

FEED THE FISH

By

Cynthia Garbutt

Music: Gotan Project, medley "Epoca & Chunga's Revenge" (live recording.)

FADE IN.

MONTAGE:

EXT. SWAMPS, SOUTH CENTRAL LOUISIANA, STORMY LATE SUMMER AFTERNOON.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LOUISIANA, SMALL TOWN, STORMY LATE SUMMER AFTERNOON.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. STORMY LATE SUMMER AFTERNOON. STUDIO 54 DANCE STUDIO STOREFRONT.

Montage ends.

CUT TO:

INT. STORMY LATE SUMMER AFTERNOON. STUDIO 54 DANCE STUDIO.

EDUARDO/LALO: known to everyone as EDUARDO, to those from his past as, LALO (mid-40s, weathered, strong-and-silent type, odd traits, excellent professional dancer.) Dancing, open embrace, with one of his male students. Teaching Argentine tango/hip-hop session to a small class of young and very talented dancers, anti-social behaviour teens (mostly boys).

One student, man's the record player.

Music ends: (Gotan Project, medley "Epoca & Chunga's Revenge")

LALO
Change partners... Change music...
Change tempo.

LALO dances with ACADIA.

Pregnant pause.

Music: Gotan Project, "Mi Confession"

Acadia (40s, British/Asian, no nonsense). LALO'S assistant of sorts and dance partner (they're also rehearsing for a professional upcoming international tango competition in Buenos Aires). Tremendous sexual tension between them.

LALO (CONT'D)

(to Acadia)

Lean in more. Shoulders up. Stomach in. Chin straight. Nice...

LALO (CONT'D)

Very nice. So, am I buying you a ticket?

ACADIA

Ah. On what, JetBlue? Too many crashes. If I decide - I'll buy my own, thank you.

Sound: phone rings.

Lalo annoyed.

ACADIA (CONT'D)

What! Forget about it! Everybody knows. And nobody calls during the ASBO, sorry - the recovering juvenile delinquent class.

Sound: phone ringing, continues.

Lalo gives a look.

LALO

Annoying disturbances can trigger anti-social behaviour. For which, this establishment will not be held responsible.

Music: volume lowers (Gotan Project, "Mi Confession").

ACADIA

Unless it's from the Department of Corrections. About that check I've been chasing for the past two months.

Acadia hurries to the phone. Lalo gets another partner.

CONTINUOUS.

ACADIA (CONT'D)

Lucky the lights haven't been switched off yet. Damn, these government rehab programmes.

LALO

It pays the rent.

Acadia looks at the caller ID, disgusted, (NO ID) then answers the call. Lalo hears the phone conversation, is momentarily surprised but not disturbed, continues dancing.

ACADIA

What the hell do you wa...
 Good afternoon, Studio 54. If you're calling about the adult ABSO classes, that's at 7. We do the juvies now. Otherwise fuck off!...
 La-lo? Who the hell's, Lalo?.. Wrong question. Wrong answer... I don't take messages.

Acadia disconnects, tosses the phone on the counter, then regains composure.

ACADIA (CONT'D)

Where was I?

Acadia re-enters, dances with a female student, who's been dancing solo.

Music ends: (Gotan Project, "Mi Confession")

CUT TO:

EXT. WINDY AFTERNOON. SMALL WOODEN PIER ON A TROPICAL ISLAND.

REX (British accent, 50s, tall, very handsome, charming, carefree, impatient, no time waster tolerance, maverick/pirate), talking on his mobile, stood at the helm of on his 'not too shabby' 40-foot, custom-built cattle boat Bellisima II. Checking air tanks, preparing to cast-off for a dive trip. Two couples of very hung over, zombie tourist divers walk down the pier and board the boat. All friends. One couple: male (metrosexual) and female "dive chick". Other couple, both female: "dive babes." Dive babes complaining about "dive chick" couple not pulling their weight.

REX

I told you, we got this... The Tempest, the deadline, the entire thing. No worries, mate. Look!

(MORE)

REX (CONT'D)

I eat deadlines for: breakfast, tea
break, brunch, lunch, high tea,
supper, and midnight snack... So
does he.

REX turns to DIVERS, stood arguing and sizes them up.

REX (CONT'D)

Wait a sec, Hef.

REX covers the receiver and turns the Divers way.

REX (CONT'D)

Don't just stand there, make ready!
Welcome, aboard.

Divers get themselves sorted out and sit down. REX looks out at the open water with choppy waves. Then walks forward, away from the Divers, continues with his phone conversation and making ready to cast-off.

REX (CONT'D)

One more thing, seed money... Bigger
Tupperware and I'll need to tweak
them. Plus, there's some heavy-duty
equipment on the mainland, that I've
got my eye on, that'll come in
handy...

The Diver "chick" guy starts getting sick. Rex distracted from the phone conversation and making ready, turns to look at him momentarily.

REX (CONT'D)

Who, El Capitan?.. Well, he needs to
collect him and Nacho... His dog.
Yeah, I'll call you with the details
later... He'll be ready by
midnight... Tonight.

Diver Chick Guy runs to starboard and vomits. Rex looks his way.

REX (CONT'D)

And tell him, not that twin prop,
cardboard piece of shit... Your G6.
It's been a long time, I want my
best mate flying in style. And I
want him here, all in one piece. He
doesn't like to be shaken about.
He's got motion issues. So none of
them flips and rolls; from the Red
Baron, okay. Tell him Hef, none of
that daredevil shit.

Rex looks closely at the other divers, sunburnt and extremely hung over. Diver Chick Girl, now looking green around the gills.

REX (CONT'D)
Sorry, hang on again, mate.

Rex covers the receiver again and turns to the Divers.

REX (CONT'D)
Great, a two-fer: a dive chick and two chummers.

Rex gets back to his phone conversation.

REX (CONT'D)
Look! I'll call you back... Ah.

Rex looks back at the Diver Chick Girl, getting sicker.

REX (CONT'D)
Two hours, max. I got a pair of dehydrated, pretzel-bent, castaways, here. I tell 'em every time: "Never drink and dive."

Rex disconnects and sets his phone down on the dashboard.

REX (CONT'D)
What the hell, with all this shit! The snotty weather and you holiday divers.

Rex checks his gauges, then hears the Dive Chick Girl, make like she wants to vomit and attempts to run, down below.

REX (CONT'D)
Stop right there! Not on my boat, diver!

Rex points to starboard aft and turns the motor on.

REX (CONT'D)
And - get it all out, before we hit open water. What's with the get-up, mate? (Divers confused) The skins. You scared of a bit of crotch crickets? You're gonna suffocate wearing that, in this heat.

Rex revs up the motor, then shifts gear. Diver Chick Guy and Diver Chick Girl stop vomiting, exhausted, sit down on starboard side of the boat.

DRIVER CHICK GUY

Last dive - I got stung. Had to
shave my balls and all. And it still
took months to get rid of 'em.

REX

Next time, castor oil. Best thing.
Make ready!

Rex pulls off, quickly. Diver Chick Guy and Diver Chick Girl,
nearly get tossed overboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENING. OUTSIDE STUDIO 54.

Acadia and adult ASBOs are inside the studio dancing. LALO
stood under a street lamp, smoking a cigarette, thinking
about his old friend Rex and knowing exactly why he called,
earlier.

Sound: crickets chirping and alligators croaking.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: 20 YEARS AGO, STREETS OF NEW ORLEANS' FRENCH
QUARTER.

Downstairs club music fades. To live band playing: Gotan
Project, "Queremos Paz" intro (with crowd noise), fade to
club music.

LALO (early-20s) and REX (late-20s) are two old souls and
kindred spirits. A younger Lalo dressed in retro '40s look,
makes his way through the massive crowds of revellers. Then
enters a crowded club called: "La Salon" (marquis with a
couple dancing in neon figures pointing to the 1st floor).
Ground floor is lively. Lalo walks upstairs, to a beautiful
upscale Argentine tango salon, not as crowded as downstairs.
With beautiful people, well dressed and dancing (including
Rex and his DATE for the night, an older woman, dressed in
formal attire) near the stage, a large band seated on stage.
The CONDUCTOR turns toward the audience and walks up to the
mike.

CONDUCTOR (Gomez, Addams Family) looks past the audience,
Lalo enters from the rear and stops. EVERYONE turns and
looks, the crowd parts, as Lalo struts to the centre and
crowd encircles him. Rex watching keenly.

CONDUCTOR

And now, ladies and gentlemen, it's midnight. And time for The Tango.

Music: Gotan Project, "Last Tango in Paris"

EVERYONE (except Rex) rocks to the tempo. Lalo dances a tango solo (whilst occasionally looking at Rex staring at him) for awhile, then stops and turns to Rex, extends his hand to him.

Rex cautiously accepts. Lalo holds Rex dance in an open embrace, slows and simplifies his steps for Rex to follow.

SALON TANGO NIGHT MONTAGE: 1. Rex and Lalo dancing. 2. Rex and Lalo and a few other couples dance. 3. Rex and Lalo and more couples dance. 4. Rex and Lalo dancing with female dance partners, very crowded dance floor. 5. Rex and Lalo dancing with female dance partners, with less couples on the dance floor. 6. Rex and Lalo dancing with female dance partners, and even fewer other couples on the dance floor. 7. Rex and Lalo dancing with female dance partners only, on the dance floor.

End of montage.

CUT TO:

Lalo and Rex sat at the bar drinking, BARTENDER and STAFF closing down.

BARTENDER: 60s, Latino, average looks, short, very chubby.
STAFF: Small, mixed group.

BARTENDER

Lalo?

Lalo turns to Rex, he doesn't want anything. Lalo waves the Bartender off.

REX

So how'd you learn to dance like that, mate? So powerful! And sexy.

LALO

My father.

REX

No, your mother?

LALO

My mother, no. She'd never allow a man lead her around the dance floor, unless he knew where he was going.

REX

Smart woman.

LALO

Took 13 years before she'd dance with me. Dancing with both of them, I learned tango. But, my father was the main one. You know, in the beginning it was a men only club, dancing tango. There weren't that many women in Buenos Aires, before the War. So the men practiced together, to be the best and woo the lady to dance. Of course, you don't dance the same way with a man, as you do with a woman.

REX

Come to think of it, I've never once, danced with my mother. Hell, I never even saw my parents dance together.

LALO

Tango's roots actually come from your, England. Do you know that? Back in the 17th-century, it was the dance of peasants.

REX

No, you're kidding me, right? Village peasants, in England dancing like that! Can't imagine. Even in the widest stretch of my imagination.

LALO

The most popular dances come from some of the poorest cultures. Well, it helps take your mind off your troubles. If only for a Saturday night.

REX

True. So you dig up trivia like that?

LALO

Yeah, I do factoid research in my spare time. On all sorts of things; The science, history. And, from years of watching Jeopardy. Tango - it's a lost art, here in North America. But, in Argentina...

(MORE)

LALO (CONT'D)

My father and mother - ten times,
first place international champions.

REX

And now?

LALO

Passed on.

REX

Sorry, mate.

LALO

Thanks. A car accident.

REX

Awful.

LALO

They had their own dance studio and
salon. What a great place that was.
Portenos. Buenos Aireans, were on a
waiting list for lessons. Serious
only, no time wasters. You're lucky,
when I was a little boy I learned
standing on top his big, size 13
feet.

Rex puts his foot on top the bar.

LALO (CONT'D)

You, too. Guess were all - blessed.
You'll need shoes. I'll take you by
the place I go to.

Lalo takes a gulp of scotch.

REX

So, no dance partner?

LALO

No, man. *Por que?* I dance with
anybody. If they're any good. You -
not bad. Promising.

REX

I dance a bit. But, teach me -
tango. I love it, already. And the
women, they love it.

LALO

Yeah, tell me about it.

REX

Look! I'm here for two more weeks till the end of Mardi Gras. And then, every other month. You're top man around here. I'll pay you - whatever you want.

LALO

Man, I don't even live in New Orleans. I come here on the weekends, sometimes.

LALO (CONT'D)

I'm from a little 'ol town - no a village. On the backwater bayous of southwest Louisiana called, Caillou.

REX

No matter to me, mate. So, what the hell is a guy like you doing, living in a village?

LALO

Not by choice. It's because of the nature of my work. I'm an, independent contractor, with a very select and manageable client base. Things could be better. Bigger. Ya know. But, living in the sticks, well - let's just say, the location makes it more convenient for me to receive my merchandise.

REX

Understood.

LALO

And since were asking questions, how does a Janner like you, afford to skip every other month and "*laissez le bon temps roulet*" in ol' New Orleans?

REX

Let's just say - it's a requirement - for the work I do.

LALO

Not too shabby, I see.

REX

And what you know about Janners?

LALO

I've rubbed shoulders with a few Brits, in my time.

REX

Well, you've got the moves on the dance floor - but, I've got 'em on the seafloor.

Lalo gives a look.

REX (CONT'D)

When I was a kid, my dad, an 'ol salt, was tossing me, summer and winter, overboard = into the freezing waters of the Atlantic, off the coast of Plymouth, England. With my mum cheering him on. Teaching me to free dive. So - amongst other things, I'm a dive master.

LALO

That's why you know how to move your body. Diving - dancing in the water. Nice, very nice.

REX

Yeah, kinda. I guess. And instead of continuing to waste more of my already misspent youth in Plymouth, I signed up, in Her Majesty's SBS.

LALO

SBS?

REX

Special Boat Services. Like, the Navy Seals.

LALO

A fish. A fighting fish.

REX

I guess you could say that. About six months ago, I was done with my "sentence." So, I decided to move house and head south to Central America, Belize. And now, when I'm not in the water, I hop on a jet. An hour and 5, max. I'm here.

LALO

Caribbean 'eh. Belize. Don't miss the Navy?

REX

Bloody hell, no! Do I look like somebody waiting to take orders. I still stay in touch with my mates. Some of 'em, good lads they were. But, I was always in deep water with that. I just did what I had to, and got the hell out. I stayed in long enough, to buy my baby.

Rex takes out his phone and shows Lalo pictures of his boat.

LALO

Nice, very nice.

REX

Built to my specs. Not a thing I don't want, on it. I sailed her all the way from Southampton. My Belissima. She loves it down there. All beautiful, warm and balmy.

LALO

I use to know this Belizean mestizo girl. She danced milango, too. Nice, very nice. We were dance partners, for awhile. Wonder where she's at now?

REX

Round here?

Lalo shrugs his shoulders.

LALO

Who knows.

REX

What's milango?

LALO

Kinda like tango. But, more light-hearted, faster, less pausing and less - fancy footwork.

REX

Easier?

LALO

Hmm, not really. Man, I'm such a long, long way from home. What I wouldn't do to be in Buenos Aires, right now.

REX
Buenos Aires, you?

LALO
Yeah, I get that ALL the time. Half German, too.

REX
Huh. Never been. Hell, I just might pop by, once you get sorted.

LALO
Yeah, well heeled and sitting pretty that's how I'll go. I won't go back, unless I'm sitting pretty. Like this? Hell, no! To make that sort of money, I need...

REX
Better merchandise, better clients. Well, it's all about making it easier for yourself, them, everybody.

LALO
Looks like you've got "it" way better than I do.

Lalo takes his last gulp.

REX
Well, let's just say with the help of my Bellisima, I only need one customer.

LALO
Yeah, but Rex, I don't have sea legs. These ones, they're land legs. About the deepest water I've been in, is the shallow end, at the Y. Plus, I have a great disliking for smell of it.

REX
That's cause it's backwater swamps. Where you live. But, in the open water, refreshing.

Lalo doubtful.

REX (CONT'D)
Well, put it this way. You can do anything you want, if you really want to.

(MORE)

REX (CONT'D)

But if deep water isn't your thing,
there's loads business that can be
done ashore.

Bartender sticks his head around the door.

BARTENDER

5 minutes.

LALO

Yeah. Nite, *Gordito*.

REX

Look! Where you staying?

LALO

Me! Compared to you, fucking no
where, man.

REX

Come on! I got this. Besides you can
sample my wares.

Lalo leans in.

LALO

Well, there's nothing better than a
personal recommendation. Is there?
So, what do you have?

Rex takes his last gulp and leans in.

REX

Whatever you want. And better than
you've ever had. Satisfaction
guaranteed!

Lalo goes for his wallet. Rex, his breast pocket, opens his
wallet and throws a \$100 note on the bar. Lalo and Rex exit.
The lights switch off one-by-one.

