have to get home. I've got a parole officer waiting for me.

DIEGO

I need you to go to Miami.

EXT. VENETIAN KING APTS. - MIAMI - 1977 - DAY

George gets out of a taxi to find SEVERAL COLOMBIAN MEN hanging around outside an apartment. He checks the address and moves over to the men.

GEORGE

I'm George. Friend of Diego's?

The Colombian men are not impressed. They grab George and pull him inside.

INT. VENETIAN KING APTS. - CONTINUOUS

George is pinned against the wall and the Colombian men all start screaming at him in Spanish. There seems to be a problem. A man, ALESSANDRO, steps forward. He is the one who speaks English.

ALESSANDRO

QUIET! Callate! Where's Diego?

GEORGE

I don't know. He sent me. I'm George.

ALESSANDRO

Oh, I see. George. Well, that explains everything. Open your mouth, George.

George's puzzled look is replaced by a gun barrel in his face. Alessandro presses it against George's front teeth.

ALESSANDRO (CONT'D)

Now, you listen to me. Are you hearing me?

George nods.

ALESSANDRO (CONT'D)  
You see this?

He indicates two duffel bags stuffed with fifty kilos of cocaine.

ALESSANDRO (CONT'D)  
I've been holding this shit for him for three weeks. You tell Diego I don't appreciate it. You tell him I want my money by Friday. Can you do that?

GEORGE  
Um-hmm.

INT. JUNG HOUSE - GEORGE'S ROOM - DAY

George sits on his bed, reading. Two duffel bags are tucked away in the closet. Ermine pokes her head in.

ERMINE  
You have a phone call.

George picks up the phone.

DIEGO (O.S.)  
George.

GEORGE  
Jesus Christ, Diego, where are you? It's been eleven days and these guys want their fucking money.

DIEGO (O.S.)  
Bad news, George. I'm in Colombia.

GEORGE  
Well, you better get here fast. I'm sitting on...

George notices Ermine is loitering in the hallway, eavesdropping.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Hi, Mom.

George acknowledges her before shutting the door in her face.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm sitting on fifty fucking keys. Get your ass up here.

INT. CARCEL DE VARONES - MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA - CONTINUOUS

It's a South American prison. Diego is on the pay phone.

DIEGO

It's a little hard to get away right now. I'm afraid you're on your own.

INT. FOREAL'S HOUSE - MANHATTAN BEACH - 1977 - NIGHT

George and Derek sit in the living room with MR. T, a hippie ish looking professor. On the table sits various paraphernalia. Scales, beakers, test tubes, and a hot box. George and Derek watch as Mr. T scoops some of George's cocaine and sets it onto the two-inch metal plate.

MR. T

What we're doing is measuring the purity. Pure coke melts out a hundred and eighty-five, a hundred and ninety degrees. Cutting agents melt much lower. About a hundred degrees. Quality product starts melting at a hundred and forty degrees. That's what I'm hoping for.

Mr. T turns the dial. 120. 130. 140.

MR. T (CONT'D)

Good.

150. 160.

MR. T (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

170. 180.

MR. T (CONT'D)

Holy fucking Mary! Jesus, fuck me running! Where did you get this shit!

At one-hundred and eighty-seven degrees, the white powder dribbles off the hotplate and melts away.

MR. T (CONT'D)  
Damn! Can I do a fucking line?!

Mr. T puts his nose in the powder. George pulls Foreal aside.

GEORGE  
What did I tell you?

DEREK  
It's great and everything, but what am I going to do with all this?

GEORGE  
Sell it?

DIEGO  
Jesus Christ, George, I don't see you in two years, and you show up at my door with a hundred and ten pounds of cocaine?

GEORGE  
Just sell it, Derek.

DEREK  
Alright, but it's gonna take me a year.

INT. THE WHIPPING POST - MANHATTAN BEACH - 1977 - NIGHT

Money everywhere. All over the floor, the counters, the chairs, and even in the sinks. George and Derek count the money patiently, writing the dollar amount in yellow high lighter on the top of each stack, before wrapping it with a rubber band.

DIEGO  
Thirty-six hours. I can't believe it. Everything is gone in thirty-six hours.

GEORGE  
I think it's fair to say you underestimated the market there, Derek.

DIEGO  
Touche.

GEORGE  
But to the victor belong the spoils.

George divides the money. There's a hell of a lot.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Half a million for you. Half a million for me. One-point-three five for the Colombians.

DEREK

Nice doing business with you, George.

GEORGE

Not bad for a weekend's work, huh?

INT. AIRPORT - MIAMI - DAY

Immaculate in his white turtleneck and sunglasses, George walks with two aluminum cases. He is greeted by Alessandro and his thugs.

ALESSANDRO

Greetings, Mr. George.

GEORGE

Where do you guys want to count?

ALESSANDRO

On the plane.

GEORGE

What plane? We going someplace? Where we headed? You have your money. It's all there. What the fuck is going on?

They usher him away.

EXT. OLAYA HERRERA AIRPORT - MEDELLIN - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA

The lear jet lands.

EXT. DESERTED SUGAR FACTORY - LOS RIOS, COLOMBIA - DAY

The blazer pulls into a long driveway. They approach a gate where SHIRTLESS TEENAGERS with MAC-10's stand guard. The gate opens. YOUNG SOLDIERS open the door for George and roughly usher him over to a Jeep within the confine. They frisk him top to bottom. Diego is leaning against another Jeep and waits for George to be released.

DIEGO

George, good to see you, my brother.

GEORGE

What the fuck is going on? When did you get out of jail?

DIEGO

Pablo used his influence. Now, George, watch what you say. Everybody hears everything. A lot of things get said and done that, well, let's just say this isn't America. Life is cheap here, you know? No offense, but you know what I'm saying?

GEORGE

Yeah. Keep my mouth shut and let you do the talking.

DIEGO

Right. Now who is the person in California? The connection?

GEORGE

Just a friend.

DIEGO

Who? I need to know. Ah, never mind. We'll talk about it later.

GEORGE

Yeah. You do the talking.

The sound of a young man, a MALETON, struggling can be heard in the distance. From another area, PABLO ESCOBAR emerges. He is singular in purpose. He is handed a pistol and moves quickly over to the man and quietly speaks a few words. And then, without emotion, he shoots the maletton in the head. George and Diego, who is visibly shaken, watch. Escobar is handed a towel, and he wipes the splattered blood off his hands, as he moves back.

LARGE COLOMBIAN MAN

He will see you now.

(to Diego)

Not you.

DIEGO

There must be some kind of mistake.

LARGE COLOMBIAN MAN

No mistake. Mr. Escobar will see Mr.

Jung alone. You are to wait here.

George hesitates.

DIEGO

It's alright, George. You go.

LARGE COLOMBIAN MAN

This way, please.

The large Colombian man escorts George towards the area where the muleton was just shot. George looks back at Diego as he is led away.

ESCOBAR

So, this is the man who takes fifty kilos and makes them disappear in one day?

GEORGE

Actually, it was three.

ESCOBAR

The man who gives us the airplanes. The man from America. The mafia. Chicago. Boom boom. Hollywood. You are going to open for us the gates of Hollywood, George?

GEORGE

It would be my pleasure.

ESCOBAR

Good. Very good. Welcome, my friend. Welcome to my country.

Escobar moves over to embrace George. George returns it, and their hands come together. George can't help it. He reflexively looks at his hands. Escobar understands.

ESCOBAR (CONT'D)

The man in the garden. He was full of courage.

GEORGE

Un sapo?

ESCOBAR

Un rata - no good. But he could have run, fled the country. Gone to the policia. But then his wife, his

children, his parents, his friends, many people would die.

GEORGE  
Yes.

ESCOBAR  
But, never mind. I am thinking we can do much together. This problem with Diego, the stolen car, the jail, is very silly business. To release him from the carcel, it causes me much inconvenience. The fifty kilos could have been a big problem. And I don't like problems.

GEORGE  
With all respect, Padrino. Diego is my partner. I do not do business without him.

Escobar looks at him with a cold stare. But George doesn't flinch. His face reveals nothing. Finally, a smile breaks across Pablo's lips.

ESCOBAR  
I like you, George. You are loyal. That is good. That is rare. Maybe crazy. Yes. I can tell already. You are like me. I look at you and I see myself. It's in the eyes, no, George?

GEORGE  
Yes, it is.

ESCOBAR  
So, you are wanting to sell the cocaine for me in your country, George?

GEORGE  
Yes, sir. As much as you can give me.

ESCOBAR  
As much as I can give you? Ha ha. Very good. I like that. Come, George. Let us drive. We have much to talk about.

Diego watches the two men walk outside. Escobar throws an arm around George's shoulder. Pablo hops into a Jeep and motions for George. The bodyguards come running. But Pablo waves them away.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - COLOMBIA - DAY

Escobar pulls the Jeep off the road and parks it. Before them is a stunning panorama.

ESCOBAR

I like to come up here. To make the decisions. To be one with nature.

