

Tribal-Episode 8: Caracarai ©



The voices start up again. He shakes his head, closes his eyes and places his face down into his hand.

22 EXT. SQUARE NEAR DOCKS - DAY

Bill walks a ways and sits on the edge of a fountain, noticing that Zarin is taking more pictures of the cargo being unloaded than of the river. He is absorbing the whole scene when, suddenly, the voices start up again. He shakes his head, closes his eyes and places his face down into his hand. The voices are low volume but there nonetheless. A louder voice penetrates. Bill looks up to see two prostitutes standing there, very high, no doubt just heading home after a long night.

PROSTITUTE 1

Hey Mister, are you alright?

PROSTITUTE 2

Can we help you, baby?

BILL

No, no, I'm OK.

They sit down on either side of him. The voices get louder and Bill rubs his forehead, starting to sweat.

PROSTITUTE 2

Got a cigarette?

BILL

Yes here, take what you want.

She dumps some out, hands a few to her friend, stuffs a few down her bra and pops one in her mouth before putting the pack back into Bill's jacket pocket. All the while Bill is oblivious, holding his head.

PROSTITUTE 1

How about a light, honey?

Bill doesn't hear her and reaches into the side pocket on his suitcase, pulling out his prescription bottle and popping a few, washing them down with a water bottle.

PROSTITUTE 2

Hey, what you got there? Can I have some?

BILL

No, I need this.

PROSTITUTE 1

You're no fun. OK, where's my light?

She reaches back into Bill's pocket where she put the cigarettes. Bill has his face back in his hands and doesn't

notice. Zarin is still strolling along the dock shooting pictures, not noticing this whole drama unfolding.

PROSTITUTE 1

You got to have something in here.
Aaah!

She pulls out the Boca lighter.

PROSTITUTE 1

Wow, that's a nice one.

PROSTITUTE 2

Hey, let me see that!

PROSTITUTE 1

Get your own bitch!

The two fumble the lighter and it falls to the ground, causing the case to pop off. Bill looks up, confused, as Prostitute 1 picks up the lighter off the pavement about ten feet away.

PROSTITUTE 1

Look what you did!

PROSTITUTE 2

Me? It was your fault.

PROSTITUTE 1

Sorry Mister, I'll put it back together.

It finally dawns on Bill what's happening. As time stands still he reaches into his pocket, realizes that his lighter is missing, glances up and sees Zarin down by the dock turning around and looking at him and then, to his horror, watches as the Prostitute pushes the lighter back into its case but then being unable to push the toggle lever back down because it's now bent.

BILL

No, give it here. Let me fix it.

PROSTITUTE 1

It's OK, honey I think I got it.
Shit, this thing is really stuck. I can't get this cap down. Maybe you better fix it. Sorry.

She starts to walk over and then, remembering she wants a cigarette, pulls one out of her bra, puts it in her mouth and raises the lighter. She flicks the flint wheel. Bill grimaces and instinctively hunches over. Nothing happens. No explosion and no flame from the lighter. Zarin has now stopped and is looking at Bill curiously as Bill looks back,

smiling sheepishly. She tries the lighter again and again nothing.

PROSTITUTE 1

Guess this thing must really be broke.

Prostitute 2 grabs the lighter from Prostitute 1's hand.

PROSTITUTE 2

Here, let me try it.

She flicks the lighter. It flames up and she lights her cigarette, then lights her friend's cigarette, Bill grimacing both times. She looks up and hands the lighter back to Bill.

PROSTITUTE 2

What's the matter with you?

Bill takes the lighter and stares at the Boca logo which is now chipped. He then looks up at Zarin and then sees the Bearded Man approach him. Zarin and Bearded Man chat for a moment and then Zarin points up in the direction of Bill. BOOM! The boat is blown to smithereens. Everyone hits the pavement. Flying debris lands everywhere and the whole area becomes smoke enshrouded.

What remains of the boat and the surrounding dock area is in flames. Zarin is lying motionless, face down with a couple of boards over him. He stirs and, with help from the Bearded Man, pushes the debris off and manages to stand, in shock and looking around. They were protected from the full brunt by a pile of cargo. They look at the boat, then towards Bill but can't see anything through the smoke. Pushing their way through the wreckage and other bystanders, they arrive at the fountain but Bill is gone. Zarin grabs the arm of Prostitute 1, sitting on the sidewalk.

ZARIN

Where is he?

PROSTITUTE 1

(dazed)

What happened?

Zarin lifts her up to standing position.

PROSTITUTE 1

Ow! You're hurting me!

ZARIN

I'll do more than that. Where is he?

PROSTITUTE 1

Where is who? What are you talking...

ZARIN

That man you were just talking to.

PROSTITUTE 1

I don't know.

Zarin pushes her away, surveys the area, but can't see Bill and finally smacks the Bearded Man, yelling something at him in Farsi.

23 EXT. TICKET BOOTH NEAR DOCKS, MANAUS - LATER

Bill is agitatedly speaking to the TICKET SELLER while looking at a boat schedule posted on the window.

BILL

So there are no boats to Iquitos?

