

Death At A Distance

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM WITH STAGE, LONDON - NIGHT

Women in evening dresses and men in dinner suits and bow ties sit at round dinner tables.

On the stage the Master of Ceremonies taps the microphone and takes it off the stand.

Behind him an image is projected on a large screen.

INSERT - THE IMAGE, which reads:

"The Independent School Awards 2024"

BACK TO DINING ROOM

The MASTER OF CEREMONIES, 60s, immaculately dressed, smiles ostentatiously.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
And to complete our awards, we have
-- the British International
"School of The Year" award.

He removes an envelop from his pocket, opens it, views its contents and looks up.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (CONT'D)
And the winner is -- the British
International School of Trujillo.

The audience applauds as the Master of Ceremonies bubbles with enthusiasm.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (CONT'D)
And here to receive the award is
their dedicated headmaster --
Mister George Trimbol.

To further applause, George TRIMBOL, 40s, British, tall and handsome, rises from a table and walks up and onto the stage.

George collects the award presented by a hostess and takes the microphone from the Master of Ceremonies.

TRIMBOL
On behalf of the British
International School of Trujillo --
thank you. We were delighted to
make the shortlist -- to win --
magnificent.

As the applause continues, Trimbol beams a smile at all.

He returns the microphone to the Master of Ceremonies who indicates the official photographer.

The photographer clicks non-stop.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. LONDON - LATER

Trimbol places the trophy on a table, Sits on the bed and takes out his cellphone.

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE, TRUJILLO - CONTINUOUS

A phone rings.

NICOLE Trimbol, 14, tall, long dark brown hair and pretty, dives onto her bed.

She grabs her cellphone, rolls over and gasps.

INTERCUT - BEDROOM / HOTEL ROOM

NICOLE
Daddieeee. Daddieeee. How did it go?

TRIMBOL
(hesitantly)
Well --

NICOLE
Well what?

TRIMBOL
(loudly)
Well -- we won -- we won.

NICOLE
(jovially)
Fantastic daddy -- fantastic.
Knew it -- just knew it.

TRIMBOL
Maybe you -- but not me. Where is
Maggie?

NICOLE
Outside -- waiting for the pick-up.

TRIMBOL
(questioning)
Pick-up? What pick-up?

NICOLE
 (impassively)
 Daddy your Volvo's back in the
 garage. But Pedro Delgado's giving
 us a lift to Puerto Morin.

There is the sound of a car horn tooting.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
 (excitedly)
 Daddy that's our lift. Call Maggie
 on your cellphone -- love you.
 Kisses and hugs.

EXT. ROAD, OUTSIDE CONDOMINIUM, TRUJILLO - LATER

A red pick-up, with darkened windows, exits the condominium
 and turns onto the Pan American Highway.

A waiting Toyota Corolla starts up and follows the pick-up.

EXT. PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY - LATER

The Corolla's driver accelerates to overtake the pick-up.

As the Corolla pulls alongside, a black Doberman raises its
 head over the side panel and barks.

INT. PICK-UP, PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Her cellphone rings and MARGARET Trimbol, known as Maggie,
 17, blond, tall and elegant, puts it to her ear.

MARGARET
 (passionately)
 Congrats dad! Fantastic -- Nicole
 told me.

TRIMBOL (V.O.)
 Not bad for an ex S.A.S. captain.

MARGARET
 Not S.A.S. dad, but S.O.S. -- Saved
 Our School.

TRIMBOL (V.O.)
 Thanks Maggie. You're my life.

The connection goes down and Maggie tries to reconnect.

INT. COROLLA, PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Corolla's driver, Luiz TORRES, 30s, medium height and build, scarred cheek, now ahead of the pick-up, checks his mirror.

He maintains his distance, picks up his cellphone, shifting his gaze between his forward and rear views.

He squints at the buttons.

TORRES
Bye, Delgado.

Torres presses the send button and observes.

EXT. PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The rear end of the pick up explodes. Smoke and flames shoot out from the right side panel as the rear end is blown into the air.

The front bumper scrapes the black asphalt, generating a shower of sparks.

As the near front tire bursts, the pick-up pirouettes, before plummeting off the highway and smashing into the concrete wall of the Chavimochic canal.

The Corolla drives on.

EXT. CITY CENTER, LIMA - DAY

SUPER: "LIMA"

The traffic circulates through historic downtown Lima.

INSERT - PHOTO AND NEWSPAPER HEADLINE, which reads:

"El Vaticano on trial."

INSERT - PHOTO AND NEWSPAPER HEADLINE, which reads:

"At the UN, Peru's President Furukawa, promotes his Multinational Anti Drug Force, nicknamed the MAD Force."

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS, LIMA - DAY

A stunned female news REPORTER looks at a camera.

REPORTER

The jury has found El Vaticano
innocent on all charges.

EXT. RAINFOREST, PERU - DAY

A helicopter flies low over lush green Amazon rainforest.

The chopper soars up a valley and as the scenery changes, a villa appears ahead.

EXT. SAN MARTIN STATE, PERU - VILLA - DAY

SUPER: "DEPARTAMENTO SAN MARTIN, PERU"

As the chopper approaches the villa, workers in the nearby fields wave.

The chopper hovers above the helipad in front of the grey stone villa, part of a farm complex, in harmony with the surroundings, with outhouses, storerooms and a laboratory.

At the side of the laboratory, cases of one liter chemical bottles are stacked, one on top of another.

The drying room is located next door.

Through its window women, in shorts and bras, wearing masks and surgical gloves, work at tables preparing cocaine powder.

Drying lamps blaze down from the low ceiling.

The helicopter, code name Siko 1, lands.

When the door opens, Ernesto Batista, known as EL VATICANO, 40s, medium height, powerful frame, appears, looks at his applauding workers, and triumphantly raising his arms in the air.

EL VATICANO

(shouting)

I love San Martin -- San Martin.

Behind him Torres emerges, holding up a newspaper.

INSERT -- THE HEADLINE, which reads:

"El Vaticano beats the rap."

The workers thunder applause.

EXT. LA PAZ CEMETERY, LIMA - DAY

SUPER: "DAYS LATER"

A group of mourners gather in a manicured cemetery.

A PRIEST sprinkles holy water over a flower bedecked coffin and begins chanting.

PRIEST

In the beginning was the word and
the word was made flesh and dwelt
amongst us --

INT. MERCEDES CAR, HILL OVERLOOKING LA PAZ CEMETERY -
CONTINUOUS

El Vaticano focuses his binoculars on the group beside the coffin.

EL VATICANO

The Father has gone -- The Son is
next -- and I'm the Archangel
Gabriel.

El Vaticano shivers, lowers his binoculars, blesses himself and turns to his driver, Torres.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

Jesus it's freezing! Let's get the
fuck out o' here.

El Vaticano closes his window.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

(smiling)
I'll come back later -- leave
flowers at my saintly aunt's grave
and piss on his.

EXT. LA PAZ CEMETERY, LIMA - CONTINUOUS

The priest stops and the mourners pay their respects to the Delgado family.

The chief mourner is Daniel DELGADO, 30s, tall, pockmarked face and overweight, who shakes hands with Trimbol.

DELGADO

Sad time for both of us. Your elder
daughter was also killed.

TRIMBOL
Not been easy.

DELGADO
Where are you burying her?

TRIMBOL
In Scotland, next to her mother.
I'm leaving tonight.

DANIEL
And Nicole?

TRIMBOL
In a coma, but Doctor Sanchez is
confident she'll come out of it.

DANIEL
Anything I can do just say the
word.

TRIMBOL
The staff send their condolences.
Your father was loved by all.

Daniel turns to his side and points towards the lady beside him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Don't think you've met Señora Alban
who worked with my father. She's
now part of our family.

Trimbol takes a step towards CLAIRE ALBAN DE ALMEIDA, 29,
tall, curvaceous, classical features, wearing a black dress
and veil, who holds the hand of her one year old son Thomas.

Trimbol shakes Claire's hand.

CLAIRE
Pedro was delighted with your work
at the school. International prize.

Trimbol shrugs his shoulders as Daniel draws him to the side.

DANIEL
Made a decision?

TRIMBOL
Think it's best I take the
sabbatical.

DANIEL
When?

TRIMBOL

Now.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE, LIMA - DAY

A LAWYER, 60s, is reading a will.

Present are Daniel, Claire and Daniel's younger brother and younger sister.

LAWYER

Pedro owned eighty five percent of Danco shares. Fifteen percent will go to each of his adult children and forty percent to Claire. His flat in San Isidro passes to his son Thomas. Claire will have power of attorney until he comes of age.

As the lawyer sips water, all eyes turn and fix on Claire.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

His shares in the university and school are to be divided equally among his adult children. Questions?

Nobody requests clarification.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

If there's nothing else we can finish.

The family exit shaking hands with the lawyer.

Last to leave is Claire.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Pedro was adamant you should receive the major part of Danco. He mentioned he had opened a joint account abroad but it wasn't to come into his family's assets.

CLAIRE

I remember signing some papers, but...

LAWYER

I'm sure the bank will be in touch. Also Pedro mentioned an important prayer in his office. Any idea what he meant?

CLAIRE

None.

LAWYER

(smiling)

Claire, if there's any way I can help in the future please call.

INT. ROOM, SANCHEZ CLINIC, TRUJILLO - DAY

Trimbol is questioning Doctor SANCHEZ, 50s, tall with greying hair, the head of the Clinic.

SANCHEZ

She's having the best possible treatment.

TRIMBOL

Of course, but could she come out of it at any moment?

SANCHEZ

No! We've a machine that measures its intensity. I can assure you it'll be weeks before she comes round.

Satisfied, Trimbol nods his head, rises and shakes Sanchez's hand.

TRIMBOL

Anything, anything at all, please ring the number on my card.

EXT. CEMETERY, GREENOCK, SCOTLAND - DAY

To the wail of a piper's bagpipes, a coffin is lowered into a grave.

In light rain the small party of mourners, among them S.A.S. officers, repeat "Amen" as the minister closes his prayer book.

Trimbol, eyes streaming with tears, places a wreath at the foot of the headstone and looks up and out over the river Clyde shrouded in mist.

TRIMBOL

(whispering)

Miss you Maggie.

One by one those present shake Trimbol's hand and leave.

The piper stops playing and also shakes his hand.

INT. DANCO MINING OFFICE, LIMA - DAY

SUPER: "Danco Mining Office"

Claire enters and is greeted by the office secretary, JENNY, 25, smart dresser, ebullient and efficient.

JENNY

Good afternoon, Señora Alban. Glad you're back. Anything, anything you need -- please let me know.

CLAIRE

Thanks Jenny. Still in a bit of a tizzy. Any calls?

JENNY

Señor Morillas phoned and asked for an urgent meeting on the company's finances.

CLAIRE

Phone and set an appointment.

Claire walks towards what had been Pedro Delgado's office, hesitates and then opens the door.

INT. PEDRO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Claire enters, walks towards Pedro's desk and pauses.

She sighs, moves behind the desk, sits in the armchair and casts her eye to the photo of her and Pedro.

She lowers her eyes staring at the Lord's Prayer under the glass top. She switches her eyes to the laptop, enters the office password and accesses the office server.

She scrolls down, clicks on the financial files and prints out a report for the meeting with Morillas.

While printing, she notices a separate file named Expo Account and clicks on it and the screen asks for a password.

Claire attempts various combinations without success.

CLAIRE

(to herself)

Only letters? Let's see.

Again she is unsuccessful and gives up trying.

LATER

The phone rings and Claire picks it up.

JENNY (V. O.)
I'm leaving, Señora Alban. Need
anything before I go?

CLAIRE
No Jenny thanks. See you tomorrow.

As Claire puts the phone down, her eye again catches the
Lord's Prayer.

This time she notices the words FATHER and HEAVEN in capital
letters.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
He was Thomas's father. Let's see.

She types in clairethomas, but nothing happens.

She types in thomasclaire, again nothing happens.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
My name.

She types in Claire Alban de Almeida -- nothing.

She types in Thomas Delgado de Alban -- nothing.

Somewhat frustrated she sits back and again observes the
prayer.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Capital letters? Could it be?

She types in CAA followed by TDA and the computer whirs.

The screen produces a list of files.

The first file has the name San Francisco and Claire opens
it. Details on a shipment appear on the computer screen.

INSERT - ON COMPUTER SCREEN, The file reads:

"BUYER: Hammy Morrison, Montreal.
QUANTITY: 200K of pure.
COST: US\$ 4 million."

BACK TO OFFICE

CLAIRE
(gasping)
My God. Four million dollars?

She closes this file and scrolls down to others covering various South American countries.

She opens the file on Peru.

There is a list of sub-files each with a name.

Claire clicks on the first name, Ernesto Batista.

Details of Batista's organization come on screen with a photograph of him, alias El Vaticano.

Claire breathes deeply as if in a trance.

Her eyes fill and tears fall.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Oh Pedro! Why? Why?

INT. PEDRO'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire is behind the desk as Jenny knocks and enters.

JENNY
Señor Morillas.

Claire gets up from her desk to meet Morillas.

CLAIRE
Señor Morillas, please have a seat.

Victor MORILLAS, 30s, effeminate, Armani dressed, smiles, kisses Claire on both cheeks and sits as Claire returns to her chair.

MORILLAS
(sarcastically)
Congrats on your promotion.

Claire absorbs the false praise and smiles.

CLAIRE
Thanks! But no doubt you're concerned about the company being overstretched so I've printed out an updated financial statement.

Claire hands the statement to Morillas.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

As you can see, we're doing nicely. Though cash flow is low, our assets more than compensate.

MORILLAS

Yeah! But with Delgado's exit nobody knows how the company will go. The bank needs more of a say. We'll pay eight hundred and fifty thou US for the outstanding stock.

CLAIRE

The shareholders don't want to sell. In fact, Danco would like to buy back your fifteen percent.

MORILLAS

(aggressively)

The bank's not selling. And where's Danco going to raise the cash if the company's stretched?

CLAIRE

I've been given the authority to negotiate. Double your price, an excellent offer.

Morillas shakes his head and begins to rise.

MORILLAS

No joy.

Claire opens a drawer and removes a folder.

CLAIRE

In that case perhaps you'd like to check out this "joyous material".

Claire hands the folder to Morillas who sits down again, opens it and reads the first page.

With rising tension, He flips through the other pages.

MORILLAS

Jesus! Where -- where the fuck did this come from?

CLAIRE

I repeat, Danco would like to buy your shares.

MORILLAS

If we sell, I'll need a guarantee
this goes nowhere.

CLAIRE

Absolutely.

MORILLAS

And the price?

CLAIRE

As I said, double your offer.

MORILLAS

I'll take it.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE DANCO OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

An irate Morillas steps out of the building onto the sidewalk, pulls out his cellphone, searches for a number and presses send.

INT. CAFE, LARCO BENAVIDES, LIMA - CONTINUOUS

El Vaticano sits facing a window from where he can view cocaine buys.

His cellphone rings, he picks it up and presses receive.

EL VATICANO

Yeah?

MORILLAS (V.O.)

Ernesto, we need to talk --
urgently! Can we meet in El
Chorisso?

EL VATICANO

I'll be there.

El Vaticano rises, indicating Torres to take his place.

INT. EL CHORISSO RESTAURANT/BAR, LIMA - LATER

As El Vaticano enters customers recognise him and most turn away. He spots Morillas and moves to his table.

They shake hands and as El Vaticano sits, Morillas pushes a folder to him.

MORILLAS
From the Delgado family.

El Vaticano opens the folder and reads. He gulps in air, stands and rips the pages into pieces again and again.

The customers at surrounding tables are startled.

MORILLAS
Calm Ernesto, calm.