GEORGE

It's beautiful.

ESCOBAR

People tell me that I am crazy. That my business will never work in your country. What do you think, George?

Escobar looks out over the vista, allowing George the time to respond in full.

GEORGE

What do I think? I don't want my answer to be influenced by what I want, so I'm going to have to say I don't know.

ESCOBAR

Yes. I do not know, either. What do you want, George?

GEORGE

I want money.

ESCOBAR

Yes. Money. Which is what, George?

GEORGE

Freedom.

ESCOBAR

Power?

GEORGE

Yeah, maybe.

ESCOBAR

Family.

GEORGE

Sure.

ESCOBAR

Beautiful girls?

GEORGE  
Keep them coming.

ESCOBAR  
Keep them coming? Ah, yes. Ha ha. You are right. But money.

GEORGE  
Money.

ESCOBAR  
And Diego?

GEORGE  
Diego is my brother.

Escobar looks at George a long time. He's inscrutable.

ESCOBAR  
Good. Take care of him, George. I'm fond of him, but he is sometimes like a baby. Keep an eye on him, okay?

EXT. DESERTED SUGAR FACTORY - ENTRANCE - DAY

Diego is a little pissed off for being left for so long. He taps his foot and picks at his fingernails. Escobar and George pull up in the Jeep. Diego leaps to his feet.

DIEGO  
Padrino.

Escobar wraps his arms around Diego in an embrace.

ESCOBAR  
Diego, miijo. I've made a decision. We are going into business and I would like to start right away.

MONTAGE - GEORGE AND DIEGO TAKING OVER THE WORLD

The following images are overlaid with snow falling and money dropping through frame. CLOSE SHOTS of George and Diego on the phone, wheeling and dealing, hands counting cash, and lines being drawn off mirrors. The effect is surreal and dreamy.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A duffel bag is unzipped, revealing bricks and bricks of cocaine. Each marked with a "P." A knife punctures one of the bricks. A mound of white powder is brought up to a man's nose. It's George who samples, and then it is sampled by the man he is doing business with. The shot widens TO REVEAL all the participants and dozens and dozens of duffel bags. A handshake seals the deal.

STILL PHOTOS

Handshake after handshake after handshake.

INT. MIAMI HOUSE - NIGHT

George and Diego counting cash. It's everywhere. All over the floor, in two-foot stacks.

MORE STILL PHOTOS

Various transactions completed.

INT. MIAMI HOUSE - NIGHT

George and Diego count. It's ridiculous how much money there is. The stacks are now waist high and spill into other rooms. Inez is there, pacing the floor and rapid-fire talking on the phone.

MORE STILL PHOTOS

George and Diego, the Banditos. Cigars. Champagne. Arms around each other in camaraderie. In Diego's yellow Ferrari. With Inez, sunning on a yacht. More coke and more transactions. When the deals are with Derek Foreal, Diego is always notably absent.

INT. MIAMI HOUSE - NIGHT

The money is so high, it almost reaches the ceiling. There is nowhere to put it. George and Diego sit at the coffee table, dwarfed by the stacks of bills. There is a discrepancy in the count.

GEORGE

Three million. I counted it twice.

DIEGO

It's two-point-five, George. I am sure.

George starts to pick up the money.

GEORGE  
I'm calling it three.

DIEGO  
We're half a million off.

GEORGE  
Fuck it. I'm not counting it again.

DIEGO  
Weight it. If it's sixty pounds, it's three. If it's fifty, it's two-point five.

GEORGE  
I don't give a shit. Close enough.

George moves down the hall looking for a place to stack the money, but there is no more room.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Where do I put this!?

DIEGO  
Try the back bedroom.

George opens the back bedroom door to find wall-to-wall money. It's packed.

GEORGE  
There's no room.

DIEGO  
Try the closet.

No luck there, either. George drops the money on the floor and moves back into the living room.

GEORGE  
We've got to do something about this.

INT. BANCO DE FEDERALE - PANAMA CITY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: PANAMA CITY, PANAMA

George and Diego watch as their money is hauled into a huge wall safe. Armed Panamanian soldiers stand guard. The Panamanian officials and the BANK PRESIDENT oversee the proceedings.

GEORGE

Are you comfortable with this?

DIEGO

George, we've got sixty-one million dollars. It's either here or someplace else. We've got to put it somewhere. Unless you want to launder it.

GEORGE

And keep only forty-percent? No thanks.

DIEGO

Then relax. It's a federal bank. Guaranteed by the government. And Senor Noriega has very lenient banking principles. No questions. No problems. All the pesados keep their money here. Even El Padrino. What do you worry? Everyone knows we are with Escobar. Who is going to fuck with us?

INT. BANCO DE FEDERALE - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

George and Diego sign papers. The bank president congratulates them and hands them documentation.

GEORGE

I love it.

BANK PRESIDENT

I'm sorry.

GEORGE

I give you thirty-million dollars and you give me this little book.

MORE STILL PHOTOS

Diego and Inez's wedding. The ceremony. The ring. The kiss. The lineup with all of the bridesmaids. George is the best man, and the only American.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A huge reception. All the pomp and circumstance Colombian money can buy. Politicians. Policemen. And every smuggler north of Colombia. George sits with Diego and Inez at the table of honor. Inez is opening presents. Diego's tipsiness is a little out of character, but hey, it's his wedding day and a little champagne never hurt anyone. He drunkenly throws his arm around George's shoulder.

DIEGO

I'm married, George. Me. I can't believe it. Can you believe I'm married, George?

GEORGE

You're a lucky man, Diego.

DIEGO

I love you, my brother, do you know that?

GEORGE

I love you too, man.

George notices MIRTHA showing teeth across the room.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'll be right back, Diego.

INEZ

Look, honey, a power boat.

DIEGO

Great, baby, great!

They kiss. George walks across the dance floor directly towards Mirtha.

GEORGE

Hello.

MIRTHA

Hello.

GEORGE

Do I know you?

MIRTHA

I don't think so.

GEORGE

Why are you smiling?

MIRTHA

Why are you smiling?

GEORGE

I don't know. My name is George.

MIRTHA

I know who you are, El Americano.  
Mister George.

GEORGE

What is your name?

Cesar arrives.

CESAR

Mr. Jung, I see you've met my fiancée,  
Mirtha.

He kisses her.

GEORGE

Mirtha.

CESAR

Diego needs to see you right away,  
please. Excuse us, Amorcito.

They leave. George looks back, Mirtha is giving him more  
teeth. George arrives at the table. Various greetings.

AUGUSTO

Pleased to meet you finally, George. I  
am Augusto Oliveras.

GEORGE

My pleasure, Augusto. Diego has told me  
much about you.

RAMON OCHOA

Congratulations on your conquest of the  
West Coast. How much bigger can we  
get?

GEORGE

Sky's the limit. We're just beginning  
to tap the market. If it's accepted by  
actors and musicians, the rest will  
follow.

They all agree. Mirtha still gives George the teeth from  
across the room. Diego returns to the table.

AUGUSTO

We are talking about George's West Coast  
operation.

DIEGO

Ah, George's mystery man.

RAFAEL OJEDA

Yes, where is this man? When do we meet him?

DIEGO

You don't meet him. George keeps this a secret. He's here meeting everyone, goes to Colombia and meets Pablo, but still keeps his secrets. Even from his brother.

JUAN CARLOS "THE GUAPO"

Come on, George, we're all in this together.

EMILIO OCHOA

Yes, George, there's enough for everybody.

GEORGE

I think Padroni is happy with the current situation. Will you please excuse me?

George exits after Mirtha.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

George steps into the empty lobby looking for Mirtha. He can't find her. She appears from the shadows and startles him. George embraces her and plants one on her.

MIRTHA

You better know what you're doing, George. You're playing with fire.

GEORGE

I like fire.

MONTAGE - MUSIC CUE - LIVING THE GOOD LIFE

CLOSE UP - George does a huge line, left to right.

CLOSE UP - Mirtha does a huge line, right to left.

EXT. MIAMI DRAG - DAY

A stretch limo flies by, left to right. The windows are open

and Mirtha and George whoop it up as they go by.

INT. MIAMI NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

George and Mirtha out on the crowded dance floor, grooving to the Salsa rhythms.

STILL PHOTOS

Champagne bottles in hand, George and Mirtha on the tarmac running from the limo to the waiting private plane.

EXT. FIVE STAR HOTEL - LOS ANGELES - DAY

George and Mirtha poolside, wearing shades, getting some sun. She blows him a kiss from the adjoining lounge chair. He blows one back. She licks her lips and it's on. He's out of the chair, pouring champagne over her tan body, and licking it off. She squeals with delight. A table gets knocked over as they cause a commotion. A hotel manager comes over, but George hands him a wad of cash and he quickly fucks off.

INT. MIAMI NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - MAGICAL REALITY

The dancing is in SUPER SLOW MOTION now. Passionate, carnal, intimate.

