

THOSE WHO HIDE

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EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Deep in the harsh and unforgiving jungle. Dense vegetation and towering trees. It's claustrophobic, suffocating.

TITLE: RAINFOREST - FRENCH GUIANA

VARIOUS SHOTS OF JUNGLE FLORA AND FAUNA.

Sounds saturate the jungle around us and ricochet off the high canopy - insects buzz, the rhythmic chirps of frogs pound out a steady beat, birds shriek, and giant bats click.

Something scratches faintly in the undergrowth as water droplets patter onto leaves.

A JAGUAR slinks into view. A beautiful and magnificent predatory machine at the very top of its food chain.

We follow it through the jungle as it leads us to --

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

The mighty Maroni River rolls past on its way to the Atlantic.

The RED, REPTILIAN EYES of a BLACK CAIMAN appear from below the surface. Its giant, twelve foot long, crocodilian frame emerges slowly from the water and rests on a sandbar.

Several yards behind, the jaguar's eyes appear above the water's surface. Its gaze fixed on this rival apex predator.

Silently.

Unnoticed.

The jaguar slowly emerges from the river without a sound as it sneaks up on the mighty caiman.

THE JAGUAR POUNCES --

SINKING ITS TEETH into the back of the caiman's head. The huge black reptile thrashes around, fighting for its life.

It's shocking, brutal, primal.

The jaguar's jaws remain firmly clamped around its prey's head until the caiman's ebony body goes limp.

The jaguar drags its meal under the water's surface.

Silence.

THE FAINT SOUND OF A SMALL OUTBOARD MOTOR.

In the distance, a SMALL ALUMINUM BOAT approaches. Just big enough for the EIGHT SOLDIERS on board.

The approaching boat carefully navigates the dead trees emerging from the river. The stark remains of a forgotten hydroelectric dam project.

The soldiers wear camo fatigues and GREEN BERETS with a FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION BADGE. Each armed with a FAMAS F1 RIFLE and geared up for combat.

The leader, SGT. MORVAN (French, 40s, tough, a born leader) watches the river bank intensely as they pass by. He rubs the sweat off the back of his neck.

INT. ALUMINUM BOAT - DAY

Legionnaire CLARKE (British, 40s, Black, Ex-SAS) carries himself with the confidence of a highly trained special forces soldier, but this is his first mission here. He checks his watch.

CLARKE

How much further --

SGT. MORVAN

(french; subtitled)

FRENCH! No English!

CLARKE

(hesitant)

Combien... plus... loin --

SGT. BASTERRA (40s) a tough Argentinian bastard, watches Clarke intently. He has FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION TATTOOS 'La legion estrangere' and 'Legio Patria Nostra' (*The Legion is our fatherland*) on one forearm and an ARGENTINIAN FLAG TATTOOED on the other.

SGT. BASTERRA

(french; subtitled)

Legionnaire Clarke, are Las Malvinas closer to the U.K. or Argentina?

CLARKE

You what?

Sgt. Morvan kicks Clarke in the leg. Clarke doesn't flinch.

SGT. MORVAN

(french; subtitled)

Answer the Sergeant in French!

SGT. BASTERRA
The Falkland Islands, are they closer
to the U.K. or Argentina?

CLARKE
Bit before my time, mate.

SGT. BASTERRA
But not for my father.

Sgt. Morvan kicks Clarke again.

SGT. MORVAN
(french; subtitled)
FRENCH! And it's Sergeant. Not *mate*.

Clarke holds his hands up. *Okay!*

Basterra stares at Clarke, points to his own eye and pulls down his lower eyelid using his index finger. *Watch out.*

The rest are rookie legionaries who look as green as the jungle. Stiff new uniforms and faces unburned by the sun.

Legionnaire PAXTON (20s, All-American redneck, MMA mohawk) uses his RIFLE SCOPE to get a better view of the river bank.

Legionnaire EBBERS (30s, Dutch, tall, disciplined) cleans dirt off his boots and watches Paxton with disdain.

EBBERS
(french; subtitled)
Careful with that thing.

Paxton gives him the side-eye and lowers his rifle. We get the sense that Paxton's more than a little unbalanced.

SGT. MORVAN
(to Paxton; french;
subtitled)
Nothing like sailing through the
jungle, looking for wildlife and
knowing it's already watching you.

Paxton grins for a second and then fidgets nervously.

Legionnaire KHENBISH (30s, Mongolian) patiently carves a SMALL WOODEN SPOON with his COMBAT KNIFE. He's huge with a wrestlers physique. The strong silent type.

Legionnaire NOMURA (30s, Japanese) looks like he doesn't take any shit. He has his sleeves rolled down to hide the tattoos we'll see later. He turns to --

Legionnaire SANTOS (30s, Brazilian, rugged, haunted, looks like he's seen some shit).

NOMURA

(french; subtitled)

Do you think we will find any mines?

Sgt. Morvan overhears. Before Santos can answer --

SGT. MORVAN

(french; subtitled)

Why do you new guys think we're here?

NOMURA

(french; subtitled)

Aren't we supposed to be looking for illegal gold mines --

Sgt. Morvan shakes his head and takes out a CIGARETTE PACK.

SGT. MORVAN

(french; subtitled)

Our mission, first and foremost, is to protect the rainforest.

He takes out a cigarette and lights it.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

(french; subtitled)

These miners, these *garimpeiros*, are destroying the rainforest and everything in it. It's not about gold.

SANTOS

(french; subtitled)

So, what happens to all the gold we capture?

Sgt. Morvan eyes Santos for a moment.

SGT. MORVAN

(french; subtitled)

It's a good thing the Legion doesn't check all your criminal records, huh?

Santos subconsciously covers the '1533' tattoo on his right index finger. His knuckles scarred from a lifetime of fights.

(Note: 1533 represents P.C.C. - First Capital Command, Brazil's largest criminal gang).

The men shift uncomfortably. Each one silently reflecting on their past misdeeds.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Sgt. Morvan finishes tying up the boat. He turns to the men.

SGT. MORVAN

(french; subtitled)

Okay, listen up. This is a routine
recce and so everyone just relax.
Fingers off triggers. But stay close.
When we're this deep in the jungle it
can swallow you whole, without a
trace. (looking directly at Santos)
Not even a memory of who you were or
what you've done.

Sgt. Morvan turns and points --

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

(french; subtitled)

Clarke, Paxton, Ebbers. With me.

Sgt. Basterra points to Santos, Nomura, and Khenbish and beckons them with the 'come here' finger sign.

The two, four-man squads head into the seemingly impenetrable jungle. The foliage closes behind them.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Sgt. Morvan leads his squad as he hacks aggressively through the dense foliage with a MACHETE.

They've been patrolling for hours. It's hot and humid. Mosquitoes take chunks out of each of them.

