

GODS OF THE JUNGLE

Written by

David A. Biscevic

davidabiscevic@gmail.com
209.814.1694

OVER BLACK...

SUPER: "A man is a god in ruins. ~~When men are innocent, life shall be longer, and shall pass into the immortal, as gently as we awake from dreams.~~" -Ralph Waldo Emerson

FADE IN:

EXT. EBONY WOOD FOREST - DAWN

red and blue

A brightly colored mask with lion fang trim is fixed in the midst of endless ebony wood.

Calm before the storm.

a battered and bloodied GENERAL OSBORNE, with a face white as a ghost, runs...

Suddenly, GENERAL NATHANIEL OSBORNE (50'S), battered and bloody, face white as a ghost, runs through the jungle with a golden crown in hand. The left side of his face is mauled. Left ear missing.

An unknown

A predator chases after him... A fast predator. A HUNGRY PREDATOR

General Osborne constantly glances back. He grips the crown with all his might.

He can't help it. The predator's savage snarls invoke a primordial fear. He grips....all his might—so much so it draws blood from his grimy hands.

The jungle floor is covered in fallen ebony trees.

General Osborne hurdles and climbs over the fallen wood. Past a FIGURE wearing the brightly colored mask.

The predator gains.

As General Osborne looks back, he trips over an uneathered root

~~General Osborne trips~~ and goes airborne.

A tree trunk brings General Osborne to a sudden halt.

bloody

The crown rolls a few feet away.

General Osborne slowly comes to. Grabs the crown. Holds it close.

A shadow approaches General Osborne. He looks up in sheer horror. Offers the crown.

GENERAL OSBORNE

Take it. It's yours.

The shadow draws near. General Osborne weeps.

GENERAL OSBORNE (CONT'D)

I beg you... Have mercy.

~~The shadow~~
~~Darkness~~ consumes General Osborne.

AGONIZING SCREAMS echo throughout the jungle.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

SUPER: ENGLAND... 1795

Gray skies.

The hard, dusty road of the market place plays host to thousands of RIOTERS.

The crowd swarms an aristocratic building.

RIOTERS
 Give us our ~~bloody~~ bread!

The mob grows even more rowdy.

RIOTERS (CONT'D)
 We need water!

CONSTABLES arrive.

RIOTERS (CONT'D)
 Bloody Bow Street Runners!
~~Rioters hurl rocks and other bludgeoning objects at the constable.~~
 The ~~officers~~ use brutal force to clear the crowd.
~~constables~~

INT. AFRICAN ASSOCIATION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

High above the market place, WILLIAM BLUE (55), ~~overweight~~ ^{rosey-cheeked,} and snide, sips ~~bourbon~~ ^{USE A DIFFERENT DESCRIPTION} as he watches the riot from his tower.
~~scotch~~

The office is magnificent. Several African big game heads are mounted on the wall.

combine these
 two lines of action

A full bar, fire place and an oversized globe next to a large desk.

Seated at the desk, on a leopard skin throne, is EMMET LOCKHEART (50), a thinner man with a well kept mustache. He uses a monocle to focus on a map.

WILLIAM BLUE
 Savages.

William downs his drink and sets the cup on the window sill. He saunters towards the globe.

EMMET LOCKHEART

What do expect, William? It's been
over a year since ~~last the rain.~~
^{the last rain.}

WILLIAM BLUE

Drought or ^{not} ~~no~~, I have no mercy for
these beggars.

EMMET LOCKHEART

It's all they know.

William spins the globe.

WILLIAM BLUE

And what do you know?

^{looks up from the map and}
Emmet removes his monocle.

The globe comes to a halt -- Africa faces Emmet. He smirks.

EMMET LOCKHEART

I spoke with our friend in the
Reds.

WILLIAM BLUE

And?

EMMET LOCKHEART

You must try to relax, William.
You'll catch a stroke and end up
under hatches.

^{A huff --}

William grows impatient. Emmet grins.

EMMET LOCKHEART (CONT'D)

They've lent us their finest bit of
red... For a respectable fee... The
sea-crabs are preparing for
departure as we speak.

WILLIAM BLUE

Good man, Emmet. ^{Good man!} We'll have ten
river boats waiting for them when
they disembark. Ten more waiting
for them when they return. I can
not wai--

Emmet clears his throat. ^{Stands and steps towards the bar.}

~~A beat.~~

EMMET LOCKHEART

It's a small lot. A pluck bunch.

WILLIAM BLUE
A few men won't do. They'll never
be able to bring it all back.

EMMET LOCKHEART
Precisely. They don't bring it back
at all.

William is confused.~~as Emmet coolly mixes himself a cocktail.~~

EMMET LOCKHEART (CONT'D)
Hear this.

~~Emmet stands and makes his way to the bar.~~
~~The cocktail pours into a highball glass~~

EMMET LOCKHEART (CONT'D)
A few go. They move quick, locate
it. All the while ~~someone~~ is making
a map. Once they return, you, I and
a hundred caterpillars will return
for it.

William ~~thinks~~. Nods head in approval.
~~ponders~~

EMMET LOCKHEART (CONT'D)
We can't afford to lose as many men
as last time.

WILLIAM BLUE
Truly...

William spins the globe. ~~Emmet pours himself a drink.~~

WILLIAM BLUE (CONT'D)
So, where do we find the mapmaker?
I'm not giving another bloody penny
to The Coats.

Emmet sips his highball.

EMMET LOCKHEART
Just leave that to me.

The globe stops with England in center frame.

INT. AMBROSE'S HOME - DAY

Hand drawn map of England.

A pencil moves diligently across a hemp slate. A cartographer
at work.

Sitting in a dusty and dimly lit room is the perfectionist, AMBROSE KEEN (28), dark hair, green eyes and a benevolent aura. Deep down at the core he's brave, longing for a chance to escape, but on the surface he's timid.

Ambrose is immersed in his work. His hand never stops moving.

The home itself is only one room.

A tiny bed, book shelf, and fireplace take up one half the space. The other half is mainly kitchen, but every inch of wall is covered with some sort of hand drawn map.

Ambrose stops sketching. Sets pencil down. Blows off the excess led. He assesses his work and smiles with a great sense of accomplishment.

The map is quite good.

Ambrose rolls the map and slips it into a leather map holder. He secures the harness over his shoulder and exits the home.

INT. CLIENT'S HOME - OFFICE - LATER

Prodigious study.

Ambrose seems tiny in an enormous chair across a large desk.

In an even bigger chair, at the other end of the desk, is the aging, ~~rosy checked~~ CLIENT. He holds the map in his fat hands and scrutinizes the work.

~~adjusts his mustache then twiddles his thumbs~~
Ambrose ~~twiddles his thumbs~~. He glances out the window -- A brightly colored mask with lion fang trim stares at him from outside.

As soon as Ambrose blinks, it's gone. Ambrose processes and continues to gaze out the window.

Finally...

CLIENT

Amateur.

The client tosses a few coins on the desk. Ambrose eyes the money.

AMBROSE

Two shillings? I believe we agreed two pounds.

CLIENT

And I believe I asked for a map.

the image
with a few
batted
blinks

Ambrose glances at ~~his~~^{the} map. It's a masterpiece.

AMBROSE

This won't last me a fortnight.

The client has moved on to more important issues. He jots away at his desk.

CLIENT

It's tough out there for all of us.
It is a drought, you know.

Ambrose scans the monumental room. The client glances up, clearly irritated, and points. ^{not entirely convinced the client is in the same boat as he,}

CLIENT (CONT'D)

The door.

The client stares at Ambrose until he gets up and exits.

EXT. MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Dark sky. Morale is low. FAMILIES live on the streets amongst the BEGGARS.

Ambrose makes his way down the road.

A GYPSY (30's), reaches up towards the sky. Her lips move quickly. Her hands do the same. Prayers-~~perhaps~~.

Ambrose looks up.

A great nimbus forms in the sky above.

~~Ambrose turns back to the gypsy. She~~ stares into the heavens and smiles.

Ambrose takes it all in and moves on.

VENDORS line the sides of the streets. Fruits and vegetables are malnourished.

^{rotted, malnourished and riddled with rodents.}

Ambrose ^{peruses the stands} ~~shops~~, moving from vendor to vendor. He stops at a bread stand and takes a whiff.

A CHILD'S CRY catches Ambrose's attention.

^{In an alley,}

A HOMELESS WOMAN (30), her BOY (10) and GIRL (6) attempt to stay warm. They are clearly starved.

Ambrose eyeballs the warm bread but instead approaches the family. He hands the girl 5 coins.

The woman smiles warmly at Ambrose. A bit too warmly — Ambrose is uncomfortable with the intense eye contact, fearing the woman would see something she shouldn't...

INT. BOOK STORE — MOMENTS LATER

Rows of rickety shelves hold poorly stacked books in the tight quarters. The STORE OWNER (60's) is passed out behind the counter.

Ambrose enters. His face lights up as he ventures into canyons of literature.

Fingers ~~Ambrose~~ scans the shelves. A book of Africa. Ambrose ~~He~~ flips through the pages.

Illustrations of the animals and the topography mesmerize Ambrose.

As Ambrose peruses he recognizes the brightly colored mask with lion teeth trim: *WITCH DOCTOR MASK*. blue and red

Book slams shut. Ambrose
~~Ambrose slams the book shut~~ and heads to the teller.

The store owner SNORES loudly. ~~His~~ feet up on the counter.

Ambrose clears his throat but it's no use.

AMBROSE

Excuse me? Sir?

Nothing.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Sir!

Ambrose scans the store -- Nobody around. His eyes shift to the door... The book... The snoring store owner. Decision.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Hello?!

Finally, Ambrose lifts the store owner's foot in the air tipping him back.

The store owner jumps up in a fluster. After a moment he comes to.

STORE OWNER

Jesus, boy. A little consideration next time.

AMBROSE

My apologies.

The store owner snatches the book out of Ambrose's hands.

STORE OWNER

Ten pence.

Ambrose removes 5 coins.

AMBROSE

I only have five.

STORE OWNER

Then you're short. Piss off.

The store owner throws the book on the ground behind him. A cloud of dust rises from the unkept floor.

~~Ambrose remains planted as the store owner dozes off.~~

~~The store owner yawns and dozes back off. Ambrose remains planted, contemplating decisions.~~

EXT. BOOK STORE - CONTINUOUS

Ambrose exits the store empty handed. Disappointment tattooed on his face. He rambles down the street in defeat.

INT. AMBROSE'S HOME - DUSK

Cold and dark.

The door opens. Ambrose steps in.

Strikes a match.

~~Makes~~ ^{Starts} a fire.

~~Ambrose spots his reflection on a mirror hanging on the wall. He scrutinizes his face and combs his mustache with his fingers.~~

A pot of broth on the stove. The broth contains only a few pieces of cabbage.

Ambrose sits at the table trying desperately to finish the horrendous meal.

The broth goes down the drain.

Ambrose scans through titles on the bookshelf. His eyes move quickly. They stop and widen.

The book: *MAPS OF THE WORLD*.

~~Ambrose flips through the pages.~~ ^{Pages turn} ~~Stops on Africa. He studies~~ ^{Ambrose} the map. His finger runs across the mountain ranges and rivers.

~~THUNDERCLAP~~ ~~RAIN FALL~~ breaks the silence. ^{followed by rain fall.}

All of the sudden, CRIES OF JOY echo throughout the streets.

Ambrose sets the book down and opens his door.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Thundershower. TOWNSPEOPLE are hysterical. They jump, dance and roll around in the mud.

Ambrose watches and smiles. Gazes up at the sky.

Lightning strikes.

Ambrose observes the ~~gypsy~~^{on her knees}. ~~She kneels~~ in the street and reaches for the sky mouthing her prayers.

~~Ambrose watches her in wonder.~~ ^{With wonder Ambrose watches the gypsies.}

~~The gypsy glances at Ambrose and smiles.~~ ^{Feeling the weight of Ambrose's gaze, the gypsies glance over and smiles.}

Ambrose returns the gesture but quickly retreats inside.

INT. LATER

AMBROSE'S HOME

~~A fire iron stokes the dying embers.~~ ~~Ambrose tends the dying fire.~~ ~~He steps back to the book.~~ ^{Ambrose sets the iron by the hearth and grabs his book.} Just as he is about to sit down there is a KNOCK on the door.

Ambrose is puzzled. ^{He strokes his mustache compulsively.}

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

Ambrose gets to his feet and approaches the door.

BANG!

Ambrose is startled.

AMBROSE

Yes?

EMMET LOCKHEART (O.S.)

Mister Keen?

AMBROSE

Yes?

EMMET LOCKHEART (O.S.)

I was wondering if I might have a word.

Ambrose cracks the door and peeks out.

Emmet is dressed nicely enough but not for the weather. He is drenched.

EMMET LOCKHEART (CONT'D)
Inside if you don't mind. It's
pissing down out here.

Emmet pushes his way inside and shakes himself dry
extinguishing most of the fire.

EMMET LOCKHEART (CONT'D)
We've waited almost a full year for
rain, and already I can hardly wait
for it to be over.

Ambrose hurries to the fireplace to keep the flame alive.

Emmet admires the wall of maps.

EMMET LOCKHEART (CONT'D)
You are Ambrose Keen.

Ambrose keeps a close eye on Emmet.

AMBROSE
Yes.

A beat.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
What can I help you with, sir?

Emmet turns to Ambrose. The fire burns brightly behind him.

EMMET LOCKHEART
You make maps?

Emmet swanks around the room. Rummages through Ambrose's personal items.

AMBROSE
Yes. Well, I try.

Emmet smiles.

EMMET LOCKHEART
There you have it.

Ambrose tries to ~~keep up.~~ follow, but is distracted by Emmet's wandering eyes and arrogant/snoopy/nosey curiosity

EMMET LOCKHEART (CONT'D)
Where have you worked? India? The
Americas?

AMBROSE
Neither.

EMMET LOCKHEART
What about Africa?

Ambrose's green eyes light up.

AMBROSE
Only in my wildest dreams. I've
never left the Isles.

EMMET LOCKHEART
How have you drawn such masterful
maps?

AMBROSE
Research... Mainly.

EMMET LOCKHEART
Your mentor?

AMBROSE
Self taught.

A sleazy grin slides over Emmet's face.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Who are you, sir?

EMMET LOCKHEART
My name is Emmet Lockheart. One of
the founders of the Af--

~~Ambrose is taken back.~~

AMBROSE
African Association? Forgive me,
sir. I had no idea.

EMMET LOCKHEART
It's quite all right, Mister Keen.
You're familiar with what we do?

Ambrose attempts to contain his excitement.

AMBROSE
You explore Africa.

EMMET LOCKHEART
To say the least. Yes.

~~A beat.~~ Emmet scrutinizes Ambrose with a clenched
jaw.

AMBROSE
Would you care for a drink?

EMMET LOCKHEART
No. Thank you, Ambrose. *I'll get straight to the point.*

Emmet is stern.

EMMET LOCKHEART (CONT'D)
We're funding an expedition up the
Gambia. What I need is a map of the
river, and wherever else the
expedition may ^{lead} ~~take you~~. And what I
need... Is you. What do you say?

Ambrose's heart beats loudly, almost like the pounding of
drums... The jungle calls him.

AMBROSE
I'll have to mull it over.

Emmet is disappointed.

EMMET LOCKHEART
I expect a decision no later than
tomorrow evening.

Emmet makes his way to the door.

EMMET LOCKHEART (CONT'D)
If you should decide to go, you
should know, it's a long trip. Pack
what you need. Things might not be
here when you get back.

Emmet disappears into the wet night.

Ambrose's excitement turns bitter.

INT. KEEN HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Stale air. Dust built up on everything. *including the masterful landscapes of various
exotic locations.*

Lying motionless in a precarious framed bed is VICTOR KEEN.
An elderly man. Face sunken in. Body paper thin. He struggles
to breath.

The NEIGHBOR (50's), leads Ambrose towards the bed.

NEIGHBOR
He always enjoys having you here.

Ambrose nods. The neighbor exits.

V
Are you the angel of death.
A.
It's me, Dad.
V shakes his head, confused almost.
V.
I don't recognize this face before me.
A. bites his lip. A damp sadness builds in his eyes.

13.

AMBROSE
(to Victor)
Nice neighbors.

V reaches out and touches A.'s cheek, then slowly removes the too good to be true mustache revealing his daughter AMBER ROSE.

Victor struggles to open his eyes.