STILL PHOTOS

George buys gifts for Mirtha and she shows them off for the camera. A fur. A ring. A house.

INT. EASTHAM HOUSE - DAY

Overhead shot of George and Mirtha's bedroom. It's completely covered with money. Completely covered. George and Mirtha make love on the sea of cash. As CAMERA PULLS UP we see money slowly falling from the ceiling.

INT. SILVER STAR WEDDING CHAPEL - LAS VEGAS - 1978 - DAY

There is no white dress. There is no tuxedo. George and Mirtha haven't even taken off their sunglasses.

MIRTHA

I do.

They kiss. Mirtha wipes her red nose.

MIRTHA (CONT'D)

I need a fucking drink.

INT. EASTHAM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

George moves to the bedroom. Mirtha is pregnant and she's showing. She's also bent over a mirror with a straw in her hand. George opens the door and takes her by surprise.

GEORGE  
Jesus Christ.

MIRTHA  
Oh, don't be such a fucking hypocrite.  
I quit smoking, didn't I?

GEORGE  
Put that shit away, they're here.

INT. EASTHAM HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - LATER

Mirtha and George lead Fred and Ermine from room to room, showing off the house. The decor is, well, eclectic. It doesn't match the architecture.

ERMINE  
It's all so beautiful.

MIRTHA  
What do you think, Dad?

FRED  
Yeah. Nice.

ERMINE  
Look at this credenza. If you don't mind me asking, how much is something like that? It's got to cost a fortune.

GEORGE  
(quickly)  
It's a family heirloom.

ERMINE  
I've seen those in magazines. They're not cheap.

GEORGE  
Mirtha comes from a very wealthy family.

ERMINE  
Oh, I see.

MIRTHA

Come on. I'll show you the rest of the house.

George and his father move outside.

EXT. GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

George and his father walk.

GEORGE

So, business is going good. I've got this import/export thing going on in Miami that's been very profitable. With my investments...

FRED

Don't bullshit me, George. I don't see you very much, I don't want to waste the time.

They move along the rear of the house. Classic cars line the driveway.

FRED (CONT'D)

You come from my body, remember? You're my baby boy. The same kid who would jump off a mountain if someone told him he couldn't do it. You haven't changed much. I know the things you do. Not everything. But I get the picture and I don't care. I don't like it. It's not what I would have chosen for you, but it's your life. It doesn't have anything to do with me.

He turns and looks at his boy.

FRED (CONT'D)

You're like your mother. You love money.

GEORGE

Dad.

FRED

No, it's good. You have a family. It's good if it makes you happy. It's nice to have nice things. Are you happy, son?

GEORGE

Yeah, Dad. I'm happy right now.

INT. HOLIDAY MOTEL - LITTLE HAVANA - 1978 - DAY

Diego puts a straw in his nose and snorts a big gaker. His eyes are wide, his pupils dilated, and a weapon sticks out of the back of his pants. He knocks the dust off his nose before moving outside. George is on the porch, smoking a cigarette.

DIEGO

Three years. How long have we been in business? Three years. Does she get to meet your connection? Was she good enough?

GEORGE

Shut up, Diego. They're going to be here any minute. I'm trying to concentrate.

DIEGO

I'm very angry with you, George. Very angry. You don't take me to California, but you take your bitch wife? A woman? I understand you love her, but it was you and me who started this. You and me.

GEORGE

What do you need my connection for, Diego? What are you going to do with it?

DIEGO

What do I do with it? Nothing. It's for peace of mind. It's for the principle.

George doesn't have time for this. He checks the cylinders on his weapon and runs over possible scenarios in his mind. But Diego won't get off the soap box.

GEORGE

Jesus fucking Christ, Diego. I ain't telling you. It's just business. Now, shut up. You're driving me crazy.

DIEGO

I'm driving you crazy? No. You're driving me crazy. We had a dream. What happened to our dream?

A black sedan pulls up and FIVE PUERTO RICAN MEN approach the room. George and Diego greet them and lead them inside. It's game time. The atmosphere is charged with danger and everyone is acutely aware of everything. The guys sit down, their guns bulging through the inside of their suits. The suitcases are opened. The rules are the same. No English. No raising voices. No sudden movements. George offers their leader, TONY, beers for his men, and is politely declined. The count starts. George and Diego riff through ten thousand dollar bundles. Diego is still acting pissy. He's mumbling to himself, making faces, slamming the money all around. The guys keep a close eye on him. Diego finishes a stack, throws one of the bags on the ground. The conversation is in Spanish unless otherwise indicated.

TONY  
Algun problema?

GEORGE  
No no no... no problema, amigo. El dinero esta todo aqui. Lleva las "llaves" y mas tarde lo contaremos. Okay? No problem.

TONY  
Que problema? Nosotros esperamos.

The pressure is getting to one of the hoods. His name is BENNY. He's got a crazy eye and he seems ready to snap. George resumes the count, but Diego won't get off it.

DIEGO  
(English)  
You embarrassed me, George. You make me look very bad.

BENNY  
Que esta diciendo?

GEORGE  
Nothing. Todo esta bien.

DIEGO  
(English)  
Everything is not alright. I bring you in, and you slap my fucking face!

GEORGE

This is not the time, Diego.

The men all reach for their pieces and all hell starts to break loose.

TONY

Hay algun problema? Hablame!

DIEGO

(English)

You fucked me in front of my whole family!

GEORGE

Fuck you...I didn't fuck you.

BENNY

Maldita sea, que diablos esta diciendo?

GEORGE

Esta todo aqui, amigo...take the keys.  
Take 'em and go.

TONY

Que esta pasando aqui, jefe?

DIEGO

Sientese ye no se meta en lo que no le importa.

The guns are out and pointed. It's out of control now.

GEORGE

Take it easy! Everything's okay!

DIEGO

Que es lo que quieren de me, hijueputas campesinos?

George steps forward with the keys.

GEORGE

Take the fucking keys!

BLAM! Courtesy of Benny, George is hit. The shoulder, the collarbone. It's hard to tell.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Estoy bien, okay? Everything is alright. There's no problem. Okay?

This never happened. No one has to know anything about this. Diego, I want you to calmly tell them where the fucking coke is. Do it now.

DIEGO

Es un Ford blanco junto a una pick-up.

Tony very carefully takes the car keys.

GEORGE

No problem, gentlemen. Goodbye.

The men slowly back out the door. George looks at Diego.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Derek Foreal.

DIEGO

What?

GEORGE

Derek Foreal. Derek Foreal. Derek fucking Foreal. Alright? The answer to all your dreams. Are you happy now?

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

George and Diego exit the terminal. George's arm is in a sling. The familiar sight of Derek Foreal is Lincoln Continental.

The three men come together, and Diego and Derek are introduced. The men's hands come together and the FRAME FREEZES on their handshake.

EXT. EASTHAM HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Fred pulls into the driveway in his new car and honks the horn. Fred and Ermine get out of the car.

FRED

Hello, hello.

INT. OLIVEROS MANSION - MIAMI - NIGHT

It's a New Year's Eve party. A lavish Colombian celebration. George and a very pregnant Mirtha move through the crowd to find Augusto.

AUGUSTO

I'm so glad you two could make it.  
Mirtha, look at you. So beautiful. You  
look like you're about to burst.

MIRTHA  
Thanks. I am. Where's Martha?

AUGUSTO  
I don't know. Drunk somewhere. Try the  
bar. And if you find her, tell her to  
come, it's almost midnight.

As Mirtha leaves, Augusto throws his arm around George's  
shoulder.

AUGUSTO (CONT'D)  
It's good you came down, George. We  
need to discuss a few things.

DIEGO  
Where's Diego?

AUGUSTO  
He's not here, George.

GEORGE  
Yeah, well where is he? And who is this  
Norman K. guy? That's all anyone is  
talking about. Norman K. Norman K. Do  
I know him?

Augusto lets out a big laugh.

AUGUSTO  
Norman Cay is not a person. He is an  
island, George. In the Bahamas. From  
what they say, it is free and it's  
Diego's new home.

GEORGE  
What?

Augusto throws an arm around George's shoulder.

AUGUSTO  
Let us walk. From what I understand,  
Diego has bought a hundred and sixty  
acres, a marina, a hotel, and an  
airstrip.

GEORGE

Motherfucker works fast.

AUGUSTO

The word is that soon he is to be king of the middle empire. He is doing multiple runs right now and using the island as a jump-off point.

GEORGE

He what?

AUGUSTO

Yes. Jack Stevens is already a very busy man. Along with many others. You shouldn't stay away so long.

GEORGE

That's impossible. We can't be up and running. Who's distributing?

Augusto says nothing. But the ball is dropping in Times Square. 10, 9, 8, 7...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

Happy New Year. Streamers, confetti, and champagne. George marches through the kissing guests and over to a phone. He's steaming. The music is up, so he has to scream.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hello, Derek? This is George. Am I wearing lipstick?

I said, am I wearing lipstick? Because when I'm getting fucked, I want to make sure my face is pretty. You're buying directly from Diego, aren't you, you son of a bitch?