Ebbers stretches his neck from side to side. He's agile despite the extra 60 pounds of RADIO/COMMS GEAR on his back.

Paxton tugs at the uncomfortable straps on his gear. His pack rattling too loudly.

Ebbers watches him and shakes his head.

EBBERS

You should repack your gear.

Paxton ignores him.

Clarke's an old hand at this. He watches the ancient forest around him with a highly trained eye.

Morvan raises his left hand bringing the squad to a halt. He points to a faint set of partially covered tracks.

SGT. MORVAN

Some garimpeiros were here... three, maybe four days ago... carrying something heavy.

PAXTON

How'd you know that?

SGT. MORVAN

After a while here you get good. One day you'll even be able to tell if they're near their camp and what their morale's like.

Morvan gives a short sharp WHISTLE.

Seconds later, a reply emanates from somewhere deep in the undergrowth. Sgt. Basterra's squad is close by.

Morvan checks the GPS strapped to his wrist, turns to Ebbbers.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

Call in our position. Tell them we've found tracks.

Ebbbers takes out the radio handset. Morvan shows him the GPS.

EBBERS

EMSOME HQ, EMSOME HQ, this is Jaguar zero one, over.

WE HEAR some static and broken indecipherable voices.

EBBERS (cont'd)

EMSOME HQ, EMSOME HQ, this is Jaguar zero one, over.

Morvan points to the dense trees above them.

SGT. MORVAN

It's the canopy. When it's this thick the reception goes to shit. Try the satellite phone.

Ebbbers takes out the SAT PHONE.

CLOSE ON SAT PHONE: NO SIGNAL.

He looks at Morvan and shakes his head.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

Fucking jungle.

Morvan gives a hand signal and the squad moves on.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The eight men sit around a camp fire. Hammocks are strung between the trees in this makeshift jungle camp.

They chow down on M.R.E. RATIONS from MESS TINS.

Paxton removes his combat boots and rubs his sore feet.

CLARKE

Do you have to... while I'm eating?

PAXTON

Jeez, how far did we march today?

CLARKE

About thirty eight klicks.

PAXTON

Je-sus. How far tomorrow?

Morvan interjects. He keeps eating as he talks.

SGT. MORVAN

I watched this old black and white film once. There's this scene where this English prince runs up to the King and yells, "The Hundred Years' War is starting!"

They pause for a moment, register the joke, and snicker.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

Sometimes, we follow these trails for weeks and find nothing. Maybe some abandoned equipment, but that's it.

EBBERS

We don't have enough food and water to last for weeks --

SGT. MORVAN

If you are not willing to suffer for France, how am I expected to believe you will die for her?

The others share concerned looks.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

(laughs)

Putain de merde... Relax you bunch of fucking pussies. A helicopter from Kourou H.Q. will be by in a couple of days with supplies.

EBBERS

What if we can't contact them with
our position?

SGT. BASTERRA

Then we die.

An uneasy silence.

SANTOS

The forest can feed us.

PAXTON

So, you're from 'round here, right?

SANTOS

No, Brazil.

PAXTON

Whatever. So is it true that all
those Brazilian women (he whistles
and points to his crotch) down there?

SANTOS

Well, I haven't seen *all* of them.

The others chuckle.

PAXTON

So, how come you know so much about
being in the jungle?

Santos seems uncomfortable with the question.

CLARKE

Leave it out, Paxton.

Paxton pantomimes shock. *What did I do?*

SGT. MORVAN

Clarke's right. Keep your grain of
salt to yourself, huh. We don't talk
about our past here.

PAXTON

Fine. Just making conversation...

Paxton takes out a pack of MARLBOROS. Lights a cigarette.

PAXTON (cont'd)

Did ya'll know there are three 'K's'
on these packs?

He indicates them for the others benefit.

Clarke keeps eating. Doesn't look at Paxton.

CLARKE

That's probably why you smoke 'em.

Paxton shifts uneasily. Tries to lighten the mood.

PAXTON

Hey, Nomura, you'll get a kick outta this one. So, this Chinaman's walking down the street when this Jew walks up and slugs him...

Ebbers turns to look at Paxton. Eyebrows raised.

PAXTON (cont'd)

...POW! Right in the kisser. Knocks him right on his ass. So the Chinaman's like (bad accent) "What the fuck did you do that for..."

Nomura fixes Paxton with an icy stare.

PAXTON (cont'd)

... and this Jew's like "That's for Pearl Harbor!" And the Chinaman's like "Pearl Harbor? That was the Japanese. I'm Chinese" and the Jew's like, "Chinese, Japanese it's all the fucking same." So then this Chinaman gets up and slugs the Jew. POW! Right in the kisser, knocking the Jew on his ass. The Jew looks up and says, "What the fuck did you do that for?" and the Chinaman says, "That's for sinking the Titanic!" So, this Jew's like "What the fuck? The Titanic was sunk by an iceberg" and the Chinaman says "Iceberg, Goldberg, Zuckerberg, it's all the fucking same!"

Paxton laughs heartily at his own joke. Slaps his leg.

PAXTON (cont'd)

Ya, get it?

He keeps laughing as Basterra chuckles to himself. Morvan can't help but smile, neither can Ebbers, but the others are not impressed.

Khenbish puts down his empty mess tin and takes out his combat knife. He continues carving the wooden spoon from before.

PAXTON (cont'd)
Hey, Khenbitch --

KHENBISH
Khenbish.

PAXTON
Whatever --

Khenbish suddenly THROWS HIS COMBAT KNIFE at the ground next to Paxton. Missing him by inches.

Paxton freezes in shock. Everyone else jumps up in surprise. *Whoa! Hey! What the fuck!*

Khenbish calmly points to his knife. It's pinned a SCORPION to the ground, killing it.

Everyone lets out a sigh of relief and sits back down. They check around where they sit for scorpions.

PAXTON (cont'd)
(laughing nervously)
Je-sus. I thought he was fixin' to kill me.

Paxton picks up the knife and hands it back to Khenbish.

PAXTON (cont'd)
Thanks, big fella. You are like a regular corn-fed Genghis Khan --

KHENBISH
Genghis (Note: Pronounced 'Chingis').

PAXTON
Whatever... so you lived in one of them yurts over there in Mongolia?

KHENBISH
No. I had apartment in U.B.

PAXTON
U.B. --

KHENBISH
Ulaanbaatar. The capitol.
(Mongolian; subtitled)
Stupid fucking American.

PAXTON
So why do --

KHENBISH

No more questions.

Clarke's had enough too.

CLARKE

Yeah, so, how about you, Paxton?
What's your story? Why all the
fucking questions, man?

PAXTON

Jesus, I'm just tryin' to fraternize
with y'all --

CLARKE

Seriously, why are you here? Someone
get you a Beau Geste experience gift
certificate or something?

EBBERS

Quit chewing his ear, Clarke. You're as
bad as him. We all have our reasons.

