

EL TIGRE

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INT. BASEMENT

A lone light bulb hangs over the head of JOSE MANDELO (30's), completely naked, tied to a chair. Sweat dripping from his forehead as he quietly prays. His voice, trembling.

We hear the slow, echoing footsteps of a person walking down a wooden staircase.

Jose's body shivers as the footsteps grow louder.

A pair of WHITE ALLIGATOR BOOTS come into frame, stopping at the base of the stairs.

We go through a series of outfit CLOSE UPS:

-A white linen shirt, unbuttoned at the top, chest hair spilling out.

-A diamond crusted Jesus belt-buckle, fastened around the waist.

-White linen pants, orange and black embroidery down the sides.

-On the middle finger of the right hand, a large ring-- THE GOLDEN FACE OF A TIGER.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL **THE MAN**, his face masked by darkness. Behind THE MAN, an army of MEXICAN RUFFIANS.

Jose pisses himself as the ruffians file in.

THE MAN crosses his chest, kissing a small silver pendant around his neck. He pulls a Rapier 9mm series R from the back of his pants, handing it to PIPINO (30's), his portly man-servant.

THE MAN carefully clips a Gurkha cigar. He places it in his mouth, inhaling as Pipino lights the end.

Next to Pipino is ESTEBAN NORIEGA (early 40's), ugly, hard-nosed, the second in command.

Jose keeps his chin tucked, staring at the ground.

We watch from the POV of the ruffians as THE MAN approaches Jose. He bends down, blowing a puff of smoke in his face.

THE MAN
Ten years, Jose.

Jose is too ashamed to look THE MAN in the eyes.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

For ten years you pour your blood,
sweat, and tears into the Sangre
Rica family.

(beat)

For ten years you call this place
your home.

(beat)

For ten years you fight by our
side...AS OUR BROTHER!

(beat)

DOES THAT MEAN NOTHING TO YOU!?

Jose cries, shaking his head.

THE MAN

The money, the drugs, they come and
go. But *trust*...trust is a
precious, *PRECIOUS* commodity!

THE MAN straightens up. He takes a step back, placing his
hand out. Pipino hands him a long, sharp blade.

THE MAN

I'm gonna spare your life, Jose
Mandelo, but in this family no
crime goes unpunished.

Still behind him, we watch THE MAN reach down, grab a hold of
an unidentifiable appendage, and with one fell swoop...slice
it off.

Jose's earth-shattering howl reverberates through the
basement.

THE MAN turns toward the crowd with a bloody, flaccid, dick,
raised to the sky in all its glory.

FREEZE FRAME where, thanks in part to the light bulb, we see
THE MAN's face for the first time.

TITLE CARD UP: EL TIGRE

Sporting a finely trimmed mustache and the remnants of what
was once a deliciously wet Jheri Curl, EL TIGRE (40's) is the
leader of the SANGRE RICA Cartel and the most powerful drug
lord in all of Mexico.

The crowd roars.

El Tigre turns back toward Jose, slapping him across the face
with his own severed penis.

EL TIGRE
 (each sentence punctuated
 with a slap)
 This. Is what happens. When you
 betray. My trust!
 (beat)
 This. Is what happens. When you
 take. My FUCKING. Money!
 (to the Cartel; waving the
 penis)
 You work for La Raza behind my back
 and I CUT YOUR FUCKING DICK OFF!

El Tigre tosses the penis to Esteban, who fumbles it, getting bloody wiener residue all over his clothes.

EL TIGRE (CONT'D)
 Put it on ice.

Esteban swallows his pride.

El Tigre walks back toward the stairs where a GUARD waits-- a towel draped over his forearm. El Tigre wipes his hands off on the guard's jacket instead.

GUARD
 (HUGE smile on his face)
 Oh-- Ok...

EL TIGRE
 (to Esteban)
 Wrap the penis up with a bow or something. Send it to La Raza as a gift. It's gonna be hilarious.

El tigre walks back up the staircase as we...

FADE TO:

INT. MAYNARD RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - MORNING

"CIELITO LINDO" BLARING FROM A CHEAP SET OF IPOD SPEAKERS.

ANOTHER MAN, hidden behind the shower screen door, dancing and singing along with the song.

He shuts the water off and grabs a towel.

We go through a series of getting dressed CLOSE UPS:

-A mustache, trimmed and combed.

-A wrinkled polo shirt, pulled over his head.

-A pair of faded jeans, slipped up over his legs. The zipper, forced to the top.

-New Balance sneakers, forced on over tall white socks-- pre-tied.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL...El Tigre? It can't be!

And it's not. We're looking at JEFFREY MAYNARD, happy-go-lucky family man and official **EL TIGRE DOPPELGANGER**. If El Tigre were a middle class father of three living in suburban Chicago, he'd be this guy.

INT. MAYNARD RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - MORNING

The bedroom is congested with scattered documents, family photos, and dirty laundry. Jeff dodges the various "land mines" as he packs a suitcase.

His wife, APRIL (early 40's), subtly attractive in that busy mom kind of way, is out cold. Jeff kisses her forehead.

JEFF

Time to wake up, honey.

April's eyes gradually open-- there's a smile on her face. She grabs Jeff by the shirt, bringing him closer. They kiss.

APRIL

(sexy wake-up voice)

Mmmm...morning, you.

April subtly wraps her legs around Jeff, kissing more aggressively.

JEFF

(mid-kiss)

April, I don't think we have time--

April untucks his shirt, pulling it up over his head.

APRIL

Real quick.

JEFF

(trapped inside his shirt)

Sweetie, someone's gotta wake the kids.

APRIL

Let 'em sleep for five more minutes.

Jeff gets up off the bed, putting his shirt back on.

JEFF

We're on a schedule here. Plane leaves in two hours.

April lets out a sigh of defeat.

JEFF

But the first chance we get, I'm showing you moves your yoga teacher hasn't taught you yet.

April laughs. Jeff kisses her head as he walks out the room.

APRIL

I'll believe it when I see it.

INT. MAYNARD RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeff makes his way down the hall. Family portraits and class paintings line the walls. He stops to adjust a picture of the family from years ago, taken in Hawaii-- he smiles.

INT. MAYNARD RESIDENCE - STAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff's eldest son STAN (16), rebellious and quick witted, is putting his shirt on when Jeff bursts through the bedroom door.

JEFF

BONE-CRUSHER! Bags packed?

STAN

What'd I tell you the last time you barged into my room like that?

JEFF

You're not putting a lock on the door.

STAN

Then stop bursting in here without knocking!

JEFF

Got it, sorry.

(beat)

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)
Come downstairs when you're done
masturbating.

Jeff moves on toward...

INT. MAYNARD RESIDENCE - WHITNEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WHITNEY (13), insecure and in the heat of puberty, combing her hair. There's a knock on the door.

JEFF (O.S.)
Honey, you almost--

WHITNEY
(already frustrated)
I'll be down in a minute!

JEFF (O.S.)
Ok, just don't forget--

WHITNEY
I said *ONE MINUTE!*

JEFF (O.S.)
Great. Love you, sweet pea...

INT. MAYNARD RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeff waits for an "I love you too" on the other side of the door. Realizing it's not coming, he makes his way downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

The walls are lined with oil paintings of El Tigre doing everything from riding horseback to battling a Minotaur.

El Tigre walks with purpose through the corridors of his villa. Servants scurry to follow behind him, a la *West Wing*.

One servant shuffles backwards, holding a canvas, while another paints El Tigre's portrait mid-walk.

Along the trek we get a glimpse of the villa: a room stacked with bags of Marijuana and Cocaine, a cocoa field behind the home, a garage filled with vintage motorcycles, Tigers roaming freely (El Tigre nonchalantly pets one), beautiful women with their breasts out lying by the pool, guards monitoring the premises with RPG's strapped to their backs.

A servant brings a tray of cocaine up to El Tigre as they make their way through the halls of the library. He takes a quick sniff, putting the remnants on his gums. He nods his head approvingly as they enter the...

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stopping abruptly at the entrance. His wife OFELIA (late 30's), the object of the entire cartel's affection, jumps up from the long and narrow dining room table to greet him.

OFELIA

Mi amor!

They share a lengthy passionate kiss. El Tigre grapples her ass, pulling her toward him. She whispers sweet nothings into his ear, licking her way down his neck.

Their son CHENCHE (15), eyes perpetually rolling, can't stand the sight of his parents' flirtation. He coughs intentionally.

El Tigre releases Ofelia, patting Chenche on the head as he finds his seat at the other end of the table. Chenche flinches. He re-adjusts his hair as servants bring out an array of breakfast platters.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYNARD RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - LATER

Jeff blends a protein shake. April half-asses two bowls of cereal.

Whitney drags her luggage down the stairs and into the kitchen.

JEFF

Dudette! Eat some breakfast, cab'll be here in ten.

She sits down, beginning to eat.

WHITNEY

Did you guys know Mexico has the second highest kidnapping rate of any place in the world.

APRIL

Not funny, Whit.

WHITNEY

I'm serious.

JEFF

We're staying at an all-inclusive resort, sweetie. They run a real tight ship there.

Stan slides his bag down the stairs.

STAN

Has anyone seen my brown jacket?

JEFF

No, but I have *just* the jacket for you!

STAN

Please don't--

JEFF

Gimmie a sec.

Jeff runs off and comes back with an outdated, extra large, leather USA Olympics jacket.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Try it on.

STAN

You *know* it's not gonna fit.

JEFF

Just try it!

APRIL

He doesn't want to, Jeff.

JEFF

Real quick. Let's just see it.

Stan puts on the jacket, giving Jeff the "you've GOT to be kidding me" look.

JEFF (CONT'D)

That's a *bitchin'* jacket! It's yours if you want it.

STAN

I *don't*.

Stan tosses the jacket back to Jeff. He sits at the counter, taking a bite of cereal.

JEFF
 I'm bringing it with...just in
 case.
 (looking to April)
 You never know.

Jeff shoves the jacket in his carry-on.

APRIL
 So Whit, you never mentioned how
 Brian's bar mitzvah was?

WHITNEY
 It was alright. The theme was
 whatever.

JEFF
 They play that Katy Perry song you
 love?

WHITNEY
 Like four times.

Beat.

JEFF
 You talk to Derek?

WHITNEY
 Dad!

STAN
 (disgusted)
 Mindy's little brother, Derek!?

JEFF
 He try to kiss you?

WHITNEY
 (blushing)
 MOM!

APRIL
 Cut it out, Jeff.

STAN
 Oh, man! She totally likes Derek.

WHITNEY
 If you tell him, I will MURDER you!

JEFF
 Want me to call his parents and
 arrange a play-date?

WHITNEY
I HATE BOTH OF YOU!

HONK! HONK!

JEFF
(panic; coughing up his
shake)
What was that!?

Jeff runs to the window, peeking out. He checks his watch.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(sotto)
They're eight minutes early.
(announcing)
Cab's early! Meter is officially
running! Go for launch! I repeat,
we are GO for launch, family!

STAN
Was that English?

Stan and Whitney gather their things, heading for the door.
Jeff chugs down his protein shake.

APRIL
(to Stan and Whitney)
Bowls in the sink!

They're too slow. Jeff grabs the bowls, washing them out.

JEFF
Everyone be cool. We got this.
(to April)
Where's the check list?

She hands him a note pad.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Stan, boarding passes.

STAN
Yup.

JEFF
April, passports.

APRIL
In my purse.

JEFF
Whitney...tampons.

WHITNEY
 (boiling)
 Are you serious?

JEFF
 Didn't think so. Listen, I checked
 the calender and I got your back.
 There's a fresh box of heavy flows
 in my carry-on.

APRIL
 (enough)
 Jeff...

He pull's one out.

JEFF
 Roadie?

WHITNEY
 You're literally ruining my life!

Whitney storms out the door. Jeff sets the alarm as we...

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

El Tigre lies naked on a fold out table-- ass cheeks up,
 oiled from head to toe. A SMOKIN' HOT MASSEUSE digs her
 elbows into his back.

Next to the table are Pipino, Esteban, and ANGEL (late 20's),
 El Tigre's flamboyantly homosexual calendar boy/decorator.
 Next to the three of them, a tiger lounging on a beanbag.

ANGEL
 So, at twelve PM you have a lunch
 with Jesus Aguirre.

EL TIGRE
 Who's that?

ANGEL
 He's in charge of cargo transport.
 It was his birthday the other day.
 You got him a gift basket of
 cocaine and some really fresh
 berries.

EL TIGRE
 Si, bueno.

El Tigre turns over. The masseuse, without hesitation, begins jerking him off. Apparently this is common place. Pipino and Esteban think nothing of it. Angel has a little smirk on his face.

ANGEL

Aaaaand, at one-thirty we have the weapons deal with the Petrov family from Russia.

EL TIGRE

No, no, no. Push that to next week.

ESTEBAN

(speaking out of turn)

Señor, por favor, they just flew across the world to meet with you! This is the third time we've cancelled. We'll lose their business if we reschedule again.

EL TIGRE

Let them go to the Guerreros. The Petrovs always smelled a little funny to me.

(beat)

You know what I'm talkin' about, Pipino?

PIPINO

Si, I always thought they smelled like a grilled eggplant or something.

ESTEBAN

I'm begging you--

The tiger growls. Esteban flinches.

EL TIGRE

Next!

ANGEL

Alrighty...Chenche has a futbol game at two forty-five, pero I just realized I have you penciled in for pilates at three sooooo it's gonna be a bit of an issue.

EL TIGRE

Can we push the pilates back to four?

ANGEL

Eh...you're scouting the plot of land for the new marijuana field at four.

EL TIGRE

And after that?

ANGEL

You said you wanted to...

(reading)

Do a bunch of cocaine and build that miniature battleship you got from the Amazon dot com last week.

The masseuse speeds up.

EL TIGRE

(thinking)

Yes, I do want to do that. Tell Chenche I have to miss his game again. Pilates stays at three.

El Tigre "finishes". A splash of JIZZ lands on the lapel of Esteban's jacket. Pipino and Angel give him a round of applause. Esteban is livid, but manages to keep a smile on his face as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MINI-VAN CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff sits up front with the CAB DRIVER (Ethiopian, corn rows). Whitney listens to her iPod. Stan pulls a laminated trip itinerary out of his bag.