INTERCUT

Derek Foreal in full New Year's regalia, complete with party hat.

DEREK

I don't want to get caught in the middle of this. That's between you and Diego.

George's face scrunches in pain.

DEREK (CONT'D)

It's nothing personal, George. Just business.

GEORGE  
Yeah. I understand. Just business.  
Right. Fuck you.

The song ends, and George is left standing there screaming.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I bring you in, and this is how you repay me? You little homo! Hey, Derek? Derek?

INT. OLIVEROS MANSION - DINING ROOM - 1979 - LATER

It's late. The family is all there. Fifteen, twenty strong. Cuban coffees all around.

MIRTHA  
Que va hacer?

AUGUSTO  
Que quieres decir. Que es lo que el va hacer? Pues, no va hacer nada.

MARIA  
Alguna cosa tiene que hacer.

FAMILY MEMBER #2  
De otra manera, es un marica.

FAMILY MEMBER #3  
Un hijueputa

FAMILY MEMBER #1  
Maricon.

FAMILY MEMBER #2  
Mira, vos sos responsable por el exito de Diego.

FAMILY MEMBER #3  
El se esta burlando de vos. Debes hacer algo, hombre.

MARIA  
No Puedes hacer ni un culo.

AUGUSTO  
El no va hacer nada. Hay un problema.

Aqui, hubo un error y nosotros lo vamos ha arreglar.

BLANCA

No le escusches a mi yerno. A el solo le importa la plata.

Blanca reaches into her purse, pulls out an ice pick folded in a piece of linen cloth, and puts it down in front of George.

BLANCA (CONT'D)

Vos lo tenes que matar, ahorita mismo. De lo contrario vas a quedar como un marica sin horror.

FAMILY MEMBER #3

Mejor dicho vos sos un aculillado.

FAMILY MEMBER #1

Maricon.

BLANCA

Sabes que, vos no tenes pantalones. Nadie te va a respetar. Usa esto. Deja solo un huequito tan pequeno, que ni sangre le va a salir a ese malparido del Diego.

AUGUSTO

Blanca, por favor.

MIRTHA

Mama, vos sos bien antigua. Como lo va a matar con un picahielo. Eso era en su tiempo, estamos casi ya en los ochenta. El lo va a meter un tiro, lo va a volar, le va a hechar un hijueputa carro encima.

AUGUSTO

Dejen la maricada pues! No jodan! Nadie va a matar a nadie! George, debemos hablarle al Patron, es la unica manera, mano.

GEORGE

No, no, no, no yo puedo arregarlo solo.

EXT. NORMAN CAY - BAHAMAS - 1979 - DUSK

George cruises through the turquoise water of the Caribbean in a sport fisherman. Before him is Norman Cay. White sand beaches. Beautiful. Pristine.

EXT. NORMAN CAY - DOCKS - DUSK

Waiting for him is Cesar.

CESAR

Good to see you, George. It's been a long time.

INT. THE YACHT CLUB - SUNSET

The Yacht Club is a tavern style bar that juts out over the water. The crimson sky streaks the windows. Diego looks like Che Guavera. His hair is long, and a graying beard sticks through his gaunt face. The bar has been taken over by Diego's BANDITOS. Automatic weapons and PROSTITUTES accent this drunken setting. George is escorted through the door by Cesar, and the room quiets. All eyes on Diego and George. Diego rises.

DIEGO

George, I am happy to see you. How are you, my brother?

GEORGE

No more brothers, Diego.

DIEGO

Of course we are brothers. Why do you say that? You hurt me, George.

GEORGE

You fucked me, Diego.

DIEGO

I did not.

GEORGE

You went behind my back and you cut me out.

DIEGO

No, I never. I would not do that, George. Never.

GEORGE

I talked to Foreal, Diego.

There is a pause. Diego's goons ready their weapons as Diego scoops up a cringer with his pinky and sniffs.

DIEGO

Maybe you are right. I did betray you a little bit.

One of the men says something in Spanish and everyone laughs. George is furious. He starts to tremble and his face turns red.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Oh, boo hoo, boo hoo. So sad, George. I stole your California connection. So what? Who introduced you to Pablo Escobar? Me. Who introduced you to your fucking Colombian wife? Me. Who protected you when my friend Cesar Roza wanted to slice your fucking throat, huh? Who mad you millions and millions of dollars? Me. And what do I get in return? This? Accusations? I have always given you everything, George, but that is over now. This is my operation. My dream. So go home, George. Go back to your stupid little life. You can sell half grams to your fucking relatives for all I care. Because you are out!

George lunges at Diego and is immediately grabbed.

GEORGE

You'd better kill me now, Diego, because you're a dead man.

DIEGO

George, don't be so emotional. This is business. Besides, I can't kill you, you are my brother.

They lead him away.

EXT. YACHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

George is getting the shit kicked out of him. His teeth broken, kicked in the head, the body, the groin. His arm stomped. Blood and broken bones. It's a king size beating. The men prop him up and Cesar reaches back and hits him with a haymaker. CRACK. George's nose is broken. Blood spurts everywhere. George is dropped to the ground, spit on, and

left for dead.

CESAR

Say "hi" to your pretty wife for me.

EXT. HACIENDA LOS NAPOLES - COLOMBIA - POOL - DAY

A beautiful, sprawling estate. A family barbecue, Colombian style, is in full swing. Kids play soccer. Zoo animals run wild together.

George is led outside by TWO OVER-ARMED BODYGUARDS. Pablo sees him and gives George a big hug.

ESCOBAR

George, you look terrible.

GEORGE

Yeah, well...

ESCOBAR

Diego?

GEORGE

Yeah.

ESCOBAR

Please. Sit down. We'll drink some scotch.

GEORGE

I didn't come here to drink scotch.

ESCOBAR

I see. I'm sorry about this, George. I'm not happy about this situation. It's bad. You now know who your Brutus is.

GEORGE

You know why I'm here. You know what I have to do. I came here for permission. Out of respect, Pablo. This is bullshit, he's making me look like a punk.

ESCOBAR

It is very difficult. Diego makes me a lot of money. If Diego goes so does the money. You were an excellent teacher, George. When the student has learned

well, the teacher is no longer necessary. We must remember we have wives, friends, familia. Even familia that has not been born. But sometimes, we must forget as well. I am like you. I must teach the lesson. We want to teach the lesson. But we cannot. We must remember that life is the teacher.

GEORGE

You're saying life will take care of Diego?

ESCOBAR

Life will take care of everybody. Diego, me, you. It is the teacher.

GEORGE

I get it. I'm really pissed, Pablo. You know the DEA knows about Norman's Cay. For Chrissakes, Diego worships Adolf Hitler and John Lennon, that's fucked up!

ESCOBAR

I'm sorry, George.

GEORGE

Yeah, well, what are you gonna do? You and me, Pablo? Are we good?

ESCOBAR

Of course, George. We are beautiful. We are brothers. Real brothers. Not like Diego. We started this, George.

Escobar embraces George for a moment, and then George starts to move away.

ESCOBAR (CONT'D)

And, George? The vengeance? It is best served cold.

INT. EASTHAM HOUSE - GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mirtha is sleeping. She's so big, she looks like she's gonna explode. George sits on the bed and rests his hand on Mirtha's face. He looks like the Elephant Man.

MIRTHA

George. Oh, Jesus Christ, George. Look

at you.

GEORGE  
Shhh, honey, never mind. It's alright.  
It's over. I quit the business. I'm  
out.

MIRTHA  
Pablo said no?

GEORGE  
Pablo said no. It's all over. And I'm  
never going back. I have you. We have  
the baby. And there's nothing else.  
It's just the family now. Shhh. Sleep  
now.

EXT. EASTHAM HOUSE - DAY

Fred, Ermine and Mirth are waiting for George in the car.  
Mirtha's water has broken. Ermine honks the horn from the  
back seat and screams out the window.

ERMINE  
George, it's time! George! George!

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

George is high and in a panic. He races around, trying to  
get a suitcase packed and find his keys.

GEORGE  
Coming!

He finally gets it together, but before he runs out the door,  
he does one last blast.

INT. CAPE COD HOSPITAL - HYANNIS - MATERNITY - DAY

Mirtha is on the birthing table and screaming in pain. She's  
crowning. George wears hospital scrubs and a surgical mask.  
He and his saucer pupils hold Mirtha's hand in comfort. The  
baby comes, and DOCTOR MICK BAY slaps it's behind and cuts  
the cord. Tough ass Mirtha breaks down and sobs  
hysterically. But something is wrong with George. The color  
drains from his face. He grabs his chest and falls over onto  
the floor. The MEDICAL STAFF attends to him.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
Watching my baby girl born did something  
to me.

They talk about religious experiences, I didn't believe in religion. But when Kristina Sunshine Jung came into this world, something in me changed. I looked at her and I knew right then that I could never love anything but my daughter ever again. It sounds sappy, but it was like, click, I knew what I was put on this planet for. It was the greatest feeling I ever had followed by the worst feeling I ever had.