~~VICTOR KEEN
Are you the angel of death?~~

A.
I told you, dad, that's not me anymore. It can't be if I'm to do what I'm meant to do. These men would sooner burn my maps before they looked them over if they knew what body held my mind and soul.

V. smiles with tears in his eyes.

V.
You still look exactly like your mother. Regardless of this mustache. Something about those emerald eyes...

~~Victor smiles. Ambrose forces a smile despite his sadness.~~

Ambrose forces a smile despite his sadness.

VICTOR KEEN (CONT'D)
How are you, my boy?

AMBROSE
I might be going to Africa, Dad.

A beat.

VICTOR KEEN
Af-Africa? Don't people go there to die?

Victor chuckles but starts to cough. Ambrose offers Victor a glass of water.

AMBROSE
I'm not going there to die.

Victor sips the glass.

VICTOR KEEN
Too bad. You should die there.

Ambrose is taken back.

VICTOR KEEN (CONT'D)
When you were younger you had such an imagination. You had such dreams. You were going to explore Africa and map the world. And I always imagined you would.

A beat.

VICTOR KEEN (CONT'D)
But after your mother passed your trepidation of death held you back. So, what I'm saying is, do not let this chance slip away. Go. Live. Die if you must... Anywhere but here.

Victor uses all his might to sit up.

VICTOR KEEN (CONT'D)
 You see, everybody dies, but not
 everybody lives. Do you understand
 what I'm saying to you, boy?

Ambrose nods with a doleful expression.

VICTOR KEEN (CONT'D)
 Live before you die. Or you'll die
 without living at all.

Victor coughs vigorously.

VICTOR KEEN (CONT'D)
 You know what our name means?
 'Keen.' It means 'brave.' ~~You're~~
~~brave.~~ And that's what you are.

AMBROSE
 I'm not brave.

Victor smiles.

VICTOR KEEN
 When the time comes... You will be.

Victor grimaces in pain.

VICTOR KEEN (CONT'D)
 So, this is it. Isn't it, my boy?

AMBROSE
 What? No.

VICTOR KEEN
 I always imagined I would be able
 to stand when I hugged you for the
 last time.

Ambrose wraps his arms around his father ever so gently. A
 tear runs down his cheek.

VICTOR KEEN (CONT'D)
 I'm so proud of you... And I know
 your mother is also.

Victor kisses Ambrose on the cheek.

VICTOR KEEN (CONT'D)
 Be brave... The jungle shows no
 mercy.

Victor lays back down and shuts his eyes. Ambrose kisses his father's
 forehead leaving him with a smile as he plods away.

EXT. MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Drizzle. Muddy pathway. Buckets line the road collecting rain.

Ambrose sloshes through the muck. He sees the homeless woman and her children eating a loaf of bread.

This warms Ambrose's heart.

A THIEF (30's), skinny, skittish and wielding a knife, advances towards the woman. He tries to yank the bread out of her hand.

AMBROSE

Hey!

Ambrose runs over as the thief rips the bread from the woman's grasp.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Hand that over.

Ambrose grabs the thief by the shoulder.

The thief quickly turns and slashes Ambrose across his chest -
- Blood oozes out instantly.

The thief pushes Ambrose into the mud and runs off.

Ambrose picks himself up. Assess the damage -- It's deep, but he'll live. However, the slash exposes more than he'd hoped -- Amber Rose's breast is exposed -- he's quick to conceal, but the homeless woman saw.

The homeless woman shields her children's eyes. She looks at Ambrose with dismay then hurries off.

Ambrose hobbles down the sludgy pathway.

INT. AMBROSE HOME - DAY

Blood drips on the floor.

Ambrose cleans his wound. Adds another bandage to his already taped up chest.

A travel trunk, filled to the brim, sits on the bed next to a satchel.

Inspects a wooden phallus funnel, places in suitcase.
Trunk
~~Suitcase~~ closes. Ambrose stocks the satchel with pencils.

Ambrose flips through the pages of a blank book. Last page, written on the bottom right: *FIN*.

The book is packed into the satchel.

Ambrose appraises the modest home. He can't help but smile as he admires his beautiful maps, in particular the one of Africa.

DELETE THESE SPACES

EXT. PORT - DAY

The storm has moved on. The sun shines down on the ships anchored at the harbor.

The largest of the ships is THE CLEMENT. Its white flags are a great contrast to the dark wooden finish. The red from the British flag makes it pop.

Next to The Clement, a boat unloads ^{AFRICAN} SLAVES.

Ambrose makes his way down to the docks.

A beautiful, golden-haired woman with blue eyes, no more than 25, appears beside Ambrose. She carries two large trunks. This French beauty is DIVINE.

Ambrose can't help but stare. She catches him. He quickly turns away.

DIVINE
You must be the map man.

Ambrose laughs uncomfortably.

AMBROSE
How can you tell?

DIVINE
You've only just laid eyes on me
and already mapping a way inside.

AMBROSE
I was merely... You're French.

DIVINE
~~Thanks for letting me know.~~
^{I'M ALSO DIVINE.}

Divine winks at Ambrose and heads for The Clement.

Ambrose watches Divine strut towards the docks. He follows after her.

AMBROSE
Is it common for, uh, women to go
on these sort of expeditions?

DIVINE

Of course. Women can do anything
men can do, and then some.

AMBROSE

It's just... I have never heard of
a woman explorer.

DIVINE

Sure you have. Jeanne Baré.
Traveled around the entire world.
She's my inspiration. I'm just not
partial to cross-dressing.

AMBROSE
I don't blame you.

Divine starts up the platform and onto the ship. Her presence
makes various CREW MEMBERS uneasy.

RATTLING OF CHAINS catches Ambrose's ear.

A line of ^{African} slaves, chained at the feet, take up most of the
docks. There are small children and babies as well with
bloody chaffed ankles.

Ambrose is sickened with sadness and rage.

The line moves on. Ambrose watches the faces of despair pass
by. The shackles CLANK together.

SOLOMON (O.S.)

Beautiful, isn't it?

COMMANDER SOLOMON TANNER (48), a towering man with a powerful
jaw and impressive upper body, appears next to Ambrose. A
rifle strapped behind his back.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

The sound of money.

Standing beside Solomon is HECTOR ANDREO (30's), a Spaniard
of few words. He has long, black hair with bangs covering his
viridescent eyes. A large blade on his waist.

Solomon pats Ambrose on the back nearly taking him off his
feet, then heads up the platform. Hector follows.

Ambrose takes a deep breath, then begins his ascension onto
The Clement.

EXT. THE CLEMENT - POOP DECK - CONTINUOUS

The wood sparkles.

Ambrose makes his way aboard. Crew members rush by preparing for sail.

Standing by the railing, drenched in sweat trying to breathe is OSWYN (37), an optimistic nervous wreck. His slouched posture only makes him appear shorter than he actually is.

AMBROSE
Everything all right?

OSWYN
Just a bit shaky. Sea stomach.

AMBROSE
But we're still in port.

Just then the anchor rises.

OSWYN
This is okay.

Oswyn glances at Ambrose with an uncertain mien.

OSWYN (CONT'D)
I'm okay. Everything is okay.

Oswyn forces a smile, but quickly covers his mouth and hurries off.

The anchor is out of the water. Crew members retract the platform from the dock.

MATHIAS (O.S.)
Wait!

A shaggy haired mess, carrying only a thin leather book bag and a bottle of rum, runs down the docks. Papers fly out of the bag. His name is MATHIAS ZARO (40'S), straight from the colonies.

Mathias stops at the base of the ship. He can barely stand straight. Fixes his thick framed glasses.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Let me up, you fucking mugs.

Platform lowers.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Thank ya kindly.

Ambrose chuckles to himself as he watches Mathias stumble up The Clement.

INT. THE CLEMENT - CABIN HALL - LATER

Tight quarters.

Ambrose side steps down a narrow hallway and into...

CABIN

A tier of berths hang from the walls. The bottom bunk is already taken by Oswyn. Ambrose closes the door.

A wave of terror crashes over Ambrose.

Claustrophobia.

Ambrose sets his trunk a top of the bed.

AMBROSE
Feeling better?

OSWYN
Much. Thank you.

Ambrose nods.

OSWYN (CONT'D)
I'm Oswyn.

AMBROSE
Ambrose.

They shake hands.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Oswyn. I like that.

OSWYN
Means, 'God's friend.'

AMBROSE
Then you must be a friend to all.

OSWYN
Well, I try... Desperately.

Ambrose opens his overpacked suitcase.

OSWYN (CONT'D)
First time to Africa?

AMBROSE
That obvious?

Oswyn has a warm smile.

OSWYN
Always can tell.

AMBROSE
It's been an unfailing dream of
mine for ages now.

OSWYN
Fascinating land. I did a tour down
Cape Town a few years back.
Absolutely beautiful. The wildlife
there is just... Wow.

AMBROSE
What kind of tours?

OSWYN
Research. I'm a wildlife biologist.

Ambrose is rapt.

AMBROSE
You study animals?

OSWYN
I do.

AMBROSE
Have you seen a lion?

OSWYN
Have I ever. King of the jungle.

AMBROSE
A leopard?

OSWYN
Now those are a bit harder to come
by. Masters of camouflage. Gods of
the jungle really. But just because
you can't see them doesn't mean
they are not out there. *I'm sure a few have seen me in my time there.*

Ambrose is all smiles.

AMBROSE
I can't believe this is happening.
My whole life I've dreamt this. The
majestic Africa. Land of the gods
they say.

Oswyn's optimistic demeanor is gone.

OSWYN
Africa is beautiful... So never
turn your back on it.

Oswyn unpacks his bags. Ambrose heeds Oswyn's warning.

EXT. PORT - SAME

The ship ~~leaves port.~~

SETS OUT TO SEA.

INT. THE CLEMENT - MAIN HOLD - NIGHT

Choppy seas.

The main hold is the most spacious area on the ship.
Cabinets, barrels and chairs surround a large table in middle
of the room.

Mathias is face down on the table next to an empty bottle of
rum. Leather bound journal in his hand.

Hector, on other side of the room, sharpens his blade.

Solomon enters and spots Mathias.

SOLOMON

Bloody Americans.

The sound of the sharp steel draws Solomon's eye.

SOLOMON

This beats rum running
with those Portuguese
pirates, huh, Hector?

Solomon pushes past Hector. Hector never takes his eyes off
Solomon.

Hector only nods, no doubt
clenched down on his
tongue.

CABIN - SAME

Oswyn is fast asleep.

SOLOMON

Where would you be now
had I never liberated you.
If you never saw the red and
gold banner of the three
lions. Where would you be?

Ambrose lies in bed wide awake. ~~A permanent smile on his
face.~~

applies adhesive to mustache, then sticks it back on.

checks to make sure Oswyn is asleep then sneaks out of bed
and slips out of the room...

INT. THE CLEMENT - HALL - SAME

Dimly lit. Empty. Crew asleep. Ambrose peeks out to make
sure the coast is clear before he scurries alongside the wall
until he gets to the...

Mathias snores loudly.

EXT. THE CLEMENT - POOP DECK - DAY

SHOWER ROOM - SAME

SOLOMON

I think we can both imagine.

Calm waters.

The sun shines bright ~~in the sky.~~ Land is well out of sight.

Solomon pushes past...

Ambrose sketches in his book. Glances back and forth at the
ocean.

SHOWER ROOM - SAME

Divine leans against the railing next to Ambrose.

(I either want to have the crew be there
spying on Divine or have it be Solomon,
but I want Solomon to run into Ambrose...
or maybe its divine who does... or maybe
its just Mathias throwin up and Ambrose is
able to sneak out... either way... big
scene with hige potential for tension and
drama.

DIVINE

What are you drawing?

AMBROSE

Tracking our route. So, we know how to get back.

DIVINE

What would we do without you?

Ambrose recoils in self-consciousness.

DIVINE (CONT'D)

Oh, you're bleeding.

The wound on Ambrose's chest is opened. His shirt is stained red. *Ambrose attempts to swallow the frog that leapt into his throat.*

AMBROSE

No, no. It's fine, really. It's just excess.

DIVINE

Looks like much more than that.

Divine reaches out to touch, but Ambrose is quick to deflect.

DIVINE (CONT'D)

Let me patch you up.

Divine takes Ambrose by the hand and leads him to...

AMBROSE

It's fine.

DIVINE

At least let me give you something for it. Would use would I be if I let our navigator die from an infection.

DIVINE'S CABIN

Every inch of the room is occupied. *with her belongings.*

Ambrose sits on the bunk. Divine kneels in front of him. A trunk filled with medical supplies by her side.

DIVINE

Aren't you lucky they bring a doctor along on these explorations.

Ambrose's shoulder with an alcohol swab.

Divine cleans ~~the wound. Ambrose cringes.~~

DIVINE (CONT'D)

You're the first life I've saved.

AMBROSE

And hopefully the last.

DIVINE

Wouldn't count on it.

Divine rummages through her bag.

Divine glances down, blushes.

AMBROSE

Why's that?

DIVINE

Something exciting?

AMBROSE

Sorry?

DIVINE

In Africa everything tries to kill you.

It seems Ambrose has an erection.

Quick to hide it.

~~Divine removes~~ a large needle. Ambrose gulps.

AMBROSE

I beg for your pardon.

is removed from the bag.

DIVINE

It's fine. I'm use to it.

MONTAGE - THE CLEMENT - VARIOUS

A) MAIN HOLD - DAY - Ambrose checks his healing wound ~~which is now stitched up.~~ Divine smiles at him.

B) MAIN HOLD - NIGHT - Mathias drinks rum straight from the bottle and jots away in his journal.

C) QUARTER DECK - DAY - Solomon stands beside the CAPTAIN. Solomon scans the horizon with his rifle. Checks his clock.

D) QUARTER DECK - NIGHT - Oswyn studies a pod of dolphins swimming beside the ship.

E) THE CLEMENT - DAY - Hector free climbs the main mast and assists crew members with the sails. Ambrose admires Hector's spirit. Crew members stay clear of Divine and whisper amongst each other. *Divine admires Ambrose, perhaps its the 'stache. Crew members steer clear of Divine...*

F) CABIN - NIGHT - Oswyn shows Ambrose his research logs and pictures. Ambrose in turn shows off his maps.

G) POOP DECK - DAY - Mathias vomits over the side of the ship. Divine gives him two pills and water. Mathias tosses the water over board, throws the pills in his mouth then chases them with rum... Pukes again.

END MONTAGE

INT. MAIN HOLD - NIGHT

A lone candle burns.

Ambrose sketches in his book. Solomon appears behind him and drops a large bag of weapons on the table.

AMBROSE

Christ!

SOLOMON

Not quite.

Solomon removes a flintlock pistol. Sets it in front of Ambrose.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Sixty Sharpe Model. Single shot, so you best not miss.

AMBROSE

I don't think that will be necessary.

SOLOMON

Oh? You don't?

Solomon removes his rifle.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

This is a Harper's Ferry.
Springfield. The only good thing to
come out of the colonies. Latest in
weapon technology. Delivers one
hell of shot.

AMBROSE

Have you killed anything with it?

SOLOMON

With this? No. Not yet. But there
will be plenty of time for that.

Solomon retracts his rifle. He offers the pistol to Ambrose.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Try not to kill yourself.

AMBROSE

I really don't think I'll need it.

Solomon chuckles.

SOLOMON

We are going into Africa. This is
not your everyday stroll through
the market. The jungle is vicious
and unforgiving.

AMBROSE

That's why you're here. Isn't it?

A sardonic smile grows on Solomon's face.

SOLOMON

Did they tell you why I'm here?

Ambrose is puzzled.

Solomon places the pistol back in the bag. He scrutinizes
Ambrose then chuckles.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I suppose you're better off in the
dark anyhow.

Solomon stomps off.

Ambrose is perplexed and anxious.

EXT. THE CLEMENT - DAY

The ship sails the ocean.

INT. THE CLEMENT - HALL - LATER : Ambrose is walking back to room when Divine ambushes him and drags him into her room. Kissing and trying to undress him. He ends up throwing her off and running out. She screams at him that he is a UNIC and ends up laughing hysterically.

The LOOKOUT BOY is perched in the crows nest. He scans the horizon through a wooden barrel telescope.

Land!

The lookout boy double checks to make sure -- It is land!

LOOKOUT BOY

Land ho!

QUARTER DECK

Solomon is sleeping in a chair across from the captain.