TICKET SELLER

Not until next week. Wednesday.

BILL

Do you have anything leaving tonight?

TICKET SELLER

There's one going to Barcelos. But it's leaving right now you'll have to hurry.

BILL

Barcelos? Where's that?

TICKET SELLER

It's up the Rio Negro.

BILL

How far?

TICKET SELLER

It's about 500 kilometers. Takes a couple days.

Bill's cell phone rings but he doesn't answer.

BILL

Excuse me just a second.

TICKET SELLER

Sir, the boat leaves any minute.

Looking down at his phone, it reads "New Voicemail".

BILL

Shit.

So Bill hits Play. It's Leather Man.

LEATHER MAN (V.O.)

Good evening Bill. We understand the lighter worked. However, we need confirmation the mission was fully accomplished. Today is October 31. You have six days, until noon November 6, to confirm. After that there will be...difficulties. Look forward to hearing from you. Good bye.

The boat toots it's horn and the mates begin untying the lines.

TICKET SELLER

Would you like a ticket?

BILL

Barcelos? No, I don't think so. What else do you...

Bill sees Zarin getting out of a cab about half a block away. Zarin hasn't seen him yet though.

BILL

On second thought, give me a one way ticket.

TICKET SELLER

Do you want a cabin?

Bill nods.

TICKET SELLER

That will be ninety reales. Joao, one more coming! Hurry now, sir. Have a nice trip.

Bill pays, grabs the ticket and dashes to the boat. Looking back over his shoulder, he bumps into a FAT LADY with several kids and falls to the ground, his suitcase opening, and knocking over one of the kids, making her cry.

FAT LADY

Hey, why don't you watch where you're going? You hurt my kid here.

BILL

I'm sorry. I have to catch that boat.

As the Fat Lady collects her brood, Bill frantically stuffs his suitcase and tries to lock it, looking at the boat which

is just starting to move and then back at Zarin who is still a ways off but watching the commotion. A hand reaches down, helping Bill up from behind.

BILL

Thanks...thank you very...

It's the Bearded Man, smiling an evil, missing tooth smile.

BEARDED MAN

My pleasure.

BILL

You.

The Bearded Man firmly grasps both of Bill's arms.

BEARDED MAN

I missed you. Give me a hug.

Bill struggles, looking back at the departing boat.

BEARDED MAN

Hey, hey, hey...look at me!

Bill slowly turns his head back to look at the frowning Bearded Man who smiles, furrows his brow, then BAM! He coco butts Bill in the forehead, knocking him out cold.

24 INT. FLASHBACK 3: CARACAS - RUTA 66 CONFITERIA - DAY

Kids are hanging around the ice cream store drinking sodas, talking and smoking. Guillermo, now 15, appears in the door and is greeted by a couple friends.

FRIEND 1

So this is it, he? Heading to the great USA? You leaving tomorrow?

GUILLERMO

Yeah, tomorrow. It doesn't seem real but this has always been my father's dream so...

FRIEND 2

(hugging him)

We'll miss you brother.

GUILLERMO

I'll miss you too.

Over at another table Elena is seated with Carlos and a couple other kids. Bill smiles and approaches.

CARLOS

So big boy, not man enough to stick
it out in Sebucaan?

A couple of the other kids chuckle but Elena hits Carlos in
the leg.

ELENA

Shut up!

CARLOS

What? OK, well good luck I guess.

ELENA

Yes, good luck Guillermo.

No body makes a move to shake his hand or anything so
Guillermo feebly smiles.

GUILLERMO

OK, well than...I'll be seeing you.

Guillermo turns and walks out the door. Elena has a concerned
look on her face.

CARLOS

Good riddance...he was a loser.

ELENA

Be quiet you idiot!

Elena gets up and hurriedly goes after Guillermo who is out
on the sidewalk.

25 EXT. FLASHBACK 3: CARACAS - RUTA 66 CONFITERIA - DAY

Outside, as Bill walks away he's choked up.

ELENA

Guillermo, wait!

He turns as she catches up with him.

GUILLERMO

Hey

ELENA

I can't believe you're leaving.

GUILLERMO

Me either.

An awkward pause for a few beats.

ELENA

You know, you're doing the right thing. I mean your dad made the right decision. There's no future here. You'll be much better off in New York.

GUILLERMO

Yeah, I guess.

Elena takes hold of his two hands, her eyes tearing up.

ELENA

You know, I don't want to stay here either. Take me with you?

Guillermo looks surprised, then smiles weakly.

GUILLERMO

Now you're asking me? I wish I could.

ELENA

Promise me something?

Guillermo's eyes widen a little as though saying "what?"

ELENA

Promise me you'll come back for me someday?

Guillermo just looks at her.

ELENA

Please?

Guillermo manages a feeble nod. Elena pulls him in closer, giving him a big hug. They look at each other and she kisses him. Guillermo nods again.

GUILLERMO

Yes, OK.

They smile at each other and Elena lets him go. Guillermo walks away, a little glassy eyed but looking stronger now. After a bit he glances back one last time and they wave to each other.