NURSE  
He fainted.

MIRTHA  
George!

The doctor grabs George's wrist.

DR. BAY  
He's in tachycardia. George, your heart is racing. Have you been using drugs?

GEORGE  
Coke.

DR. BAY  
Cocaine? How much?

GEORGE  
I don't know. Maybe eighteen grams.

DR. BAY  
In how long? A week?

GEORGE  
Today.

DR. BAY  
Oh, Jesus, Get me a 12-lead e.k.g. and start an i.v. stat! This man is having a heart attack.

INT. CAPE COD HOSPITAL - HYANNIS - LATER

George lies in the recovery room, sedated, tubes everywhere. He's hooked up to IV's, monitors, and machines. Dr. Bay enters.

DR. BAY

I've reviewed your toxicology report three times, George. I've never seen anything like it. Eighteen grams. The lethal dose is a gram and a half. You should be in the Guinness Book.

George cracks a faint smile.

DR. BAY (CONT'D)

It's not funny, George. You should be dead right now. Absolutely. I cannot come up with one logical explanation for why you're still breathing. I'm not here to give you lectures, I've got no moral interest in what you do. But, take it easy, George. Stay with us a while. You've got a daughter now.

INT. EASTHAM HOUSE - DAY

Kristina is crying. Daddy George to the rescue. He picks her up, cuddles her. Gives her a bottle and she quiets.

EXT. EASTHAM HOUSE - FRONT YARD - 1980 - DAY

A one-year-old Kristina is being coaxed by George to take her first steps.

GEORGE

Come on. Come on, honey. You can do it. Come to Daddy.

Kristina tries, stumbles. Gets up again. She looks like a drunk, but she's doing it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Good girl!

Mirtha enters. She's all pinned out, dressed in Ungaro, Cartier, and dark sunglasses.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Look, Mirtha. She's walking.

MIRTHA

She did that before.

GEORGE

No. These are her first steps. Watch her.

MIRTHA

Yeah. I know. She did that before.

GEORGE

But this is...

MIRTHA

I said, I've seen it before.

GEORGE

Alright.

MIRTHA

Can you lift the furnace. I need money.

GEORGE

Where are you going?

MIRTHA

Out.

MONTAGE - SERIES OF SHOTS - 1980-85

HOME MOVIE STYLE & PHOTOGRAPHS

The years go by and they are SUPERIMPOSED as they pass. George, clean and sober, enjoying family life. Healthy and happy. Mr. Mom. Mirtha looks worse and worse as her habit becomes bigger and bigger. As George and Kristina grow closer and closer, Mirtha is stepping out on the town. Blowing money right and left. Shopping with Mirtha, buying clothes, furs, and diamonds. As Kristina gets older, WE SEE her birthday parties. George and Kristina wearing paper hats and eating ice cream. She's two years old, she's three, four, five, six...

INT. EASTHAM HOUSE - 1985 - NIGHT

The Eastham house is all done up for a party deluxe. Fully catered, with bartenders, waiters, music, the works. And of course the three c's, champagne, caviar and Colombians. George is laughing with Augusto and Martha Oliveros, but when Derek Foreal appears in the doorway, George excuses himself and walks over.

DEREK

Happy Birthday, George. Mirtha invited me.

GEORGE

Yeah. She told me.

DEREK

Look, I'm sorry about everything. I feel like an idiot. You were right. I did fuck you. And then Diego fucked me. Cut me out, too.

GEORGE

I heard.

DEREK

I lost sight of everything. Forgot who my friends were.

GEORGE

It's in the past. I'm out of the business now, so forget about it. No hard feelings. We need to move on. And besides, I'm sorry, too.

DEREK

You?

GEORGE

For calling you a homo.

DEREK

That was out of line.

George throws his arm around Derek's shoulder.

GEORGE

Good to see you, Derek.

Mirtha runs in with a giant crystal punch bowl filled with mother of pearl. She holds it over her head triumphantly.

MIRTHA

Now let's fucking party, motherfuckers!  
Let's have some fucking fun.

DEREK

Jesus, is that Mirtha!?

A very underweight Mirtha nervously runs around the party, shoving coke up everyone's noses. She is gacked to the gills and out of control. Her pupils a mile wide.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Christ almighty, George. Feed her a cheeseburger or something. What does

she weight, eighty pounds?

GEORGE

I know. She needs to slow down. She's going to blow an O-ring.

Singing. The birthday cake is brought in, the candles are blown out and everyone cheers.

Mirtha runs over to her husband, still holding the cocaine. She's sweaty, her hair matted down on one side.

MIRTHA

Happy birthday, baby. Do a line.

She tries to push a line up his nose.

GEORGE

No, that's alright.

MIRTHA

Oh fucking relax. Let your hair down for once. It's your fucking birthday, for Chrissakes. You're such a fucking pussy. I swear to G-d, I married this big time drug dealer and wound up with the maid.

Mirtha's loud now and making a scene. He thinks about it.

GEORGE

No honey, I'm alright.

AUGUSTO

A toast! To Mister George Jung. Mr. I 95, north and south. My brother-in-law. Happy birthday!

Everyone raises their glasses.

EVERYONE

To George!

A party guest comes running inside.

PARTY GUEST

Cops! They're all over the place.

The WAITERS, in their white jackets, exchange knowing looks. The BARTENDER comes out from behind the bar.

BARTENDER

Freeze!

In an instant, all of the waiters' guns are out.

WAITER

Massachusetts State Police Department!  
Everybody on the floor!

EXT. EASTHAM HOUSE - LATER

Police cars everywhere. All the party guests are filed out the door, and are being led away. Mirtha is dragged out, spitting and screaming. George, in handcuffs, is pushed to a squad car. He looks through the window to see a FEMALE POLICE OFFICER escorting Kristina out of the house.

INT. M.P.D. - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

George, still dressed in his party clothes, sits at a desk. TWO DETECTIVES set a confession in front of him.

GEORGE

What's this?

DETECTIVE #2

It's your statement. How it was all yours, the pound of coke was for personal use and none of the guests had any idea it was there, yeah, right.

George looks through the papers.

GEORGE

I want my kid out of protective custody. Now. No fucking around. My wife and my kid on a plane tonight. I sign when they call me safe and sound.

DETECTIVE #1

No fucking way.

GEORGE

Fuck you, then. I sign nothing.

The detectives ponder.

DETECTIVE #2

Do it.

Detective #1 walks to the door.

DETECTIVE #1

George? You better get yourself a good lawyer this time. We're gonna nail your ass to the wall on this one.

GEORGE

Oh hey, one more thing?

DETECTIVE #1

What's that?

GEORGE

Get me a six pack.

EXT. EASTHAM HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

It's the middle of the night. George walks through a dark and lonely house. He goes to the furnace, opens it up and sees that there are only five stacks left.

GEORGE

Fuck.

EXT. JUNG HOUSE - WEYMOUTH - PORCH - MORNING

George pulls up to the front.

GEORGE

Hi.

FRED

I heard. Ermine, your son is here.

ERMINE (O.S.)

Tell him I don't want to see him. Tell him he's not welcome here.

GEORGE

Mom.

Ermine's back is to George. She won't look at him.

ERMINE

Don't you dare step one foot in this house. You're not my son, you hear me? I don't have a son anymore.

She disappears into the house. The sound of a door slamming.

FRED

She's angry. It's all over the news.

GEORGE

Yeah. Listen. I'm going to be going away for awhile.

FRED

You're not going to trial?

GEORGE

No.

FRED

Good.

They stand there and look at each other for a while. There's a lot to say but nothing's coming out. George hands Fred a gym bag.

GEORGE

Give this to Mom, will you?

FRED

Money. You and your mother. All the time chasing it. I never understood it.

GEORGE

Give it to her, Dad. It'll make her happy.

FRED

Yeah, I know. This is it, isn't it?

The two men throw their arms around each other and hold on to one another in the doorway of the old house.

GEORGE

Tell Mom, you know...

FRED

I'll tell her.

George breaks away and moves to the T-bird.

FRED (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself.

INT. BANCO DE FEDERALE - PANAMA CITY - 1985 - DAY

George walks through the bank.

INT. BANCO DE FEDERALE - PANAMA CITY - CONTINUOUS

George sits at a desk in front of a Panamanian BANK EMPLOYEE.  
He slides his bank book across the table.

GEORGE

I'd like to make a withdrawal.

The employee opens the book and gets a funny look on his face. Nervous.

BANK EMPLOYEE

Excuse me, please.

He gets up and moves to the BANK MANAGER. They move to another MANAGER TYPE. And another.  
And then everyone disappears behind closed doors. Finally, the BANK PRESIDENT emerges and moves over to George.

BANK PRESIDENT

I'm afraid there is a problem, Mr. Jung.  
The banks have gone through a change, a nationalization. I'm afraid your funds have been appropriated by the Panamanian Government...