CUT TO:

INT. EARLY MORNING THICK FOG. FRENCH QUARTER LUXURY HOTEL
NEAR SALON.

Lalo and Rex enter hotel lobby. Rex stops at the CONCIERGE to
collect his room key.

CONCIERGE: female, black, 20s, attractive, flirtish, a bit
cheeky.

CONCIERGE

Good morning, sir. Enjoyed your evening, I see.

REX

Good morning. Indeed, I did. Thanks for the recommendation.

Concierge hands Rex his key.

CONCIERGE

You're welcomed, Rex.

REX

Thank you, Peaches.

Rex and Lalo walk up lobby stairs, one flight and down the corridor, then stop at Room No.7.

LALO

Wait a sec! Man, you're shitting me. How can you fly from anywhere in the Caribbean to New Orleans in an hour and 5 minutes. They don't have any direct flights to here, much less the layovers.

Rex turns the key in the lock, then slowly opens the door.

REX

After you, mate.

Lalo takes a few steps into the room. Rex enters and closes the door behind them.

REX (CONT'D)

Let's just say my days of flying commercial, are long gone.

Rex turns the light on, luxury suite - no expense spared.

Music ends. (Gotan Project, "Last Tango in Paris")

REX (CONT'D)

Welcome to my world, mate.

LALO

Nice. Real nice.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENING. TERREBONE PARISH, LOUISIANA - REMOTE LANDING STRIP.

Lalo and Rex, very casual, having a laugh, leaning on Lalo's Ford F-150 with Lalo's dog, NACHO (greyhound) doing tricks and running about. Lalo's fishing kit in the truck bed. They're waiting for a small private jet to land. Plane lands, engine still running. A very tall, thin, handsome (GQ fashion cover boy) smartly dressed black man: EL GUAPO, gets out of the plane, carrying a very sleek metal attache case. Lalo calls Nacho. Rex and Lalo walk to El Guapo. Nacho sits beside Lalo. Rex casually salutes the pilot. Rex introduces Lalo to Guapo, they shake hands. Lalo introduces Guapo to his dog. the dog holds up its paw, Guapo shakes it. El Guapo hands Lalo the case, he accepts it, Nacho does another trick, while Rex goes into the truck and gets a brown paper bag with, two whole loaf po-boy sandwiches wrapped in paper and hands them to Guapo, he eagerly accepts. Guapo gets back on the plane. Lalo and Rex watch the plane take off. An unmarked police car enters, Lalo and Rex turn and walk towards the car. Car stops and parks. Two, intimidating looking, VICE SQUAD (typical, cool undercover) get out of the car and walk toward Lalo and Rex, all stand facing each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWILIGHT. WOODEN PIER WITH HUT, BEHIND STUDIO 54.

Music: Gotan Project, "Arrabal"

Lalo is sat on a folding chair fishing, whilst Rex is sat on the edge of the pier (feet in the water).

REX

Nice touch with them sandwiches.
They'll love 'em. They don't have
that kind of food down there.

LALO

They're the best in town. They call
'em, po-boys.

REX

As they say food, is the way to a
man's heart. Whatever that means.
But, I don't see women turning down
meals, either.

LALO

Next time, I'll have okra gumbo. Did
I tell you I'm also a, mean cook.

Lalo reels in his line and casts in a different spot.

LALO (CONT'D)

Now, if I can just catch a nice Red, before class starts tonight. By the way, you're making excellent progress.

REX

Well, thank you. For the vote of confidence.

LALO

About dinner, I'll fix you some fish n' chips like you've never had, in all your British life.

REX

Mate, I don't eat animals, especially not fish. I've lived amongst them too long. They've got a hard enough time, living in the water, without people whackin' 'em.

LALO

Fare enough. Not a problem.

REX

You dance, cook. You're neat and tidy. Mate, I might just have to marry you.

LALO

Yeah, but I'm not the marrying type.

Music ends: (Gotan Project, "Arrabal")

Pregnant pause.

Sound: Alligator croaking.

REX

What the hell is that?

LALO

Mommy, calling for her baby. Gators.

Rex jumps up.

REX

Blimey! What the bloody hell! You've got me here, with my legs dangling and there's alligators in this water.

LALO

You see where I'm sat. But, no problem, for you right? You're a fighting fish man. Like you said. They're just fish, walking on legs.

REX

Yeah, right. If she don't get my legs first.

LALO

Well, if that happens, you can kiss your dancing career good-bye, Lieutenant Dan.

Rex, takes a folding chair, opens it, sits down and composes himself.

REX

A fucking alligator with a kid. You coulda said something. Don't you know who your neighbours are, around here?

LALO

I'm gonna take you over to this restaurant where they feed 'em.

REX

Feed gators! You're taking a piss.

LALO

No! I'm not kiddin'. They feed those fierce beasts. They tie a bunch of dead chickens on a rope, about 10 feet or so, up. From a pier just like this one. And 800 pounders, some of 'em. They jump straight out the water, like Michael Air Jordan - and SNAP! You'll see. And then, they vanish, back into the black bayou.

BACK TO: SCENE.

REX

You fed 'em?

LALO

Hell, no! Who are you talkin' to. I watch from inside the restaurant, behind the glass. This is the closest I get to water, around here.

Lalo's line gets a very strong tug, he stands up and wrestles with his line.

REX

Shit! I hope it's not Mummy.

LALO

Might be a redfish. They fight you like hell, man. You think your arm is gonna pop out the socket.

Lalo wrestles harder.

LALO (CONT'D)

Damn! And it's getting dark. I don't like being out here in the dark.

REX

Don't tell me, they're swamp monsters out here, too.

LALO

No, Man! When the weather's warm. I hate the smell of salt water in the evenings, when the sun goes down.

REX

This ain't saltwater, it's brackish.

Lalo really struggling with his line.

LALO

Don't matter. It stinks. Hey, you could lend a hand - if it's not too much trouble, 'eh?

REX

Why you think its struggling so hard? It's not like it wants to die, for your dinner. No, I won't be a partner in crime. You're whacking one of my fish mates.

LALO

Man, this is the bayous of Louisiana.

REX

It's all the same water. And all the same fish.

(MORE)

REX (CONT'D)

Besides, this is the arrangement,
you hook 'em - you cook 'em. You
know what, it does stink out here.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. STUDIO 54 - DANCE FLOOR.

Music: Tanghetto, "La deuda interna"

MONTAGE: Covering a period of 2 years.

The club is crowded with DANCERS on the dance floor, others seated and drinking. Lalo and Rex dance with various partners.

EXT. LATE AUTUMN: LATE NIGHT. SAME FISHING PIER.

Lalo with Nacho, stood in the fog, smoking a cigarette, waiting for a small boat that arrives, loaded with packages.

EXT. AFTERNOON - SUMMER. NEW ORLEANS - PAN AMERICAN STADIUM.

Lalo, Rex and Nacho sat in the stadium, good seats, watching a NO Jesters football match. Rex very excited and rooting for his team (The Visitors) that's wining, whilst Lalo is quietly observing. End of game, Lalo's team NO Jesters lose, Lalo pays up his bet. Rex counts his money.

EXT. SPRING: DAY. SAME LANDING STRIP.

Lalo stood beside his brand new black, Dodge Ram truck with Nacho. He's there to deliver the same attache case, eating a bowl of gumbo. A plane arrives, Guapo debarks. Lalo hands him the case. Guapo, curious about what Lalo's eating. Lalo feeds him some. Guapo likes it. Lalo gives him the bowl, then goes inside his truck and gets a large round metal container with a sealed lid full of gumbo and hands it to Guapo. Guapo puts his bowl on top and takes the container, then re-boards the plane. Lalo waves off Guapo and El Capitan, as the they take off. Moments later, same Vice Squad enters. Lalo goes to his truck's cab, takes out a large bulging satchel, hands it one of them, everyone shakes hands, Vice exits.

EXT. DAY. DIVE SITE - THE REEF.

Rex on a six pack (small dive boat, named: Bellisima) alongside a massive luxury yacht, in the middle of the sea, ending a flirtatious chat to a FEMALE CREW MEMBER (sexy) on the yacht, whilst tourist divers are climbing onboard his boat for a dive, conversation ends. Rex raises anchor, then both boats steer off in different directions.

EXT. AUTUMN: NIGHT. GARDEN DECK AT STUDIO 54.

Lalo, Rex and TWO WOMEN (beautiful, dates) sat by a fire pit, drinking and eating boiled crawfish, potatoes and corn-on-the-cob. Lalo and Rex stand and ask the women to dance, but they refuse, they don't know how. Lalo and Rex run to the two-way street (the women run behind them). Lalo and Rex do a brief tango solo on the street in front of the studio under the glow of the streetlights. Dance concludes. Everyone applauds and laughs.

INT. NIGHT, SUMMER. NEW ORLEANS - ROCK AND BOWL.

Rex teaching a WOMAN NO.1 (attractive, athletic) how to bowl. Rex armchair coach. WOMAN NO.2 (similar) is keeping score (NIC Lalo), WOMAN NO.3 (similar) enters with a tray of beers and passes them out. The Women dressed in regular clothes and hired shoes. Rex and Lalo totally outfitted in their complimentary retro bowling kits. Lalo waiting for his ball to come out of the shoot, then prepares to bowl a split. Rex interrupts Lalo, then carefully sets Lalo's ball down, on the tray. And coaches him on completing a spare. Rex hands Lalo another bowling ball from the rack, he refuses it. He won't stick his fingers in the holes. Lalo pushes Rex away, "I got this man. Leave me be." First pin goes down, second pin teeters but doesn't fall. Rex, "I told you so."

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. PIER: REX'S BOAT AND DIVE HUT "SEA DADDY"

Rex checking air tanks and then the moorings on his brand new 40-ft. Newton cattle boat (also his residence) named: "Bellisima II". Divers disembarking, Rex joking with them about their small catch of lobsters.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWILIGHT. RAINING. "BELLISIMA II."

Rex stood on the bow of the boat looking at the sea.

Lalo in his modest apartment (attached to Studio 54) tiny kitchen, preparing to cook. Rex and Lalo talking together on the phone. Rex is very distraught, Lalo suddenly becomes very saddened, both men disconnect. Lalo turns the burner off, then turns away.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. DAY - RAIN. GRAVE SITE - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE.

Burial scene, Rex's mother has died, his father's already dead. Lalo is stood behind Rex.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINTER: DAY RAIN AND WIND. SAME LANDING STRIP.

Lalo sat in his truck with his dog. Waiting a long time, to collect the same attache case. Airplane doesn't arrive.

INT/EXT. WINTER: EVENING - HEAVY RAIN. STUDIO 54.

The two vice squad enter Studio 54. Lalo's practising milango, with a OLDER FEMALE DANCE STUDENT (very skilled). No one else is there, he ignores them at first. They've come to chat with Lalo about the "security" money. Lalo and the Vice, take a walk outside. Lalo goes to his truck and hands them a small satchel, much smaller than previous. Lalo explains without apology. One of the cops, sucker punches him. Lalo goes to throw a punch, Vice No.2 reaches for his gun. Lalo stops. Vice No.1 flings the satchel to the ground, money falls out. Vice enter their car and speed off.

CONTINUOUS.

INT. SUMMER AFTERNOON, THUNDERSTORM. LALO'S RESIDENCE.

Lalo has a black eye. Lalo and Rex on the phone. Very tense and animated, escalates into an argument - both disconnect. Lalo tosses his phone, then Rex tosses his phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOGGY DAWN. NEAR THE BLUE HOLE.

Rex's boat anchored alongside a 60-ft luxury yacht. Rex boards it, in his usual friendly demeanor. THUGS stood watch, un-welcoming and stoned faced, one of them escorts him in.

DRUG BOSS (60s, exotic woman, stone-faced, no non-sense) sat at her desk, tasting various bottles of scotch. THUGS scattered about the office. Some standing, SMARTIES sat looking at computer screens, showing financial accounts and international stock market trading. Boss is rude, Rex is an unwanted visitor. Boss finally invites Rex to have a seat and offers him a drink, but has no real interest in what he's come to chat about (namely, Lalo being cut out of the loop). Boss has already made her decision. Rex argues with her. Boss nods to her BODYGUARD THUG to make ready. Rex gets the point, takes the last gulp of his drink and throws his glass at a window behind her. She nor anyone moves, the window glass doesn't shatter.

CUT TO:

EXT. LATE NIGHT - WINTER: COLD AND WINDY. SAME FISHING PIER.

Lalo with Nacho, stood in the fog waiting for the small boat. The boat arrives half-loaded with packages. Lalo complains about the amount. Just as Lalo is about finished packing up his truck with the packages the DEA arrives via boats and cars, arrest him, seize his truck and Nacho (Nacho reacts aggressively and runs away).

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. STUDIO 54 - DANCE FLOOR.

The club is crowded with Dancers seated and drinking. Dance floor is empty except for Lalo and Rex in the centre. End of dance, with Lalo and Rex opposite each other. Both exit slowly, in opposite directions.

End of montage.

Music ends: (Tanghetto, "La deuda interna").

FADE OUT:
FADE IN.

EXT. DAY - WINTER: COLD AND CLEAR. NEW ORLEANS CENTRAL LOCK UP, EXIT.

Nacho sat near the exit. Rex approaches and sees Nacho, then calls for him. Nacho excited, runs to greet him. Rex excited, greets and pets Nacho. Lalo exits the building. Rex looks up and sees Lalo. Nacho sees Lalo and runs to him. Lalo sedately greets Nacho. Tension between Lalo and Rex.

REX

I found him here, waiting for you.

LALO

He ran from them and followed me all the way here. God only knows how. He gave them cops a hard time. They tried to catch him and drag him in there, when they signed me in. I could hear him barking and carrying on.

REX

Breakin' bad. Smart dog.

LALO

Goodness knows what they might've done to him. Sentenced him to life, at the greyhound track.

REX

So, how was it?

LALO

Shit! Like a caged animal for the past three days.

Awkward silence.

LALO (CONT'D)

What are you doing, taking chances coming round here?

REX

Well, I wanted my mug, to be the first one you saw. When you got out. We had a good run.

LALO

Yeah. Nice, real nice.

Rex pets Nacho again.

REX

Look, I am sorry. Truly sorry for all that. I-I was furious about it. I-I tried. The Boss, she's a bitch.

LALO

Look, ah. Thanks for what you did, with the lawyer. I was looking at 10-15 hard time. I woulda slowly shriveled up and died on, The Plantation. Fucked up, in a cell.

(MORE)

LALO (CONT'D)

Well, with all that's said and done,
I owe you one.

REX

Well, ah. Least I could do... I
should have done better. Should have
known better. New kids in the block.
We just couldn't make deep enough
in-roads. Stiff competition around
here. And they've got better
connections. Except for product,
better everything.

Lalo scoffs.

REX (CONT'D)

They're selling that stepped on shit
out here. Paint thinner and cheese.
God only knows what else. That's the
word on the streets. It's the good
'ol boys, network. You can't beat
'em. They rig, everything.

LALO

I'm done with all of it all anyway.
I came this close. Too "bloody"
close, to Angola.

CUT TO:

Flashback: Lalo's taken into police custody, processing him.
Lalo sees the two Vice Squad, LAWYER visits, then his
release.

Flashback ends.

BACK TO: SCENE.

LALO (CONT'D)

Man, I'm walking. I am walking and
not looking back. You hear. While I
still got my sanity. What's left of
it. And my hoop, all in one piece.

Awkward silence.

REX

What happened in there?

LALO

Let's just say, that is one fucked
up place. And it's not just then
inmates, either. Man, I kept my back
to the wall and no shower.

Lalo sniffs himself.

REX
So, what now?

REX (CONT'D)
Bits here and there. Under self-
employed. Just like I was. I guess.

Awkward silence. Nacho yelps. Lalo pets Nacho.

LALO
Well, I need to get going. And get
him something to eat. And... I still
got a studio to run. And my truck.
Thank goodness. Money, shot to hell.
I'm stuck back in the black bayou.

Rex digs in his pocket and takes out a thick roll of cash,
then tries to stuff it, in Lalo's hand. Lalo refuses.

REX
Go on, take it, mate.

LALO
Yeah, who am I kiddin'. Not a penny
to my name. Thanks.

Lalo frustrated, grasps the roll tight.

REX
Look! Lalo, I promise, I will make
it up to you. I promise, mate. We've
come a long way, in a short time.
You're the only one I trust.

LALO
Equalmente.

Lalo shoves the money in his pocket. Pregnant pause.

