

Coming Everywhere You Are

COLD OPEN

INT. BASEBALL CARD CONVENTION - 1988

A young and wide eyed boy Rick Cervantes (7) in an oversized tan corduroy suit, stands with his father Bodhi outside the doors to the convention. Bodhi (44) is a well dressed man, he is wearing a grey 30's style wool tweed three piece suit, a white panama hat, and brown leather shoes. He is a rough looking man, hands cracked and calloused. His eyes are bright and youthful, but the face around is wrinkled and hardened by a life of physical labor. The two stand outside surveying the people as large crowds head in and out of the convention doors. Bodhi reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out an embroidered leather flask. He unscrews the cap and takes a hearty swig. He loudly clears his throat and ruffles Rick's hair.

BODHI

You're a Cervantes. You know what that means Rick?

RICK CERVANTES

Yes sir.

BODHI

Well, what's it mean?

RICK CERVANTES

Money over everything.

Bodhi quietly smiles and nods in approval. His demeanor quickly changes, he lowers his hat and the smile is wiped completely off of his face. He scans the room, eyeing and sizing up everyone he sees. His gaze stops at a booth inside the convention handing out individual packets of big league chew. He clicks his tongue and slaps his knee.

BODHI

Here's what we'll do. We set up here. You go grab the table from the car, I'll walk over to the corner store and buy a couple cases of Big League Chew. We sell them as singles before people get in. Got it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

Okay dad. Maybe if we sell out we
can walk around the convention a
little.

Bodhi slaps Rick hard across the face. Rick stumbles back
a few steps.

BODHI

We aren't here to play Rick. Now
let's go.

RICK CERVANTES

Okay dad.

BODHI

Remember Rick, a man can only be
measured by his appetites.

BLACKOUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN.

THE EAGLES, "LIFE IN THE FAST LANE" plays.

INT. CIGAR LOUNGE - MID DAY

The blurry silhouette of a man comes into focus. He is RICK CERVANTES (32). Rick a cocky, young, entrepreneur sits in a very nice brown leather chair smoking a fat cigar. He is wearing a black Hermes t shirt, a black blazer, dark jeans, and brown leather boots. Rick holds the cigar steady as a couple inches of ash just hangs on the end daring to fall on his expensive shirt. He puffs the smoke aggressively up into the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. G WAGON ON THE STREET - DAY.

Rick gets into the car and slams the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S MANSION - DAY

A very expensive Chicago mansion with a large circle driveway stocked with luxury cars, sits behind a large gate. Roman style pillars and stone animal statues lead a path to the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

An expensive and decadent house party is underway. Wealthy, good looking, party people are wall to wall inside. A man in an open Tommy Bahama shirt and shorts does a line of COKE off of a woman's bare chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S MANSION YARD - CONTINUOUS

Wild animals - Giraffes, Zebra's, Cougars, and Antelope roam the property unattended.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S MANSION POOL - CONTINUOUS

The party overflows outside into the backyard by the pool. A man does a line of COKE off of a woman's bare chest.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -CONTINUOUS

Two young children, HERMES (five) AND LOUIS (six), play in a room, unsupervised. Hermes runs with a large bag of chips, Louis sits at a desk, playing with a marijuana bowl like it's a spaceship.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

A plane lands on the runway.

CUT TO:

OPEN AIR FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Rick stands next to a black raised G wagon with his aide, SANDRA (late 20's). Sandra is using her phone to record Rick for an Instagram story. Rick's DRIVER (40's) remains in the car with his window down.

RICK CERVANTES
Where's the plane?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER

They called and said it is being fueled up. It should be here in fifteen minutes.

RICK CERVANTES

Take me home. We don't arrive until the plane is here.

(Looks at Sandra holding phone)

Time is money baby.

(To Driver)

Let's hit it man. Rick Cervantes does not wait.

Rick winks at the phone in Sandra's hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING - DAY

Rick exits the building holding his sunglasses in hand. It is sunny and he is squinting aggressively.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - CHICAGO EXTERIORS

A.) John Hancock Building

B.) Buckingham Fountain

C.) Lake shore drive

A parked G Wagon opens its door.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The backdoor of Rick's G Wagon swings open. Rick and Sandra exit the car. Sandra is still holding her phone to record for Rick's Insta Story. Rick addresses the camera but moves quickly, Sandra has to jog to keep up.

RICK CERVANTES

Age 21 I made my first million.

Age 22 I spent a million. Age 23 I made my second million. Age 24 I made ten million.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES (CONT'D)
 Age 30 I made 100 million. Age 32
 I am worth 6.9 billion dollars.
 Want to know how? Come see baby.
 I'm coming everywhere you are.

Rick walks towards a large office building, before entering he winks at Sandra's phone.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE

Rick's backstage being mic'd up. The theater is sold out, visible through the curtains. Rick does push ups to hype himself up. He runs in place. He barks like a dog. Sandra walks over to Rick.

SANDRA
 You ready?

RICK CERVANTES
 Yes. Slap me!

SANDRA
 What?

RICK CERVANTES
 I said slap me.

Sandra slaps Rick hard in the face.

RICK CERVANTES
 I'm gonna go make that stage my
 bitch.

Rick walks through the curtain and disappears.

FADE OUT.

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

A blurry silhouette of Rick already speaking with the audience begins to come into focus.

RICK CERVANTES
 That's why CDs are bullshit. Not
 Compact Discs
 (arrogant laugh)
 I'm talking about Certificates of
 Deposit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beat.

RICK CERVANTES (CONT'D)

Interest is a joke. Wake up! Okay, question. Let's take a quick poll. Who thinks it's a good idea to buy a home?

Half the crowd raises their hand.

Sheep, you cowards, you sheep. Don't let anyone fuck you into debt. Look if you want to be a pussy you can buy a home. But if you want to live in a mountain, own forty seven different all terrain vehicles, and get pussy, You rent. Mutual funds? Worthless. Divined paying stocks. Why? 401ks, Roth IRAs. Just call your mother and tell her you're not coming home for dinner, because you're such a big fat fucking pussy.

Beat.

All investors are scripted salespeople taking your money and promising you nothing. And you give it to them. Oh please take my money Mr. Investment Firm. Please be gentle, pretty please. Stop. Be smart.

Beat.

I am not scripted. I say whatever I need to, so people can start thinking for themselves. If you want to make money, I have said it time and time again. Number one, get on Instagram. Promote. Promote. Promote. Number two, lower your nut. Real low. Let those nuts hang. Number three, invest in Cervantes Bonds. I have your back. Cervantes Bonds are backed by three of the nine top financial institutions in Bulgaria. Cervantes is currently producing more 8 figure winners than any other investment opportunity on the face of the planet. People what are you waiting for? Returns. Returns.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICK CERVANTES (CONT'D)

Returns. Stop saving, stop wishing, and give your money to a billionaire to do what he does best. Make money. It's lonely at the top baby. Come join me.

Rick winks at audience.

The stage lights turn off, masking everything in darkness except for a large screen backdrop with the RICK CERVANTES LOGO and "COMING TO EVERYWHERE YOU ARE" below it.

CUT TO:

INT. G WAGON - EARLY EVENING

The driver takes Rick and Sandra away from the theater. Sandra grabs a bottle of water for Rick.

SANDRA

How are you feeling?

Rick opens and aggressively chugs the water, spilling at least half of it on his shirt.

RICK CERVANTES

I'm losing it. I need a bump please.

Sandra grabs a compact from her purse and hands it to Rick.

SANDRA

Just two.

Rick opens the compact and snorts two key bumps.

SANDRA

Feel better?

RICK CERVANTES

I feel like money. Fresh crisp one hundred dollar bills.

SANDRA

Perfect.

The car quickly moves down the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

Can I have another?

SANDRA

No you need to pace yourself.

RICK CERVANTES

Come on just another.

SANDRA

Honestly Rick our budget is running low.

RICK CERVANTES

What are you talking about I'm worth 6.9 billion.

SANDRA

Rick we have this conversation at least once a week. You are worth that, but it's not all liquid and your party slash cocaine budget is over 2 million a week.

RICK CERVANTES

Just a bump what's that cost?

SANDRA

Of pure white Columbian powder, about twenty-five hundred dollars.

RICK CERVANTES

What? Why so much?

SANDRA

You've insisted that a Columbian man you befriended named Bam Bam fly in your G5 to get it from the Cali Cartel once a week.

RICK CERVANTES

Well how else do you know it's good? Really Sandra? Do you know of a way? I don't want to die.

The car drives down the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBIAN JUNGLE - EARLY EVENING

BAM BAM (20's) a care free and rugged young Columbian man, drives through rough terrain jungle streets in an off road all terrain jeep.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Bam Bam pulls into a large compound, there are armed guards, parked military vehicles, and several large houses. Bam Bam gets out of the vehicle with an empty DUFFLE BAG. He walks into the compound, past the armed guards into the largest house on the compound.

INT. COMPOUND MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is filled with gold fountains and greek statues. CLAUDIO (late 30's) an intimidating cartel kingpin is inside. Claudio is a handsome man, he has long flowing black hair to his shoulders and a scruffy unshaven beard. He is sitting in a leather chair in the center of the living room looking out through a large picture window at the jungle that surrounds them. A decorative bottle of tequila and a clay shot glass sit at his side. His shirt is unbuttoned, and he has several gold chains and medallions around his neck.

CLAUDIO

Bam Bam!

BAM BAM

Claudio.

CLAUDIO

My friend please put the bag down.

BAM BAM

Sure.

CLAUDIO

Have a drink.

Claudio walks over and grabs a glass from the bar, he pours Bam Bam a Tequila. As he goes to hand Bam Bam his drink he leans in and gives him a hug. He slaps Bam Bam lovingly on the cheek and smiles.

BAM BAM

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIO

You want me to call for Vicky?

BAM BAM

Sure.

CLAUDIO

Vicky.

Bam Bam takes a seat on the couch. A beautiful young latin woman walks down the stairs. She smiles and is genuinely excited.

VICKY.

Bam Bam!

She walks over and sits in his lap. Bam Bam sets the tequila glass down on the coffee table amongst several pistols and bundled up wads of cash.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - MID DAY

A tequila glass sits on a coffee table among a mess of financial papers, in front of Rick and Sandra, next to each other on a couch. A large burlap bag of Columbian coffee sits on the floor next to the couch. A TV in another room broadcasts news about a night club shooting in Miami over the weekend. Hermes and Louis run around like maniacs in pajamas.

SANDRA

The kids want to play their Xbox, Rick, but Linda said they couldn't. I don't know what to do with them. Anyway, do you care if I let them?

RICK CERVANTES

Kids, come over here.

Hermes and Louis walk to Rick holding juice boxes.

RICK CERVANTES

Xbox? Louis, Hermes, do you two even know how good you have it?

The kids look at their dad and shake their heads no.

RICK CERVANTES

When I was your age we lived in a one room single family shed. Down in Mississippi it was rough.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES (CONT'D)

You see that juice you're drinking? If I wanted one of those I'd have to work siding houses with my daddy all day from sun up to sun down for a week to afford one of those. Nothing was handed to me, I had to go out and take it. Look kids if you want something you take it, and when the world says you can't have it you change the narrative. So don't ask me if you can play your Xbox, just do it, and have a good reason for me when I ask you why.

The kids run off.

SANDRA

I never knew that. Is that true? About your childhood?

RICK CERVANTES

No, of course not.

SANDRA

So why did you just lie to your kids?

RICK CERVANTES

Struggle builds character, Sandra. Remember that.

SANDRA

Don't you think Linda will be upset you are undermining her with the Xbox?

RICK CERVANTES

(beckoning)
Linda?

LINDA appears at the top of the stairs, wearing sunglasses and a scarf around her head, she is sniffing profusely.