CLARKE

Alright, Cloggie.

EBBERS

We call them *klompen*, not clogs.

CLARKE

Yeah, wooden shoes, wooden head,
wouldn' listen.

EBBERS

If you ain't Dutch, you ain't much.

PAXTON

So, how about you, Clarke? You're ex-
military too? Tell us about your past?

CLARKE

I can't.

PAXTON

(mocking)

Why? Cos I don't have the right
clearance?

Clarke fixes him with a thousand-yard stare.

CLARKE

No. Because you wouldn't understand.

SGT. MORVAN

That's enough for tonight, boys --

CLARKE

No, hold on. I want him to answer.
Come on, tell us why you joined?

Paxton shifts uncomfortably.

CLARKE (cont'd)

You've got a U.S. Infantry tattoo.
Why'd you leave?

PAXTON

None of your goddamn business --

CLARKE

Oh, so they kicked you out?

Paxton gives him a *fuck you* look.

SANTOS

Come on, man. Leave him alone. We all
deserve a second chance.

SGT. MORVAN

Okay, ladies, I think that's enough
for tonight. We should all get some
rest. Long day tomorrow. Except you,
Paxton. You're on watch.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - MORVAN - DAWN

Rays of morning light poke through the jungle canopy.

Sgt. Morvan leads his squad down a trail. The men are still
waking up. All a little bleary eyed.

Paxton yawns. He looks like he hasn't slept. He FARTS.

Clarke watches him and sucks his teeth.

SGT. MORVAN

Paxton, you wear the Képi Blanc now.
Show respect to the Legion and yourself.

CLARKE

You're not just some dumbass grunt now --

Paxton's furious. Points his rifle at Clarke.

CLARKE (cont'd)

What? You gonna shoot me?

Clarke grabs Paxton's rifle barrel. Holds it to his chest.

CLARKE (cont'd)
 You gonna fucking shoot me, eh? We've
 all got weapons, mate. We could all
 blow one another away at any time --

PAXTON
 Just the way it should be.

Morvan comes over to push them apart.

SGT. MORVAN
 That's enough.

Ebbers holds up the Sat Phone and looks for a signal.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)
 (to Ebbers)
 Still nothing?

EBBERS
 No, Chef.
 (Note: Means Chief, like 'Sir').

PAXTON
 So, how long these gramp-in-yer-oos
 been looking for gold up in here?

SGT. MORVAN
Garimpeiros have been coming here
 for centuries, but when the price of
 gold skyrocketed after the financial
 crisis... things went *être à*
l'ouest... (circles his finger
 around his temple).

PAXTON
 So, how come --

SGT. MORVAN
 Shh!

Morvan has noticed something. He raises his left hand,
 bringing them to a halt.

He points to some discreet ARROW MARKINGS that have been
 carved into one of the trees.

He gives a short sharp WHISTLE.

Seconds later, we hear Sgt. Basterra's reply.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - BASTERRA - DAY

Sgt. Basterra leads his squad (Santos, Nomura, and Khenbish) along a dense trail. He hacks occasionally with his MACHETE.

Nomura shifts his heavy comms gear around on his back. It's getting really uncomfortable. He grimaces.

Basterra notices Nomura's discomfort and smiles to himself.

NOMURA

Chef, I just need a second.

Basterra rolls his eyes and stops.

Nomura takes off his pack and adjusts the straps.

While they wait, Santos reaches for a vine, cuts it with his knife and takes a drink of the water inside.

Khenbish watches him and does the same.

Basterra watches them both.

SGT. BASTERRA

You don't say much, do you Khenbish?

KHENBISH

(shrugs)

What is there to say? It's all the same old shit.

Nomura puts his pack back on. Gives Basterra a nod.

SGT. BASTERRA

Okay, lets go --

SANTOS

Chef.

Santos points to part of a MARLBORO CIGARETTE PACK on the ground by his feet.

SANTOS (cont'd)

Don't they use these as arrow markers to point to the camp?

CLOSE ON THE CIGARETTE PACK PIECE: The arrow on the pack points into the dense foliage.

Basterra regards Santos for a second and nods. Impressed by Santos' knowledge of jungle communication.

He gives two short sharp WHISTLES.

Seconds later, we hear Morvan's reply.

Basterra leads his squad in the direction of the arrow.

EXT. JUNGLE - MORVAN - DAY

Morvan and his squad trudge through the dense foliage.

Clarke gives a DISCREET WHISTLE.

Morvan raises his left hand bringing his squad to a halt.

Clarke points off to the right. Holds up four fingers.

Morvan looks in the indicated direction.

WE SEE FOUR GARIMPEIROS (2 Maroons, 2 Brazilians) walking a few hundred meters away. They're dressed incongruously in soccer jerseys and brand name clothes (ADIDAS, NIKE etc).

Morvan gives hand signals instructing them to follow the men.

He gives two short sharp WHISTLES.

Seconds later, we hear Basterra's reply.

EXT. MINING CAMP - DAY

BINOCULAR POV: The four Garimpeiros arrive at a clearing containing an open-pit mining camp.

There's a series of open pools, each filled with muddy water. It resembles a bombsite. A scar in the rainforest.

There's a few palm-thatched huts around the edge along with a kitchen area covered with a green plastic tarp.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Morvan takes down the BINOCULARS and hands them to Clarke.

SGT. MORVAN
It's a decent size mine.

Clarke looks through the binoculars.

Paxton uses his rifle scope.

RIFLE SCOPE POV: Several high-pressure hoses lay on the ground and lead to an old pump and rusty generator. In one corner is a stack of 55-gallon GASOLINE DRUMS.

CLARKE

I don't see anyone...

SGT. MORVAN

They must have gone into the huts.

PAXTON

I could take a shot at those gasoline drums over in the --

SGT. MORVAN

Don't you fucking dare. Do what you do best, and don't think. Just obey.

Basterra and his squad arrives.

SGT. BASTERRA

You found something?

Morvan nods. He turns to Ebbers.

SGT. MORVAN

Call in our position and tell them we've located a mining camp.

Ebbers takes out the radio handset.

EBBERS

EMSOME HQ, EMSOME HQ, this is Jaguar zero one, over.

WE HEAR some static and broken indecipherable voices.

EBBERS (cont'd)

EMSOME HQ, EMSOME HQ, this is Jaguar zero one, over.

Ebbers takes out the SAT PHONE.

CLOSE ON SAT PHONE: NO SIGNAL.

Ebbers shakes his head. Basterra turns to Nomura.

SGT. BASTERRA

Try yours.

Nomura takes out his radio handset. His shirt sleeve rides up his arm slightly and we get a peek at his Irezumi, Yakuza-style full tattoo sleeve. Santos clocks the tattoos.

NOMURA

EMSOME HQ, EMSOME HQ, this is Jaguar zero two, over.