JEFF

(to the driver; reading his license)

You ever been to Acapulco, Rafi?

CAB DRIVER

No sir.

JEFF

Oh, man...you have any family out here?

CAB DRIVER

No sir.

JEFF

That's a shame-- Well if you ever get the chance...I'm telling you, the place is like a magical Mexican Disneyland.

(leaning back)

Am I right? Who's excited back there!?

WHITNEY

STAN

(Sotto)
So excited.

(Sotto)
Can't wait.

APRIL

Jeff, make sure he takes the toll road.

JEFF

He knows how to get there, honey.

Jeff leans forward, quietly reminding Rafi to take the toll road.

STAN

(re the itinerary)

I'm a little confused here, Dad.

(beat)

Did anyone else look at this thing?

Whitney and April shake their heads.

JEFF

(offended)

I emailed you guys the itinerary two weeks ago.

STAN

Jeff! There is a *butt load* of family stuff planned.

(beat)

Like, non-stop. For the whole week.

JEFF

I know, how stoked are you?

STAN

I couldn't be less stoked. Taylor and Ian are gonna be there. Did you remember to schedule some time for me to see them?

JEFF

You see Taylor and Ian every day!

STAN
I see you every day!

APRIL
Your dad put a lot of work into planning this trip. You should be thankful.

STAN
(waving the itinerary)
And you should probably look at this thing before you say that.

Jeff turns around completely.

JEFF
We're not taking you to Mexico so you can sneak off and hang with your buds. We're going there so we can spend some time together as a family.

APRIL
I'm sure dad can move some things around so you can see your friends.

JEFF
Doubtful.

APRIL
(to Jeff)
There's nothing wrong with a little spontaneity now and then.

Stan crumples the itinerary. April puts her arm around him.

STAN
(reading; frustrated)
I don't want to take a stupid class on how to make guacamole.

JEFF
That's not for you, that's for your mother and she needs our support.

APRIL
What's wrong with the guacamole I make now?

JEFF
(frank)
It's not the best.

WHITNEY

He's right...

STAN

What if we went to a gun range? We could go with Ian! His dad takes him every year.

JEFF

Absolutely not. Gun's are weapons, Stan. We're civilized human beings.

STAN

Then what about a helicopter tour or something awesome like that?

JEFF

Are you going to pay for it?

STAN

You guys never want to do what we want to do!

JEFF

That's because everything you want to do is either dangerous or expensive.

WHITNEY

(under her breath)

This trip is already a nightmare.

JEFF

Really, Whit?

(beat)

Does jet skiing with the dolphins in crystal clear water sound like a nightmare to you!? How about getting your hair braided on the beach? Does that sound like a nightmare, Whitney? Because it's in the schedule and it sounds pretty awesome to me.

(re the cab driver)

Rafi knows what's up.

The cab driver smiles, looking back at the kids, thumbs up.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF TRAVEL SHOTS:

- Jeff pinches Stan's butt at the check-in when he's not paying attention. Stan flinches, swatting his Dad's hand away.
- The Maynards use an entire stack of bins in the security line, leaving behind them a pissed off bin-less line.
- Jeff finds his seat next to a LARGE BLACK MAN (LBM) six rows behind the rest of his family.
- Everyone is fast asleep. Jeff and LBM chat it up like old high school buddies.
- They step off the plane into a brick wall of the most humid, sticky, nauseating air that is the Acapulco Airport.
- April watches their bags go around the carousel as Jeff assists every person within ten feet of him.
- Jeff gets hustled by every vendor as they wait for a taxi. In a matter of moments he's wearing a sombrero, playing *cup-and-ball*, and buying chiclets off an orphan.
- They ride in a beaten up VW van with beads on the seats. Cumbia blares from the shoddy speakers. April tries to jimmy the window open. No luck.
- The van pulls up to the ESPERANZA HOTEL, your run of the mill Mexican resort. Looks decent enough.

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - GYM - AFTERNOON

El Tigre, in an all white track suit, does pilates with his BEEFED UP MALE INSTRUCTOR-- breathing hard, getting his fitness on.

They finish up. El Tigre wipes sweat from his face as Esteban, Pipino, and Angel enter the room.

ANGEL

(in that musical tone)

Señor Tigre, you have a field to scout in five minutos.

EL TIGRE

Si. Pipino, have valet pull the motorcycle 'round. Esteban, follow behind.

ESTEBAN

Actually, señor, if you don't mind, I was thinking *maybe* just you and I could go?

(MORE)

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)
 (off Pipino's confusion)
 Pipino, he works so hard all day.
 Let the man take a breather.

EL TIGRE
 Es fine with me. Pipino, you wanna
 take a breather?

PIPINO
 (slightly hurt)
 Sure, I could maybe take a breath
 or two.

EL TIGRE
 Ok. Take some breaths.
 (beat)
 Esteban, let's ride.

El Tigre and Esteban exit without hesitation. Pipino is left alone.

PIPINO
 You two have fun. Pipino will
 just...wait around...breathing.
 Taking breaths.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATER

Esteban and El Tigre drive off in a motorcycle and sidecar, both wearing vintage helmets and goggles. Esteban drives with purpose.

EXT. CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

Overlooking the ocean. Esteban kills the ignition. El Tigre gets out, tossing his helmet and goggles into the sidecar.

EL TIGRE
 Where's the field, Esteban? I don't
 see a fucking field!

Esteban nonchalantly removes his helmet and goggles, taking his time. El Tigre walks to the edge of the cliff.

EL TIGRE (CONT'D)
 I let you take the reigns for one
 minute and you get us lost!?
 (beat)
 Pipino never gets lost! *Pipino*
 prints directions from Google maps--

ESTEBAN

I'm not lost, you STUPID SON OF A BITCH!

El Tigre stops, staring at him in disbelief.

EL TIGRE

Whatchu just call me?

ESTEBAN

I called you a son of a bitch, you SON OF A BITCH!

Esteban whips out a pistol, shooting El Tigre in the shoulder.

EL TIGRE

Jesus Christo!

ESTEBAN

You know what it does to a man, getting hit in the face with that many bloody penises?

El Tigre grasps his shoulder in pain.

EL TIGRE

You good-for-nothing--

ESTEBAN

YOU KNOW WHAT IT DOES TO HIS SOUL!?

EL TIGRE

What the fuck are you talkin' about?

ESTEBAN

Three hundred and forty-two dicks is what I'm talking about!

Esteban shoots El Tigre in the leg, dropping him to his knees. He takes it like a badass, naturally.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Three hundred and forty-two dicks in twenty-five years.

(beat)

That's like getting hit in the face with a dick every twenty-six days!

EL TIGRE

(short of breath)

I would throw a dick at you right now if I could!

ESTEBAN

Twenty-five years of loyal service,
and this is how you talk to me?

EL TIGRE

You're a traitor!

ESTEBAN

A traitor!? Ha!

(beat)

While you were busy getting hand
jobs and cutting dicks off, I built
this operation!

(beat)

When's the last time you looked at
our books? You think doing cocaine
and building battleships is keeping
this cartel afloat?

(beat)

It's time people know who's really
running the show.

(beat)

It's my turn to be the TIGER!

Esteban pistol whips El Tigre across the face. He grabs El
Tigre's hand, prying the bloody Tiger ring from his finger.

EL TIGRE

You will never be the Tiger!

BANG BANG BANG!!!

Three more bullets to the chest. A final gasp for air. The
death of a legend. Blood spills out El Tigre's mouth.

ESTEBAN

Adios amigo.

Esteban kicks El Tigre's lifeless body over the edge of the
cliff, watching as it lands on the rocks below.

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pipino, Ofelia, and Chenche are playing dominoes when Esteban
stumbles through the door, bruised and bloodied. They run to
his aid.

ESTEBAN

(panting)

It was a trap. La Raza and his men.
We were ambushed.

PIPINO
Where is El Tigre!?

Esteban hesitates.

PIPINO (CONT'D)
(shaking Esteban)
DÓNDE ESTÁ EL TIGRE!?

He looks up at Ofelia and Chenche.

ESTEBAN
El Tigre...El Tigre is dead.

Ofelia shrieks, fainting to the floor. Chenche tends to his mother. Pipino fights back tears.

PIPINO
I never shoulda taken those
breaths!

Esteban bends down, pulling the bloody tiger ring from his pocket. He holds it out for Ofelia.

ESTEBAN
Your husband, he was like a brother
to me.
(beat)
He gave me this before they killed
him.

Ofelia looks at the ring, tears running down her cheeks. She closes his hand.

OFELIA
He would have wanted you to have
it.
(beat)
You're in charge now.

Esteban looks at her, placing the ring on his finger as we...

CUT TO:

INT. ESPERANZA HOTEL - ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Stan flips through TV channels while Whitney and April spray on suntan lotion.

STAN
(annoyed)
Every station is in Spanish!

APRIL

You're not here to watch TV. Why don't you take your sister to the pool?

STAN

Have you *seen* the pool!?

Jeff walks through the front door holding a handful of pamphlets.

JEFF

Good morning, family. I have good news, and I have great news! The good news is that Ermenegildo, my new friend at the front desk, says the tap water won't give us diarrhea.

(beat; raising a map)

The great news: I hold here in my hand, directions to the most premier waterfall in all of Mexico. So grab your Texas and put on a bathing suit because the Maynards are going hiking!

WHITNEY

Right now!?

APRIL

Babe, we haven't had breakfast yet. Don't you think we should eat first?

JEFF

(dragging Stan off the bed)

We'll grab a plate of pineapple on our way out. Sun goes down at six. No time to waste.

(to April)

Don't forget the SPF seventy.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - LATER

The hot sun pounds down on the Maynards as they fight their way through thick trees along a narrow trail.

Whitney empties a can of bug spray on her arms, swatting away mosquitos. April applies sunscreen to Stan's neck. Jeff scans the map.

JEFF
(sure of himself)
It's just up ahead, guys! Another
two hundred yards, max.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - AN HOUR LATER

The family catches their breath as Jeff reads the map with frustration.

JEFF
(starting to doubt
himself)
Did anyone notice a tree that looks
like an elephant, about a hundred
yards back?
(beat)
Wait a sec, I think that's it,
right over there.

Stan and Whitney moan, following Jeff deeper into the jungle.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - AN HOUR LATER

No sign of a dirt path. Shrubbery up to the waste. Jeff rotates the map in 360 degree circles, looking around, seriously confused.

STAN
Mom, I'm getting eaten alive out
here.

APRIL
Whitney, pass your brother the bug
spray.

WHITNEY
There isn't any left.

STAN
You used it all!?

WHITNEY
It was *my* bug spray! You should
have brought your own.

STAN
Mom said we could share!

APRIL

Cut it out!
 (beat)
 Where are we, Jeff?

JEFF

(focused on the map)
 Almost there.

WHITNEY

(whiny)
 I'm hungry, and I'm itchy, and I
 need to poop!

JEFF

Dig a hole, sweetie.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - ANOTHER HOUR LATER

April tries her cell phone. Whitney squats behind a bush.
 Jeff peeks over to see how she's doing.

JEFF

Whit, you almost done?

WHITNEY

DON'T LOOK!
 (to herself)
 This is so embarrassing.

APRIL

I'm not getting any reception here.

JEFF

(to Whitney)
 Take your time, honey.

Whitney comes walking around the bush.

WHITNEY

Worst experience of my life.

STAN

(genuinely curious)
 What did you use to wipe?

WHITNEY

None of your business.

JEFF

Alright gang, I'm just gonna come out and say it: I think we're lost.

Collective moans from the family-- no shit.

JEFF

(pointing; consulting the map)

I know we came from *that* general direction.

(beat)

All we have to do is find the dirt path and it'll take us back to the hotel.

Whitney hears a RUSTLING in the bushes.

WHITNEY

What was that!?

STAN

What was what?

WHITNEY

I heard a noise.

APRIL

Probably just a bird or something. Follow your dad.

ANGLE ON **5 SOLDIERS OF THE GUERREROS DEL RIO CARTEL** (rivals of the Sangre Rica), dressed in fatigues, hidden in a bush, watching from behind.

WHITNEY

These plants smell like skunk.

STAN

I think they smell good.

April inspects the plant, immediately dawning on her...

APRIL

It's MARIJUANA, Jeff! We're walking through a field of marijuana!

STAN

No way!

Jeff comes to an abrupt stop. He turns around.

ANGLE ON the soldiers, seeing his face for the first time-- GASPS.

SOLDIERS
 (whispering)
 Ay Caramba/El Tigre/No se
 puede/Claro/Es El Tigre!?

BACK ON...

JEFF
 Nobody panic. Whit, be cool.

Cueing Whitney's panic attack.

APRIL
 We gotta get out of here! This
 stuff probably belongs to someone.

JEFF
 (ushering the kids)
 Hustle, thattaway. Ándale!

Stan grabs a handful of weed, stuffing it in his pocket.

JEFF
 What are you doing? Are you crazy?!
 Put that back before--

The soldiers jump from behind the bush, shouting orders in Spanish, brandishing their AK-47s.

JEFF
 HOLY SHIT!

Whitney shrieks at the top of her lungs. Jeff cups his hand over her mouth.

JEFF
 (trying to keep his cool)
 Shhhh! Shhhhh.
 (settled)
 Stan, give the angry men their
 marijuana back.

Stan offers them a shredded batch of marijuana leaves.
 SOLDIER 1 swats the leaves out his hand.

JEFF
 I'm sorry, sir. This is clearly a
 huge misunderstanding--

SOLDIER 2 hits Jeff hard in the stomach with the butt of his rifle, knocking him to the ground.

Soldier 1 scolds Soldier 2.

The churro drops to the floor, engulfed in a trail of dust as he rides his bicycle into the distance.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Which is really more of a police "office".

Waiting behind the front counter is OFFICER RIGABERTO. Beside him, refilling his coffee, is OFFICER FRANCISCO. Sitting alone in the waiting room is an OLD NUN, mumbling to herself.

April, Stan, and Whitney rush in-- hysterical, dirt smeared across their faces, clothes tattered.

APRIL
BANDITOS HAVE TAKEN MY HUSBAND!

FRANCISCO
Que?

APRIL
(frantic)
My husband has been kidnapped!
(catching her breath)
We were on a hike, we stumbled upon
a field of marijuana, and five men
in camouflage took my husband and
ran off into the forest!