EL VATICANO
Fuck it! How'd they get such info?
Who did they bribe?

MORILLAS
Damage control. That's what we
need. I'll shut down the bank.

EL VATICANO
Must we?

MORILLAS
It's best. We can reopen later. In
the meantime we'll cover our outfit
and identify the leak.

EL VATICANO
And when we do, I'll bring down the
Hammer of Hell on him. You deal
with this Danco woman.

MORILLAS
Me? Me personally? What about Luiz?

EL VATICANO
No! Fucked up his last job. Blew
some family into "Kingdom Come"
along with Delgado. But he's got a
friend who knocked off a few of our
rivals. Use him.

INT. TRIMBOL HOUSE, TRUJILLO - NIGHT

Trimbol checks his e-mail. The final e-mail is entitled
"ACCIDENT" and he opens it.

INSERT - ON MONITOR SCREEN, the words appear:

Señor Trimbol,
Forgive me, but the accident involving your family?
Was it truly an accident?
Voyageur.

Disturbed and angry at this intrusion, Trimbol types a reply.

INSERT - ON MONITOR SCREEN, the words appear:

Voyageur, who are you? The police said it was a burst tire. Was another vehicle involved? Were you there? Can you identify the driver?

Trimbol.

INT. ROOM, SANCHEZ CLINIC, TRUJILLO - DAY

Nicole wakes from her coma.

Nurse TOLEDO, 30s, tall and slim, smiles at Nicole and pressed a beeper.

TOLEDO

Good morning Señorita Trimbol.

NICOLE

Where am I?

TOLEDO

You're at the Sanchez Clinic, you were in an accident.

The room door opens and Doctor Sanchez enters.

TOLEDO (CONT'D)

Ah! Here's Doctor Sanchez, he's been looking after you.

Sanchez smiles as he approaches the bed.

SANCHEZ

Good morning Nicole. I'm Doctor Sanchez, but please, call me Jaime. How are you feeling?

NICOLE

OK. But what happened? Was there an accident with the car? No, it wasn't a car, it was a pick-up wasn't it?

SANCHEZ

You were thrown out when the accident happened. That's when you whacked your head.

NICOLE

And the others? What about them?
Are they alright?

SANCHEZ

All in good time, young lady. Your
father's coming over right now. Do
you have any pain?

NICOLE

No I just feel tired, really tired.

Nicole yawns wide.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Is it OK if I go to sleep?

SANCHEZ

Certainly.

LATER

Trimbol enters the room, pulls up a chair and sits.

As Nicole awakes, her father smiles and brushes the back of
his hand over her long hair.

TRIMBOL

Welcome back my love.

Trimbol bends forward, kissing his daughter on her cheek.

NICOLE

Daddy, what happened?

TRIMBOL

You were in an accident. Remember
anything?

NICOLE

Not much. Think we were going to
Puerto Morin for the day. Where's
Maggie? Is she OK?

TRIMBOL

No Nicole she's not.

Trimbol moves even closer to Nicole.

TRIMBOL (CONT'D)

God took her into his arms. I'm
afraid she's gone.

NICOLE

No! No! It can't be! It can't be!
I want my sister.

Nicole busts into tears as her father hugs her.

TRIMBOL

Nicole, she didn't suffer. But
it'll just be the two of us from
now on.

Trimbol's eyes fill with tears as he raises his right hand to his forehead.

TRIMBOL (CONT'D)

Let's say a prayer for God to grant
her eternal rest. In the name of
the Father and of the Son and...

LATER

They finish praying by again blessing themselves.

NICOLE

And Tanya? What happened to her?
Is she OK?

TRIMBOL

No. She didn't survive. Can you
remember anything about the
journey?

NICOLE

Nothing. Does it matter?

TRIMBOL

Not at all. It was over a month
ago. You've been in a coma, How do
you feel?

NICOLE

Tired. But what happened?

TRIMBOL

A tire blew and the pick-up went
off the road and into the
Chavimochic canal. Maggie and
Delgado died instantly. Tanya broke
your fall. Were you holding her?

NICOLE

Yeah. Now I remember. We were in the back and she kept sticking her head up and barking at passing cars.

The door opens and Nurse Toledo and Doctor Sanchez enter.

TOLEDO

This'll be your last bed bath young lady. Doctor Sanchez wants you up and around. Gentlemen, can you excuse us?

INT. CORRIDOR, SANCHEZ CLINIC - LATER

Trimbol and Doctor Sanchez walk down the corridor.

TRIMBOL

I've explained the situation. What's the best therapy?

SANCHEZ

Contact with you over the next few days is especially important and then keeping her occupied. Does she have many friends in Trujillo?

TRIMBOL

She has some, but her best pals are in Lima. Perhaps we should spend time there?

SANCHEZ

Good idea Señor Trimbol. I'd like to keep her in for a few days to check on her physical condition. Emotional? That'll be up to you.

INT. TRIMBOL HOUSE, TRUJILLO - DAY

Trimbol checks his e-mail.

There is a reply on the accident.

INSERT - ON MONITOR SCREEN, The words appear:

Señor Trimbol,
I wasn't there and don't know if another motorist was involved.
But my question is: was it an accident or planned?
Voyageur

BACK TO HOUSE

TRIMBOL

Planned? Who on earth --

Trimbol immediately grabs the phone and dials.

TRIMBOL (CONT'D)

Hello, George Trimbol here.

VOICE (V.O.)

Captain Trimbol! It's been some time.

TRIMBOL

It has. Wonder if you can help --
I'm trying to trace an e-mail
address.

EXT. ROAD, OUTSIDE CONDOMINIUM, TRUJILLO - DAY

Behind the wheel of his Volvo, Trimbol exits the condominium and drives towards the Pan American highway.

EXT. PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY - LATER

Trimbol turns his car into a breakers yard and stops.

EXT. BREAKER'S YARD - CONTINUOUS

Trimbol gets out and walks over to the YARD OWNER.

TRIMBOL

Good morning. You've a Toyota pick-up involved in an accident. Belonged to Pedro Delgado. Mind if I take a look?

YARD OWNER

Looking for spares?

TRIMBOL

No. My daughters were in the accident and I wondered if any personal items had been left behind.

YARD OWNER

Doubt it. But you're welcome to check. It's over there in the second row.

EXT. WRECKED CARS, BREAKER'S YARD - LATER

Trimbol finds the wreck and breathes deeply.

He tries to open the driver's door but it doesn't open. The darkened windows are either cracked or shattered.

He moves to the other side and tries opening that door.

It opens a few inches before metal grinds on metal.

He bends, glances along the damaged panel and observes the metal bodywork -- peppered outwards.

He stands up shocked by what he has seen.

TRIMBOL
(in disbelief)
Outward? Jesus! Blown outward.

Trimbol shakes his head and tears form in his eyes. He holds onto the wreck for a few moments before wiping away the tears.

He straightens, walks to his Volvo, enters and drives away.

INT. ROOM, SANCHEZ CLINIC - LATER

As Trimbol enters, Nicole, seated on a sofa, gets up to meet her watery eyed father.

NICOLE
Daddy? Something wrong?

TRIMBOL
I'm fine -- and you?

NICOLE
Can hardly stop crying. What're we gonna do?

TRIMBOL
Remember the good times. There were lots.

NICOLE
I feel lonely. It's strange -- big sis is suddenly not here.

Nicole bursts into tears.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Miss her -- badly.

Trimbol with watery eyes.

TRIMBOL
I do too. But we've got
each other.

Trimbol pulls Nicole close as tears drop from their eyes.

Trimbol wipes away Nicole's tears with a handkerchief.

NICOLE
When can I leave?

TRIMBOL
Doc says the weekend. Thought we
might go down to Lima. You could
spend time with your pals.

NICOLE
I'd like that. Please hold me.

INT. CORRIDOR, SANCHEZ CLINIC - DAY

Waving at Nicole, George closes the room door and turns.

He clenches his fists and grits his teeth, desperate to
scream but refrains.

EXT. FORECOURT, SANCHEZ CLINIC - DAYS LATER

Trimbol and Nicole thank Doctor Sanchez.

They enter the front seats of the Volvo.

INT. VOLVO CAR - CONTINUOUS

Trimbol starts up the engine.

TRIMBOL
Know you're anxious to meet up with
your gang, so -- why don't we pass
by the house, pick up a few things
and head for Lima?

Nicole nods and tries a weak smile.

NICOLE
Fine by me.

EXT. OUTSIDE NORTON HOUSE, LIMA - DAY

Trimbol exits his Volvo and is met by his friend Jeff NORTON, 50s, British teacher at Newton College.

As Nicole gets out the passenger door, her friend, Joanna Norton, runs out of the house to meet her.

The teenagers hug each other.

Trimbol and Norton shake hands.

NORTON

So sorry George -- We're all stunned.

TRIMBOL

Can't stop seeing her. It's...

Nicole runs up to her father.

NICOLE

Daddy, Crystal's invited us down to their family house at Sierra Azul for a few days. Can we go?

TRIMBOL

When?

NICOLE

Now.

TRIMBOL

I can't, got something on.

Nicole frowns.

TRIMBOL

It's important. You go and I'll come down tomorrow.

NICOLE

Daddy, cant you put it off?

TRIMBOL

It's really important.

Nicole relents as Trimbol opens his arms. They hug each other.

INT. LANHOUSE, LIMA - LATER

Trimbol enters and speaks to the RECEPTIONIST.

TRIMBOL

Any chance I can hire a computer?

RECEPTIONIST

Sure. Take a cubicle that's not occupied and log in. Here's your password.

The receptionist hands a slip of paper to Trimbol who pays and checks out the computer occupants.

Satisfied Voyageur is not amongst them, he sits at a computer from where he can observe the entrance.

LATER

Claire enters, stops at reception and moves to a computer.

She sits, enters a password and proceeds to e-mail.

Trimbol gets up and edges down the row.

On drawing alongside, he looks over Claire's shoulder.

His e-mail reply is on the screen.

INSERT - on MONITOR SCREEN, the words appear:

Voyageur,
What makes you think the accident was planned?
Who on earth could have PLANNED such a thing?
Trimbol

BACK TO LANHOUSE

Trimbol taps Claire on the shoulder and she turns.

TRIMBOL

Hi, Voyageur -- I'm Trimbol.

Trimbol smiles falsely as Claire pales.

TRIMBOL (CONT'D)

My daughter's death wasn't accidental. How did you know?

Claire switches off, gets up and walks to the receptionist.

CLAIRE

I'm finished for today.

Claire reaches the street with Trimbol following.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE LANHOUSE - LATER

As Trimbol catches up, Claire stops and turns.

CLAIRE

Mister Trimbol, if you want we can talk for a minute and I'll try to answer your questions.

TRIMBOL

Here's a cafe.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE, STREET - CONTINUOUS

They sit at an outside table.

TRIMBOL

I repeat, how did you know my daughter was murdered?

CLAIRE

(shocked)

Murdered? What on earth makes you think that?

TRIMBOL

Why send the e-mail suggesting I check on the accident?

CLAIRE

I'd reason to believe someone might wish the Delgado family harm -- That's all.

TRIMBOL

That's not all Voyageur -- What's "all" is that someone blew the pick-up off the road.

CLAIRE

Eh? How?

TRIMBOL

With a bomb! A radio controlled bomb.

CLAIRE

How do you know that?

TRIMBOL

I was in the army. Who do you suspect might wish the Delgado family "harm"?

Claire lowers her eyes and shakes her head.

CLAIRE
Mister Trimbol, I'm not feeling well. I'm shocked. Look, I work in the building over there.

Claire points towards the building diagonally opposite.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I've got to get back for an urgent appointment. We'll talk further but not right now. Here's my card, call me.

Claire rises just as a waitress arrives blocking Trimbol.

Claire crosses the street and enters her building.

EXT. VILLA, SAN MARTIN - DAY

Siko 1 lands at the helipad.

El Vaticano exits and is met by JUAN MANUEL, 70s, small, thin, his foreman.

JUAN MANUEL
Padrone, great to see you.

Both men embrace and then walk away from the chopper.

EL VATICANO
Get everyone into the fields! There are leaves to be picked.

JUAN MANUEL
God! Not like the time of the Inca, when only men between twenty and twenty six were given the right to harvest the coca.

EL VATICANO
Times change.

El Vaticano stops and reflects.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)
We could do with a new Inca.

El Vaticano then looks around.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)
Where are my Angels?

EXT. TERRACE BALUSTRADE, VILLA - CONTINUOUS

Identical twins SASHA and NATASHA, 20s, hour glass figures, green eyes, wave down to El Vaticano.

NATASHA

Here Ernesto.

They each blow him a kiss.

SASHA

Will this be a long stay? We've missed you.

El Vaticano walks quickly up the side stairs and enters onto the terrace as the twins come to meet him.

He kisses them both on the mouth, then holding them by the waist walks them towards the doorway.

EL VATICANO

My Angels! But business first -- pleasure later. My guests await.

As El Vaticano enters the villa the twins pout at him.

INT. ROOM, VILLA - LATER

El Vaticano, Morillas and three other TRAFFICKERS sit around a large table with El Vaticano at the head.

OVERWEIGHT TRAFFICKER

Our best policy's to wait. Furukawa might get a month, two at the most, but after things will settle down.

SCAR FACED TRAFFICKER

Wait? Wait for his army to knock on our doors? No! We must act.

FEMALE TRAFFICKER

How can we do business if the army closes down the river and airport? I'm just back from Quito with a deal to export via Guayaquil.

SCAR FACED TRAFFICKER

I've a Piper stashed at Rioja. Fly to Trujillo and then go by road.

EL VATICANO

Now that's the type of cooperation
we'll need. My home is your home
-- Please.

El Vaticano walks over to the French window.

He opens it and leads the others into the garden.

His servants are cooking roast piglets and other cuts.

Guests, including Sasha and Natasha, turn to greet them.

INT. VOLVO CAR, LIMA - DAY

Trimbol parks opposite Claire's office building, pulls out
the card she gave him and dials.

INT. OFFICE, DANCO MINING - CONTINUOUS

Jenny picks up the phone.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JENNY

Good afternoon, Danco Mining, Jenny
speaking, can I help you?

TRIMBOL

My name's Trimbol, George Trimbol,
I wonder if...

Jenny interrupts politely.

JENNY

Mister Trimbol! Señora Alban said
you might phone and asks if you can
call her at home this evening. Let
me give you her number.

George notes the number in his cellphone.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE DANCO BUILDING - NIGHT

Behind the wheel of her car, Claire leaves the garage.

Trimbol follows.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Claire drives her car into the garage.

Trimbol parks opposite Claire's building, leaves his car and enters the building's reception area.

Through the glass doorway, he can be seen talking to the porter who phones. The porter shakes his head, puts the phone down and shrugs his shoulders.

Trimbol exits and returns to his car.

LATER

Dressed in a Lima Gas Company jumpsuit, Julio BARRIOS, 30s, medium height with Peruvian features, tries to sneak into the garage but the gate closes too quickly.

Trimbol observes.

BARRIOS

Damn.

Barrios waits for a car that is leaving, enters the garage and is shadowed in by Trimbol.

INT. ELEVATOR, CLAIRE'S BUILDING - LATER

Trimbol and Barrios enter the service elevator.

They smile at each other as Barrios exits on the seventh floor.

Trimbol continues to the next floor and gets off.

INT. EIGHTH FLOOR LANDING, CLAIRE'S BUILDING - LATER

Trimbol disappears down the stairs.

INT. DOOR, SEVENTH FLOOR, CLAIRE'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Through a porthole in the corridor door, Trimbol observes Barrios picking the flat's lock.

Barrios opens the door, listens, opens it wider and enters.