More static and indecipherable voices.

Nomura shakes his head.

CLARKE

What's the plan?

SGT. MORVAN

Search the camp, seize the gold,
destroy their mining equipment.

SANTOS

What about the garimpeiros?

SGT. MORVAN

Capture or kill them.

Paxton claps his hands with excitement.

PAXTON

Yeah! That's what I'm talking about!

SANTOS

Whoa... kill them?

SGT. MORVAN

If necessary. That a problem, Santos?

SANTOS

But aren't they just poor natives and
Brazilians just trying to make some
money to feed their families?

SGT. MORVAN

Having second thoughts about killing
your own countrymen?

SANTOS

No, Chef.

SGT. MORVAN

You're a Legionnaire now. Once you
put on the 'Képi Blanc' you're
French, not Brazilian. Understood?

SANTOS

Yes, Chef.

SGT. MORVAN

So, are you willing to kill and to
die for France or not?

SANTOS

Yes, Chef.

SGT. MORVAN

Good. Then, I will tell you who to kill and I'll send you where to die.

SANTOS

Yes, Chef.

PAXTON

I have no problem killing them...

SGT. MORVAN

And you, Paxton, will act without passion or hatred and you will respect our enemies. Understood?

Paxton nods. Rebuked.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

Oui, Chef!

PAXTON

Oui, Chef.

As Morvan walks away, Paxton turns to Nomura.

PAXTON (cont'd)

You ready to do some of that Karate shit on these guys?

Nomura gives Paxton a contemptuous look. In a different situation, he'd roundhouse kick his ass.

NOMURA

Ah, American Joke.

Nomura gives Paxton the middle finger.

Morvan signals for the two squads to split up and approach the camp from opposite sides.

They head out.

EXT. MINING CAMP SOUTH - DAY

Morvan and his squad stealthily enter the camp.

Clarke's an experienced soldier. His senses on high alert. He moves cautiously, expects the unexpected.

There's no one around. It's eerie.

They slowly approach the nearest hut.

EXT. MINING CAMP NORTH - DAY - SAME TIME

Basterra leads his men around the water filled pits on the other side of the camp.

Nomura slips and falls down the edge of the pit.

SGT. BASTERRA
Mierda! Viste esta boluda.

Nomura starts to slip into the quicksand like mud. His arms flailing around uselessly as he struggles to get out.

Santos and Khenbish rush to help him.

Khenbish grabs Nomura and drags him out before he drowns.

Nomura catches his breath. Covered in mud.

NOMURA
Thanks.

Khenbish just nods.

SGT. BASTERRA
Leave your gear to dry out. We'll come back for it.

Nomura removes his pack and comms gear. Lays it on the ground.

SGT. BASTERRA (cont'd)
This way.

Basterra leads the squad toward the huts closest to them.

EXT. HUT - DAY

Morvan and his men surround a hut. He silently counts down from five on his fingers and kicks in the door.

He's ducks just as --

SMACK - A SPIKED BAMBOO DOOR TRAP swings down from above and almost impales him in the face and chest.

PAXTON
Woah! How did you know?

SGT. MORVAN
You just get a feeling after a while.

Morvan cautiously moves around the trap and enters the hut.

INT. HUT - DAY

The hut is almost empty apart from a few crates and boxes and a palm-leaf mat on the floor.

Morvan peels back the mat revealing a trap door. He silently signals for Paxton to open it. Paxton cautiously lifts it to reveal a dark tunnel underneath.

Morvan indicates for Paxton to climb down into it.

Paxton points to his own chest.

PAXTON

Me?

There's a commotion outside.

Morvan cautiously looks outside to see --

EXT. MINING CAMP NORTH - CONTINUOUS

The Four Garimpeiros from before run toward the trees.

SGT. BASTERRA

STOP WHERE YOU ARE!

He FIRES A COUPLE OF ROUNDS in the air. They don't stop.

NOMURA

Shit! My gear's gone.

Nomura rushes over to where he left his gear.

Basterrra, Santos and Khenbish run after the escaping miners.

WE HEAR THE ROAR OF TWO QUAD BIKES as they come flying out of a nearby palm-covered mine-shaft entrance in the hillside.

Basterra and his men let off a few rounds. They miss as the quads quickly disappear into the jungle.

From another hut we see a MAROON and TWO BRAZILIAN BOYS aged about twelve make a run for it. One olive-skinned, one darker.

Morvan shoots above their heads.

SGT. MORVAN

STOP RIGHT THERE!

They all freeze.

EXT. DENSE JUNGLE - DAY

The two Brazilian miners run full pelt through the jungle.
 One TURNS HIS ANKLE BADLY on an exposed tree root and drops.
 HE SCREAMS in pain. Bone poking through skin.

The other miner turns back to help. He's lifting him up when
 WE HEAR a rifle being cocked.

The miners look up to see Santos right there, pointing his
 rifle at them.

A tense moment between them all. Santos' breathing deepens.

The miners look up at him. Their eyes pleading.

CLOSE ON SANTOS' EYES. Sweat running into them as he blinks.

WE HEAR ONLY HIS BREATHING.

WE HEAR A GUNSHOT and the injured man drops to the ground.

SWISH PAN to find Basterra holding up his rifle. Smoke wafts
 slowly from the end of the barrel. No rage. No emotion.

Basterra turns to Santos.

SGT. BASTERRA

Couldn't bring yourself to shoot one
 of your own?

Before Santos can answer, Basterra trains his rifle on the
 other miner who now has his hands in the air.

Basterra shoots him in the head. Unperturbed, very much in
 control of the situation.

The dead miner drops to his knees, his head half gone.

Santos is dumbstruck. Disconnected, like he's not really
 there. Can't believe what he just saw.

Khenbish can't believe it either. He turns to Basterra.

KHENBISH

Chef --

SANTOS

(cutting him off)
 They were unarmed...

SGT. BASTERRA

I know these fuckers. If we let them get away they'll come back with reinforcements and kill us all.

SANTOS

You just murdered --

SGT. BASTERRA

Santos, go back to Sergeant Morvan. Khenbish, with me.

Basterra heads off while Khenbish hesitates.

SGT. BASTERRA (cont'd)

I said, with me, Khenbish. Now!

Khenbish reluctantly follows Basterra into the jungle. He looks back over his shoulder at Santos. *This is fucked up.*

EXT. MINING CAMP NORTH - DAY

Nomura makes his way back to the others. Out the corner of his eye he spots movement through a hut window.

NOMURA

OVER HERE!

Morvan runs over and checks out the muddy state of Nomura.

SGT. MORVAN

What the fuck happened to you?

NOMURA

I slipped in the mud.

SGT. MORVAN

Where's your comms gear?

NOMURA

They took it.

SGT. MORVAN

Fuck.