LINDA

(Irritated)
What?

RICK CERVANTES

I'm letting the kids play Xbox, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINDA

Whatever Rick, I don't care. I don't care. I don't care. You never listen to me anyway, why should now be any different? I'm going out with my friends from book club, we're going to this place on Rush street it's a, it's a...

Linda walks down the stairs very shaky.

LINDA

Louis, Hermes, come give your mother a kiss.

She kisses the kids on their heads and walks to the front door. She fiddles with the lock a moment, having trouble opening it. It finally pops open.

LINDA

And get this god damn door fixed Rick.

(under her breath)

Nothing works in this god damn house, the door, my husband's dick, can't get anything I want.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Linda stumbles into a decorative lantern next to the front door and breaks it.

LINDA

And this god damn light is broken too. God damn Rick why don't you fix something around here. Nothing works, no one has any time...

Her voice trails off as she walks out to a G wagon in the driveway.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Rick fumbles through financial papers on the table. A laminated Kirby Pucket card sits on the end table next to the couch. Rick kisses his fingers and then touches the card.

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CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

Look if it's more money I need, I can get money. I'm fucking Rick Cervantes baby.

(beat)

Okay I have an idea, get this on my insta story.

Sandra pulls out the phone.

SANDRA

Three, two,
(Mouths)
One.

RICK CERVANTES

Look America. I have decided since I'm feeling like making some people some money, to lower the initial investment to Cervantes bonds. Now for the low price of two hundred and fifty dollars you can start investing in my bonds. Life isn't about decisions, it's not about love, it's about experiences. A wise man once told me that he traveled to a sacred cultural destination in a different country every weekend. What do you do on your weekends? For two hundred and fifty dollars a month you can go to the Western Wall, The Great Wall of China, and Churchill Downs this Friday. Don't you want that life instead of your boring dinners at your in laws? I'm only putting this offer out to the first six hundred people, starting now. Go.

Sandra stops recording.

RICK CERVANTES

We'll have an extra fifteen grand in an hour.

SANDRA

Do you really think you can do this forever? Don't you think someone is going to ask for their money back eventually?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICK CERVANTES

Rule number one of investing, the
money is always unavailable
because it's hard at work.

Rick winks at Sandra.

SANDRA

Pig.

BLACKOUT.

FADE IN.

INT. COMPOUND MAIN HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Bam Bam wakes up in a large bed, the sun is creeping in
past flowing drapes. Vicky is lying naked next to him. He
yawns and slowly sits up. He notices his bag with a note
on it. He stands and walks to the bag. The note reads.

CLAUDIO V.O.

Had to go out and grab eggs. Here
is the bam bam, Bam Bam.

Bam Bam opens the DUFFLE BAG and sees a lot of cocaine,
he zips the bag up.

STAN GETZ, "SAMBA UNA NOTA" plays.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Bam Bam lazily walks through the compound. Armed guards
line the way. He gets in his all terrain vehicle, lights
up a cigarette and drives through the jungle.

EXT. AIR FIELD COLUMBIA - DAY

Bam Bam exits the vehicle and tosses the keys to a man in
a security booth, the man tosses back a burlap sack of
coffee. He walks toward a plane. The pilot exits the
plane from a staircase and shakes Bam Bam's hand. The two
walk up the stairs to the plane together. The plane
takes off.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT AMERICA - DAY

A plane is taking off. A Black SUV peels away from the lot. The car cuts an aggressive corner back on to the road. Driving down the road at a steady pace the SUV halts abruptly at a red light.

The music stops.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - BATHROOM - DAY

Rick is standing in the bathroom, wearing a dress shirt holding his phone capturing only his waist up. He hits record on his Insta story.

RICK CERVANTES

Whats up? Instagram. Who is ready to get some cash? Some skrilla? Some mulah? Proud to announce that the first six hundred have bought in to my Cervantes Bonds. Good news it was such a success I'm opening it up to six hundred more. Would you believe that I have taken these good, smart people's investment and purchased over five million dollars worth of prime real estate with it already. The returns on these Cervantes Bonds are going to be insane. Are you ready to get rich? The last six hundred bought in, in under forty five minutes. Clock is ticking. Let's go.

Rick puts down the phone revealing he is wearing boxers and socks only on his lower half. He stares in the mirror picking his teeth. The doorbell rings.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Rick now dressed. STEVE (33), a short and slender man is standing in a scarf and fedora.

STEVE

Sup Rick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

Steve! You look like an out of work porn director.

STEVE

There's always work for a porn director.

RICK CERVANTES

So we going to make a movie?

Steve tilts his fedora.

STEVE

I am starving. Are you hungry?

RICK CERVANTES

Always.

The two walk toward the kitchen.

STEVE

So what's new?

RICK CERVANTES

Oh the usual. I've released a limited number of high interest gaining Cervantes Bonds.

STEVE

Oh yeah, what that make you?

RICK CERVANTES

So far thirty grand in the last hour.

STEVE

Yeah?

(sarcastically)

Are you making the people rich yet?

RICK CERVANTES

I don't know, does flying in fresh seafood from Japan and refueling my jet count?

STEVE

(Looking in the fridge)

Nope, but can I have some of this Lobster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICK CERVANTES
Hell yeah let's eat.

Rick walks into the foyer.

RICK CERVANTES
(yells upstairs)
Sandra! Can you get the chef to
make me and Steve some lobster.

SANDRA
Steve and I.

RICK CERVANTES
Sure you can have some too.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

The terrace overlooks the skyline of Chicago. A large gas fire pit roars in the center of the patio. Rick and Steve sit in very comfortable outdoor lounge furniture. A bottle of Don Julio Real and two rocks glasses sit on the end table.

RICK CERVANTES
What's with the fedora?

STEVE
I have been working on a new show,
get this I'm basically playing
you.

RICK CERVANTES
How so?

STEVE
I play a high end financial
planner who gets in over his head.
Candice Swanepoel is on the show
too.

RICK CERVANTES
Candice? Are you fucking kidding
me? She is so hot. Can I meet her?

STEVE
Maybe. You know she is married and
has two kids?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

Well so do I.

Rick opens his phone. He searches Google image for Candice Swanepoel.

RICK CERVANTES (CONT'D)

I think I'm in love.

STEVE

With your wife?

RICK CERVANTES

Candice Cervantes. I like it.

STEVE

I actually came by to ask you some questions, help me get into character if that's cool?

RICK CERVANTES

Shoot.

STEVE

Have you ever worried about what you might do when people come asking for their money?

RICK CERVANTES

You don't get it do you? Nobody asks for their money if they think you are making them money.

STEVE

How does no one ask? Someone will ask.

RICK CERVANTES

Okay think about it like this. You have a million dollars right?

STEVE

Okay.

RICK CERVANTES

Now you have worked hard for that money and you want to invest so you can live off the interest.

STEVE

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICK CERVANTES

Now instead of dealing with traditional methods like banks, stocks, real estate, you want something that seems a bit more aggressive, a bit more cutting edge.

Rick pours the Tequila. He hands a glass to Steve and picks up his own glass.

RICK CERVANTES

So you give me a million dollars and I promise you five percent minimum a year. Not that different than a mutual fund, just sexier.

Rick looks at Steve winks and takes a sip.

RICK CERVANTES

Now in the fine print you can technically get your money back but only after thirty six months. So I hold your one million, cut you a check for fifty k every year. I always cut the check because I have a million, which means I can technically cut twenty different checks a year to twenty different people with just your money. If I am cutting twenty checks a year it means I have twenty million. As long as I cut the checks no one takes their money out.

STEVE

Is that legal?

Rick looks at Steve, winks, and takes a sip.

RICK CERVANTES

(Laughing)

Now let's eat.

BLACKOUT.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD AMERICA - AFTERNOON

Bam Bam steps off the plane and walks toward a black SUV. He gets inside. AGENT JOE (late 40's), a buy the book hard nosed FBI agent sits in the backseat.

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CONTINUED:

AGENT JOE

Remember me, Guilherme Rojas Diaz?
Or should I say Bam Bam.

BAM BAM

Yes.

AGENT JOE

Did you do what we asked?

BAM BAM

I have the drugs right here

Bam Bam slaps the DUFFLE BAG.

AGENT JOE

Okay and you know what to do next?

BAM BAM

Take the bag to Rick Cervantes'
house.

AGENT JOE

You got it. Oh and you'll be
wearing a wire.

BAM BAM

Why? I don't want to. You just
said I had to drop off the bag.

AGENT JOE

We have been tracking Rick for the
last 18 months. Trust me we would
have busted him on securities
fraud months ago, but now that we
know he has a connection to one of
the biggest cartels he has become
useful. So we need something we
can use, understand?

BAM BAM

I still don't want to wear a wire.

AGENT JOE

Thats not a problem. I can arrest
you right now for smuggling kilos
of cocaine between Columbia and
the US. Or as we said before if
you prove to be a useful asset we
can talk full immunity and a path
to citizenship for your family. So
you going to wear the wire Bam
Bam?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bam Bam sighs and starts unbuttoning his shirt. Agent Joe starts unraveling the wire.

AGENT JOE

My team and I will be in a van
near by listening. So do what you
can to get Rick to talk and give
out real names. Got it?

Bam Bam grabs the wire out of Agent Joe's hand angrily.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MANSION BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Rick unbuttons his dress shirt and throws it on the ground. He picks up a black v neck t shirt with his name on it. Sandra is filming Rick for his Insta Story.

RICK CERVANTES

Who loves success? I said who
loves fucking success? I do. I
celebrate it. I love it. I make
love to success. I make slow and
gentle love to success all night
long. Do you?

Rick unwraps an energy bar and eats it.

How many of you tell your kids not
to talk to strangers? Don't. My
children are only allowed to talk
to strangers. Why? Because
strangers have everything they
want. Candy. Money. Houses.
Strangers are going to buy from
them. Strangers are going to help
make their businesses successful.
My kids are at a park right now.
You know what I told them? I said
talk to every stranger you can
find.

Rick finishes the energy bar, grabs a mineral water and takes a sip.

RICK CERVANTES

Look check the dates in the bio. I
am coming everywhere you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rick laughs aggressively. Sandra puts down the phone. The phone dings, Sandra checks the phone.

SANDRA

Rick. Bam Bam is here.

RICK CERVANTES

God damn. Bout time. Jesus Christ.
I need to powder my nose.

(beat)

Oh shit. You turned the Insta
story off right?

SANDRA

Yes I did.

RICK CERVANTES

Alright baby let's get this
Columbian Bam Bam, from Bam Bam.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bam Bam is sitting on the couch with the DUFFLE BAG. He is visibly uncomfortable and nervous. Rick starts walking down a large stair case toward Bam Bam.

RICK CERVANTES

My friend. How was Columbia?

BAM BAM

It was fine Rick.

Bam Bam adjusts his collar to hide the wire.

RICK CERVANTES

Cool, cool. I'm glad you're here.
What do you say we do a quick bump
for old times sake.

BAM BAM

Oh I'm kinda tired Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

That's fine I'll do one and you
can watch.

Rick opens the bag and let's out an excited scream. He grabs one of the kilos and pokes a hole in it with his keys and does a quick bump.

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CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

Bam Bam you hungry?

BAM BAM

Oh I don't know. I'm okay.

RICK CERVANTES

Nonsense. Sandra go fetch us some seared ahi tuna with a side of cauliflower. No. Roasted brussels sprouts with bacon.

Rick snaps his finger.

SANDRA

Pig.

Sandra walks into the other room. Rick does another bump.

RICK CERVANTES

I like you Bam Bam. You have always been a good friend. How was the cartel did they say anything about the money I owe them?

BAM BAM

Uh no. They didn't mention it.