Trimbol pushes the corridor door open, sprints to the flat's door and catches it as it is closing.

INT. HALLWAY, CLAIRE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Barrios stops outside a hallway door and opens it.

INT. BEDROOM, CLAIRE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Barrios enters, pauses and listens.

There is a hissing noise.

He crosses in the direction of the noise opens the bathroom door and encounters a cloud of steam.

INT. BATHROOM, CLAIRE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

There is the outline of a tall woman inside the shower.

Barrios slides the shower door open and raises a hypodermic needle.

Claire half turns and screams.

Barrios' hand thrusts down towards Claire's exposed neck.

His arm is grabbed by Trimbol, who turns the needle towards the attacker and it scrapes Barrios' thigh.

Trimbol pivots and tosses Barrios backwards towards the bathroom mirror.

Barrios smashes his head on the mirror, which shatters, and he loses consciousness.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CLAIRE'S FLAT - LATER

Barrios, feet and arms duct taped to a chair in the middle of the room, opens his eyes.

Trimbol sits on a kitchen stool facing Barrios.

Claire, dressed in jeans and T-shirt, stands at the side.

Barrios shakes his head and takes in his surroundings.

BARRIOS

How long? How long have I been out?

TRIMBOL

Few minutes. Is that a problem?

BARRIOS

No! Not at all. Untie me, my team's in the building. We're looking for a gas leak. Don't you recognize the uniform?

TRIMBOL

Who sent you?

BARRIOS

The Gas Company.

CLAIRE

That's bullshit.

TRIMBOL

What's your name?

Barrios remains silent.

CLAIRE

You monster! Tell him what he wants to know.

Barrios looks directly at Claire.

BARRIOS

Shut up bitch.

TRIMBOL

(unemotionally)

You should know I gave you the rest of the shot in the syringe.

With his eyes, Barrios pleads.

BARRIOS

Jesus! Name's Barrios. Look, there's a small black case inside my uniform. Take it out.

TRIMBOL

Wrong my friend. Nothing there. Only your skeleton keys.

BARRIOS

The bathroom, must've fallen out when you jumped me.

Trimbol gets up and walks towards the hallway.

TRIMBOL

If he moves shout.

CLAIRE
I'll do better than that, I'll kick
him where it hurts.

LATER

Trimbol returns carrying a small palm size black case.

TRIMBOL
This it?

Barrios is relieved and relaxes.

BARRIOS
Yeah. Open it please -- careful.

Trimbol sits on the stool and opens the indented case.

It contains a syringe and two small glass vials.

BARRIOS (CONT'D)
Can you fill the syringe please?

TRIMBOL
Which vial?

Trimbol moves his finger between the top and bottom vials.

BARRIOS
The top one.

Trimbol draws his stool closer to Barrios.

He places the case in Barrios' lap, unwraps the needle and
attaches it to the syringe.

TRIMBOL
Step one! Before two you'll have to
give us some answers. Who sent you?

BARRIOS
Morillas! He contracted me to do
the tall bitch.

TRIMBOL
Know him Señora Alban?

CLAIRE
Morillas? Yes.

TRIMBOL
How did he contract you?

BARRIOS
Please, please fill the syringe?

TRIMBOL
Don't interrupt or I'll stop
completely. -- Answer.

BARRIOS
I was recommended by a friend.

TRIMBOL
Name?

BARRIOS
Torres. Luiz Torres.

Trimbol removes the lower of the two vials from the case.
He spins it in his hand.

TRIMBOL
Who's he?

BARRIOS
A drinking buddy. Hey! You've got
the wrong vial.

Trimbol tosses the vial high in the air and catches it.

TRIMBOL
Could fill you with this one.

BARRIOS
No! No!

Trimbol again tosses the vial but doesn't bother to catch it.
The vial shatters on the floor.

TRIMBOL
One down! One to go.

Trimbol removes the remaining vial, tosses it high and
catches it just above the floor.

Barrios is traumatized.

BARRIOS
Jesus! Jesus! I'll answer anything -
- Anything you want.

TRIMBOL
What's in the vial?

BARRIOS
The antidote.

TRIMBOL
And the one on the floor?

BARRIOS
Curare.

TRIMBOL
Curare? God! But let's go back. Why did Morillas contract you to do the tall bitch -- as you so kindly called her?

BARRIOS
I don't know. I follow orders. Please, fill the syringe. I'm getting woozy.

Trimbol looks towards Claire.

CLAIRE
Think I know.

Trimbol turns back towards Barrios.

TRIMBOL
Where can I find Torres?

BARRIOS
He hangs out at the Chorisso Bar.

TRIMBOL
How can I pick him out?

BARRIOS
He's about five eight, ten stone -- in his thirties and has a scar on his right cheek.

TRIMBOL
Who does he work for?

BARRIOS
El Vaticano.

TRIMBOL
The narco? Done work for him?

BARRIOS
Yeah. A couple of snuffs.

TRIMBOL
Know anything about explosives?

BARRIOS
Not me! You've got the wrong guy.
Luiz is the expert on explosives.

TRIMBOL
Luiz? The one you mentioned?

BARRIOS
Yeah! Torres, he's real cool with
blow ups.

Trimbol opens the vial and fills the syringe. He cuts part of the duct tape, freeing Barrios's left arm.

TRIMBOL
Here! Jab away.

CLAIRE
Don't give him it. Let him suffer
as he made others suffer.

Trimbol hands the syringe to Barrios.

Barrios smiles and jabs himself in the forearm.

Relief spreads over his face.

As Claire turns away, Barrios has an instant change from ecstasy to hysteria.

He foams at the mouth and slumps dead in the chair.

As Trimbol gets up from the stool, Claire turns around to look at Barrios.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
God! What happened? Did you
deliberately poison him?

TRIMBOL
The case was open and the vials
were on the rug. I replaced them --
It was a case of "Bad luck for
Barrios".

CLAIRE
What are you going to do now? Call
the police?

TRIMBOL

Doubt that. We'd be with them for days explaining.

CLAIRE

Can you explain how you came into my flat?

TRIMBOL

Think -- supposing I hadn't? We've got to get rid of him. Have you any large zip bags?

CLAIRE

A few I use to keep winter clothes.

TRIMBOL

Can you get me the biggest one? And a knife?

CLAIRE

You'll find one in the kitchen drawer.

Claire points to the kitchen and goes down the hallway.

Trimbol finds a knife, cuts the duct tape and as the body falls forward he brings it to the floor.

Claire appears with a large zip bag.

CLAIRE

Will this do?

TRIMBOL

Perfect.

Trimbol fits the body inside and wraps it in a rug.

Claire's son Thomas cries out.

CLAIRE

He was asleep.

TRIMBOL

And so am I. Need to phone my daughter and my cellphone's in the car.

CLAIRE

Please! Use my phone.

As Claire leaves, Trimbol pulls out a card from his wallet, picks up the phone and dials.

TRIMBOL

Hello, can I speak to --

NICOLE (V.O.)

It's me dad. Called your cell and was waiting for you to call back.

TRIMBOL

Sorry for not getting back sooner. How was the trip to Sierra Azul?

NICOLE (V.O.)

Fine -- no problem. My friends have been great, very sympatico. How was your important thingy?

TRIMBOL

Very important. Can't talk now got urgent work to do. Good night Nicole, see you tomorrow -- love you.

NICOLE

Love you too.

INT. STAIRWAY, CLAIRE'S BUILDING - LATER

Trimbol shoulders the body down to the garage.

INT. GARAGE, CLAIRE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Trimbol opens the boot of Claire's car and drops the body inside. He enters the car and drives out of the garage.

EXT. ROAD, EL CIRCUITO DAS PLAYAS - NIGHT

Trimbol turns into an unofficial car park.

He drives the car to a lonely spot, reverses to the edge, stops and exits.

He opens the boot, removes the body from the zip bag and rolls it over the edge into the breaking surf.

INT. GARAGE, CLAIRE'S BUILDING - LATER

Trimbol parks the car and enters the lift.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CLAIRE'S FLAT - LATER

Trimbol enters and hands Claire her keys.

CLAIRE

Would you like something to drink,
Mister Trimbol?

TRIMBOL

Call me George? Mister Trimbol I
reserve for my students. And yes,
I'd like a scotch -- if available.

CLAIRE

Please.

Claire indicates the bar.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Help yourself. A single Malt is
available. There's ice and soda in
the fridge. And if I'm to call you
George, then perhaps you might
manage Claire?

TRIMBOL

Point taken. Can I get you
something?

CLAIRE

A Bloody Mary with a large dash of
Worcester sauce.

Trimbol prepares the drinks and both sit in armchairs.

TRIMBOL

You mentioned Morillas and why he
sent Barrios. Can you explain?

CLAIRE

Pedro found out his minor partner,
an investment bank, was involved
with cocaine and wanted to distance
himself. Suspect that's the reason
for this visit.

TRIMBOL

You and Pedro were partners?

CLAIRE

I worked at Danco, Pedro and I had
an affair and my son is the result.

TRIMBOL

I need to find Torres and El Vaticano. Can you help? It's in your interest -- you're still in danger.

CLAIRE

You'll be in danger if you go after them.

TRIMBOL

I'll take my chances. Had forgotten what it is to hate.

Claire contemplates and sighs.

CLAIRE

OK -- I owe you. I'll get a copy of Pedro's info on El Vaticano.

Claire leaves.

As Claire returns with a large envelope, Trimbol swallows the rest of his Single Malt.

TRIMBOL

Thanks! For my eyes only.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, LIMA - DAY

While dressing, Trimbol phones Claire.

TRIMBOL

Sleep well?

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Hardly slept at all. And you?

TRIMBOL

In a hurry. Furukawa's launched a campaign against the narcos and he's begun in El Vaticano's backyard. It's on the news. I'll be spending a day or two in the jungle. I'm booked into the Tourist Hostal in Tarapoto.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

God! You're not going to just waltz straight in there, are you? They're dangerous. They kill anyone who gets in their way. What about your daughter?

TRIMBOL

I've sent her a message and she's out of danger. But you keep an eye out, Morillas could send someone to finish the job.

EXT. AIRPORT, TARAPOTO - DAY

The plane taxis to a halt.

There is movement of army vehicles and soldiers.

Trimbol walks off the plane and passes into the terminal.

EXT. TAXI RANK, OUTSIDE AIRPORT - LATER

Trimbol exits the terminal and hails a taxi.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE TOURIST HOSTAL - LATER

Trimbol comes out of the hotel, walks down the street and goes into a motorbike mechanics shop.

LATER

Trimbol exits riding a 175 cc Honda motorcycle.

He stops at a newsstand, buys a map and rides off.

EXT. DIRT ROAD, SAN MARTIN STATE - LATER

Trimbol is riding the motorcycle along a dirt road.

On his left there is a jungle river and on the horizon the Cordillera Azul mountains.

He cycles past flooded rice fields and sugarcane plantations, growing on the flat alluvial plain, as the sun burns down from a cloudless sky.

He begins to climb into a valley, quickly going up into its upper reaches.

The one street village of Sisa comes into view and Trimbol rides up to the first street stall.

EXT. STALL, SISA VILLAGE - DAY

Trimbol picks up a bottle of water from the table and hands some notes to the smiling STALL HOLDER.

TRIMBOL

Am I on track for San Martin village?

STALL HOLDER

Yes, Señor. A few miles on the road forks. If you wish to pass by San Martin take the left fork that goes down towards the river.

TRIMBOL

Thanks. Left at the fork.

EXT. FORK ON THE DIRT ROAD - LATER

Trimbol slows at the fork and takes the branch that runs down towards the river which can be seen in the distance.

EXT. FLAT LAND BESIDE RIVER - LATER

Trimbol rounds a sharp bend and sees ahead a shallow river and a hill on the other side.

As he rounds the next corner, he confronts an army patrol consisting of three parked jeeps.

A plump SERGEANT, 40s, comes forward and raises his hand.

Trimbol slowly rides the motorcycle up to the sergeant.

Trimbol stops, removes his sunglasses and puts them in his shirt pocket.

SERGEANT

Beautiful day Señor. Can I see some ID?

A flash from the grassy knoll on the hill on other side of the river forewarns Trimbol before the gunshot alerts him.

The bullet slams into the chest of a soldier sitting atop the front seat of the nearest jeep.

The rifle, which the soldier held, lands close to Trimbol's Honda.

The Sergeant turns to look in the direction of the gunshot and receives the smack of a bullet through his cheek.

Trimbol is static, looking intensely at the fallen rifle.

A bullet ricochets off a jeep and pings the motorcycle's front wheel rim.

Trimbol awakes from his paralytic moment, revs the engine and spins the bike one hundred and eighty degrees.

He grabs the fallen rifle and roars up the track.

EXT. FORK ON THE DIRT ROAD - LATER

At the fork Trimbol veers left and climbs up the hill.

EXT. TOP OF HILL - LATER

Trimbol stops, dismounts and moves through the grass to examine the valley below.

As one of the jeeps explodes, Trimbol checks the rifle.

TRIMBOL
(to himself)
Full mag.

He chooses a firing position and through the rifle's scope examines the shooters.

The scope sights on the sniper, then a second target.

Trimbol practices once and fires on the second run.

The scope focuses on the sniper who is dead.

The scope then moves to the second target who is wounded and the grenade he was holding explodes killing him.

Trimbol removes his eye from the scope and sees two other targets retreating. He fires two shots that hit rocks close to them as they scurry over the far hill.

All firing stops.

Trimbol breaks cover, restarts the bike and rides back down the road.

EXT. FLAT LAND BESIDE RIVER - LATER

Trimbol rounds the sharp bend with the rifle strapped to his back and cycles up to an officer standing beside a jeep.

He is greeted by David MARTINEZ, 30s, Hispanic American, athletic build, Major, US drugs liaison officer.

MARTINEZ

We're grateful to you Señor. I'm major Martinez. To whom do I have the honor of speaking?

TRIMBOL

Trimbol -- George Trimbol.

MARTINEZ

Did you manage to hit any of them or did they just retreat?

TRIMBOL

Two are dead at the crest of the hill. Might want to send someone to recover their weapons. The rest fell back but doesn't mean they won't return.

MARTINEZ

There's no way we're fording the river. We've lost our radio. We'll fall back to Sisa and call up support. No cellphone signal here.

LATER

The bodies are strapped into one jeep and the wounded are helped into the back of the other.

The convoy sets off.

EXT. PAY PHONE, SISA VILLAGE - LATER

Martinez phones.

EXT. FIELD, OUTSIDE SISA VILLAGE - LATER

An army Sirkorsky hovers and lands.

EXT. DOORWAY, SIRKORSKY HELICOPTER - LATER

The dead and injured are transferred aboard.

Martinez turns to face Trimbol.

MARTINEZ

Señor, I must ask you to return
with us to Tarapoto.

Martinez helps Trimbol get the bike aboard the helicopter.

EXT. FIELD, OUTSIDE SISA VILLAGE - LATER

The Sirkorsky lifts off.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, VILLA, SAN MARTIN - DAY

El Vaticano is stretched out between the twins.

Natasha whispers in his ear and he bolts upright.

EL VATICANO

You're what? Pregnant? And I'm the
father?

NATASHA

Of course Ernesto. Who else could
it be? The Holy Spirit?

EL VATICANO

But didn't you take precautions?

NATASHA

I did -- but sometimes I forget.
It's happened, what should I do?

EL VATICANO

Do you want the baby?

NATASHA

Yes of course -- she's ours.

EL VATICANO

Well! In that case there's only one
thing to do.

El Vaticano reaches across towards Sasha.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)
That's to get Sasha pregnant.
There's a priest in Sisa who'll
marry us -- the three of us.

SASHA
The three of us? Isn't that against
the law?