LOOKOUT BOY (O.S.)

Land ho!

Solomon jumps up and grabs his rifle. He aims it at the captain. The captain puts his hands up.

LOOKOUT BOY (CONT'D)

Land ho!

As Solomon comes to, he lowers the weapon.

SOLOMON

(to captain)

Put your bloody hands down.

The captain lowers his hands.

Solomon extends his telescope to see for himself. He smiles.

POOP DECK

Crew members hurry into positions.

Ambrose rushes out from the cabin and leans over the railing. For the very first time Ambrose feasts his eyes on Africa.

Euphoria. Ambrose closes his eyes and takes in the air.

EXT. HARBOR - LATER

SUPER: BANJUL, GAMBIA

The ship is anchored. Platform lowered.

Time slows as Ambrose begins his descent from The Clement. Mathias stumbles in front of him. Oswyn, chippie as ever, tails behind.

Solomon, Divine and Hector are waiting on the docks.

A familiar sight. Lines of ^{African} SLAVES await The Clement while SLAVE TRADERS laugh and count their riches.

Ambrose touches land. ^{His heart pounds with thrum of the jungle drums.}

The ~~prisoners~~ ^{slaves} glare at ~~them~~ ^{traders} with contempt.

SOLOMON
(to slaves)
You should all be happy.

Ambrose notices a ROGUE SLAVE free himself from the chains.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
(to slaves)
We are saving you.

Mathias takes a swig of rum.

MATHIAS
Charming.

SOLOMON
(to Mathias)
What was that, drunkard? I can't understand you when you slur.

MATHIAS
I was just saying, what an exceptionally inspiring ^{bit} words.

The rogue slave makes eye contact with Ambrose... Then he takes off!

Slave traders fire at the rogue slave but miss. He may be in the clear.

^{But} Solomon removes his Springfield. Aims... Fires!

The rogue slave falls to the ground.

Solomon lowers ~~his gun~~ ^{the rifle}. He turns to Ambrose.

SOLOMON

That's one. ~~for Commander Solomon Tanner~~

Solomon struts off. The rest of the group follow.

Ambrose turns to the line of slaves. A WOMAN weeps next to her CHILDREN.

The mix of emotions is too much to handle. Ambrose is numb.

The slave traders herd the slaves up The Clement.

Chains CLANK

Ambrose is barely able to move his feet, but makes his way up the docks and towards the group.

EXT. GAMBIA RIVER - DOCKS - LATER

Aqua green waters.

LOCAL FISHERMEN paddle their boats along the riverside.

The group makes its way to a lavish river boat anchored at the shore.

OSWYN

(to Ambrose)

Isn't this wonderful?

Ambrose is still recovering from the incident at the harbor. He stops and scans the area.

Solomon talks with a local man, BAMBA (30's), dressed in European attire.

Solomon's eyes are shifty. He glances back every so often.

Bamba appears uncomfortable. Shakes head. Waves arms.

~~Fiery rage consumes Solomon~~
~~Solomon becomes angry.~~ He espies Ambrose watching them.

Ambrose turns away in a hurry and steps into the boat.

RIVER BOAT

~~State of the art~~ Steamboat

Sleek, aerodynamic design makes space limited. The middle of the boat leads down to the cabin.

Ambrose steps down into the boat.

Mathias has made himself comfortable in the back corner of the vessel. Hector inspects the watercraft. Oswyn starts down to the cabin.

DIVINE (O.S.)
(to Oswyn)
Hold it.

Divine emerges from the depths of the boat.

DIVINE (CONT'D)
One bunk for one lady.

Oswyn and Ambrose glance at each other.

OSWYN
Well, that's okay. We'll have a
great view of the stars.

Oswyn scampers off. Solomon and Bamba approach.

SOLOMON
Listen up.

All turn.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
This is our captain. Bamba.

—an act that strikes fear into the heart of Bamba.

Solomon rests his hand on Bamba's shoulder. Bamba's nervous.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
He knows this river inside and out.

Solomon's grip tightens.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
(to Bamba)
Climb aboard.

Bamba spots Divine. He whispers into Solomon's ears. Solomon laughs.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
It would appear Bamba thinks a
woman aboard is bad luck.
(to Bamba) Ambrose and Bamba make eye contact. It seems as if the reluctant captain
sees something others don't
Have no fear, my friend. We made it
here in one piece.

Solomon forces Bamba onto the boat.

Hector lifts anchor. Solomon
(to Hector)
Hector, if you would be so kind.

Ambrose observes a terrified Bamba who mans the wheel.
Solomon stands by his side.

The boat makes its way up river.

EXT. GAMBIA RIVER - RIVER BOAT - NIGHT

^{provides ample light}
The moon ~~shines bright.~~

Bamba ~~sleeps.~~ ^{while Solomon} Solomon steers the boat ~~and~~ swats mosquitoes.

Mathias uses his journal to bat pests. Ambrose swishes them away as he sketches in his book.

Hector slices the mosquitoes in half with his blade. Divine waves her hands erratically.

Oswyn emerges from the depths of the boat with mosquito nets.

OSWYN

Here we are.

Oswyn hands each one to the group.

OSWYN (CONT'D)

These will keep the killers at bay.

Oswyn hands one to Divine. She glares at it with disgust.

DIVINE

You must be joking.

OSWYN

These might save your life.

Divine laughs sarcastically.

DIVINE

So will sleeping indoors.

^{The pesky mosquitoes do a number on Divine's graceful air as she gets to her feet with her arms flailing.}
~~Divine gets up.~~

DIVINE (CONT'D)

Good night, gentlemen.

^{Like the darkness at dawn}

Divine disappears into the cabin.

EXT. GAMBIA RIVER - RIVER BOAT - DAY

Steady upstream.

Ambrose works diligently on his map.

Bamba is on high alert.

Solomon scans the horizon -- Clear. He reaches into his pocket and analyzes a half finished map smeared in blood. ~~+~~

Sucks his teeth with disdain.

EXT. GAMBIA RIVER - RIVER BOAT - SUNSET

The red sunset reflects off the river.

Ambrose takes in all of Africa's beauty. Sketches in book.

Mathias spots Ambrose all alone and totters towards him.

MATHIAS

Blessed are the merciful, for they
will be shown mercy.

Mathias sits next to Ambrose.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

You know the beatitudes?

AMBROSE

Sure.

MATHIAS

Ah, you know them, but do you live
by them?

AMBROSE

I--

MATHIAS

You penning?

Mathias is practically sitting in Ambrose's lap.

AMBROSE

Mapping.

MATHIAS

Ah. The survivor. Of course.

AMBROSE

You mean, 'surveyor?'

MATHIAS

What did I say?

AMBROSE

Survivor.

Mathias scribbles in his journal.

MATHIAS

Ah, yes.

Ambrose watches Mathias jot on.

AMBROSE

What do you write?

Mathias looks up from his journal. Lets out a loud sigh.

Ah, A question for
you, Mathias Zaro,
what do you write.

MATHIAS

What do I write? To tell you the
truth, I don't know anymore.

Ambrose peeks at the leather bound journal -- Writing
illegible.

AMBROSE

I see.

finds its way into Mathias' mitts.

~~Mathias removes~~ a black opium pipe -- Golden dragons engraved
up the neck. He pulls out a vial of powder.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Impressive pipe.

MATHIAS

Ah. Thank you. I got it from a
Chinaman in Shanghai sometime back.

AMBROSE

China? You've been everywhere.

MATHIAS

Not quite. But I've certainly been
places. Adventure my friend. It's attainable. Even locked away in a dark room.
On Earth and in the mind.

AMBROSE

Why not stay in America? Explore
the west?

MATHIAS

What can I say? I'm a bohemian. A contrarian.
When every man and their mother
heads west, I head east.

Opium falls into the bowl of the pipe

~~Mathias loads the bowl with opium.~~

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

Besides, I'm not keen on killing
for land and exports. No, no, no.

Mathias packs the bowl down ~~with~~ with his knuckle, then licks the remainder off.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
 I'm a delusional man... I'm
 searching for peace in a world
 founded on violence.

Mathias HUMS.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
 Blessed are the pure in heart, for
 they will see God.

Match strikes a
 pocket flint tinder
 box and

Mathias ~~smokes~~ the pipe. Yellow smoke snakes its way up from
 the bowl. ^{puffs}

Ambrose gets a whiff of the unfamiliar smell. Mathias exhales
 and almost passes out on Ambrose.

~~Mathias~~ offers the pipe.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
 Chase the dragon?

Ambrose hesitates.

AMBROSE
 What is it?

Chandoo. Chinese tobacco.

MATHIAS
 Opium. It has a mess of healing
 properties. I use it for medicinal
 purposes.

Mathias takes a swig from the bottle of rum.

AMBROSE
 And the rum?

A beat.

MATHIAS
 I use it to get drunk.

Ambrose can't argue with that.

AMBROSE
 You know, I will try
 that chandoo.
 MATHIAS
 There you are!
 Adventure!

AMBROSE
 All right.

Like a true gentleman, Mathias sets flame to the opium
~~Mathias lights the bowl.~~

Ambrose inhales. Holds. ~~He~~ blows out a huge cloud of smoke
 accompanied by a MOAN of ecstasy, then falls on Mathias.

Tickled with laughter, ~~Mathias laughs and~~ shoves Ambrose off. They sit doped out
 against the boat. ~~and stare at the stars.~~

Constellations and distant planets on full display. A shooting star pulls Ambrose's gaze across the night sky until it burns out.

The vessel comes to sudden halt.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
What was? Was... Was?

Hell if I know. MATHIAS
Let's go check.

The effects of the drug have Ambrose glued to the boat — momentary paralysis.

~~Ambrose can't move.~~ Mathias pushes himself up and heads to the front of the boat.

Solomon emerges from the cabin in a hurry.

SOLOMON
What's going on here?

Bamba, Hector and Oswyn scan the ~~horizon.~~ ^{the river.}

OSWYN
Hippopotami.

A herd of hippos half submerged in the river ahead.

OSWYN (CONT'D)
He won't go any further. I don't blame him. Terribly dangerous animals.

SOLOMON
This boat stops for nothing.
Especially not for river cows.

Mathias stumbles up, bringing the stench of rum and other abused substances with him.

MATHIAS
What's going on? SOLOMON

Christ. Drag you and that stench back from whence you came.

Bamba gestures for them to be quiet. It's easy for Mathias to brush off insults, especeliay ones he can't hear.

BAMBA
We wait. 'Til day.

SOLOMON
No we don't, 'wait 'til day.' We go now.

Divine makes her way over. a slight boredom has infected her.

DIVINE
Why are we stopped?

MATHIAS
Something about cows.

Glossy emerald eyes open.

Meanwhile, Ambrose is still in a daze. ~~He opens his eyes.~~ The last bit of skylight shimmers off the water.

Ambrose's ~~eyes~~ ^{emeralds} wander to shore -- A BIPED FIGURE watches him from the bush. ~~Ambrose~~ blinks and the figure is gone.

Back up front, Solomon grows more and more agitated.

Hector is deadpan behind him.

SOLOMON
(to Bamba)
Maneuver around them.

BAMBA
There is no place to go.

SOLOMON
No place to go?
^{readies}
Solomon ~~loads~~ his rifle.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
I'll ~~create~~ ^{show you} a place to go.
~~Solomon aims the~~ ^{aimed} rifle at the herd.

Ambrose continues to search the shore. ~~He~~ sees nothing.
Suddenly a shadowy figure runs from behind a shrubbery.

BLAST!

Ambrose falls back. ^{nearly overboard.}

The herd of hippos are sent into a frenzy. They charge the boat infuriated.

Divine retreats into the cabin ^{with haste. while the men brace for impact.}
^{Solomon lets out another BLAST to no avail.}

The hippos ram the boat over and over.

~~Solomon reloads.~~ Oswyn and Bamba attempt to stay in the center of the boat. ^{while Solomon reloads.}

Hector is calm. His face never changes as he ~~tries to~~ ^{tightens his} hold on. Mathias is passed out on the floor ~~of the boat.~~ ^{the boat.} ^{being thrashed around in his unconscious state.}

The alpha male ^{hippo} bulldozes into the boat. Ambrose is sent across the vessel. ~~He~~ hangs off the edge.

The alpha charges full speed towards Ambrose.

^{Fear has frozen Ambrose — eyes locked with his potential doom.}
~~Ambrose is frozen.~~

The bull is about to cannon into Ambrose, when suddenly he is yanked in by Hector.

As the hippo crashes into the side, the Boat cracks.

Finally the frenzy ^{is finished.} ~~has ceased.~~

The boat is ~~severely~~ damaged but continues up stream under the moonlight.

EXT. GAMBIA RIVER - SHORE - DAY

^{Text}
The jungle looms in the background. The boat is tied to a tree off shore.

Bamba and Hector assess the damage. Solomon micromanages. ^{with an irritated air.}

Oswyn investigates animal prints in the mud. Divine scratches her mosquito bites while she tends to Mathias' cracked head. ^{scribbles into notebook.}

Ambrose is in a twilight on the river bank. Open sketchbook in hand, pencil in the other, but there's no urge to map at the moment, so he closes his eyes.

~~Ambrose comes down from his high on the river bank. Blood -- His wound opened.~~

It's that mask again! Hovering in the black abyss behind the eyelids!

~~Divine sits next to Ambrose. She removes items to dress the wound.~~

Those green gems escape the shut lids, and Ambrose finds Divine sitting down next to him.

DIVINE
How are you feeling?

Ambrose looks like death.

AMBROSE
I've been better.

DIVINE
You've looked better.

Divine grins at Ambrose. ^{Spies his crotch. Fresh blood has stained his pants.}

Solomon grows impatient. <sup>DIVINE
Oh, my. You're bleeding. Are you injured?</sup>

SOLOMON
(to Hector)
Well?

^{Ambrose catches sight of the blood and is quick conceal any sign, but Divine is already digging through her bag.}

Hector shakes his head. ^{no.}

<sup>AMBROSE
I'm fine. It's nothing. It's probably just a scratch.</sup>

<sup>DIVINE
You're bleeding pretty badly. The last thing you want out here is an infection. Christ. What is it with you and medical attention?</sup>

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
What is that? ^{Divine reaches for Ambrose's waist line. He grabs her firmly by the wrist.}

BAMBA
We must go back.

<sup>AMBROSE
I said, I'm fine.</sup>

SOLOMON
Go back? Are you mad?

^{Ambrose releases his grip of Divine. She rubs her wrist as she studies Ambrose with a newfound skepticism.}

<sup>MATHIAS (O.S.)
Doctor! It's not working! I can still feel my face!</sup>

^{The staring contest ends, but only once Divine breaks the gaze with a leer, gets up and struts over to Mathias.}

^{Ambrose shuffles to the waterline and cleans his pants.}

^{....SOLOMON GROWS IMPATIENT...}

BAMBA
The boat can't go any further.

SOLOMON
Then what do you suppose we do?

BAMBA
Walk. If you must.

Infuriated Solomon reviews the bloody, half-finished map.

SOLOMON
(to Ambrose)
Mapmaker!

Solomon hurries over to Ambrose. *who rings out his soaked pants.*

SOLOMON (CONT'D) *SOLOMON*
~~Your map. Let me see it.~~ *What'd you do? Piss yourself? Your map. Let me see it.*
The book is snatched out of Ambrose's hands.
~~Ambrose hands Solomon his book.~~ Solomon compares the two maps
then drops the book on the muddy bank.
is quick to ~~Ambrose quickly~~ picks the book up ~~and wipes it off.~~ *clean.*

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
(to Bamba) *Not yet...*
We're not walking. Now get in the
bloody boat and take us up river.

BAMBA
If we go any further we won't make
it back.

SOLOMON
If you don't get in that boat right
now... You won't make it back.
Solomon's stare assures Bamba not to take the threat light. Finally he drops his leer, brushes...
Solomon stares Bamba down. He finally drops the stare,
brushes past Bamba and jumps in the boat.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
All aboard.

Nobody moves. Solomon fires his rifle.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
I said, 'All aboard!'

Oswyn, Divine and Mathias single file into the ship. Ambrose
makes his way. *scrub dries pants.*

Hector remains still. *in deliberate defiance, though it's gone unnoticed.*
It almost looks as if he has something to say...

SOLOMON

Well, Spaniard, are you deaf and mute now?

That large sheath on Hector's hip has attracted his hand.

Perhaps he'd just like to cut the tension.