RICK CERVANTES

Well good. I have been a bit worried. I mean I would say all together I Rick Cervantes have smuggled close to five hundred kilos of cocaine into this country this year. It has been a hassle. I have to set up shell companies, and sell people interest bearing stocks in companies that don't exist to fund it and keep the Cartel off my back. On one hand I'm worried I am going to piss off the Cartel. On the other hand I'm worried the FBI is going to investigate me for racketeering, money laundering, and creating a Ponzi scheme. Because honestly that is one hundred percent what I'm doing.

(Rick takes another bump)

I don't know why I'm telling you all this. I guess I'm just stressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BAM BAM

(nervous)

Uh huh.

J cut to:

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN

FBI agents, Joe, SAUL (early 30's) a quirky Jewish agent, and VINCE (early 30's) a hot headed meathead sit listening to their recording equipment. Rick's voice comes through loud and clear.

RICK CERVANTES (V.O.)

So Claudio Franco didn't say anything to you about me or the money I owe him?

BAM BAM (V.O.)

No, he did not.

RICK CERVANTES (V.O.)

Good, last I heard he had Diego Rodriguez murder a few people in Miami for being late on payments. I think it was like last week in South Beach at a night club. Remember that on the news?

The FBI agents high five in excitement.

AGENT JOE

This is career making stuff guys. Using Rick Cervantes to take down the Cali Cartel.

AGENT VINCE

I can't believe how big of a customer he is. Five hundred kilo's. Man.

AGENT SAUL

Why do we measure cocaine in kilos, how come not pounds? Is cocaine European?

AGENT VINCE

Shut up Saul.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT SAUL

No for real. I don't get it.
Cocaine is American right?

AGENT VINCE

It's probably because they produce
it in Columbia, and they are on
the metric system.

AGENT SAUL

Okay that makes sense to me. What
side of the road do they drive on
down there?

AGENT VINCE

What the hell is wrong with you?

AGENT SAUL

I'm just a curious guy.

AGENT JOE

Quiet guys. Listen.

BAM BAM (V.O.)

Yes.

RICK CERVANTES (V.O.)

Yeah, that was all Diego he flew
out there, he hid the gun in the
bathroom godfather style, then he
murdered those people and left.
Fucking Diego Rodriguez scares the
shit out of me.

J CUT TO:

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BAM BAM

Yeah me too Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

(does another bump)

You should always use people's
full names Bam Bam. It shows
respect. I call them Diego
Rodriguez and Claudio Franco to
their faces and behind their back.
That's just how I was raised.
People hear you more when you use
their full name Bam Bam.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES (CONT'D)

They respect you, they might even
be more lenient on you if shit
goes down.

(beat)

I'm sorry I'm rambling. Sandra!
Tuna!

Sandra walks in with two plates of Tuna.

BAM BAM

(sweating)

Oh wow thank you. This looks
great.

RICK CERVANTES

You look hot want to change
shirts.

BAM BAM

No.

Sandra walks out of the room.

RICK CERVANTES

Let's eat.

Rick grabs a remote and turns on his sound system. Stan
Getz. "SAMBA UNA NOTA" plays.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO EL STOP - NIGHT

The train rides by over a near empty Chicago street.

Music stops.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK CERVANTES BEDROOM

Rick lays on the bed as Sandra sits in a chair next to
him.

RICK CERVANTES

Sandra?

SANDRA

Yes Rick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

Do you think I'll ever find true love?

SANDRA

Rick you're married.

RICK CERVANTES

Yeah, but I mean like true love?

SANDRA

You have two kids Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

You think Candice Swanpoel would run away with me.

SANDRA

What?

RICK CERVANTES

Like we both leave our lives and live in a villa in Italy together just me and her.

SANDRA

I'm going home Rick. I'll see you in the morning. No Insta stories, no Tweeting, no social media without me. Got it?

RICK CERVANTES

Got it. Goodnight Sandra. Will you tuck me in Sandra?

SANDRA

Jesus fucking Christ Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

Come on tuck me in tight like a papoose.

SANDRA

If only the world could see the real you.

RICK CERVANTES

Goodnight Sandra. Stop by the kitchen island on your way out.

SANDRA

Goodnight Rick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sandra walks out, she leaves the door ajar. Rick grabs his phone and kicks his feet giddy with excitement.

Sandra walks toward an envelope on the kitchen island. She picks it up. It simply reads "Sandra." She opens it, revealing a large wad of \$100 BILLS with a post-it on top. Written in RED CRAYON it reads:

INSERT

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING YOU DO. I COULDN'T DO THIS ALONE.
RICK.

Car lights shine through the windows. The sound of the door slamming shocks Sandra, she turns to look out the window. Linda walks into the house very drunk.

LINDA

Sandra, you're still here?

SANDRA

I was just leaving.

LINDA

Lovely I'm going to make a vodka tonic and go for a swim.

Linda stumbles toward the kitchen island.

SANDRA

Please be careful Linda.

LINDA

Yeah you're probably right Sandra.
Straight vodka it is, tonic is
just extra calories.

Linda stumbles toward the backyard. Sandra sighs and walks out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

All windows are dark. The FBI van lingers nearby.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARTEL COMPOUND - NIGHT

The guards walk through on patrol.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPOUND MAIN HOUSE BALCONY- NIGHT

Claudio Franco sits on his balcony smoking a joint at a dining room table. He is wearing excessive gold jewelry, beautiful women surround him. A gold plated pistol sits on the table in front him. A low level cartel member walks in.

CARTEL MEMBER

We have a problem sir.

CLAUDIO

What is it?

CARTEL MEMBER

An informant inside the FBI tells us we have a leak in the boat.

CLAUDIO

Do we know who?

CARTEL MEMBER

Bam Bam and Rick Cervantes.

CLAUDIO

Everyone out.

Claudio sits angrily by himself. He takes a long drag from the joint and taps it out in the ashtray. He picks up his golden pistol and cocks it.

CLAUDIO

Rick. Rick Cervantes.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

INT. BASEBALL CARD CONVENTION - 1988

Bodhi stands outside the entrance to the convention behind a small table with packets of Big League Chew stacked on top of it. Customers are lining up to buy the gum. Rick is walking back from the conference toward the booth.

BODHI

Where have you been?

RICK CERVANTES

I bought these baseball cards for ten dollars.

BODHI

Rick we're here to work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

No dad you don't understand.
Watch.

A customer buying gum is handing Bodhi two dollars.

RICK CERVANTES

(to customer)

If you spend three we'll throw in
a card. Who knows could be worth
something.

CUSTOMER

Sure kid.

The customer hands Bodhi three dollars.

BODHI

An up-sell huh?

Rick smiles, he see's a Kirby Pucket card in the pack and quickly puts it in his pocket. Two security guards aggressively walk up to the booth. Bodhi takes a swig of his flask.

SECURITY GUARD 1

I'm sorry gentleman, are you two
with the convention?

BODHI

Yes sir.

SECURITY GUARD 1

So why aren't you inside? This is
a walk way, booths need to be set
up inside.

BODHI

Oh we got special approval.

SECURITY GUARD 2

Special approval? From who?

BODHI

The commissioner.

SECURITY GUARD 2

Commissioner of what?

BODHI

Can I talk to you gentleman over
here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bodhi points a few yards away. He glances down at his son.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Of course sir.

BODHI
(to Rick)
Can you handle things for me here?

Rick nods at his dad and continues selling. Bodhi and the two security guards walk out of earshot of Rick.

BODHI
Look guys, I'm just trying to
teach my son a lesson in business.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Understood sir, but you can't set
up here. People pay a lot of money
for these booths inside and we've
received several complaints.

BODHI
How many complaints?

SECURITY GUARD 2
Several.

BODHI
Okay is this something that Mr.
Franklin can handle?

Bodhi pulls out a hundred dollar bill.

SECURITY GUARD 2
You want to bribe us?

BODHI
No, not bribe. Just motivate you
to look the other way.

SECURITY GUARD 2
I mean this job does suck.

BODHI
So do we have a deal?

SECURITY GUARD 1
Only if we each get to have dinner
with Mr. Franklin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BODHI

Of course gentleman.

Bodhi hands the two security guards each a one hundred dollar bill.

BODHI

It's been a pleasure doing
business with you gentleman.

Bodhi walks back over to his booth.

RICK CERVANTES

Everything okay dad?

BODHI

Of course. Rick remember, your
only obligation is to success.
Nothing else.

Bodhi takes a swig from his flask and the two continue to work.

BLACKOUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Fade in.

FBI HEADQUARTERS - WAR ROOM

Agent Joe stands at a bulletin board drinking coffee. The board has pictures of all key players in the investigation. Agents Saul and Vince sit at desks with notepads.

AGENT JOE

Alright, listen up. This man as you know is Rick Cervantes.

Agent Joe slaps a picture of Rick already on the board.

CEO and founder of the company Cervantes Bonds. He has a net worth of 6.9 Billion dollars. Up until this point we have only been looking into Rick under fraud charges which mind you are substantial, however it appears Rick has quite the cocaine habit.

Beat.

As you can imagine Rick is the kind of guy who will go to great lengths and great risks to get what he wants. His personal cocaine supply is so large it comes directly from the Cali Cartel. Rick in fact is one of the larger exports of the Cali Cartel. Making him essential to mapping, understanding, and taking down the American Cali Cartel presence.

Agent Saul raises his hand.

AGENT JOE

Yes, Agent Saul. You don't have to raise your hand. Just ask your question.

AGENT SAUL

Got it. How is he still alive?

AGENT JOE

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT SAUL

I mean how does one man do all that cocaine?

AGENT VINCE

He's not doing it all Saul, he must be selling it.

AGENT SAUL

Good thinking Vince.

AGENT JOE

Well he's not selling it, and he is not doing all of the cocaine either. He throws parties that last days, sometimes even weeks. An informant told us that he took 50 kilos and threw it off the roof for his Christmas in July party.

AGENT SAUL

Wow.

AGENT JOE

Yeah.

AGENT VINCE

Christmas in July huh?

AGENT SAUL

As a jew I just find that tradition so strange, we don't do passover in October.

Agent Joe sips his coffee and stares at Agent Saul.

AGENT JOE

This right here as you gentleman know is Guilherme Rojas Diaz better known on the street as Bam Bam. Bam Bam is a low level mule for the cartel, well was a low level Mule. About five months back he found himself at one of Rick's parties and the two hit it off. Since then Bam Bam has been smuggling coke into the US for Rick directly from the Cali Cartel. Being the liaison of such a large connection it has granted him further access within the organization.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT JOE (CONT'D)

Currently his main point in contact is this man Claudio Franco.

AGENT VINCE

Claudio Franco is a high ranking Lieutenant correct? I remember him from my time in the DEA.

AGENT JOE

Actually, new information suggests that Claudio Franco is the secret head of the organization.

AGENT SAUL

Why pose as a Lieutenant instead of a no name?

AGENT JOE

Posing as a lieutenant has kept him low on our radar, but not invisible. It appears that's what he wants. Someone from inside the bureau has been feeding him information, on our whereabouts and updates.

AGENT VINCE

A rat? We have a rat in the FBI Joe? We have a motherfuckin rat?

Agent Vince slams his fist on the table.

AGENT VINCE

I fucking hate rats.

AGENT SAUL

We have one at home, it got stuck in the trap the other day. It was so gross I found it after a week, the poor thing starved and almost died. I gave it some cheese and tried to release it but couldn't get it off the glue trap. So we had a little viking funeral for it, my little guy made a shrine out of a shoebox.

AGENT VINCE

What the fuck Saul?

AGENT SAUL

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AGENTT VINCE

A rat, a leak, a snitch, an informant. Not an actual rat.

AGENT SAUL

Oh yeah, I know. I just hadn't told you guys about my rat thing yet.