EL VATICANO
I'm the law.

Flabbergasted, the twins eye each other.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)
(hesitantly)
I'll talk to your grandfather this
morning. What do you say?

SASHA
If that's what you want, I'll be
delighted to get pregnant.

NATASHA
Marrying? -- it'll be an honor.

El Vaticano sits up, swings his legs onto the floor and opens
the bedside drawer.

Smiling, he removes two jeweler's boxes, opens them to reveal
identical emerald and diamond rings.

EL VATICANO
(whispering to himself)
They're unique and beautiful --
just like my Angels.

Kneeling on the bed, he turns towards the twins with the open
boxes in his hands.

SASHA
(aghast)
Are those for us?

EL VATICANO
Yes my Angels, it's the present I
promised. They match your eyes and
beauty down to the last detail.

NATASHA
They're identical. How can we tell
them apart?

EL VATICANO

They've got our names engraved on
the inside. Here -- let me see.

El Vaticano examines one of the rings.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

Sasha and Ernesto.

He places the ring on Sasha's left hand fourth finger.

SASHA

My God. It's big and beautiful!
Just like you.

He picks up the other ring.

EL VATICANO

Natasha and Ernesto.

Natasha has a tear in her eye as he places the ring on her
finger.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

You're now officially my two --
Guardian Angels.

The three of them hold hands.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

Viva El Peru.

ALL

Viva.

INT. ROOM, ARMY BASE, TARAPOTO - DAY

Trimbol is being questioned by General FAGUNDES, 50s, well
built, Andean native.

FAGUNDES

Quite a story Captain Trimbol.

TRIMBOL

The rifle?

FAGUNDES

Evidence. Look -- we've a
helicopter patrol going out
tomorrow morning. If we catch El
Vaticano or Torres you can
interview them aboard the chopper.
(MORE)

FAGUNDES (CONT'D)

Meanwhile we'll wipe your name off
the hotel registry in case the
narcos come calling.

TRIMBOL

Fine by me general.

EXT. BURIAL CRYPT, SAN MARTIN VILLAGE - DAY

Juan Manuel is surrounded by friends, family and those who participated in the ambush. He tosses earth into the grave of his grandson, the sniper.

JUAN MANUEL

I swear on my grandson's grave I'll
take revenge.

Juan Manuel pulls his two sons aside and talks to them.

EXT. RIVER SISA, SAN MARTIN STATE - DAY

Two army Sirkorsky helicopters are flying low above the river. As they come round a bend the lead helicopter swerves to avoid a stinger missile.

The missile slams into the second helicopter, which is obliterated.

A second missile tracks the first helicopter and the pilot swerves the helicopter sharply to avoid contact.

The missile clips the top of the rear rotor and explodes.

The helicopter shudders and goes into a spin.

The damaged Sirkorsky crash lands into the river.

EXT. RIVER BANK - CONTINUOUS

Juan Manuel's elder son compliments his brother.

They move off into the jungle.

INT. DAMAGED SIRKORSKY, RIVER SISA - CONTINUOUS

As the engines's whine stops, those alive start to react.

MARTINEZ

Let's get the injured up top.

Trimbol helps Martinez lift the pilot out the door.

The helicopter is slowly filling with water.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
Leave the dead. Get as much
material out as possible.

EXT. ROOF, DAMAGED SIRKORSKY - LATER

The survivors are seated above the water level.

MARTINEZ
Anyone any idea how to get the
wounded ashore?

TRIMBOL
Lend me your machete.

EXT. RIVER SISA - LATER

Trimbol swims to the bank and wades upriver to a bamboo grove. He cuts down bamboo shoots, ties them off using his belt and floats them downstream.

Two soldiers dive in to grab the floating bamboo.

One by one the wounded are transferred to the shore on a stretcher supported by a bamboo raft.

EXT. BANK, RIVER SISA - DAY

Martinez looks up at the darkening sky.

MARTINEZ
Storm's coming. We need shelter.
Let's get the wounded under that
tree.

A tropical rainstorm comes down and everyone gets soaked.

The storm ends abruptly and a dying sun comes out.
Trimbol removes his denim shirt and wrings it out.

LATER

A Sirkorsky passes overhead following the course of the river, which has risen and now hides the crashed helicopter.

As the Sirkorsky disappears, the survivors stop waving.

MARTINEZ

It'll be dark soon. Looks like
we'll be spending a night in the
jungle.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CLAIRE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Claire stops pacing, picks up the phone and dials.

HOSTAL RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Good evening, Tourist Hostal.

CLAIRE

Good evening. Can I speak to Señor
Trimbol please.

HOSTAL RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

I'm sorry Señora, we don't have
anybody by that name registered.

CLAIRE

No? I spoke with him yesterday.
When did he leave?

HOSTAL RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Sorry he didn't call from our
hotel. We've never had a guest
named Trimbol. Is there anything
else?

CLAIRE

No thank you.

Puzzled, Claire hangs up.

She checks the list of recent calls from her phone,
identifies Trimbol's call to Sierra Azul and dials.

VOICE (V.O.)

Hello.

CLAIRE

Can I speak to Nicole Trimbol
please?

VOICE (V.O.)

Just one moment.

LATER

NICOLE (V.O.)

Hello.

CLAIRE

Hello Nicole, my name's Claire, I'm
a friend of your father.
I tried calling him today in
Tarapoto but couldn't reach him.
Did he manage to call?

NICOLE (V.O.)

Hi Claire, no -- Tarapoto? Gosh!
What's he doing there?

CLAIRE

Not sure.

NICOLE (V.O.)

He sent me a message saying he was
delayed with something very
important and couldn't come to the
beach. Think he's OK?

CLAIRE

I'm sure he is and if he doesn't
phone later he'll phone tomorrow.

NICOLE (V.O.)

Hope so. Thanks for calling. Good
night.

INT. ROOM, VILLA, SAN MARTIN - NIGHT

El Vaticano is furious with Juan Manuel and his sons.

EL VATICANO

Two -- Dumb -- Mortal -- Sinners.

JUAN MANUEL

Padrone, they avenged the death of
my grandson.

EL VATICANO

Know how much one of those stingers
costs?

JUAN MANUEL

It was a matter of honor, Padrone.
Family honor.

EL VATICANO

Were there survivors?

The two brothers stare at each other and then at an angry El
Vaticano.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)
Get back there at first light. If
there are? Get rid of them or I'll
get rid of you.

When the others leave, El Vaticano dials his phone.

INT. ROOM, MORILLAS'S VILLA - CONTINUOUS

Morillas picks up the phone.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

EL VATICANO
Victor, we've raised the ante...

LATER

MORILLAS
Christ, you've declared war! But we
could take them out at the airport.
How many mortars have we got?

EL VATICANO
Enough.

EXT. BANK, RIVER SISA - DAY

Martinez checks the wounded as Trimbol awakes.

MARTINEZ
Good morning George. How was your
night?

TRIMBOL
Thanks for the tip about the mud.
Saved me from a thousand bites.
Will the army be back?

MARTINEZ
The river's down so they'll spot
the wreck. But our injured need to
get to hospital urgently.

LATER

Sitting on the bamboo raft with a makeshift paddle, Martinez
is pushed out by two soldiers.

As they let go the sound of a helicopter reaches them and the two soldiers wave their arms as it approaches.

Trimbol hears the sound and smiles.

TRIMBOL
(quietly)
Thank God! We're rescued.

As the rotor noise approaches, Trimbol becomes alarmed.

A two seater chopper, comes up river, slows, turns and reveals a gunman.

The gunman fires a volley at the two soldiers who are hit.

As the helicopter swings towards the drifting raft, Trimbol reaches for the Dragunov propped against a tree.

Trimbol aims and fires.

EXT. BELL HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

A bullet slams through the Perspex windscreen, through the pilot's sunglasses and out the back of his head.

A second and third shot hit their target, the gunman.

The chopper flips and plunges into the river.

EXT. BANK, RIVER SISA - CONTINUOUS

Trimbol runs to the soldiers, but both are dead.

The raft carrying Martinez drifts around the river bend.

LATER

A Sirkorsky appears with Martinez waving from the doorway.

A safety harness is lowered and the survivors are lifted into the helicopter.

EXT. DOORWAY, SIRKORSKY HELICOPTER - LATER

Trimbol is the last to be lifted aboard and is greeted with a hug from Martinez.

MARTINEZ
Thanks George. Never learned to swim.

INT. ROOM, ARMY BASE, TARAPOTO - LATER

Martinez enters as Trimbol finishes a phone call.

MARTINEZ

We've been recalled to Lima.
There's a Hercules warming up.

EXT. PLAZA DE ARMAS, LIMA - DAY

The army vehicle sweeps into the Plaza, turns left and rolls into the grey sandstone presidential palace.

The two passengers get out in the inner courtyard and a waiting secretary escorts them to the President's suite.

INT. PRIVATE QUARTERS, PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - LATER

At the door to greet them are Peru's President, Alfonso Furukawa and his head of security Carlos Puerto.

MARTINEZ

Señor President, this is Captain
George Trimbol, ex-SAS, now
Headmaster Trimbol.

The parties shake hands.

Alfonso FURUKAWA, 60s, Peruvian/Japanese, slim, wearing glasses, invites them to sit at a table.

FURUKAWA

Mister Trimbol, please tell us what
happened.

TRIMBOL

It was like this...

LATER

Carlos PUERTO, 50s, athletic build, military dress, head of SIN (Seguridad Interna Nacional), nods his head.

PUERTO

Fine Mister Trimbol, I accept your
source is confidential. We'll not
take action against you.

Puerto's cellphone rings and Furukawa stares at him over his glasses.

FURUKAWA

Carlos, you know how much I love those, but please answer it.

EXT. AIRPORT, TARAPOTO - DAY

The airport is being bombarded by mortar fire.

Soldiers scurry in all directions.

A Hercules and a Sirkorsky are hit and destroyed.

Two mortar shells demolish the air traffic control tower.

BACK TO PRIVATE QUARTERS, PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

A shocked Puerto closes his cellphone and turns to Furukawa.

PUERTO

There's been an incident at Tarapoto airport.

FURUKAWA

Casualties?

PUERTO

I'm afraid so.

Furukawa turns his eyes to Trimbol.

FURUKAWA

Mister Trimbol, I'm sure I can rely on your discretion to say nothing. A matter of confidentiality -- is it not?

TRIMBOL

Indeed Señor President. Hope you can get the situation under control.

All rise and parting handshakes are made.

When Trimbol leaves Furukawa turns to the others.

FURUKAWA

Major, you've been with him for the past two days. What do you think?

MARTINEZ

Think he may continue his quest for El Vaticano. He'll say nothing -- of that I'm sure.

FURUKAWA

Carlos?

PUERTO

Yeah! He's army all right. I'll second the major's opinion. He'll keep his mouth shut. But I'm going to have him followed, like to know his source of info.

FURUKAWA

Carlos, need a full report A.S.A.P. Let's keep this out of the media as long as possible.

EXT. LAWN AT FRONT OF VILLA, SAN MARTIN - DAY

El Vaticano climbs onto the dais erected on the lawn and checks the microphone. There is a large crowd of people.

EL VATICANO

Families of San Martin, welcome to my home. We're gathered here today for two reasons. First, to assure you that we're not leaving -- like Furukawa who's limped back to Lima. No, we're here to stay! San Martin is our home! San Martin is our future.

El Vaticano waits for the applause to die down.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

Second -- we'll shortly gather a blessed harvest and the Padrones will pay a ten percent bonus on the cash price per ton for your coca leaves.

The applause is genuine and prolonged.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

Let the fiesta begin. Let's eat, drink and celebrate our victory. Music Maestro.

A silver band strikes up and a couple dance the Marinera.

Morillas joins El Vaticano as he comes down off the dais.

MORILLAS

We're paying them too much. Five would've been more than enough.

EL VATICANO

Victor we need to get all the farmers on our side. Ten is what the Church charges -- a tithe. But let's forget business and concentrate on the fiesta. Where are Sasha and Natasha?

Morillas points towards the Villa's balustrade.

MORILLAS

Under the watchful eye of their grandfather.

INT. RESTAURANT, LIMA - NIGHT

Trimbol and Claire are drinking coffee.

TRIMBOL

It's a war zone! Furukawa is desperately trying to defeat the narcos and needs help.

CLAIRE

So -- that's what this dinner was about? Helping Furukawa?

TRIMBOL

Wrong Claire. You're the silver lining on a cloudy day.

CLAIRE

Hum -- Nice to hear. So, you've given up looking for El Vaticano?

TRIMBOL

No! Still want to find him and remember his colleague had a contract out on you. Think we'd both benefit from siding with your president.

CLAIRE

But the info's sensitive.

TRIMBOL

Furukawa's in a fix and needs whatever help he can get.

Claire contemplates, then nods her head.

CLAIRE

OK. There are a number of narcos
working out of San Martin.

Trimbol stares at Claire who looks about herself.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

TRIMBOL

No. Just admiring -- You'll have to
meet my daughter.

CLAIRE

Tell me about her.

EXT. ROAD, OUTSIDE NORTON HOUSE - DAY

As the car carrying Nicole and her friend Joanna draws up,
Trimbol and Norton step out to greet them.

The girls run towards their respective fathers.

Trimbol hugs Nicole who then steps back.

NICOLE

So! What was so important that you
couldn't come to the beach? And --
you went to Tarapoto.

TRIMBOL

Tell you when we get back to the
hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, LIMA - DAY

Nicole looks around the room and then turns to face her dad.

NICOLE

The room's fine. So what about
Tarapoto?

Nicole sits on her bed.

TRIMBOL

The lady who phoned when I was in
Tarapoto has been helping me check
up on the accident.

NICOLE

What's with the accident?

TRIMBOL

Don't think it was a simple
accident.

NICOLE

What else could it've been?

GEORGE

Nicole, I wasn't always a teacher.

NICOLE

You never said.

GEORGE

You never asked.

NICOLE

I'm asking now.

GEORGE

The army -- special forces.

Nicole jumps up from the bed.

NICOLE

(sharply)

The army? That's guns and death.

GEORGE

But people can change. My brother
died...

NICOLE

Brother? You never mentioned him.

Trimbol reflects on his brother's death.

TRIMBOL

(quietly)

If I had shot? Maybe I could have
saved him.

NICOLE

I'm so sorry daddy.

TRIMBOL

I left the army, met your mum at
teacher training and my career took
us to Trujillo. -- Army training
tells me it wasn't an accident.

NICOLE

Does it matter? Maggie's not coming
back.

TRIMBOL
 (angrily)
 True. She's not -- but it matters
 to me.

INT. TERRACE, VILLA, SAN MARTIN - DAY

El Vaticano is walking and talking to the twins.

Torres carries their travel bags.

EL VATICANO
 The priest will be along tomorrow
 morning to talk about the
 arrangements.

SASHA
 I'd rather go with Natasha to see
 the doc.

EL VATICANO
 Luiz will be with her. Besides,
 when you two go shopping in Lima
 the bills are eternal.

TORRES
 When are you leaving for Colombia?

EL VATICANO
 As soon as I get to Victor's.

TORRES
 Sorry I'll not get to meet
 Hernandez. How do you think it'll
 go?

EL VATICANO
 Who knows? Possibly the Pearly
 Gates will open for international
 cooperation and then they'll crown
 me the new Inca.

EXT. HELIPAD, VILLA, SAN MARTIN - LATER

El Vaticano, Torres and Natasha board the helicopter.

As Siko 1 takes off, Juan Manuel and Sasha wave goodbye.

INT. DOORWAY, CLAIRE'S FLAT, LIMA - NIGHT

Claire welcomes Trimbol and Nicole.

CLAIRE

Hi! Please come in.