A long beat. with trembling lips

Now Solomon notices Hector on shore.

SOLOMON

Hector! All aboard!

Finally, Hector climbs aboard.

~~Ambrose makes eye contact with Bamba. Bamba is on edge.~~

The tension break allows Ambrose to

SOLOMON (CONT'D) breathe a sigh of relief, possibly too soon. He's being watched —

(to Bamba)

Bamba reads through Ambrose like a picture book.

Are you coming?

So much so Ambrose fixes mustache in selfconsciousness.

Bamba's skeptical gaze turns to the jungle...something else is watching them.

~~Bamba's eyes search the jungle... Something is watching them.~~

Reluctantly Bamba unties the boat and jumps in.

EXT. GAMBIA RIVER - DAY

Something stalks the boat from shore as it treks up river.

Zebra, wildebeest and giraffes drink at the river's edge. but even they sense the presence of a predator on the prowl. Such is life in Africa.

RIVER BOAT

Ambrose perks up when he spots the animals.

AMBROSE

Oswyn!

Oswyn runs up. Smile from ear to ear.

OSWYN

All right. Let's see how well you know your animals.

AMBROSE

That's a giraffe. And that's a zebra. But I haven't the slightest notion as to what that is.

~~Ambrose~~ points to the wildebeest.

OSWYN

That's a gnu. A 'wild beast' the Afrikaans say.

Wonderment becomes Ambrose as he

~~Ambrose~~ surveys the animals.

SHORE

Branches CRACK in the jungle behind. The zebra and wildebeest are startled and run off.

RIVER BOAT

Ambrose and Oswyn both seem puzzled.

OSWYN

Something must have spooked them.

Oswyn scans the shore.

OSWYN (CONT'D)

Ah, look, Ambrose. Crocodiles.

SHORE

A bask of twenty foot crocodiles sun bathe on the shore.

RIVER BOAT

Ambrose quickly becomes uneasy.

Mathias

~~HECTOR~~ (O.S.)

There's a leak.

Water fills the boat. Hector scoops the water out.

DIVINE (O.S.)

Leak!

Divine runs up from the cabin with her trunks soaking wet. Bamba springs into action and shovels water out with Hector. Solomon sits down and rubs his temples.

SOLOMON

Of course there is.

Ambrose glances to shore. The crocodiles enter the water and swim towards the sinking vessel.

AMBROSE

Umm...

Ironically Mathias attempts to stay as dry as possible.

OSWYN

Okay. I can help. We can do this.

Oswyn helps, but it's no use.

SOLOMON

(to Bamba)

Get us to shore.

The boat is sinking quickly. The crocodiles wait patiently in the water.

Bamba maneuvers the boat towards the shore, but it scrapes on the river floor twenty yards from shore.

MATHIAS

I guess we're swimming.

SOLOMON

Take what you need.

Solomon tosses several packs into the river then jumps out of the boat. He holds his rifle above his head as he makes his way to shore.

Hector removes his blade and jumps into the drink. Mathias follows holding his bag like a baby.

The crocodiles are inbound.

Divine leaps in.

DIVINE

(to Ambrose)

Come on!

Oswyn plunges in. Bamba also. They all head for land.

Ambrose is frozen. He has nothing but his satchel. He takes a deep breath and dives in.

A crocodile is right on Ambrose's tail as he gets to his feet and runs to shore.

The crocodile gains.

Ambrose slips. The crocodile unhinges its jaws and comes barreling towards him.

Mathias and Hector yank Ambrose out of the water just as the crocodile snaps down. They toss him on the bank.

The crocodile swims off in defeat.

AMBROSE

Thank you.

Hector dips his head in acknowledgement.

Mathias

Don't mention it, chap.

SOLOMON

All right. Everybody grab a pack
and pick up your feet.

Solomon turns to the jungle.

BAMBA

I stay here.

SOLOMON

What?

BAMBA

I'll never go in there.

Bamba stares into the cursed jungle.

BAMBA (CONT'D)

I'll stay here. Fix the boat.

SOLOMON

Fine. The rest of you--

AMBROSE

I'm sorry. We're heading into the jungle? I'm suppose to map the river.

turns to Ambrose with a snarl.

Solomon ~~faces Ambrose.~~

SOLOMON

New plan. You map the jungle and follow my command.

(to all)

That goes for all of you. Anybody who doesn't want to come into the jungle can stay with Bamba and fix the boat.

Solomon starts into the jungle.

The float of crocodiles surround the boat. They have no choice but to follow.

EXT. JUNGLE - LATER

Chimpanzees watch the group as they make their way through the dense vegetation.

Solomon leads, Divine close behind. Oswyn and Mathias follow. Ambrose lags behind with Hector taking up the rear.

Ambrose feels eyes. He turns around.

AMBROSE

(to Hector)

Thanks for saving me back there.
again

Hector nods.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

It's Hector, isn't it?

Once again Hector acknowledges with a nod.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Where are you from?

A beat.

Finally...

HECTOR
España.

AMBROSE
What's it like?

HECTOR
I don't remember. I haven't seen it
in sometime.

AMBROSE
You left?

HECTOR
Fled.

AMBROSE
The war?

A beat.

HECTOR
My mother had opposing views with
the chain of command. We had no
choice.

AMBROSE
That's terrifying.

Hector shrugs.

HECTOR
It is what it is.

AMBROSE
I think I would have been
terrified.

Hector removes his blade. Engraved on the side: *LIVE FEARLESS*

HECTOR
You see that? You know what that
says?

AMBROSE
Live fearless?

HECTOR
My father would constantly remind
us of that.

Hector conceals the blade.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
There is nothing to fear. Not even
death.

AMBROSE
I suppose.

HECTOR
You're gypsy, right?

Ambrose is taken back.

AMBROSE
No-- Well, I'm not a--

HECTOR
Listen. Never be ashamed of who you
are or where you are from.
picks up his pace and Or where you're going. Or what you've become.
Hector passes Ambrose.

Ambrose feels a presence. ~~He~~ scans the jungle. Glances up.

~~The~~
A troop of chimpanzees stare at Ambrose. They are uneasy.

This isn't what Ambrose felt... He peers into the darkness of
the jungle...

The jungle breathes, and with its breathe, whispers...
...

Ambrose carries on.— *a chill runs down his spine.*

Chimps are alarmed. *Retreat!*

EXT. GRASSLAND - CAMP - NIGHT

The group has set up camp in an open field at the edge of the
jungle.

A fire burns fiercely in the middle of the tents.

Lion ROARS echo across the land. Ambrose looks up from his
book. He turns to Oswyn for reassurance.

OSWYN
That's a lion.

~~Uneasy is Ambrose.
Ambrose is on edge.~~

AMBROSE
Lion?

Ambrose scans the fire to see if anybody shares his fear.

Mathias drinks steadily as he scribbles in his journal.
Hector eats quietly. Solomon scours his blood stained map,
Divine inspects Solomon.

DIVINE
(to Solomon)
Where are we going?

SOLOMON
East.

DIVINE
What for?

Solomon scans the group. All eyes are on him.

SOLOMON
Exploration.

DIVINE
Lies.

The group grows restless. Sweat builds on Solomon's brow.

DIVINE (CONT'D)
When I agreed to go on this
expedition my objective was to
provide medical assistance while
sailing the Gambia. Now we've
trekked almost a full day inland. I
want to know why.

SOLOMON
You worry about your job, I'll
worry about mine.

~~Divine's demand is loud and yet all done without the flick of her tongue. Solomon gives in.~~
This answer won't do, so Solomon gives in.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
There's something in there. In the
jungle. It's value is supposed to
be beyond compare.

Divine is intrigued. Hector shakes his head.

HECTOR
 (to himself)
 I knew it.

~~Disgusted,~~ Hector sets his half finished meal down.

MATHIAS
 So we're exporters, not explorers.
 Great... I bet we'll be herding
 lines of slaves into the ship by
 the time we come back.

Mathias chugs the rest of the bottle... Then passes out.

AMBROSE
 (to Solomon)
 What is it?

~~A beat.~~

~~The reflection of the dancing fire burns in Solomon's dark eyes.~~

SOLOMON
 I told you... You're better off in
 the dark.

Solomon glares at Ambrose. Divine is aroused ~~by Solomon's toxic masculinity.~~

A clan of hyenas gather around the group. They CACKLE in the darkness.

HECTOR
 This isn't right.

All are surprised by Hector's outburst.

SOLOMON
 It's not your say, slopi.

Hector and Solomon have a staring contest. Hector loses.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
 We're leaving at first light. Any
 objections?

~~Ambrose searches for rationality.~~ Hector mumbles to himself in Spanish.

OSWYN
 (to Solomon)
 Sounds... Exciting.

Ambrose peers into the dark. Glowing eyes stare back.

CAMP - LATER

Fire dies. Darkness falls across the land as the moon is consumed by clouds.

TENT

Ambrose and Oswyn are asleep.

Movement outside. Branch SNAPS.

Ambrose wakes. Sits up and listens... Nothing. ~~He~~ crawls towards the tent entrance. Peeks outside -- Coast is clear.

Behind Ambrose, the shadow of a male ~~lion~~ surfaces on the tent.

Blissfully unaware, Ambrose steps out of the tent and wanders into the grassland to relieve himself. ~~and tend to other genital/~~

As Ambrose
fumbles with the
wooden phallus
funnel and
urinates, tends to
other mesntrual
iissues.

tends to his business,

mmenstrual issues.

As Ambrose ~~urinates~~ we see the enormous lion behind.

Ambrose senses something's off. Turns slowly.

The moon breaks through the clouds ^{Text} and shines a spotlight on the king of the jungle.

~~Ambrose is speechless.~~ ^{Cat has Ambrose's tongue.} The lion prepares to pounce.

Gun BLAST lights up the dark!

~~GUNSHOT!~~ The lion is hit but runs off into the night.

Solomon darts out of his tent with the rifle still smoking.

SOLOMON

Blast! Would have made a good rug.

Solomon looks Ambrose up and down.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Or a good meal.

Everybody but Mathias exits their tents.

DIVINE

What's happened?

SOLOMON

Just a cat.

Oswyn reviews the lion's paw print -- It's massive.

OSWYN

A bloody big one at that.

Solomon reloads his rifle. Hector secures the perimeter.
Ambrose is in shock.

DIVINE
(to Ambrose)
Are you okay?

SOLOMON
He's fine.

Movement in the brush.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
He's still out there.
(to Hector)
Let's get after him.

DIVINE
Don't you think we ought to get
some sleep? We've got a long day
ahead of us.

Something makes its way toward the camp.

SOLOMON
It's coming back.

Solomon aims blindly into the darkness.

DANIEL (O.S.)
Help!

Solomon lowers his gun. A MAN draws near.

DANIEL (late 30's) finally arrives at the camp. The jungle
has eaten him up and spit him back out. Taut and furrowed
golden eyes. A beard grows wildly on his narrow face. He
collapses.

Hector and Oswyn drag Daniel towards the fire pit. Divine
runs over with her medical kit.

Ambrose is in a daze. Mathias stumbles out of his tent.

MATHIAS
What's going on?
What on Gaia's green Earth is going on out here?

Solomon lights a lantern. Mathias spots Daniel.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Who's that?

Solomon studies Daniel long and hard.

SOLOMON

Put him in a tent. We'll deal with him in the morning. We need to sleep.

OSWYN

He can share ours.

DIVINE

No. He will go in mine.

Judging eyes all around, but tongues are tied.

Hector and Oswyn drag Daniel into Divine's tent.

Ambrose watches Divine follow Solomon to bed.

Oswyn and Hector exit the tent. Ambrose approaches.

HECTOR

This is a warning.

Hector steps away.

Ambrose peeks inside the tent -- Daniel remains unconscious.

INT. TENT - DAWN

First light hits.

Ambrose stirs. Gets up.

EXT. CAMP - CONTINUOUS

The sun is still ~~rising~~ *on the rise.*

Ambrose exits ~~his~~ tent.

Daniel sits at the campfire reading Solomon's blood stained map.

Ambrose hobbles over.

AMBROSE

I'm surprised he let you have a gander at that.

The jungle has made Daniel paranoid. His back will never be turned.

DANIEL

Where are we?

AMBROSE

We are...

Ambrose searches the map and points.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

...Here. Just about a day's march
to the river. We have a boat there.
We can take you home.

Daniel reviews the map.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

I'm Ambrose.

Daniel doesn't take his eyes off the map.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

What's your name?

~~A beat.~~

Hesitation, almost as if Daniel has forgotten his own name.

DANIEL

Daniel.

AMBROSE

Daniel.

Ambrose examines Daniel. He is bloody and cut up.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

Daniel stares deep into Ambrose's soul.

DANIEL

The jungle.

AMBROSE

How long have you been out here?

DANIEL

Tough to say. Maybe two years.
Maybe more. What's the year?

AMBROSE

Ninety-five.

DANIEL

I presume more.

AMBROSE

Why were you out here in the first
place?

DANIEL

I could ask you the same thing. At first I thought you were my deliverance, but it appears otherwise.

AMBROSE

We were charting the Gambia.

DANIEL

But you said the river was a day's hike from here.

AMBROSE

Change of plans.

DANIEL

Oh?

AMBROSE

This guy, Solomon, is leading us around on some treasure hunt.

This sparks Daniel's interest.

DANIEL

Treasure?

AMBROSE

I don't know. He won't say. He said it was something extremely valuable. Have you seen any valuable exports in the jungle.

DANIEL

Besides myself? No.

Divine exits ~~his~~ tent. Solomon follows shortly after. ^{fasting his belt and adjusting his crotch.}

Solomon notices Daniel reading the map. He grabs his rifle and storms over.

SOLOMON

What do you think you are doing?

^{in the bloody hell}
~~Solomon snatches the map~~ ^{Map snatched} out of Daniel's hand.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Oswyn and Hector exit their tents.

Ambrose greets Divine with disapproval. Divine smirks.

DANIEL
My name is Daniel.

SOLOMON
Why were you in the jungle?

What in all blasted hell are you doing out here?

DANIEL
I'm an explorer. My crew was
ambushed and left for dead. I've
been trying to get home ever since.

What in the glorious fuck are you doing out here?

in the jungle.

Solomon sucks the disgust off his teeth and spits out.

SOLOMON
Unfortunate. We're wending our way
further into the jungle. So...

AMBROSE
The river isn't far. We can take
him back.

SOLOMON
And then what? Leave us stranded
without a boat? Not a chance. We
press on.

HECTOR
We should go back.

Confusion plastered to his face, Solomon rounds on Hector

SOLOMON
What did you say?

HECTOR
There's nothing for us here but
death.

SOLOMON
I'm in command. You do what you're
told.

Face to face, noses nearly touch, but Hector refuses to back down from Solomon's intimidation tactics.

AMBROSE
It's true. Daniel said he hasn't
seen anything in the jungle.

turns his scowl on Daniel.

~~Solomon scowls at Daniel.~~

SOLOMON
(to Ambrose)
Maybe, "Daniel" was focused on
finding a way home.

*was a little preoccupied searching for a way.
was a little busy trying to find a way home.*

AMBROSE
We should put it to a vote.

SOLOMON

My, you've certainly grown a pair of balls since we've been out here, huh? A tongue too.

AMBROSE

It's just—

SOLOMON
Enough baretry. Last I checked we
were in Africa, not America.

HECTOR
I say we head back.

AMBROSE
As do I.

SOLOMON
Well I vote we keep moving.

DIVINE
As do I.

Divine sneers at Ambrose.

All eyes turn to Oswyn. He laughs uncomfortably.

OSWYN
I think we should all come to a
conclusion we agree on.

SOLOMON
Forward or back?

Solomon ~~adjusts his grip on the rifle; a subtle threat, no doubt.~~
~~flashes his rifle.~~

OSWYN
Well--

AMBROSE
Oswyn, this poor man has been lost
out here for years. We need to take
him back.

SOLOMON ^(to Oswyn)
What's it going to be? We are
losing light.

OSWYN
I... Uh--

DANIEL
I vote we move forward.

All turn to Daniel.

AMBROSE
What?

DANIEL
 (to Ambrose)
 He's obviously dead set on going.
 And if we want to survive ~~we~~ need
 to stay together.

Ambrose can't believe what he's hearing. *Solomon revels in the decision.*

SOLOMON
 It's settled. Somebody wake up the
 drunk. *then. go*

Solomon marches off.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Bloody Americans.