George starts to shake. The bank president tries to explain, but whatever he says is unimportant. George is paralyzed.

INT. APARTMENT - LIBERTY CITY, FLORIDA - NIGHT

An inexpensive one-bedroom furnished apartment. It ain't much, but it's home. Mirtha has just received the news and is losing her mind. Clara Blanca is cooking dinner.

MIRTHA

What are we going to do?! What are we going to use for money?!

GEORGE

Please, Mirtha. I'll start working for Augusto. I'll talk to him tonight. I'll do something.

MIRTHA

Don't touch me. Tell me. Just answer the question. What do I spend? What? How will we live?

Kristina sits there. She hears everything, so does Clara Blanca.

GEORGE  
Not in front of the kid.

MIRTHA  
Don't give me that shit. You just  
better do something.

She storms into the bedroom and slams the door. George  
stands there. Awkward silence. George goes to Kristina.

GEORGE  
Everything's gonna be okay, sweetheart.  
Don't be upset.

KRISTINA  
What's happening to us?

Tough question to answer.

GEORGE  
I don't know.

KRISTINA  
Are we gonna split up?

GEORGE  
No, never. Don't even think about that,  
it's impossible. I love your mother.  
And you are my heart. Could I live  
without my heart? Could I?

Kristina nods "no." They embrace.

INT. GEORGE'S THUNDERBIRD - MIAMI - NIGHT

The car moves along I-95. George is driving while a jacked  
up Mirtha does a speed bump. A cop is following in the  
distance. It is not okay.

GEORGE  
There's a fucking cop behind us, Mirtha.  
Be cool, will ya.

MIRTHA  
Fuck you, George, just fucking drive.

GEORGE  
Hey, why don't you just put a "I'm doing  
cocaine" sign on the car. What is your  
fucking problem?

MIRTHA

My problem? We're broke, that's my fucking problem. And you're a fucking spy.

GEORGE

What?

MIRTHA

That's right. Always spying, always judging. Everyone's laughing at you, you fucking pussy. You let Diego fuck you in the ass. Maybe you are a fucking faggot. You must be fucking Diego because you're not fucking me.

Mirtha grabs nuts.

GEORGE

Those are my nuts!

George tries to fend her off. The car swerves all over the road. It's turned into a full scale fist fight. The red lights of Florida's finest come up behind them and George is pulled over.

EXT. I-95 - CONTINUOUS

Mirtha leaps out of the car, teary eyed, crazed and bloodied. The policemen step from their car.

MIRTHA

He's a fugitive and a fucking cocaine dealer! There's a kilo in his trunk right now! Take this sorry motherfucker to jail!

George sits behind the wheel. He knows it's over.

INT. M.C.I. WALPOLE - VISITING AREA - 1989 - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: FOUR YEARS LATER

Visiting day. Inmates sit across from their families. Mirtha is sitting at the glass. George walks to his seat.

MIRTHA

I'm divorcing you, George. I'm getting custody of Kristina. And when you get out next week, you're going to pay support and that's the end of it.

Alright? There's someone else. I'm sorry.

George just looks at her. His face is stone. But he is moved.

MIRTHA (CONT'D)  
You should have taken better care of me, you know? You've been away a long time. Four years. Say something.

GEORGE  
What do you want me to say? I'm in prison. You should know. You put me here.

MIRTHA  
Fuck you, George. I knew you'd say something like that. Always thinking about yourself.

She moves away and drags nine-year old Kristina into the room.

Kristina yanks her arm away and they get into a heated argument. Through the glass, George can't hear the words but it's clear that Kristina doesn't want to be here.

GEORGE  
My baby. She's so big.

Mirtha forces Kristina over to the glass and keeps showing her, prompting her to talk. Kristina stares at George through the glass. Cool. Defiant. Angry. She picks up the phone and speaks, every word an accusation.

KRISTINA  
I thought you couldn't live without your heart.

She drops the phone, walks away, and doesn't look back.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - MIAMI STREETS - DAY

George puts in the quarters.

GEORGE  
Hello, Derek? It's George. Yeah.  
Yeah, I am. I'm in Miami. I'm looking to do something. I want to put together a crew. Do you know anybody? Leon? I don't know him. What's his last name?

Alright. Give me the number.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MIAMI - DAY

Nine-year old Kristina Jung leaves school. George, fresh out of prison, moves across the street to meet her.

KRISTINA

What are you doing here?

GEORGE

Nothing. I just wanted you to know I was out. I just wanted to see you.

KRISTINA

Well, here I am. See?

GEORGE

How are you doing?

KRISTINA

George, you just can't show up, tell me you love me, and have everything be okay.

GEORGE

Dad.

KRISTINA

What?

GEORGE

You can call me Dad if you want.

KRISTINA

I don't want, alright? It's not funny. I'm really pissed off, George. You blew it, now leave me alone.

GEORGE

Kristina, c'mon, I'm sorry. I'm going to make this right. I've got a few things going on...

KRISTINA

What do you want from me?

GEORGE

Just to walk with you. I want to be your dad again.

KRISTINA

Do what you want, it's a free country.

She walks away. He follows.

INT. THE PALM LOUNGE - MIAMI - DAY

George sits at the bar with a man named LEON MINGHELLA.

LEON

It's a four-man operation. Two on the ground. Two in the air.

GEORGE

Who's the co-pilot?

LEON

You're looking at him. We provide the plane, transportation cost, U.S. landing spot, and take it to wherever you want it to go. You provide the pick up point in South America, and are responsible for payment. You assume all the bust risks. We take sixty-five percent of all transportation fees, ten percent of the gross, plus our expenses. This is not a negotiation, so if this is okay with you, we can talk further. If not, we can forget we had this conversation.

GEORGE

Sounds fine. I'll need to meet everybody.

LEON

They're over at the booth.

Leon leads George over.

LEON (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, this is George. George, this is Ben, G.G. and...

George's eyes widen as he looks at the last man. It's Kevin Dulli.

GEORGE

Holy shit, Dulli!

KEVIN

Georgie, oh man, hold the mayo!

GEORGE (V.O.)

That was it. Seeing Dulli after fourteen years sealed the deal for me. The rest was just details. My end was roughly five-hundred thousand. Kristina and I could have a good life for five hundred grand. Start over somewhere. One final score. That's all I needed.

INT. OLIVEROS MANSION - MIAMI - DAY

AUGUSTO

Three-hundred kilos is a very big load, Georgie. Why don't we start small?

GEORGE

No. I have the space. I figured it out. This is what I want to do.

AUGUSTO

Alright. I'll ask Pablo, tell him it's for you. I don't think there will be a problem.

GEORGE

Five-thousand per kilo.

AUGUSTO

Ha ha. That's too much, Georgie. Those days are over. The rate is one-thousand dollars. Inflation, you know?

GEORGE

This is a one time thing, Gusto. One and I'm out. Give me a good price for old time's sake. What do you think?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MIAMI - DAY

George and Kristina walk through the neighborhood. He carries her books.

GEORGE

Let me ask you something. If you could go anywhere in the world, anywhere, where would you want to go?

KRISTINA

You mean, like a trip?

GEORGE

Yeah, sure, whatever.

Kristina thinks about it.

KRISTINA

I don't know. Maybe California.

George is amused by her answer.

GEORGE

California? You can go anywhere in the world. India. Tibet. Australia. Paris. And you choose California?

KRISTINA

Yeah.

GEORGE

What is it? A Disneyland thing?

KRISTINA

No. I just kind of like the sound of it.

GEORGE

California, huh?

KRISTINA

California.

They turn a corner and arrive at Kristina's house. Mirtha is standing in the doorway.

GEORGE

Go on inside now. I want to talk to your mom alone.

He kisses his daughter goodbye.

KRISTINA

Bye, Dad. See you in the morning, okay?

GEORGE

I'll be here.

George moves over to Mirtha. It's been a while.

MIRTHA

What do you want?

GEORGE

You knew I was seeing Kristina, right?

MIRTHA

Yeah. She told me. You walk her to school.

GEORGE

Yeah, so I've been thinking. I love her, y'know? I kind of want to have her. I've been away for so long. Make up for the missed time, you know?

MIRTHA

I haven't seen one dollar from you. You haven't paid me one cent in child support, alimony.

GEORGE

Yeah, well. I'm working on that. I've got something going.

MIRTHA

Yeah? I better see some money out of it.

GEORGE

Yeah, you will. Of course.

Mirtha looks at her ex-husband. It's not all bad.

MIRTHA

Hey, look. You start paying, who knows what will happen. You're a good father, George. I always gave you that. But you've got to talk to her.

GEORGE

Yeah.

MIRTHA

She's getting big. Getting her own ideas.

GEORGE

I know. Well, that's all I really wanted to say. So, okay, then.

He moves down the steps and heads for the sidewalk.

MIRTHA  
Hey, George. You okay?

GEORGE  
Yeah. I'm fine. I'm good.