NICOLE

Hi, Claire. Lovely blouse -- hand embroidered? Buy it here?

CLAIRE

No -- Arequipa.

Claire turns towards the playpen where Thomas is playing with his toys.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Thomas -- my son.

Nicole looks at Thomas, smiles and turns to face Claire.

NICOLE

Sad about his father. Loss is always hard. My mum -- it was cancer. She passed away when I was young. -- But at least I had a chance to know her and love her.

CLAIRE

In life we don't know what's around the corner.

NICOLE

True.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, LIMA - DAY

SUPER: "WEEK LATER"

Trimbol edges open the interconnecting door.

He shouts to Nicole who is in the bathroom.

TRIMBOL

Claire's confirmed dinner. Look -- the help I'm giving the government might mean I'll be late sometimes. If so, can Mister Norton run you back from school?

Nicole exits the bathroom brushing her hair.

NICOLE

Fine, but really daddy I'm getting fed up with this hotel situation.

TRIMBOL

I'm sorry -- if you like, we can look for a flat at the weekend.

NICOLE

And the house in Trujillo?

TRIMBOL

I'll give up the lease and we can close it down.

NICOLE

Must we? -- It was so good when we were there. Maggie loved it.

TRIMBOL

We all did -- and we miss her -- always.

Nicole runs into her father's arms.

NICOLE

(sobbing softly)

Always.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CLAIRE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Claire removes the flowers perched on top of the books.

Trimbol and Nicole drop books into the armchairs.

Kisses on the cheeks are exchanged.

Nicole starts playing with baby Thomas.

Claire walks into the kitchen with the flowers and Trimbol follows her.

As Claire puts the flowers in a vase, Trimbol comes up behind her and massages her shoulders.

TRIMBOL

You're tense.

Claire turns and smiles.

CLAIRE

More or less. -- This is a change. You're normally Britanically cold.

TRIMBOL

Army training. Now too much of a lone wolf.

Claire looks softly and sympathetically at him.

CLAIRE
So? What's happened?

TRIMBOL
Need your help with Nicole.

CLAIRE
Help? How?

TRIMBOL
She's at that age -- B and B --
Bras and Boys.

CLAIRE
Has she asked for my help?

TRIMBOL
No -- But I'm asking.

CLAIRE
OK. Let's say I pick her up from
school tomorrow and we go shopping.

TRIMBOL
Great! I'll set it up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, LIMA - DAY

Nicole enters through the connecting door reading a book.

Trimbol is seated at a table and opens his wallet.

TRIMBOL
Last minute cramming?

NICOLE
Yeah. A Math quiz first lesson.

TRIMBOL
Claire will pick you up from school
today to go shopping.

Trimbol hands Nicole his credit card.

TRIMBOL (CONT'D)
There's a limit.

EXT. CAR PARK, SHOPPING CENTER, LIMA - DAY

Claire and Nicole are loaded with bags and boxes.

They reach Claire's car and Claire opens the boot.

As they place the last of their shopping in the boot, Nicole shakes her head.

NICOLE

Whoa. Daddy will go ballistic over the bill.

Claire closes the boot and turns to Nicole with a whimsical smile on her face.

CLAIRE

Teenage daughters are expensive. It's time he knew it.

INT. PRIVATE SUITE, PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

The door opens and Trimbol enters.

Present are Puerto, standing, and Furukawa seated at a table.

Furukawa invites Trimbol to sit.

FURUKAWA

Sorry I couldn't see you sooner. As you can no doubt read on my face things aren't going well. We've had to close down Tarapoto airport and nothing's going in or out of San Martin State.

TRIMBOL

That I knew -- couldn't get back in.

Trimbol looks at the brown envelope he is carrying.

TRIMBOL (CONT'D)

When we last spoke I told you my source was confidential and we both respected that confidentiality. Since then the source has agreed to pass on info that might help.

Trimbol hands the envelope to Furukawa who opens it and begins reading the first sheet.

As Furukawa's perturbed demeanor changes, he replaces the sheet back in the envelope.

FURUKAWA

May I call you George?

TRIMBOL

By all means Señor President.

FURUKAWA

I'm Alfonso -- don't think you've seen my Japanese rock garden.

Furukawa gets up, walks to a bay window and opens it.

He invites Trimbol into the rock garden and closes the window.

INT. ROCK GARDEN, PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Furukawa turns to face Trimbol.

FURUKAWA

This information is delicate. I'll use it as and when I see fit. OK?

TRIMBOL

Fine by me Señor President.

FURUKAWA

Carlos tells me you're friendly with a certain Señora Claire Alban de Almeida. Is she trustworthy?

TRIMBOL

Indeed she is. Could his SIN people keep a watchful eye on the lady and my daughter? I'd be obliged.

FURUKAWA

Certainly. -- And it's Peru that's obliged to you and the Americans who are replacing equipment.

TRIMBOL

That was good of them.

FURUKAWA

They're sympathetic to my idea of a MAD Force.

TRIMBOL

MAD Force?

FURUKAWA

A Multinational Anti Drug Force. Brought it up in my UN address. It's the only way we'll be able to combat the narcotraffickers.

(MORE)

FURUKAWA (CONT'D)

They're international and we need a force that can cut across borders.

TRIMBOL

God! That would be something.

Both men turn towards the window and exit the rock garden.

FURUKAWA

Tomorrow we'll be returning to San Martin. Still going after El V?

TRIMBOL

I'd like to be there.

Furukawa nods his head.

INT. VOLVO CAR, ON LIMA ROAD - LATER

Trimbol phones using his cellphone.

INT. EL VATICANO'S HOUSE, LIMA - CONTINUOUS

The phone in the living room rings unattended.

INT. VOLVO CAR, ON LIMA ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Trimbol looks out his window as he passes El Vaticano's house.

Through gaps in the metal fencing, two Rottweilers run and bark alongside the slow moving Volvo. Trimbol closes his cellphone and accelerates down the road.

TRIMBOL

(to himself)

Still in San Martin?
Patience George -- patience.
He'll be a long time dead.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, LIMA - DAY

Nicole comes into the room beaming.

NICOLE

Hi dad. Aced the test. Easy as pie.
Ah? Got anything to eat?

Trimbol points to the small refrigerator.

TRIMBOL

Packed with goodies! -- And shopping?

Hesitantly Nicole hands the credit card back to her father.

TRIMBOL (CONT'D)

Things went well?

NICOLE

Claire will call.

INT. ROOM, COLOMBIAN MANSION - NIGHT

Narcotraffickers from Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Venezuela and Bolivia are seated around a circular table.

Small flags and nameplates identify each of them.

Standing is their host Julio HERNANDEZ, 50s, Spanish features, strongly built and handsome.

The others, seated, stop applauding as a smiling Hernandez gestures towards El Vaticano.

HERNANDEZ

The new Inca! El Vaticano!

As Hernandez sits, El Vaticano rises.

EL VATICANO

Thank you Julio. Our deals are signed and sealed. We've all made concessions and we're all working together. It's South against North in the Americas and we're the ones exporting.

Those seated applaud.

El Vaticano picks up his glass.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

A toast.

All stand and pick up their glasses.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

To the Yankees -- may they forever need our coke.

ALL

The Yankees.

INT. ROOM, EL VATICANO'S HOUSE, LIMA - NIGHT

The phone rings and is attended to by the HOUSEKEEPER.

HOUSEKEEPER
Hello? Who's calling?

STRANGER (V.O.)
I must speak with El Vaticano --
urgently.

HOUSEKEEPER
Who's calling?

STRANGER (V.O.)
It's an emergency. Pass him the
phone -- he'll recognize my voice.

Sasha appears in the doorway.

NATASHA
Who is it Señora Galli?

HOUSEKEEPER
A gentleman asking to speak to
Señor Ernesto. What should I do?

NATASHA
I'll talk to him.

The housekeeper passes the phone to Natasha.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
Hello? Who's calling?

STRANGER (V.O.)
Señorita I can't reveal my name,
but I must speak with Ernesto. Can
you put him on?

NATASHA
Impossible, he's not here.

STRANGER (V.O.)
In that case please listen, the
situation is the following...

INT. HOTEL ROOM, LIMA - DAY

Trimbol is standing, packing an overnight bag as Nicole enters and kisses him on the cheek.

NICOLE
Good morning daddy.

TRIMBOL
Good morning to you too my
daughter. I'm off -- Claire's
picking me up.

NICOLE
Off to?

TRIMBOL
San Martin.

NICOLE
Why?

TRIMBOL
To find your sister's killer.

NICOLE
(angrily)
That's "macho man" stuff.

TRIMBOL
(sharply)
Watch it young lady. -- You're out
of order.

NICOLE
(furious)
Army orders?

Nicole turns and storms out of the room.

EXT. MILITARY BASE, LIMA - DAY

Claire drives through the gate and stops at the barracks.

INT. CLAIRE'S CAR, OUTSIDE MILITARY BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Trimbol looks straight ahead.

TRIMBOL
Sorry! I've got to go.

CLAIRE
(loudly)
You're crazy. -- Pig headed.

TRIMBOL
(softly)
That's me I'm afraid.

As Trimbol opens the door, Claire shakes her head as her eyes begin to fill with tears.

CLAIRE
No heroics! Promise me that.

Trimbol faces Claire and wipes away her tear with the back of his hand and kisses her softly on the cheek.

TRIMBOL
No promises I can't keep.

Trimbol opens the door and gets out of the car.

EXT. OUTSIDE MILITARY BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Trimbol closes the car door and is met by Martinez as Claire drives away.

MARTINEZ
Hi, George. Must say that's a super looking car and a super looking lady driving.

TRIMBOL
Think so too David.

They walk into the barracks.

INT. ROOM, BARRACKS, MILITARY BASE, LIMA - CONTINUOUS

Martinez and Trimbol enter.

General Fagundes is seated at a desk talking on the phone.

FAGUNDES
I'll do that Señor President.

The general puts the phone down.

FAGUNDES (CONT'D)
Captain Trimbol, have a seat. If certain gentlemen are picked up you'll interview them aboard a Chinook. -- Oops, almost forgot.

The General points to a cupboard beside Trimbol.

FAGUNDES (CONT'D)
 It's in the cupboard, cleaned and wrapped.

Trimbol opens the cupboard and removes a large plastic bag.
 It contains the Dragunov and two clips of ammunition.

FAGUNDES (CONT'D)
 It's our present. We lost the documentation.

TRIMBOL
 Thanks general. What's the plan?

FAGUNDES
 Big! Eight Apaches and eight Chinooks split into four groups. You'll be in Bravo with David. Just reminded everyone we've on a search and find mission -- drugs, chemicals, armaments. Questions?

TRIMBOL
 None.

EXT. MILITARY BASE, LIMA - LATER

Trimbol and Martinez board a Chinook.

Engines whine and rotor blades spin.

The noise crescendos into a roar as all helicopters lift off simultaneously and like a swarm of bumble bees, head out to sea.

They gain altitude and set off towards the Andes.

EXT. HIGH GROUND ABOVE VILLA, SAN MARTIN - DAY

Holding a stinger missile, Juan Manuel's youngest GRANDSON, 16, looks down at his plastic flip flops as ants climb between his toes.

He looks up and sees a gigantic ant, an Apache helicopter, climbing out of the valley. The roar is thunderous.

Startled, the grandson backs up, collides with an overhanging branch and pulls the trigger.

GRANDSON
 Noooo.

A stinger missile shoots off vertically.

The APACHE 1 PILOT locks onto the missile.

APACHE 1 PILOT
It's mine.

The Apache 1 pilot fires his Dart missile and the two missiles collided in mid-air.

APACHE PILOT 1 (CONT'D)

Let battle commence!

As another missile is launched and is knocked out by the Apache 2 helicopter, the Chinooks come in to land.

The soldiers start jumping out before the Chinooks touch ground.

A stinger missile heads straight for the lead Chinook and is spotted by the Apache 1 pilot.

APACHE 1 PILOT
Antonio, max height now!

The Apache 1 pilot fires.

The missiles collide in front of the lead Chinook.

Shrapnel sprays through the cabin injuring the pilots.

The Chinook hits the ground with a thump.

INT. CHINOOK HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Trimbol bounces off the floor and scoops up the rifle.

He jumps to the ground and joins the platoon as they come under fire.

EXT. GROUND BELOW VILLA - CONTINUOUS

Trimbol takes cover beside Martinez.

MARTINEZ
This is the second time we've come
under fire -- don't see a Honda.
We'll have to do this the hard way.

The grounded Chinook is hit by a missile and explodes.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

We'll lob smoke grenades and make a frontal run.

TRIMBOL

God David -- even with smoke you're bound to take casualties crossing this open ground.

MARTINEZ

Hell. Can't sit here. Another group could be moving in and catch us in a crossfire.

TRIMBOL

Got two clips, at least I can make them keep their heads down.

MARTINEZ

OK. Where's the best spot?

TRIMBOL

Where that private's crouching. Ask him to slide further down.

Eight to ten guns are firing down on the trapped platoon.

Trimbol quickly fires off a clip, replaces the clip and looks through his scope.

The defenders are not so obvious.

At that moment a mortar shell whistles over the platoon, lands and explodes.

Trimbol fires single shots until the smoke grenades block his vision. The soldiers advance towards the Villa, firing as they run.

As the smoke clears Trimbol spots two soldiers on the balustrade and three defenders with their arms in the air.

Martinez appears giving the thumbs up sign.

Trimbol catches movement in one of the outhouses and focuses using the scope.

He sees a black smock pointing an AK-47 in Martinez's direction.

TRIMBOL

My God! A woman?

Trimbol fires, taking out the rifle, and the figure goes down.

EXT. TERRACE, COLOMBIAN MANSION, COLOMBIA - DAY

The luxurious mansion is located high above a valley.

As El Vaticano walks to the breakfast tables, set out on the verandah, he admires the magnificent view of the valley below, then sits at a table.

A SERVANT, 60s, approaches.

SERVANT
(apprehensive)
Señor did you get the message?

EL VATICANO
(perturbed)
Message? What message? When?

SERVANT
A night guard took a call for you late last night. There was a message.

EL VATICANO
(angrily)
Who the fuck called?

SERVANT
Let me check Señor.

The servant moves off as an agitated El Vaticano shivers.

EL VATICANO
(softly to himself)
Saintly aunt -- protect me.

The servant returns.

SERVANT
(submissively)
Here it is Señor.

The servant hands El Vaticano the message.

INSERT - THE MESSAGE, which reads:

Time: 11:30 p.m.

Attention: El Vaticano

Message: Urgent - San Martin being hit in the morning.
 Sender: Edu.

BACK TO THE TERRACE

EL VATICANO
 (fuming)
 Holy Mary, mother of God. Why
 wasn't I told?

SERVANT
 It's Señor Hernandez's house policy
 not to disturb his guests.

EL VATICANO
 Fuck his house policy. Get me a
 phone! Now!

SERVANT
 There's one in the lounge señor.

INT. LOUNGE, COLOMBIAN MANSION - LATER

El Vaticano grabs the phone and dials.

EXT. TERRACE, VILLA SAN MARTIN - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings and Martinez demands quiet before picking it
 up.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MARTINEZ
 Yes?

EL VATICANO
 Hello -- Who's this? Never mind,
 put Juan Manuel on.

MARTINEZ
 Who?

EL VATICANO
 Who the fuck is this? Put Juan
 Manuel on. That's an order.

MARTINEZ
 Sorry Señor, I give the orders.
 Who's calling?

There is the noise of the line going dead.

EXT. LOUNGE, COLOMBIAN MANSION - CONTINUOUS

El Vaticano puts the phone down and points at the servant.