Beat.

AGENT JOE

Okay. Back to business. Claudio Franco has most likely by now heard of Rick Cervantes and Bam Bam's betrayal, from our "rat". The most likely course of action now for Claudio is to come to Chicago with his sicario Diego Rodriguez and deal with Bam Bam and Rick Cervantes himself. Since Bam Bam is already an informant we stay on him. He and Rick will lead us to the most powerful drug trafficker in the world, and we'll have him on American soil, completely within our jurisdiction.

AGENT SAUL

We'll be heroes. FBI heroes.

AGENT JOE

These are the kinds of busts careers are made on boys.

AGENT VINCE

I like the plan. Sounds sexy, but this rat in the bureau I don't like the sound of this. We need to find out who it is.

AGENT JOE

Right now we keep the information tight. If and when we want to get news to Claudio we talk it up around the station and watch it flush out on the other end. That's how we'll find our rat.

AGENT VINCE

Alright let's get these fuckers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AGENT JOE

Hell yeah. Alright Saul, Vince, I want you two to stakeout Rick's house. You keep constant surveillance on him. Update me if anything is happening. Got it?

AGENT VINCE

Got it.

AGENT SAUL

I'll bring quiche.

Beat.

AGENT SAUL

You guys want lunch? I'm thinking Chinese? Or maybe sushi? What are you craving? I definitely want something asian.

Agents Joe and Vince drink their coffee staring at Agent Saul.

AGENT JOE

Chinese sounds good. Nothing too spicy.

AGENT SAUL

I hear that.

CUT TO:

INT. BAM BAM'S KITCHEN - MID DAY

Bam Bam and his wife Sylvia sit in the kitchen. Their son plays in the living room alone visible through an open door. A large bag of columbian coffee sits on the kitchen counter.

BAM BAM

Please I need you to trust me.

SYLVIA

I'm scared.

BAM BAM

We don't have any choices here.

SYLVIA

You don't have any choices? What about me? What about your son?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BAM BAM

They've got us all. We need to stick together on this one. If you leave they will deport you and Juan.

SYLVIA

I told you not to get involved with this drug bull shit in the first place Guilherme.

BAM BAM

I know mi amore.

Bam Bam goes to hug Sylvia, she breaks away from his embrace and slams a dish into the sink. She grabs another dish raises it above her head. Her expression softens, she slowly lowers the dish and begins to sob. Bam Bam embraces her.

BAM BAM

Listen to me. Listen. Claudio has had me running drugs to Rick for the last five months. Rick has me use his private plane, the FBI knows everything. The FBI grabbed me and threatened to arrest me and say I turned on the Cali Cartel if I didn't deliver another shipment to Rick. I was only supposed to deliver the drugs. When I got off the plane they made me put a wire on, they said if I didn't they would deport you and Juan and arrest me for the drugs they made me bring back.

SYLVIA

Oh god a wire.

BAM BAM

I'm sorry Sylvia I didn't know what to do.

SYLVIA

Guilherme.

Sylvia hugs Bam Bam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BAM BAM

The bright side is they said if I cooperate and help them take down Claudio Franco I would be looking at full immunity and a path to citizenship for you.

SYLVIA

Take down Claudio are you crazy? Do you have any idea what that man is capable of?

BAM BAM

Unfortunately I do, but if the FBI arrests me for smuggling drugs we are as good as dead anyway. At least this way we have an out.

SYLVIA

Guilherme, I'm scared.

BAM BAM

I know.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND - MID DAY

Claudio packs a bag. DIEGO RODRIGUEZ (36), a very tall, well dressed, and fit man calmly sits on the couch sipping scotch. His hair is long and balding, and he has on alligator shoes.

CLAUDIO

We need to get to Chicago. Bam Bam has turned on us, and Rick Cervantes has become a liability.

DIEGO

Bam Bam? Shit I liked him.

CLAUDIO

Me too.

DIEGO

Rick is kind of a piece of shit.

CLAUDIO

Agreed, but a rich piece of shit. My informant tells me they don't know we have been tipped off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIO (CONT'D)

We are going to send a message to Rick. I don't want to kill him yet, he spends a lot of money with us. Maybe we rough him up? Take a finger? I don't know I'll play it by ear.

DIEGO

An ear?

CLAUDIO

There you go now you're thinking.

DIEGO

And Bam Bam?

CLAUDIO

I don't know yet, if he truly is a rat...

Claudio drags his finger across his throat. Diego downs the rest of his scotch.

BLACKOUT.

EXT. RICK CERVANTES POOL - MORNING

Rick is floating on a raft in his pool. He sips a cup of coffee.

RICK CERVANTES

(singing)

Keep in touch with mama kin, bum
bum bum, tell her where your gone
and been, bum bum bum, livin out
your fantasy, bum bum bum, sleepin
late and smoking tea.

Rick sings the guitar solo.

SANDRA

Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

Keep in touch with mama kin.

SANDRA

Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

Tell her where you gone and been.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDRA

Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

(startled)

What?

SANDRA

It's ten am. You have morning meetings starting in thirty minutes.

RICK CERVANTES

I'm meditating.

SANDRA

So?

RICK CERVANTES

Livin out your fantasy. Sleepin late and smokin tea.

Beat.

RICK CERVANTES

Okay ready.

Rick paddles himself back to land.

RICK CERVANTES

Okay what's on the docket.

SANDRA

You have a ten thirty with Forbes magazine, an eleven thirty call with PBR Theater for your Coming to Everywhere you are Milwaukee edition, and a twelve o clock lunch with Steve.

RICK CERVANTES

Okay let's go suck the day's dick Sandra.

SANDRA

Remember our conversations about boundaries.

RICK CERVANTES

I do, I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANDRA

Thank you. I really appreciate that.

RICK CERVANTES

I'm gonna suck the day's dick so hard the boundary waters run dry. Now let's go get rich.

SANDRA

Okay Rick. You go suck that big dick.

RICK CERVANTES

Ewww.

Beat.

SANDRA

So Forbes is a video call where do you want me to set you up?

RICK CERVANTES

I'll take it from the bathroom, still gotta dump out.

SANDRA

Let's set you up in the office Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

Sandra, do you know who Kirby Pucket is?

Sandra stares back at Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

Kirby Pucket was a centerfielder for the Minnesota Twins. Two time world champion, ten time all star, six time golden glove winner.

SANDRA

And?

RICK CERVANTES

He is one of the MLB's all time greats, and after beating several domestic assault allegations in court, Sports Illustrated interviewed him to get his side. Do you know where he took that interview? From the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SANDRA

Rick, Forbes wants to interview you I suggest you don't...

RICK CERVANTES

I'm crowning, beam me up Scotty.

Rick runs to the bathroom.

SANDRA

Uh. Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK CERVANTES BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick is wearing a disheveled button up sitting on the toilet. The video conference call rings. It is Jim the Sr. Editor at Forbes.

RICK CERVANTES

Hey how are you?

JIM

I'm great how are you Rick?

RICK CERVANTES

(grunting)

Feel like 6.9 Billion.

JIM

Great, my name is Jim I've worked for Forbes as the senior editor for the last six years. This article is to better understand your investment strategy, your past, and will be for the August issue. Sound good? Any questions before we start?

RICK CERVANTES

Sounds great. No questions.

Splash.

JIM

Okay. Let's get started. Take me back to a specific memory where you knew you were different, where you knew you were an entrepreneur.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

Well Jim.

Rick farts. Sounds of diarrhea.

RICK CERVANTES

Hang on my signal is bad give me a second.

Rick mutes his audio and farts loudly. Rick turns his audio back on.

RICK CERVANTES

Yeah sorry about that. I remember when I was seven my father took me to a baseball card convention. He gave me two dollars to go get a hot dog. I disappeared for about an hour, my father was so worried about me. Where was I? I took that two dollars bought a pack of Topps baseball cards. I sorted through the pack and found a rare Kirby Pucket card. I traded it for an empty autograph plaque. Sold the empty plaque to a man getting a signed picture of Billy Williams for fifty bucks. I took that fifty bought one hundred packs of big league chew, negotiated bulk pricing, and set up shop at the entrance. I sold out of big league chew in the hour, sold each baseball card with the gum for three bucks. I made three hundred dollars, bought a hot dog, netted a cool two hundred ninety eight dollars in an hour. That's when I knew.

JIM

That's amazing. Was this in Chicago?

RICK CERVANTES

Yes it was...

Rick farts and his stomach groans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICK CERVANTES

Yes sir right here in the windy
city.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK CERVANTES HOUSE - FBI SUV - CONTINUOUS

Agent Vince and Agent Saul sit in the front seat of the SUV. Vince is looking through binoculars at Rick's house. Saul is eating a quiche in his lap. Agent Vince's cell phone rings

AGENT VINCE

(on the phone)

Hello? Yeah we've been on him all day. Nothing. He had coffee in the pool. Came in. Now he's taking a shit. He has the window wide open. He's screaming at someone? I don't know, he's for sure shitting though.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK CERVANTES BATHROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Rick is sitting on the toilet screaming. His hands are waving.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK CERVANTES BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

RICK CERVANTES

You go out there and you take it.
You go get it. You just do it.
Fuckin' do it. Like Shia
motherfuckin' Labeouf. Do it.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE JET - MID DAY

Claudio and Diego sit in their private jet, flying above the ocean. Claudio is sipping a tequila. Diego is smoking a joint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIO

We should be to Chicago in just under an hour. Diego make sure to not tip off either Bam Bam or Rick. I want to surprise them.

Diego picks up his phone and starts texting.

DIEGO

Got it. I'll have a car waiting for us at the airport. Where is the first stop?

CLAUDIO

Bam Bam's house.

DIEGO

Very good.

Claudio slowly sips his tequila.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

A small jet lands. Claudio and Diego walk off the jet onto the runway. A black G Wagon is waiting. The window rolls down, the driver is THIAGO (37) a rugged looking man with dark features.

THIAGO

Hello gentleman. Get in.

Claudio and Diego get in the car.

INT. G WAGON - CONTINUOUS

CLAUDIO

Good to see you Thiago. How is business up north?

THIAGO

Really good Claudio. We have expanded our operation since we last talked. Ever since we cut the Asian gangs out of the opioid trade we have doubled our profits. Not to say it wasn't messy, but it was necessary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIO

Good glad to hear things are running smoothly and you are staying under the radar. Did Diego fill you in on everything?

THIAGO

Yes, I got his text. So what's the plan when we get to Bam Bam's?

CLAUDIO

We'll make him an offer. If he helps us set Rick Cervantes straight I might let him and his family live.

THIAGO

Very good.

CLAUDIO

Very good.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAM BAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The black suburban pulls up in the driveway. The three men step out and walk to the door. Claudio knocks.

INT. BAM BAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bam Bam sits with Sylvia in the kitchen. Their son is playing in the living room. They hear the knock.

SYLVIA

Who is that?

BAM BAM

I don't know. Could be the FBI. Could be someone else. Grab Juan and go in the bedroom.

SYLVIA

Are you sure?

BAM BAM

Now.

Sylvia grabs Juan and runs to the bedroom and locks the door. Bam Bam stands up and walks toward the front door. He gazes through the peep hole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAM BAM
(under his breath)
Holy fucking shit.

Bam Bam takes a deep breath fixes his hair and opens the door.

BAM BAM
Claudio?

CLAUDIO
Bam Bam! How good to see you. May we come in?

BAM BAM
Oh of course.

Bam Bam steps aside. The three men walk in.

CLAUDIO
You know Diego of course and Thiago, correct?

BAM BAM
Yes I sure do. Pleasure to see you guys.

CLAUDIO
The pleasure is all ours.

BAM BAM
So what's up?

CLAUDIO
Aren't you going to offer us a drink?