All disperse except for Ambrose ~~who~~ reevaluates Daniel.

EXT. GRASSLAND - DAY

The group makes its way across the great African flatland. A dense jungle in the distance.

African game graze. They stare as the group passes.

Ambrose lags behind with Mathias. ~~Ambrose~~ assesses his half finished map of the river, then notices Mathias scribbling away.

AMBROSE
 What are you writing?

Mathias doesn't take his eye off the page.

MATHIAS
 Whatever comes to my head.

~~Ambrose is~~ intrigued. *Ambrose nods with downturned lips.*

Daniel takes up the rear. There is something different about him... Something in the eyes.

The jungle had surely eaten him alive and in doing so, taken a part of his soul.

EXT. GRASSLAND - CAMP 2 - NIGHT

The savanna is quiet despite the large watering hole nearby.

BL;AST!
GUNSHOT! Birds hiding in the tall grass take flight.

Tents are up again. A fire burns nicely.

MOVE THIS
 TO SCENE
 INTRO>

Ambrose looks around, uneasy from the
gunshot. Opens book to a clean page and
begins writing.

~~Ambrose opens his book to a clean page and begins writing.~~
~~Mathias smokes his opium.~~ Divine patches Daniel's wounds.
twirls his finger around the smoke rising from his opium pipe as if he were tracing it. infected
Daniel stares into the fire. hypnotized
hypnotic in a trance/in a daze

Oswyn, Hector and Solomon return to camp. Hector holds the
leg of a zebra. Solomon has his rifle in one hand and a zebra
head in the other. He is thrilled; Oswyn is not.

SOLOMON
Dinner is served.

The zebra is cooked over the campfire.

The group scarfs down the meal with the exception of Mathias
and Ambrose. Hector finishes his meal and retreats to his
tent.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
(Mathias)
Eat. You need it.

Repulsion clear as day,

Mathias forces himself to eat.
Ambrose grimaces at the notion; Solomon sees it.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
(to Ambrose)
It's eat or be eaten.
(to Daniel)
Isn't that right, jungle man?

Mathias sets his plate down... Jumps up and vomits!

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ. You drunken fool.

by rubbing his shoulders.

Divine calms Solomon. Mathias dry heaves as he stumbles away
from the fire.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Bloody Americans!

AMBROSE
(to Divine)
Are you going to check on him?

DIVINE
He needs to sleep it off. He'll be
fine in the morning.

Solomon whispers something in Divine's ear. She giggles.

Ambrose turns to Oswyn for reassurance.

OSWYN
I'm sure he's okay.

Oswyn is not sure.

The uncertainly forces Ambrose to turn to Daniel —
However, Daniel is hypnotized by the fire.

WATERING HOLE - SAME

The drink is calm and quiet.

Mathias stumbles down to the water's edge and spits out the remainder of his stomach. Rinses face with water.

A CRACKLING behind.

Mathias turns quickly and stares into the darkness. He trembles in fear, then starts to laugh.

MATHIAS *Careful, Zoro. Don't lose your head.*
~~I need to clear my head.~~
Maniacal/Drunken/
Hysterical laughter

Mathias turns back to the water. Leans in to wash face.

A massive crocodile latches onto Mathias' head and pulls him in!
emerges,

The drink ripples, but still, calm and quiet...
...

CAMP 2

Ripples from the watering hole send a wave of bad energy that crashes over Ambrose. He perks up.
~~Ambrose perks up.~~

AMBROSE
Something's wrong.

~~Nobody seems to acknowledge Ambrose. He tracks Mathias' steps.~~

acknowledgment.
Solomon and Divine are in their own flirtatious world. Oswyn silent mourns the death of the zebra he continually forces into his mouth,
Ambrose stands up from the fire and retraces Mathias' steps.

WATERING HOLE

The moon provides ample light. *Bonus light from the moon's reflection on the still Adam's ale.*

Ambrose reaches the waterfront and peers into the drink --
Nothing but a few logs.

finds the bottom of Ambrose's shoe.
Fresh vomit! ~~Ambrose~~ scours the watering hole again. Mathias' journal floats a top the water.

AMBROSE
Mathias?!

Ambrose is about to jump in, but Daniel yanks him by the shirt and throws him back.

DANIEL

Don't want to be swimming in there.

Daniel points to the "logs" -- Giant crocodiles.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Eat or be eaten.

Daniel ^{trudges} ~~heads~~ back to camp. Ambrose sits at the edge of the water. ^{in sadness}

The journal floats ^{atop the reflection of the moon, past the man-eating croc...} ~~in the moonlight~~.

EXT. CAMP 2 - MORNING

Smoke smolders from the recently extinguished fire. The group has packed up and started their march.

^{, but Ambrose stands in front of a neat stack of Mathias's belongings.}
~~Ambrose neatly stacks Mathias' belongings.~~ ^{The golden dragon opium pipe is the topper — it stares at Ambrose.}

AMBROSE

Blessed are the pure in heart, for
they will see God.

Ambrose stashes a bottle of rum and the opium pipe in his satchel. A moment of silence... ~~Ambrose~~ ^{He} trudges on.

EXT. GRASSLAND - DAY/DUSK

An impressed cheetah watches as the group races across the grassland.

The entrance of the deep jungle is nigh.

SOLOMON

We're close!

^{Relief and excitement overcome the group, but}

Daniel stares at the jungle with great terror.

The daylight is fading quickly.

DANIEL

We should make camp.

SOLOMON

We're nearly there.

DANIEL

The jungle is no friend of yours in the dark.

Jaw clenched,

Solomon is torn.

SOLOMON

Fine. Make camp at the edge of the jungle.

with a fiery glare

Solomon looks Daniel up and down, then storms off.

EXT. CAMP 3 - NIGHT

The deep jungle looms in the background. Everybody is asleep except for Ambrose and Hector who share Mathias' bottle of rum.

The only noise comes from the CRACKLING of the fire.

Finally...

AMBROSE

The other day... Why did you ask if I was a gypsy?

HECTOR

Because you look like one.

Ambrose is taken back.

AMBROSE

What does a gypsy look like, precisely?

HECTOR

Black hair ~~and~~ green eyes. , feminine features.

Face flushed. Ambrose retreats behind the stroking of his mustache.

~~A beat.~~

Hector busts up with laughter.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

I'm joking, my friend.

Ambrose laughs uncomfortably.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Second sight. You know what that is?

Curious,

Ambrose shakes his head.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
It's the ability to see things
before they happen. A premonition.

Ambrose nods. *with a sense of knowing.*

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Have you ever had moments like
that? ~~That feeling.~~ *Felt that feeling?* Where you just
know. *When*

Hector's green eyes shine in the light.

AMBROSE
~~You're a gypsy?~~ *Are you gypsy?*
Swig of rum. Hector swashes it around in his mouth before he swallows.

HECTOR
~~Father was. My mother was the~~ *More or less. My father was from*
~~General's daughter.~~ *born to a family of beggars. My*
When he found out she had fraternized with a *mother was the General's*
gypsy... He cut her head off. *daughter. When he found out...*
with a beggar... He cut her head
off.

AMBROSE
Cut her head off?

HECTOR
Si. There's been a vendetta on our
family ever since. *Nomadic's all I've ever known.*

~~A beat.~~ *Ambrose takes everything in with a drunken expression.*

AMBROSE
Do you always talk this much?

~~A beat.~~ *HECTOR*
Only when I'm drunk.

Both laugh.

Hector turns his attention to the flames, whilst Ambrose looks up to the spectacular starry night, reminding him just how small and insignificant he really is.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
What are we doing out here, Hector?
pulls from the bottles,
Hector throws his arms up.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
We should turn back. Together we
can make it alive.

HECTOR
We are way passed turning back now.

Hector ~~stares into the fire.~~ Ambrose gazes up at the stars.

can't take his eyes off the fire, it's almost as if he can see something Ambrose can't.
Ambrose doesn't mind, for the cosmos call his attention back upward, and a shooting star streaks
across the night.

AMBROSE *My entire life I've wanted nothing more than to come here.*
 It's funny. ~~My whole life I wanted~~
~~to come here...~~ But now that I'm
 here... Did you know about this
 valuable export nonsense?

Hector sets his pointer on his temple.

HECTOR
~~I felt it...~~ I just do as I'm told.
Second sight, my friend...

~~A beat.~~ *The admission brings about an obvious aversion which Hector attempts to hide behind the bottle of rum.*

HECTOR (CONT'D)
 I don't know why. I should be in
 control of my own life, I just--
 Don't know how.

Empathetic

Ambrose listens intently.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
 My father use to say, 'We ~~all~~ die,
 but not all of us-- *All of us*

AMBROSE
 'Live.' My father told me the same.

HECTOR
 It's true, you know. Not everybody
 lives. They breath, eat, drink,
 sleep, but when it comes time to
 die, what do they have to look back
 on? *What life was there?*

A forlornness consumes Ambrose.

~~Ambrose is saddened.~~

HECTOR (CONT'D)
 But, hey... Us... We're living.
 Aren't we?

Hector finishes off the bottle then calmly removes his blade
 and sharpens it.

— LIVE FEARLESSLY —

HECTOR (CONT'D)
 When the angel of death greets me,
 he better be prepared. Because when
 he comes, I'll show no mercy. When
 he comes, I'll show no fear.

LIVE FEARLESSLY glistens by the fireside.

Ambrose glances up at the stars once more. A RUSTLING in the
 jungle startles him.

SWITCH "A RUSTLING" WITH "AMBROSE GLANCES UP...once more

EXT. DEEP JUNGLE - DAY

The jungle is dense and colorful. Rays of light shine through holes in the top canopy.

The group marches in a single file line. Hector is out in front followed by Solomon, Divine, Oswyn and Ambrose.

Daniel tags along behind. Head on a swivel. He is not comfortable being here.

Hector stops. The group does the same.

SOLOMON
What is it?

Hector stares long and hard into the jungle.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Well?

HECTOR
Stay here.

Hector removes his blade and creeps forward. *Solomon is content with staying behind.*

AMBROSE
(to Solomon)
You're not going with him?

Solomon ignores Ambrose. Ambrose turns to Daniel. Daniel is pale white. Terrified.

MOMENTS LATER *Jungly vegetation is hacked away as Hector continues deeper into the bush. The group is out of sight.*
~~Hector hacks his way through dense vegetation and continues deeper into the jungle. The group is out of sight.~~

Hector scans the area... ~~Clear.~~
It's quiet... Too quiet... but...it's clear.

HECTOR
Okay! We're clear!

Hector continues onward... And crosses paths with a massive silverback gorilla.

Instintually

Hector remains planted. Calm. The blade ready in his hand.

The gorilla pounds its fists into the ground in hopes to intimidate.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Come on then.

"LIVE FEARLESS" shines on Hector's face.

The gorilla beats its chest.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Come on!

The gorilla charges. Hector runs at the gorilla. *to meet his fate head-on.*

The battle echoes throughout the jungle.

The group rushes towards the sounds.

A brutal thrashing — the gorilla has the upperhand.

Solomon shoots the gorilla but it was merely a pinch. Even so, the gorilla runs off into the thick of the jungle, but the damage has been done.

Ambrose and Divine run to Hector's side.

Blood oozes out of Hector's head. His face is completely mangled and bones protrude from his skin. Every breath becomes more and more of a struggle.

AMBROSE

Jesus. Hector! Hector, stay with *us.*
~~me.~~

(to Divine)

He's breathing. He's breathing.

DIVINE

I know. I-- *I just don't think —*

Even with her medical expertise,

Divine is ~~stumped.~~ *at odds with herself.*

SOLOMON

It's useless. He's dead as a nit.

Ambrose is stunned. *mouth agape.*

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

We keep moving.

AMBROSE

Are you mad? This man is dying and another's already gone.

DIVINE

And if we turn back now they've died in vain.

Ambrose turns to Divine with doleful, pleading eyes.

AMBROSE

So this thing we're searching for, *you're willing to die for it.*
~~it's worth dying for?~~

Daniel's ears perk up.

DIVINE
If you only knew.

AMBROSE
Well it would seem I'm the only one
without a clue.

Oswyn starts to raise his hand but puts it down quickly.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
We need to go back.

SOLOMON
I vote we go forward. For myself
and Oswyn, since he is incapable of
making a decision.

Oswyn drops his head defeated.

DIVINE
We move on.

Ambrose turns to Daniel. Daniel stares blankly back at him.

SOLOMON
Three to one. His vote is
irrelevant. If you ~~want to stay~~ ...want to go back, be my guest.
~~behind go ahead.~~ Your cunt's been showing since we You've been
stepped foot off the boat anyway. nothing but a pain in the ass this
whole time.

adjusts his pack, readies his rifle and marches on. frowns at Ambrose as she follows.
Solomon marches on. Divine follows. Oswyn hesitates but
ultimately hurries after them. his departure,

Ambrose remains kneeling at Hector's side. Hector struggles
to breath. Daniel appears menacing behind Ambrose.

DANIEL
Why haven't you done it yet?

AMBROSE
Done what?

~~A beat.~~ GURGLING from Hector's throat— coughs up blood.

DANIEL
End his suffering.

Daniel limps away.

Blood fills Hector's lungs with every breath he takes. His
hand twitches.

The blade is covered in gorilla blood. "LIVE FEARLESS"

Ambrose grabs the knife and begins to cry. ~~He~~ grips the blade firm and raises it high above Hector...

EXT. TOORDOKTER TERRITORY - ENTRANCE - LATER

The jungle grows darker and darker. *Visibility going forward is limited.*

Teary eyed, Ambrose continues through the ~~jungle~~. ~~He~~ wipes blood off the blade. *bush.*

The group is stopped at the base of a large deity statue. The god wears a ghost mask: Horns, slanted eyes and a sinister smile show off its sharp fangs.

A thick fog beyond the statue makes it impossible to see.

Daniel prevents Solomon from entering.

mirroring his movements and shoving back when necessary.

SOLOMON

Get out of my way, you fool.

DANIEL

You can't. Please.

(to Divine)

Please. Tell him.

DIVINE

Tell him what?

DANIEL

It's too dangerous.

Ambrose inspects the statue. The statue stares right at him.

The thrum thrum of the jungle drum beats in his chest.

SOLOMON

I'll take my chances.

DIVINE

So will I.

DANIEL

You don't understand. This jungle is cursed.

Solomon laughs obnoxiously.

SOLOMON

Have you gone mad?

A wind blows from the dark of the jungle and with it a spine-chilling whisper.

The group shivers with terror, but Daniel is jaded, feeling justified by the look of fright on Solomon's hardened mug.

DANIEL

There is another way. We stay on the perimeter and follow it all the way around.

Solomon grows anxious. Checks map.

SOLOMON

We can't afford to lose any more time.

With a doubtful cast,

Solomon starts into the haze.

DANIEL

There are toordokters in there.

SOLOMON

What in the bloody hell is that?

DANIEL

Witch doctors.

SOLOMON

You have gone mad.

DANIEL

Please. Do not do this.

SOLOMON *My fear of witches ended when I was six.*

~~I stopped fearing witches when I was six.~~

Solomon crosses the statue's threshold.

The wind shifts. A strong gust blows through the jungle.

Divine and Oswyn follow Solomon. Daniel and Ambrose stay planted.

AMBROSE

What's in there?

~~A beat.~~ *More WHISPERS from the wind.*

DANIEL

Death.

Daniel proceeds. *inward.* Disappears into the fog.

glances back at the impregnable jungle. The blade in his hand -- LIVE FEARLESS. Ambrose grips the blade tight and enters the mist.

EXT. TOORDOKTER TERRITORY - MOMENTS LATER

FOGGY.

Not a single ray of light hits the jungle floor. Trees loom over everything. Their trunks armored with deadly spikes.

~~Ambrose has fallen behind.~~ Despite his apparent fear ^{Ambrose} he moves forward. Wanders aimlessly through the murk.

A second large statue. This stone wears a lion mask. There is an offering of human skulls at the base.

WHISPER IN THE WIND

Are you the angel of death?

Ambrose ~~hurries past.~~

^{searches for the source of the whisper, then hurries past the statue.}

Every so often Ambrose passes a skull impaled on a stick or a skeleton tied to a tree.

Text

Ambrose catches a glimpse of a HUMAN FIGURE watching him.

The fog begins to clear. Something runs behind Ambrose.

^{Ambrose spins, searches the misty jungle — becomes dizzy in process.}

Ambrose searches the jungle. Bipad figures in the darkness.