Nomura points to the hut. Mouths - *There's someone in there.*

Morvan nods and gives him a hand signal. *Cover me.*

Morvan quietly makes his way to the door. He kicks it. Hard.

It flies open and --

INT. ODUN'S HUT - DAY

Morvan stands framed in the doorway with his rifle up.

Inside is ODUN calmly sitting on the floor. He's a 40-something Maroon with ebony skin and tribal FACIAL SCARIFICATION. He's intense with tremendous presence, dignity, and suppressed fury.

SGT. MORVAN

Get up. Come with me.

EXT. KITCHEN TENT - DAY

Clarke searches behind the boxes of food and water piled up in one corner.

He finds the INDIGENOUS COOK crouched behind it. Trembling.

Clarke extends a hand to pull him up.

CLARKE

It's alright. No one's gonna hurt you.

EXT. JUNGLE - BASTERRA - DAY

Basterra and Khenbish move stealthily through the dense jungle with their rifles up and ready.

SGT. BASTERRA

Khenbish. You take point.

Khenbish hesitates and then moves in front of Basterra. Basterra now has his rifle pointed in Khenbish's direction.

SGT. BASTERRA (cont'd)

You don't have a problem with what happened back there, do you?

Khenbish anxiously tries to look over his shoulder.

KHENBISH

No, Chef.

SGT. BASTERRA

Good.

WE HEAR A COMMOTION IN THE VEGETATION.

Both men swing their rifles toward the sound.

An exotic bird flies out of the bushes and away.

EXT. MINING CAMP - DAY

Odun is on his knees with the other captured Maroon, the Cook, and the two twelve-year-old Brazilian boys.

Clarke and Paxton use FLEX CUFFS to tie them up while Morvan, Ebbers and Nomura keep their rifles trained on them.

Paxton ties up Odun. Recoils at the sight of his face.

PAXTON

What's the deal with this one's face?

SGT. MORVAN

He's a Maroon, a bush ni --

Clarke tenses. Looks at Morvan. *Don't you fucking dare...*

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

...negro. It's a tribal thing.

ODUN

I am Aluku.

PAXTON

Well, it looks like you're about as fucked as your face there Aluku --

SGT. MORVAN

Aluku's his tribe. What's your name?

ODUN

Odun.

Clarke notices that the dark-skinned Brazilian boy has a large circular scar in the palm of each hand. Bullet wounds. He shows Morvan the boy's hands.

SGT. MORVAN

What's this?

The boy sheepishly looks at Odun. Morvan grabs the boy's hands and shoves them in Odun's face.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

Why did you do this?

ODUN

I caught him stealing.

SGT. MORVAN

Stealing what?

ODUN

An ounce.

Morvan looks at the young boy, softens and holds his gaze for just a moment too long. Odun notices. Smiles to himself.

ODUN (cont'd)

I know what I am hiding from. Do you?

Morvan is momentarily embarrassed. *Seen. Exposed...*

EBBERS

Should I try radioing in again, Chef?

Morvan composes himself. Now stern.

SGT. MORVAN

Hold off until we know what we're dealing with here. Keep your rifles up. Clarke, Santos, search the camp.

EXT. JUNGLE - BASTERRA - DAY

Khenbish leads Basterra through the jungle, rifles ready. Khenbish now carries an emotional burden that's much heavier than his military gear.

KHENBISH

Chef.

SGT. BASTERRA

What is it?

Khenbish keeps looking straight ahead.

KHENBISH

Why'd you... (he hesitates).

Basterra's eyes narrow as he regards Khenbish.

SGT. BASTERRA

I told you. If I hadn't they'd be back with reinforcements.

KHENBISH

Couldn't we have just captured them?

Basterra slowly swings his rifle around so that it's aimed at the back of Khenbish's head.

POV: SOMEONE WATCHING THEM FROM UP IN THE TREES. A black hand gently moves some foliage aside for a better view.

Khenbish raises his left hand for them to stop.

SGT. BASTERRA
(whisper)
What is it?

KHENBISH
(whisper)
I thought I heard something.

Both men stand in silence, Listening to the jungle.

We hear only the usual sounds of the rainforest.

Khenbish looks around. Basterra's rifle is pointed at him.

The two men share a look.

Basterra lowers his rifle. Gives the hand signal to move on.

INT. HUT - DAY

Paxton pulls back a palm-leaf mat to reveal the dirt floor underneath. He turns to leave but Santos takes out his knife.

SANTOS
Wait a second.

He digs in a few spots and then hits something hard. He digs with the knife and his hands as Paxton joins in.

They uncover an OLD METAL CASH BOX buried in the dirt.

EXT. MINING CAMP - DAY

Santos carries the box over to Morvan. Morvan tries to open it. It's locked. He approaches Odun, tosses the box down in front of him.

SGT. MORVAN
What's in here?

Odun shrugs dismissively.

Paxton aims his rifle at the box.

PAXTON
I'll shoot the lock off.

Odun looks at Paxton and grins.

SGT. MORVAN

Wait! We don't know what's in it.

CLARKE

Could be booby trapped.

Morvan turns to Odun and motions for the others to back off.

SGT. MORVAN

Tell me what's in here or he shoots.

ODUN

Freedom for my people.

Morvan laughs.

SGT. MORVAN

Yeah, that's why you keep eighty percent for yourself and let these guys share what's left. You're a real modern day Che Guevara.

ODUN

I do not keep the gold for myself.

SGT. MORVAN

Well, you're still a thief. Just like this kid you shot.

ODUN

Don't lecture me about theft. More has been stolen from my people than you can possibly imagine. I am only taking back respect.

SGT. MORVAN

Respect, huh? All while you destroy the rainforest around you?

He gestures to the surrounding muddy pits and destruction.

ODUN

You people are always talking about preserving the rainforest, but only those of us from here can take care of it. You Europeans and Americans, you don't know how things work here.

Morvan regards him for a moment.

SGT. MORVAN

Whatever. Fuck it.

Morvan shoots off the lock. He cautiously opens the lid with his foot. Inside are a few clear baggies of gold flakes.

It's underwhelming.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)
That's it? All this for that?

ODUN
If you only took gold from legal mines, you'd never be able to supply all the gold traded in the world.

SGT. MORVAN
Ah, so you're just helping the global economy, huh? How very noble of you.

ODUN
Nobody cares where it comes from. This whole area depends on it. Those who don't depend on it directly, depend on it indirectly.

SGT. MORVAN
Illegal is still illegal. (beat)
So, where's the mercury?

Paxton gives Santos a confused look.

PAXTON
(sotto)
Mercury?

SGT. MORVAN
(overhearing)
They use it to separate the gold from the soil. It binds with the gold. They wash away the dirt, burn off the mercury, leaving the gold behind.

PAXTON
Is it valuable?

SGT. MORVAN
No, but it washes into the rivers and poisons all the fish, which poisons the people and animals that eat the fish.