BAM BAM
You're absolutely right where are my manners.

Shakily Bam Bam opens up the cabinet to grab three glasses.

BAM BAM
Tequila or Scotch?

CLAUDIO
Tequila Bam Bam this isn't serious, just a casual visit.

Bam Bam pours tequila into the glasses. He passes them out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAUDIO
No drink for you?

BAM BAM
No I'm okay.

CLAUDIO
Have one.

BAM BAM
I'm really o...

CLAUDIO
I insist.

Bam Bam grabs a fourth glass and pours himself a tequila. Thiago sits on the opposite end of the couch from Claudio, Diego stands by the door.

CLAUDIO
Sit my friend.

Claudio pats the couch in between him and Thiago. Bam Bam awkwardly sits down between them.

CLAUDIO
So it has come to my attention
that your friend Rick Cervantes
has caused a bit of trouble for my
organization.

BAM BAM
Oh really? What happened?

CLAUDIO
Well it appears he has been caught
on tape talking with the FBI.

BAM BAM
Holy shit. Are you serious?

CLAUDIO
Don't sound so surprised Bam Bam.
We know it was you who wore the
wire. Like I said we know about
the tape.

Beat.

Now, you will take me to him.

BAM BAM
You want me to take you to him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAUDIO
Today.

BAM BAM
Today?

CLAUDIO
Now.

BAM BAM
Now?

CLAUDIO
Is that a problem?

Bam Bam shakes his head no.

CLAUDIO
Where is your wife.

BAM BAM
She's out.

Diego looks around and see's Sylvias shoes and her purse.

DIEGO
She left without her purse or
shoes?

Juan starts crying.

CLAUDIO
As I thought. Bam Bam call her out
here.

BAM BAM
Sylvia honey come out please.

Sylvia nervously walks out of the bedroom with Juan.

CLAUDIO
So what's going to happen is you
will take me to Rick Cervantes.
You will do exactly what I say
when I say it. I don't have to
remind you what's at stake, do I?

Claudio runs his hand through Sylvias hair. Bam Bam says
nothing.

CLAUDIO
Good, let's get going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Claudio stands.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK CERVANTES - HOUSE

The FBI SUV sits outside. The cartel's black Suburban speeds into the driveway. Claudio steps out, followed by Bam Bam, Thiago, and Diego.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI SUV

Agent Vince is picking at the leftover quiche. Saul is slapping his knees like drums.

AGENT SAUL

You know the key to a good quiche?
Microwave the butter.

AGENT VINCE

Mhmm.

AGENT SAUL

Hey isn't that the guy from the
bulletin board?

AGENT VINCE

Holy shit. That's Claudio Franco
head of the Cali Cartel, Bam Bam,
and Diego Rodriguez a top hit man
for Claudio. I think the other guy
is Thiago Villa. He runs Cali
Cartel operations in North America
out of Chicago. He controls
everything this side of the
border.

AGENT SAUL

You did your homework.

AGENT VINCE

I take my job very seriously Saul.
I suggest you start doing the
same. Quick call Joe.

Agent Saul starts dialing the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK CERVANTES HOUSE ENTRANCEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rick and Sandra stand in the entranceway ready to leave.

SANDRA

Okay we're going to meet Steve on set for lunch. We should be there in about fifteen minutes I'll give him a call.

RICK CERVANTES

How do I look?

SANDRA

Fine. Why?

RICK CERVANTES

No reason.

SANDRA

Okay I see. Rick you're married.

RICK CERVANTES

Mhmm. And?

Rick smells his armpits. The doorbell rings.

SANDRA

Are you expecting someone?

RICK CERVANTES

No.

Rick walks to the door. Opens it up. Claudio, Bam Bam, Diego, and Thiago walk inside.

SANDRA

Oh shit.

RICK CERVANTES

Oh shit.

CLAUDIO

Oh shit. What a surprise. Rick?
How are you?

RICK CERVANTES

Great what's up guys. Claudio. Bam Bam. Diego. And?

CLAUDIO

This is Thiago he runs things for me here in Chicago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

Oh nice to meet you Thiago.
Pleasure.

THIAGO

Pleasure is all mine.

RICK CERVANTES

So to what do I owe this surprise?

CLAUDIO

I was in the neighborhood Rick and
thought we could have a quick
chat.

RICK CERVANTES

I was actually just on my way out
to meet a friend for lunch, but
let's talk tomorrow. Tomorrow is
good.

CLAUDIO

Sounds perfect I would love a
Tequila. I assume the liquor is in
the living room?

Claudio walks into the living room and approaches the
bar. He pours himself a tequila.

CLAUDIO

Anyone else.

THIAGO

I'll take one.

DIEGO

Me too.

BAM BAM

Sure.

Claudio pours and passes out drinks.

CLAUDIO

Rick would you like one?

RICK CERVANTES

Sure. I guess I can skip lunch.

CLAUDIO

Please everyone sit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Everyone sits down. Claudio pulls his gun out and sets it on the table in front of him. Diego pulls his gun out and sets it on the table too. Sandra sneaks off into the kitchen.

CLAUDIO

No gun Thiago? Have you gone soft?

THIAGO

Oh no. I just prefer to keep mine.

Thiago pats his ankle.

CLAUDIO

Whatever makes you comfortable my friend. So, why are we here? Rick, tell me why are we here?

RICK CERVANTES

Cause you miss me?

CLAUDIO

Good guess. No, Rick you have become a liability.

RICK CERVANTES

Fuck. Are you going to kill me and shove my dick in my eye socket?

THIAGO

(laughing)

This guy. I invented that by the way.

CLAUDIO

Well that depends.

RICK CERVANTES

On what?

CLAUDIO

If you can help me mitigate the risk.

RICK CERVANTES

Wait why is Bam Bam here?

DIEGO

This guy is full of questions. I love it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAUDIO

Well, you are all in this together. Let me explain. Your good friend Bam Bam has been talking with the FBI isn't that right, Bam Bam? In fact there is a surveillance van outside right now.

RICK CERVANTES

Is that true?

BAM BAM

They gave me no choice Rick I'm sorry.

RICK CERVANTES

You fucking fuck.

CLAUDIO

You on the other hand are... how can I say this delicately? An idiot. You are loud, all over social media, and probably very close to being arrested for fraud. In which case the FBI will most likely flip you, and cut a deal to take me down. It's actually most likely why you have not been arrested yet, and why Bam Bam was made an informant in the first place. Do you see that all this points back to me Rick?

RICK CERVANTES

I guess if that is all accurate, then sure.

CLAUDIO

Oh it's accurate. I run one of the largest drug trafficking operations in the world. I have money Rick, billions upon billions. But do you know what is worth more to me than money? Information.

Beat.

So do you have any information that can help me mitigate this liability?

Linda barges through the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LINDA

You're having a party Rick? Really now? Today the anniversary of Busters death.

CLAUDIO

Who died? Who is Buster?

RICK CERVANTES

It's our dog that died a few years back.

CLAUDIO

Your dog? Okay well I'm sorry to hear about that.

RICK CERVANTES

Linda now is not a good time.

LINDA

Well it's not a good time for me either Rick. I just got kicked out of my book club. They said I drink too much and don't read the books. They were so mean. Who the fuck reads the books in book club anyway? They said I was disruptive to the purpose of the club. Can you believe these cunts? Can you believe it?

CLAUDIO

Oh. Feisty.

RICK CERVANTES

Linda this is a really bad time. We have our friends here from Columbia? Do you understand what I'm trying to say to you? From Columbia.

LINDA

I just can't fuckin believe it. Hi friends from Mexico. Hi, so nice to see you.

Claudio, Diego, and Thiago share a glance.

LINDA

I need a drink.

Linda pours herself a drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLAUDIO

So Rick, I ask you again can you fix this or do I have to kill you and your fucking family?

RICK CERVANTES

What can I do, you tell me I'll do it.

CLAUDIO

I don't know if you can do anything. For now while you think on it, you can pay me to keep you alive. Considering the FBI is outside listening as we speak, it's going to be costly. Let's call it twenty million a week. I'll be here next Tuesday for the first payment. When I come maybe we can talk about some of the ideas you came up with to make this go away.

RICK CERVANTES

What? Twenty Million?

CLAUDIO

Yes twenty.

RICK CERVANTES

Tuesday is tomorrow.

CLAUDIO

How convenient.

RICK CERVANTES

That's not possible.

Claudio reaches for his gun.

RICK CERVANTES

Sure twenty million. Tomorrow.

CLAUDIO

Okay boys let's let them get to work. Bam Bam I trust you can find a ride home?

Linda realizes the severity of the situation starts crying.

A knock on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CLAUDIO

You are expecting company?

RICK CERVANTES

No.

Steve walks through the door.

STEVE

What's up? You just going to blow me off for lunch?

Steve notices the guns and the cartel men.

STEVE

Bad timing?

RICK CERVANTES

Yeah.

CLAUDIO

Rick will be happy to fill you in. Rick maybe put your heads together and brainstorm, I think thats what they call it. If you put your heads close enough, I might be able to use one bullet and you may actually be able to save me some money.

Beat.

CLAUDIO

Okay gentleman let's go.

The men finish their drinks and grab their guns. They show themselves out. Rick, Linda, Steve, and Bam Bam are left alone in the living room. Sandra runs out of the kitchen.

SANDRA

What the fuck! What the fuck! What the fuck!

RICK CERVANTES

What the fuck is right.

Beat.

Really Bam Bam? Are you fucking kidding me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

BAM BAM

I'm sorry they threatened my family.

RICK CERVANTES

Who did?

BAM BAM

Well first the FBI and now the Cartel.

RICK CERVANTES

The FBI?

BAM BAM

Yeah.

RICK CERVANTES

Fuck. Twenty million a week. What the fuck am I supposed to do?

STEVE

What is happening?

BAM BAM

You don't have the money?

SANDRA

Holy shit Rick. Holy shit. I warned you about this. Yesterday.

RICK CERVANTES

I'm having cash flow problems. I need to talk to my accountant, I can maybe pull twenty by tomorrow but I can't do this forever. Fuck.

STEVE

Twenty million dollars?

BAM BAM

I'm really sorry Rick. I really am.

SANDRA

We're all going to die. That's it we're just going to die.

STEVE

Me too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

SANDRA

I don't know Steve, I don't know. Bam Bam has been flying cocaine in from the Cali Cartel for Rick, then the FBI found out and made Bam Bam wear a wire, and then the Cali Cartel found out, now there here, and what the fuck!

LINDA

If I'm going to die I'm going to die in my couture. I need to change.

RICK CERVANTES

Everybody calm down. We'll get through this.

(under his breath)

What would Kirby Pucket do?

Everyone is silent. Rick grabs his laminated Kirby Pucket card and puts it in his pocket.

RICK CERVANTES

I'll solve this. I'm fucking Rick Cervantes baby.

BLACKOUT.

INT. ACCOUNTANTS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rick sits in a chair in his accountants office. TED (46) the accountant, overweight and balding sits at his desk.

TED

Wait, so you want to do what?

RICK CERVANTES

I want to liquidate enough of my assets to get twenty million in cash.

TED

Do I really have to explain it to you?

RICK CERVANTES

Explain what? Oh and I need it tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED

Okay let's just take one business for example.

RICK CERVANTES

Sure, that's a good start.

TED

Cervantes Bonds has an operating revenue of four hundred and fifty two million, and your assets about a billion and a half.

RICK CERVANTES

Perfect.

TED

No not perfect, because with that you have a net profit of zero. In fact its negative. That's how we avoid taxes.

RICK CERVANTES

I know but I really can't get twenty million?

TED

No.

Rick sits back in his chair and begins to ponder.

RICK CERVANTES

Wait I know, I don't need twenty million I need thirty million.