^{scurry}

AMBROSE

Oswyn?

Ambrose waits for a response... But there is none. ^{Anxiety rises.}

A tall figure steps from out of the shadows and creeps towards Ambrose.

^{wearing}

^{red and blue}

It's a WITCH DOCTOR. ~~He wears~~ ^{are} the brightly colored mask with lion fang trim.

^{paralyzed.}

Ambrose is ~~frozen~~. The witch doctor steps closer. ^{her breasts fully exposed.}

^{Regaining mobile function} Ambrose steps back but bumps into another TOORDOKTER: A tall man, wearing a tribal mask.

Surrounded by toordokters Ambrose holds the blade undisciplined and swings it about.

^{After taking a swing at the witch doctor,}

The witch doctor blows blue powder into Ambrose's face.

Ambrose inhales the substance and begins to choke.

^{Depth perception way off kilter.}

Tunnel vision. Ambrose falls to the jungle floor.

Seven toordokters, including the witch doctor, surround him.

Suddenly, the toordokter bodies disappear. Each mask hovers above Ambrose. One by one the masks fly at Ambrose with their mouths open. They swallow him up...

INT. AMBROSE HOME - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Silence. Stale air. Surreal.

A sharp eye can see the pareidolia images of the seven masks morphing on the walls.

Ambrose is on the floor. Terror takes over as he becomes aware of his surroundings.

~~Ambrose runs to the window, but there is no window.~~

Only a mirror — Ambrose finds Amber Rose, fully exposed staring back from the mirror..

~~Ambrose is lost.~~ Ambrose covers himself up despite being fully clothed. The mirror is gone... only a window...
On the edge of insanity, Ambrose attempts to stifle his ragged breath.

The witch doctor stands in the center of the room. They stare at each other for a long while.
as if she were there the entire time

AMBROSE

What is this?

Witch doctor points — Ambrose turns at the instruction.

Victor Keen lays in his bed. Fidgets in agony.

Ambrose is deeply ~~saddened.~~ morose, but can't move despite trying desperately to do so.

Victor takes one last breath and his body goes still.

Tears swell.

Ambrose glances at the witch doctor, then to his father...
But the bed is gone. ~~The room is empty.~~

WITCH DOCTOR

Life... Or death?

~~A beat.~~

Once more, confronted by the reflection of Amber Rose, though beautiful, Ambrose can't face her.

WITCH DOCTOR (CONT'D)

The two are one in the same. Which
do you seek?

The witch doctor is gone. Ambrose stands ~~alone in the middle of his home.~~ , naked yet still wearing the mustache.

...

Suddenly the maps, the walls, everything begins to petrify.

, back in explorer garbs, is frozen with fear.

Ambrose frozen with fear. The sound of DRUMS reverberate from within the walls. The entire room crumbles into rubble...

TOORDOKTER TERRITORY - CONTINUOUS

As the room turns to ash the jungle reappears around Ambrose. The fog is gone. The upbeat tempo of drums continues to POUND, throbbing through Ambrose's head.

Ambrose stands in the middle of countless toordokters dancing in a circle, stomping their feet to the beat.

A fire burns brightly beside Ambrose. As he takes in his surroundings he ~~re~~enters a psychedelic state.

The brightly colored masks circle around him like a carrousel.

Dizziness sets in. Ambrose is in a trance as he stares wide-eyed into the spinning crowd.

Victor Keen dances with the toordokters. Ambrose double takes but Victor is gone.

Mathias and Hector also stomp to the beat. Ambrose scours the crowd for another glimpse but ~~they are gone.~~

The witch doctor steps forth.

they've vanished.

WITCH DOCTOR

You fear death.

Ambrose can only nod.

WITCH DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You must embrace ~~it~~^{death.} Without death... What is life?

Rhetorical or not, Ambrose has nothing but begging eyes.

WITCH DOCTOR

But there is something you fear even more than death.

The fire goes out. ~~Drums stop.~~ The toordokters stop dancing and stand perfectly ~~still.~~

WITCH DOCTOR (CONT'D)

A truth you cannot escape.

WITCH DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Nothing dies in the jungle... They live ~~on~~ⁱⁿ in the air.

Ambrose gulps, checks to make sure his mustache is still in tact.

WITCH DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Embrace death. You'll find your own truth. Nothing dies in the jungle...

The toordokters lie flat on their backs.

Just then a powerful gust blows throughout the jungle knocking Ambrose to his feet.

The wind is constant but stops as suddenly as it came.

When

Ambrose looks up... The jungle is empty... No signs of fire, drums or dancing. Only seven masks surround Ambrose on the jungle floor.

Ambrose attempts to come to terms with his mind-altering experience.

Masks: A hunter, a medicine man, an animal, a warrior, a scribe, a ghost and a lastly a mask with a map engraved on it.

The map mask catches Ambrose's eye. DRUMS echo through his ears. He snatches the mask and gathers his things...

MOMENTS LATER

Dense haze.

Ambrose stumbles through the jungle reviewing his mind-bending trip. Looks over the map mask. Something about the map on the mask seems familiar...

~~Ambrose puts the~~ mask on -- A pathway reveals itself.

Ambrose quickly removes the mask. Daniel stands behind him!

DANIEL

Where were you?

Startled, Ambrose drops the mask. Picks it up quick. Daniel ~~catches a glimpse of~~ spies the mask.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

~~Where did you get that?~~

A beat. The interrogation rubs Ambrose the wrong way.

SOLOMON (O.S.)

Map! Where's the map?!

Both turn to the direction of Solomon's voice. Daniel and Ambrose study each other. each leery of the other.

DANIEL

Stay close.

conceals the mask and

Daniel leads. Ambrose follows.

MOMENTS LATER

Solomon, Divine and Oswyn are gathered around another statue. The statue wears the hunter mask.

Solomon digs through his pack.

SOLOMON

Where is it?

DIVINE

I'm certain it's there.

SOLOMON

I've checked twice already.

Daniel and Ambrose join the group.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
 (to Daniel)
 You! Where's the map?

Daniel stays silent. ~~not intimidated in the least.~~

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
 Where is it?!

DIVINE
 He doesn't have it, Solomon. Give
 him a break.

Solomon stares at Daniel with contempt. Daniel, straight
 faced, stares right back.

Oswyn kneels down and observes an enormous, fresh paw print
 on the jungle floor.

DIVINE (CONT'D)
 We need to get out of this brume so
 we can figure out where we are.

CRACK... Movement under the cover of the haze. A lion's PURR.

OSWYN
 Wise decision.

Solomon preps his rifle and stares into the mist. Daniel
 doesn't take his eyes ~~of~~
~~off~~ Solomon.

DIVINE
 (to Daniel)
 You said you knew a way around.

DANIEL
 Yes... Before we came in.

DIVINE
 But you have been here before?

~~A beat.~~ Daniel's eyes shift back to Solomon who has taken an interest in Daniel's response.

DIVINE (CONT'D)
 How did you get out?

~~removes the mask and holds it up to his face once again.~~

~~Ambrose holds the mask up to his face once again -- The~~
 pathway reveals itself.

DANIEL
 I didn't.

Daniel heads back from whence they came.

SOLOMON
What are you doing?

DANIEL
I suppose I'm saving you.

SOLOMON
Then that makes us even.

Daniel smirks.

DANIEL
Follow me.

Daniel disappears into the fog. The group follows.

SOLOMON
(to Ambrose)
Keep up.

Ambrose puts the mask on -- The pathway cuts through the jungle, but the group troops in the opposite direction.

EXT. TOORDOKTER TERRITORY - NIGHT

Above the canopy.

Black clouds consume the sky and swallow the moon.

Darkness.

The group blindly makes its way through the hostile jungle. Something stalks behind them... Something big.

Daniel leads fearlessly. Solomon appears nervous.

DANIEL
The darkness can be blinding for those who spend their time in the light. But after a while your eyes adjust. They become accustomed to the darkness. Then, after a while, it's the light that is blinding.

They carry on.

Oswyn spots a giant paw print, then human tracks.

Solomon notices the footprints.

SOLOMON
We're going in circles.

The group stops.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

We're bloody lost.

(to Daniel)

~~You fopdoodle fuck!~~ You have no idea where you are going.

~~A beat.~~ Daniel closes his eyes, seemingly blocking out the noise, and in doing so finds inner peace.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I knew it. I bloody knew it!

(to Ambrose)

Map maker!

AMBROSE

It's Ambrose.

SOLOMON

What?

AMBROSE

My name. My name is Ambrose.

Solomon stares at Ambrose with ~~contempt.~~ ^{antipathy}

SOLOMON

I don't give a damn what your name is. Give me your bloody map.

Solomon searches Ambrose's satchel. He removes the book then shoves Ambrose to the ground.

Ambrose lands a few feet away from a Gaboon viper. The snake stares into Ambrose's eyes then slithers away.

Solomon rests his rifle against a tree and strikes a light.

Oswyn helps Ambrose to his feet.

^{Book opens}

~~Solomon opens the book~~ -- No map, only pages of journal entries.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

(to Ambrose)

What is this? What in the bloody hell is this?

Solomon flips through the pages.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Where's the map?

AMBROSE

There is no map.

SOLOMON
What was your assignment?

AMBROSE
To map the Gambia. Not to scour the
jungle in search of God knows what.

SOLOMON
Why you--

Solomon grabs his gun.

DIVINE
It's a treasure!

All turn to Divine.

DIVINE (CONT'D)
A treasure. Endless riches. Rivers
of silver and gold.

SOLOMON
(to Divine)
Bloody bitch.

DIVINE
Well what was going to happen when
we found it? Was your plan to kill
us?

SOLOMON
That's beginning to sound like a
bloody good idea right about now.

DIVINE
Then what are you waiting for?!

OSWYN
I think we should just calm down
and rethink--

SOLOMON
(to Oswyn)
Belt up!

AMBROSE
We should never have been here.

SOLOMON
This was the plan the entire time.

AMBROSE
Then why weren't we told?

SOLOMON

I told you, you were better off in the dark.

Daniel starts to laugh. Solomon shines the light on him. All turn.

Eventually Daniel finishes his fit of laughter.

DANIEL

We spent sixteen weeks in the dark... Wandering through the jungle before anybody told us what we were searching for. I was told we were blazing a trail. Establishing a new trade route into Timbuktu. Sadly, I was mistaken. It's a funny thing, the greed of man. It will drive you mad. Force you to risk your own life, or even take another's. But we so often forget that we can't take our riches with us. The sins. The sins are what we take with us. So, here we are, lost in the middle of God knows, with no ideas of how we were going to survive, or how we were going to get home, but nobody cared. Everybody had their minds set on one thing... The treasure. And me... Well, I sat there and asked God, 'Why? Why me?' You see the thing about the jungle is, it will make you question your God... But it sure as hell will reassure you there is one. *having you praying there is one.*

Suddenly, a lion, with a bullet wound in his head, latches onto Daniel's neck and yanks him to the ground. Daniel hits his head on a tree and goes limp.

BLAST! Solomon shoots the lion in the side. This only infuriates the gigantic beast. The lion turns ~~to~~^{on} Solomon and slowly creeps towards him.

Solomon fumbles his bullets as he attempts to reload. The bullets fall to the ~~ground~~.

The lion stares deep into Solomon's eyes. *It's clear who the king of the jungle is.*

...

The rifle hits the floor and Solomon runs off. The lion gives chase.

, runs past the statue wearing the hunter mask, swims through fog until he finds himself trapped at a dead end.

Solomon tears through the jungle and finds himself at a dead end. He turns -- The lion pounces. Solomon SCREAMS.

Lightning strikes.

The lion drags Solomon deep into the jungle.

Meanwhile, Daniel is unconscious and bleeding heavily from the neck. Ambrose applies pressure to the wound.

AMBROSE

Divine! Help!

Divine is numb. She watches as Ambrose attempts to stop the bleeding. Oswyn weeps against a tree.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Help me, Divine. He's dying.

Divine gathers her things then picks up the rifle.

DIVINE

There's no point. We have to move on.

Ambrose can't believe it. ~~neither can Oswyn.~~

OSWYN

You mean keep searching? For a treasure that may not even exist? Are you mad? Did you not just hear what he was saying? We have to go back. You can't take the treasure with you when you're dead. Only your sins.

BLASTS

~~BLAST!~~ Divine ~~shoots~~ Oswyn in the stomach. Ambrose recoils in shock. Oswyn observes his crimson covered hands.

OSWYN (CONT'D)

Oh my.

DIVINE

Well, I hope your conscience is clear.

move this line before the
gun goes off

AMBROSE

No!

Oswyn falls to the ground. Blood ~~pours~~ ^{gushes} out of his gut. Ambrose rushes to his side.

OSWYN

This is... This is oh-- Okay.

AMBROSE
Oh, God. God, no!

OSWYN
Am- Ambrose...

AMBROSE
Yeah?

SPACE

OSWYN
I-- I think... Everything is going
to be... Just fine.

Tears run down Ambrose's face

~~Ambrose cries.~~ Oswyn smiles. Blood oozes from his mouth.

OSWYN (CONT'D)
Just fine.

Blood fills Oswyn's lungs. ~~His laugh breath GURGLES, but he dies with....on his face.~~

A strong gust of wind brings a downpour of rain.

Ambrose is on his knees staring down the barrel of the rifle. ~~damaging the interragency of Ambroses' perfect handlebar mustache...~~

DIVINE
What's it going to be, Ambrose?

The lion's ROAR echoes throughout the jungle.

~~A beat.~~ Dead eyes stare back at Divine.

AMBROSE
Death.

Lightning strikes. ~~providing enough light for Divine to see that Ambrose's mustache is a fake.~~ DIVINE
Oh mon Dieu...
What the fuck are you?

~~Ambrose is quick to fix his facial hair.~~
Without warning Divine pulls the trigger -- The gun jams. She lowers the gun.

While Ambrose tries to breath, but his brain won't allow it, as it believes itself to be shot.

DIVINE
You know what. You're dead anyway.

~~peers back at Ambrose with repugnance one last time before she~~
Divine disappears into the jungle.

Ambrose kneels in the muck. Stares at the sky. ~~The rain~~ ~~perhaps awaiting further instructions.~~
~~shows him.~~ He gets to his feet, slings Daniel over his
shoulder and starts moving. ~~The rain showers him — closes eyes —~~

QUICK FLASH - EXT. MARKET - NIGHT

The gypsy offers prayers to the heavens as the rain falls over her.

BACK TO PRESENT

MOMENTS LATER

The rain falls hard. ~~Ambrose gets to his feet, slings Daniel over shoulder and starts moving.~~
~~creates a helluva muck to slosh through.~~

Ambrose lugs Daniel blindly through the jungle. Turns a corner and comes face to face with the lion eating Solomon's corpse.

The lion SNARLS and guards its kill. Ambrose turns around. ^{slowly...}

Ambrose treks haphazardly with Daniel slung over his shoulder.

After sometime Ambrose has to set Daniel down. It seems all hope is lost.

^{Upon taking a seat, Ambrose feels the mask in his garbs. New hope! He removes the mask and puts it on.}
~~All of the sudden Ambrose remembers the mask. He puts the mask on. Lo and behold, a pathway reveals itself.~~

^{With a recharged vigor} Ambrose throws Daniel over his shoulders and follows the path.

They pass the statues... ^{space} Staked heads... ^{space} Skeletons tied to trees... ^{space} Treacherous jungle...

LATER

Ambrose stops. Stands in awe.

A temple consumed by the jungle.

Ambrose carries Daniel up the stone steps.

INT. TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

Constant downpour. Lightning strikes providing a brief moment of light.

The temples interior is cold and dark.

Ambrose heaves Daniel into the center of the temple.

A black leopard SNARLS at Ambrose from the opposite side of the room, but curls up in attempts to keep warm and dry.

Ambrose drags Daniel to the other side of the room, keeping his eye on the big cat.

Ambrose and Daniel lean against the temple walls. Daniel is out cold. Ambrose slips slowly into unconsciousness...

INT. TEMPLE - MORNING

Sunlight. A new day.

Ambrose opens his eyes. The leopard is inches from his face. Ambrose remains calm as the cat gets his scent.

Eventually the leopard turns and struts off.

Daniel is nowhere to be found. Only a blood stain where his head was resting. He drinks in the interior of the temple.

The jungle has broken through the stone. Rock busts of gods and goddesses line the ceiling.