EL VATICANO
 You! Wake up the Peruvian guests.
 Tell them El Vaticano wants them
 here immediately. Then get
 Hernandez here as well. -- Move!

El Vaticano picks up the phone and again dials.

INT. EL VATICANO'S HOUSE, LIMA - CONTINUOUS

El Vaticano's helicopter pilot, DA SILVA, 40s, medium height
 and build, Andean descent, picks up the phone.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

DA SILVA
 Hello...

EL VATICANO
 Da Silva -- listen and reply as
 best you can. Understood?

DA SILVA
 Understood.

EL VATICANO
 Have the authorities been to the
 house?

DA SILVA
 No Señor.

EL VATICANO
 Where's Siko 1?

DA SILVA
 Outside and ready to go.

EL VATICANO
 Get over to the airport by noon.
 We'll be landing around then. Tell
 Señora Galli to answer the phone
 normally, but not to open the door
 to anyone.

El Vaticano disconnects.

The Peruvians, headed by Morillas, enter the lounge.

MORILLAS

Ernesto -- why the commotion?

EL VATICANO

Why? -- Furukawa's taken over my villa. Some mortal sinner's about to pay. What's happened to you I don't know -- phone and find out.

MORILLAS

Shit. Thought you had a high up contact who'd give us warning?

EL VATICANO

He phoned last night -- but I didn't get the message.

El Vaticano hands the note to Morillas.

MORILLAS

This Edu? Is he reliable?

EL VATICANO

Like the rising sun in the Negev.

MORILLAS

Let me phone.

Morillas pulls out his cellphone.

EL VATICANO

No cells -- they'll probably be listening in.

MORILLAS

Land line?

EL VATICANO

Right! Here in my hand. Careful what you say.

El Vaticano passes the phone to Morillas.

LATER

Traffickers are in groups talking about the situation as Hernandez enters and walks up to El Vaticano.

The conversations die down as the two main players come face to face.

HERNANDEZ

Ernesto -- are there casualties?

EL VATICANO

We've not been able to contact our people.

HERNANDEZ

Can we help in any way?

EL VATICANO

No, Julio -- I'll be in touch.

El Vaticano steps back.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Julio -- on behalf of the Peruvian delegation we thank you for your hospitality. We've made great progress. -- Cooperation's at an all time high.

HERNANDEZ

My helicopter will fly your party down to the airstrip.

EXT. HELIPAD, COLOMBIAN MANSION - LATER

As Morillas and the other Peruvians enter the helicopter, El Vaticano and Hernandez shake hands and hug each other.

El Vaticano enters, the door closes, the chopper lifts off.

INT. EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM, SANCHEZ CLINIC - DAY

Trimbol is seated next to a stretcher that holds Sasha.

Nurse Toledo appears in the doorway and Trimbol grabs her arm.

TRIMBOL

Nurse! There must be someone who can examine this young woman.

TOLEDO

Señor, you're hurting my arm.

Trimbol releases his grip.

TRIMBOL

Forgive me, I'm sorry. But isn't there someone who can help?

TOLEDO

Why bother? She's a narco and was about to shoot an officer. She'll be attended to when everyone else is taken care of.

Sasha awakes and calls out.

SASHA

Where am I?

TRIMBOL

You're at a clinic in Trujillo -- you've been injured.

SASHA

I'm cold -- very cold.

Trimbol turns towards the pharmacy dispenser.

TRIMBOL

Another blanket please.

The dispenser passes him a blanket.

TRIMBOL (CONT'D)

Here, let me put this around you.

Trimbol places the blanket around Sasha.

TRIMBOL (CONT'D)

How come such a pretty young girl is involved with cocaine?

SASHA

We're farmers, Señor. Nothing more -
- nothing less.

TRIMBOL

But you grow the coca. Doesn't the government help you grow something else?

SASHA

The government cares little for us. El Vaticano's our Padrone. He looks after our families, gives us food and clothes -- he cares.

TRIMBOL

And the gun? Did he teach you how to shoot?

SASHA

The soldiers had just killed two of
my cousins. I was taking revenge.
Señor -- I'm cold.

Trimbol tucks in the blanket and sees blood seeping out.

He pulls back the blanket, gasps and enters the Emergency
Room.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, SANCHEZ CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

In a cubicle Trimbol finds Doctor Sanchez stitching a cut on
a soldier's leg.

TRIMBOL

Doctor come with me. Now!

SANCHEZ

I haven't quite finished...

TRIMBOL

I said now!

Trimbol yanks Sanchez out of the cubicle.

SANCHEZ

There's no need for...

TRIMBOL

There is Doc. -- This way.

Trimbol pushes him into the Waiting Room.

INT. EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trimbol pulls back the blanket and Sanchez gulps.

SANCHEZ

Nurse! Nurse! Leave what you're
doing and get in here. This is an
emergency.

LATER

A shocked Doctor Sanchez enters the Emergency Waiting Room.

TRIMBOL

(anxiously)
Is she OK?

SANCHEZ
I'm afraid she's gone -- bled
internally. Was she a relative?

TRIMBOL
No! Merely a victim.

INT. EL VATICANO'S HOUSE, LIMA - DAY

The phone rings, El Vaticano picks it up and listens.

EL VATICANO
Sure it was Sasha?

TELEPHONE VOICE (V.O.)
Yeah! She was put on a stretcher
and flown with the injured to
Trujillo.

EL VATICANO
How serious was she hurt?

TELEPHONE VOICE (V.O.)
Can't say -- but she'll be there by
now.

El Vaticano puts down the phone and turns to Natasha.

EL VATICANO
Sasha's been injured.

NATASHA
Oh God. How bad?

EL VATICANO
Nobody knows. I'm going to
Trujillo.

NATASHA
I want to...

EL VATICANO
No! I'll phone as soon as I've
news.

NATASHA
Promise?

EL VATICANO
On my saintly aunt's grave.

EXT. HELIPORT, TRUJILLO AIRPORT - DAY

As Siko 1 approaches, a helicopter carrying Trimbol warms up.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Trimbol glances out the window at the approaching helicopter.

INT. SIKO 1 - CONTINUOUS

El Vaticano, with his back to the window, shivers.

EL VATICANO
Victor, do you feel it?

MORILLAS
Feel what?

EL VATICANO
My aunt! She's warning me.

MORILLAS
I feel nothing.

EL VATICANO
Like the passage of two ships on a
collision course -- but gliding
past each other.

El Vaticano turns abruptly and stares out the window.

The helicopter carrying Trimbol is moving away.

Siko 1 lands.

Morillas exits carrying travel bags and is followed moments later by El Vaticano.

EXT. HELIPORT, TRUJILLO AIRPORT - DAY

Morillas is met by Michael RODRIGUEZ, 50s, Anglo-Peruvian, chubby, local cocaine dealer.

RODRIGUEZ
Victor. It's been some time -- I've
missed you.

MORILLAS
Down boy -- let's keep this
strictly business.

They are joined by El Vaticano who looks at them questioningly.

Rodriguez escorts them to his pick-up.

El Vaticano gets in the back as Morillas and Rodriguez enter the front seats.

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

Rodriguez turns to face El Vaticano.

RODRIGUEZ

Checked out all the hospitals and clinics. The army casualties were treated at the Sanchez Clinic. Think some are still there. What do you want to do?

EL VATICANO

Drive there. We'll have Victor pose as a relative.

Rodriguez starts up his pick-up.

As Rodriguez shifts gear, he brushes Morillas's thigh, turns his head and smiles at Morillas.

EXT. ROAD, OUTSIDE SANCHEZ CLINIC - LATER

Rodriguez parks, Morillas gets out and enters the clinic.

LATER

Morillas reappears, shaking his bowed head.

El Vaticano gets out to meet him.

MORILLAS

I'm sorry, so sorry -- she's gone. Died of internal bleeding -- I'm really sorry.

In despair El Vaticano grabs at Morillas' forearm.

EL VATICANO

Dead? Are you sure?

MORILLAS

Ernesto -- she's gone. Talked with one of the nurses.

(MORE)

MORILLAS (CONT'D)

She described Sasha perfectly. No one could mistake her with those green eyes.

EL VATICANO

God. Why take her all this way just to let her die?

MORILLAS

She's been taken to the morgue. The nurse says she was with some tall gringo named Trimbol.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CLAIRE'S FLAT, LIMA - NIGHT

The interphone rings, Claire picks it up and nods her head.

LATER

Claire opens the door as the lift arrives.

Trimbol gets out, shoulders slumped, head down, and enters the flat.

CLAIRE

Are you OK?

TRIMBOL

No! Shot and killed a young woman.

CLAIRE

Oh my God! How terrible.

Claire closes the door.

TRIMBOL

What's worse -- if she'd been attended to right away she'd probably be alive now.

Claire guides him to the sofa.

CLAIRE

Why couldn't she be treated?

TRIMBOL

Top priority were the soldiers. The young woman simply bled to death. One thing's for sure, I've got to let go of the past.

CLAIRE

On that I agree.

Claire gets up from the sofa.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You need a drink -- Scotch?

TRIMBOL
Yeah -- Make it a large one.

Claire walks to the bar and prepares his drink.

CLAIRE
In that case don't drive.

Claire turns and her eyes plead with Trimbol who nods his head.

Claire hands him his triple Scotch.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You're welcome to the guest
bedroom.

TRIMBOL
Thanks. -- Don't want to confront
Nicole.

EXT. BURIAL CRYPT, SAN MARTIN VILLAGE - DAY

The last of the mourners compliment El Vaticano and Natasha who linger for some moments looking at Sasha's headstone.

El Vaticano turns and smiles softly at Natasha.

He shows her the emerald ring that he is wearing on a chain around his neck.

EL VATICANO
It'll remind us of a special
person.

NATASHA
Yes -- Sasha was very special. Will
you deal with the gringo?

EL VATICANO
He's as good as dead. On that I
swear. -- After we wait out the
mourning period, will you marry me
my Angel?

NATASHA
Of course Ernesto -- of course.

INT. KITCHEN, CLAIRE'S FLAT - DAY

Claire and Trimbol are seated at the breakfast table facing each other.

Claire beams a smile across the table.

TRIMBOL

Why the smile?

CLAIRE

Pedro's bank got in touch.

TRIMBOL

So?

CLAIRE

Our joint account is worth millions.

TRIMBOL

Millions? Doubt if that came from education.

CLAIRE

No -- from cocaine. I'm thinking of buying the BIS, I'll be looking it over when I'm in Trujillo -- Interested in running it again?

TRIMBOL

Depends on what you're offering.

CLAIRE

A partnership -- minor of course.

TRIMBOL

Could be. -- When are you picking up Nicole?

CLAIRE

Around ten.

TRIMBOL

It's a long drive to Trujillo. Wouldn't it be easier to fly?

CLAIRE

George I'm getting to know your daughter -- and she asked me to go with her. Still upset with you. Besides -- going back will be painful. Can you cope here?

TRIMBOL

Between myself, the Nanny and your
aunt I'm sure we can look after
young Thomas.

INT. EL VATICANO'S HOUSE, LIMA - NIGHT

El Vaticano and Morillas are seated in armchairs.
El Vaticano is listening on his cellphone as Morillas is
snorting cocaine from a side table.

EL VATICANO

Keep the faith. I'll see what can
be done.

El Vaticano closes his cellphone and eyes Morillas.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

Jesus wept. Our coca buyer -- he's
been arrested in Pucallpa and the
army had top class info.

Morillas snorts and sighs.

MORILLAS

Where the hell would they get that?

EL VATICANO

The Lord himself only knows. But
when they hit San Martin they also
knew where to go and who to look
for.

El Vaticano contemplates.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

Victor, did you finish the job on
the Danco woman? She also had top
class info -- on us.

MORILLAS

(nervously)

Barrios has the contract -- but
he's disappeared. So it's pending.

EL VATICANO

Pending? Fuck Barrios. Victor get
it done -- now. Understood? Now.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

The building's PORTER, 60s, recognizes Morillas.

PORTER
Señor, how long has it been?

MORILLAS
Long time.

PORTER
And so sad about Señor Delgado.

MORILLAS
Yeah! His passing was a tragedy.

PORTER
But La Señora has recovered and now
has another man in her life.

MORILLAS
Who's the lucky guy?

PORTER
He's the Señor George Rumor has it
he suffered a tragedy himself. But
it brightens my day every time I
see them together and it's not
often you can say that about a
gringo.

MORILLAS
Gringo?

PORTER
Yes, but he's not like most who are
arrogant and full of themselves.

MORILLAS
I phoned her office and they told
me she wasn't there.

PORTER
No. -- She's gone away for a few
days.

MORILLAS
Any idea where?

PORTER
I shouldn't say but I heard her
talking. She's driving up to
Trujillo. Señor Trimbol isn't here
either but...

MORILLAS
Trimbol?

PORTER

That's his name. Do you want to call by later?

MORILLAS

Yeah! I'll do that.

PORTER

Señor, I've forgotten your name. Who will I say called?

MORILLAS

Just say a friend. It'll be a surprise -- a real surprise.

Morillas, walking back to his car, phones El Vaticano.

INT. EL VATICANO'S HOUSE, LIMA - CONTINUOUS

El Vaticano picks up his cellphone.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

EL VATICANO

Yeah?

MORILLAS

The Danco woman's not here and would you believe she's now hooked up with a gringo named Trimbol.

El Vaticano shivers and sits down in his sofa.

EL VATICANO

Trimbol? Is he there?

MORILLAS

No, but the porter says he'll be back soon.

EL VATICANO

Get me a photo. In fact two or three.

MORILLAS

What for?

EL VATICANO

Listen! Just do it.

LATER

Trimbol stops his Volvo at the garage door.

He runs down his window and signals to the porter.

Morillas snaps off three infrared photos.

INT. EL VATICANO'S HOUSE, LIMA - LATER

Morillas hands El Vaticano an envelope with the photos.

EL VATICANO

It was a gringo named Trimbol who
was with Sasha when she died. Only
the nurse will be able to identify
if he's the same man.

EXT. ROAD, OUTSIDE SANCHEZ CLINIC, TRUJILLO - DAY

Rodriguez is behind the wheel of his pick-up.

El Vaticano, Torres and Morillas are passengers.

Rodriguez parks opposite the clinic.

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

El Vaticano is irritated.

EL VATICANO

You're sure the nurses change shift
at midday?

MORILLAS

That was the time the receptionist
gave.

EXT. ROAD, OUTSIDE SANCHEZ CLINIC - LATER

As Nurse Toledo leaves the clinic, Morillas gets out of the
pick-up and walks towards her.

MORILLAS

Hi! Remember me?

TOLEDO

Certainly Señor.

MORILLAS

Can you have a look at some photos?

TOLEDO

It's lunchtime.

MORILLAS

Have lunch with us.

As the nurse hesitates, Morillas continues.

MORILLAS (CONT'D)

Of course the bill will be on me
and I'll pay for your time and send
you back in a taxi.

TOLEDO

How can I refuse?

INT. EL BARCO RESTAURANT, HUANCHACO - LATER

El Vaticano's party sit at a table in the rear.

EL VATICANO

Nurse, do you remember the man who
was with Sasha? The young woman
with green eyes.

TOLEDO

I described him to your friend.

EL VATICANO

Could you look at these photos and
tell me if it's him?

El Vaticano passes her the photos and stares at her.

TOLEDO

Appears to be him -- but he's
different.

EL VATICANO

Different?

TOLEDO

Of course! He's not in army
uniform. Look's like him.

EL VATICANO

Sure? Look again.

TOLEDO

Yeah -- it's definitely him, I'm sure. Ah! Here comes our food.

LATER

As a waiter clears their plates, Morillas suddenly shrinks into the corner and puts on his sunglasses.

TORRES

Victor? What the hell...