RIGABERTO
Ok, ma'am. Calm down. Do you have a
photo of your husband? We need to
know what he looks like.

FRANCISCO
Unfortunately kidnapping is quite
common in the outskirts of this
area.

WHITNEY
Toldja!

April fumbles through her backpack.

APRIL
(handing them a photo)
This is the most recent picture I
have of him. It's from a few years
back.

Rigaberto takes a close look at the picture-- it strikes a chord. He hands the photo over to Francisco. Silence...

Until they both crack up laughing.

APRIL
(angered)
Are you laughing?!

RIGABERTO
Who put you up to this?
(beat)
Was it Papi?

FRANCISCO
Typical Papi, *hijo de puta!*

RIGABERTO
(cracking up)
This is too funny. It hurts.

APRIL
I am DEAD serious!

FRANCISCO
Lady, you are *loca* if you think
this man is your husband.

APRIL
Are you suggesting he isn't?

FRANCISCO
Umm...unless you're married to the
most ruthless drug lord in all of
Mexico, then yes, that is exactly
what I am suggesting.

Rigaberto walks over to a pyramid of drug runners and rebel
fighters-- Jeff/El Tigre's photo at the top.

STAN
It's Dad!

APRIL
What the...

RIGABERTO
The man in this photo...the same
man from your photo...is El Tigre.
(pointing to the pyramid)
The most dangerous man in Acapulco.

The nun freaks out, crossing herself at the mention of his
name.

APRIL
El Tigre?

The nun crosses herself again (Note: she crosses herself at every mention of El Tigre).

STAN

Dad's been living a double life!

APRIL

He's not living a double life.

WHITNEY

What makes him the most dangerous man in all of Mexico?

RIGABERTO

Aside from the fact that he's dismembered over sixty-five men in the village?

FRANCISCO

Legend has it, when El Tigre was a little chico, his parents bought him the wrong kind of birthday cake so he covered them in gasoline and used his birthday candles to light them on fire.

RIGABERTO

Everyone in Mexico knows El Tigre loves ice cream cake.

FRANCISCO

He's like if Jack Bauer and Hannibal Lecter started hugging, and then due to science or something, they smushed together to form one man.

RIGABERTO

He's the Mexican Voldemort.

WHITNEY

Whoa.

The nun sprinkles holy water over Stan and Whitney.

STAN

Mom, the nun is freaking out.

A LOWER LEVEL POLICE OFFICER urgently enters from the back office.

LOWER OFFICER

Francisco, 'Berto...there's something you need to see!

RIGABERTO
What is it? We're busy.

LOWER OFFICER
You won't believe it!

CUT TO:

INT. LA RAZA COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Jeff is dragged into a dusty storage room-- scattered garbage, furniture pushed to the walls, fresh blood stains on the floor.

JEFF
Ouch!

Standing against the wall is LA RAZA (40's), leader of the Guerreros Del Rio, and El Tigre's arch-nemesis. This guy's spent most his life in the trenches, decked out in guerrilla fatigues.

LA RAZA
(chewing sunflower seeds)
Where'd you find him?

SOLDIER 1
In the field.

LA RAZA
Alone?

SOLDIER 1
No. Two tiny guards, and a lady guard. No weapons, so we let 'em go.

Jeff is stripped down to his birthday suit.

JEFF
(scared shitless)
Why are you taking off my clothes!?
(to La Raza)
Why is he taking off my clothes!?

They strap him to a chair, arms tied behind his back.

JEFF
Not so tight!

Soldier 1 points to a scar on the right side of Jeff's pelvis.

SOLDIER 1

(to La Raza)

Mira! The scar from when you
stabbed him at La Condesa Alley.

JEFF

(laughing nervously)

I had my appendix taken out.

La Raza spits out a mouthful of chewed up seeds, approaching
Jeff.

LA RAZA

(smiling)

You know...I had a feeling today
was gonna be a good day. I woke up,
I prayed to my Lord and savior, had
a really good breakfast, I got to
wear this new belt my hijo made
me...and then *you* show up. The
cherry on top of my Monday sundae.

JEFF

(terrified)

Sir, there are three credit cards
in the wallet over there. My pin
number is 6789. For all of them.
It's a terrible pin, I know, but
the money is yours.

La Raza laughs.

LA RAZA

That's the funniest thing I've ever
heard. You think I want your *money*?

SOLDIER 2

(to Jeff)

If La Raza wanted your money, he
would of *taken* your fucking money!

(beat)

Buy a shit ton of stuff on Ebay!

LA RAZA

(to Jeff)

All I want is to know what the FUCK
you were doing in my fields today?

Pieces of sunflower seed fly out of his mouth and onto Jeff's
face.

JEFF

As I explained to the gentlemen in the truck: I'm here on vacation with my wife and kids. We got lost on our hike to the waterfall. It was an honest mistake.

SOLDIER 1

It's a cover!

JEFF

(shivering)

I swear it's not a cover!

(beat)

My name is Jeffrey Maynard. I live at 704 Appleby in Deerfield, Illinois.

SOLDIER 2

The *fuck* you do, holmes!

SOLDIER 1

El Tigre is a well known master of disguise, La Raza.

JEFF

(pleading)

I'm not a master of disguise! I'm an HR manager at a small equity firm!

SOLDIER 2

Yeah, and I work at a fuckin' Coldstone Creamery, fool!

SOLDIER 1

All lies, sir. Don't fall for his mind games.

La Raza shoves another handful of seeds in his mouth, staring Jeff in the eyes.

LA RAZA

I know El Tigre's in there.

JEFF

(crying)

El Tigre is *not* in here! Please believe me. It's just Jeff. No Tigre.

LA RAZA

(laughing)

You're a tricky mother fucker, you know that?

(to Soldier 1, checking his watch)

Send out a pigeon. Anyone who wants to see El Tigre slaughtered should hurry over in the next thirty minutos...

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - DUSK

The chubby kid skids out at the front gate, winded from the ride. A security guard nods, letting him pass.

The boy leaps off his bike. He races to the front door, pounding as hard as he can till...

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - CONTINUOUS

Pipino answers.

PIPINO

Que paso?

CHUBBY KID

(out of breath)

El...El...

He's about to faint. Pipino helps him stand.

PIPINO

Speak, gordito! What is it!?

CHUBBY KID

Señor Tigre...

PIPINO

(even more urgent)

What about Señor Tigre?!

CHUBBY KID

He's alive!

Pipino's eyes light up. Esteban overhears the conversation.

ESTEBAN

What did he say!?

CHUBBY KID

El Tigre is not dead! I saw him
with my own two eyes! La Raza has
taken him hostage!

ESTEBAN

This is preposterous!
(to the boy)
How dare you speak these lies!?

CHUBBY KID

I swear on all the churros in
Mexico. The great Tigre lives!

PIPINO

(to another soldier)
Ready the men to leave at once!

ESTEBAN

(to Pipino)
You believe this foolish child!?

Pipino stares Esteban dead in the eyes.

PIPINO

If El Tigre *is* alive, it won't be
for much longer!

ESTEBAN

And if he isn't you'll be walking
into a death trap!

PIPINO

It makes no difference.

ESTEBAN

You're willing to risk your life,
and the lives of our men because
this boy *thinks* he saw El Tigre!?

PIPINO

To die in the name of El Tigre,
would be a noble death.

Pipino and the boy run off as we...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - AUTOPSY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Francisco, Rigaberto, the lower level officer, and a
MORTICIAN stand over a black body bag. The mortician unzips,
revealing a naked and very dead El Tigre.

LOWER OFFICER

He was found washed up just below the basin. The crows were picking at him.

FRANCISCO

This is very strange.

LOWER OFFICER

You wanna hear something stranger?
(to the Mortician)
Tell 'em.

RIGABERTO

Tell us what?

MORTICIAN

This man has been dead for *at least* twenty-four hours.

FRANCISCO

So?

The lower officer rewinds tape on a small black and white TV.

LOWER OFFICER

So, according to this security footage, El Tigre was seen thirty minutes ago outside La Raza's compound. ALIVE!

Confusion settles in as they stare at a paused image of Jeff's awkward face.

RIGABERTO

(looking at Francisco)
Can it be...?

INT. POLICE STATION - WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

April and the kids sit nervously in the waiting room. Rigaberto pops his head in.

RIGABERTO

Excuse me miss, would you come with me please?

April and the kids get up.

RIGABERTO

No, no. Just you.

STAN
 (re the crazy nun)
 You're gonna leave us alone with
 her?

APRIL
 Only for a minute.

April follows after Rigaberto as we enter the...

INT. POLICE STATION - MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Where the body is still on display.

RIGABERTO
 Ma'am, is this your husband?

APRIL
 Oh my God! Jeff!?
 (beat)
 JEFFREY!

April breaks down into tears, embracing the body.

APRIL
 (hysterical)
 How did this happen!?
 (sniffling; to the
 officers)
 Where did you find him?

LOWER OFFICER
 Near the edge of a cliff.

April traces the bullet wounds down his chest, unzipping the
 lower half of the body bag.

APRIL
 (registering a thought)
 Wait...

RIGABERTO
 Wait what?

APRIL
 This can't be my husband.

FRANCISCO
 Is it not the man from the picture?

APRIL
 No, I mean...it looks like him. It
 looks *just* like him.
 (MORE)

APRIL (CONT'D)
They're borderline identical,
except for one *pretty* important
detail.

MORTICIAN
What?

Beat.

APRIL
Jeff is circumcised.

The officers, the mortician-- shocked.

RIGABERTO
Un momento, por favor. Let me get
this straight. If this is actually
El Tigre, then the man in our
security footage must be...

April recognizes the paused image of Jeff's face on the TV
screen.

APRIL
(relieved; pointing)
My husband, JEFF!

INT. LA RAZA COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Jeff's been roughed up-- blood dripping down over his right
eyebrow.

LA RAZA
I got a little surprise for you.
Maybe *he* can help refresh your
memory.
(to a soldier by the door)
Let him in!

The door swings open revealing Jose Mandelo (the dismembered
man from the 1st scene). He limps toward Jeff. There's an
unsettled look on his face-- the look of revenge.

LA RAZA
You recognize this man, no doubt.

Jose cracks his neck on each side.

JEFF
(sweating profusely)
I have never seen that man before
in my life.

JOSE

Really? You don't recognize my
face?

Jose pulls his pants down, exposing a row of stitches where
his penis should be.

JOSE

Maybe you recognize THIS!?

JEFF

Oh my God!

Jeff leans to the right, puking on Soldier 2's boots.

SOLDIER 2

DIOS FUCKING MIO!

The other soldiers gag, covering their noses.

JEFF

Please, please put that away!
(trying not to look)
You have no penis.

JOSE

(pulling up his pants)
Doctor sewed it up last night. I
piss from a tiny tube into a bag
that I wear around my waist like a
fanny pack.
(beat)
And I'm not the only one here.

Six other soldiers, scattered in the background, pull down
their pants, showing their scars.

JEFF

Holy shit! Who's cutting all your
dicks off?!

JOSE

YOU cut them off!

JEFF

No! That *definitely* wasn't me. I
would *never* do something like that!

Curses from the soldiers. Jose reaches for a rusty hack-saw
in the tool shed.

JOSE

It's time for you to join the club,
amigo.

JEFF

No! Please don't cut my dick off!

Jose reaches for Jeff's penis.

JOSE

You got a lot of pubic hair, man.

(beat)

It'll help keep your balls warm in the winter.

The saw inches closer to Jeff's dick.

JEFF

(bawling)

I SWEAR TO GOD, I'M NOT EL TIGRE!

Jose smiles just as...BANG!

Blood sprays out his forehead, covering Jeff. Jose's lifeless body drops to the floor.

Pipino and a team of Sangre Rican (SR) soldiers rush in, guns firing.

La Raza and his men duck for cover.

An SR soldier crawls behind the still-naked Jeff, cutting him loose.

PIPINO

(tossing a MAC-10)

El Tigre, catch!

Jeff catches the gun as Soldier 2 charges toward him. The gun fires wildly, filling Soldier 2's chest with a clip of bullets.

PIPINO

(to another SR soldier)

He's still got it!

(to Jeff)

Señor, follow us!

Jeff cups his crotch, following Pipino out of the compound.

Pipino and the SR soldiers pick off Guerreros from both sides. Jeff shoots the MAC-10 aimlessly until...

He puts a bullet in a massive tank of gasoline.

The entire compound goes up in flames. Pipino, Jeff, and the remaining SR soldiers hop in their trucks, speeding off.

PIPINO
 (watching the flames
 through the rear-view)
 All in a day's work, eh Señor?

Jeff looks back at the destruction, then down at the gun in his hand. He faints.

FADE TO BLACK:

Silence for a moment, and then...

Mariachi music.

CLOSE UP ON Jeff in bed-- groggy, slowly waking, eyes still closed. He flails his right arm, reaching for an alarm clock that isn't there.

JEFF
 (half asleep)
 April, alarm...

No response, just mariachi.

Jeff sits up, scratching his head, not adjusted yet.

JEFF
 April?

His eyes widen as we PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - BEDROOM - MORNING

A four-piece MARIACHI BAND with the biggest smiles on their faces. Jeff, shocked, can't piece together a coherent sentence.

He jumps out from under the sheets, falling out of bed, wearing nothing but a tiger-print speedo.

The mariachi band continues to play-- still smiling. Jeff grabs the sheets, desperately trying to cover himself.

JEFF
 (motioning with his hand)
 Don't look! Turn around!

The band, confused now, turns around-- still playing, still smiling.

Jeff runs to the bedroom door, peaking his head out. TWO ARMED SOLDIERS stand guard.

He slams the door shut, racing to the balcony. A SLEW OF SOLDIERS patrol the rest of the estate-- he's trapped.

Jeff hyperventilates, whipping his head around in a sequence of POV SHOTS: GUNS, COCAINE, CASH, and a life size PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF crucified on the cross (ala Jesus).

JEFF
 (to himself)
 Where in God's name am I!?
 (grabbing the guitar
 player)
 Do you speak English?!
 (beat)
 WHERE. AM. I?

Pipino swings open the door.