LALO (CONT'D)
But, nothing less than a million.
Don't call me for nothing else.
Nothing personal, I just want my
space. A million.

REX
Nothing less, my friend.

LALO
Right down the middle. You hear.
Then we disappear.

Lalo and Rex shake hands. Lalo and Rex turn and walk away in opposite directions simultaneously. Nacho follows Lalo.

END OF FLASHBACK.

Caption: ten years later

BACK TO:

INT/EXT. EVENING. LALO OUTSIDE STUDIO 54, SMOKING.

Acadia rehearsing with a YOUNGER MALE DANCE PARTNER (very fit and handsome). A couple of pairs of ADULT ASBOS are inside the studio dancing. Lalo stood under a streetlight, takes his last drag and tosses his cigarette butt in the dirt, then lights another one. Nacho sat beside him, preoccupied with the noise from the studio. Lalo pulls out his phone, calls Rex.

ADULT ASBOS, eclectic mixture and age of average looking folks and Goths, bikers, drag queens, people with tattoos and piercings.

Sound: crickets chirping and alligators croaking.

Background music (as coming from the studio): Gotan Project, "Whatever Lola Wants Lola Gets"

LALO

Well, long time, mate... A girl? You mean, Acadia. She still kinda helps me out around here and what not. Paying the bills with money I don't got...

LALO (CONT'D)

It was you, she hung up on, the other day? Sorry 'bout that. She's great at dodging calls. She's not a receptionist...No man, we're just - dance partners really... Yeah. There's this competition coming up soon... Tango, yeah... Buenos Aires. I scraped up enough to get me there and a bit more. We should meet up. You'd love her. She's...

Lalo looks at Acadia briefly.

LALO (CONT'D)

Do I like her? The real question is, Does she like me?

Lalo stares at Acadia dancing with another YOUNGER MALE STUDENT (thug type).

LALO (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, no. She and Nacho have a thing going on, though. They even dance together... He's in love with her... Is she any good? Yeah, best I've had, ever. For tango. But, you should see the two of them, though. Way better than you and me together, *amigo*.

Nacho gets up, walks to the studio door, opens it and enters. Lalo watches Nacho abandon him.

CONTINUOUS.

LALO (CONT'D)

So, *diga mi*.... Yeah, the hurricane. Which one, they've got a couple of 'em out there?... Tempest, yeah I heard about it. That's gonna be a son of bitch... Might!? Look geezer, that hurricane has the Caribbean written all over it. From east to west. Think so?... It's gonna cut right through all them islands. Like a giant razor blade. Then, hit Belize. Made me think about you, actually. When I saw it, on the news today. And it might be headed this way, afterwards. Another Cat 4. Just what we need around here. These fuckin' hurricanes these days. Hoppin' and skippin' all over the fuckin' place. Like they're lost. Before it used to be point A to point B. Now, it's E, F and G.

Lalo drops his cigarette on the dirt and steps on it. Pregnant pause.

LALO (CONT'D)

A job! To get me outta here? Look man!.. Rex, what kinda job?

Lalo mashes the cigarette underfoot.

LALO (CONT'D)

Man, I'm done and dusted. It's been 10 long years... Another boss?... No, I'm not even discussing it... Not interested... Nope...

(MORE)

LALO (CONT'D)

It's not worth the trouble,
especially if it's anything, like
last time. Look Rex, you're getting
me all upset now, man... You know
how zen I am. I don't like upset.

Lalo pulls out anther cigarette, puts it in his mouth.

LALO (CONT'D)

That's why I haven't bothered with
you, all this time. Cause I know you
were gonna come back to me with some
shit like this... Well, thanks for
respecting my wishes. I knew you'd
understand. Look, if it wasn't for
the hurricane, I wasn't even calling
you.

Lalo goes to light up his cigarette, then stops. A group of
CHATTY CLUB KIDS (4) dressed retro '80s disco, pull up to the
studio, in an ugly hooptie vintage car. CLUB KID NO.4 drives.

LALO (CONT'D)

Different, how? What are you talking
about, different... Better for who,
you or me? Or, both of us? I'm
completely sober now. No booze, no
drugs, no nothing - not even grass.
It's been hell kickin' it. I had
times when I climbed the walls. I
nearly tore this place down with my
bare hands, literally. Then I had to
build it back again. Have you any
idea, what it's like? Sometimes I
wanted to kill myself.

Club Kids exit car and walk up to the studio. Lalo turns
their way.

LALO (CONT'D)

(to Club Kids)

It's 10 bucks a head, for the
lessons. We close at midnight. And
take off those fucked up, shoes.
You've even scratched lines in the
dirt with 'em. Look! Have a look!

Club Kids look at their shoe soles, confused.

LALO (CONT'D)

Those worn out ol' heels. They'll
ruin my floor.

Lalo, back to Rex.

CLUB KIDS

Ten bucks!

CLUB KID NO.2

Man - we're students. Don't that count for something?

Lalo ignores the Club Kids.

LALO

(to Kids)

The only students that dance for free are juvies. (to Rex) Every Sunday night, some of 'em come here dressed like Saturday Night Fever. I'd bounce 'em, but I need every goddamned dime.

Club Kids look inside the windows, then take a closer look inside, confused by tango dancing.

LALO (CONT'D)

So, a better class of boss. When?.. Before Tempest hits? How much?... Fucker, no shit. That much, eh?...Well, you're always the man with the plan. So, what's the plan?

Lalo turns to speak to the Club Kids.

LALO (CONT'D)

It's tango. From Argentina. South America. I know I don't look Latino, but I am. And half German.

Lalo continues with Rex.

CLUB KID NO.1

Tang? What the hell kinda dance is that? I thought this was an 80s disco thingy. Like in New York. Never trust Trip Advisor.

CLUB KID NO.2

Not Tang. That shitty, powdered astronaut drink. He said, "Tan-go".

CLUB KID NO.4

The astronauts don't drink Tang in the space station, anyway. They drink Sunny D. I saw it on TV.

CLUB KID NO.1

You believe every single thing you see on TV? Most that shit ain't for real. You better know a green screen when you see one.

LALO

Doing what?.. Scuba diving!?!.. I told you. Or, has it been that long, that you don't remember.

CLUB KID NO.3

(to Kid No.4)

No, Tang, that was from when they were walking on the Moon. Back in the day.

CLUB KID NO.2

They look cool. The music is dope. Check out that geezer in the zoot suit.

CLUB KID NO.4

Come on! Let's try it.

CLUB KID NO.3

With what? Each one a y'all already owes \$5 for gas, from last week. And that's not counting what you owe me for this week.

CLUB KID NO.2

OK. We give you \$30. So you can pay to get us in.

CLUB KID NO.3

Fuck you, dude! My car. My rules. Anyway, I don't want to be dancing with no partner like that. I want go where I can, shake, shake, shake, my own booty. Come on, let's drive to New Orleans and find a real disco.

Club Kids walk back to their car and get in. A MIDDLE AGED GAY COUPLE enters, walking to the studio, sees them.

MIDDLE AGED MAN NO.1

(excited)

Look! So, disco's back. I see.

MIDDLE AGED MAN NO.2

For what? It was awful the first time around.

MIDDLE AGED MAN NO.1
 (disappointed)
 Heaven help me.

Club Kids drive off. Lalo takes the cigarette out of his mouth.

REX
 I finally got myself into rehab,
 after I nearly died from an overdose
 five years ago. Since then, I've
 been clean. So, I do know. We've
 both been there and back. We can
 both move on with our lives. And,
 live better, after this gig, mate.

LALO
 OK, you've been frying your brains
 out. But, don't you remember
 anything? Man - I'm aquaphobic. So,
 what else you got?

Pregnant pause.

LALO (CONT'D)
 Nothing, nothing else. Well, I'm
 out, then. Nice chatting with you,
 mate. Stay safe and sober.

Rex continues talking. Lalo puts the cigarette back in his mouth and goes to disconnect then changes his mind, then takes the cigarette out of his mouth.

LALO (CONT'D)
 Fuck it! OK, I'm in... You, can't
 help me with it?.. No, I got it
 wrong. You've got somebody to help
 me with it. You know a guy...Like I
 done told you. I've had this problem
 since I was kid... Besides, last
 time I nearly got a reservation and
 confirmation to The Plantation.
 Angola - remember, just so you don't
 forget...Look, man. Look, mate...
 No, nope. I'm not interested in
 doing sharecropping on The River...
 I'll end up in the ding wing or
 doing the dutch. You my friend, have
 a clever way of dodging nails. But,
 it seems, I don't. So, I'm done.

Lalo puts the cigarette in his mouth, lights it and smokes.

LALO (CONT'D)

OK, so the job's not here, in Louisiana... It better be some place I'd like?.. A dive, 20 feet? 20 feet down? In the water? Me, in 20 feet of water? You really want me to suicide myself. I can't for the life of me... Man, don't mess with my mind like that. Help me! Help me what? What - get over it?.. I know you, Rex. I know what you're doing, Rex... You're grooming me. Yeah, and in a couple hours and POOF! It'll vanish from me, just like that. After all my life with this. What the hell are you talking about, Rex? Are you, on something?.. Are you sure you're not? You sound like it... You - clean for 5 years? I drop off the planet and now you're clean... And I had you for hard core. I called you. But, I really expected to find out, you're dead in some shooting gallery somewhere, OD-ed... So, you didn't. Well, there's hope for the world after all... You knew I've been clean for 10 years... So nice of you keeping tabs on me... But, I was a lightweight compared to you. You were a fucking needle freak.

LALO (CONT'D)

So we've both come a long way, not to look back 'eh... Yeah, we beat that demon, one day at a time... What about my other demon?

LALO smokes, again.

LALO (CONT'D)

What are you talking about?.. I can do it if I truly want to... Well, he better work wonders for me, in three days...No, not water all together. I just won't touch deep water or this nasty sit around here... How deep will I go? Doesn't matter... 20 feet is well over my head, innit? And especially not in the open. You know, the waves. No waves. Like where you talking about?... Belize! Nice, very nice...Do I want to overcome it? Are you insane?..

(MORE)

LALO (CONT'D)
Do I want to get the hell outta
here? *Cabron!* Take a look.

WIDE SHOT: BLACKNESS OF THE SWAMP.

LALO
I'm surrounded by shitty water. And
another hurricane is coming... No,
I'm not gonna shut the hell up and
listen!... Alright, shoot.

Sounds: Wildlife (exaggerated)

Pregnant pause.

LALO (CONT'D)
My take, 500 grand, sterling pounds.
A million, like we said...Not
including expenses. That's extra.

FADE TO:

EXT. MIDNIGHT. TERREBONE PARISH, LOUISIANA - REMOTE LANDING
STRIP.

Acadia with Nacho shotgun, speeds off driving a red Corvette
convertible, leaving Lalo in the dust and waiting at the
landing strip. G6 plane lands.

Music ends: (Gotan Project, "Whatever Lola Wants Lola Gets")

FADE TO: BLACK.

EXT. DAY. ON THE ROAD TO A DESOLATE & ISOLATED BEACH.

Rex and Lalo are followed in the distance by a hooptie jeep.
Rex and Lalo park, then exit his old Jeep and hurry to a hut,
quite a distance away, on the near the shore. Where SHAMAN
(dressed in white) is sat mending a hammock, with his Jeep
parked nearby. SHAMAN: 60s. Asian Indian. Small-build.
Attractive. Very resonant, ASMR voice, gravitas, free spirit
and master scuba diver. He moves slowly and deliberately.

DEECH and DONG: 40s, average build, unattractive (DEECH more
so) looks and build. Both first time, small-time indie drug
dealers and bungling idiots, former bag men. Dong a bit
smarter. Deech nervous, jittery-type, stalking Rex and Lalo.
They figured out Rex and Lalo are going to the Shaman, but
don't know why. They've parked a distance away, off the road
and walked the rest of the way.

They know Rex, has a reputation for being a maverick and loner, so they're very curious. They think Rex and Lalo are planning a job, that they want a piece of the action. But have no idea what's involved or skills needed. They're hid behind some bushes, then slowly and clumsily move in for a closer look and eavesdropping.

REX

Not sure? Come on, mate. Look, don't get cold feet, not now. Besides, how the hell else are you gonna get back home - living the high life?

Lalo stops. Rex stops. They both look at Shaman.

LALO

Him? Are you sure?

Lalo takes a cigarette out, lights it and smokes.

REX

Look! It's all sorted. He's cool. No, he's better than cool. He's uber cool. I know what you're thinking. He looks a bit odd. But he's very deep, very spiritual. So connected to everyone and everything. I'm telling you. He's top man around here. With a dive log as thick as... Don't worry, mate. Let him work on you. He does magic, I'm telling you. And, you my friend, will never be the same, again. Look at me, I'm not. Thank goodness, right?

LALO

Yeah, you have turned yourself around. Well, I've tried everything else. What the hell, 'eh.

Rex and Lalo approach Shaman's hut.

REX

After you're done with him. You'll never feel fear. Or, need to escape. Then women, the drugs, nothing. All that negativity and self-doubt will leave you, mate.

Rex and Lalo stop walking.

REX (CONT'D)

He's the one helped me kick my drug addiction, that I thought I didn't have. He saw what I wreck I was and reached out to me. Now, I've given up all the entire racket. It's fucking bloody hard everyday. But, at least I'm seeing those things for what they truly are. Bullocks.

LALO

Hmm.

REX

Through him, I learnt what addiction is really about.

LALO

Me, too.

REX

I did whatever the fuck I wanted. Didn't give a shit, really. Except for you.

LALO

Me, too.

REX

Wait a minute, mate. I know you had a therapist. But, you ain't done nothin' yet. This is on another level. Let him work on ya.

LALO

Yeah, right. Man, you had me going. You know, like instant conversion.

REX

I know. It's powerful stuff. I'm not perfect. Ya know. But, I'm trying to do my level best. I feel like I'm on my feet. Look, you've always had your dancing to ground you.

LALO

Yeah, but you were a soldier.

REX

Yeah, but that didn't do shit for me, mate. That's where I got fucked up with drugs, in the first place.

(MORE)

REX (CONT'D)

How do you think I coped with all that? After being a killing machine. Smack, mate.

Pregnant pause.

REX (CONT'D)

And afterwards, when you get back home they toss you some dressed up tin and call you a hero. At first, I cried for those that didn't make it. But after awhile I considered them ones lucky.

Pregnant pause.

REX (CONT'D)

There's a famous quote that goes: "The soldier above all others, prays for peace. For it is the soldier, who must suffer and bear the deepest wounds and scars of war."

Pregnant pause.

REX (CONT'D)

Said by none other than US General Douglas MacArthur, WW2's No.1 hero. Since then, these wars, they...

LALO

Never stop.

REX

Honestly, I only signed up, to - get the hell outta Dodge and quit the nagging from my folks. Now, what I wouldn't give to hear them again... Ya know... And what did I end up doing, anyway? Saltwater for blood, mate. In every vein. Just like my Dad. I'm... The sea, it's a mistress ya know. A lover. I even live on the water.

LALO

It's your thing, man.

REX

Guess, so. But, this is it. Our last job. One more time and we're done.

LALO

You said it, brother.

REX

Look man, this water thing - he'll set you right as rain. I'm telling ya. Give it a go, won't ya.

Lalo takes another drag, then looks at his cigarette. Rex and Lalo continue walking towards Shaman.

LALO

Yeah? Maybe I'll even help me beat these butts.

REX

That wouldn't be a bad thing, especially diving. It'll increase our lung capacity. And give you more energy.

LALO

Really.

REX

Yeah. Smoking, that's just another crutch. With his help, I've learnt how to cope - with everything, much better.

LALO

Yeah, you look like a new man. Even took a couple of years off your face, I see. But, are you sure he's okay, though? The way he moves, like a taekwondo or something.

REX

No mate - more like Yoda. Unfuckwithable.

LALO

Did he have a diving accident or something?

REX

No, never. He's done dives everywhere. There ain't a body of water, he hasn't been in.

LALO

Damn!

REX

He's what's called: a commercial, deep saturation diver. You name it, he's done it.

(MORE)

REX (CONT'D)

Down to 900 feet, in 28 degrees,
salvage diving with zero visibility,
rescue and recovery, nuclear
reactors.

LALO

Nukes, no wonder. Shit, I'm a piece
of cake for him.

REX

Yeah.

LALO

Does he know anything about our - J-
O-B?