Morvan gets in Odun's face.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)
You ever see what it does to the kids in the hospital, huh? Before it kills them?

(MORE)

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)
It attacks their nervous system,
destroys their lungs, their kidneys
and their brains.

Odun gives Morvan a *Fuck You* look.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)
So, where's the rest of the gold?

ODUN
That's all of it.

SGT. MORVAN
Bullshit. Until we find the mercury,
we haven't found everything yet.

Morvan kicks the metal box.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)
This is just a fucking decoy, like a
fake wallet for a mugger.

ODUN
So, you are like muggers now?

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

Basterra walks with purpose along a trail, occasionally
hacking at branches off to the side with his machete. It
serves no purpose but to channel his anger. He's alone.

The trail opens up into a clearing and we are back at the --

EXT. MINING CAMP - DAY

Basterra approaches Morvan and the others.

SGT. MORVAN
Where's Khenbish?

SGT. BASTERRA
I lost him.

SGT. MORVAN
What do you mean, lost him?

Basterra locks eyes with Morvan. Intense. His fingers
tighten on his machete.

SGT. BASTERRA
He's gone. Disappeared.

SGT. MORVAN

Take your men and go look for him --

SGT. BASTERRA

I'm telling you, he's gone!

SGT. MORVAN

Fine. We'll lets see if he shows up.
He probably just got lost. Go and
search the camp instead.

He points to the dark skin Brazilian boy with the hand wounds.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

Take the Black kid with you.

Basterra grabs the young prisoner and drags him toward one
of the huts. His hands still tied.

He drags him into the hut and a few moments later...

WE HEAR A GUN SHOT.

Sgt. Basterra returns dragging the dead boy.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

What the fuck happened?

SGT. BASTERRA

I was searching the hut when he
reached behind a crate for a grenade.

Basterra shows the group a GRENADE. Clark loses his shit.

CLARKE

That's ours! This is bullshit, man.

SGT. BASTERRA

Stand down, Clarke --

CLARKE

It's murder. It's a fucking war
crime. This kinda shit is the reason
I quit the S.A.S. in Afghanistan --

SGT. BASTERRA

STAND DOWN, LEGIONNAIRE!

SANTOS

Foda... he's just some poor kid --

SGT. BASTERRA

You too, Santos.

CLARKE

He was a fucking child!

Basterra moves toward Clarke --

ODUN

There were no grenades --

Basterra smacks Odun in the face with the butt of his rifle.

Clarke goes for Basterra but Morvan stops him.

Odun spits at Basterra who then tries to hit him again.

SGT. MORVAN

THAT'S ENOUGH!

Basterra backs off. He looks at Clarke with a pent-up hatred that runs deep. Clarke's eyes return the sentiment.

Santos looks at the dead Brazilian kid --

EXT. SÃO PAULO FAVELLA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

WE HEAR A disturbing MIXTURE OF PORTUGUESE YELLING/SCREAMS.

A SERIES OF STYLIZED SHOTS --

18-YEAR-OLD SANTOS sits in the street cradling his DEAD YOUNGER BROTHER (12) who has a bullet wound in his chest.

Santos sobs uncontrollably as he watches a couple of TEENAGE GANGSTERS run away down an alley.

CLOSE ON SANTOS' FACE. A GUNSHOT. BLOOD SPLATTERS HIS FACE.

END OF FLASHBACK --

EXT. MINING CAMP - DAY

CLOSE ON SANTOS' FACE.

ODUN (O.S.)

You can come here and kill everyone you find. There will always be more.

Odun stares at Basterra. His face calm but intense.

SGT. MORVAN

We're not here to kill everyone --

ODUN
Just non-whites?

Basterra is seething. Odun stares him down.

ODUN (cont'd)
Do you kill Black children in
Argentina?

SGT. BASTERRA
We don't have Blacks in Argentina --

ODUN
You know what's funny? In America,
one drop of Black blood makes you
Black, but in Argentina, one tiny
drop of white blood makes you white.

Basterra goes for Odun again. Morvan stops him.

SGT. MORVAN
I said, that's enough!

ODUN
In Brazil these kids earn 800 *reals* a
month doing laboring jobs. Here, they
earn that in a few days.

SGT. MORVAN
All of that is above our pay grade.
We are just here following orders.

ODUN
Just following orders... So brave.

Morvan's lips thin as he tries to keep his cool.

ODUN (cont'd)
How much gold will it take for you to
obey my orders and leave us in peace?

Morvan grabs Odun. Pulls him to his feet.

SGT. MORVAN
Clarke, take him and search the camp.
Don't bring him back until you find
the mercury and the rest of the gold.

Clarke looks at Morvan. *Are you telling me to kill him?*

Morvan glares back. *Just do it. We see a man struggling with
his humanity. Slowly losing his faith. Losing his soul.*

EXT. MINING CAMP - DUSK

Clarke shoves Odun along using his rifle.

With great restraint, Odun leads him to his hut where --

INT. ODUN'S HUT - DUSK

Clarke pushes Odun inside and looks around.

In the corner is a WINTI SHRINE covered with offerings of flowers, medicinal herbs, bottles of Coca-Cola...

CLARKE

What's this?

Clarke starts poking around in the shrine.

ODUN

These are offerings to our ancestors
who were stolen from Africa.

Odun looks Clarke right in the eye. Clarke stops. Leaves the shrine alone. Turns his attention to the rest of the hut.

ODUN (cont'd)

Their spirits are all around us. I
call upon them for guidance when I
lose my way.

Clarke ignores him and keeps turning the place over.

He finds some JEWELRY-MAKING EQUIPMENT. RING, PENDANT, and SMALL INGOT MOLDS. A small TABLETOP KILN is plugged into a cheap Chinese-made GENERATOR.

CLARKE

What's all this gear for?

ODUN

Why do you fight for the colonizers?

CLARKE

I asked you what this is for.

ODUN

Maybe you should come and fight with
us. With your own people.

Clarke gets in Odun's face.

CLARKE

You'd better give them something or they're gonna fucking kill you.

ODUN

They're going to try to anyway.

Clarke lets the reality sink in for a moment.

ODUN (cont'd)

But the *Ampuku* will protect us.

CLARKE

The who?

ODUN

The forest spirits.

Clarke shakes his head at Odun's mystical nonsense. He's finished searching the hut and he's frustrated.

CLARKE

Give me something. Anything, and I'll make sure they don't hurt you.

Odun regards Clarke for a moment.

EXT. ODUN'S HUT - DUSK

Clarke and Odun emerge from the hut.

ODUN

Over there.

Odun leads him to a tree. Points to the ground with his foot.

ODUN (cont'd)

Dig here.

Clarke grabs a stick and probes around in the dirt. He uncovers a round handle attached to a trap door. He lifts it up revealing a 55-gallon STEEL DRUM marked with 'Hg' (The symbol for Mercury).