MORILLAS

Nurse -- if you've finished I'll get you a taxi.

Nurse Toledo smiles and nods her head.

Morillas rises and indicates the side door.

The nurse and Morillas leave by the side door.

LATER

Morillas returns and slides into the corner of the table with his back to the main entrance.

MORILLAS

Christ! Can hardly believe it. She's sitting out there on the veranda with a teenager.

EL VATICANO

Who is for Christ's sake? Who is?

MORILLAS

Claire Alban. The one who had the top class info on us.

EL VATICANO

The tall woman with the Panama?

MORILLAS

That's her.

EL VATICANO

Right! You lot out the side door. Turn the wheels round and park. I'll stay and pick up the tab.

EXT. EL BARCO RESTAURANT, HUANCHACO - LATER

Claire and Nicole are seated at an outside table.

NICOLE

El Barco is our favorite restaurant
in Huanchaco. The food's delicious.

EXT. ROAD, OUTSIDE EL BARCO RESTAURANT - LATER

Claire and Nicole leave the restaurant, enter Claire's car
and Claire drives off.

Rodriguez follows.

EXT. GOLF CLUB INN, TRUJILLO - LATER

Claire drives into the Golf Club Inn.

Rodriguez drives his pick-up slowly past the Inn.

EXT. ASPARAGUS FIELDS, NEXT TO GOLF CLUB, TRUJILLO - DAY

Claire and Nicole chat as they amble leisurely on the dirt
road between asparagus fields.

NICOLE

Really? Didn't know that.

They pay little attention as Rodriguez's pick-up draws
alongside.

A window opens and a voice calls out.

TORRES

Señora Alban?

Claire turns her head to face the sound.

CLAIRE

Yes? Do I know you?

As she speaks Morillas jumps out of the back door.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Señor Morillas. -- You startled me.

A gun appears in Morillas's hand and both women gasp.

MORILLAS

Get in! -- And shut up.

As both women enter the pick-up, a station wagon pulls up and
SENIOR SIN AGENT, 40s, jumps out.

SENIOR SIN AGENT
Hi. Can I have a word?

Morillas fires off a warning shot at the Agent who dives into the asparagus bushes.

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

Rodriguez looks anxiously at El Vaticano.

RODRIGUEZ
Shit Ernesto, you said you only
wanted to talk -- not kidnap.

EL VATICANO
Shut up and drive.

El Vaticano pulls out his cellphone and phones.

EXT. HELIPORT, TRUJILLO AIRPORT - DAY

Da Silva is standing beside Siko 1 when his cellphone rings.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

EL VATICANO
Need you to pick us up -- now.

DA SILVA
Where?

EL VATICANO
The fields beside the Golf Club.
How long 'til you get here?

DA SILVA
Make for the Pan Am and I'll pick
you up in a few minutes.

Da Silva climbs into Siko 1 and starts the engines.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ'S PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

Morillas looks through the rear window.

MORILLAS
Shit! The fuckers are following.
Step on it Rodriguez.

EL VATICANO
The Pan Am -- make for the Pan Am.

EXT. ASPARAGUS FIELDS, TRUJILLO - DAY

The pick-up turns sharply towards the Pan American Highway.

INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

The Senior SIN Agent phones the army base in Trujillo.

SENIOR SIN AGENT
Get here now. We're in the
asparagus fields, next to the Golf
Club.

He closes his cellphone.

SENIOR SIN AGENT (CONT'D)
What the hell? Where did they go?

The JUNIOR SIN AGENT, 30s, brakes the station wagon.

JUNIOR SIN AGENT
They've turned. I'll back up and
head into that dust cloud.

The Junior SIN Agent drives his station wagon slowly through the dust.

He glimpses the pick-up heading towards the Pan American Highway.

The pick-up runs up the side of a water duct and skids into a ditch.

Rodriguez tries reversing but the wheels spin.

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

El Vaticano looks out the passenger window and spots Siko 1 hovering above the highway.

EL VATICANO
There's our ride. Everyone out and
running. Rodriguez, give it another
go when we're clear.

EXT. ASPARAGUS FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

Holding onto the two women, Morillas, Torres and El Vaticano exit the pick-up.

Morillas hears the approaching station wagon, turns and fires.

The bullets shatter the station wagon's windshield.

The station wagon stops, the SIN agents jump out and take cover in the asparagus shrubs.

Rodriguez again tries to free his pick-up.

Torres and El Vaticano push the women up the steep incline and onto the elevated asphalt highway as Siko 1 hovers and lands.

Rodriguez frees his pick-up and gets back onto the dusty track.

He drives parallel to the highway looking for an easier access.

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

Peripherally Rodriguez sees the SIN agents pointing their guns.

RODRIGUEZ
Hell! They're gonna miss.

Two bullets come through the side window.

One smashes Rodriguez's shoulder and the other hits his throat.

EXT. ASPARAGUS FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

The pick-up skids to a halt with Rodriguez slumped over the wheel.

The SIN agents watch as Siko 1 lifts off.

LATER

An army helicopter hovers and lands next to the asparagus fields. The two SIN agents board and the helicopter takes off.

INT. SIKO 1 - LATER

An edgy Da Silva looks at El Vaticano.

DA SILVA
Where are we heading?

EL VATICANO
Lima.

DA SILVA
Sorry, but no. Couldn't refuel.

EL VATICANO
No? Not a word I like to hear.

DA SILVA
A Sirkorsky was filling up and took
the last drops. It's servicing an
offshore drilling ship.

EL VATICANO
God! Why didn't you tell me?

DA SILVA
The tanker's probably there now. If
we return we can fill up.

EL VATICANO
And if not?

DA SILVA
We wait.

EL VATICANO
Not with these women aboard.
Where's this ship?

DA SILVA
Ten miles straight out.

EL VATICANO
Can it land two choppers?

DA SILVA
From what they told me at the
airport yes. Why?

EL VATICANO
We'll land, wait for the service
chopper to arrive, transfer its
fuel to us and run down the coast
to Lima.

DA SILVA
They'll have a radio on board.

EL VATICANO

That's my problem. Can you
find the ship?

DA SILVA

Should be right out in front.

Da Silva switches on his radar.

DA SILVA (CONT'D)

There it is! Eight miles due west.
Is that where we're heading?

EL VATICANO

Yeah. Just fly straight in. I'll
take it from there.

INT. BELL 270 HELICOPTER - LATER

The ARMY PILOT glances at his radar.

ARMY PILOT

It's heading straight out to sea.

SENIOR SIN AGENT

Where the Hell's it going? Japan?

ARMY PILOT

There's a drilling ship out there.
Must be heading for it.

INT. SIKO 1 - CONTINUOUS

The drilling ship can be seen in the distance.

EL VATICANO

Bring it in along the stern so they
can't identify our markings and
land.

EXT. STERN PLATFORM, DRILLING SHIP - LATER

Siko 1 approaches the drilling ship.

A drill team is working around a rotating drill well, located
in the middle of the ship.

The helicopter lands on the stern platform.

El Vaticano gets out to greet an OFFICER, 40s.

OFFICER

Wasn't expecting you so soon.

EL VATICANO

Take me to your captain
immediately! It's a matter of life
or death.

OFFICER

Life or death?

El Vaticano closes the distance between them.

He jams his cougar into the officer's stomach.

EL VATICANO

Yeah! -- Your life or death. Smile
you angelic demon and don't raise
your hands. Turn slowly, and take
me to your captain.

INT. BRIDGE, DRILLING SHIP - LATER

El Vaticano slugs the officer on the side of the head.

As the officer falls to the deck, El Vaticano points his gun
at the SHIP'S CAPTAIN.

EL VATICANO

Got the message? How many of a
crew?

CAPTAIN

Twelve.

EL VATICANO

Sound a lifeboat drill and get them
into lifeboat one. Now!

CAPTAIN

This ain't an emergency.

El Vaticano points his finger and Torres shoots the officer
in the leg.

EL VATICANO

It is now.

The captain presses the alarm and a klaxon wails. The captain
hollers into a microphone.

CAPTAIN

All hands to lifeboat one. All hands to lifeboat one. This is not a drill. Repeat, this is not a drill.

El Vaticano counts the crew as they enter the lifeboat. He orders the captain to pick up the officer and get into lifeboat one.

El Vaticano pulls an axe from the wall and jams it into the lifeboat's door, sealing in the crew.

EL VATICANO

(shouting)

Turn off that fucking ungodly noise.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - CLAIRE'S FLAT/PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

Trimbol is seated at a desk typing on his laptop.

The phone rings, he gets up from the desk and picks up the phone on a small table beside the sofa.

TRIMBOL

Hello.

PUERTO

It's Puerto, Señor Trimbol there's been an incident. El Vaticano has kidnapped Claire Alban and your daughter. I'm sorry.

Trimbol sinks into the sofa aghast.

TRIMBOL

The animal! Why? Why them?

PUERTO

Can't say -- I'm coming over. Stay where you are. He might get in touch.

INT. CABIN, DRILLING SHIP - DAY

El Vaticano is staring at Claire who is seated and silent.

EL VATICANO

There are questions. If you tell the truth I'll leave you alone.
(MORE)

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

If you lie? You'll go swimming. Got the message?

CLAIRE

Yes.

EL VATICANO

Who were the people tracking you?

CLAIRE

Haven't a clue. Never saw them before.

EL VATICANO

They were armed -- they shot Rodriguez. Were they some kind of bodyguard?

CLAIRE

Don't know who they are and I didn't hire protection.

EL VATICANO

Could your friend Trimbol have? Without telling you?

CLAIRE

Perhaps. -- It's possible.

EL VATICANO

He was at a clinic in Trujillo when a young woman bled to death. -- He must've told you.

CLAIRE

He did. She was wounded during an army siege and he tried to help.

EL VATICANO

Why her? Why bother?

CLAIRE

Told me she was accidentally injured during the gun battle. He tried to help but she died of her wound.

EL VATICANO

He was responsible?

CLAIRE

That you'll have to ask him.

EL VATICANO

Why was he with the army?

CLAIRE
He was looking for someone.

EL VATICANO
Who? Me?

CLAIRE
A man called Torres.

EL VATICANO
What the Hell did he want with
Luiz?

CLAIRE
His daughter was killed by a bomb
in a pick-up outside Trujillo.

EL VATICANO
Bomb? Nobody ever mentioned the
word bomb. Where did he get that
idea?

CLAIRE
Again -- you'll have to ask him. He
merely told me a bomb had killed
his daughter.

EL VATICANO
You forced Morillas to sell our
shares in Danco. You gave him exact
details on our ops. Where did you
get that info?

As Claire hesitates, El Vaticano gives her a threatening
look.

CLAIRE
My ex-boss, Pedro Delgado.. He
collected the details. I have it on
a CD.

EL VATICANO
Why collect info? We did business.

CLAIRE
Don't know and you can't ask him --
he's dead.

EL VATICANO
Yeah! Sent him to meet the Maker.
Where's this CD now?

CLAIRE
In Lima.

EL VATICANO
Lima's a big place. Where?

CLAIRE
In a safe place.

El Vaticano backhands Claire across the face.

EL VATICANO
Don't smart talk me. Got it?

Claire wipes the blood from her mouth.

CLAIRE
I can get you the CD but I don't
want you hurting anyone.

EL VATICANO
Who's the teen?

Claire pauses.

El Vaticano scowls and threatens her with the back of his
hand.

EL VATICANO
Want another?

CLAIRE
She's George's daughter.

EL VATICANO
Trimbol's daughter? Great! Listen I
want that CD and now I know who's
gonna bring it. Where will he be at
this moment?

CLAIRE
Possibly at my flat.

EL VATICANO
Let's go.

El Vaticano grabs Claire by the arm and pushes her out of the
cabin door.

INT. RADIO ROOM, DRILLING SHIP - LATER

El Vaticano and Claire enter and El Vaticano picks up the
mobile transmitter and passes it to her.

EL VATICANO
Here -- phone.

Claire dials her flat's phone number.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CLAIRE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings and George picks it up.

Puerto simultaneously picks up an extension.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

TRIMBOL

Hello.

CLAIRE

It's Claire.

TRIMBOL

How are you and how's Trujillo,
the City of Eternal Spring?

CLAIRE

The city's fine. George -- you know
that special CD, the one with the
info?

TRIMBOL

Yes, but...

CLAIRE

But of course you can't get it so
I'm going to help.

TRIMBOL

OK Claire, tell me...

CLAIRE

I've a gentleman with me who wants
it.

GEORGE

Do I know him?

CLAIRE

Don't think so...

El Vaticano signals for Claire to pass him the phone, which she does.

EL VATICANO

Listen gringo, we gotta talk. But
first I want the CD -- today.

TRIMBOL

Sorry But I don't know where it is.
Who are you anyway? And where are
you?

EL VATICANO

All in good time -- Mi Amigo.

El Vaticano places his hand over the mouthpiece.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

I'm losing my patience. Where the
fuck's this CD lady?

CLAIRE

It's in my office safe.

El Vaticano removes his hand and speaks into the phone.

EL VATICANO

The CD's in her office safe.

TRIMBOL

Doubt if her secretary will let me
into her office let alone her safe.

EL VATICANO

Point taken gringo. Stay by the
phone -- I'll get back.

El Vaticano disconnects and turns to Claire.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

Phone your office.

INT. DANCO MINING OFFICE, LIMA - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings and Jenny picks it up.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

JENNY

Danco Mining, Jenny speaking, can I
help?

CLAIRE

Jenny it's Claire.

JENNY

Good afternoon Señora Alban. Can I
give you a run down on the
enquiries?

CLAIRE

Maybe later Jenny. I'm phoning to say that George will pass by to take a CD out of the safe.

JENNY

That'll be impossible Señora. It's past noon and the time lock is in action. He'll only be able to open it tomorrow.

The Senior SIN Agent gives Jenny the thumbs up sign.

CLAIRE

When was it activated?

JENNY

Ten minutes ago.

CLAIRE

Damn! -- I forgot.

El Vaticano, who has been listening in, smirks.

EL VATICANO

Tell her you'll phone back.

CLAIRE

Jenny I'll phone later.

Claire disconnects and turns to face El Vaticano.

EL VATICANO

Phone your flat.

The connection is made.

TRIMBOL (V. O.)

Claire?

EL VATICANO

Gringo the deal's the following -- You'll hire a chopper, carry extra fuel and get here tomorrow morning. You'll show me the info on the CD and I'll let your women go. Got it?

TRIMBOL (V.O.)

Understood. I'll be there.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CLAIRE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Trimbol puts the phone down and turns to Puerto.

TRIMBOL

Are you sure it's El Vaticano?

PUERTO

Positive! -- My agents recognized him when he ran to the chopper. Let's go -- we've work to do.

INT. CABIN, DRILLING SHIP - NIGHT

In a moonlit cabin, Claire and Nicole sit on a bunk bed.

NICOLE

Can't believe this monster was responsible for the death of my sister. Why her?

CLAIRE

Think the target was Pedro Delgado.

NICOLE

Delgado? Why him?

CLAIRE

He was in the drug business with El Vaticano. They must have fallen out.

NICOLE

And my sister paid the price.

CLAIRE

A tragedy for you and your father.

NICOLE

And daddy -- I was so mean to him. Do you think he'll come?

CLAIRE

Of course. He'll be here tomorrow. Don't worry -- let's get some sleep.

NICOLE

Hope so Claire -- come close.

EXT. TOP DECK, DRILLING SHIP - DAY

Nicole and Claire walk to the railings.

From a lower deck, El Vaticano shouts up to Morillas.

EL VATICANO

Victor keep the women company. The gringo could be arriving any minute.

Da Silva shouts down from the radio room.

DA SILVA

Ernesto, got a radar blip and its coming directly to us.