REX

No - no. And he won't be asking.
Good man he is, that one. Tends to
his own business. He don't give a
rat's arse about money anyway.
And once you get sorted out, we're
done and outta here. We won't be
worrying about it either.

Rex and Lalo in shouting distance from Shaman. Rex and Lalo
stop walking.

REX (CONT'D)

After you're done here. We go over
to El Heffe's, the boss's house,
have some dinner. Relax. And then we
do your first practice dive, OK.
He's got a massive pool, down to 20
feet. We go over the plan again.
Then hit the sack early. You'll need
the rest. You'll be good and tired.

LALO

Yeah. I can imagine.

REX

Then, you eat and rest, till the
early evening. I have a high energy
diet for you and everything. It's
all sorted. Then we'll do another
practise run, out there. With the
night vision kit. And hit the road
just before sunset.

LALO

Yeah, nighttime - that's the trick.
All that in the water.

(MORE)

LALO (CONT'D)

The fish and whatnot. It's not like a swimming pool, innit.

REX

Stop doing that. Don't think about it. We're lucky there's a full moon out. That'll help out. After, we go to the mainland, get the Humvee, the equipment, and head down south to make a few modifications to the bins. I got all the wielding tools and shit, there. Then we arrange everything. So when it's time, we're good to go.

LALO

Then we head west for the stash. Come back and load up.

REX

And go over the dive plan again on the way. I've done this dive in the harbour before, but never for this kind of payload. Since you'll've done your dive, everything, the process, the entire bit will be clearer to you. From start to finish. We'll rehearse and visualise it in our minds, till we have it down pat. The signals and everything.

LALO

What about 2-way radios?

REX

No 2-way. I don't trust it. You never know who's listening in. We got to be super quiet, mate. Super quiet. Noise travels over the water, better than on land.

LALO

When's the stash coming?

REX

It's ready and waiting.

REX and LALO continue walking toward Shaman.

LALO

You sure about everything then?

REX

Yeah. As soon as I heard about the hurricane, I stocked up on diesel, too. And stored it in my hut. Cause by now, I'm sure some desperate bastard has siphoned the tanks on my boats, bone dry.

LALO

You have hurricane gas shortage, around here?

REX

No - no, there's no gas shortage. Just greed and hoarding. You know they're talking about fracking and off-shore drilling, here?

LALO

For another Transocean "accident." With all this beauty, it'll be so fucked.

REX

Yep. And you ain't seen nothing yet. Wait till we go in the jungle. And tomorrow, on your open water dive. You'll swear you died and seen heaven on earth.

Shaman looks up and sees Rex and Lalo, in shouting distance from each other. Rex and Shaman hail each other. Rex and Lalo walk to Shaman.

REX (CONT'D)

Shaman. Hey, good morning, mate.

Rex and Lalo walk up to Shaman.

REX (CONT'D)

Namaste.

SHAMAN

Namaste.

Rex and Shaman greet and hug each other.

REX

Hey, man. How's it going?

SHAMAN

Good morning. Very well. How about yourself?

REX

Not bad. Not bad at all. This is my best mate, Lalo.

Lalo and Shaman shake hands.

SHAMAN

Yeah, Lalo. Right. *Mucho gusto.*

LALO

Egalmente.

SHAMAN

Rex told me about you, a couple of days ago. Nothing to worry about, mate. Loads of people can't swim. They just won't admit it. So, what exactly is your fear of the water?

Lalo turns and looks out to the sea, Rex and Shaman, likewise.

LALO

I can swim in a pool, except for the deep end. But, that!

Lalo shakes his head.

SHAMAN

Open water, waves, the deep.

LALO

Yep. Terrifies me. Makes me sick to my stomach, literally.

SHAMAN

Well, I can help you out with that. Cause, you can't get diving certification if you can't tread water, especially in the deep. Calm or choppy. We don't want you going out there to - feed the fish.

LALO

Feed the fish?

REX

You know.

Rex motions like me wants to vomit.

REX (CONT'D)

And, with a dive mask on? Not pretty.

SHAMAN

Not at all. Confidence, that's what you need. But, the good news is, you already have it. You just mislaid it, that's all. I'm here to help you find it and give it back to you.

Shaman walks over to a coconut tree and secures the rope on a hammock tied to the tree then ties the other end to another tree. LALO outs his cigarette in a pan of sand.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

But, lousy timing. Don't you think? With Tempest about to hit?

REX

Well, he's been planning and saving up for this dive holiday for years and years. Besides, you never know with these hurricanes, it's always a crap shoot.

SHAMAN

Yeah. But, it might stay the course. Especially since its skirting that high pressure.

LALO

Well, if that would push more northeastward and it just might, the damn thing would turn back toward the Atlantic, weaken and die. A couple of islands, hit. But, less of a problem for most of us.

SHAMAN

Yeah, you're right. You a weather watcher?

LALO

No. But, that's what 20 years in southeast Louisiana teaches you. Come summertime, keep your eyes on the skies.

SHAMAN

Yeah. So, just in case, think I'll head to Puerto Vallarta, by midweek. Good diving there, too. You guys, leaving?

Rex and Lalo caught off guard by the question.

REX AND LALO

Definitely!

SHAMAN

All the better. We best get started,
Lalo.

REX

OK. I'll leave you two, to get on
with it, then. Shaman, thanks.

SHAMAN

No worries, mate.

Rex exits and looks about, as if he's seen someone spying on them. He sees nothing, then continues to exit. Deech and Dong quickly duck back, worried and nervous they were spotted. Rex looks their way again, but sees nothing and continues to his jeep, enters and drives away. Shaman tests out the hammock, then sits.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Is this your first time in Belize?

LALO

Yeah, it's beautiful. I might get
myself a holiday house, out here.

SHAMAN

It's nice and laidback. Here, have a
seat.

LALO

You get hurricanes around here much?

SHAMAN

A few. But when we do, they are
wipeouts.

Lalo gets on the hammock, next to Shaman and steadies himself.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Now, Lalo. I just want to make sure
that I completely understand your
situation, OK. So I'm, gonna ask you
some questions.

Lalo gets a bit nervous.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

The more honest and forthright you are with the answers, the better it'll be for you. And, we can make good progress. All right?

LALO

Yeah, I got you. Shoot!

SHAMAN

Have you ever had or witnessed any sort of trauma or bad experience whilst swimming or near water? Accidents or bullying, when you were a kid or...

LALO

When I was seven, a kid came from behind and pushed me into the deep end of the pool. And then took off. I never found out who did it.

SHAMAN

What happened after that?

LALO

Well, I managed to get to the edge and saved myself.

SHAMAN

Well done.

LALO

Since then, I just don't like the deep nor the waves. I really don't like to be in water, where I can't touch my feet on the bottom. And if the water ain't clear and I can't see my feet - I don't go in at all.

SHAMAN

Well, that last one - won't be a problem around here.

Lalo looks out on the open water and gazes.

LALO

Yeah. It's nice, very nice. Clear. Turquoise blue. It's hypnotic.

SHAMAN

When you think about the deep water and the waves, what kind of images come to mind?

LALO

Images - 'ah. I feel - danger. The deep water. I can't stand up. And the water can't hold me up, if I swim out there.

SHAMAN

And what about the waves?

LALO

I think - in my mind, the waves will push me down, farther and farther, into the deep and trap me. Then I'll never get to the surface and I'll drown. They'll pull me out, farther and farther away.

SHAMAN

Am I right in saying that you don't trust the deep water?

Lalo looks at Shaman.

LALO

Yes. I don't mind being underwater. So long as I know I'm not in too deep, that I can't get to my feet. So being in deep water. I feel, I feel...

SHAMAN

So, you like to feel grounded, in control.

LALO

Yep, you've got it. When I don't, well - my chest gets tight. I kinda feel like that on a plane, too. When there's turbulence, you know. All that shaking about. Don't like it. I don't like the upset.

SHAMAN

We're going to reprogram, your brain and heart.

LALO

Hey man, I'm - not so sure...

SHAMAN

Lalo, what we're going to do is, work on changing your images and your feelings and your reactions toward deep water and waves.

LALO

OK. I see what you're sayin'.

SHAMAN

So that, when you're in the deep, you won't have the flashbacks of the trauma. And experience feelings of negativity or anxiety and panic, that you had as a seven year old. Trauma will stay with you, unless you break the cycle. When we're done, you're going to feel just as confident and safe out there, as you are, in shallow water. How does that sound?

LALO

Nice. Very nice. So how do we start?

Shaman slowly gets off the hammock, tosses Lalo a pillow and stands next to him.

SHAMAN

OK. Why don't you lay back and get yourself comfortable.

Lalo climbs into the hammock and gets relaxed with a pillow behind his head.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

All right then. You're relaxed?

LALO

Yeah, man. This is nice, very nice. So, what exactly are we gonna be doing?

SHAMAN

I'm going to help you, by using several steps. I'm not going to tell you what they are. Because I don't want you to focus on what they are. Or, finishing one, to get to the next. Just focus on what you're doing, in the moment.

LALO

OK.

SHAMAN

Now, you're going to do some breathing exercises.

LALO

All right.

SHAMAN

Now, just watch me. Press down on one side of your nose, like this. You don't have any blockage in your nose, sinus, whatever. Do you?

Lalo checks his nose.

CONTINUOUS.

Deech and Dong leave the bushes, sneak and creep around, hiding behind whatever they can find as cover, until they're within earshot of Lalo and Shaman.

BACK TO: SCENE.

LALO

No, its clear - both sides.

SHAMAN

All right then, hold down one side and breathe in and out slowly, through your mouth. Then switch sides straightaway and do the same thing, in through the nose and out through your mouth.

Shaman demonstrates. Lalo does as instructed, a bit awkward at first.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

OK. Now the other side. Good very good. Slowly. That's it. Good. You've got the hang of it.

Lalo continues.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Now, I want you to do that several times and close your eyes this time, OK.

LALO

All right.

Lalo does as instructed. Shaman walks a few paces away from Lalo's, for awhile.

SHAMAN

As you're breathing out, you're releasing all the negativity, the tension. The stress that you've been holding in, about the open water, the waves and the deep. Just let it go out with the exhales.

Shaman returns to Lalo's side and snaps his fingers over Lalo.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Breathe in.

Shaman snaps his fingers over Lalo, again.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Breathe out.

Shaman snaps his fingers over Lalo.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Well done. Very rhythmical and easy. Inward, tranquility and peace coming into your world. Outward, all the stress and tension. It's all coming out, all of it.

Shaman approaches Lalo again and passes his hand to-and-fro, over Lalo.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Lalo, slowly open your eyes. How do you feel?

LALO

Nice, its very nice.

SHAMAN

Now, think about the water. The deep water and the waves.

LALO

I still feel nervous.

SHAMAN

Do you feel uncomfortable, inside your body, that is?

LALO

Yes, tightness.

SHAMAN

OK, tightness - where?

LALO

In my chest, in my lungs.

SHAMAN

All right. We're going to continue onto the next phase. Which will help you to - be able to unlock your full potential. Just lay there for a minute. I'm going to get another chair. And I want you to sit back in it, OK. Just continue your breathing exercise again, like before.

Shaman exits.

Sound: Shaman rummaging through his hut. A couple of things fall and get knocked about.

SHAMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hold one side. Breathe in slowly - hold the breath. Press the other side, breathe out. And so on.

Shaman re-enters with a lounge chair and places it next to his chair. Then wrestles with it, to get the back upright.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

OK. Now Lalo, please continue your breathing, as you get up from the hammock and sit in the chair. Good, you're doing fine. Continue.

Lalo gets up from the hammock and sits back in the lounge chair. Shaman sits down in his chair and leans in.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Lalo how are you feeling?

LALO

I'm fine.

SHAMAN

I just told you about reaching...

Shaman slowly moves closer to Lalo and leans in.

LALO

Reaching my full potential, yeah. I got that. That sounds nice. I like that.

SHAMAN

Good. There are centres of energy in the body, at specific places.

(MORE)

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

The negative energy that's been held in; once they get tapped, they release negativity in your thinking, feelings, and behavior. And don't allow positive energy to flow through your body. So, are you ready to try that?

Shaman has the chair sorted.

LALO

Yeah, man - of course.

SHAMAN

First thing is, you need a mantra. An "instrument of thought." A short statement of acceptance about yourself. That you're going to say to help you, motivate yourself.

Lalo gives a look.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

For example, this is could be my mantra: Unlike most others, I move slowly. But I accept, that I, a slow poke and love myself even so. Now your turn.

LALO

So that's why you move slow. You're afraid.

SHAMAN

Yes, moving quickly makes me very nervous and tense and I panic. Because underwater, where I am most times... The force of the water, slows everything down. You see?

LALO

Yeah, right. That makes sense.

SHAMAN

But on land things move faster. No resistance. OK, now back to you and your mantra.

LALO

OK. Something that's true about me and not wanting to go in deep water.

SHAMAN

Yes!

LALO

I fear the deep and the movement of the sea. It frightens me. But I am no less, a person.

SHAMAN

Brilliant! Simple as that. Now say that out loud three times, slowly.

LALO

I fear the deep and the movement of the sea. It frightens me. But I am no less, a person. I fear the deep and the movement of the sea. It frightens me. But I am no less, a person. I fear the deep and the movement of the sea. It frightens me. But I am no less, a person.

SHAMAN

Very good, Lalo.

Shaman sits forward and holds his right hand out, perpendicular to his leg, about six inches above his knee (like he's doing a karate chop). The fingers of his left hand are cupped and perpendicular to his right hand, with his fingertips touching the side of his right hand in a gentle, but short up-and-down motion, tapping.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Say your mantra to yourself. And hold your hands like mine.

LALO

OK.

SHAMAN

Now - this is your, first meridian point, here. Start tapping and repeating your mantra, out loud.

LALO

Man, I'm not getting into karate, am I?

SHAMAN

After all this - you can get into whatever you want. Anything is possible.

Lalo does his hands as instructed.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

I'll do it with you. So, repeat
after me, OK.

Shaman and Lalo, at the same time, tapping the right hand
with the fingertips of the left one.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

I fear the deep and the movement of
the sea. It frightens me. But I am
no less, a person.

LALO

I fear the deep and the movement of
the sea. It frightens me. But I am
no less, a person.

SHAMAN

I fear the deep and the movement of
the sea. It frightens me. But I am
no less, a person.

LALO

I fear the deep and the movement of
the sea. It frightens me. But I am
no less, a person.

SHAMAN

I fear the deep and the movement of
the sea. It frightens me. But I am
no less, a person.

LALO

I fear the deep and the movement of
the sea. It frightens me. But I am
no less, a person.

Shaman stops, then Lalo stops. Shaman places his hands on his
knees. Lalo does likewise.

SHAMAN

So, how does that make you feel,
Lalo?

LALO

I find that hard to say.

SHAMAN

OK. So now we're going to change up,
your mantra, a bit.

Shaman sets his hands up again and starts tapping. Lalo does
likewise. Shaman says the mantra with more and more
conviction each time, Lalo does likewise.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

So like before, repeat after me:
Although I fear the deep and I find
it difficult to say that; I am no
less a person. I still love myself
and the universe loves me.

LALO

Although, I fear the deep and I find
it hard to say that; I am no less a
person. I still love myself and the
universe loves me.

SHAMAN

Although I fear the deep and I find
it difficult to say that; I am no
less a person. I still love myself
and the universe loves me.

LALO

Although I fear the deep and I find
it difficult to say that; I am no
less a person. I still love myself
and the universe loves me.

SHAMAN

Although I fear the deep and I find
it difficult to say that; I am no
less a person. I still love myself
and the universe loves me.

LALO

Although I fear the deep and I find
it difficult to say that; I am no
less a person. I still love myself
and the universe loves me.

Shaman stops tapping and places his hands on his knees. Lalo
does likewise.

SHAMAN

Well done, Lalo. Now, follow after
me.

Shaman taps, just above his brow bone at the centre of his
eyebrow, with his index and third fingers, gently. Lalo does
likewise.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Fear of the deep.

LALO

Fear of the deep.

SHAMAN
Fear of the deep.

LALO
Fear of the deep.

SHAMAN
Fear of the deep.

LALO
Fear of the deep.

Shaman stops and puts his hands down, but instructs Lalo to continue tapping and chanting.

<p>LALO (CONT'D) (chanting) Fear of the deep. Fear of the deep. Fear of the deep.</p>	<p>SHAMAN OK. So what's taking place now is that you're continuing to release negative energy.</p>
---	--

SHAMAN (CONT'D)
At some point you'll feel a tingling sensation in your hand. The one you're tapping with, or heat. Or, the feeling of steam rising out from your head.