TED

What? Why thirty now?

RICK CERVANTES

Shock value. More money is the perfect distraction.

TED

Is that a joke? You can't get a million without attracting the attention of the IRS and probably the Feds. Who will most likely arrest you on the spot, and me.

RICK CERVANTES

Attracting the help of the feds?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TED

Yes.

RICK CERVANTES

That's a great idea.

TED

What?

RICK CERVANTES

I gotta go.

Rick stands up and leaves abruptly.

CUT TO:

INT. G WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Rick sits in the back seat of his G wagon. He is being driven home. He pulls out his cell phone and dials Bam Bam.

RICK CERVANTES

Bam Bam? I have a plan. I'm going to need you to set up a meeting between me and the feds. Have everyone meet at my place this afternoon.

Rick hangs up the phone, and yells out the window.

RICK CERVANTES

I'm Rick Cervantes baby, don't fuck with the king. I'm coming everywhere you are. Everywhere.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK CERVANTES LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Rick sits on his couch. Hermes and Louis run around playing with KNIVES. Bam Bam sits across from Rick. Agent's Joe, Saul, and Vince stand across from the couch.

RICK CERVANTES

Linda! Come down.

Linda barely makes her way down the stairs. She still has coke residue on her nose. She is dressed in a ball gown and adorned in jewels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

You should probably know whats going on.

LINDA

I already know the cartel is going to kill us, or the FBI is going to arrest us. I fucking know.

RICK CERVANTES

Yeah, but I have a plan.

LINDA

(sarcastic)

Great Rick. Fucking Great.

Linda reaches into her purse and grabs a compact. She pulls it out and stares at the FBI.

LINDA

Fuck it, I'm dead anyway.

She takes a bump of coke from the compact and puts it back. The Agents stare at her. She gestures, so what, with her eyes.

RICK CERVANTES

So here's what I want to do. If you guys can get me thirty million dollars from an evidence locker, what I will do is...

The sounds of a lawnmower overtakes Rick's voice. The FBI agents stand around nodding.

The lawn mower cuts off.

AGENT JOE

It's unorthodox, but if I can get the Capitan to approve the use of the evidence money you got a deal. You get us Claudio Franco, you, Bam Bam, and your families can walk.

RICK CERVANTES

Great. We start tomorrow. Bam Bam I need you here at 9 am sharp.

BAM BAM

Got it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICK CERVANTES

It's important that no one tells Sandra, if we are going to make this look real she needs to stay nervous.

AGENT JOE

Got it.

BAM BAM

Okay.

LINDA

You are so freaking smart Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

Linda baby, I'm gonna lick you up like a snickers blizzard on a hot Sunday afternoon. Get over here.

LINDA

I love it when you talk dirty to me.

Linda jumps in Rick's lap, he starts licking her face.

AGENT JOE

We'll just show ourselves out now.

RICK CERVANTES

Probably best you do because I'm about to stir this milkshake hard. Oh shit here I cum, I'm cumming everywhere you are Linda baby.

The agents show themselves out. Bam Bam follows. Rick and Linda are left moaning in the living room.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. RICK CERVANTES CHILDHOOD HOME - 1988

Rick sits at a four seat table with his father Bodhi and his mother MELINDA (37). Melinda is a pretty woman, she is very well dressed with pearls around her neck. The house is very modest, it is clean but there are not many luxuries.

BODHI

Rick did something today Melinda?

MELINDA

What did he do Bodhi?

BODHI

He made his first up-sell today?

MELINDA

Oh wow, really? That's good right?

BODHI

Very good.

MELINDA

You're proud of him?

BODHI

I'm happy he is progressing in the right direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELINDA

Well that's amazing Rick. I'm proud of you.

RICK CERVANTES

Thanks Mom.

BODHI

Tell your mother what you learned today?

RICK CERVANTES

A man is only measured by his appetites, and success in the only obligation.

BODHI

That's right.

Rick is sitting at the table trying to hold back his smile. He is elated.

MELINDA

Rick could you go run into my bedroom and grab me my cigarettes?

Rick gets up and walks into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. PARENTS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick opens his moms nightstand drawer and grabs a pack of Virginia Slims and a lighter. He sits on the bed and pulls out the Kirby Pucket card from his pocket. He looks at it intently, examines the front, and back. He smiles and puts the card back in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK CERVANTES CHILDHOOD HOME - CONTINUOUS

MELINDA

I'm worried about all these lessons Bodhi. There is more to life than money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BODHI

Melinda, you don't understand.
It's a cruel world out there and
I'm just teaching Rick how to
survive.

MELINDA

You are doing to him exactly what
your father did to you.

BODHI

No, I never hit him.

MELINDA

I've seen you slap him Bodhi, a
few times.

BODHI

Slapping? My father beat with
extension chords and golf clubs. A
slap is just out of love. I'll
hear no more of this Melinda. I
will not have my son grow up to be
poor.

MELINDA

Like us? There are worse things in
life than being poor.

Bodhi slams his fist on the table. Rick walks in with the
pack of cigarettes. Melinda takes them from Rick.

MELINDA

Remember Rick, there is more to
life than money.

Melinda walks outside with her cigarettes.

BODHI

She is right son.

Bodhi waits until the door shuts behind Melinda.

BODHI (CONT'D)

There is also respect. Money and
respect, and to be successful you
need both.

BLACKOUT.

FADE IN.

EXT. RICK CERVANTES POOL - EARLY MORNING

Birds are chirping everything is still. The sun is rising.

INT. RICK CERVANTES KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The oven clock shows 8:52. Rick stands in a bath robe holding a duffle bag. He has sun glasses on and a line of coke is on the kitchen island in front of him. Rick does the line and starts to break up another. Rick's phone dings, he picks it up to look at the message.

RICK CERVANTES

Perfect.

CUT TO:

INT. BAM BAM'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bam Bam sits at his kitchen table with his phone in front of him. His wife and kids watch TV in the living room. Bam Bam presses the phone, the screen reads 8:55.

BAM BAM

Here we fucking go. You better be on to something Rick Cervantes.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Agents Joe, Saul, and Vince sit inside the van. Monitors are on and registering low frequency noises.

AGENT SAUL

Joe, you really shouldn't have let me get that espresso. I'm going to have to doodie within the hour.

AGENT VINCE

Well pull it together Saul and hold it. We have careers to make today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT JOE

Or lose, I gave that fucker thirty million dollars. If anything happens to that money we're all toast. I hope you know what you're doing Rick. I really fuckin hope you do Rick Cervantes.

Agent Joe presses his phone it reads 8:57.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK CERVANTES ENTRANCEWAY

Rick stands with the duffle bag now fully dressed. He adjusts his collar and pats himself down. The door bell rings.

RICK CERVANTES

Come in.

Claudio Franco and Diego Rodriguez walk through the door. Claudio and Diego both have guns tucked into their pants.

CLAUDIO

Rick, I like this. Right on time. Shit, it's 9am and here you are with what I hope for your sake is my money.

RICK CERVANTES

Oh. This, right here?

CLAUDIO

Are you playing with me Rick Cervantes?

DIEGO

Claudio doesn't like games, he is not a patient man. Please Rick, I am not in the mood to clean up another mess today.

Rick smiles at the two men.

CLAUDIO

So can I have the bag?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

All business with you two. Look I know things didn't go as planned between us, but I do have the money in my hand. Just hang on a second.

CLAUDIO

Hang on for what?

RICK CERVANTES

I have a proposal for you. Let's sit and have a coffee.

CLAUDIO

It feels like you are stalling. I'm getting paranoid.

RICK CERVANTES

No, I promise if all goes well there is an extra ten million in it for you. Just five minutes that's all I need. Five minutes, ten million, what do you think?

CLAUDIO

Diego check the bag.

Diego grabs the bag. The three men walk into the kitchen.

DIEGO

The money seems to be here.

RICK CERVANTES

Diego? Claudio? How about an espresso?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

The FBI agents are sitting intently listening to Rick's conversation.

CLAUDIO (V.O.)

Sure.

DIEGO (V.O.)

Why not.

RICK CERVANTES (V.O.)

Perfect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT SAUL
Guys, I have to doodie.

AGENT JOE
Well hold it Saul.

AGENT SAUL
I can't.

Agent Saul swings the van door open and runs to a nearby house. He starts banging on the door. Someone from the house opens it and lets him in.

AGENT JOE
Jesus christ.

AGENT VINCE
Do you think that's a bit strange?

AGENT JOE
What do you mean?

AGENT VINCE
I mean there is an unidentified rat in the FBI and Agent Saul just disappears in the middle of a stakeout.

AGENT JOE
I mean it is suspicious.

Agent Saul re emerges with toilet paper stuck to his foot as he walks back to the van.

AGENT VINCE
No, can't be.

AGENT JOE
What do you mean?

AGENT VINCE
I've been in this for a while, you see that toilet paper stuck to Saul's foot?

AGENT JOE
Yeah.

AGENT VINCE
Well, the attention to detail and forethought required to do something like that, it's just, not...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Saul swings the van door open.

AGENT SAUL

Sorry guys. Photo finish. Espresso runs right through me. That guy has a teak living room set, pretty cool right?

Agent Joe looks over at Agent Saul and nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK CERVANTES KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The three men stand around the island.

RICK CERVANTES

Sandra!

Claudio's phone dings. He looks at it and frowns. He adjusts his expression back to normal and puts the phone away.

SANDRA

(From upstairs)

What?

RICK CERVANTES

Come down and make us some espresso.

SANDRA

What?

RICK CERVANTES

I said we need three espresso's.

SANDRA

Fine Rick. Hang on.

Sandra comes down angrily. She see's the cartel men and gets extremely nervous. She starts shaking. She walks over to the fridge opens it and shuts it. She walks to counter swearing under her breath.

RICK CERVANTES

Espresso Sandra.

SANDRA

Right. Fuck. Right. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She starts making espresso.

RICK CERVANTES

You are going to like this. It's
my favorite.

Sandra hands the three men espressos. The three men sip
the espresso very loud.

CLAUDIO

Delicious.

DIEGO

Yeah, this is very good. Thank
you.

SANDRA

Of course, enjoy.

Sandra runs back upstairs, swearing under her breath.

RICK CERVANTES

Now where were we. Ah yes the
extra ten million.

CLAUDIO

Seriously Rick this is very good
coffee. Where do you get it?

RICK CERVANTES

You know what's funny.

CLAUDIO

What? Tell me.

RICK CERVANTES

Bam Bam buys it.

CLAUDIO

No.

RICK CERVANTES

Yes.

CLAUDIO

No way.

RICK CERVANTES

From right under your noses. Bam
Bam picks it up at the Columbian
airport for me every time before
he flies back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAUDIO

Wow. Diego remember that.

DIEGO

For sure, this is delicious.

RICK CERVANTES

It's called K.P. Cafe I discovered it a few months back I liked it so much I decided to invest. I use it for sensitive situations, if you know what I mean.

Rick points to the duffel bag. Diego unzips it revealing the money.

RICK CERVANTES

May I?

Diego slides the bag to Rick. Rick begins pulling out large bundles of cash.

RICK CERVANTES

So here on the left is your twenty million. It's yours. Now as you know I am an incredibly savvy financial mogul worth over 6.9 Billion dollars. Don't believe me? Google me.

DIEGO

Are you sure I can't kill him? I'd gladly clean up the mess. I changed my mind.

Beat.

RICK CERVANTES

Now. Here is what I can offer you gentleman. Aggressive returns. Now when a regular person pays into a stock, they keep it and hold it, over years to see that money grow. As they say, make the money work for you. But when a filthy rich man invests into something he can get a return almost instantly. How? Cervantes bonds have a buy in option at our most elite level. Twenty five thousand dollars a bond. With an average yearly return of get this, 9.6 Percent. That's for our elites only.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICK CERVANTES (CONT'D)

Now what do I do with that money, I bet against it. I tank the value, obviously just for a short time, not even long enough for my investors to notice. Place a separate buy spread across all negatively effected co dependent assets, and I've essentially just placed a fixed bet with ten to one odds.