PIPINO
 BUENOS DIAS, Señor Tigre!
 (shooing the band away)
 I hope you slept well. Might I say,
 it's lovely to have you back.
 Everyone is glad you're alive!

Jeff is frozen in place, scared shitless. Pipino swipes the bed sheet away from him, beginning to make his bed.

PIPINO
 You took us for quite a scare these
 past few days.

JEFF
 (slowly)
 Who are you?

Pipino pauses.

PIPINO
 (sigh)
 Touché, Señor...touché.
 (beat)
 I've been asking myself the same
 question lately. I knew the moment
 I stepped out to take some breaths,
 something bad was gonna happen. But
 I promise you, from this day forth,
 no more breaths! Pipino will *never*
 leave your side!
 (brightening up)
 Anyhoo, time for your morning poop!

CUT TO:

INT. ESPERANZA HOTEL - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

April's on the phone. Stan and Whitney are under the covers watching TV.

APRIL

(panicked)

I don't know, mom! They think he's someone else.

(listening)

He could be dead in a ditch! This is serious!

(listening)

Yes, it's gorgeous here-- Just do me a favor and call Jeff's sister.

(listening)

I know. Ok. I'll call you in a little.

April hangs up the phone, falling back into bed, stressed.

APRIL

(covering her eyes)

Grandma says, "hi".

WHITNEY

She doesn't believe you?

APRIL

She thinks I'm crazy.

Stan gets out from under the covers.

STAN

Where to now?

April sits up.

APRIL

The Embassy...

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff's on the toilet, constipated. Pipino stands over him, watching, waiting patiently with folded toilet paper in his hand.

JEFF

You don't find it strange, having to stand there while I do this?

PIPINO
You never had a problem before.
(beat)
Do you want me to sing a song or
something?

JEFF
No, I just prefer to go to the
bathroom in private-- hold up, wait
a sec.

Jeff pinches a loaf, one eye closed. Pipino golf-claps.

JEFF
That was a first.
(looking for toilet paper)
I think I'm done here.

PIPINO
Okey dokey!

Pipino spits on the toilet paper. He bends Jeff forward,
reaching for his ass.

JEFF
WHOA! Hey! What are you doing!?

PIPINO
Hold still, Señor. This is much
easier if you don't move.

Jeff swats away Pipino's hand.

JEFF
No! You know what? I think I'm just
gonna use that bidet over there.

PIPINO
My apologies.
(backing down)
Wise choice.

Jeff holds up the front of his speedo, waddling over to the
bidet. Pipino nods approvingly.

Jeff squats, looking for a nob. Pipino picks up the remote.

PIPINO
Would you like gentle mist or fire
hose?

JEFF
Umm...gentle mist, please.

The bidet turns on. A geyser of water sprays up Jeff's butt.

PIPINO
Whoops, that was fire hose.

Pipino switches it to "gentle mist"-- much better. There's a slight sense of relief on Jeff's face.

PIPINO
Just like old times.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff, drying off from a shower, exits the bathroom with Pipino. Several servants wait beside a golden cheval mirror.

JEFF
(re servants)
Who are these guys?

PIPINO
(pointing to each of the
servants)
Shoes. Pants. Shirt. Mustache.
Hair. Jewelry.
(beat)
They're here to prep you.

Pipino swipes the towel off from around Jeff's waist, horrified by what he sees. The other servants flinch, covering their mouths.

PIPINO
Sir, your penis...those bastards
cut your tip off!

JEFF
What?
(looking down)
Oh...oh, that! No, it's fine.

PIPINO
If only we had gotten there sooner,
we might have been able to save the
foreskin!

JEFF
Please don't worry about it...
(bouncing)
I like it! It's easier to clean,
more aerodynamic.

PIPINO
It looks a little funny.

JEFF
No! *This* is perfectly normal.
(beat)
Trust me. I'm fine. Don't stress
out about it.

PIPINO
Ok...if you say so.

QUICK DRESSING CUTS: Tiger print speedo pulled up, hair slicked back, mustached trimmed, white linen clothes buttoned up and slipped on, Jesus buckle around the waist, bracelets on the wrists, aviator glasses over the eyes.

Jeff sees himself as El Tigre for the first time when we...

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER

Where Jeff is escorted by Pipino through a maze of hallways, taking the property in for the first time: the portraits, the drugs, the women, the guards, the tigers.

They walk past the security room, filled to the brim with monitors. Jeff peeks inside.

PIPINO
Security has been quadrupled for
your return. We'll have eyes on you
twenty-four seven.

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ofelia waits anxiously next to an apathetic Chenche when Jeff walks in.

OFELIA
Mi Marido!

She runs up to him, kissing his face, unbuttoning his shirt.

OFELIA
I want to make love! Right now!
TAKE ME!

Jeff dodges all lip contact. Impatient, she grabs a hold of his crotch.

JEFF
(escaping her hold)
Whoa! Excuse me.
(to Chenche)
Hello there.

Ofelia takes a deep breath-- fixing her hair, straightening her dress.

OFELIA
Chenche, are you not going to greet your father?

Chenche saunters over to Jeff, saluting him.

CHENCHE
Welcome home, Capitán.

JEFF
(to Pipino; slightly
hesitant)
This is my son...Chenche.

Pipino nods, cueing Jeff to wrap his arms around him.

CHENCHE
What are you doing?

JEFF
You're my boy, I'm hugging you.

CHENCHE
You told me hugs were for maricónes.

JEFF
I did?

CHENCHE
Don't touch me.

Chenche breaks away from the hug as...

Esteban enters the room, arms out, elegantly strolling toward Jeff, secretly suspicious.

ESTEBAN
Señor Tigre!

Jeff opens his arms, welcoming Esteban-- no clue who he is.

Esteban rests his hands on Jeff's shoulders, kissing each cheek.

ESTEBAN
 (overly dramatic)
 I could have sworn they had killed
 you. I was so worried.

Esteban pulls the tiger ring out from his pocket.

ESTEBAN
 May I?

Jeff nods. Esteban places the ring around his finger. They
 stare into each other's eyes suspiciously.

ESTEBAN
 Something is different about you.

Jeff clears his throat, playing the part.

JEFF
 What do you mean "something is
 different"?

Esteban inspects him closely...

ESTEBAN
 (amazed by the similarity)
 Increíble. I can't quite put my
 finger on-- AHA!

Esteban tears open Jeff's shirt, buttons snapping off,
 revealing his appendix scar.

PIPINO
 What is the meaning of this!?

The surrounding guards aim their rifles at Esteban.

JEFF
 (re the scar)
 From when La Raza stabbed me at La
 Condesa Alley?

ESTEBAN
 (to himself)
 It can't be--

Angel enters the room.

ANGEL
 Holaaaa-- ooh...did I come at a
 bad time?

ESTEBAN

(to Angel)

You always come at a bad time!

The guards lower their weapons.

ANGEL

Looks like *somebody* woke up on the wrong side of the cama.

ESTEBAN

(to Jeff)

My apologies, Señor. I am still traumatized from the Guerreros ambush.

Esteban takes a step back, staring him down.

Jeff sits at the table, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

The most delicious looking plate of Huevos Rancheros is placed in front of him. He digs in, scarfing the plate down.

ANGEL

El Tigre, bienvenido. Glad to see you still have your appetite.

(beat)

Things have been *a little* crazy here due to your absence.

Jeff continues to scarf.

ANGEL

(twirling his purple pen)

A few things I wanted to go over with you. First things first, your abuela called. Her VCR has been acting up again and she refuses to use the DVD player you bought her. Thought you might have a solution?

JEFF

(mouth full)

Umm...maybe just get her a new VCR? Old people are weird like that.

ANGEL

Great idea.

PIPINO

Spot on.

ANGEL

Next on the list, we have Herman Flores.

(beat)

He's been locked downstairs for going on like, five days now. I think maybe it's time to put the man out of his misery...and he complains a lot.

JEFF

Why is Herman locked downstairs?

ANGEL

(reading)

Lemme see...it says here he sneezed.

JEFF

He sneezed?

ESTEBAN

It was a very loud sneeze, Señor. Very disruptive. Didn't cover his mouth. Got a *booger* on you!

JEFF

Right, ok, I'm going to suggest we let him go.

ESTEBAN

But Sir--

PIPINO

El Tigre the merciful!

ANGEL

Perfecto. That gives us some breathing room in the schedule.

(beat)

Other than that, we're good to go. You almost ready to head out?

JEFF

Head out?

ESTEBAN

Si, Señor. Time to get back to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF ACAPULCO - DAY

Where Pipino drives Angel, Esteban, and Jeff in a militarized Jeep Wrangler. It's a bumpy ride. Jeff is on edge.

They pass through unpaved fields of jungle, touristy streets, the shadier parts of town, until...

The Jeep pulls up to an unmarked building. Jeff remains seated, hesitant. The rest of the men hop out, patiently waiting for him.

PIPINO

Places to go and people to see.

Jeff reluctantly gets out of the car.

Weary of Jeff's behavior, Esteban leads the pack into...

INT. UNMARKED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A meat packing warehouse-- animals being slaughtered, ribs shaved down and wrapped in plastic. Jeff barely holds his breakfast down as they walk.

Esteban leads them to a small door in the back of the warehouse where an ARMED BRUTE stands guard.

JEFF

Why is there security at a meat packing warehouse?

PIPINO

Good one, señor.

The guard places his hand to the mic in his ear and nods approvingly, knocking on the door twice. It opens...

Revealing loud music, flashing lights, and hundreds of people, on drugs, dancing their asses off-- it's a rave.

Esteban leads them through the club. The crowd of people split when they see "El Tigre" trying to get through. A PROMOTER pesters them.

PROMOTER

Señor Tigre! Your usual table? I have some beautiful women waiting for you--

Esteban shoves him out of the way, going behind the bar through a hidden door, which leads them to a...

High rollers casino-- poker tables with rich men smoking cigars, turning their heads to get a peek of Jeff.

The group reaches an elevator door with a gun-check beside it. Pipino, Angel, and Esteban remove 3 pistols each as well as a few knives.

Jeff watches in shock. Pipino reaches behind him, pulling the Rapier 9mm from the back of his pants, placing it on the table.

JEFF

I did *not* know that was back there.

The guard behind the gun-check takes their weapons, handing Angel a slip of paper with a number on it. He pushes a button under the counter which opens an elevator door. They enter.

JEFF

So where exactly are we going right now?

PIPINO

We're meeting with Don Juan Julio de Cesar. You're going to buy him out.

JEFF

Buy him out?

ESTEBAN

With La Raza dead and out of the picture, you own eighty-four percent of the cocaine market. Julio de Cesar owns six.

PIPINO

It's only a matter of time before you put him out of business. It would be wise of him to let you take over his operation.

JEFF

Sounds easy enough.

The elevator doors open up to a...

Drug facility-- fat dirty old women cut, sift, and package cocaine, wearing only their bras and torn sweat pants. The room is a sauna.

As they walk past the tables of women, Jeff notices that some of them have babies sitting at their feet, crying for their mothers. One woman simultaneously breast feeds and cuts cocaine. Jeff stares, disgusted.

JEFF

That's not right.

She looks up at Jeff, flashing the grimmest smile of all time - her teeth, jagged and brown.

Esteban leads them to the final door, turning the door knob, walking right in.

INT. UNMARKED BUILDING - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Four guards stand by the door. Two couches sit on each side of a long mirrored coffee table in the middle of the room with a plate of nachos on it.

DON JUAN JULIO DE CEASAR (DJ JC), a sleazy fast-talker coming off a coke binge, rises to his feet.

JULIO DE CESAR

Tigre my Nigre! How you been!?

They embrace. Jeff sits down on the couch. Esteban watches their interaction with a suspicious eye.

JULIO DE CESAR

(sitting down)

Listen, bro. I'm gonna be straight up honest-to-God with you right now, cause it's the only way I know how.

JEFF

That's very professional of you.

JULIO DE CESAR

I know why you're here, and I gotta say, I'm ok with it. Business is business. I just want to make sure I get a little piece of the pie, ya know?

JEFF

(looking to Pipino)

Not exactly, but I think that sounds reasonable...

Pipino nods his head, yes.

JEFF

Yep. Totally reasonable.

JULIO DE CESAR

(munching on a few nachos)

The cocaine business, it's like a plate of nachos, man. I'm not asking for the good chips at the top, with all the cheese, and the guacamole, and the carne. Those are yours. I just want a couple of dry chips from the bottom...and if by chance, maybe a little bit of sour cream gets on those chips, that's great too. If not, I get it.

JEFF

(helping himself to a chip)

Sour cream is an essential part of the nacho.

JULIO DE CESAR

(to one of his henchmen)

Of course he gets it. *That's* why he's the Tigre!

(beat)

So here's where I'm at: I have two more warehouses just like this one. The casinos and night clubs bring in three million a year.

(beat)

I got two hundred people working for me around the clock.

(beat)

Lemme ask you something? You like jalapeños on your nachos?

Jeff is confused as hell, but going along with it.

JEFF

Who doesn't?

JULIO DE CESAR

We produce forty kilos of cocaine each week. This shit is top notch, pure Acapulco powder. As smooth as it gets.

(beat)

Allow me.

DJ JC claps his hands. A security guard starts cutting up a line in front of Jeff.

JEFF

No, please, this isn't necessary.

JULIO DE CESAR

I insist.

JEFF

It *looks* great, really, but I'll take your word for it.

ESTEBAN

(with delight)

Señor, surely you intend to sample the product before you make a purchase of this magnitude?

JEFF

I--

JULIO DE CESAR

I would be offended if you didn't.

The guard presents a fourteen inch line of cocaine.

JEFF

That seems...bigger...than the average line of cocaine, no?

JULIO DE CESAR

(laughing)

A man of your stature doesn't get to where he is by being a lightweight.

ESTEBAN

(sinister)

El Tigre can handle this, no problemo.

JULIO DE CESAR

I'ma do one with you!

(to one of his henchmen)

Line me up.

(to Jeff)

We do it together!

Esteban can't help but smirk, handing Jeff a golden straw. The rest of the men wait anxiously.

JEFF

(sweating bullets)

Boy do I love cocaine...

Jeff leans over, beginning to snort, making it a third of the way down the line before he stops to catch his breath.

Julio de Cesar clears his line in a flash, pretending to shoot and spin pistols with his hands.