LALO
All right.

SHAMAN
When that happens, let me know. So we can rid you of that negative energy. Now, start tapping here.

Shaman moves his index and third fingers to his right temple and taps there. Lalo does likewise.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)
Very good. Three times. How are you doing, OK?

LALO
Yes, I'm feeling fine.

SHAMAN
All right. That's very good. Now onto this meridian point. Keep chanting.

Shaman moves his index and third fingers to his right cheekbone, underneath his eye and off-centre, then taps there, three times. Lalo does likewise and chants.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Very good, Lalo. Now just here.

Shaman moves his index and third fingers to the centre of his philtrum and taps there, three. Lalo does likewise.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

That's fine. Keep chanting. How are you feeling?

LALO

I'm starting to feel the anxiety of when I got pushed into the deep end, by that bully.

Lalo stops tapping.

SHAMAN

OK. Close your eyes and go back and re-visit that event of you drowning in the pool.

Pregnant pause.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Are you there?

LALO

Yes, I'm there, struggling.

SHAMAN

Struggling to get to the surface of the water.

Lalo subconsciously starts to act out the scene, whilst seated.

LALO

Yes. Trying to figure out where I am? The water it's splashing everywhere. I'm thrashing about. I can't see and running out of air. The water is keeping me down. It's pushing me down. I need air. Which way to the edge of the pool? If I don't get air, I'm going to drown. I have to calm down, so I can find my way out of here. Slow down, think, relax. Look for the edge.

SHAMAN

Have you found it yet?

LALO

Yes, I see it. I'm swimming toward it. It's difficult. I'm fighting. I'm sinking. I've taken in water. It tastes awful. I'm choking. I'm sinking and struggling. But, just a bit more and I can reach it.

SHAMAN

Good, Lalo. Can you get your hand up out of the water and grab hold of the edge of the pool?

LALO

Yes, yes. I can feel the air on my hand. Then the cool ceramic tiles above the waterline, then the rim of the pool.

SHAMAN

Very good, Lalo. Well done.

LALO

I did it. I made it. I made it, to the edge of the pool. I saved myself from drowning. I'm exhausted. I'm coughing. Coughing my lungs out. But, I've pulled myself up out of the water. Now, I'm resting on my arms, on the edge of the pool.

SHAMAN

You're safe now. You're OK.

LALO

It was after class, everyone else has gone in, so I thought. I'm just standing there, staring into the water at the deep end of the pool. Wondering what it's like. Then, I get shoved in. And now I know.

SHAMAN

The negative feelings are leaving your mind and your body, Lalo. And that's what we want - we want them gone.

LALO

Yes, they're gone.

SHAMAN

So, you already know what you need to do, to stay buoyant.

LALO

Yes, I do know. I have to relax.
But, I don't want to be afraid of
the water, anymore.

SHAMAN

Just focus on the fact that you
won't allow yourself to drown.

LALO

Yes, you're right.

SHAMAN

How do you feel?

LALO

Better, much better. More confident.

SHAMAN

Very good. So let's work on removing
the panic and anxiety. And the
fighting against the water.

LALO

OK.

Shaman taps the centre of his philtrum. Lalo does likewise.
Then Shaman extends his arm and points his index and third
fingers at Lalo then with a slow sweeping motion, swings his
arm out and to the right, then repeats once again.

SHAMAN

Tap here three times and chant
again.

LALO

Fear of the waves. Fear of the
waves. Fear of the waves.

Shaman taps just above the centre of his right eyebrow. Lalo
does likewise. Then Shaman extends his arm and points his
fingers at Lalo then with a slow sweeping motion, moves his
arm out and to the right, then repeat once again.

SHAMAN

Tap here three times and chant,
"relax and swim."

LALO

Relax and swim. Relax and swim.
Relax and swim.

SHAMAN

Now, place your hands on your knees.
Take a deep breath in, then let it
out, through your mouth.

Lalo and Shaman breathe together.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Now, what if I'd say to you; we're
going to do a swimming lesson out
there in the open water and go into
the deep?

LALO

Yes, I'm ready.

SHAMAN

Good, very good. How do you feel?

LALO

Like something is coming up and out
of my head - like a kettle, filled
with steam.

SHAMAN

OK. Now we're cooking. Just let it
all come out.

Shaman bends his arms at the elbow, fingers extended and
rotates one hand over the other, in a fast spinning motion, a
few times. Then takes his right hand and does the sweeping
motion again, three times.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Where's the steam, Lalo?

LALO

All gone. I don't feel it anymore.
You know, in my dreams, I can swim
in the deep and even in dark water.

SHAMAN

Tell me more about that.

LALO

I've dreamt of being tossed
overboard at night, into the ocean.
And swimming in rough water and
swelling waves. And diving into the
sea and swimming with the fish and
the dolphins.

SHAMAN

That's good, very good.

LALO

There's one dream that I have often.

SHAMAN

Which one is that?

LALO

I'm floating on my back, in the water of this beautiful crystal clear, deep blue, round, natural pool, in the open water. I don't know, maybe a bay or someplace around here. But, it's so peaceful. Just me. I'm so free.

SHAMAN

You've always known that you could overcome this fear of the deep and the waves.

LALO

What you doing - moving your arms? What was that?

SHAMAN

Remember how I mentioned: centres of energy in the body, at specific places?

LALO

Yeah.

SHAMAN

Well, all of that is your auric field, your positive aura, in your body and surrounding you. And there were things invading it.

LALO

I see.

SHAMAN

My movements, allow the negative energy to pass along and lets your aura flow shield you completely. Now I want you to think about the different kinds of water that create obstacles for you. Those you've feared. The deep, the murky, the waves. What do you think about them, now?

LALO

I don't feel scared of them or feel that tightness in my chest.

SHAMAN

That's good. Remember the water does support you, it will hold you. You know this. Your body itself, is mostly water. So, just be a drop that blends into the water. You can swim in the deep without struggling. You were just holding on to bad experiences. But now, you've let them all go.

LALO

Yes, yes.

LALO (CONT'D)

All you've done here today, it's all your work. You've done all this. You've made all this progress. My part, was only to guide and witness your full potential. And ability to be your true self, without paralyzing fear, stress or anxiety. Full potential is everyone's birthright.

LALO (CONT'D)

I even feel like a more true... A better version of myself, now.

SHAMAN

You even look better, you have a good aura about you now. Than from when I met you, just awhile ago. It's quite liberating. Isn't it?

LALO

Yeah, I'm relieved and more aware.

SHAMAN

Very good. Glad to see it. So what I want you to do is, close your eyes. And picture yourself at the shoreline of this beach. I'm stood at your right side. The waves are breaking, close to the shore. It's windy, so the water is rough. And together we are slowly walking into the sea. How do you feel?

LALO
I'm fine. It feels good.

CUT TO: BEACH.

Music: Andre Rieu, "Blue Tango"

MONTAGE: 1. Lalo and Shaman dressed in Victorian-style bathing suits, both walk deeper and deeper into the rough sea. Lalo walking confidently into the water at chest high water, they pause. Shaman ahead, then Lalo continues into the deep, pass the breaking waves. Lalo swimming gracefully, treading water, doing the backstroke and treading water. Rex's dive boat is about a quarter mile out. Waiting for Lalo and Shaman, to go on Lalo's first dive, at the barrier reef where the waves are breaking. Lalo and Shaman swim to the boat.

2. Lalo head first, free diving off of Rex's boat swimming with fish.

3. Lalo alone, floating on his back in the middle of the Blue Hole.

End of montage.

Music ends: (Andre Rieu "Blue Tango")

CUT TO:

Deech and Dong have been looking on intensely and following the Shaman's instructions and have become hypnotised.

BACK TO: SCENE.

SHAMAN

Now, breathe deep. And listen to my voice and listen to your breath. Inhale through your nose and feel the positive calming and peaceful energy flow inward and blow out through you mouth, the negative tension and stress. The universe, the one voice comes in, and the chaos goes out and floats away. I'm going to count to three, then you will fall into a blissful state of deep relaxation.

Shaman snaps his fingers.

1. Calm

Shaman snaps his fingers.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

2. Deep tranquillity and...

Shaman snaps his fingers.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

3. Total relaxation. Now visualise an amazing beam of warm light swirling around your body, shielding you. The glowing light has moved above your head. Shining down on your entire body, cleansing and purifying it.

Shaman snaps his fingers three times.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

The light has entered you clearing out tension and calming your brain, your eyes. You can feel it relax your cheeks and your jaw.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Cleansing. You feel a coolness in your mouth. The light goes down through your throat to your chest, into your lungs - expanding them, in your abdomen - releasing your gut. It spreads to your arms, then into your hands, to your (speaking more rapidly) thighs, knees and your feet.

Shaman snaps his fingers three times, quickly. POV change between Lalo and Shaman. The vibration and energy of Shaman's words become visible and animate into Lalo's body.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Then swish - out through your toes, comes all the negativity. Your entire body is cleansed and calm and at peace. The light swirls around you again. Starting at your feet, swirling faster and faster, moving quickly up your body. Protecting you from foot-to-head. And you feel deep relaxation within.

Lalo relaxed and confident.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

My words are sinking deep into your subconscious. You are in control of our body.

(MORE)

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

You feel calm, secure, peaceful. You are a confident person, Lalo. The light is now swirling around and around your head.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. OLYMPIC-SIZED SWIMMING POOL.

Lalo getting ready to swimming at the deep end.

SHAMAN (V.O.)

Imagine yourself now, standing at the deep end of the swimming pool, gazing into the glittering water and your reflection. You step to the edge with your toes wrapped around the curve of the tiles and you're eager to dive into the deep water. (more rapidly) You can barely wait to feel your body slice through the warm water. You come out of the water and tread to the opposite end of the pool, with the most causal effort, gliding on the surface of the water.

BACK TO: SCENE.

SHAMAN

These images are now fixed in your mind, growing and expanding. You are enjoying these wonderful thoughts so much, the excitement, the anticipation. All of this is fixed in your brain. The images are getting bigger and bigger.

Shaman snaps his fingers three times, leans forward then holds onto Lalo's left knee for a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. OLYMPIC-SIZED SWIMMING POOL.

Lalo at the end of the high diving platform.

SHAMAN (V.O.)

Let the thoughts swell even bigger and bigger.

(MORE)

SHAMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(speaking normal) Now as you bend at the knees and swing your arms back; all in one motion you spring your legs, fling your arms forward, like and arrow you are diving into the water. You pierce the surface and into it's depths. Then spring back up, gliding below the surface. And as you body's inertia slows, you bend your body to the surface of the water. Now, you're swimming. First right arm bends and extends as you tilt your head and take a breath; kicking your legs in an even motion. Your right arm cuts through the water, as your left arm bends and extends, then cuts through the water. You rhythmically turn your head and take your breaths. And over and over again you make your strokes until you reach the other end of the pool. You easily and calmly propel yourself through the water. You are a confident swimmer and everything surrounding you reflects that confidence and is supporting you, just like the water is. Your aura, the universe, are surrounding you with love, propelling you through the water. Open your body and accept the beams of light to support you and build your confidence in the deep water.

BACK TO: SCENE.

Shaman leans forward and taps Lalo's right knee, three times very slowly.

SHAMAN
Let these feelings of confidence sink deeper and deeper and deeper into your mind. And become fixed in your mind. From now on, you will be a confident and strong swimmer in the deep, in the dark water and in the waves. Nothing will hinder you from reaching your goal. Let these images swirl around in your mind, just like the light. Always remember them.

Shaman sits back in his chair.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

In a moment, Lalo. I'm going to bring you back. Back to the present. When you are, you'll bring all of the good energy, aura and positive feelings and moments with you. You'll feel as if a great burden has been lifted from you. Replaced by inner peace and confidence. With each number I say, your confidence as an excellent swimmer will build more and more.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

10. Coming back into the present. 9. Becoming more awake. 8. Become more aware of your surroundings
(forceful voice, more rapid)
7, 6, 5, 4.

Shaman snaps his fingers with each number.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

3, 2, 1. You're in the here-and-now, Lalo. Take in a deep breath and exhale. How does that feel?

LALO

I feel as if I've been gone away somewhere. Somewhere amazing, that I can't even describe. I can't find the words.

SHAMAN

It's called your full potential. Your A-game. And you will like being there, all the time - from now on. If anything interrupts or hinders you from being there; move it out of your way, out of your mind. Got it.

LALO

Yeah.

Lalo in a state of ecstasy.

CONTINUOUS.

Deech and Dong awaken as if from hypnosis. blaming each other for falling asleep on the stakeout.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENING. EL HEFFE'S HACIENDA - MASSIVE OUTDOOR
SALTWATER, INFINITY SWIMMING POOL.

Lalo first dive lesson. Rex checking all of LALO'S equipment and gauges, then stands along side Lalo, ready to dive in the deep end, feet first. Deech and Dong spying in the bushes.

REX

OK. You're good to go. You focused?
Ready?

LALO

Yeah, man. Let's do this.

Rex steps to the edge of the pool, then Lalo. They both pause.

REX

On three. Together.

Lalo nods.

REX AND LALO (CONT'D)

1-2-3!

Rex and Lalo dive in.

CUT TO:

Deech and Dong in the bushes. Deech looking through binoculars at Rex and Lalo. Dong is half-way interested.

DONG

All that hypnosis and shit, just to dive in a swimming pool. I mean, it's a nice pool and all - but come on!

DEECH

Shut up, man! It's his practice dive. He's got to go on a practise dive before he does the real thing.

DONG

Alright, my man. Don't get all upset with me. I didn't know! This is El Heffe's hacienda. Are you listening to me?

Deech preoccupied.

DEECH

What! Yeah, I know!

DONG

Look, you're not from around these parts. You don't know him. And you don't mess with him. This is his domain.

Deech still disinterested and preoccupied.

DEECH

Yeah, whatever. But, what the hell is Rex doing with a partner? He's a maverick. A loner. Never works with anybody.

DONG

Maybe they're just going on a dive somewhere. Like the Seychelles or Australia. I wish I had the money, I'd be outta here before that damn hurricane hits. When we gonna evacuate?

DEECH

Ssssh! We're not goin' anywhere. We're staying right here and doing whatever they're doing.

DONG

And what they doin'. Fucking around in a swimming pool. That's all I see. Two guys fuckin' around in a pool.

DEECH

That house happens to be owned by a drug kingpin. El Heffe would not have them in there if they weren't doing a job for him. Rex must be training his friend, for a huge one, I bet. That's why he needs a partner.

DONG

What! A transfer? How you gonna transfer all the stock he has, outta here, by Wednesday night. When the hurricane is supposed to make landfall? We need to have an evac plan.

DEECH

What plan? I told ya, we're not going anywhere.

(MORE)

DEECH (CONT'D)

You don't think he's gonna let everything wash away, do you?

DONG

Fuck that shit! This is the storm of the century.

DEECH

That's what they all say. They said that about the last one. And nothing happened. It didn't even pass a Cat 2, and came no where, near here.

DONG

Well, this time, they got it right. I'm telling you. (pointing to the sky). But, they're - fucking it up, up there - and we the ones that pay the price, down here. I'm telling ya keep looking up, you'll see them crazy patterns in the sky.

DEECH

Will you shut up!

DONG

I've gone through my check list. I've already packed my essentials. And, packed a bag for you, too. Plus, dried food. All the bottled water is gone. I couldn't get, but one jug. That's alright though. I'll purify some myself. I got some ol' copper pots.

DEECH

Sssh! I'm trying to see what they're doing.

DONG

How ya gone see? When dey under the wata, man. Besides, El Heffe's probably got all his stuff stashed somewhere real safe. Like deep in the jungle, man.

DEECH

Yeah, yeah.

DONG

I didn't have money to buy diesel for the boat, nor for the jeep. We're running on fumes, I tell ya, mere fumes, now.

DEECH

Dong, don't worry about it.

DONG

That's why I'm so broke man!
Spending all my little hard earned
cash on hurricane preparations.
You'll have to come up with the
money for the fuel. Can't find any,
anyway, anywhere. You can't, not
now. It's sold out, from yesterday.
Everywhere. That's every time, the
same thing with these hoarders.

Rex and Lalo at surface.

CONTINUOUS.

REX

You're looking good. All them years
of dancing have paid off. You've got
good coordination and balance. And
you know how to move, very graceful.
Most important thing of all.
Relaxed. Underwater, ballerina.