26 INT. TRUCK, EN ROUTE TO CARACARAÍ - DAY

Bill is lying on a pile of duffel bags, surrounded by wooden freight boxes, a couple of which are stamped "Ciudad Bolivar". He is sporting a bloodied and bruised welt on his forehead. The truck bounces along, canvas flaps in the back fluttering in the wind, sporadically letting in jungle filtered sunlight.

BUMP! The truck hits a big pothole and Bill groans, stirring the dozing Bearded Man who is sitting on a crate. He walks forward and bangs on a door, yelling something in Farsi. Zarin soon appears and sits.

ZARIN

So, our sleeping beauty awakens.

BILL

Where...

ZARIN

Relax. We have plenty of time to talk. Give him water and food.

The Bearded Man reaches into a cooler and hands Bill a bottle of water and a couple of pasteles wrapped in a napkin. As Bill eats he looks out the side of a truck and sees a sign flash by reading "BR 174 - Caracarái 450 km". Zarin sees it too.

ZARIN

You asked where. Well, there you are. We're headed north.

BILL

(eyeing the crates)

To Venezuela?

Zarin lifts one of the back flaps and gazes out on the road. There is another truck following close behind. Aside from the two trucks, however, in front and behind, as far as the eye can see, there are no other vehicles.

ZARIN

What makes you say that?

BILL

Just an educated guess. And what's your interest in me?

ZARIN

You mean besides the fact that you tried to kill me and destroy my cargo?

BILL

I don't know what you're talking about.

ZARIN

Let's be frank, let's shall? I'll go first. Were you aware there was nothing on that boat?

Bill's eyes look sideways.

ZARIN

Look, I know you know who I am. And I know who you are. Actually, I don't know your true identity but I know damn well you're not Bill Sanchez.

BILL

You're mistaken. I'm just...

ZARIN

(explodes)

STOP IT! Do you think I'm that stupid? Please. I'm a professional. The first night I met you I noticed your pinky...AND your tattoo. Do you think we're not aware of the SUPER secret CPR? Some secret. About the only ones who don't know about it are the American citizens. But then again, they're easily fooled, aren't they?

Bill starts on the second pastele and suddenly recalls the voicemail from the Leather Man.

LEATHER MAN (V.O.)

You have six days, until noon November 6, to confirm.

Bill intuitively looks at his wrist but his watch is missing, then reaches into his pants pocket.

ZARIN

It's 5:30 pm, November 1. We have your watch, your cell phone and your collector's item Boca lighter. Nice touch that lighter. And to think I had it in the palm of my hand back on the boat. Oh well. Some interesting stuff on the cell phone, though. Who is Pilar? She sounds enchanting.

They're all sweating but Bill more so now. Zarin lets the suspense build for while.

BILL

OK...then what do you want with me? Obviously you need me for something or I wouldn't still be alive.

ZARIN

And who was that other guy? There was no identifier. He sounded a little creepy. You know who he reminded me of? One of the Matrix guys, you know the ones with the sunglasses. But it sounded like he too was not aware there was nothing on the boat.

Zarin grabs himself a bottle of water, hands one to the Bearded Man, and takes a few gulps.

ZARIN

But then again, maybe he knew all along and you're just a helpless pawn, being strung along in a complex espionage plot. Maybe I work for him? And perhaps you knew this at one time but now you don't remember because, like in Bourne Identity, you're an amnesiac. Oh my head hurts just thinking about the possibilities.

Zarin bursts into laughter and the Bearded Man chuckles politely though Zarin's highbrow humor is clearly over his head. Bill's mouth is slightly agape.

ZARIN

Oh, and I loved that melodramatic touch at the end. But now I'm worried. What exactly will happen to you if you don't get back to him by noon on November 6? I suppose I'm keeping you around out of morbid curiosity, just to see what happens. But then again, what if an armed CIA drone comes out the sky? That won't work out too well for me, would it? That could really put a damper on our plans for tampering in the Western Hemisphere. Not cool.

Bill shakes his head.

ZARIN

I'm so, so sorry. There goes my humor again. Out of control. Not fair for you. Obviously, you're some kind of indentured servant if you're part of the CPR program. Don't worry, I won't pry. Irrelevant, really.

Zarin breaks out some cigarettes and gives one to Bill, lighting him up with the Boca lighter.

ZARIN

(grimacing)

Oops! We're safely out of range to use this, right?

BILL

Hope so.

ZARIN

There, that's good. No hard feelings then. Truth be told, you're not here just for fun. Though you made a valiant effort with the Porteño accent, I knew you weren't Argentine. It took a while but then I pinned it down to Caraqueño. Am I right?

Bill nods.

ZARIN

Damn, I'm good. But there is something a little off. Was one of your parents American?

BILL

We moved to New York when I was fifteen.

ZARIN

Ah! I minored in Western linguistics at university. That is one reason I do what I do.

BILL

Which is?

ZARIN

Like I said earlier, tamper with the Western hemisphere. But I digress. We'll be in Caracarái by tomorrow afternoon. We'll stay there one night and make a run for the border the next day. You, my Caraqueño friend, will help us get past the border.