Jeff finishes the line, rising slowly-- dizzy, bloodshot eyes, remnants of coke on his forehead.

JEFF

(itching his nose)

That's a...that's a spicy jalapeño.

JULIO DE CESAR

What I tell you, aye!? The spiciest in Mexico!

JEFF

(pointing his arms in all directions)

Baño, which way?

ANGEL

He doesn't look too good.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED BUILDING - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff splashes water on his face, gripping the sink. He stares at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, taking deep breaths.

INTERCUT with COKE JEFF, his badass, coked-out alter-ego in the mirror (a la Gollum from *Lord of the Rings*).

COKE JEFF

Congratulations, asshole! You're addicted to coke now.

JEFF

You can't get addicted from one line!

COKE JEFF

You did enough cocaine to kill a small child!

JEFF

One time. That's it. I did it one time. No biggie. April's not gonna find out. Our little secret.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

The kids'll never know. You had to do it. Had to! No way around it.

COKE JEFF

That's the kind of shit addicts say.

JEFF

I want more.

COKE JEFF

I bet you do.

(beat)

It's not in your control anymore. Your body needs it! You've got the hunger.

JEFF

I feel like my blood is on fire.

COKE JEFF

I bet I could rip this FUCKING SINK OUT OF THE WALL RIGHT NOW!

Jeff pulls on the sink as hard as he can, screaming at the top of his lungs. The vein in his neck, bulging.

The sink doesn't budge. He lets go, falling back, out of breath.

JEFF

April's and the kids are probably worried sick.

COKE JEFF

FUCK APRIL! Fuck your kids! Fuck 'em. They don't appreciate you!

JEFF

But I love them--

COKE JEFF

Fuck yeah you love them! Of course you love 'em. No one loves them as much as you do, but you can't be thinking about that. You gotta be thinking about numero uno right now. Y-O-U. You know what that spells? It spells JEFF. And your life is on the line right now!

JEFF

Alright, calm down, deep breaths. Compose yourself--

COKE JEFF

You got a guy out there who's loco
in the fuckin' cabeza!

JEFF

He seems pretty down to earth,
actually.

COKE JEFF

That's what I mean, fuckin' down to
earth, loco mother fucker. Dude
loves nachos!

JEFF

I love nachos too. We have that in
common.

COKE JEFF

You have so much in common! When
all this is over you should get his
digits.

JEFF

I'll invite him into our fantasy
football league.

(beat)

Is it too soon? Is that weird?

COKE JEFF

Not weird at all. Two buds just
chillin, playin' some fantasy,
doin' some coke. No big deal.

JEFF

You're totally right.

COKE JEFF

I know I'm right. I'm you.

(beat)

Now get out there and handle your
FUCKIN' BUSINESS!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a small ELDERLY BATHROOM ATTENDANT,
holding a handful of paper towels, staring at Jeff.

Jeff grabs a towel and dries off, heading outside, casually
dropping a \$100 bill in the tip jar.

JEFF

Gracias.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - UNMARKED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jeff approaches as DJ JC and the other men straighten up.

PIPINO

Is everything ok, Señor?

Jeff grabs Pipino by the face, looking him dead in the eyes, squeezing his cheeks.

JEFF

Everything is muy fuckin' bueno,
Pipino.

(beat)

I tell you how much I love you
today?

PIPINO

No, Señor.

JEFF

Well I love the shit out of you.

(pointing around the room)

I love the shit out of all of you.

(to Julio de Cesar;
helping himself to
another nacho)

Let's talk nachos.

JULIO DE CESAR

Esteban and I were just throwing
some numbers around while you were
in the bathroom...

(beat)

How do you feel about twenty-five?

ESTEBAN

It's too expensive, El Tigre. We
shouldn't spend a cent ov--

JEFF

Twenty-five it is!

(beat)

Love that number.

JULIO DE CESAR

Perfecto!

ESTEBAN

(fuming)

Señor!

JEFF

Under one condition...

JULIO DE CESAR

Of course.

JEFF

You start taking better care of your employees.

JULIO DE CESAR

Perdón?

JEFF

Those ladies *desperately* need dental coverage.

(beat)

You got some women out there looking like they've never brushed their teeth a day in their lives, and that's not the first image you want your customers seeing before they come in and do business with you.

JULIO DE CESAR

What about if we got everyone veneers instea--

JEFF

Full. Dental.

(beat)

I'm also thinking it might be good to have some kind of incentive program, maybe an employee of the month plaque, maybe the girl that sifts the most coke gets a gift card to Pottery Barn at the end of the month, I don't know, but you seem like a smart guy, you'll think of something.

JULIO DE CESAR

I don't like it when the ladies get cocky.

JEFF

A little friendly interoffice competition never hurt anyone, which reminds me...day care center. You have women packaging coke and breast feeding at the same time. Not only is that morally reprehensible, but it's also *really* inefficient. Put those kids in a day care center and you'll see an immediate spike in production.

JULIO DE CESAR
 I love your ideas, don't get me
 wrong, but all of these
 things...they're expensive.

JEFF
 That's why I'm giving you twenty-
 five. That and the fact that I
 think you're a cool dude.
 (beat)
 You do everything I just said and
 we have a deal.

DJ JC thinks for a second...

JULIO DE CESAR
 It's as good as done!

They shake hands. Esteban wipes the sweat from his forehead.

PIPINO
 That was beautiful, Sir. Brought
 tears to my eyes.

Jeff heads for the door. Esteban and Pipino follow suit
 until...

Jeff stops abruptly, turning around.

JEFF
 (to DJ JC)
 You don't play fantasy football, by
 any chance?

JULIO DE CESAR
 Get out of town! I love the fantasy
 football!

JEFF
 Fantastic. I'm in a league that
 needs one more. We'll keep in
 touch.

Cueing Buena Vista Social Club's *De Camino a la Vereda* as
 we...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF ACAPULCO - MOMENTS LATER

Esteban at the wheel again. Jeff stands in the back seat,
 arms spread, his unbuttoned shirt blowing in the wind-- lost
 in his cocaine induced state of euphoria.

Jeff takes a deep breath, embracing the fresh air, experiencing real Mexico for the first time when they pass a man selling snow cones.

JEFF
PULL OVER!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF ACAPULCO - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff chows down on a delicious looking snow cone in the backseat of the Jeep. In between him and Angel, the snow cone machine, fastened by a seat belt.

Pipino enjoys his own snow cone as Esteban drives, agitated and distracted as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD SHOOTING RANGE - LATER

Where Jeff, one eye closed, wearing safety ear muffs, stares down the barrel of a massive Desert Eagle .50.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL Jeff firing off a round of bullets at a dummy as he takes a bite from another snow cone.

Jeff misses the dummy, accidentally shattering the window of an SUV.

PIPINO
(smiling)
We'll take 'em.

CUT TO:

EXT. US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

Stan and Whitney wait outside on a bench in the blistering heat.

WHITNEY
She's been in there for almost an hour.

STAN
Only Dad could take an already bad vacation and find a way to make it worse.

WHITNEY

You think he's still alive?

STAN

I don't know.

(beat)

They think he's some kind of crazy drug lord, right? Maybe it's keeping them from killing him.

WHITNEY

I bet he's locked in a cell right now, eating week-old beans.

Stan and Whitney are approached by a LOCAL wearing flip-flops and a tank top.

LOCAL

Hey, chicos, you guys wanna banana boat?

STAN

No gracias, Señor.

LOCAL

Jet ski? Snorkling?

STAN

No, we're actually kind of in the middle of something here.

LOCAL

(whispering)

You want marijuana-cocaine?

WHITNEY

Really!?

(beat)

How do you go from banana boating to cocaine?

LOCAL

I got everything.

STAN

You should ask people if they want cocaine first, and *then* see if they want to banana boat.

(beat)

Just my two cents.

April exits the Embassy.

APRIL
Who's this guy?

STAN
A salesman.

WHITNEY
Not a very good one.

STAN
What's up?

APRIL
Nothing. We're on our own; back to
the police station.

INT. COCK FIGHTING RING - LATER

A crowd of riled up LOW-LIFES wave pesos at a vicious cock fight.

Jeff shouts at the roosters, exchanging wads of cash with a couple OLD TIMERS wearing giant cowboy hats.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD QUINCEAÑERA - LATER

Jeff wheels in the snow cone machine-- there's a bow on top. He's greeted by the whole family, flooded with kisses.

We watch as he:

-Pounds tequila shots with a group of older men. Jeff scrunches his face, trying to keep the drinks down.

-Piles a handful of tacos on his plate at the all-you-can eat buffet.

-Beats the shit out of a piñata in slow motion.

EXT. BACKYARD QUINCEAÑERA - END OF THE NIGHT

The audience directs their attention to the dance floor as the father and daughter begin to dance.

Jeff and Pipino sit at an empty table. They watch quietly. Jeff picks at his plate of tacos, sloppy drunk.

JEFF

I never thanked you for saving my
life, Pipino.

PIPINO

I would have done the same for any
one of our men.

JEFF

You really love them, don't you?

PIPINO

Like my own flesh and blood.

(beat)

You know, we get a bad rap because
we sell drugs and murder people,
but some of those guys are the best
guys I know.

(beat)

Sangre Rica's the only family they
have...it's the only family I have.

Jeff leans toward Pipino, placing his hand on his shoulder.
He's about to say something profound when...

Blue vomit sprays out of his mouth and onto the floor.

PIPINO

Ok, time to get you home.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - BEDROOM - LATER

Pipino carries Jeff in over his shoulder, lying him down on
the bed.

Jeff yawns, falling in and out of sleep. Pipino takes off his
shoes and tucks him into bed as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

I/E. VILLA DEL TIGRE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Jeff's eyes flicker open as he regains consciousness, wincing
in pain. He smacks his lips, desperate for water, overwhelmed
by the severity of his hangover.

He rolls over to...

REVEAL Ofelia, lying there next to him, fast asleep.

JEFF
 (whispering)
 Holy shit!

Like April, Ofelia snores heavily, wearing both ear plugs and a sleeping mask.

JEFF
 (panicking)
 I gotta get the hell out of here!

Jeff slithers out of bed, making sure not to wake her. He scurries toward the balcony, again wearing nothing but a leopard print thong, desperate for an escape route.

Jeff quietly opens the balcony doors, scanning the premises for armed guards-- the immediate coast is clear. He climbs over the side of the balcony, latching onto a vine covered fence that scales the wall of the villa just as...

Esteban steps outside, on his cell, shouting in Spanish.

Jeff presses his body against the fence, squeezing his eyes shut, desperately trying to remain incognito.

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TWO SECURITY GUARDS watch the monitor as Jeff dangles from the fence-- seriously confused.

I/E. VILLA DEL TIGRE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Esteban hears a rustling. He pauses his conversation, looking around-- everywhere but up. He finishes his phone call, walking back inside.

Jeff abandons his escape attempt, climbing back over the balcony to find Ofelia awake, posing on the bed.

OFELIA
 Hola, Sleeping Beauty.

JEFF
 Hello...you.

OFELIA
 I came to bed last night and you were fast asleep.

Jeff lets out a slight sigh of relief as Ofelia gets up off the bed, grabbing him by the hands, dragging him toward her.

OFELIA
(sexy voice)
I think you should come back to
bed.

JEFF
You know, funny thing about
that...once I'm up, I'm up. But how
does a stroll sound? I could do a
nice little walk around the--

Ofelia forces Jeff onto the bed.

OFELIA
(whispering his ear)
I had something else in mind.

She kisses his neck gently.

JEFF
Ofelia, please--

The bedroom doors open quietly. Pipino and the mariachi band
tip-toe inside.

He sees that Jeff and Ofelia are indisposed, quickly shooing
away the band, closing the door behind them.

Pipino then proceeds to open the windows, casually tidying
the room as Ofelia removes her silk robe.

His presence doesn't phase her in the slightest. Jeff on the
other hand, is seriously confused. She straddles him with her
legs, kissing his chest, working her way down. Jeff squirms,
very uncomfortable.

OFELIA
Is something wrong?

JEFF
No, I just--

OFELIA
Do you need a Cialis?

She leans over him, reaching into the night-stand drawer.

JEFF
Cialis!? No! Ofelia, Pipino's in
the room! He's in the middle of
cleaning!

OFELIA
 (sitting up)
 So?

JEFF
 So...he's watching us! We can't
 have sex with him watching.

OFELIA
 (confused)
 But Pipino *always* watches.

PIPINO
 Everything I know, I learned from
 you, Señor. You are a *champion* love
 maker.

Ofelia picks up where she left off. Jeff keeps her at a distance, climbing off the bed. She chases him across the room.

OFELIA
 Why are you running from me!?

JEFF
 BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO HAVE SEX
 WITH YOU...right now.

Pipino drops a vase. It shatters on the floor. Ofelia takes a seat on the side of the bed.

OFELIA
 You don't find me attractive
 anymore?

Jeff sits down next to her.

JEFF
 No, I think you're gorgeous. It's
 just that...it's just that ever
 since the kidnapping...I'm still
 recovering...emotionally--

OFELIA
 Aye! You need more time. I
 understand completely.

Ofelia cradles Jeff's head, pressing it against her breasts.

OFELIA
 It's gonna be ok.

JEFF

I appreciate it, Ofelia. Thank you for understanding.

OFELIA

Of course, honey. We just need to find ways to take your mind off the trauma.

(beat)

We need to loosen you up again.

JEFF

(perking up)

That sounds like a great idea. I love it.

(beat)

Loosen me up...just not with my penis.

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - DINING ROOM

Jeff stuffs his face with fresh fruit. He sips the coffee, astounded, looking to Pipino...

PIPINO

From our friends in Columbia.

Jeff smiles, delighted. Everything is delicious.

Chenche stabs a piece of pineapple with his knife.

The PAINTER SERVANT from before quickly sets up shop, painting Jeff from beside the dining room table. Jeff notices...

JEFF

Are you...should I be posing right now?

PAINTER

Pretend like I'm not even here.

JEFF

Got it.

Jeff continues to eat, trying not to be awkward. Pipino reaches over his shoulder, sprinkling a touch of chili powder onto his fruit. Jeff takes a bite.

JEFF

Shut. Up.

(beat)

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

What in God's name is that savory orange spice?