Rex laughs.

LALO

Otherwise, I would take that as an
insult. But, from you - that's a
compliment.

REX

Being relaxed, you think clearer.
Keeps you from making stupid
mistakes and burning up your air.
Besides, you can't fight the force
of the water, you gotta work with
it.

CUT TO:

DONG

That's all I'm saying, Deech.

DEECH

Will you please cease and desist
speaking! Look! They're out!
Shit! I can barely hear them.

DONG

That's cause they not talking, to
you.

(MORE)

DONG (CONT'D)

You know who might have some diesel and a boat? My Aunt Tilly. She's already done gone, inland. She don't fuck around, like we do.

El Heffe enters and stands at the edge of the pool. Rex and Lalo swim to him. El Heffe squats down, Rex introduces Lalo to El Heffe and chat briefly. El Heffe stands and exits. Rex and Lalo go back underwater.

DEECH

Shit!

DONG

Too late now. Dey gone.

DEECH

No joke. All I could hear them say were tree things.

DONG

And what might they be?

DEECH

Tomorrow night, Shell, Castle. Oh, and harbor. If you weren't talking so damn much, I woulda heard more.

DONG

They not words, dem last two. They places, my man.

DEECH

Places?

DONG

I'm telling you. And no where around here, my friend. We talkin' the mainland. Both temple ruins, *El Caracol*, that's the huge one. And *El Castillo*. That one, they say it's haunted.

DEECH

Haunted! Come on!

DONG

The story goes way back to the 12th century when we native people were here, alone. Most of us, them invading barbaric mutants, they killed. There was this young woman, she was a princess, she use to go into these very deep trances.

(MORE)

DONG (CONT'D)

People use to think she was dead sometimes, but then she'd wake up. And tell them about her dreams and visions, ya know. One time, she went so deep in a trance, it was days and days she didn't wake up. So they all thought that she was really dead this time. So they took and prepared her body for the afterlife and wrapped her all up.

DEECH

You mean like a mummy.

DONG

Yeah, a mummy. To be buried inside The Castle. Just like all her dead family.

DEECH

Yeah, go on.

DONG

Only she wasn't dead. She woke up imprisoned and completely sealed up. Deep in the heart of the temple, in her tomb. So now, she's a spirit and has free rein of the place. I guess she can't go wherever it is you suppose to go when you're dead, cause they murdered her. She can even walk through solid stone walls.

DEECH

Aw, now you're shitting me, man. How thick them walls?

DONG

Don't matter, how thick? Have you ever seen anyone: abnormal, certifiably insane or legally stupid - walk through stone walls?

DEECH

I'm just saying. You know it could be some kind of foam, looking like stone. They do have them you know.

DONG

No shit! So, all this time, we've been fooled.

(MORE)

DONG (CONT'D)

That's what all our pyramids and them, all over the world are made of, fake stones of plastic. Ya learn somethin' new everyday.

DEECH

I dunno, I'm just saying.

DONG

But, in answer to your question, if I believe in ghost or not. Whether I do or don't, is irrelevant. Whether they exist or not, is.

DEECH

If they do exist. I wanna see one. Anyway, your Aunt Tilly has a boat with diesel. So we can get to the mainland.

DONG

No joke. You was listening. Only thing is, Brutus.

DEECH

Who's Brutus?

DONG

A vicious 60 pounds of muscle, bones and all teeth, Rottweiler. That's master and commander of her boat. And, I am deathly afraid of. He won't let anyone go near it. Even me and I'm family. And, he doesn't travel well, by car or plane. That's how come he got left behind.

DEECH

It would only be YOU, that's afraid of some crazy dog, turned sea captain.

DONG

This is no lie I'm talkin' 'bout. That dog can start the motor, steer - he can even dock and tie the moorings.

DEECH

Shit, man! Then, what do I need you for.

Dong switches on a torch, turns and starts walking through the bushes. Deech follows.

DONG

Absolutely nothing. I been meaning to quit you, for the longest time. You don't do right by me no how. Just give me the 40 bucks you been owing me. So I can hustle some gas, from one of them hoarders, take my jeep and cut out. I'm ready to get the hell outta here, like I done told you. You and Brutus can team up. If he don't tear your arm off, first. He don't like co-pilots.

Deech stops walking. Dong continues walking.

DEECH

Come on, man! This's got to be the big one, the mother lode. Not one, but two locations. I bet you.

DONG

Bet! I just said, I'm broke. When it comes to paying up, you're deaf. Anything else, you're all ears.

DEECH

I'm telling you. Look at what all they're guys are investing in. The diving, that Humvee. Don't quit on me now. It's 50/50 down the middle. Plus, all the china white, yellow jackets, Acapulco gold, Panama red, heavenly blue, brown, brownies and Black Russian - you can bang. To blast your fucking mind.

Deech stops. Dong turns to talk whilst walking on.

DONG

I don't get my head banged up, like you. A bit of the herb and I'm fine.

DEECH

OK. Forget about all that, alright. So you're chippy. I'm a stoner, That's why I need you.

DONG

No you don't. You got Brutus. If you try to even give him weed, he says, No.

DEECH

Yeah, but think of the money?
OK, you want a plan, here goes. We
find, The Stock. Take - just some of
it, just a fraction.

DONG

You! Just a fraction? Yeah, right.

DEECH

Of course, a fraction. I don't want
us to get whacked.

DONG

Deech, you're smacked.

DEECH

Look, we keep it safe somewhere.
Say, with Brutus, our adopted thug
dog.

DONG

Why you counting him? He might have
his own deal going on. Or, otherwise
gainfully employed. Just gimme my 40
bucks. So I can go leave town.

DEECH

Where you gonna go?

DONG

Since you're not coming. None of
your concern.

DEECH

OK, the storm hits, like you said.
Storm passes. Life goes on. People
need drugs. So we're open, 24/7/365.
Come on, man! You know how my vision
is. I can't drive in the dark. We
can't do this without you.

Dong stops.

DONG

What are you talking about? I've
seen you drive. You can't drive -
day or night.

DEECH

OK. You're right.

DONG
 Stop begging. Consider this my
 letter of resignation.

Dong switches off the torch, then exits. Deech is in the
 pitch black, with only the moonlight.

DEECH
 Wait up, Dong! Hold up! I can't see.
 No joke. It's pitch black out here,
 man. You know I can't see in the
 dark. I don't know my way to the
 beach.

DONG
 (yelling back)
 Listen!

DEECH
 Listen! For what?

DONG
 The waves!

DEECH
 What waves?

DONG
 You're on a fuckin' island.

DEECH
 Come back, man. Come on. No kiddin'
 now.

Deech stands still.

DEECH (CONT'D)
 Dong? Dong? Dong?

Music: Antonio Torrini Avicenne, "Her Love Affair With Tango"

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. TWILIGHT AND LIGHT FOG. TWO-WAY ROAD.

Rex is driving with Lalo asleep, headed into the jungle. Rex
 following sat-nav, all of a sudden it switched off. Rex a bit
 unsure, continues driving.

Sound: Howler monkeys.

Belize/Guatemala politics: both countries have been in a border dispute since the 15th century, with the Treaty of Paris. Since the 1940s there have been skirmishes. In 1981 (following Belize independence) a British Army deterrent force was deployed. Belize has been training ground for the British military. Currently, a few British Army personnel remain stationed there.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. TWILIGHT AND LIGHT FOG. TWO-WAY ROAD.

Deech and Dong in their jeep parked alongside the road at the junction to the first pick-up site. Deech is awake on the lookout. Dong is asleep.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. LATER. FOGGY. TWO-WAY ROAD.

Rex and Lalo come to a junction. Not seeing the correct sign, take the wrong road, which leads them further into the jungle and to the border, but off course into hostile territory of a bare bones drug rival.

Music ends: (Antonio Torrini Avicenne, "Her Love Affair With Tango")

DEECH

Where the hell is he going? Wake up!
Look!

DONG

We supposed to be following them and dey lost. Man, what kind of fuckery is this?

DEECH

We're screwed. Why didn't we just wait at the Castle?

DONG

Cause, I don't know the way. I've never been to The Castle, cause of the ghost. And my sat-nav is broke. I can't get a new one cause, you owe me 40 bucks. But you're broke. And, he's headed in the wrong direction. We need to go north.

DEECH

They'll turn back around. We wait.

Dong, pulls off, to the side of the road and parks.

CONTINUOUS.

Rex finds it difficult to drive, the road gets increasingly slippery, bumpy, with potholes, shallow muddy running water and overgrown by jungle. The Humvee finally gets stuck. Lalo awakens and looks around.

LALO

Ah, Rex. How long we've been off road?

REX

About a half hour. I've been round here before. But, with all this fog, mate, I took the wrong damn side of the fork in the road.

LALO

(pointing to sat-nav)
And this?

REX

Dead, for the past hour. We're so deep in the jungle. As soon as we get outta the thick of it. It'll reset.

Lalo pulls out his phone and checks it.

LALO

No signal.

REX

Well, I guess we best get unstuck and turn this bad boy around.

LALO

Yeah. I'm looking forward to it.

REX

Wait a sec. This Humvee has a reverse wench. We just need to hook it up. And, we'll be back on track, in no time flat.

LALO

So, you know how to do all that?

REX

Being a soldier does come in handy, at times.

Rex opens the door and looks at the muddy water flowing on the ground, from flooding. Closes the door, then stops for a moment, turns the cab light on. Climbs over the first seat and digs around in the rear of the car for rain boots.

REX (CONT'D)

I even have these. And a pair for you mate.

LALO

What's that?

REX

We call them wellies. But, I believe you say rain boots.

Rex tosses a pair of wellies over the front seat, to Lalo. Lalo collects them and holds them up by the top, examining them.

LALO

In Louisiana - they call them Swamp Nikes. Or, shrimp boots.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. NIGHT. TWO-WAY ROAD.

Deech and Dong parked, waiting.

DONG

Suppose they don't come back? Alive, that is.

DEECH

What are you taking about - alive?

DONG

Like I done told you, man. They're headed for the wrong part of the border.

DEECH

So - it's the border! So what!

DONG

You don't understand, being you a foreigner. You not from these parts.

DEECH

A fact that you remind me of constantly.

DONG

OK, let me catch you up on things around here. There's border patrol over on the other side. Around here is where the planes do the drops, on both sides of the border. The jungle is so dense, nobody else comes around here. After that, mules like dem, come and collect, transport it to the lab to cut. And then, to storage for distribution. For dealers like us. Or for the kinda dealers we wanna be. Like dem.

DEECH

So, how far's the border?

DONG

About 10 miles, sorry 6 kilometres.

DEECH

Shit! Man, that's too close.

DONG

The Castle is about 10 miles that way. And being they're heading south - the wrong way, they're headed to a totally different gang. A whole other kinda set-up. They won't be making it back.

DEECH

Unless they're "in" with them.

DONG

Don't make sense, my man. Cause that gang, they're shit. Selling watered down, coke zero.

DEECH

No, man! Rex, he wouldn't beat El Heffe like that. One thing, if you do right by him, he'll look out for you. Just look at the setup Rex's got. I worked for him, briefly. Till he caught me, trying to get a pinch.

DONG

Smart, real smart. But what they've got is, nice, real nice.

DEECH

What are you talkin' about nice? Man, that's a dream. Let me tell ya.

(MORE)

DEECH (CONT'D)

Heffe sacked me. I need work. So, I was trying to get on with him. I went to visit a couple of his boys. So, I get to the gatekeepers, right. They told me to roll up my sleeves, stand still and turn around. I guess he took one look at me, from wherever he was. But he wouldn't have me. Too ugly. They said, that's what he said - about me, The King. Rex, man.

Deech flips down the visor, turns on his phone torch and examines his face carefully.

DEECH (CONT'D)

Let me get your honest opinion on something. Do you think I'm that ugly?

DONG

Of course not. Everyone calls you *El Guapo*, when you're not looking and behind your back. You should see how they blaze with envy.

DEECH

I thought as much.

Deech admires his face in the mirror.

DONG

Well, all I've got to say is, heaven help dem, when they get there. With a brand new car like that one, they'll know they're mules. But not their mules. They use ol' beat-up Ford pick-ups. So, they'll be more than happy to relieve them of that Humvee.

DEECH

That is a nice Jeep. Well, its more than a Jeep - it's a tank Jeep.

DONG

And they'd be more than proud to take out a few rivals.

DEECH

That's the first thing I'm gonna nick, after we get our business going. It'll impress customers.

DONG

What's wrong with my jeep? This thing's got everything. Well, except for the sat-nav. Thanks to you. Otherwise - pimped out to the max.

DEECH

Nothing. Nothing's wrong with it. Its just that people say how ugly it is, behind your back, when you're not looking.

FADE OUT. FADE

IN.

EXT. FOGGY. BACK ROAD SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE.

Rex and Lalo entering the car after the ordeal of sorting it out of the mud. Rex starts the engine and drives off cautiously, over the bumps, potholes, still driving through the muck.

REX

'Bout how long did that take us?

LALO

Nearly an hour.

REX

So, we're late. 'Bout an hour late. Can't call out. Hef, ain't gonna like this.

LALO

Give me your phone, mate. Your's is way better than mine. Let me see if works. Between the jungle an this damn fog.

Rex hands Lalo his satellite phone.

LALO (CONT'D)

You can get the space station with this one.

REX

Well, it ain't like that's all that far. If you know what I mean.

LALO

How much did this one set you back?

REX

About 500. Pounds, that is.

LALO

No shit! Where's your other phone?

Rex reaches into a compartment and pulls out an old model mobile phone. Lalo puts down the satellite phone and examines the brick phone.

LALO (CONT'D)

You're joking, man. Get outta here with this. Fucking dinosaur. You're more nostalgic than me. Where'd you find this piece of shit?

REX

Held on to it, all these years. Don't tell me, you never had one of these? Don't knock my phone, mate. It's kept everything under wraps and untraceable, thus far. For this.

LALO

What happens when the battery dies?

REX

It already did. Loads of times. Hef, has a genius scientist for a son, that's working on some sort of concoction to re-energises all sort of batteries. No recharger needed. Perpetual energy.

LALO

Man, that's brilliant. A regular Einstein he is, then.

REX

He even looks a bit like him. But a bit, off. Ya know. I just hope he don't get to be like some sort of mad psychos. Like in them Bond films. With some ingenious idea that blows the entire place up in smoke.

LALO

Well, that's not far from fiction, man. Like Einstein. After working in a patent office, "comes up" with all these ways to fuck around with matter and energy. And, the next thing you know, we got atomic weapons.

REX

Yeah, you right. Come to think of it.

LALO

OK, get ready. This is one of his famous quotes, "I do not believe that civilization will be wiped out in a war fought with the atomic bomb. Perhaps two-thirds of the people of the earth will be killed."

REX

He actually said that? That's more than 4 billion people. You're joking, mate.

LALO

Wish I was. That was one fucked up man.

REX

I guess the remaining one-third will be hold up somewhere safe. Otherwise, you're in the killing fields.

LALO

What did he think, these crazies, in charge of this fuckery; would do with it.

REX

It's like Mr. Einstein, please. You've just discovered how to release into our Earth's atmosphere the most destructive force in the known universe. And now that you have you're coveted Nobel Prize. And time to reflect on your life's work and personal achievements.

LALO

Fame and money. And, turned your esteemed colleagues green with envy. What do you think will be done with your discovery? Once its under the control of: the most vicious, savage, greedy, corrupt, power grabbing, destructive, don't give a shit about anyone or anything - people - in the story of human existence?

LALO (CONT'D)

(in an airhead voice)

I hope it marks the end to suffering, hunger and a new era of world peace and prosperity.

REX

Thank you, Miss America. Take a well deserved bow. Some of these questions can be quite tricky. But you handled that one, like the genius that you are.

LALO

And so articulate, too. You don't get that combination everyday. Could use a bit of hair product and a personal stylist, but what the hell.

REX

What a treasure. You don't make it to first place on brains alone. Not on brains alone, ladies and gentlemen. And, all you wannabe geniuses out there in no one's land.

LALO

Here's another one of his quotes.

REX

You really follow this guy.

LALO

Well, it intrigues me on how the world worships these kind of geniuses. And everybody with normal common sense, is cheese.

REX

Spot on! So what did he say?

LALO

"The world is a dangerous place, not because of those who do evil and have the WOMDs that I nicked and my colleagues invented, but because of those who look on and do nothing."