PAXTON (O.S.)

I got something!

Clarke turns to see Paxton a few yards away, staring at the ground where he's been digging with a shovel.

EXT. MINING CAMP - PAXTON - DUSK

Paxton stares into the SHALLOW GRAVE he's uncovered. Faces, hands, and other decomposing body parts are partially revealed through the dirt. It's hard to tell what nationality they are.

PAXTON
Jesus H. Christ...

Clarke looks over from his position.

CLARKE
What is it?

Paxton can't speak.

Clarke grabs Odun by the shoulder and drags him over to Paxton. He sees the grave and turns to Odun.

CLARKE (cont'd)
What's this?

Odun shrugs.

Clarke points his rifle at Odun's forehead.

CLARKE (cont'd)
What. Is. This...?

Odun is calm, unafraid. Looks him in the eye. Defiant.

ODUN
They stole more than an ounce.

SGT. MORVAN (O.S.)
What's going on over there?

Clarke doesn't take his eyes off Odun.

CLARKE
We've found graves.

EXT. HUT - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Morvan is still holding the other miners at gunpoint.

SGT. MORVAN
(shouting)
What?

CLARKE (O.S.)
Four, maybe five dead.

He turns to the miners.

SGT. MORVAN
Who killed them?

The miners all look at the ground. Morvan points his rifle at the Cook who's shaking with fear.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)
Who killed them?

The Cook nervously nods toward Odun.

Basterra storms over to Odun. Smacks him with his rifle butt.

Clarke shoves Basterra away. Hard.

BASTERRA SUCKER PUNCHES CLARKE who turns and HEADBUTTS him. They batter each other with solid blows, kicking, clawing as they roll around in the dirt. Two experienced and mean scrappers.

Paxton takes his chance and PUNCHES ODUN IN THE FACE. Odun takes the punch. Stares stoically back at Paxton. His hands still tied behind his back.

NOMURA RUSHES PAXTON and COLD-COCKS him. Flat on his back.

ANGLE ON MORVAN who hears the commotion and looks over.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)
HEY! CUT IT OUT!

He runs over to intervene with Santos following.

Clarke's on top of Basterra when Morvan drags him off.

Morvan pulls out some FLEX CUFFS.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)
Am I gonna have to tie you fucking
pea-brains together...

Clarke looks over to see that ODUN AND THE OTHER PRISONERS HAVE DISAPPEARED. Morvan and Basterra follow his look.

Ebbers has also disappeared along with their remaining radio, sat phone and comms gear.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)
Putain! (Fuck!)

EXT. JUNGLE - MORVAN - DAY

Morvan leads Clark and Paxton through the dense foliage.

Anything or anyone could be out there. Watching them.

Basterra leads Santos and Nomura a short distance behind.

Morvan stops them and points toward a faint set of tracks partially covered in leaves. He indicates - this way.

EXT. GIANT ANCIENT TREE - DAY

Up ahead is a giant ancient tree with something tied around its huge trunk.

Morvan raises his hand to bring them to a halt. He gives hand signals instructing them to approach the tree from different angles.

SGT. MORVAN

Slowly.

As they get closer WE SEE --

EBBERS STRUNG UP IN THE TREE. NAKED. CHEST CUT OPEN. HEADLESS. His blood soaked corpse has its heart and organs ripped out.

HIS HEAD IMPALED ON A STAKE at the base of the tree. His eyes wide open. His mouth fixed in a silent scream.

It sacrificial. Primitive. Evil.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

Putain de bordel de merde!

The others see Ebbers and react with horror and disgust.

NOMURA

Why the fuck would they do that?

CLARKE

It's what the Dutch did when they caught runaway slaves.

Paxton is strangely captivated at the sight.

Nomura notices Ebbers's PACK at the tree's base.

NOMURA

His comms gear is gone.

He reaches into the pack --

Santos grabs Nomura's hand to stop him and notices that the tip of his pinky finger is missing. Gives him a knowing look. (Note: Yakuza members are required to chop off their own digits to atone for serious offenses).

Nomura yanks his hand back and curls his fingers to hide it.

SANTOS

It might be booby-trapped.

Santos picks up the pack with his rifle barrel and a BABY VIPER falls out.

NOMURA

It's just a baby...

SANTOS takes out his COMBAT KNIFE and kills it.

SANTOS

They're the most deadly. They can't control how much venom they release so they shoot their whole load.

SGT. MORVAN

Looks like they got all his weapons and ammo too.

The men look around. Eeriness surrounds them.

SANTOS

I don't like how this feels.

SGT. BASTERRA

No shit! You gonna have a problem killing them now?

Santos gives Basterra a *fuck you* look.

SGT. BASTERRA (cont'd)

We've been given a job to do and we're going to do it! Understood?

SGT. MORVAN

It's getting dark. We should head back to the camp for the night.

PAXTON

What about Ebbbers?

SGT. MORVAN

Cut him down and we'll take him with us. We never give up our dead, our wounded, or our weapons.

EXT. MINING CAMP - NIGHT

The men arrive back at the camp.

Clarke and Paxton carry Ebbers on a MAKESHIFT LITTER/
STRETCHER made from a PONCHO.

SGT. MORVAN

Clarke, Paxton, go grab some food and
water from the kitchen tent.
Basterra, take your men and see what
else you can find.

SANTOS

What do we do with Ebbers?

SGT. BASTERRA

Put him down. He ain't going nowhere.

EXT. KITCHEN TENT - NIGHT

Clarke and Paxton approach the tent to find KHENBISH TIED-UP
next to the pile of food boxes. He's sweating and terrified.

Khenbish sees them. He shakes his head and tries to speak
but pained sounds are all that come out. His eyes wide.

PAXTON

What the fuck...

Paxton walks toward Khenbish but Clarke grabs him.

CLARKE

Wait.

Clarke points to the ground next to Khenish. There's a HUMAN
TONGUE in a small pool of blood.

PAXTON

Holy shit.

Khenbish uses his eyes to point to the ground underneath
their feet. He gestures over his shoulder with his head.

Clarke sees WIRES from the floor near them that run up a
tent pole, across the roof of the tent and down to several
BARRELS OF GASOLINE hidden behind the pile of food boxes.

ANGLE ON THE BARRELS. LARGE FREEZER BAGS full of NAILS,
NUTS, and BOLTS have been taped to the sides.

CLARKE

Jesus Christ.

Clarke looks over to Morvan and the others and yells.

CLARKE (cont'd)
 Chef, we've got a problem over here.

Across the camp, Morvan looks over at them.

SGT. MORVAN
 What is it?

CLARKE
 It's Khenbish. He's wired up to a
 booby trap.

Morvan and the other get up and slowly approach them.

CLARKE (cont'd)
 Stay back.

Paxton begins to slowly edge away.

CLARKE (cont'd)
 Don't fucking move or you might kill
 all of us!