PIPINO

Chili powder. My own recipe.

JEFF

That's the most addictive thing I've tried in the past twenty-four hours.

Jeff signals with his hands-- a bullet blowing his brains out.

JEFF

Your chili powder. My mind.
(beat)
Brains on the wall--

CHENCHE

We've had it a million times! It's *just* chili powder!

JEFF

Whatever it is, we should be selling it.

Pipino nods his head graciously.

Angel struts in, wearing a diamond studded Mexican flag suit. Esteban follows behind.

ANGEL

So, will you be changing here or at the stadium?

JEFF

Why would I need to change?

ESTEBAN

(sarcastic)
Funny, how quickly he forgets.

ANGEL

The ceremonial first kick!?

Jeff is still confused.

ANGEL

The soccer game?

JEFF

(fumbling his words)
Oooh, right. That's today?
(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

(beat)

Of course it is! I can change there. No biggie.

ESTEBAN

(impatient)

We should be leaving shortly.

JEFF

Great, ok.

(beat)

Is Chenche coming?

Chenche drops his knife, startled by the mere fact that his father is speaking to him.

ESTEBAN

Sir, the Jeep only holds four people.

JEFF

We can squish.

(beat)

Whaddya say, buddy?

CHENCHE

Are you gonna kill me?

JEFF

Kill you?

CHENCHE

You've never invited me to anything in my entire life. I can only assume you plan on murdering me after the game.

JEFF

Jeeze, can a dad take his son to a fútbol game without being accused of murder!?

Chenche thinks.

CHENCHE

Fine, but if I don't come home Mom'll know you killed me.

JEFF

Perfect! Then it's settled.

Jeff stands up as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. EL TIGRE STADIUM - LATER

The Jeep weaves through a sea of fans decked out in Mexico team gear. Esteban sits bitch. A crew of scalpers crowd the streets. The game hasn't started and already fights are breaking out.

Chenche smiles for the first time, peering out at the stadium in the distance. In jumbo letters: ESTADIO DEL TIGRE.

JEFF

That's a big stadium...

INT. EL TIGRE STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff is escorted by riot police through the back. He notices a handful of camera men.

JEFF

Is this gonna be on TV?

CHENCHE

Every TV in the Western Hemisphere.

He looks pale, sweat beading from his forehead.

CHENCHE

It's not every day we play the US.

JEFF

The what..?

CHENCHE

The United States.

Long beat.

JEFF

(deadpan)
Of America!?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Stan and Whitney sit in the waiting room, watching the static filled introduction to the game on a crummy black and white television.

MEXICAN ANNOUNCER

(subtitled)

WELCOME LADIES AND GENTLEMAN TO EL TIGRE STADIUM! IT'S A SPECTACULAR DAY FOR FUTBOL! MY NAME IS HECTOR VELASQUEZ. WITH ME AS ALWAYS IS JAIME SANDOBAL.

(beat)

AND NOW, THE GAME YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR...THE UNITED STATES VERSUS MMMEEEEEEEXXIIICOOOOO!!!!

ANGLE ON April, speaking with the officers across the way.

APRIL

Does *anyone* have an update on what's happening in there?

RIGABERTO

Nothing, Señora.

APRIL

How have you made zero progress!?

INT. EL TIGRE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff and Esteban wait in the main tunnel as the last of the players run onto the field. He's dressed in a customized Mexican soccer uniform.

JEFF

Where did Chenche go?

ESTEBAN

Everyone is in the owner's box waiting for you.

JEFF

So I just go out there and kick the ball?

ESTEBAN

That, and the national anthem.

JEFF

Excuse me!?

ESTEBAN

You sing the national anthem first.

JEFF

No one mentioned me singing the national anthem!

ESTEBAN

Huh...

(beat)

What's wrong? You forget the words?

JEFF

Noooo! I just--

MEXICAN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(subtitled)

THE PRINCE OF MEXICO, OUR BELOVED
OWNER, GIVE IT UP FOR...EL TIGRE!

The roar of the crowd echoes through the tunnel. Esteban takes it as his cue to get right up in Jeff's face.

ESTEBAN

(whispering)

I know you're not the real El Tigre
and as soon as you fuck this up,
everyone else will too.

Jeff is stunned, suddenly afraid for his life again.

A LITTLE BOY takes him by the hand, leading him out of the tunnel. Jeff looks back. There's an evil grin across Esteban's face.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Stan watches the TV as Jeff nervously walks onto the field holding the little boy's hand.

STAN

(rubbing his eyes)

What the...

Whitney looks up.

WHITNEY

No way.

APRIL

(to the officers)

...I just don't see how two days
can go by and still nothing has
been--

STAN

Mom!

APRIL
 I'm busy, honey!
 (to the officers)
 Can you at least confirm he's still
 alive?

FRANCISCO
 We're doing our very best to
 surveil the villa, but if I were to
 guess, I'd say he was already dea--

STAN
 Mom!

APRIL
 (losing her cool)
 WHAT!?

Long beat.

STAN
 You gotta see this...

EXT. EL TIGRE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff does a full 360 at the center circle, taking it all in.

The US and Mexico soccer teams are lined up facing the crowd.
 Jeff instinctively nods to LANDON DONOVAN as he takes his
 place next to the announcer.

MEXICAN ANNOUNCER
 (subtitled)
 PLEASE RISE FOR YOUR NATIONAL
 ANTHEM!

He hands Jeff the mic.

JEFF
 (to the announcer)
 Hey man, listen, I don't know this
 song.

The announcer smiles, shaking his head.

JEFF
 Do you understand me? I'm in DEEP
 shit if you don't help me!

Nothing. The music begins. Jeff panics, looking for a way out
 until...

JEFF
(to the boy)
Hey, niño, you know the words to
the national anthem?

The boy nods his head.

JEFF
Get up here.

Jeff hoists up the boy, holding the mic to his mouth.

JEFF
Cantas!

The boy belts out the national anthem in the most glorious falsetto voice. The entire crowd goes silent. It's majestic.

Pipino sheds a tear from all the way up in the owner's box.

The crowd gives them a standing ovation.

Jeff lowers the boy, hugging him tightly. Esteban boils over, tossing a chair.

MEXICAN ANNOUNCER
(subtitled)
AND NOW, FOR THE CEREMONIAL KICK!

A ball is placed at the center of the goal line. Jeff shakes hands with the Mexican goalie. They take their positions.

The crowd begins to buzz. Jeff takes a deep breath, breathing in the good vibes. He runs at the ball, full speed. He cocks his leg back and...

Sends it whizzing past the goalie!

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is huddled by the television as the crowd goes wild.

WHITNEY
(in shock)
Holy shit.

APRIL
Whitney!
(to Stan)
What just happened?

STAN

It looks like Dad just scored a goal against the Mexican National Soccer Team.

FRANCISCO

(to April)

There's your confirmation.

RIGABERTO

(rubbing his forehead)

Dios mio.

STAN

(to Whitney)

That was kinda awesome.

EXT. EL TIGRE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff has his hands raised as the crowd continues to cheer. He's high-fiving the little boy when a...

CRAZED FAN runs onto the field toward Jeff. He pulls a pistol from the back of his pants and fires two shots into Jeff's chest.

Jeff hits the ground-- no sign of life.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

APRIL

STAN AND WHITNEY

JEFF!

DAD!

Complete silence as the announcer explains what's just happened. Field security captures the shooter, beating him senseless and then dragging him off the field.

FRANCISCO

They say it was a hit. I'm so sorry, Señora.

APRIL

(pleading to the TV)

Get up, Jeff!

They watch as Jeff's body lies motionless.

APRIL

(tears)

GET UP!

Just then, Jeff's right arm moves. He sits up. Jeff checks for bullet holes revealing a bulletproof vest under the jersey.

The crowd goes nuts.

April, Stan, Whitney, and the officers all let out a huge sigh of relief.

RIGABERTO
That was too close.

WHITNEY
Who was that man?

RIGABERTO
Could have been anyone. El Tigre's made many enemies over the years.

APRIL
How do we get Jeff out of there before someone else *actually* shoots him?

Francisco looks to Rigaberto-- there's a thought brewing.

FRANCISCO
First we look for an opportunity to extract him, then we establish a line of communication.

EXT. EL TIGRE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff waves to the crowd.

Pipino and Chenche shout from the box. Esteban is still fuming.

A faint "El Tigre" cry turns into a full blown chant. Jeff walks back toward the tunnel, waving to his fans. Esteban is there to greet him.

JEFF
Hmm...I can't make out what they're chanting. Are they saying...is that...is that "El Tigre"...is that my name?
(off Esteban's frustration)
I think it is. Better get used to that.

New Edition's *Cool It Now* starts to play as we...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

-Jeff and Chenche, in their now matching white linen suits, eat a handful of mangos with chili powder while watching a bull fight. Stan, April, Whitney, and the officers (SAWO) sit across the stadium from Jeff, passing around a pair of binoculars.

-GEORGE LOPEZ puts on a private show for the entire cartel. Jeff, Chenche, and Pipino sit in the front row, cracking up. Esteban stands in the back, not even a smile.

-Jeff and Ofelia take a ballroom dancing lesson. She leans in for the kiss. Jeff reflects by spinning her.

-Jeff sits in the sidecar of his motorcycle. Pipino drives, cruising the open road. The officers trail him.

-Jeff roots Chenche on at his soccer game. SAWO watch from the top of a hill.

-Jeff stands beside Don Juan Julio de Cesar as he shakes the hand of a now clothed female employee with braces. They put a plaque up on the wall-- "Employee of the month".

-Jeff sits over a bidet as Pipino selects the "gentle mist" setting, both smiling.

-Jeff teaches Ofelia how to play chess.

-Jeff lights firecrackers with a group of children in the middle of the street, signing autographs, handing out cash. SAWO, wearing sombreros and ponchos, pass by Jeff, riding together on the back of one large donkey.

-Jeff helps birth a litter of baby tigers.

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Jeff's lying on a massage table, face down, covered by a thin sheet. Pipino lights a bundle of sage, waving it around the room until...

ANGEL

Señor, the masseuse has arrived.

JEFF

Send her in.

April walks in wearing a skimpy polo shirt, mini skirt, and hoop earrings.

JEFF

Lower back's been killing me lately. I'm thinking the first twenty minutes should be deep tissue.

APRIL

(rough Mexican accent;
looking at Pipino)
Si, Señor.

April clumsily empties half a bottle of oil onto his shoulders. Jeff doesn't seem to mind as she kneads away at his lower back. Slowly pressing harder and harder until...

JEFF

Ouch!
(beat)
Maybe not so hard right there. It's kind of-- OUCH! Jesus.

Jeff looks up for the first time. He's speechless.

PIPINO

Is everything alright?

JEFF

Um...yes. Yes, Pipino. Everything is alright-- actually, you know what? Can you tell Angel to push my two-thirty back an hour?

PIPINO

Right away.

JEFF

Gracias, amigo.

Pipino leaves the room, closing the door behind him. April throws a towel at Jeff.

APRIL

Push your two-thirty back an hour!?

JEFF

Honey, I'm alive!

APRIL

No shit you're alive, Jeff! We've been following you. You look happy as a clam. They're pampering the crap out of you, aren't they?

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two guards from before watch April and Jeff bicker back and forth-- no sound, still extremely confused.

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

APRIL
(re: Pipino)
Who the hell was that guy?

JEFF
His name is Pipino.

APRIL
What's he do?

JEFF
(hesitant)
He's my butler slash confidante.

APRIL
You have a man-servant!? Jeff, we've been worried sick trying to rescue you! The police said you wouldn't last the night. Instead you're getting deep tissue massages and kicking soccer goals on national television!

JEFF
You saw that!? What'd the kids say?

APRIL
(angry)
The whole world saw it, Jeff! You got shot. The kids were scared half to death.

JEFF
I don't know what you want me to do...I've tried to escape! The place is rigged with cameras. There are guards *everywhere*. I'm *actually* trapped here. Might as well make the best of it.

APRIL

Well while you're making the best of this little situation, the kids and I get to spend ten hours a day in the air condition-less sweat box these people call a police station, trying to figure out how we're supposed to get you out of here.

JEFF

Don't blame me, this isn't my fault! They'll kill me if they realize I'm not the real El Tigre!

APRIL

Must be a bunch of idiots running this place if they haven't figured it out by now.

JEFF

You know what, you shouldn't judge. They're actually a great bunch of guys.

APRIL

For murderers and drug mules!

JEFF

They may have killed a man or two and sold drugs for most their lives, but these people are opening my eyes to a whole new way of life.

APRIL

I can't believe what I'm hearing come out of your mouth. Something's different about you.

JEFF

Something *is* different about me. I'm finally starting to enjoy myself.

April's shocked and confused.

JEFF

Listen, I'm open to suggestions of how to get me out of here, but that's on you guys. You have to figure that out. Until then, I have to stay in character.

Pipino re-enters the room.

APRIL

I think I'm finished here.

She grabs for a towel.

PIPINO

(looking at his watch)

Eh, I'm pretty sure it's only been about three minutes. That's fifty-seven more to go.

JEFF

Fifty-seven, huh?

(looking at April)

How about that lower back?

Jeff lies back down. April shoots Pipino a look. He signals toward Jeff.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

The nun from before braids Whitney's hair.

April walks in, noticeably upset. Rigaberto and Francisco approach her, anxious for the news.

RIGABERTO

So...

APRIL

It's worse than I thought.

(beat)

He's safe for now and he knows we're here, but the longer he stays in there, the harder it's going to be to get him out.

Off the officers' disappointment as Billy Squier's *The Stroke* begins to play...

-Pipino tosses a grenade high in the air like it's a clay pigeon. Jeff and Chenche fire at it with their rifles. The grenade explodes, blowing everyone back.

-Jeff waterskis from the back of a speedboat, wearing the tiger print speedo, smoking a cigar, shades on, shirt blowing in the wind. Pipino drives. SAWO watch from a pontoon boat, wearing disguises.

STAN
 (pulling off his fake
 mustache)
 Where'd dad learn how to waterski?

-Pipino climbs onto the boat from the water with a spear full of fish.

-Jeff and George Lopez mess around in a strip club. George lights a stripper's hair on fire.