INT. THE PALM LOUNGE - DAY

The restaurant is filled with the team. They discuss, argue, re-examine every little detail.

KEVIN  
We take off from Lauderdale, Sunday, refuel, and be in Medellin by Monday.

LEON  
Overnight, refuel, and back Wednesday night.

GEORGE  
Where are you coming in?

BEN  
Vero Beach.

G.G.  
It's good. It's small.

LEON  
Then we drive it to the Lauderdale house where it stays until pick up and payment the next morning. You want to go over it again?

GEORGE  
No. All set. Piece of cake.

INT. GEORGE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MIAMI - NIGHT

George is cooking dinner for Kristina. He's only got a hot plate so it's slow. The table is set with plasticware. Kristina chops the salad.

GEORGE  
I'm thinking about getting out of town this week. You want to come with me?

KRISTINA  
Where are you going?

GEORGE

I don't know. Maybe California.

KRISTINA  
You swear?

GEORGE  
Yeah. Go out there, check it out, see what it's like. I've got some stuff to do this week, but I'm thinking maybe Thursday. Thursday after school.

KRISTINA  
You know I can't. Mom will never let me go.

GEORGE  
You let me take care of your mother. You just pack your bags.

KRISTINA  
But I've got school.

GEORGE  
There's schools in California.

KRISTINA  
You swear?

GEORGE  
That's right. Three o'clock. Thursday. At your mother's. You and me. It's a date.

KRISTINA  
I don't believe you.

GEORGE  
I swear. On my life.

KRISTINA  
Swear on my life.

GEORGE  
I swear on your life.

EXT. VERO BEACH AIRFIELD - DUSK

George, Ben and G.G. wait on the tarmac. George is pacing. The sound of a Cessna is heard and soon it is dropping out of the sky. The plane lands and taxis over.

Kevin and Leon stick their fists out of the airplane in triumph. The men quickly unload the plane into the trunks of two Broncos and the back of a truck.

INT. FT. LAUDERDALE HOUSE - NIGHT

WE FOLLOW the duffel bags out of the Bronco into the house. The boys sit around as George samples the product.

KEVIN

Are we good?

GEORGE

Are we good? Yeah, we're good. We're beautiful. We're perfect. This is A grade, one-hundred percent pure Colombian cocaine, Ladies and Gentlemen. Disco shit. Pure as the driven snow. Good riddance.

He looks the boys over.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You saved my life, Dulli. You'll never fucking know. All you guys. Everyone just got a raise. Instead of ten percent, you get fifteen.

LEON

Jesus, George, fifteen percent. That's an extra two-hundred large.

GEORGE

I don't give a shit. Split it up. Have a great life. I'm done. I'm out. Starting over. Cheers.

They clank. George gets up and does the Snoopy Dance to the bathroom.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yeah! Unbelievable. Dulli, pour us another round. I gotta hit the head.

George leaves the room. The camera slowly pans back to the guys. Something doesn't look right. They have not moved. They look bummed. Leon looks at G.G.

LEON

What?

G.G.  
I feel bad.

BEN  
Me too. He's not such a bad guy.

KEVIN  
Fuck you guys. All of you. I've known him for thirty fucking years. Fucking George.

LEON  
Yeah, I like him, too. But what's done is done. So let's not get all sentimental about it, okay?

The CAMERA PANS BACK SLOWLY to the bathroom door, George comes back into the room, dancing. He goes and sits down with the guys.

GEORGE  
(laughing)  
Dulli, I was just thinking about that time we landed in Mexico. You've gotten a lot better since then, huh pal? Remember that fucking landing strip? Huh?

George is the only one smiling. No one is looking at him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Hey, what's wrong fellas? Why the long faces?

He looks at each one. He slowly realizes something's up. He looks to Dulli finally.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(defeated)  
No. C'mon, Dulli.

The front door busts down, agents pour in. The CAMERA SWISH PANS to George. Lights out. Slow motion. Slow dolly into XCU.

EXT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - NEW YORK - 1999 - DAY

George has tears in his eyes. He is frozen. Paralyzed by the memories.

GEORGE

Oh, no.

INT. FT. LAUDERDALE HOUSE - 1989 - DAY

The voices from the bust can be heard as the CAMERA PUSHES SLOWLY into George's face. Surreal.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I was busted. Set up by the FBI and the DEA. That didn't bother me. Set up by Kevin Dulli and Derek Foreal to save their own asses. That didn't bother me. Sentenced to sixty years at Otisville. That didn't bother me.

EXT. MIRTHA'S HOUSE - MIAMI - 1989 - DAY

Nine-year old Kristina Sunshine Jung sits on the front porch as the sun goes down. Her bags are packed and ready to go.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I had broken a promise. Everything I loved in my life goes away.

INT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - 1989 - DAY

George is led into a small room and greeted by his lawyer, ARCHIE ZIGMOND.

ZIGMOND

Here's the deal, George. You're not getting out. I tried to get you furloughed, but your mother squashed it. Said it would only upset him. I'm sorry.

George takes it in. Blinks. The years have not been kind.

GEORGE

How's he doing?

ZIGMOND

Well, he's out of the hospital, but there's not much anyone can do for him. It's just a matter of time. Listen, I brought a tape recorder in case you wanted to say something to him. That way he could hear your voice.

GEORGE

Right.

Zigmond sets the tape recorder down and leaves the room. George stares long at the machine. He pushes the record button and looks at the red light.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Hello, Dad...

EXT. JUNG HOUSE - DAY

A sixty-nine year old Fred shuffles from his house to the blue LTD. He gets in, turns the key, and puts his son's tape into the deck.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
You know, I remember a lifetime ago, I was about three-and-a-half feet tall, weighing all of sixty-pounds, every inch your son...

EXT. JUNG HOUSE - 1953 - DAY

Six-year old George runs through the leaves to the truck and rides to work with his father.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
...those Saturday mornings going to work with my Dad. We'd climb into that big yellow truck. I used to think it was the biggest truck in the world.

INT. FRED'S LTD. - 1989 - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON FRED

visibly moved.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
I remember how important the job we did was.  
How if it weren't for us, people would freeze to death. I thought you were the strongest man in the world.

FLASHBACK - VISUALS MATCH DIALOGUE

Ermine as Loretta Young.

Fred Jung and his son tossing a baseball.

Tuna and George driving off in the black Oldsmobile

convertible.

The FBI arresting George in his old bedroom.

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Remember those home movies when Mom would dress up like Loretta Young? And the ice creams and the football games? Waino, the Tuna, and the day I left for California only to come home with the FBI chasing me?

INT. JUNG HOUSE - GEORGE'S BEDROOM - 1973 - NIGHT

James J. Trout pulls a handcuffed George's boots over his socks as Fred and Ermine watch.

GEORGE (V.O.)

And that FBI agent, Trout? When he had to get on his knees to put my boots on? You said...

FRED

That's where you belong...

INT. FRED'S LTD. - 1989 - CONTINUOUS

A choked up Fred repeats the words.

FRED

...you sonofabitch. Putting on George's boots.

GEORGE (V.O.)

That was a good one, Dad. That was really something. Remember that?

INT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - NEW YORK - 1989 - DAY

George's eyes well up and he sparks a cigarette, as he keeps trying to tell his father goodbye.

GEORGE (V.O.)

And that time you told me that money wasn't real? Well, old man, I'm forty two years old. I finally learned what you tried to tell me so many years ago.

INT. FRED'S LTD. - 1989 - CONTINUOUS

Tears come crashing out of the old man's stoic face.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
I finally understand. You're the best,  
Dad. I just wish I could have done more  
for you. I wish we had more time.

EXT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - NEW YORK - 1999 - DAY

A vision of Fred Jung sits on the ground before his fifty-two  
year old son.

GEORGE  
I guess I kind of lost sight of things.  
"May the wind always be at your back and  
the sun always upon your face, and the  
winds of destiny carry you aloft to  
dance with the stars." Love, George.

FRED  
That was a beautiful message.

GEORGE  
I meant every word of it.

FRED  
Did you know I died two weeks after you  
sent me that tape?

The apparition of Fred disappears and George is left alone  
once again.

GEORGE  
Yeah, Dad. I knew that.

INT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - NEW YORK - 1990 - DAY

George is led into the room where THREE FBI MEN await him.  
One of them is named FRED GARCIA.

GARCIA  
How are you doing, George?

GEORGE  
What do you guys want?

GARCIA  
You hear about your old friend, Diego?

GEORGE  
What about him?

Garcia tosses a newspaper onto the table. The Miami Herald. Inside is a full page letter addressed from Diego Delgado to Vice President George Bush. In the letter, Diego offers to make a deal. In exchange for immunity, Diego will rat out the entire cocaine business. Americans, Colombians, Noriega, Escobar, everybody. Just let him free.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Is he going to walk?

GARCIA

He's going down, George. It's election year. We're not making any deals.

FBI GUY #1

He's never getting out. Orders from the top.

GARCIA

So, how would you like to help us put him away?

