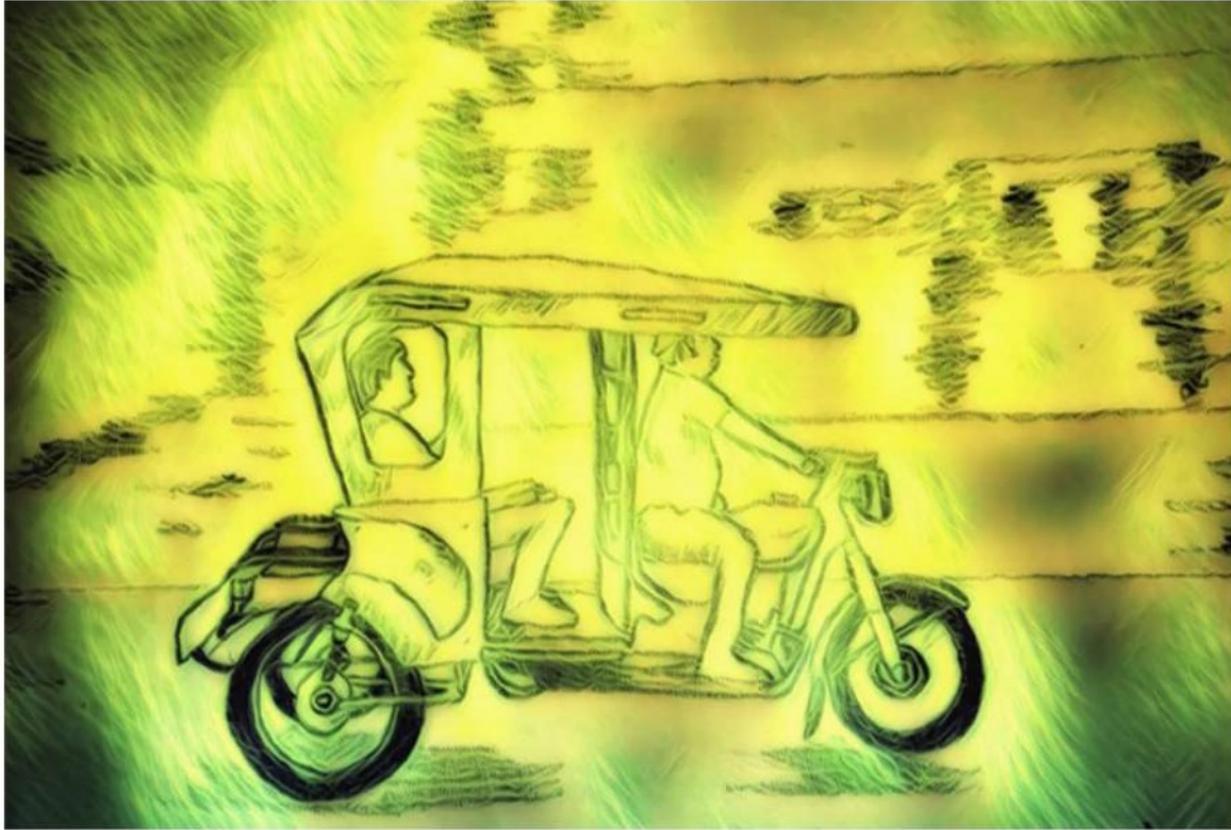


Tribal- Episode 5: Iquitos ©



Bill rides in the back of a rickshaw bouncing its way through a chaotic tropical street as the sunsteams the wet pavement.

14 EXT. STREET, IQUITOS - DAY

Bill rides in the back of a rickshaw bouncing its way through a chaotic tropical street as the sun steams the wet pavement. As he stares at a pretty girl walking along the rickshaw hits a pothole, causing Bill's suitcase to fly loose and slam into his face. He barely rescues the suitcase from flying out the door when the the rickshaw suddenly jerks to a stop in front of the dingy Hotel San Martin.

DRIVER

Hotel San Martin!

As Bill steps out, he must jump out of the way of a man walking by carrying two live, clucking chickens.

15 INT. HOTEL SAN MARTIN, IQUITOS - MOMENTS LATER

As Bill waits to check in, he notices a portrait of San Martin on velvet and again becomes fixated on the epaulets. The DESK CLERK, a young woman, 20s, calls out to Bill who's in a fog.

DESK CLERK

Sir, may I help you?

No reaction.

DESK CLERK

Sir?

Bill looks over, confused.

DESK CLERK

Would like to check in?

BILL

Yes...yes, please. Sanchez.

DESK CLERK

Guillermo Sanchez, yes, I have you right here. You'll be staying with us one night, yes?