-A golden statue of El Tigre is erected in town. Jeff, Chenche and the rest of the cartel are there to christen it. The crowd cheers and chants El Tigre's name. SAWO follow him from the back of the crowd. Whitney takes out her camera, taking pictures.

APRIL
 Whitney, don't draw attention to yourself!

WHITNEY
 Grandma is gonna flip when I show here these photos.

-There's a giant party at the villa. Jeff, plastered, screams something in Spanish, leaping off the high-dive into a pool of green Jello and naked women. Pipino stirs the pool with a giant paddle. DJJC passes a bottle of Cristal to a naked girl in the jacuzzi while eating nachos.

-Jeff and Pipino sneak up on a sleeping Esteban, antiquing him with a handful of cocaine. Esteban screams. He stands up, running face first into the closest wall. His nose starts to bleed.

-Stan and Whitney watch from a news report in their hotel room as Jeff pisses out the side of a helicopter, mid-flight-- the epitome of badass. Esteban, sitting behind Jeff, gets a face full of urine.

STAN
 Are we one hundred percent sure that's not the real El Tigre, because there is no way dad would ever do something that cool.

INT. VILLA DE TIGRE - ATRIUM - AFTERNOON

Jeff is surrounded by members of the cartel, putting on a show with DORITO, one of the tigers.

JEFF
 Dorito, sit...
 (beat)
 Siiiiiiit.

Dorito sits.

JEFF
 Dorito, shake hands...

Dorito shakes hands.

JEFF
 Now piggyback Jorge!

Dorito jumps on JORGE(random cartel member)'s back.

JEFF
 Good boy.
 (beat)
 Now, play dead!

Dorito lies on his back, playing dead. The cartel applauds.
 Jeff tosses Dorito the last piece of raw steak.

JEFF
 Damn it. We need more meat.
 (beat)
 Pipino!

Pipino runs up to Jeff.

PIPINO
 Si.

JEFF
 Do me a fave. Go to the carnicería
 and grab me forty pounds of prime
 rib.
 (beat)
 Bone in. None of the fatty stuff.

PIPINO
 Coming right up.

Pipino dashes out the door as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNICERÍA - NIGHT

Pipino exits the store, whistling, balancing forty pounds of
 meat in his arms.

The parking lot is eerily quiet until...

A speeding unmarked van screeches to halt.

Four men in ski masks jump out. Pipino struggles to balance the meat, reaching for his gun.

Just as he gets a hold of his pistol, the butt of a rifle smashes into his face.

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - LIVING ROOM - HOURS LATER

Jeff poses in full military uniform, medals pouring down his coat, standing next to the tiger, holding a sword in the air.

The painter stands at a distance, painting the most glorious portrait of Jeff as Angel walks in.

JEFF

Angel, have you seen Pipino lately?

ANGEL

No, Señor. I thought he went out to get the meat.

JEFF

Yeah, he did, like three hours ago.

ANGLE ON the front entrance door, bursting open.

Jeff runs toward the commotion. Pipino is carried in.

JEFF

Let me through!

His face, beaten to a pulp. His clothes, covered in blood. He reaches his hand out toward Jeff, thumb and pinky missing.

JEFF

Pipino, oh God! Who did this to you!?

He tries to speak, coughing up blood.

JEFF

Who did this!?

(beat)

Stay awake, Pipino!

(beat)

Please tell me!

PIPINO
 La...Ra...Za.
 (beat)
 La Raza is alive.

Gasps. Fear spreads quickly through the cartel.

JEFF
 Where's the doctor!? Someone get a
 doctor!

A handful of men tend to Pipino's wounds as another runs off
 to retrieve a doctor.

JEFF
 (crying)
 You're gonna be alright, Pipino.
 Hang on--

PIPINO
 You must listen...
 (long hard swallow)
 War...is on...the horizon.
 (beat)
 Los Guerreros...will attack...in
 two days time.

There's talk amongst the crowd-- panic, uproar. Pipino coughs
 up more blood, pulling Jeff closer.

PIPINO
 (whispering)
 These past few days...
 (beat)
 They have been...the best days...of
 my life.

JEFF
 (wiping away tears)
 Mine too, buddy. Mine too.

Pipino moans.

PIPINO
 The recipe to my chili powder...is
 one cup cumin...two cups
 habanero...ground chili pepper...a
 dash of salt...lime juice... and
 most important of all...FFF--

JEFF
 What is it? What's most important!?

PIPINO

FFFF--

Pipino's breath is cut short. His heart stops-- dead.

JEFF

(cursing to the skies)

GOD DAMN YOU LA RAZAAAA!

Jeff cradles Pipino's body. Esteban walks up behind him.

ESTEBAN

(shouting to the cartel)

You heard the man! There's gonna be
a war on our doorstep!

(beat)

Get to work!

The rest of the cartel scurries off. Jeff stays with Pipino, petting his head. Esteban leans over.

ESTEBAN

(to Jeff)

You're in way over your head,
hombre. Shit just got real.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff lies in his bed-- motionless, defeated. Two servants speak amongst themselves, watching Jeff stare at the ceiling.

Angel steps in.

ANGEL

What's going on here?

SERVANT 1

Something is wrong.

SERVANT 2

He better snap out of it soon or
we're gonna be in some serious
trouble.

Angel escorts the servants out of the room.

JEFF

Angel, I'd like a massage first
thing tomorrow morning. The same
masseur from before.

ANGEL
As you wish, Señor.

Time lapses rapidly. Jeff lies awake through the night.

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Jeff walks around the room, bags under his eyes. There's a knock.

JEFF
Yes?

The door opens slowly. Angel peeks his head in.

ANGEL
The masseuse you requested...

JEFF
Ok. Let her in...and keep everyone else out.

April walks in, skeptical. The door closes behind her.

APRIL
(sarcastic)
What can I do for you, Señor?

JEFF
April, please. I need to talk to you.

APRIL
Why don't you talk to your wife here? She seem's to understand you better than I--

JEFF
(serious)
Look, I know I was a total asshole and I'm sorry, but you need to listen...

April goes quiet.

JEFF
Something bad is going to happen.

APRIL
Worse than you being kidnapped by drug dealers?

JEFF
(matter-of-fact)
I'm probably going to *die* tomorrow.

APRIL
What!?
(registering)
Why? I thought you were safe here.

JEFF
Pipino was murdered by the cartel
that took me hostage in the jungle.
(beat)
They're planning an attack. We're
going to war.

APRIL
Over what!?

JEFF
Honestly...I'm not sure. A lot of
it was in Spanish. I *did* blow up
their base and murder a ton of
their men.
(beat)
All I really know is that their
leader, La Raza, wants me dead, and
he's not going to stop until he
kills me himself.

APRIL
Then we gotta get you outta here.
Like right now! Let's just make a
run for it!

JEFF
Honey, we've been through this.
There's no way out. They'd kill us
both.

APRIL
Then what do we do!?

Beat.

JEFF
(defeated)
You tell the kids I love them.

Jeff sits down on the side of on the bed, thinking to
himself.

JEFF

You know what Whitney told me the other day?

(beat)

She said she wants me to die. Straight to my face, she said, "Dad, I hope you die."

APRIL

You know she didn't mean it, Jeff.

JEFF

Well she's about to get her wish.

APRIL

Don't talk like that...

April sits down next to him.

JEFF

If I don't make it out of here alive, I want you to know how sorry I am.

(beat)

I've been such a controlling tight-ass all these years. I cared more about being on a schedule than I did about actually spending time together as a family.

APRIL

You're a good man, Jeff.

(beat)

I know our kids don't always act like it, but they love you.

(beat)

We take for granted just how great a father you are. Everything you do comes from a place of love. It's why I married you.

Jeff looks her in the eyes. He kisses her.

JEFF

I was such a boring husband.

(beat)

We should have had sex before we left that morning. What kind of husband turns down morning sex?

(beat)

I'm ashamed of myself.

APRIL

Well...we're alone now.

JEFF
 (looking around)
 You mean like now, now?

APRIL
 You did promise you'd make it up to me.

JEFF
 (smiling)
 I guess better late than never...

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - BEDROOM - LATER

Jeff and April lie naked under the covers. Angel walks in.

ANGEL
 And that about wraps--
 (re Jeff and April;
 covering his eyes)
 Hello...

JEFF
 Whoops.
 (beat)
 Give us a second, Angel.

ANGEL
 Yes, sir.

Angel steps outside.

Jeff and April quickly get dressed. Heading for the door, she turns around.

APRIL
 We're gonna find a way to get you out of here.

JEFF
 Don't do anything dangerous.

They share one last kiss-- a tear in her eye.

APRIL
 I love you.

She exits. Angel waits a moment before peaking his head back in.

ANGEL
Are you decent?

JEFF
Yes. Come in.

Angel enters.

ANGEL
First of all, good to see you back
in old form.

JEFF
Thank you.

ANGEL
And second, the funeral service is
going to begin in thirty minutes.
I'll be speaking. I assume you
might like to say a few words?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

April enters the station. Stan and Whitney wait anxiously
alongside Francisco and Rigaberto. She can't speak.

STAN
It's not good, is it?

Whitney breaks down. April rushes to comfort her, patting the
back of her head.

APRIL
(to the officers)
They're attacking the villa
tomorrow. La Raza and the
Guerreros.

WHITNEY
Is that bad?

Francisco looks to Rigaberto-- it's very bad.

RIGABERTO
(panicked)
If what you're saying is true,
this'll be the biggest turf war
since...

FRANCISCO
La Condesa Alley.

Francisco fetches a worn-down map of El Tigre's villa and the surrounding area.

APRIL
What's La Condesa Alley?

RIGABERTO
The most brutal turf war in the history of Mexico.

April looks to Stan and Whitney-- both sincerely worried.

APRIL
(to the officers)
Is there *nothing* we can do?

FRANCISCO
Doubtful.

RIGABERTO
I'm sorry, Señora.
(re map)
There's no safe entry point.

FRANCISCO
It's too dangerous.

STAN
HEY!

The room goes silent.

STAN
(to April)
I can't take it any longer.
(to the officers)
I don't care how dangerous it is!
That's my *dad* in there and we're gonna find a way to get him out!

APRIL
Stan--

STAN
How can you call yourselves cops!?
(beat)
No wonder there's so much violence and drug running in this country! You guys jerk each other off while all this bad stuff happens! Of course it's gonna be dangerous! It's in the job title!

Both officers, tongue-tied.

WHITNEY

What if it was your dad, huh!?

STAN

Yeah! Don't you guys have dads!?

FRANCISCO

(sotto)

No. Neither of us.

STAN

We'll...we do and we'd like to keep
it that way!

Rigaberto looks to Francisco.

RIGABERTO

(to Stan)

You're right. It's our duty.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - NIGHT

Cartel members walk in a straight line to the beat of the Mexican Funeral March toward an adobe church behind the villa, each holding a lit candle.

Chenche and Ofelia walk beside Jeff as they enter the...

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

And file in, finding their seats. A PRIEST waits patiently beside Pipino's open casket.

He recites the Catholic Prayer for the Deceased.

When he's finished he looks to Angel, nodding his head. Angel rises, taking the podium.

ANGEL

Like many of you here tonight, my mother abandoned me when I was three months old. I was an orphan for the first fifteen years of my life and it was Pipino who took me under his wing. It was Pipino who befriended me in that orphanage, and it was also Pipino who looked after me from that day forth.

Jeff is moved. Angel swallows.

ANGEL

Pipino was a man of good nature. He knew everyone's name, he never forgot a birthday, and every year he burnt me a CD mix of my favorite music around Christmas time.

(beat)

It's funny, you know, Pipino always said he'd give his life to protect us, and in a way...that's exactly what he did. He was a good person, which is hard to come by in this line of work. He had a passion for Sangre Rica like he had a passion for life.

(beat)

I'm gonna miss you, amigo.

Angel steps down. The priest looks to Jeff. He hesitates a moment before standing.

Jeff walks to the podium, looking out on the crowd.

JEFF

Pipino...Pipino was one of kind.

(fondly)

I remember this one time--I think it was Wednesday--Pipino made me a turkey sandwich and he had just...the BIGGEST smile on his face, and I remember thinking, here's a guy who loves life and loves making other people happy, and that's who Pipino was. He was just a simple man with a whole lot of love to give...and he gave it, alright. He was the glue that held this cartel together.

(beat)

In fact, what we have here now, thanks to Pipino, is a whole lot more than just an ordinary cartel. What we have here *is a family!* And Pipino...God damn it, Pipino was our *brother!*

An energy surges through the crowd.

JEFF

(preaching)

He's the only man that's ever saved my ass and wiped it after!

(beat)

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

If that's not brotherhood, I don't know what is!

EVERYONE

Amen!

Jeff thinks to himself for a moment-- riled up.

JEFF

(passionate)

When I was a prisoner at La Raza's compound and they were seconds away from cutting my wiener off, it was Pipino who led the operation to get me out!

(beat)

I owed that man my life, and I'm sure the same goes for a lot of you sitting here today!

Agreement from the crowd.

JEFF

Tomorrow we repay that debt!
Tomorrow we fight for our brother!
We avenge his death...as a family...in *his* honor!

Jeff slams his fist down on the podium. The crowd rises to their feet-- applauding, invigorated.

JEFF

Let it be a lesson to all of us:
family is what separates us from the enemy, and *family* is what will win this war!

Rounds of applause as we...

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:

-Jeff, with a handful of cartel members, pointing to the front towers, discussing strategy.

-La Raza and his men, loading up trucks. His face, severely burnt from the explosion.

-Jeff greeting Don Juan Julio de Cesar and his militia of armed women as they enter the villa.

-Esteban watching Jeff distrustfully as he points to different markers on a map of the villa.

-The Priest blessing a row of cartel members, Jeff included, as they ready for battle.

-Jeff and Angel walking through the corridors of the house, making sure everyone is in place.

EXT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - AFTERNOON

Beside the front gate are two tall watchtowers, each with a look-out.

ANGLE ON the FIRST GUARD, scanning down the road with his binoculars.

The SECOND GUARD, in the other watch tower, waves his arms, whistling, trying to get the first guard's attention.

The first guard lowers his binoculars, confused, squinting his eyes. We see a Guerrero, camouflaged from head to toe in army fatigues, scaling the side of the first watch tower.