EL VATICANO

Good! -- Stay cool.

INT. SIN HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

Puerto, piloting the helicopter, opens the radio channel provided by Da Silva and passes the microphone to Trimbol.

TRIMBOL

Come in drill ship, come in drill ship. Over.

EXT. LOWER DECK, DRILLING SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Da Silva shouts down from the radio room.

DA SILVA

He's on the radio. Are you coming up?

El Vaticano moves back from the railings below the bow platform.

He turns and shouts up.

EL VATICANO

Tell him I'm on my way.

INT. SIN HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The microphone Trimbol is holding blares out.

DA SILVA (V.O.)

Keep the line open -- he's coming.

INT. RADIO ROOM, DRILLING SHIP - CONTINUOUS

El Vaticano enters and picks up the microphone.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

EL VATICANO
Gringo! -- Are you there?

TRIMBOL
Of course.

EL VATICANO
Bring the CD?

TRIMBOL
In my hand. -- And we've got the extra fuel.

EL VATICANO
Good. When will you get here?

TRIMBOL
In a few minutes.

EL VATICANO
Looking forward to it.

TRIMBOL
Can hardly wait.

EXT. BOW PLATFORM, DRILLING SHIP - LATER

The SIN helicopter hovers and lands on the bow platform.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - RADIO ROOM/SIN HELICOPTER

DA SILVA
Señor -- you can get out and bring the CD and laptop with you.

TRIMBOL
(loudly)
Put El Vaticano on -- now.

EL VATICANO
Gringo -- no need to shout. I'm here and in a moment we'll meet face to face.

TRIMBOL
There's someone else who'd like to meet you -- face to face. One second while I put her on.

Trimbol removes the gag from Natasha who screams.

NATASHA

Ernesto -- Ernesto. Where are you?

EL VATICANO

Natasha my Angel -- you're with the gringo?

NATASHA

The army came to the house during a power cut and invaded.

EL VATICANO

Don't worry. -- We'll be leaving soon. Let me talk to the gringo.

TRIMBOL

I'm here -- Now you've got what I want and I've got what you want. Let's meet and discuss how we can make an exchange.

EL VATICANO

Let's do it.

EXT. LOWER DECK, DRILLING SHIP - LATER

El Vaticano and Trimbol eye each other up.

EL VATICANO

You were the scum at my villa -- The demon that kills women.

TRIMBOL

An accident -- I shot the rifle and the barrel cut into her.

EL VATICANO

What kind of man kills women?

TRIMBOL

Your kind.

EL VATICANO

Never -- not my karma.

TRIMBOL

You killed my daughter when you blew that pick-up off the Pan Am.

EL VATICANO

Jesus -- So this is what it's all about?

(MORE)

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

That surprise was for Delgado. The info on my ops came from him -- didn't it?

TRIMBOL

Yeah! -- And it's all here on this CD. Lots of low life vermin up and down the Andes.

EL VATICANO

OK -- let's do the deal.

TRIMBOL

First I want to talk to the women.

El Vaticano turns and shouts up to the bridge.

EL VATICANO

Victor let the women show themselves.

Holding hands, Claire and Nicole appear escorted by Torres and Morillas.

TRIMBOL

(shouting)

Keep calm. We'll do the exchange and get out of here. Are you alright?

NICOLE

Dad -- I'm sorry -- so sorry.

CLAIRE

We're fine George. Just give him what he wants.

EL VATICANO

Well ain't that touching -- Georgie Boy. Now Natasha.

George shouts up to Puerto.

TRIMBOL

Let the woman come to the hatch.

As Natasha appears El Vaticano waves and calls.

EL VATICANO

(shouting)

Sorry my Angel but this gringo don't play by the rules. Stay cool and we'll be off this bucket before you can say a Hail Mary.

El Vaticano turns back to face Trimbol.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)
While we refuel you'll show me the data. Then we'll swap women and go our separate ways.

TRIMBOL
We'll make the exchange below our chopper and before we'll have the women search us for weapons.

EL VATICANO
OK -- Let's play it your way.

LATER

Trimbol types in the password for El Vaticano.

TRIMBOL
The countries come up in alphabetical order.

EL VATICANO
Let's see Colombia.

El Vaticano smiles at the screen as a list of names appears.

EL VATICANO
Jesus! -- Won't find them in the Book of Saints -- know most of them. Hernandez -- what has the Lord provided for Julio?

Trimbol moves the cursor to the name Julio Hernandez and presses.

Details on Hernandez appear on the screen.

EL VATICANO
(smiling)
Doubt if Julio himself knows this info -- Let's do the deal.

LATER

Claire body searches El Vaticano while Natasha body searches Trimbol.

Finding nothing, Both women cross over to their respective men.

EL VATICANO
Now the CD and laptop gringo.

TRIMBOL
Let my women climb into the
helicopter first and I'll stay here
as guarantee.

EL VATICANO
That wasn't part of the deal.

TRIMBOL
I'm making it part.

Trimbol points for the women to leave.

TRIMBOL (CONT'D)
Up you go ladies -- no hesitation.

Nicole and Claire climb onto the platform and enter the SIN
helicopter.

Both helicopters begin to warm up their engines.

There is the sound of a loud bang and the rotary drill grinds
to a halt.

Thick black smoke rises from the drill casing.

Trimbol and El Vaticano pay no attention to the noise or
smoke.

EL VATICANO
And now the goods?

Trimbol hands over the laptop and CD.

El Vaticano slips the CD into his jerkin pocket and walks
over to the railings.

EL VATICANO
This laptop? -- Might have a little
bug waiting, so I'll give it a
wash.

El Vaticano drops the laptop into the sea.

TRIMBOL
Such a waste.

El Vaticano grabs his cougar, taped to the outside of the
railings.

Trimbol sees a gun pointing at him and takes a step back.

EL VATICANO

Yeah! Waste -- that's what it's gonna be scum bag. You wasted Sasha and now it's pay back time.

Trimbol observes Morillas and Torres on the deck above, an M 60 in Morillas' hands.

EL VATICANO (CONT'D)

Bye gringo.

As El Vaticano squeezes the trigger, the whole ship goes into free fall for half a second.

El Vaticano fires the cougar.

The bullet grazes Trimbol's rib cage as he automatically raises his arms with the ship's fall.

El Vaticano and Natasha lose their balance, hit the railings and the cougar falls into the sea.

In pain, Trimbol gets up off the deck and sees that his side is bleeding.

El Vaticano and Natasha also scramble to their feet.

There is the sound of an M 60 firing.

Morillas has his finger jammed and the gun is uncontrollable.

As Siko 1 gains height The bullets rip into its rear rotor and main motor.

Trimbol signals for Puerto who has also gained height to come lower.

The ship drops again and goes into a slow spin.

EL VATICANO

I don't miss gringo. This must be your lucky day. Looks like I'll have to waste you with my bare hands.

El Vaticano charges into Trimbol lifting him off his feet.

The fight is chaotic. Both men grapple on the deck.

Feet and fists fly in all directions, each desperately trying to obtain the upper hand.

Sea water seeps out of the doors at the railings to which Natasha is holding on fiercely.

The fighters separate.

As Trimbol struggles to get up, El Vaticano grabs a boat hook from the wall.

He advances, his eyes blazing.

EL VATICANO
Die time, gringo.

Natasha, holding onto the railings, encourages him.

NATASHA
Kill him! -- Kill him! -- Remember
Sasha.

Trimbol scans for a weapon, spins and yanks a lifebuoy from the wall.

El Vaticano lunges and Trimbol parries the thrust.

The boat hook slices through the edge of the cork lifebuoy, enough to deviate it from its target.

Trimbol backs up towards the platform.

El Vaticano feigns a thrust as both men study each other.

Trimbol stumbles, loses his balance and El Vaticano launches himself.

Trimbol defends by swinging the lifebuoy at the oncoming boat hook.

The lifebuoy strikes the boat hook which deviates and embeds itself in the wood of a cabin door.

As El Vaticano tries to yank it free, Trimbol slams the lifebuoy over his head and shoulders, trapping his arms.

El Vaticano lets go of the boat hook and moves back down the deck towards Natasha who leaves the railings and helps remove the lifebuoy.

Trimbol pulls the boat hook free from the cabin door.

TRIMBOL
Pay back time.

As Trimbol moves forward with the boat hook pointing at his adversary, El Vaticano slips on the wet deck and his leg gets trapped in the railing.

Trimbol stands over El Vaticano with the boat hook raised.

EL VATICANO
OK gringo -- just do it.

Trimbol hesitates, his eyes turn to Natasha whose face is fearful.

TRIMBOL
Again -- I'm sorry about your
sister.

As a rope ladder from the SIN helicopter swings past Trimbol he tosses the boat hook overboard.

As the rope ladder swings back Trimbol grabs it and is lifted up off the deck.

El Vaticano releases his leg from the railing and pushes Natasha forward.

EL VATICANO
Move Natasha -- Move. You and our
child must survive.

Natasha runs towards Trimbol who looks back at her.

Trimbol signals for Puerto to drop lower and turns to face Natasha, remembering her sister Sasha.

TRIMBOL
(softly)
Sasha.

INT. SIN HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Puerto shakes his head.

PUERTO
He's crazy. There's a down draft.
We could all end up on the deck.

CLAIRE
Please -- do it.

PUERTO
One pass -- that's it.

EXT. SIN HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The SIN helicopter lowers its altitude towards the slowly rotating ship that drops yet again.

EXT. LOWER DECK, DRILLING SHIP - LATER

Trimbol goes down to the last rung and holds out his hand but Natasha cannot reach him.

Trimbol loops his leg into the second last rung, reaches down, grabs Natasha's arm and yanks her up and over his body.

Natasha clutches the rope ladder as the SIN helicopter climbs.

Sea water flows freely along the gunnels.

Trimbol looks back for El Vaticano but he has gone.

Siko 1 has not gained altitude, but is spinning.

With the M 60 out of ammunition, Morillas and Torres make their way to the stern platform.

Siko 1's engine cuts out and the helicopter drops on top of them.

INT. SIN HELICOPTER - LATER

Natasha is helped on board by Claire.

Trimbol comes aboard and is hugged by Nicole.

He then turns to Claire who kisses him fully on the lips.

Nicole smiles.

PUERTO

I've radioed the coast guard. They must have drilled into an underground cavern and that caused the vortex to form.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF DRILLING SHIP - LATER

The vortex sucks the drilling ship down into oblivion.

EXT. ROAD, OUTSIDE SANCHEZ CLINIC, TRUJILLO - DAY

SUPER: "SIX MONTHS LATER"

Juan Manuel approaches the clinic's main door.

A FLOWER LADY, 60s native Andean, comes forward and taps him on the shoulder.

FLOWER LADY
El Señor Juan Manuel?

JUAN MANUEL
Yeah?

FLOWER LADY
A friend asks if you'll take this
to your granddaughter.

Juan Manuel examines the orchid in admiration.

JUAN MANUEL
For my granddaughter? Are you sure?

FLOWER LADY
Positive Señor.

INT. RECEPTION, SANCHEZ CLINIC, TRUJILLO - LATER

Juan Manuel enquires and shuffles down the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR, SANCHEZ CLINIC - LATER

Juan Manuel knocks on a room door.

Natasha replies from inside the room.

NATASHA (V.O.)
Come in.

INT. ROOM, SANCHEZ CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Juan Manuel enters.

Natasha is breast feeding her baby.

NATASHA
Granddad -- How good of you to
come. Please -- say hello to your
great granddaughter. Isn't she
beautiful?

Juan Manuel moves to the side of the bed.

JUAN MANUEL
Indeed she is. -- Got her mother's
good looks and her father's
piercing eyes.

NATASHA
What have you here?

Natasha places her baby in her cot and inspects the orchid.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
It's beautiful -- just beautiful.

JUAN MANUEL
Handed to me by the florist at the
clinic door. -- It's for you.

NATASHA
For me? From whom?

JUAN MANUEL
Didn't say. But there's a little
box at the base of the mounting. --
Here let me.

Juan Manuel removes the small box and hands it to Natasha.

She opens it and lets out a gasp.

Inside is a diamond and emerald ring, identical to the one
she is wearing and a card.

Natasha reads the ring's inscription.

INSERT - THE INSCRIPTION, which reads:

Sasha and Ernesto.

BACK TO ROOM

She turns the card over and reads the hand written message.

INSERT - THE CARD, which reads:

Her name is Sasha.
El V.

INT. CHURCH OF THE TWISTED CROSS, LIMA - DAY

Trimbol and Jeff Norton are seated in the front pew.

Trimbol's cellphone rings and he answers the call.

TRIMBOL
Hello.

FURUKAWA (V.O.)
Sorry George -- won't make the
ceremony. Our ACN's Court of
Justice is in agreement and the Mad
Force is up and running. Keep me a
piece of the wedding cake -- bye.

Trimbol smiles at Jeff Norton.

TRIMBOL
Well done Alfonso.

The organist strikes up the bridal march and Trimbol turns to
face his bride.

Leading is Nicole, resplendent as Maid of Honor.

Claire is radiant in a white satin and lace dress.

Behind Claire trots Thomas as train bearer, accompanied by
Claire's aunt.

Nicole smiles and nods her head at her father.

Trimbol steps out to receive his bride.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD, COLOMBIA - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: ROAD, COLOMBIAN JUNGLE

A big wheeled Suburban skids around a bend and faces a
roadblock.

Inside the truck there is a driver and Overweight Trafficker.

Overweight Trafficker runs down his window, points his
machine gun pistol at the guards and fires.

The Suburban shatters the wooden barrier and runs over a
chain with pointed spikes.

The soldiers return fire as both front tires burst.

The truck runs off the road, hits a tree and stops. The
driver is dead and Overweight Trafficker is bleeding.

Packages of cocaine lie strewn beside the truck.

INT. CHURCH OF THE TWISTED CROSS, LIMA - CONTINUOUS

Trimbol and Claire are standing in front of a priest.

The priest turns towards Claire.

PRIEST

Do you Claire Alban de Almeida take
this man George Trimbol to be your
lawfully wedded husband?

CLAIRE

I do.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER, BOLIVIA - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: JUNGLE RIVER, BOLIVIA

A riverboat, with Scar Faced Trafficker at the bow, is
motoring down river.

Two fast launches burst out from a tributary with mounted
M 60 guns that fire off rounds.

As the bullets pierce the riverboat's wooden hull, the
navigator cuts back the throttle and one of the launches
comes alongside.

An army captain goes aboard the riverboat and pulls back a
tarpaulin, revealing packages of impure cocaine.

INT. CHURCH OF THE TWISTED CROSS, LIMA - CONTINUOUS

The priest turns to Trimbol.

PRIEST

Do you George Trimbol take this
woman Claire Alban de Almeida to be
your lawfully wedded wife?

TRIMBOL

I do.

EXT. HANGER, CHICLAYO AIRPORT, PERU - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: CHICLAYO AIRPORT, PERU

A twin engine Piper taxis into the hangar and Female
Trafficker exits the plane to supervise the unloading.

As the hangar door begins to close, two army jeeps burst through with major Martinez in the lead jeep.

The jeep stops, Martinez dashes out and shots are fired.

Martinez closes the distance between himself and Female Trafficker and has her in his sights.

MARTINEZ

Your call.

Female Trafficker raises her hands.

FEMALE TRAFFICKER

Who the Hell are you?

MARTINEZ

The MAD Force.

INT. CHURCH OF THE TWISTED CROSS - CONTINUOUS

The priest smiles as Trimbol and Claire exchange rings.

PRIEST

By the power vested in me, I now
pronounce you man and wife.

George and Claire turn to each other, smile and kiss.

FADE OUT.

THE END