REX

So, it's not their fault, the fuckers. It's our fault.

LALO

Spot on.

REX

Bollocks! Fuck that basterd.

Sound: sat-nav attempts to reset itself.

Rex and Lalo look at it, then Rex speeds up a bit. Lalo looks at the phone for a signal. No signal.

LALO

Nothing! So, El Heffe's son is a scientist?

REX

A chemical engineer, actually. And the daughter, she runs his businesses, from somewhere, undisclosed.

LALO

Man, that's nice. No lazy, dead beat kids.

REX

One thing about Hef, he don't believe in having anybody or anything that's useless. Last week we were by the pool chatting, about this job, in fact. His Apple came up with that, "updates in progress" box. So, he borrowed one of his men's guns and shot the screen, clean through the middle.

LALO

Don't blame him. I'm sick of all the bullshit myself. Everybody is.

REX

Afterwards, he said the only complaint his customers have is that they can't get his product, fast enough. So, he tells them quit nagging. You're getting hand delivery, 365/24/7. Not even Domino's gives you that.

LALO

Yeah, he's right. And it ain't like we can use FedEx either, ya know.

Pregnant pause. The road is smooth. Rex looks back.

REX

Wait a minute! We're nearly back on track?

LALO

Yeah?

REX

It was just a awhile after I left off this nice and smooth road, that I went wrong. We should be at the junction soon. This can be hostile territory around here. Look out for the sign, where the turn is. It's got a pyramid on it.

Sound: Sat-nav resets itself.

REX (CONT'D)

Man, let's go bunk this junk.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. NIGHT. TWO-WAY ROAD.

Deech and Dong parked alongside the road still waiting. Deech is looking out, Dong is sleeping. Deech sees the glow of headlights, through the fog in the distance.

DEECH

Wake up! They're coming. Turn the engine on.

DONG

No, I'm not turning the engine on. Dem monkeys stopped howling. It's so quiet around here now, they might hear us.

DEECH

They can't hear with the windows rolled up.

DONG

How'd you know if their windows are up or not?

DEECH

Yeah. You're right. We just wait.

Dong settles back down.

DEECH (CONT'D)

But, when they do come. You snap to it. Better yet, why don't you rest.

Deech puts his hand on the ignition. Dong pulls his hand back.

DONG

Man, what the hell's wrong with you!

Deech backs off.

DONG (CONT'D)

I'm just resting my eyes, dem.

DEECH

No you're not. You'll be out in 2 minutes and they'll be here. By the rate they're going and according to my calculations, in 10 minutes. I reckon.

DONG

Brilliant. Than wake me, then. You know, I'm the one that has stay up and drive all through the night. Cause you've been nicked so many times, you can't even get a license. And you can't even find a crooked cop to bribe or save up enough, for a fake one. Man, you're pathetic. But, that's a good thing. Cause you can't drive anyway,. If you got behind the wheel, you'd probably getaway safe. But, fuckin' kill somebody else. And, that'd probably be me.

Dong rests back and relaxes. Deech looks at the road.

DONG (CONT'D)

So, leave me be, for the last and final time. God damn it!

Pregnant pause.

DEECH

(whispering)

DING-DONG. They're here.

Dong sits up and looks at Rex and Lalo's car coming their way.

DONG

What happened to your brilliant calculations of distance; divided by the vehicle's rate of forward motion, plus the speed of light, multiplied by a near zero kilometre per hour head wind, plus the coefficient of friction.

DEECH

I don't know, man. They must've sped up.

Rex and Lalo come to the fork in the road and stop, see the sign, then turn off on the correct road.

DEECH (CONT'D)

There they go!

DONG

That's the way to The Castle, for sure.

REX quickly U-turns.

DEECH

What you waiting for? Let's go!

DONG

Wait! Look! They're coming this way.

DEECH

Shit! Let's fall asleep.

CONTINUOUS.

REX AND LALO.

REX

Wait a sec. What is that car doing all the way out here. On the side of the road?

Rex parks behind Dong's car. Rex gets his torch, switches it on. Rex and Lalo exit and cautiously approaches the car. They see Deech and Dong, sleeping. Rex raps on Dong's window.

REX (CONT'D)

Hey, what you doing out here?

DEECH

I could ask you the same thing.

Rex shines the torch, on Deech's face.

REX

(to Deech)

Don't I know you? Didn't you come round, to ask me for a job, once? And I turned you down.

DEECH

It wasn't me. Maybe it was my brother. He's way uglier. But, he's dead. I got a job. We're indies. We're here overnight filming the nocturnal wildlife.

Rex shines the torch in the back of the Jeep.

LALO

Where's your cameras and stuff?

DONG

It's in the jungle, all set up.

LALO

Well, you better go check. The river's overflowing, all that way, there. We got stuck in the mud.

REX

Yeah, you better check.

DEECH

Yeah, we'll check. Thanks. We're leaving soon anyway.

REX

Where you two headed?

DEECH AND DONG

The Castle. Ghost hunting.

REX

You're gonna film the ghost at The Castle? That's nothing but folklore, mate. You're wasting your time. Besides, they're drug lords hanging about, there.

DONG

Ain't you headed round there?

LALO

We never said where we're headed.

REX

Besides, we've got weapons. Ain't nobody gonna mess with us. Have you ever seen what a harpoon can do?

LALO

Pin you to a tree like a thumbtack. I'm sure you don't want to stick around and see that happen. To anyone.

REX

Nice chatting. But, we need to be on our way. Happy filming.

Rex and Lalo exit. Deech and Dong watch them.

DONG

Their eyes gonna be peeled now.

DEECH

Come on, man. Let's go!

DONG

Give some distance. Them harpoons travel. And I don't wan be on nobody's bulletin board.

DEECH

They're bluffing. We need to be worrying about El Heffe's thugs. They'd hook us and hang us out to dry in the jungle somewhere. Jaguar dinner.

CONTINUOUS.

REX AND LALO.

Walking on the road.

REX

I know that ugly one. He shakes like a leaf.

LALO

They're looking for crumbs. They better be careful.

REX

We don't have time for small time,
time wasters. Let Hef's thugs deal
with them.

CUT TO:

DONG AND DEECH.

Deech and Dong watch Rex and Lalo drive off. Dong turns on
the engine and drives off very slowly.

DONG

This damn fog, I hate it. So fuckin'
creepy. The ghosts, ghouls and
goblins are out tonight.

DEECH

Enough with all that spirit world
talk.

DONG

Enough of the spirit world? There's
a world of all kind of invisibility
around us all the time.

DEECH

Whatever, wherever.

DONG

Exactly.

Pregnant pause.

DEECH

I just hope they don't see us. Drive
slower. But not too slow. We don't
want to lose 'em. But not too fast
either. We don't want them seeing
us.

Dong aggravated.

DEECH (CONT'D)

I can't see a damned thing. It's
like a curtain. Ya know. Ya just
wanna... Put your bright lights on.
No wait. Not the brights. It's the
low lights, that we need. Which ones
do you have on?

DONG

(full on aggravated)

There's always fog around here, it's a valley. The Castle is up, in the mountains. Just shut the hell up and let me drive in peace. FYI: I had an ejector seat installed and guess who's sat in it. Whenever it is that you can safely operate a vehicle, then you can offer suggestions. My fog lights are on.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT, LIGHT MIST. REX AND LALO APPROACHING THE CASTILE RUINS SITE.

Rex and Lalo slowly drive on a densely forested narrow road.

REX

Try Hef's number, one more time.

Lalo dials. The call connects, but there's no one on the line.

LALO

El Heffe. Hef. Hef. Shit!

REX

Nothin', 'eh.

Lalo disconnects.

LALO

You think everything's still cool?

REX

I'd like to think so. But, my gut feeling tells me it ain't.

Sound: Heavy artillery rain down on them from LALO'S side of the car. REX and LALO duck down in the Humvee. The side windows are shot through. The Humvee body has bullet holes. REX speeds up.

LALO

Shit! Man! What the hell? This don't look like some fuckin' drive by, in the *barrio*. These *cabrons* have gone nuts. I'm telling you, fuckin' nuts!

REX

They don't know it's us.

REX stops after they're out of shooting range, at a clearing.

Sound: Shooting continues in the background.

REX (CONT'D)
Where's my other phone?

REX'S other phone has been tossed aside in the commotion, they search for it. REX finds the phone and dials.

REX (CONT'D)
Fucking, bloody hell! Hef's has got to call his dogs off!

Call connects.

REX (CONT'D)
Hef, man please, tell your guys, cease fire! We're late, I know. But damn, it's us!... At The Castle... Alright...

REX covers the phone's receiver.

REX (CONT'D)
He's checking. You didn't get shot, did you?

LALO checks himself out. REX checks LALO out for wounds.

LALO
No. No, I'm alright.

REX
Don't know how they missed us. They must be outta practise. Or, just trying to scare us. Otherwise...

LALO
Ambush.

REX
Hell, yeah! With all the bombs and broom sticks they've got. Fucking black hawk down on Omaha Beach.

LALO
Them guys, they charged up?

REX
No, no. Hef don't hire users of any kind. And he can spot heads, a mile away. He don't trust 'em.

(MORE)

REX (CONT'D)

His guys are merks, mate. Only merks. Except for you.

LALO

You got that right. I got no interest in killing. I've already done enough damage, without weapons.

LALO looks at the side mirror, as if he's seen something.

REX

They've got camera's in the trees and shit. All over the place. But they shoulda recognised it was me. I've been up here before. These guys never forget.

LALO

It's the Humvee. They don't recognise it.

REX

Yeah. Very well could be. Let's hope that's our only problem.

Gunfire stopped.

REX hears EL HEFFE is back on the phone.

REX (CONT'D)

Yeah, Hef. I'm listening... Yeah, it stopped... We thought as much... Look, you'll call ahead to the other pick up and let them know, right... Good. Thanks, Hef. Yeah, we're OK... A couple of scratches and busted glass. But, no worries, this bad boy is tough as a tank. But drives like a Land Rover. Oh, they're two amateurs, hungry for crumbs, they're tailing us. I know one of 'em. Just...Yeah, but don't give them a heart attack, please. They're harmless idiots. OK, will do.

REX disconnects, then turns the Humvee around.

LALO

Do what?

REX

He told me to sound my horn, loud and long. So they'll know it's us.

LALO

Man, let's get this blow and cut out!

REX speeds away and presses the car horn, several short blasts, then one long one.

Sound: loud car horn.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. LATER. LIGHT MIST.

Deech and Dong, very slowly approaching ruin site. DONG turns the car fog lights off.

DEECH

What the hell was all that about?

DONG

I don't know. But, I'm already over this job. We don't know what they came here for. What they're doing. That's if they're gonna do anything at all. If so, we don't know what. Or where they're going. They might be alive or maybe they're dead already. So why am I here? What's the meaning of it all?

DEECH

Look, man! Don't get all philosophic and existential on me. The shooting stopped, so let's just go see.

Sound: Car horn, long blast.

Dong follows the sound of the horn. Deech and Dong the wind is picking up. They can see through the patches of light mist, to the other side of the complex, to one of the smaller structures. Rex, Lalo and El Heffe's guards loading 2 tonnes of cocaine and heroine into Rex's Humvee. Dong parks and turns the engine off. Deech and Dong simultaneously grab binoculars and look through them adjust them and look again.

DEECH (CONT'D)

Mate! Do you see what I see? This is the motherfucking, mother lode.

DONG

I've never seen so much dope in one place at one time in all my life.

(MORE)

DONG (CONT'D)

They're gonna be here all night
loading all that.

Deech very quietly opens his door, sneaks out and walks slowly toward the front of the main temple.

DEECH

Come on! Man, what are you waiting
for, Jesus!

Dong very quietly opens his door and sneaks out, then lags a bit behind Deech.

DONG

Jesus! Jesus? Waiting on Jesus for
what? He ain't coming back here! For
what! He done done his job, last
week and split. Cause of the
hurricane.

Dong nearly catches up with Deech.

DEECH

Can you see 'em? Look, at all that!

Dong looks about cautiously.

DONG

How they gonna ship all that?
A plane maybe? Nah, to risky.

DEECH

Nothing could be that big enough, to
carry all that, without being
obvious.

DONG

Only a ship could take it, all in
one go, and...

Dong stops and looks about.

DONG (CONT'D)

There's something so very wrong with
this - situation.

SFX: The wind and mist suddenly intensifies and begins to make a funnel, luminescent and radiant white ghost. DONG sees the formation, then stands amazed.

DEECH

Come on, Dong! We're gonna miss
them. Dong! Dong?

Deech stops, turns around, looks at the funnel cloud.

DEECH (CONT'D)
What the hell's that?

Deech walks slowly toward it. DONG is stood on the other side still amazed it looks like a ghost to him.

DONG
It's the Princess, with fire in her eyes. It's true. She's just like they say.

The funnel reaches the altar, slowly at first and then faster, as the wind picks up more. Deech and Dong follow behind it at the same pace, to midway. Stones get loose and they falter, then a few more stones give way under Deech and Dong's feet, they stumble and fall to the bottom of the stairs and are knocked unconscious. The funnel vanishes through the steps at the centre of the temple.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. REX'S CATTLE BOAT.

Rex and Lalo are wearing their diving suits up to their waists. The boat is packed and ready, with the drugs in large containers. Rex is at the wheel checking gauges, the motor is running. Lalo loosens the mooring lines, jumps back in the boat. Rex pulls away from the dock quickly, headed to the dive site.

BACK TO: SCENE.

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS. LIGHT MIST.

Deech and Dong, very slowly awakening.

DEECH
Man, what the hell happened?

DONG
I dunno. But one thing's for sure I'm writing myself a will. And when I die: stick me with a needle, hit me in the head with a rock, stomp my foot, whatever. But, please make sure that I'm 100% stone cold dead.
(MORE)

DONG (CONT'D)
Because, that ghost - is what
happens when your death and funeral
arrangements go terribly wrong.

CUT TO.

EXT. WEE HOURS. HARBOUR.

Music: Gotan Project, "La del Ruso"

Rex and Lalo dock at a pier in the harbour, finish suiting up for the dive. Then transfer the bins with the drugs, one at a time, from Rex's boat to the cruise ships, then trip the magnetic switch. Under El Heffe and his thugs protection and watchful eyes.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. NIGHT. HARBOUR, EL HEFFE'S YACHT.

El Heffe stood on the bridge, looking on with binoculars, as Rex and Lalo remove the last bin from Rex's boat.

Deech and Dong arrive on Aunt Tilly's boat from another inlet, but stay at a safe distance away, in the harbour, Brutus is in the hold, whimpering. They attempt to setup a canon with a missile, intending to hit Rex's boat, to distract them. However, they are idiots at setting it up and firing it.

EL HEFFE'S NO.1 THUG, on Rex's boat, hears Deech and Dong, gets his binoculars and sees them, then gets out his phone and makes a call.

Meantime, while Deech and Dong are trying to sort out the canon, EL HEFFE'S THUG NO.2, plant dynamite on Rex's boat and exits.

Rex and Lalo attach the last bin. Lalo takes out his hand torch, to see better. They swim underwater, a distance away from the ships anchored in the harbour, toward El Heffe's yacht. Rex, a bit ahead. A stingray's fin, hits Lalo's head. He loses his regulator. He panics and drops his hand torch, trying to get his regulator. Rex signals to El Heffe with his torch, that he and Lalo are done. El Heffe signals back, then signals for THUG NO.1 & 2 and makes a call to the police. Rex looks back and sees Lalo flailing, in distress. Then hurries toward him to rescue and sort him out. Lalo composes himself for a bit, then signals that he's OK. Rex confirms and reassures Lalo, they go back to the collection point.

TWO DIVER THUGS disembark the yacht, onto a small speedboat moored to the aft of the yacht, head to collect Rex, Lalo, Thugs No.1 & 2.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. NIGHT. EL HEFFE'S YACHT, OPEN WATER.

Rex and Lalo just finished un-suiting from the dive. El Heffe enters carrying a case filled with a million British pounds, places it on a table near Rex and Lalo, lays it down, then opens it for them to examine. Rex and Lalo check the money and approve, then close it. El Heffe signals to Thug No.1 to detonate the bomb on Rex's boat.

DEECH and DONG finally get the canon sorted out and fire the missile at the same time the dynamite detonates. Hitting part of the boat and the pier.

Sound: in the distance a massive double explosion.

CONTINUOUS.

POLICE in squad cars, underway to arrest Deech and Dong.