The second guard reaches for his radio in a panic, dropping it to the ground below.

The first guard, confused, looks on toward the second tower when the scaling Guerrero hops the nest and slits his throat.

The second guard sounds the alarm as a knife plunges through the front of his chest.

The two Guerreros, now manning the towers, simultaneously crank the levers that open respective sides of the front gate.

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - CONTINUOUS

The alarm echoes through the villa. Men hustle to their positions. Esteban and DJ JC command separate teams of Sangre Ricans. Jeff stands by the front door. Angel next to him.

JEFF

(speaking to Angel;
pointing)

We need at least thirty more
soldiers manning the barricade!

(beat)

Snipers on the roof! Ready the
second unit!

Chenche and Ofelia rush toward Jeff.

CHENCHE
Are they here!?

OFELIA
What should we do, Papi?

JEFF
(to Angel)
The basement, is it reinforced?

ANGEL
Si.

JEFF
(to Chenche and Ofelia)
Follow me.

They run across the villa, through corridors, down a spiraled staircase when the walls begins to shake. There's a powerful vibrating hum coming from outside.

CHENCHE
What's that?

JEFF
I don't know. Keep moving!

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - CONTINUOUS

A row of 6 armed trucks enter through the gates, stopping short of a massive sandbag barricade that lines the front entrance.

Guerreros soldiers man the 50-cals on top of each truck, firing at gunmen in the windows of the villa. Shattered glass rains down below as we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - CONTINUOUS

Jeff, Ofelia, and Chenche as they come upon a metal door, out of breath.

JEFF
You'll be safe in here.

CHENCHE

I refuse to hide in there like a coward!

JEFF

You're not a coward!

CHENCHE

I want to fight! With you! I want to fight along side mi familia!

Jeff puts his hands on Chenche's shoulders.

JEFF

You *must* protect your mother.

Chenche calms.

OFELIA

Aye, mi amor!

Ofelia hugs Jeff, kissing him passionately. He refrains from stopping her.

OFELIA

You're a good father and a great husband.

(beat)

I will always love you.

Jeff kisses Chenche on the top of his head. He hands him a loaded pistol.

JEFF

If anyone tries to break in, you shoot them in the face.

CHENCHE

Si, Señor.

Ofelia and Chenche enter the basement. Jeff closes the door behind them.

He bolts back toward the action where...

EXT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - CONTINUOUS

Bullets whizz by. Injured soldiers crawl for cover, holding their entrails.

Esteban and Angel fire their rifles side-by-side from a first story window.

DJ JC, his lady soldiers, and a few dozen Sangre Ricans hold the front barricade.

Jeff runs to their side, wielding his rapier. DJ JC has a bottle of tequila in his hand.

JULIO DE CESAR

It's a shame to let good tequila go
to waste.

Jeff grabs the bottle, taking a swig. He smacks his lips as he hands it back.

DJ JC takes a quick rip, stuffs a rag in the top, lights the rag, and tosses it at one of the trucks.

The truck explodes, flipping on its side. Guerreros soldiers fly back, engulfed in fire.

JULIO DE CESAR

(laughing)
Not bad, eh!?

Female soldiers shoot the burning Guerreros as they run toward the barricade, screaming.

Sangre Rican snipers pick off Guerreros from the rooftop.

La Raza leaps up onto the middle truck. He shoves the 50-cal operator out of the way and takes over, sending heavy fire toward the rooftop snipers. One by one, they fall over the ledge, landing in front of the barricade.

Behind the barricade, a live grenade lands inches from Jeff and DJ JC. An SR soldier leaps on top of it, sacrificing himself. Blood and guts explode everywhere.

Another Guerrero peaks from around the barricade ready to shoot DJ JC in the back.

JEFF

Look out!

Jeff unloads two bullets in his chest.

DJ JC

(laughing)
That would have been a bummer.

Suddenly...

SANGRE RICAN

R-P-G's! Look out!

Jeff and DJ JC watch as two Guerreros rise from the trucks holding massive RPGs.

DJ JC grabs Jeff, dragging him into the...

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - CONTINUOUS

As the RPG missiles hit the barricade, killing the remaining Sangre Rican's left outside. The front of the villa is blown open.

DJ JC
Protect El Tigre! Hold the back!

Angel and Esteban reunite with Jeff and the rest of the SR's. They head deeper inside the villa as we...

CUT TO:

I/E. VILLA DEL TIGRE - CONTINUOUS

Where the Guerreros surround the villa, preparing to enter the premises.

ANGLE ON DJ JC, in the living room, rifle pointed at the front door when the first wave of Guerreros pour in.

DJ JC has the soldiers in his sight. He raises his rifle, aiming at an enormous chandelier above them. With one shot, he brings down the chandelier, crushing ten men, splattering blood across the marble floor.

ANGLE ON more Guerreros filing in through broken windows and other side entrances.

The battle quickly escalates to close combat:

-The living room is filled with soldiers from both cartels, shooting at each other from across the room, fighting hand-to-hand on the staircase. DJ JC punches a Guerrero in the back of the head as a throwing knife lands in his back left shoulder. He pulls it out casually, throwing it back into the forehead of the Guerrero that originally threw it.

-Esteban jumps out from behind a bookcase in the library using a fellow Sangre Rican as his human shield. Bullets fill the SR's chest as Esteban takes out four Guerreros.

-La Raza enters through the front entrance, chewing a handful of sunflower seeds, standing on a mountain of dead bodies. He points, sending five Guerreros down a darkened hallway, following behind them.

-Jeff and Angel head for safety, picking off Guerreros as they make their way toward the atrium. Angel has a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other.

ANGLE ON Jeff as a bullet almost skins his cheek. They turn around...

It's La Raza and his men.

LA RAZA
I'm coming for you, Tigre!

Angel stops in the...

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JEFF
What are you doing!?

ANGEL
Go on ahead. I'll hold them off.

Jeff looks Angel in the eyes. He places his hand on his shoulder, nods, and continues running-- this is goodbye.

Angel throws his knife as they enter the room. The knife pins La Raza's left sleeve against the wall.

Angel pulls two machetes out from a weapons display in the corner, using the blades to block a round of bullets before he slices the first Guerrero's head clean off.

We watch as, in one continuous motion, Angel slides to his knees, slices the Achilles Tendons of the next two Guerreros, rises, slices the throats of the following two, and takes a round of bullets to the chest.

La Raza stands over Angel's bloodied body, emptying the rest of the clip in his face.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

Moonlight reflects off the large koi pond in the middle of the atrium. A Guerrero waits, perched on the second story balcony.

Jeff enters, firing the last of his round at the Guerrero, catching him off guard. The soldier falls from the balcony, landing in the pond.

Jeff frantically looks around-- all alone. The sounds of footsteps and gunfire come from every direction.

JEFF
(shouting)
ANGEL!?

No response. A shadowed figure appears by the entrance. Jeff pulls a knife out from his ankle holster. La Raza inches out from the dark, holding a pistol.

LA RAZA
(re: the knife)
Whatchu gonna do with that?

JEFF
It seemed like-- I thought we were--
are we not fighting to the death
right now?

LA RAZA
Oh we are...we're fighting to *your*
death. I've been waiting for this
moment since La Condesa.
(beat)
You killed my brother, you killed
my other brother, you killed my
brother-in-law, and you killed that
guy who works at the churros stand
that I really liked. Them, and
countless others.

Jeff notices Dorito, peaking out from behind the bushes.

ANGLE ON the balcony overlooking the atrium, where Esteban, unarmed, enters under the radar. He crouches behind the railing.

JEFF
Again, let me make this clear, I
didn't kill any of those people
because I'M NOT EL TIGRE! My name
is JEFF, you sadistic son of a
bitch, and it's your fault I'm in
this situation in the first place!

Dorito inches closer.

LA RAZA

Such a smart-ass. When I kill you I'm gonna cut your dick off, I'm gonna get it embalmed, I'm gonna put it on a mantle right above my bed, and I'm gonna look at it every night before I go to sleep and think about how I killed--

JEFF

Dorito, attack!

Dorito pounces on top of La Raza, mauling his face off.

As Dorito chows down, we hear the faint sound of propellers. Jeff's ears perk up.

VOICE

(from far away)

Dad!

He looks for the source of the voice.

VOICE

(a little louder)

Dad!

Looking up, there's a helicopter above the Atrium. In the helicopter are Francisco, Rigaberto, April, Stan, and Whitney. Stan is wearing Jeff's jacket.

STAN

DAD!

JEFF

STAN!

(shouting)

You're wearing my jacket! Looks bitchin' on you!

An RPG is fired at the helicopter from the front of the villa. The helicopter veers sideways, barely dodging the missile.

STAN

THE ROOF!

JEFF

What!?

STAN

(pointing)

MEET US ON THE ROOF!

Jeff nods, rushing out of the atrium. Esteban chases after.

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Paintings on fire. Bodies scattered across the floor. Debris falling from the ceiling. Jeff runs through the chaos.

INT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - DRUG STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Esteban climbs a ladder, taking a shortcut.

EXT. VILLA DEL TIGRE - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter hovers feet above the ground. A ladder hangs off the side. April and the kids wait anxiously.

Jeff smashes through the rooftop door, sprinting toward them when...

APRIL
(shouting)
JEFF, LOOK OUT!

He's tackled by Esteban. They tumble toward the edge of the roof. Esteban punches him hard in the face.

ESTEBAN
(full of rage)
So, your name is Yeff!

Jeff kicks Esteban off of him. They both rise, facing one another, fists up. Jeff's right eye begins to bleed.

JEFF
It's El Tigre to you!

Esteban throws a hard left upper-cut. Jeff bounces back with a quick right jab to the jaw, sending him to the ground.

Esteban gets up on one knee. He wipes the blood from his lip.

ESTEBAN
You know, I knew you couldn't be
the real El Tigre.

JEFF
Why not?

ESTEBAN
Because I *KILLED* the real El Tigre!

Esteban runs at Jeff. They wrestle their way to the floor. He pins him against the ground.

JEFF

(squirming)

You're a disgrace to this cartel!
And a huge asshole.

ESTEBAN

(laughing)

I'm a disgrace!? That washed-up son
of a bitch was a disgrace!

(beat)

I found the clients! I made the
drugs! It was *my* operation! *I*
SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE TIGRE!

(beat)

And I was about to be before you
came along.

Esteban punches Jeff in the nose. April winces, covering Whitney's eyes as the helicopter continues to hover.

ESTEBAN

I spent twenty five years building
this cartel from the ground up and
you destroyed it in *one* week!

Esteban punches Jeff with his other hand. Stan tries to hop out. April holds him back.

ESTEBAN

You took everything from me...

Esteban pulls a knife from his belt holster.

ESTEBAN

And now you're gonna die!

He raises the knife above his head. Jeff can't break free. Esteban is about to thrust the knife into Jeff's chest, when...

The sound of a gunshot drowns everything else out.

Esteban falls forward on top of Jeff. His body, lifeless.

Standing above them...

JEFF

Chenche!

Jeff gets up, wrapping his arms around him.

CHENCHE
I heard what he said...

JEFF
I'm so sorry.
(beat)
Is your mother safe?

CHENCHE
Yeah, she's fine.
(beat)
Is that your family over there?

JEFF
(hesitant)
Yeah, that's my wife and kids.

CHENCHE
I hope they know how lucky they
are.

Chenche waves. They awkwardly wave back.

CHENCHE
I knew you weren't him.

JEFF
You did? How could you tell?

CHENCHE
When you invited me to the soccer
game...he would never do that.
(beat)
Plus, your Spanish is terrible. I'm
surprised no one else caught on.

Gunfire ricochets off the propeller.

APRIL
Jeff, they're shooting at us!

CHENCHE
Go. Get out of here.

JEFF
You're a good kid, Chenche.

CHENCHE
Thanks for pretending to be my dad.

Jeff runs to the helicopter. April and the kids help him on,
embracing him as the ladder is raised.

JEFF

I missed you guys so God damn much.

They gaze down at the massive scene of destruction as the helicopter pulls up.

JEFF

(to Stan; shouting)

That's why you don't do drugs!

They fly off into the distance as Jeff squeezes his family tightly, petting their heads, kissing April. Francisco wraps a blanket around him.

STAN

Dad, look!

(beat)

The waterfall!

The waterfall is off in the distance, moonlight reflecting off the pond below. Rigaberto lets the helicopter hover for a bit as the Maynards enjoy their first real family moment in Mexico.

Jeff smiles, kissing Stan's head.

JEFF

I told you we'd find it.

(beat)

Right on schedule.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

INT. MAYNARD RESIDENCE - MORNING

Jeff exits his bedroom, walking down the hall. Next to the picture of them from Hawaii is a photo of the Maynards in the police helicopter.

Jeff knocks on Stan's door.

STAN (O.S.)

What's up?

Jeff pokes his head in.

JEFF

Mom's making pancakes.

STAN

Ah, Señor Tigre. I will be down in
uno minuto.

JEFF

Gracias.

Jeff walks downstairs, passing through the living room. Above the fireplace is a painting of "El Tigre" wielding a sword while riding a tiger.

He enters the kitchen where Whitney and April are setting the table. He walks up behind April, hugging her waist, kissing her neck.

APRIL

(laughing)

Jeff...Whitney's watching.

JEFF

She doesn't mind.

WHITNEY

No, I definitely mind.

Jeff stops. He kisses Whitney on the top of her head.

Stan comes rushing down the stairs. Everyone sits at the table as April serves breakfast.

STAN

What's in the schedule for today?

JEFF

I don't know...what do *you guys*
want to do?

FADE OUT.

THE END

DURING THE CREDITS

INT. MAYNARD RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nine dads wearing football jerseys sit in a circle, laptops opened.

DAD 1

I choose Ray Rice.

EVERYONE

Hmm/Really/Good pick.

DAD 2
Who's next?

VOICE
I have sixth.

The dads turn toward a flat screen sitting on top of the coffee table. Reveal DJ JC, Skyping in with a huge smile on his face.

JEFF
Guys, this is my friend Don Juan Julio de Cesar. He's new to the league.

EVERYONE
What up/Yo/Hey/Welcome.

JULIO DE CESAR
(smiling)
I pick...Michael Turner!

EVERYONE
Fuck/Shit/Dammit!