Ambrose realizes he is tied up. He struggles to free himself but it's no use.

The leopard paces around the room. Daniel appears from a corridor.

The leopard saunters up to Daniel. Daniel pets the leopard and smiles at Ambrose.

DANIEL
Dwelling of the gods.

A beat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
We were in the jungle a year, maybe
more, searching for this place.
Eight men had died already. Four
more were dying, but all the while,
the quest for endless riches
carried them through.

Ambrose listens intently.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Along the way we came across a
tribe who warned us that the
treasure we sought belonged to the
gods of the jungle. They warned us
of evil spirits, trickster gods
guarding the treasure.

A curious wind blows throughout the temple.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
It wasn't long after that we began
wandering through the brume...

EXT. TOORDOKTER TERRITORY - NIGHT (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

The fog is thick.

Daniel drifts through the jungle with twenty or more BRITISH EXPLORERS. They are terrified.

They are led fearlessly by General Nathaniel Osborne. His face is in mint condition.

DANIEL (V.O.)
In there... In there you belong to
the jungle.

The explorers are stopped in front of a statue. General Osborne picks up a skull at the base of the statue.

DANIEL (V.O.)
And in there is the only way in
here.

Two explorers drag Daniel forward.

DANIEL (V.O.)
My crew left me to die.

They tie Daniel to the statue.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Used me as a landmark to find their
way back.

General Osborne waves the explorers onward. They carry on.

Daniel stares at General Osborne. A fire in his eyes.

General Osborne remains completely serious. He strokes Daniel's face and tugs on his ear lobe.

General Osborne disappears into the murk. Daniel cries out loudly and drops his head.

BACK TO SCENE

Ambrose struggles to free himself.

DANIEL (V.O.)
That's where I met Asa.

Daniel pets the leopard, ASA.

DANIEL
Do you know of Asa?

Ambrose shakes his head.

EXT. TOORDOKTER TERRITORY - NIGHT (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

Rain begins to fall.

Daniel hangs his head hopelessly. Asa appears from out of the darkness.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Asa is the goddess of mercy. The
tribe told us that she too lived in
the jungle.

Asa inches from Daniel's face. Terrified he sobs deeply.

Asa struts around the statue.

The ropes fall off of Daniel.

Asa leads Daniel through the haze... To the temple...

DANIEL (V.O.)
She freed me and led me here.

Daniel turns to Asa who continues into the temple.

BACK TO SCENE

Ambrose is fixated on Asa.

DANIEL
You see... What I found here
belonged to me. Nobody else. So
when they came for it...

INT. TEMPLE - NIGHT (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

The explorers storm the temple. General Osborne pushes his way forward.

Daniel camouflages in the darkness.

DANIEL (V.O.)
I did what I had to do.

Daniel attacks the explorers. General Osborne runs down a corridor.

Asa paces back and forth.

Daniel finishes off the last of the explorers.

General Osborne runs out from the corridor with arm fulls of treasure, including a golden crown.

Daniel turns to General Osborne.

General Osborne is nearly to the exit but Daniel tackles him.

The treasure scatters.

Daniel mauls General Osborne's face and bites his ear off. General Osborne screams in pain and tosses Daniel across the room.

General Osborne grabs the crown and runs out of the temple.

BACK TO SCENE

Ambrose observes several skeletons scattered on the temple floor. A gold coin lies next to a decomposing ear.

AMBROSE
You killed them.

DANIEL
They killed me first!

Daniel fumes with rage. Ambrose has an epiphany.

AMBROSE
You were going to kill us.

Daniel takes in a deep breath and controls his temper.

DANIEL
You came looking for it.

AMBROSE
I wasn't looking for treasure. I tried to save you.

DANIEL
I wasn't looking to be saved.

A beat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Weak are the merciful.

Asa perks up.

AMBROSE
Blessed are the merciful, isn't it?

DANIEL
Blessed? More like damned.

Ambrose is bound and helpless. Drops head in defeat.

Asa strolls up to Ambrose. Daniel sighs deeply and moseys up to Ambrose. He takes Hector's blade.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(reads)
Live fearless, huh?

A beat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Normally I would kill you... But
given the circumstances.

Daniel cuts Ambrose free.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Life for a life.

Ambrose attacks Daniel but is quickly pinned. Daniel holds the blade to Ambrose's neck.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Come now, boy. You don't want to
die here.

Ambrose is red with anger.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
When you wake up from this
nightmare you'll get back in your
boat and sail home. You'll forget
all this ever happened.

AMBROSE
If I wake up... I will come back...
And I will kill you.

Daniel smiles.

DANIEL
Aren't you forgetting?

A beat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I'm already dead.

Daniel blows blue powder into Ambrose's face.

Ambrose inhales... And falls...

EXT. DEEP JUNGLE - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) DMT trip... Surreal.

B) The POUNDING of drums move Ambrose along as he floats through the jungle.

C) The witch doctor watches Ambrose float by.

D) Toordokters dance around a fire. Mathias, Hector, Oswyn and Solomon join in the festivities.

E) The map mask.

F) Asa raises her lip exposing sharp fangs.

G) Daniel wears the golden crown as Ambrose floats by.

RIVER (DREAM SEQUENCE) - CONTINUOUS

Ambrose drifts calmly down a river. He is at peace.

The current picks up. Ambrose is thrashed around and sucked under.

Crocodiles swim towards Ambrose.

Ambrose tries his hardest to swim away but the crocodiles gain.

One crocodile unhinges his jaw and swallows Ambrose up.

EXT. GAMBIA RIVER - SHORE - DAY

The sun shimmers off the water.

Ambrose wakes on the river bank surrounded by vultures.

Discombobulated, Ambrose sits up and holds his head. His satchel and the mask lay beside him. Searches through satchel -- Book, blade and pipe are secure.

Ambrose scans down river -- Bamba with the boat.

Ambrose gathers his belongings, gets to his feet and stumbles over.

Bamba sits on the shore. He spots Ambrose, battered and bruised, and jumps to his feet.

BAMBA
What happened?

Bamba notices the mask.

Ambrose says nothing. There is something different about him... Something in the eyes... Golden eyes.

AMBROSE
The boat. Is it ready?

BAMBA
Where are the others?

AMBROSE
Dead. Is the boat ready?

BAMBA
It's still pretty banged up.

AMBROSE
Can it sail?

BAMBA
Sure. We should make it back.

AMBROSE
We're heading up.

Bamba is baffled.

BAMBA
What happened in there?

Ambrose enters the river despite the presence of the crocodiles and climbs into the river boat.

AMBROSE
I'll tell you on the way.

Bamba scans the shore then jumps into the boat.

EXT. GAMBIA RIVER - RIVER BOAT - DAY

The boat sails up river.

Ambrose writes in his book.

RIVER BOAT - NIGHT

A pride of lionesses drink at the shore.

Ambrose writes under candle light. Bamba attempts to stay awake.

RIVER BOAT - DAY

The book is almost completely full.

Ambrose looks up -- The witch doctor watches from shore, but in the blink of an eye he is gone.

AMBROSE

We're close.

Bamba studies a vengeful Ambrose.

RIVER BOAT - NIGHT

A lantern provides the only light. Darkness surrounds them. The sounds of wildlife remind us the jungle is alive.

Bamba battles mosquitoes. Ambrose writes in his book.

BAMBA

What are you writing?

Ambrose stops writing.

AMBROSE

To tell you the truth, I don't know anymore.

A beat.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

It started as an adventure... But now it feels more like a revenge story.

BAMBA

Like Hamlet.

Ambrose cracks a smile.

AMBROSE

You know Shakespeare?

BAMBA
Sure. 'The croaking raven doth
bellow for revenge.'

AMBROSE
So you got some guts in your
brains.

BAMBA
You seek retribution?

A beat.

AMBROSE
I do.

BAMBA
And when you find it? What then?

A long beat.

BAMBA (CONT'D)
The sweetness will bitter. Death
only brings rebirth. Vengeance
belongs to the jungle.

AMBROSE
You are a wise man.

Ambrose shows Bamba the mask.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
What is this?

Bamba appraises the mask. He shakes his head.

BAMBA
Where did you get this?

A beat.

Bamba puts the mask on. Nothing happens. Removes mask.

AMBROSE
Well?

BAMBA
It could be Eshu...

Bamba hands the mask to Ambrose.

BAMBA (CONT'D)
Or Elegua.

AMBROSE
Who are they?

BAMBA
Eshu guards the crossroads to
fortune. He is merciful and caring.

Ambrose analyzes the mask.

BAMBA (CONT'D)
Elegua... Well... Unlike Eshu,
Elegua is a trickster. She guards
the crossroads of life. She will
constantly test you, make your life
a living hell.

AMBROSE
Why?

BAMBA
Fortune is easy to grasp, but you
can't take it with you. Living a
good life is a constant struggle.

The boat drifts into a mist.

BAMBA (CONT'D)
I can't see a thing. We'll carry on
tomorrow.

Ambrose puts the mask on. He can see clearly. A path
highlighted on the shore.

AMBROSE
There.

Ambrose points.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Take us there.

Bamba maneuvers the boat to shore.

Sets anchor.

SHORE - CONTINUOUS

The boat sits at the bank of an ebony wood grove.

Ambrose sashes through the water and sets foot on land.
Bamba follows.

Ambrose puts the mask on. A path leads through the trees.

Without hesitation Ambrose starts into the darkness. Bamba grabs him.

BAMBA
Are you crazed? The jungle will
have us at night.

Ambrose ignores Bamba and disappears into the jungle. Bamba hesitates but follows.

EBONY WOOD FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Endless rows of trees. The jungle echoes with life.

A subtle light guides Ambrose through the woods. Bamba follows closely behind.

The light is gone when Ambrose looks behind. It only shines forward.

They carry on.

MOMENTS LATER

Fallen ebony trees create hurdles on the jungle floor.

Bamba lights a lantern. A cyclone of scorpions retreat into a skeleton to avoid the light.

Ambrose and Bamba hop over the tree trunks.

BAMBA
This is the dwelling place of gods
and devils alike. The Jola speak of
a ghost. A white man, like you.
They say he brings death.

A beat.

BAMBA (CONT'D)
You've seen this ghost... Haven't
you?

A beat.

BAMBA (CONT'D)
The ghost killed the others?

Ambrose stops at a large tree trunk. Faces Bamba.

AMBROSE
He is no ghost. He is only man.

Ambrose grabs hold of the tree and is about to jump over when he SCREAMS in agony.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

God!

Bamba catches sight of a tiny scorpion fall from the tree trunk. Ambrose grasps his forearm in pain.

Bamba takes Ambrose's blade.

BAMBA

Look out.

Bamba cuts around the stung area. Ambrose HOLLERS!.

AMBROSE

Bloody hell!

Bamba squeezes the poison out. Wraps wound tightly.

BAMBA

Keep it tight.

Ambrose applies pressure to the wound. Bamba reaches down and picks up the small scorpion.

BAMBA (CONT'D)

The little ones will kill you.

Bamba sets the scorpion on the tree trunk. Hands blade to Ambrose.

Ambrose tucks the blade away.

BAMBA (CONT'D)

You don't seek vengeance?

AMBROSE

What?

BAMBA

You let this scorpion live even though it tried to kill you, yet you wish to kill the man who spared your life. Why is that?

AMBROSE

Because... I'm the scorpion.

Ambrose carries on. Bamba smiles and follows.

EBONY WOOD FOREST - MORNING

Sun rise. Rays of light shine through the ebony branches giving the forest a magical essence.

Ambrose takes the mask off. Takes in the beauty of the jungle.

BAMBA

The gods favor us.

Ambrose slides the mask over his face and carries on.

EBONY WOOD FOREST - DAY

Monkeys watch as Ambrose and Bamba trek through the grove.

Ambrose follows the guidance of the mask. A sudden halt.

BAMBA

What's the matter?

There are two paths highlighted now. One leads left, the other leads right.

Ambrose removes the mask. The paths are gone.

AMBROSE

Crossroad.

Ambrose drops the mask and sits against an ebony tree.

BAMBA

It's time to make a choice.

Ambrose contemplates both ways. Gets up and heads left. Bamba follows.

DEEP JUNGLE - DUSK

The ebony trees end and turn into a dense jungle. Light fights its way to the floor.

Ambrose carries the mask in his hand. Periodically holds the mask up to his face -- The path is not there.

Ambrose drops his head and laughs hysterically.

BAMBA

You losing it?

Ambrose falls to the ground. His laughter turns to tearful.

AMBROSE
I've lost it.

Bamba takes a seat next to Ambrose.

BAMBA
It's easy to lose out here. But
then again, one must be crazed to
be out here in the first place.

Ambrose chuckles.

BAMBA (CONT'D)
Sometimes you have to be completely
lost to truly find yourself.

A beat.

AMBROSE
Do you ever wonder how you will
die?

BAMBA
Not really.

AMBROSE
I was always so caught up in the
concept of death when I was young.
What happens when you die? What
will it be like? It use to keep me
up nights. When you're young you're
suppose to have a sense of
immortality, I never felt that. Not
until now. I've been so busy
avoiding death that I forgot to
live.

Ambrose winces in pain. Squeezes forearm.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Living a good life is a struggle
though. Right?

Bamba smiles.

BAMBA
You are certainly living, my
friend.

A RUSTLING in the bush.

Ambrose perks up. High alert. He holds the blade with a firm grip and cautiously advances towards the thicket.

BAMBA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Ambrose peeks through the bushes. Turns to Bamba with a rare smile.

AMBROSE
Come see.

Bamba peeks through the bush. A baby elephant grazes.
Ambrose smiles ear to ear.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
It's a baby. Just a little one.

Bamba smiles but has a daunting realization.

BAMBA
(to himself)
Little one?

Bamba grabs Ambrose by the shoulder.

BAMBA (CONT'D)
We have to get out of here.

Just then, the TRUMPETING of the mother elephant bellows from behind. A 13 foot mammoth charges right at Ambrose and Bamba.

They run. The elephant chases.

The jungle is closing in on them.

Bamba scans the jungle for a way out, but there is none. He turns to Ambrose. He knows what he must do. He grabs Ambrose.

BAMBA (CONT'D)
Remember, vengeance belongs to the
jungle.

Bamba smiles then pushes Ambrose into vegetation.

The elephant lowers his head and tramples Bamba to death.

Ambrose mutes his sobs. The elephant searches for Ambrose but he is hidden well.

The elephant stomps off.

Ambrose emerges from the bush. Bamba is gored and flattened.
Ambrose kneels and weeps.

The mask is cracked. Ambrose inspects the mask further. It breaks in half.

Ambrose drops the two pieces. They land face up next to Bamba's corpse.

Impending nightfall.

EXT. DEEP JUNGLE - TREE - NIGHT

An orange moon burns in the night sky.

Ambrose is perched on a solid branch.

A hole in the top canopy reveals the stars. The moon spotlights the broken mask and Bamba's corpse.

Ambrose stares into space. A shooting star flies by.

Ambrose closes his eyes and falls asleep

TREE - MORNING

The sun shines through the hole in the top canopy.

Ambrose wakes. Scans the jungle floor.

Only a pool of blood remains where Bamba's body was. The broken mask is still there.

Ambrose chuckles to himself. He's lost it.

DEEP JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Calm... For now.

Ambrose climbs down the tree. Checks satchel -- Book and pipe. The blade is fastened on his hip.

Bloody jungle floor.

Ambrose stands over the mess and takes a moment. Stares at the mask. The mask stares back.

Ambrose lifts a piece of the mask -- There's an enormous cobra under it!

The cobra raises up. It's nearly 6 feet.

Ambrose drops the mask and jumps back in a panic.

The cobra strikes at Ambrose's leg then slithers off.

Ambrose falls to the ground and quickly rolls up his pants. He's been bitten!

Without hesitation Ambrose removes the blade from his side. "LIVE FEARLESS" glows in the sunlight.

Ambrose cuts out the contaminated area. SCREAMS in pain! Squeezes the rest of the venom out.

Ambrose is pale. He gets to his feet, swoops up both pieces of the mask and stumbles through the jungle.

Blood oozes from Ambrose's leg as he sways from side to side. Pushes through thick vines...

DEEP JUNGLE - BAI - CONTINUOUS

A hidden oasis in the midst of the jungle. A narrow creek spills into a grassy clearing with a watering hole.

Ambrose drops his satchel and the mask. Jumps into the water.