CONTINUOUS.

REX'S BOAT - HARBOUR PIER.

REX'S boat, burst into flames.

CONTINUOUS.

EVERYONE turns to see the explosion. El Heffe shakes Rex and Lalo's hands and congratulates them.

Music ends: (Gotan Project, "La del Ruso")

CUT TO:

INT. DAWN. EL HEFFE'S PRIVATE JET, CABIN DOOR OPEN.

Rex and Lalo sat on an airplane, eating breakfast. EL CAPITAN is chatting with REX and LALO.

EL CAPITAN: 70s, New Orleans Y'at.

EL CAPITAN

And guys you'll be happy to know that hurricane Tempest, has now been downgraded to a Cat 2 and is headed back towards the Atlantic. So most everyone is out of harm's way. However, all shipping lines into the Gulf, are halted, till it blows over.

REX

See! What did I tell ya. And you were so worried.

LALO

You know old habits die hard. Once you've been through a Katrina, you never feel the same about hurricanes again.

EL CAPITAN

Well - where you're headed, you'll never have to worry about another one.

LALO

Old man, you fuckin' got that right. Besides the payoff and no more fears - that's something I can celebrate for the rest of my life.

Rex raises his green juice glass, LALO raises his orange juice glass.

REX AND LALO (CONT'D)

Cheers!

REX (CONT'D)

If I must say so myself, and I will; that was a brilliant job. Mate, for your first time out, on your sea legs, you were beautiful!

LALO

Thanks for the vote of confidence. But, that stingray scared me shitless.

REX

Sorry, I couldn't prepare you for that one. But, it is their world.

EL CAPITAN

How much did you guys move?

REX

Altogether, 3,000K.

EL CAPITAN

Damn! Hef did say it was a mother lode. I wanted to do that job.

LALO

What happened?

EL CAPITAN

He wouldn't have it. Didn't want to use the jet. Too risky. He didn't want to take the chance of it getting nicked, in one go. Planes are easier to track anyway.

REX AND LALO

Makes sense.

EL CAPITAN

I never thought I'd see the day when he'd move that much snow, I never knew he stocked that much. I never knew people are still that desperate for it.

LALO

Where you been Cap?

EL CAPITAN

What do you mean, where I've been? Flying the friendly skies. But living on the same planet as you. Last time I checked.

REX

He don't you know. Hef owns a caye, just long enough to land and take off and land on. And more than wide enough for him to stretch out his hammock.

EL CAPITAN

Is he in there talking about me? Like I'm some kinda Howard Hughes hermit or somebody like that. I know he is.

REX

We're just having a laugh.

EL CAPITAN

Look! Let me tell you guys something. You know how I got started in this business? US Air Force taught me everything I know about flying. Before either of you popped out from in-between you mama's legs, I was an Air Force pilot, over in South Vietnam. When coke was just a - a fad. All the coolest cats where snorting. And me, a little ol' y'at from Chalmette, Louisiana - fresh outta of flight school; was among the ones smuggling white powder in them dead soldiers bodies. When I found out what it was, I slipped some to the MPs. We were all high as a kite. Zoomin'. Trafficking 16 hours a day, night, calm, storm, whatever. Making money for Uncle Sam's buddies. Hell no, Nixon wasn't gonna stop the war, until there was a sufficient supply for the demand. And no matter how many got their heads bashed in or shot dead from protesting. Them cops were told to maintain control, at all costs by the good ol' boy club. I call it the, GOBC.

LALO

The GOBC. You're so right, man.

REX

Nothing's changed.

EL CAPITAN

You know how much I made trafficking illegal substances for the US government. A shit load. Cause I kept my otherwise, big mouth shut. Them others, the good guys, the ones with a conscience, that told their superior officers. Who said to them, "They had no idea, what was going on. But they'll look into it." Cause, "Those GIs dead bodies are property of the US military and out of our hands." You know what happened to them, the patriots? They got sent to the front line - medic choppers. And the VC were dropping 'em like flies.

REX

How'd you kick coke?

EL CAPITAN

I nearly killed myself. I had a heart attack and crash landed in Subic Bay. The head MP I knew, jumped in and saved me.

REX

Lucky, sharks didn't get you.

EL CAPITAN

They got sharks, but not the aggressive ones. Heard of shark fin soup? Well the black tipped ones that live around there, get their fins whack off, while they're alive. Then tossed back in...

REX

To drown. A very slow and painful death.

Pregnant pause.

LALO

Watchin' them fish swimmin' around out there, I have total respect for them. I don't know if I can eat one, now. They're like the birds, totally free to roam about as they please.

EL CAPITAN

Well, that MP, he was the first one to tell me about the GOBC. And how much money they can make off "the deal."

LALO

Man, that's sick.

EL CAPITAN

The TGIC: Top geniuses in charge, that advise the GOBC. Ask your mate there. He's Her Majesty's Special Forces - he knows.

REX

I'm with ya, Pops.

EL CAPITAN

They're way better at winning wars, than us Yanks.

EL CAPITAN (CONT'D)

When the Chinese didn't cooperate, Queen Victoria had her Navy, fucking nearly blow the coast of Canton province, off the map for 20 years. The Opium Wars. Talk about let the dogs out.

Long pause.

EL CAPITAN (CONT'D)

Afghanistan opium trade, is history repeating itself.

REX

Ol' Cap, you know your stuff.

EL CAPITAN

Just cause I live on an island don't mean I fell off the back of a turnip truck, yesterday morning in thunderstorm.

LALO

So, you think they ever gonna legalise all of 'em?

EL CAPITAN

You mean, all the ones that's illegal now. Let me put it this way. Hell, yeah. Zombies are easy to control.

Pregnant pause.

REX

Guess so.

LALO

So you'll be out of a job then, Cap.

EL CAPITAN

Fine by me. Flying ain't the only thing I know how to do. Just cause I'm old, that don't mean I don't have dreams.

Pregnant pause.

EL CAPITAN (CONT'D)

I tell you one thing. This better be the last time I see either one of you two. You been clean, stay clean.

(MORE)

EL CAPITAN (CONT'D)

And help those you can, do to the same. Now sit back and enjoy the ride. I'll fly you guys up into the wide blue yonder. Way above the contrail poison. So you can breathe some fresh air for the first time in your lives.

Plane ascends.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. CAFE - BUENOS AIRES.

REX and LALO sat at a table drinking coffee, taking the city in. Live band playing.

Music: La Nacion - "Il Postino"

REX

I love this city. It's very sexy, in a sophisticated kinda way.

LALO

Yeah, even though I've been away for so long. I still feel that. I didn't use to appreciate it like that. Like I should've, when I was a kid, living on the streets, from pillow to post.

REX

You were homeless?

LALO

Yeah. And a hobo. When my parents died. My mother's brother, who was a *puto*. Fuckin' *bruto*. A bully, built like a tank. Anyway he sold their studio. I begged him not to. I wanted to keep it in our family.

REX

But, you were a kid.

LALO

I know. But, there was this guy, he was a great dancer. I danced with him, too. He came to the salon for years and years - a regular, every weekend. ALL the women wanted to dance with him. Young, old, all shapes and sizes.

(MORE)

LALO (CONT'D)

My parents knew him well. Thiago, we called him Tago, like the footballer. When they'd go abroad for competitions, he'd stand in for them. After they died, he wanted to manage it. We planned, when I got old enough, it would be all mine.

REX

I take it that your uncle was neither fond of you, or tango, and was hard up for the cash.

LALO

Right, on all three. Never liked him. He smacked me around a few times. And tried to touch me in places he shouldn't have; when he was drunk. My dad, couldn't stand him. One of these, lazy, never had anything meaningful, no ambition. Always looking for somebody to latch onto and mooch off of. And forever in other people's business. Talkin' shit.

REX

Salt of the earth.

LALO

Yeah. Thing is, he thought he was the most clever person ever walked the earth.

REX

Delusional.

LALO

He couldn't even make it as a small time dealer. Anyway, my father's family lived in the back country. They took me in.

REX

The sticks.

LALO

It was OK, when I was a little kid. But afterwards...

REX

You weren't having it.

LALO

No. No way. Come on! I'm a *porteno*, a city boy. That's why I was always sneaking out, coming back here. Till one day I stayed.

REX

With uncle.

LALO

Yeah. At least he bought a shitty flat, with some of the money.

REX

And the rest?

LALO

Shot to hell.

Pregnant pause.

REX

You never talked about your past. And I never felt comfortable about asking. Especially with you losing your parents, so young.

LALO

It's not easy for me to talk about. Even after all these years.

LALO looks away. TANGO COUPLES: Two women, 70s, average build, very attractive. A MAN AND WOMAN get up and dance.

REX

Maybe we should change the subject.

LALO

No, I want to. It's not as easy as I thought - coming back home, you know.

REX

Mate, you've been facing some bad arse demons.

LALO

I spent so much time when was young, hanging around here and dancing. The place where the championship is held tonight, that's my folks old salon. Bigger now, but...

REX

More memories. How's that gonna be?

LALO

Don't know. I didn't really think about it, until now. I've probably sat in this same spot at least a thousand times. And danced on that floor with at least a hundred girls.

CONTINUOUS.

DANCE FLOOR, NEARBY. TANGO DANCERS.

BACK TO: SCENE.

LALO

I was otherwise, a lost soul. You know, your teen years are bad enough...

REX

Yeah, I remember.

LALO

No parents, you know. You're not a kid anymore. But when I lost them, it was like - the end parts of a manual got ripped out. And, you have to sort out how to put they rest of the thing together by yourself.

REX

It ain't like assembling a bike, innit.

LALO

Spot on, mate. And my uncle was just let's say useless, to me. My other family didn't get me, at all.

REX

What happened?

LALO

He beat the wrong broker. Cutting some already cut shit. He was always doing that, though. Just a matter of time.

REX

Good thing you didn't take on any of his methods.

LALO

Thing is, that buyer dude, that fool came after me. I was just the messenger. So, I did the rest of my growing up - on the streets. Wherever I felt safer. And landed myself in Louisiana.

REX

Mate, you've taken the long route home.

LALO

Yeah. The long way home.

REX

Any of them baddies still about town?

LALO

No - they're all dead now. Street life, short life.

Rex takes his phone from his breast pocket, looks at it, scrolls the screen, checking messages and whatnot.

REX

Take a look!

Rex hands his phone to Lalo. Lalo looks at the screen and reads it aloud in a whisper.

LALO

Using state-of-art sonar technology, ATF agents at the ports of New Orleans and Galveston have found, to date. What amounts to the largest ever stash of premium grade heroine and cocaine. The shipments were attached to the hulls of three, passenger cruise ships. Whose exact point of origin is undisclosed at this time. And there's no way of determining exactly when the drugs were stowed. However, top officials are claiming this find, as another victory for the DEA's ongoing, unceasing and tiresome, War on Drugs.

REX

Them agents are gonna retire on what they'll make off of that load.

(MORE)

REX (CONT'D)

If they know how to do it right,
that is.

LALO

Yeah, but they always fuck it up.
Playing both sides. You never win.

Lalo hands the phone back to Rex. Rex switches it off, then
puts the phone back in his breast pocket.

LALO (CONT'D)

So, you knew about this sonar thing.

REX

Yeah, mate. Before Heffe even told
me how he wanted the job done.

LALO

How'd you know?

REX

Once a soldier, always a soldier. I
keep in touch. I didn't tell you
cause, as TGIC, I'd take full
responsibility for arranging the
entire thing, no matter what.
Success or failure.

LALO

I knew that the minute I saw you
that night, in that dance hall in
the French Quarter, in New Orleans.
I said, now there's a man that knows
something that I don't. That's one
thing I've learned to recognise,
from living on the streets.

REX

I guess so. Especially when you've
been fucked over too many times to
count.

LALO

Yep. But I like the way you're going
now. With this, what they call it -
enlightenment. With Shaman.

REX

What you know about it?

LALO

Except from flopping out in a Hari
Krishna commune one time, absolutely
nothing.

(MORE)

LALO (CONT'D)

But, I think it's more than learning, its just being. People can tell you about it. But no, one can teach it to you or put it inside your mind. Like all this other mind-fuck, bull shit.

REX

That's cause it's already there, inside everyone. Everybody has it. Whether they believe it or not, it's irrelevant. But, nevertheless it is there. Waiting inside, to come out.

LALO

It came in the kit.

REX

Yeah. It came in the kit. But, when you find it, shazam! You can't lose it.

LALO

Shazam! Yeah, I like that.

Music ending (La Nacion - "Il Postino")

CONTINUOUS.

COUPLES STOP DANCING.

BACK TO: SCENE.

REX

Well, you ready.

LALO

Yeah. We best start rehearsing.

Lalo gets up, stands at the table, takes his wallet out and leaves a £100 note on the table.

REX

Bit of a big tipper, even for an American. Innit?

Rex gets up and stands at the table.

LALO

Man, you know how many times I cut out from here, without paying. Good thing I'm all growed up now and he don't recognise me.

REX

Who?

LALO

That old man over there. He owns this place. *El sindi*.

OLD MAN: 90s, tall, slim build, no teeth, quiet demeanor.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. CAFE ENTRANCE.

Old Man stood in the doorway, next to the musicians.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK. Lalo as a teenager. On the streets.

LALO (V.O.)

The last time I was here. It was my sixteenth birthday. My first birthday without my parents. And I was here with some girls and I wanted to impress. Ordered everything on the menu and then some. Didn't have two nickels to make a dime. So me and the girls well, it was time for us to...I was the birthday boy, after all.

REX

Mate, who are you talking to.

LALO

Anyway, we cut out, yeah. And - well, he was young back then, and had his teeth. He chased me. The girls ditched me, of course. We were running down this street. He had a switch blade in one hand broken bottle in the other. And shouted at me, "*Forro! Afano!* Don't come back here ever." I'm cleaning it up, in English, so's you'll understand. And he threw what was left of that bottle. Just missed me. I could feel it whizzing over my head.

BACK TO: SCENE.

REX

Good arm, 'eh.

LALO

So, I'm just paying up. Just ya know, paying up. That's all.

Lalo and Rex walk pass the Old Man. Rex looks away. Lalo looks at the Old Man. The Old Man nods at Lalo he remembers him and smiles.

OLD MAN

Gracias, Eduardo. Boludo.

Lalo tips his hat.

LALO

Equalmente.

LALO nods and smiles back. Lalo and Rex continue walking along.

LALO (CONT'D)

You sure this is alright with you?

REX

I got no worries about dancing with you, mate. After all these years. It'll be like ol' times, when you were teaching me. I know you'd rather dance with her than me. But, if...

LALO

If Acadia was reliable, I wouldn't've asked you.

REX

Besides, I know how much this means to you.

LALO

Who knows where she is. Probably dancing with Nacho, right now. It's amazing how they've taken to each other. Like I never existed. He betrayed me, more than she did.

REX

All that man's best friend, is bollocks. They go to whoever feeds 'em and spoils 'em.

LALO

As soon as she let him get in the tub with us, I shoulda known. Then, sleep in the bed between us, *Finito!*

(MORE)

LALO (CONT'D)
Kaput! If a woman loves your dog
 more than you, you are fucked.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING. TANGO CHAMPIONSHIP, SALON DANCE FLOOR

Music: Gotan Project, "Una Musica Brutal"

Couples choreographed tango dance together as a group.

Music ends: (Gotan Project, "Una Musica Brutal")

FADE OUT: FADE

IN.

LATER. SALON DANCE FLOOR.

Male only couples on the dance floor. Rex and Lalo in the centre. Couples choreographed tango dance together as a group.

EMCEE (O.S.)
 And now ladies and gentlemen the
 final segment of the competition.
 Males Only Tango.

Music: Buenos Aires Social Club, "Triptico"

Dance begins.

Music ends: (Buenos Aires Social Club, "Triptico")

FADE OUT: FADE
 IN.

INT. EVENING. TANGO CHAMPIONSHIP, SALON DANCE FLOOR.

Sound: applause crescendos, then applause fades.

Lights out.

EMCEE (O.S.)
 I now present to you, the winners of
 the Male's Tango Division. Gentlemen
 please take your position at centre
 floor for the final dance of the
 competition.

Rex and Lalo in the centre of the dance floor. Spotlight on them.

Sound: applause crescendos, applause fades.

Music: Live band and singers. Gotan Project, "Queremos Paz"

Rex and Lalo short dance together. Rex and Lalo dance ends. EVERYONE on the dance floor. Bubbles drop.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.