Bill hesitates but can only assume that's correct.

BILL

Yes...one night only.

DESK CLERK

You'll be in room 305. It has a nice view of the Plaza. Will you be joining us for dinner?

BILL

Actually, I've had a long day and just want to rest. Can I have something sent up to my room?

DESK CLERK

Why of course. There's a menu in your room. Just call room service.

BILL

Thanks, I'll do that. Can you please have someone bring up a bottle of pisco and some ice right away?

DESK CLERK

Certainly. Will there be anything else right now?

BILL

No that will do it.

He picks up his suitcase and turns to leave, suddenly remembering.

BILL

Excuse me. Can you tell me where I can find a bar called El Pappagallo? I'm supposed to meet a friend there later.

DESK CLERK

Yes, when you walk out the door make a right and go to the end of the Plaza and make a right on Calle Fitzcaraldo. After four blocks you'll reach the river where you turn left on Avenida La Marina. El Pappagallo is about three blocks further. You can't miss it. Would you like me to arrange a taxi for you?

BILL

No, that's OK, I'll walk. I've had enough taxis for today.

The Desk Clerk laughs, knowingly.

BILL

Thanks for your help.

DESK CLERK

My pleasure. Enjoy your stay.

16 INT. HOTEL SAN MARTIN ROOM, IQUITOS - EVENING

Bill's already put a dent in the bottle of pisco and gazes from a balcony down at the Plaza below bathed in the dark amber of dusk. He looks at his watch and lights a cigarette. After a couple of drags his eyes move towards the sound of a woman calling her child.

MOTHER IQUITOS

Julio!

She frantically searches in the Plaza, getting more frantic.

MOTHER IQUITOS

Julio, where are you? Julio!

Bill watches the scene unfold, concerned. Suddenly, the sound of the VOICES starts up, subtle at first but then building. Bill holds his hand to his temple. The woman finally locates her son with a group of other kids.

MOTHER IQUITOS

Julio, why didn't you answer me?
Come on, it's time to go home.

JULIO

Can't I stay a little longer?

MOTHER IQUITOS

No, come now!

As the woman drags the kid off by the hand, Bill drops his cigarette over the railing, grabbing his head with both hands, grimacing as the VOICES continue babbling incoherently. He reaches into his shaving kit, pulling out his meds and washes down a couple pills with some pisco. As the VOICES build, there is a knocking at the door which Bill doesn't notice.

BILL

Stop...stop!

ROOM SERVICE (O.S.)

Mr. Sanchez? Room service here.

The VOICES subside as Bill knocks over a chair. More knocking.

ROOM SERVICE (O.S.)

Mr. Sanchez, is everything alright?

Bill collects himself and answers the door, drenched in sweat. A bellhop enters with a tray of food, noticing his appearance.

BILL

Hello...right over there.

ROOM SERVICE

Are you OK, sir? I heard shouting.

BILL

I took a nap and was having a bad dream is all. I'm fine, thank you. Here, this is for you.

ROOM SERVICE

Thank you, sir. You can just leave the tray outside the door when you're done.

BILL

OK, thanks.

Bill calms down and starts to eat. As he takes his second bite the phone LOUDLY RINGS, startling him so he drops his fork.

BILL

Shit.

Bill takes a deep breath and answers.

BILL

Hello?

(beat)

That's fine.

(beat)

Yes, eight thirty.

(beat)

OK...yeah...OK, see you later.

17 EXT. EL PAPPAGALLO BAR, IQUITOS - NIGHT

Bill is sitting at a table on the sidewalk, sipping a drink and watching the people going in and out. A bearded man in a green guayabera and walking with a slight gimp, HORACIO, 40s, catches his eye. As the man approaches, he scopes everyone out until an acquaintance coming out of the bar greets him. He makes inaudible small talk for a few moments, distractedly looking around. He finally makes eye contact with Bill, breaks away and walks over and sits, motioning for the waiter.

HORACIO

A Cusqueña, please.

(back to Bill)

Guillermo? Bill Sanchez?

BILL

(surprised)

Um...yes, and you?

HORACIO

Horacio de Barro. You're looking good, man.

Bill's befuddled.

BILL

I'm sorry. Do I know you?

HORACIO

(laughing)

What's the matter? Don't you remember me? Hey, don't mind me. I've had a few. Iquitos will do that to you.

While Bill stares, Horacio pulls out a cigar, offering one to Bill.

BILL

No thanks.

Horacio lights his cigar and in doing so reveals he too is missing half his right pinky, causing Bill's eyes to widen.