Ambrose cleans the bite. Cuts a piece of shirt. Wraps cloth tightly around leg.

A brief moment of peace. Ambrose bathes. He starts to laugh.

Laughter quickly turns to tears. Ambrose composes himself then realizes he isn't alone...

A herd of water buffalo watch him from the shore.

AMBROSE

All right then.

Ambrose starts towards the shore.

A large crocodile enters the pool and blocks Ambrose's exit.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Of course.

The crocodile heads straight for Ambrose. Ambrose holds his ground. Blade in hand. Face stone cold.

The crocodile disappears under the water.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Come on...

Ambrose stares down at the water. Beads of sweat build on his brow.

...

Suddenly, splashing from the shore behind him.

The crocodile drags a baby water buffalo into the water.

The herd becomes erratic and stampedes into the drink forcing the crocodile to release the calf.

The herd charges towards Ambrose.

A chuckle of disbelief then Ambrose guns it out of the water.

DEEP JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

The jungle shows no mercy on Ambrose, scratching and smacking him as he runs through.

The herd is on Ambrose's tail.

Ambrose searches for an escape -- A climbable tree!

Ambrose scales up before he is gored.

The herd stampedes through the jungle.

Ambrose tries to catch his breath... But he'll have to wait.

A troop of baboons, twenty or more, size up their intruder.

Ambrose is surrounded.

AMBROSE

Good morning.

The alpha male BARKS at Ambrose. The rest of the troop join.

Ambrose slowly reaches for his blade. Alpha watches closely.

As soon as the blade is removed the alpha charges!

Ambrose falls from the tree and lands hard on the jungle floor. SCREAMS in excruciating pain.

The blade lodged deep in Ambrose's shoulder.

The baboons jump down from the trees and surround Ambrose.

Ambrose gets to his feet. Pulls blade out of shoulder.

The baboons are fired up and await orders from their alpha. Ambrose grips the bloody blade in his hand. He HOLLERS at the troop in hopes to intimidate.

The troop responds in unison as they BARK back.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Ambrose runs for his life. The baboons give chase.

The troop chases on the ground and in the trees.

Ambrose bleeds from the arm, shoulder and leg. The jungle has had its way with him.

A light mist begins to cover the jungle.

The alpha male gains on Ambrose.

Ambrose trips. He falls forward and hits his head on stone. He gets to his feet and makes a stand.

The baboons stops dead in their tracks. They panic and retreat into the jungle.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

Ambrose drops to his knees. Rests against the stone.

Ambrose opens his satchel. He reaches for his book but grabs the opium pipe instead.

Ambrose overflows the bowl with powder and lays his head against the stone... This is how it ends...

Ambrose looks up -- A stone statue with no visibility beyond.

Ambrose conceals the pipe in the satchel. He's come this far. He's going in.

EXT. TOORDOKTER TERRITORY - CONTINUOUS

Haze so dense the time of day is irrelevant.

Ambrose hobbles unafraid through the haunted jungle.

Passes a statue. The skeleton of an explorer remains tied to the base.

WITCH DOCTOR (O.S.)

Which do you seek?

Ambrose scans the jungle.

WITCH DOCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Life? Or Death?

Ambrose holds the mask to his face -- Two paths lead opposite directions..

Ambrose ignores both paths and continues into the unknown.

MOMENTS LATER

Ambrose traipse through the jungle. The sound of violent vomiting echoes through the murk. Ambrose follows the sound.

Divine, withered away and covered in mosquito bites, kneels beside a tree and pukes her guts out.

Ambrose holds the mask to his face. Divine is terrified.

DIVINE
Are you the angel of death?

Ambrose removes the mask. Divine can't believe her eyes.

AMBROSE
Yes.

Divine weeps. Ambrose slowly approaches.

DIVINE
Please. Please... Kill me.

Ambrose looks down at Divine.

AMBROSE
You're dead anyway.

Ambrose hobbles past Divine leaving her for dead.

LATER

A deity wearing the ghost mask. Ambrose crosses the threshold of the statue. A strange wind blows.

INT. TEMPLE - SAME

Bones are scattered across the temple floor. A pyramid of human skulls

Daniel sharpens a golden dagger. Asa lies beside him.

Suddenly, Asa perks up. Daniel senses the shift in the wind. Grips dagger tight.

EXT. TOORDOKTER TERRITORY - SAME

A thunderstorm is imminent. The jungle closes in.

Ambrose wears the mask but ignores both paths. He trudges aimlessly through the fog, blade in hand.

A mirror image -- Daniel stalks through the jungle on high alert. The golden dagger firm in his grasp.

Ambrose moves, Daniel moves. They both hunt each other.

Daniel stops. Ambrose stops. Both listen.

Long beat. Neither one of them breath.

Finally, Daniel moves on.

Ambrose pushes forward. The two paths combine into one. He follows the trail until he reaches the temple.

Ambrose stands at steps. There is no turning back...

INT. TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

The severed ear of General Osborne greets Ambrose at the entrance.

Ambrose creeps in unaware of Asa lurking in the shadows. He scans the main room and starts towards the corridor.

Asa stalks behind Ambrose. She SNARLS.

Ambrose stops dead in his tracks. Slowly turns.

Asa bares her teeth. Her belly low to the ground. Shoulder blades bob up and down as she slinks forward.

Ambrose holds the mask up to his face.

Asa becomes submissive. Drops her head in respect.

Ambrose steps towards Asa. Asa steps back. Puts hand out towards her. Asa is nervous.

Ambrose takes a step forward.

AMBROSE
It's all right.

Ambrose reaches down to pet Asa. Asa SNARLS but quickly goes docile. Ambrose gives it another try.

Tension...

Asa allows Ambrose to pet her head. She rolls on her back, encouraging the affection.

Ambrose shows love to Asa.

Thunder BOOMS. It startles Asa. She retreats down the corridor.

Ambrose follows...

CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Deadly barbs and ivy climb the stone walls of the corridor. Rain drips from holes in the ceiling. Floor covered in bones.

Ambrose grips the blade tight as he makes his way down the hall. He expects an ambush around every corner. Ventures further and further in...

ROOM OF THE GODS - CONTINUOUS

The corridor leads into a grand room. Seven statues, the gods of the jungle, surround the perimeter. Floor decorated with lion pelts.

At the far end of the room is a massive throne made of stone. The golden crown rests on the seat.

Ambrose removes the mask. He is in awe as he makes way to throne. Appraises the crown.

A glow catches Ambrose's eye. Gleaming from a small door in the corner.

Ambrose, crown in hand, wanders towards the...

TREASURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An unimaginable amount of gold, silver, diamonds and rubies. Daggers, chalices, you name it, it's there.

Ambrose has mixed emotions. He secures the blade on his waist and removes his book. Scribbles: *THE TREASURE IS REAL!*

DANIEL (O.S.)
Well, I'll be damned.

Ambrose turns. Book in one hand, pen in the other.

Daniel stands in the middle of the room. The golden dagger in his mitts. He ambles towards Ambrose.

Ambrose doesn't move a muscle.

Asa circles the room as Daniel makes his way towards Ambrose.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

So... You must want to die here,
huh?

AMBROSE

My father thought I should.

Daniel laughs.

DANIEL

Your father? Is that so? Well we
shan't disappoint him.

AMBROSE

I won't.

Daniel sneers.

DANIEL

So, it's death you seek.

AMBROSE

Yes. I seek death, but not my own.

DANIEL

Ah. Revenge.

Daniel smirks. He creeps closer to Ambrose. 20 yards out.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You could have gone home. Lived the
rest of your mundane life under the
gray skies and the rule of the her
majesty. But instead you come here.
You journey back through the jungle
and into the lions den, risking
your life in search of vengeance.

AMBROSE

What about you?

DANIEL

What of me?

AMBROSE

You gave your life and took the
lives of others for this treasure.

DANIEL

And it's mine.

Asa perks up.

AMBROSE

Yes, it's yours, but you said it
yourself, you can't take it with
you... So I ask, 'What now?'

Daniel stops about 10 yards away from Ambrose.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

What use is your treasure here?

DANIEL

What use is it out there? Out there
it belongs to someone else. It goes
straight to the fat bellies who had
to sacrifice nothing more than
their father's blood money and a
tad of patience. Meanwhile, they
get richer and whatever I keep is
taken when they tax me to fund
their next war.

A beat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

At least here I am king. I enforce
the tax. I start the wars. Here I
am a god.

Asa turns to Daniel. Ambrose shakes his head and laughs
hysterically.

Daniel chuckles to himself, but as Ambrose continues to
laugh. Daniel's smirk turns to disgust.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

What's funny?

AMBROSE

You-- You are no god.

Daniel becomes enraged.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

You have no control over anyone or
anything in the jungle.

(MORE)

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Even here, with your throne and
your riches. Even with your
crown... You are no king.

Daniel's knuckles are white as he squeezes the golden dagger.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
You are merely a man who came here
to die. Same as I. So you are no
king. You are no god. All you are
is a ghost in the jungle.

Daniel charges. Ambrose throws his book. He just avoids the
golden dagger.

Daniel, out of control, falls to the ground.

Ambrose removes his blade, cutting himself in the process.

Daniel regroups. Ambrose is ready.

DANIEL
You ever use one of those before?

Ambrose reads from the blade: *LIVE FEARLESS*

AMBROSE
Yes.

DANIEL
So, you did put that dego out of
his misery.

Daniel attacks. Ambrose evades. He slices Daniel in the
process.

AMBROSE
I'm here to do you that same favor.

DANIEL
Ah, the angel of the death.

Daniel strikes. He is skilled with the dagger, but Ambrose
has passion.

Asa paces back and forth.

Daniel slices Ambrose across his chest, reopening his
original knife wound.

Ambrose counters with a cut to Daniel's cheek.

Both step back to examine their injuries -- Ambrose is in much worse shape, but Daniel takes greater offense to his laceration.

AMBROSE

What's wrong? Now you have an
excuse to be ugly.

Enraged, Daniel charges out of control. Ambrose steps to the side just in time to evade the dagger.

Daniel stumbles past. Ambrose takes a hack.

Blood spills on the floor. Daniel SCREAMS in pain.

Daniel leans against a statue holding his ear. Blood gushes from the side of his head.

Daniel's ear and the golden dagger lie in a pool of blood. He drops to his knees.

Ambrose steps forward.

DANIEL

You son of a bitch.

Ambrose kicks the golden dagger across the room. It slides in front of the throne.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Ambrose... Please. Don't do this.
Please.

Ambrose draws near. Asa watches intently.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I beg thee, Ambrose. Have mercy.
What of the beatitudes? Blessed are
the merciful.

A beat.

AMBROSE

More like damned.

Daniel drops his head in defeat.

Ambrose lifts the blade.

The blade drops in front of Daniel's face. He looks up.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Blessed or damned... So be it.
Vengeance belongs to the jungle.

Asa stares at Ambrose.

Ambrose turns, drops his head and hobbles away.

Daniel grabs the blade and gets to his feet. He stumbles after Ambrose.

Ambrose picks up his pen and pad. Smiles. Suddenly, the blade protrudes out of his chest. He WAILS in agony as the blade retracts.

DANIEL

Fool! Have you learned nothing of mercy?

Ambrose stumbles and falls in front of the throne.

Daniel hobbles after him with the bloody blade.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Show no mercy. Ever!

Daniel examines his sliced ear in the blade's reflection.

Ambrose takes hold of the golden dagger and hides it behind his back.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You cut off my ear!

Daniel SCREAMS furiously. Picks up severed ear.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You cut off my bloody ear!

Daniel throws the ear at Ambrose.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I wonder how I look to you now.

AMBROSE

Still ugly.

DANIEL

That's not what I meant!

Ambrose speaks into the severed ear.

AMBROSE

What? What was that?

Ambrose laughs. Daniel grows impatient.

DANIEL

I suppose vengeance is mine.

Ambrose shakes his head.

AMBROSE

No...

Daniel sneers.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

It's hers.

Suddenly, Asa's jaws lock onto Daniel's shoulder. She yanks him down.

DANIEL

Asa!

Daniel slices Asa's snout and tosses her across the room.

Daniel turns. Ambrose, nose nearly touching Daniel's, rams the golden dagger up under Daniel's chin. The blade sticks out of his mouth.

AMBROSE

Blessed are the merciful.

Daniel falls to his knees. Ambrose looks like a lord standing in front of his throne.

Daniel chuckles... Then drops dead at Ambrose's feet.

Ambrose sits in the throne. He is bleeding profusely from the chest and the shoulder.

Asa drags Daniel's body off and starts eating him.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

That's reassuring.

Ambrose falls asleep.

Asa feasts on Daniel's corpse.

LATER

The sun shines through holes in the ceiling.

Ambrose stirs. Asa sniffs his face.

AMBROSE

Morning.

Asa backs away. She stops in front of the crown and offers it to Ambrose.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Asa wanders to the treasure room and guards the door.

Ambrose gets to his feet and grimaces in pain. He gathers his book, blade and mask. He leaves the pipe and the opium on the throne.

Finally the crown. Ambrose examines the golden headpiece.

Conflicted...

EXT. TEMPLE - DAY

The sun shines down on the jungle. The haze has been washed away. The curse is broken.

Ambrose steps out of the temple. The crown in his hand. He slides the mask over his face.

There are two paths. One leads out, the other leads back into the temple.

Ambrose follows the path out.

TOORDOKTER TERRITORY - MOMENTS LATER

Ambrose treks past deity stones.

A swarm of killer ants consume Divine's corpse. Ambrose limps by unphased...

DEEP JUNGLE - LATER

Ambrose hobbles past Bamba's resting place...

Past the bai...

EBONY WOOD FOREST - LATER

Ambrose jumps over fallen ebony trees.

The scorpion tree -- Ambrose hops up and over. His fingers inches from the scorpion, but it does not strike...

GAMBIA RIVER - SHORE - DUSK

The sun begins its descent. The boat is anchored off the bank.

Ambrose emerges from the jungle and starts into the river.

RIVER BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Ambrose climbs into the boat. He sprawls out on the floor and laughs.

Laughter echoes throughout the jungle turning all heads who hear.

GAMBIA RIVER - RIVER BOAT - MOVING - NIGHT

The boat sails down river.

Ambrose writes in his book...

DAWN

First light hits the water. A crocodile emerges into the spotlight.

Ambrose writes by the wheel. He stops. Reads. Flips through the pages: *BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN SPIRIT... LIVE FEARLESS... NOTHING DIES IN THE JUNGLE... THE TREASURE IS REAL!... DIE IN AFRICA...*

Ambrose closes the book. A sigh of relief. He has finished. He studies the crown. The mask next to it.

Ambrose scans the shore.

The witch doctor watches from jungle.

Ambrose smiles. The jungle DRUMS call for him.

The witch doctor nods.

Ambrose returns the gesture.

Then, like that, the witch doctor is gone.

Ambrose grins... Re-opens book and jots down one final thought. He glances back to shore.

Mathias, Hector, Solomon, Oswyn and Divine watch him from the jungle. Bamba waves Ambrose off.

A smile grows on Ambrose's face as he waves goodbye. Suddenly, terror replaces his happiness.

Daniel waves from shore with a sinister smirk.

Ambrose cannot believe it.

Daniel's maniacal CACKLE echoes throughout the jungle.

Ambrose is locked on Daniel as the boat sails down the river.

GAMBIA RIVER - DOCKS - DUSK

Boats return to port as the sun goes down. Fishermen carry in their catch.

Emmet and William wait on the shore. They are sharply dressed and are accompanied by BRITISH SOLDIERS.

Emmet spots the river boat drifting towards the docks. He grows tremendously excited.

EMMET LOCKHEART

There she is, William.

Emmet and William hurry down to the anchorage.

The boat comes hurling into harbor and crashes into the docks.

WILLIAM BLUE

My God, man. Where did you learn to sail?

Emmet jumps onto the river boat. William struggles to come aboard.

RIVER BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Emmet searches the vessel. The boat is empty.

WILLIAM BLUE

Well? Where are they?

William finds Emmet at the wheel staring downward. William totters over.

WILLIAM BLUE (CONT'D)

Emmet?

The only thing left on board... The book, titled: *TO THE AFRICAN ASSOCIATION*.

...And half of the mask...

INT. ROOM OF THE GODS - SAME

Seated upon the stone throne, stroking Asa's back, is Ambrose. The golden crown atop his head makes it apparent, he has taken his place amongst the gods of the jungle.

FADE TO BLACK.