CLAUDIO

So you want to invest my ten million?

RICK CERVANTES

No. I want to invest everything.

CLAUDIO

Thirty million?

DIEGO

You do know the consequences if anything goes wrong at the thirty million dollar level?

RICK CERVANTES

Gentleman. You are thinking too small. Not thirty million. You're entire operation.

CLAUDIO

What?

RICK CERVANTES

Claudio you run the Cali Cartel correct?

CLAUDIO

Well am I bugged?

(laughing)

Of course not, I am just a lieutenant, but continue.

RICK CERVANTES

Well I did my research you operate at a yearly revenue of 4.6 Billion. Is that right?

CLAUDIO

Exactly. I'm impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RICK CERVANTES

Well 4.67 but who is counting an extra seventy million.

Rick winks at Claudio.

RICK CERVANTES

Now factor in a twenty five percent tax for money laundering and we have 3.45, which typically in this business gives us an adjusted net amount of 1.65 Billion dollars.

CLAUDIO

If I wasn't so sure I was going to kill you, I'd give you a job as my accountant. That was very impressive, but what is your point?

RICK CERVANTES

Gentleman I want you to give me a billion dollars. I'm going to turn it into five by the morning.

CLAUDIO

You're joking?

RICK CERVANTES

Afraid not Claudio. If I am successful this clears my debt, buys Bam Bam his safety, and gets me a key of coke a week for life.

CLAUDIO

You're fucking crazy Rick Cervantes. Really fucking crazy.

Diego starts reaching for his gun.

CLAUDIO

And I fucking love that.

Diego stops.

CLAUDIO

This puta. This motherfucker thinks he can make me the richest Cartel leader in the world two times over. Fucker. Diego shoot this fool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Diego reaches for his gun.

RICK CERVANTES
Wait. I have collateral.

CLAUDIO
Worth a billion dollars?

RICK CERVANTES
Here I have a document which shall remain in escrow. If the deal fails you own 51% of Cervantes Bonds. It has a net value of one billion dollars.

CLAUDIO
So you thought of everything?

RICK CERVANTES
I did I even forwarded the papers to your accountant. Call him.

Claudio starts dialing his cell phone.

CLAUDIO
(on phone)
Hello. Yes. So you saw it? You're kidding me. How sure are you?
Okay, bye.

RICK CERVANTES
So?

CLAUDIO
You aren't joking at all. Why are you doing this? Why not do this with the thirty million? At ten to one that's three hundred million. That would easily buy your freedom. Why a billion?

RICK CERVANTES
Claudio, there is no glory in playing small.

CLAUDIO
And what about the FBI Rick?

RICK CERVANTES
I've already paid them out of my pocket. Also, this can't be traced back to you I've made sure of that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CLAUDIO

Okay, you seem to have thought of everything. It will take me time but my accountant will wire you the money. I'll have to pull it out of active operations, but you'll have it today.

RICK CERVANTES

Can I call him now if you don't mind. Time is ticking.

CLAUDIO

Sure.

Rick starts dialing.

RICK CERVANTES

(on phone)

We are a go sir.

Diego and Claudio walk out. Rick is standing in the living room alone. Talking into his chest.

RICK CERVANTES

The eagle has taken flight. I repeat the eagle has taken flight.

Rick picks up his cell phone and calls Bam Bam. He reaches into his pocket and kisses his Kirby Pucket card.

RICK CERVANTES

Step one complete. Step two is all you Bam Bam.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK CERVANTES DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Diego and Claudio walk to the Suburban. They get inside and start the car.

DIEGO

Did you just let him take all that money?

CLAUDIO

No, of course not. I'm going to cancel it as soon as we get to the car. My informant messaged me while we were in there, we're being watched.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIO (CONT'D)

We need to make it look like we are on the hook for the plan. We'll come back tonight when the FBI is gone and kill this fool.

DIEGO

Oh perfect, so we will kill this asshole?

CLAUDIO

One hundred percent, does he really think I'd invest my entire operation?. My informant said he would text me when the coast is clear. For now, let's put some distance between us and the FBI.

DIEGO

Got it, smart thinking boss.

The car peels off.

CUT TO:

INT. BAM BAM'S KICHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bam Bam hops up and grabs his keys. He turns to his wife.

BAM BAM

You remember what I told you?

SYLVIA

Stay here and don't open the door for anyone except you.

BAM BAM

Exactly. And you remember where it is?

Sylvia points to a coat pocket on a hook.

BAM BAM

Be safe my love.

Bam Bam exits the house and gets into his car. He peels out of the driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bam Bam is sitting in his car. The FBI van pulls up behind him on the other side of the street. The two cars flash their lights at one another. Bam Bam drives off and the Agent Joe starts dialing his phone.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAUDIO'S SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

Claudio and Diego drive down the street.

DIEGO

Aren't you going to call the accountant to cancel?

CLAUDIO

Yeah, I just thought I'd hear from my informant by now.

Claudio reaching for his phone points at an oncoming car.

CLAUDIO

Hey watch out.

Bam Bam's car is heading straight for the Suburban.

DIEGO

Oh shit.

CLAUDIO

Fucking look out.

Bam Bam's car smashes into the Suburban. The cars spin out. Claudio and Diego are unconscious. Claudio slowly starts to shake awake. He pats Diego.

CLAUDIO

You okay?

DIEGO

(being shaken awake)
Yeah I think so.

The two slowly start to push their way out of the wreckage. They see Bam Bam in the other car.

CLAUDIO

Is that Bam Bam?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIEGO

Fuck.

CLAUDIO

God damnit this isn't right.
Somethings up.

A cop pulls on the scene. OFFICER PETEY (55), a red haired goofy looking officer gets out of the car.

OFFICER PETEY

Ohh. Looks like we had a little doozy here guys. Everyone okay?

CLAUDIO

Just fine. Thanks for asking.
We'll exchange information. I think we got it from here.

OFFICER PETEY

Alright. Just let me check on the other guy.

Officer Petey walks up to the window of Bam Bam's car. They talk. Claudio and Diego try to hide their guns in the car. Officer Petey walks back to Claudio's Suburban.

OFFICER PETEY

On second thought, looks like you'll need a tow truck. I called one for you it should be on the way.

DIEGO

I really think we can drive it to the shop, that's nice of you but probably unnecessary. We got it from...

Sirens can be heard in the distance.

OFFICER PETEY

It should be here any second it's just about...

Officer Petey pulls out his gun and points it directly at Claudio.

OFFICER PETEY

Freeze assholes. We got you surrounded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cop cars surround the men. Cops start to get out of their cars guns drawn pointing at the back of the Suburban. Officer Petey starts to back up. Claudio slowly reaches for his gun. He glances at Diego, they glance at each other. They both pull out their guns and start shooting. The cops fire back. Officer Petey runs to Bam Bam.

OFFICER PETEY

Let's go.

He grabs Bam Bam's hand the two run out of to the tree line. The officers are shooting heavily at the Suburban. Claudio and Diego are pinned behind the tires. Diego pops up and fires a few shots.

DIEGO

Our only move is to get in the car and drive. You head for the driver's seat, I'll cover you.

CLAUDIO

Okay.

DIEGO

On my mark ready? Go.

Diego pops up and empties his clip into the field of officers. Claudio hops into the drivers seat he hits the push start. The car revs up. Diego hops in the passenger door, arm still out the open window firing. Claudio steps on the gas. The two speed down a Chicago street with twenty squad cars chasing them. A squad car pulls up along side of the Suburban and slams into the back left to pit maneuver them. The Suburban slides aggressively but is able to recover. Claudio makes a hard left turn onto a residential street. The car is bouncing over speed bumps as sparks fly everywhere. A group of squad cars can be seen at the end of the street creating a blockade. Claudio spins the car and pulls the e-brake. The car comes to a halt facing the other direction. He steps on the gas and is driving full speed toward the squad cars that were chasing him. The squad cars dart out of the way as he bounces over the speed bumps. All the squad cars are directly behind him now. He gets on to a main road and floors it.

CLAUDIO

I'll lose them. Diego find me a safe house where we can stash the truck.

Diego picks up his phone and starts dialing. The squad cars are on his tail and a helicopter appears over head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Suburban is heading toward the Lasalle street bridge. The bridge starts to move.

DIEGO

Fuck they're raising the bridge on us.

Claudio steps on the gas harder. The car enters the bridge as the gap widens.

DIEGO

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Claudio slams on the breaks at the last second when the gap is too large. The car spins and comes to a screeching halt right at the edge of the bridge, down below a hundred feet is the lake. Claudio and Diego both let out a loud sigh.

The officers surround the car. Diego and Claudio throw their guns out the windows.

OFFICER 1

Freeze. Put your hands up. You're coming with us Claudio Franco and Diego Rodriguez.

The officers pull the two men out of the car and cuff them.

OFFICER 1

You have the right to remain silent anything you say or do can and will be used against you...

CLAUDIO

Fucking Rick Cervantes.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK CERVANTES PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Rick sits outside with his phone. It rings.

RICK CERVANTES

Yes Bam Bam?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bam Bam and Officer Petey walk down the road. Bam Bam is holding his phone on speaker.

BAM BAM
Step two is complete.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK CERVANTES PATIO - CONTINUOUS

RICK CERVANTES
Fuck yeah.

Rick hangs up the phone. He starts dialing.

RICK CERVANTES
Hello Agent Joe? Yes, I'm sure you heard your bird has been caged. Perfect, as per the arrangement meet me at the Yacht Club harbor in four hours. See you then. Oh and come alone. As in the three of you. You can come alone like that, just you three guys. Alone. Cool?

Rick hangs up and dials another number.

CUT TO:

INT. ACCOUNTANTS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ted sits at his desk. The phone rings.

TED
Yes? No he called twenty minutes ago. The wire transfers are complete and the bid has been placed. All is going according to plan. We should be able short Cervantes Bonds and buy against them and close out right as trading ends. By tomorrow morning we'll have processed a deal with a profit as high as ten billion dollars. This is record breaking Rick. This will be the biggest trade in Wall Street History.

Ted hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED
Jesus, fuck. Fucking Rick
Cervantes.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Agents walk Claudio and Diego into an interrogation room.
Agent's Vince, Joe, and Saul walk in after.

AGENT JOE
We have everything we need.

AGENT VINCE
We can take down your entire
organization.

AGENT JOE
We have tapes, we have witnesses,
and we have a paper trail of money
wire transferred to Rick Cervantes
that leads us right back to
everything.

AGENT SAUL
You know what they say? Follow the
money. So we followed it, all the
way to here. Where we're gonna
follow you, all the way to court,
where they are gonna...

AGENT VINCE
Jesus Saul enough.

AGENT SAUL
Sorry I got stuck wasn't sure how
to end it.

AGENT VINCE
Yeah I could tell.

Officer Petey walks Thiago into the interrogation room.

OFFICER PETEY
We found this one trying to board
a plane back to Columbia just now.

He throws Thiago into a chair.

AGENT VINCE
Now it's a party.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT JOE
(to the Agents)
Gentleman, please step out. I'd
like to speak with our suspects
alone.

The other agents leave.

AGENT JOE
So. Here we are.

CLAUDIO
Here we are. So what now el raton?

Agent Joe taps his fingers on the desk.

CLAUDIO
I need to make a phone call to my
accountant Joe.

Agent Joe continues to tap his fingers on the desk.

CLAUDIO
Now Joe.