FBI GUY #2

We've done our homework. We know you hate this motherfucker.

GEORGE

I don't think so.

GARCIA

Don't be stupid, George. We've got him. We've got him dead to rights. But like I said, this is top priority so we're handing out free passes on this one. And the first one's got your name on it. Cut your sentence in half, maybe more.

GEORGE

No thanks, fellas. You've got the wrong fucking guy. I'm not a rat.

INT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - VISITOR'S ROOM - 1990 - DAY

George sits in the chair behind the plexiglass. Mirtha enters and takes a seat on the other side.

GEORGE

Mirtha, what's going on? Everything okay with Kristina?

MIRTHA

Kristina's fine.

GEORGE  
Is she here? Is she coming?

MIRTHA  
Is she here? George, Kristina hates you. You fucked her over one too many times. And I'm not here to socialize. Did you hear about Diego?

GEORGE  
Yeah.

MIRTHA  
Well, I got a call from Pablo. He said this thing with Diego is a disaster. He's giving up lab locations, names, bank accounts, he was very pissed off. Pablo said to take him down. His exact words were "Fuck Diego."

GEORGE  
He wants me to testify? Is that what he's asking me to do?

MIRTHA  
George, he wasn't asking.

Mirtha gets up and starts to move away.

GEORGE  
Mirtha, how are you doing?

MIRTHA  
Better than you.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - JACKSONVILLE - 1990 - DAY

George, Archie Zigmond and two armed guards walk down the corridor.

GEORGE  
Hey, Arch, you think the judge will let us get a cocktail after this is all over?

ZIGMOND  
I'll see what I can do, George.

GEORGE

Thanks, Arch.

They walk into the crowded courtroom.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - JACKSONVILLE - 1990 - DAY

Packed. Nuts. Standing room only. The courtroom buzzes as George is led down the center aisle and is handed off to the bailiff. Over this we hear...

CLERK

Sir, please state your name.

GEORGE

I'm George Jung. Spelled J-U-N-G.

CLERK

Thank you.

PROSECUTOR

Mr. Jung, do you know Diego Delgado?

GEORGE

Yes, I do.

PROSECUTOR

Do you see him here in the courtroom?

GEORGE

Yes, he's sitting right there at the end of the table.

PROSECUTOR

Let the record state the witness has identified, Diego Delgado.

The following sound bytes are dissolved together in montage style...

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Jung, can you describe the circumstances of how you began talking about cocaine with Mr. Delgado?

GEORGE

Shortly after I arrived at Danbury Federal Correctional Institute I related to Diego that the crime I was in for was smuggling marijuana. Diego told me he had high level connections in Colombia and they needed

to find someone to help them transport cocaine into America...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The first run was fifteen kilos, which we smuggled into Logan Airport in hard shelled suitcases.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We wrapped the cocaine in kitchen cabinet paper, and duct tape, that way if there were any dogs in customs...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I introduced Diego to a pilot named Jack Stevens, who helped us fly 300 kilos of cocaine per week into the United States via twin-engine Cessnas. Jack would fly into North Carolina, we'd meet him there and drive it down to different distribution points...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I never met Pablo Escobar. Diego Delgado was my only connection to cocaine from Colombia...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Diego convinced me to keep most of my money in a Panamanian bank. Diego had a close relationship with Manuel Noriega. In exchange for allowing us to keep our money there, we paid him a percentage.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

There was an 85% chance that if you snorted cocaine between 1977-1984, it was ours. Initially with my LA connections, we invented the marketplace. In 1977, there was no other real competition.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The first year we made about 100 million dollars between us. It was an expensive operation. Eventually we built up to three different pilots doing multiple runs per week, connections on both coasts, everything was running smooth. We were like a corporation...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

he was very anti-government. He talked about revolution, forming his own country or island, he was looking for power as well as money. I was just looking for money.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

He disliked the United States, thought it was a police state. He hoped that by flooding the country with cocaine, it would disrupt the political system and tear down the morality of the country.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Well, yes, Derek Foreal was my connection, I met him back in 1968 when I first moved to Manhattan Beach. It was Foreal's marijuana connections that kicked off our cocaine market.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yes, it was my idea to bring the kilos to Los Angeles. When Diego finally got Derek Foreal's name from me, it was only a matter of months before he'd cut me out.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm not sure how my relationship with my daughter and ex-wife have anything to do with this trial. I mean we're here to talk about Diego Delgado, aren't we?

CALIBANOS

Yes, we are Mr. Jung.

We come out of the montage, the defense attorney Diego Delgado, Joe Calibanos, a sleazy-Greek-like-ex-basketball weight lifter guy is now doing the questioning.

CALIBANOS (CONT'D)

Mr. Jung, you're a convicted felon, correct?

GEORGE

Yes, I am.

CALIBANOS

Do you have any agreement or understanding whatsoever with the United

States government in regards to your testimony?

GEORGE  
No, I came here out of my own volition.

CALIBANOS  
Excuse me?

GEORGE  
Something about vengeance being best served cold.

CALIBANOS  
Really. Are you getting paid, Mr. Jung?

GEORGE  
Excuse me?

CALIBANOS  
Mr. Jung, don't you have an agreement or understanding with the United States Government in connection with your testimony in this case?

GEORGE  
I'm doing sixty years at Otisville, no chance of parole. Even if they cut my sentence in half I'll be seventy-three years old. That's some fucking deal. I don't know if the parole board, the judge, the pope or Jesus Christ himself can get me out of here. I have a really bad record, I'm not sure what's going to happen.

CALIBANOS  
So you do have an agreement with the United States Government, Mr. Jung, correct?

George can't respond. Looks to Diego. Looks from the jury, the judge, George is on the spotlight and it's uncomfortable. He feels suddenly sleazy.

CALIBANOS (CONT'D)  
I thought so. No more questions.

Silence. The judge tells George he can step down. Calibanos laughs quietly with associates. George is bummed. He walks by Diego. They look at each other.

GEORGE

You shouldn't have taken the 30 million,  
Diego, I was out.

George is lead away.

CLERK

The court calls Mr. Jack Stevens.

Jack Stevens is lead to the stand. WE SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR - 1999 - DAY

The green of the New York State countryside drifts by as a brown Mazda moves along Highway 19. Behind the wheel is a beautiful 20 year old woman wearing dark sunglasses. She drives absently, her mind somewhere else.

INT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - VISITOR'S ENTRANCE - 1999 - DAY

The woman is buzzed through the double doors. She moves to the MAN behind the desk and takes off her sunglasses.

KRISTINA

I'm here to see my father.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER

Name?

KRISTINA

Kristina Sunshine Jung.

EXT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - LATE AFTERNOON

The GUARDS are rounding up the other prisoners and escorting them inside, but George is still planting sunflowers.

GUARD

Hey, George, five more minutes, buddy.

INT. VISITOR'S ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The admissions officer looks up from his paperwork.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER

Jung.

Kristina grabs her papers and moves to the counter.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)

Belongings in here.

Kristina empties her pockets and deposits her possessions into a locker box. She is handed a key.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Feet on the blue line.

Kristina stands on a blue piece of tape and the admissions officer buzzes open the giant metal door. But Kristina doesn't move.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Miss?

He presses the buzzer again, but she just stands there.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Miss? Something wrong?

EXT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - CONTINUOUS

George turns around as a GUARD taps him on the shoulder.

GUARD  
George? George, come on. You've got a visitor.

George looks up to find Kristina being buzzed through the gate. She moves through the open area and onto the grass quickly. SLOW MOTION: Father and daughter come together at last in a long embrace.

GEORGE  
I'm sorry, baby. I'm so sorry.

KRISTINA  
It's alright, Dad.

GEORGE  
I didn't mean to...

KRISTINA  
I know, Dad. I know...

He hugs her hard.

GEORGE  
I fucked up.

KRISTINA

Shhhh.

GEORGE

I love you. I love you so much. You've got to know that. You've got to know.

KRISTINA

I know, Dad. I love you too.

GEORGE

After everything. After everything, the only thing left out of my whole life is you.

Kristina looks at her father, smiles, and disappears. There was no Kristina. The guard continues to tap.

GUARD

George? George, come on. It's getting dark.

George looks up to find a prison guard. His name is GUS, and he helps George to his feet.

GEORGE

But I have a visitor.

GUS

Not today, George. Time to go back.

GEORGE

But I want to put her name on the list for tomorrow. My daughter.

GUS

Okay, George.

GEORGE

Because she's visiting me.

GUS

We'll do that tomorrow, okay? It's lockdown time.

The shadows grow long, and Gus leads George down a cement path that cuts through the grass. The huge structure of Otisville looms dark against the sky, and Gus and George take the long walk back.

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Standing outside the fences, Kristina smokes a cigarette as she watches her father being led away. After a few moments, she turns around, walks to her car and gets in. Time to go home. And as the brown Mazda pulls out of the driveway, the taillights turn red, growing smaller and smaller, until they finally disappear.

THE END.