HORACIO

Well, I can understand. It's been what, five years or so?

As Horacio savors his first puffs, the waiter returns with his beer. While he's settling with the waiter, Bill strains to look more closely at Horacio who notices. After the waiter has gone, Horacio pulls down the left side of his collar, revealing his own dartboard tattoo.

HORACIO

Looking for this?

Bill leans forward, astonished, as Horacio smiles. He sits back, sips his drink, starts to light a cigarette when the sudden dawn of recognition hits him. Horacio put his finger to his mouth to silence Bill who leans forward again.

BILL

(hushed tone)

Tony? Tony di Stefano?

HORACIO

It's Horacio de Barro now. At least they let you keep your first name. You know how long it took me to get used to people calling me Horacio?

BILL

I don't believe it. I thought...

HORACIO

So did everyone else.

BILL

But what are you doing here? How do you cope? I mean, you're American for Christ sake.

HORACIO

My dad was a pure Brooklyn Italian but my mom was from Panama so I was raised half Spanish. Thank god my dad moved to Sunset Park, huh?

BILL

Tony, I...

HORACIO

(looking around)

Horacio. Hey why don't we go inside where it's noisier?

Horacio slams his beer and gets up, leaving Bill staring after him.

HORACIO

Well?

18 INT. EL PAPPAGALLO BAR, IQUITOS - LATER

The bar is very crowded, smoky and noisy. Bill and Horacio are drinking pisco sours. Horacio has a head start on Bill and is quite drunk.

HORACIO

Yeah, its been a real roller coaster. But I digress. You're looking good, man.

BILL

I never thought I'd ever see anyone I knew ever again, least of all you.

HORACIO

There's not too many of us left.

BILL

What do you mean?

HORACIO

I'd better watch my mouth. Too many piscos. Ha!

Horacio quietly stares off into space for a few moments then snaps out of it.

HORACIO

Listen, there's not much time. I need to give you your marching orders.

BILL

You? I was expecting someone else.

HORACIO

Oh well. Another pisco sour please. You?

BILL

I'm good.

Horacio looks nervously over his shoulder, hastily scribbles something on a cocktail napkin and stuffs it into Bill's shirt pocket. Bill reaches for it but Horacio grabs his hand.

REVEAL NOTE LATER: It's all in your head. Rio Negro north to Caracas.

HORACIO

Later...later tonight.

(a few beats)

So, Guillermo, how has your mental health been lately?

BILL

My...mental health?

HORACIO

Yeah, you know. Is everything as it should be? Tell the truth, there's not much time. Have you been hearing voices?

BILL

How do you know about that?

HORACIO

Because so do I. We all do. It's part of their plan, you see.

BILL

What? How?

HORACIO

It's how they control you. Have they threatened to withhold your meds?

BILL

Control me? What...?

Horacio holds up his finger to his mouth. Bill stops talking and slowly nods his head. The bartender brings Horacio his drink and he immediately knocks down half of it.

HORACIO

This has been going on for like twenty years now. You wouldn't think it should have taken until now for the lid to get blown off. They got other ways too. Feel this.

Horacio grabs Bills hand and presses it against his chest.

HORACIO

Feel that? That big hard lump? Its a tumor. Went on a bender one night in Lima. Woke up the next day, or at least I think it was the next day, and there it was. The doctors say it's spread all over now. You got any lumps Bill?

Bill shakes his head, astounded.

HORACIO

Remember when Pablo Escobar was killed? That was before our time, back in 93, but that was us, alright. Guy who did it was promptly assassinated himself.

Horacio grabs his head in pain.

HORACIO

Aaagh! No, kamikazes, man, kami...

Horacio shakes and falls face down to the floor screaming and holding his head. The bar crowd turns to see what's going on. Bill falls to his knees to try to help Horacio who has blood flowing out of his left ear. Bill flips him over so he's face up. Horacio convulses a few times, makes a disgusting "urp" sound and then, to Bill's horror, his left ear oozes blood and bulges out. His left eye also bulges. Horacio clambers up to the bar, disgusting the bartender.

HORACIO

(wisp of smoke from nostrils)

One more pisco sour, please.

As a crowd gathers around a hand suddenly appears on Bill's shoulder. Much to Bill's surprise, it's Leather Man.

LEATHER MAN

Come on.

Leather Man quickly escorts Bill out of the bar. Just as they get out the door, Bill glances back in to see Horacio lean both hands on the bar as he lifts his head in a hideous smiling grimace. As he opens his mouth, blood dripping out, his head explodes, sending the bartender and a few bystanders flying and smashing the bottles and mirror behind the bar. Smoke and panic ensues.