Agent Joe takes a sip of coffee.

AGENT JOE
You never knew who your informant
was.

CLAUDIO
What?

AGENT JOE
You just called me el raton, you
assumed it was me. Well I'll tell
you something, it wasn't me. To be
honest, I don't know who it was
either but they can't help you
now.

Agent Joe smiles and takes a sip of his coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. BAM BAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bam Bam walks in the house. Sylvia backs up towards the
coat on the wall scared. She is relieved to see Bam Bam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAM BAM

It's done.

SYLVIA

What?

BAM BAM

They went down we're safe. Rick saved us.

SYLVIA

He also got you into this mess.

BAM BAM

He did but when he got me out he paid me for my troubles.

SYLVIA

Paid?

BAM BAM

Sylvia he gave me ten million dollars.

SYLVIA

What?

BAM BAM

Yes we are free baby. We are free.

Bam Bam and Sylvia embrace.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK CERVANTES LIVING ROOM

Rick stands with Linda and Sandra. Linda is in a fur coat drinking chardonnay.

RICK CERVANTES

You two doing okay?

SANDRA

I think so. I can't believe your plan worked.

LINDA

I've always believed in you Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

Well we're not done yet. But...
Damn I'm good.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES (CONT'D)

The best part is it's not even noon. We can still make it to Milwaukee for my seminar, assuming everything goes smoothly at the Yacht Club.

SANDRA

Maybe take today off Rick?

RICK CERVANTES

Are you kidding? Hell no. Pack bags everyone. We're going to Milwaukee.

The doorbell rings.

SANDRA

Fuck.

Sandra walks over to the door and opens it. Steve stands in the doorway.

SANDRA

(to Rick)

It's Steve.

RICK CERVANTES

Send him in.

Steve and Sandra walk into the living room.

SANDRA

I'm going to start packing.

Sandra walks out.

STEVE

So how did it go?

RICK CERVANTES

Let's just say everything went exactly according to plan.

STEVE

That's great.

RICK CERVANTES

Steve, you have always been my best friend. I need you to do something for me.

STEVE

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICK CERVANTES

Take this letter and don't open it until tonight. If you don't hear from me by seven follow the instructions. Do you understand?

STEVE

Sure Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

I need you to do exactly as they say.

STEVE

Of course.

RICK CERVANTES

Thanks, I need to get going. Hopefully I'll talk to you soon.

STEVE

God speed.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACH CLUB PIER - EARLY AFTERNOON

Rick stands at the end of the pier holding a duffle bag with Sandra, Linda, and the kids. A storm is brewing behind them. The FBI van pulls up. The three agents walk out and walk toward Rick. Rick walks toward the agents, they meet in the middle of the pier. Everyone stops.

RICK CERVANTES

Here it is everything you asked for, and I believe I got the three of you promotions. Congratulations Agent Joe and team. Or should I say Department Director Joe.

AGENT JOE

It's not that simple.

AGENT SAUL

Yeah.

AGENT JOE

We know you took cartel money and made the trade yourself, we did not discuss that. You were supposed to get him on the hook, but not actually make the trade.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT JOE (CONT'D)

You put me in a tough situation. I need to take you in, I'm sorry.

RICK CERVANTES

Do you?

AGENT JOE

Come on Rick. I know we promised full immunity, but you actually invested cartel and evidence money during an FBI investigation. We can be civil. I'll make sure they go easy on you, you should be out in two or three years. We can get you into one of those white prisons. You know like the country clubs.

AGENT SAUL

Don't you mean white collar?

AGENT JOE

Sure.

RICK CERVANTES

What if I told you gentleman, that I don't know anything about a Cali Cartel investment. In fact my accountant this morning did tell me we received a rather substantial donation from an ex ball players estate. I think his name was Kirby Pucket. Apparently who ever runs Mr. Pucket's estate had a large chunk of shares with a Columbian Coffee company, that he so graciously invested with me.

AGENT JOE

So you laundered the cartels money before you invested it? That's still illegal, and what about the evidence money? You need to come with me Rick.

AGENT SAUL

Yeah. Let's go bud.

RICK CERVANTES

The evidence money is right here.

Rick sets down the duffel bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICK CERVANTES

You may also like to know that accounts have been set up in each of your names, and in those accounts you will each find ten million dollars.

AGENT SAUL

Ten million dollars?

RICK CERVANTES

Also I bought you all brand new Ferrari's they are waiting for you at your beach houses in Miami.

AGENT SAUL

I don't have a beach house in Miami.

RICK CERVANTES

You do now.

AGENT SAUL

You're joking. I love Miami.

AGENT VINCE

Shut up Saul.

AGENT JOE

Ten million. You're bribing us Rick.

RICK CERVANTES

I'm not bribing anyone. I'm just motivating you to look the other way. Now gentleman I must be off. Agent Saul, Agent Vince, Director Joe. The thirty million is in the bag.

Rick winks at Joe.

RICK CERVANTES

Adios.

Rick walks away from the duffle bag and boards his boat with Sandra, Linda, and the kids. The boat pulls away from the dock into Lake Michigan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AGENT SAUL

Wow, would you look at that. Ten million, beach houses, Ferraris, and we're great at our jobs. Isn't it nice when everything works out.

Agent Vince is peering at Agent Saul. Agent Saul starts laughing.

AGENT VINCE

It was you?

AGENT JOE

What?

AGENT VINCE

Saul, Saul is the rat.

Agent Joe looks at Agent Saul. Saul takes a string cheese out of his pocket and starts unwrapping it. He starts hysterically laughing. He pulls the cheese off one string at a time as he eats it.

AGENT SAUL

You two have always underestimated me.

AGENT VINCE

I knew it.

AGENT JOE

Holy shit, it was you.

AGENT VINCE

So the stupid rat story, having to poop during surveillance this morning, the constant misdirections it was all meticulously planned.

AGENT SAUL

Gentleman, all I know is that an anonymous FBI informant was feeding Claudio Franco information. Now, that information has led to his arrest, the promotion of Agent Joe, and a whole lot of untraceable money for all the agents involved.

AGENT JOE

No fucking way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AGENT VINCE

Give me your phone Saul. It ends here, I hate rats.

AGENT JOE

No. Give it to me.

Agent Saul reluctantly hands Joe the phone. Joe looks at it and throws it in the lake.

AGENT VINCE

What are you doing?

AGENT JOE

Do you know how long I'd have to work to make ten million dollars?

AGENT VINCE

This isn't right.

AGENT JOE

Go make a complaint, see who's desk it lands on.

AGENT SAUL

My guess would be the newly appointed director.

Agent Saul starts laughing again.

The three men stand at the end of the pier. The wind is blowing strong as they watch Rick's yacht disappear into the horizon..

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Rick is being mic'd up by Sandra. Ready to address a large audience.

RICK CERVANTES

Hang on. I almost forgot. It's seven o'clock.

Rick grabs his phone and scrolls to Steve's name.

RICK CERVANTES

Eh. I'll call him after.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rick walks through the curtains. The lights are bright, the crowd goes wild.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Steve looks at the clock. 7:01. He looks at his phone nothing. He pulls out the envelope. He opens it. Two tickets to Barbados. Confused he looks for anything else in the envelope. He finds a post it note.

POST IT

Rule #1 Never have a plan B. See you in Barbados brother. The second ticket is for Candice Swanpoel if you can get her to come. That be so dope.

Steve starts laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - MAIN STAGE

Rick is already addressing the audience.

RICK CERVANTES

You want to be a good investor. Have some balls and believe in yourself. Invest in yourself. Don't invest in stocks, or mutual funds, or homes, or even me. Invest in you. If you want to be part of Cervantes Bonds do it, if it feels right. If it feels right to buy a horse and try and milk it, fucking do it. Do what feels right because god damnit at least you made that choice.

The audience goes wild.

RICK CERVANTES

Now listen let me let you in on a little secret. Everyday you know what I say to myself in the mirror?

AUDIENCE

We love you Rick!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK CERVANTES

I know. I love you too. I love me more though.

AUDIENCE

I love you more.

RICK CERVANTES

Every morning I say to myself, how the fuck do you do it Rick, fuck, fuck, fuck. Fuckin' Rick Cervantes.

The audience goes wild with applause. They give Rick a standing ovation. An audience member starts chanting Fucking Rick Cervantes, they chant slowly starts to pick up. The entire crowd is chanting it.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sandra is shaking her head in disbelief.

SANDRA

Fucking Rick Cervantes.

CUT TO:

INT. AGENT JOE'S - KITCHEN.

Agent Joe is sitting watching the news at his kitchen table drinking a beer. The news starts on a story about wall street.

NEWS ANCHOR

Today history had been made when a trade in the amount of two billion dollars was placed at 9 am this morning. The purchase bought a majority stake in the company Coldwater Blackstone and Ryan, which is the parent company to K.P Coffee, a small Columbian Coffee distributor out of Cali, Columbia. Traders are calling it the luckiest penny stock in history.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Interestingly enough once that trade was made it triggered a chain reaction causing the Dow Jones to fall by nearly four percent. This caused the shares of Coldwater Blackstone and Ryan to momentarily increase more than five times in value. The shares were immediately sold resulting in a total cash out of ten billion dollars. The FBI is currently investigating for insider trading, but as it seems the trade will stand.

AGENT JOE

Fucking Rick Cervantes.

CUT TO:

INT. BAM BAMS LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The same news channel is on in Bam Bam's house. He is watching his tv and drinking scotch.

NEWS ANCHOR

The trade was made by legendary financial advisor and market mogul Rick Cervantes.

BAM BAM

Fucking Rick Cervantes.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Steve is sitting on his couch watching the same news channel.

NEWS ANCHOR

This puts Rick Cervantes according to Forbes as the 32nd wealthiest man in the United States.

STEVE

Fucking Rick Cervantes.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The audience is chanting, "fucking Rick Cervantes". Rick winks at the crowd.

RICK CERVANTES
I'm coming everywhere you are
baby.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRARI - MIAMI

Agent Joe speeds down the highway in a bright red Ferrari.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - MIAMI

Agents Vince and Saul race Jet ski's in the ocean.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLF CART - BARBADOS

Sandra is giving rick a key bump as he aggressively drives a golf cart on the beach.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNGALOW - BARBADOS

Linda is drinking a tall glass of Vodka. She is walking outside a large house but she keeps bumping into the wall and breaking things.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARBADOS OCEAN RAFT

Steve and Candice Swanapoel drift on a raft in the ocean drinking Mai Thais.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL

Claudio, Thiago, and Diego share a jail cell. Diego is sipping coffee.

DIEGO

This coffee sucks.

Claudio is sitting on his bunk staring at the wall, his concentration is unbreakable.

CLAUDIO

Hell is empty and all the devils are here. Rick Cervantes I will have my revenge.

CUT TO:

INT. BAM BAM'S KITCHEN

Bam Bam, Sylvia, and their son sit eating breakfast at the table.

CUT TO:

INT. ACCOUNTANTS OFFICE

Ted is sitting at his desk with his head leaned back. He is getting a blowjob from an escort under the desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - BARBADOS

Rick sits at a large table covered in food, alcohol, and cocaine. Around the table is, Sandra, Steve, Candice, Linda, Hermes, Louis, and a few locals.

RICK CERVANTES

A toast to my friends. Who keep me humble and keep me, me.

Rick does a huge bump of coke off the table and takes a shot of tequila. Rick pours another shot.

RICK CERVANTES

And a toast to my parents Bodhi and Melinda, you taught me everything I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rick looks up at the sky.

RICK CERVANTES
Wherever you are, cheers!

SANDRA
Rick your parents are in Boca.

RICK CERVANTES
Oh I thought they might be on a
plane. To being humble!

Rick slams his tequila.

BLACKOUT.