SGT. MORVAN
 Did you step on a trigger?

CLARKE
 I'm not sure... We might have.

He points to the wires and follows them with his finger.

SGT. MORVAN
 Fuck.

SGT. BASTERRA
 Fucking bush nig--

Clarke's furious. He points his rifle at Basterra.

CLARKE
 Don't you fucking dare!

SGT. BASTERRA
 Not now, wacho.

CLARKE
 Go on then, say it! I fucking dare you!

SGT. BASTERRA
 What are you talking about? You're
 mad at ME? You caused this *quilombo*.
 You're the one that's fucked us --

CLARKE

Say that word again and I swear I'll
take you with me you cunt --

SGT. MORVAN

NOT NOW!

Nomura steps forward.

NOMURA

Maybe I can sneak around from the
side and cut the wires?

Morvan thinks for a second.

SGT. MORVAN

Sure. Go see if you can get a better
look.

Nomura nods and moves toward the side of the tent.

CLARKE

Easy, Nomura. Careful, mate.

CLOSE ON NOMURA'S FEET as he walks carefully toward the tent.

ANGLE ON KHENBISH. Sweating. Eyes wide. Breathing heavy.

NOMURA

I got you my friend.

Khenbish nods nervously.

CLOSE ON CLARKE - watching Normura like a hawk.

CLOSE ON PAXTON - anxiously chewing the inside of his cheek.

CRACK! A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT.

Everyone ducks.

Khenbish lets out a muffled, tortured cry. It's an awful sound.

He's been shot in the shoulder. The large caliber bullet has
ALMOST SEVERED HIS RIGHT ARM.

SGT. MORVAN

They're in the trees. Get down!

Everyone hits the deck.

CLARKE

We're sitting ducks here.

Khenbish moans as blood pours from what's left of his shoulder.

He slumps to one side REVEALING --

HE WAS SITTING ON A GRENADE.

Clarke sees it.

CLARKE (cont'd)
GRENADE!

He grabs Paxton and tries to run when --

THE GRENADE AND GASOLINE BARRELS EXPLODE!

BOOM!

The force rips Khenbish, the tent, and its contents apart.

A HUGE FIREBALL LIGHTS UP THE CAMP as shrapnel, nails, nuts and bolts fly through the air, ripping through the camp and anything or anyone in their path.

CLARKE AND PAXTON ARE THROWN FORWARD BY THE BLAST.

NOMURA IS BLOWN BACKWARDS TEN YARDS.

AN EAR-RINGING TONE blocks out all other sound.

Morvan covers his head. A piece of shrapnel tears into his leg. He grimaces in pain. The hot metal smokes and burns.

Basterra's flat on the ground with debris raining down all around him. He opens his eyes and sees part of Khenbish's LOWER RIGHT ARM lying next to him.

The men scramble for cover. Ears still ringing.

There's an uneasy calm as their hearing slowly comes back.

Clarke checks himself for injuries. Remarkably, only superficial cuts and bruises.

Paxton is unconscious next to him. SEVERAL NAILS EMBEDDED in the backs of his thighs.

EXT. MINING CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Morvan's leg is bleeding as he drags himself along.

Santos grabs him. Pulls him into Odun's hut.

INT. ODUN'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

Basterra's already there as Santos drags Morvan inside.

SANTOS

He's got some shrapnel in his leg.
I'm gonna go check on the others.

Basterra nods, pulls out his combat knife and starts cutting away Morvan's uniform.

Morvan's wristband GPS is smashed. Basterra tosses it aside.

Clarke enters dragging Paxton, assisted by Santos.

Paxton's had his bell rung. His head flops from side to side as he struggles for consciousnesses.

Clarke slaps Paxton on the cheek to try and wake him up.

CLARKE

I've got it. Go check on Nomura.

Santos nods and exits.

EXT. KITCHEN TENT - NIGHT

Santos approaches Nomura who is still flat on his back.

Nomura's face and the front of his body are burnt and ripped by dozens of small pieces of shrapnel. He's unconscious.

Santos drags him toward Odun's hut.

Bullets ring out. They whizz over their heads and slam into the ground, kicking up the dust all around them.

INT. ODUN'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

Santos drags Nomura inside.

Clarke gets up to check Nomura.

CLARKE

How's he doing?

SANTOS

I think he's breathing.

Santos grabs his rifle and looks outside.

SANTOS POV of the surrounding jungle. Nothing.

He reaches into his bag and grabs his NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

NIGHT VISION POV: Still nothing.

Paxton starts to come around.

PAXTON

What's happening...?

Clarke checks Nomura's pulse and starts cutting off his uniform with his combat knife.

The mood is chaotic, frantic.

SGT. BASTERRA

Are they still shooting?

SANTOS

Not at the moment. I'm waiting to see which direction it's coming from.

Nomura is stripped to his underwear. His body is covered in dozens of shrapnel cuts. It's also covered with YAKUZA TATTOOS. Clarke and Santos share a look.

PAXTON

Jesus H. Christ.

CLARKE

We need water.

SANTOS

I think it was all destroyed.

CLARKE

Maybe there's a well, a pump --

SANTOS

There's too much mercury in the ground water for a well.

Santos hands over his canteen.

CLARKE

You too, Paxton.

PAXTON

What about me? It's all I got --

Clarke impatiently holds out his hand.

Paxton hands over his canteen. Grabs his leg in pain.

GUNFIRE RINGS OUT OUTSIDE.

SGT. MORVAN

Did you see where they are?

Santos shakes his head.

PAXTON

Why don't they just kill us?

CLARKE

(ignoring Paxton)

Anybody have a med kit?

Santos pulls out his SMALL IFAK MEDICAL KIT.

CLARKE (cont'd)

If not, we'll just have to pack the rest of the wounds with dirt.

Basterra pulls the piece of shrapnel out of Morvan's leg as Morvan bites down on his jacket collar and screams in pain.

Basterra pours water on the wound from his canteen.

CLARKE (cont'd)

Nomura... Can you hear me?

He slaps him on the side of the face to revive him.

Nomura groans a little.

Clarke pours water on a scrap of Nomura's shirt and uses it to clean the wounds. It reveals more of Nomura's tattoos.

CLARKE (cont'd)

Yakuza.

SANTOS

São Paulo Yakuza.

CLARKE

Brazil?

Santos points to a TATTOO on Nomura's shoulder. A SNAKE WRAPPED AROUND A KATANA WITH A JAPANESE CHARACTER ON A BANNER.

SUBTITLE: FURĪDAMU.

EXT. SÃO PAULO FAVELLA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A JAPANESE TEENAGER (Note: NOT Nomura) points his gun directly at camera. The same FURĪDAMU TATTOO visible on his forearm.

END OF FLASHBACK --

INT. ODUN'S HUT - CONTINUOUS FROM BEFORE

Santos' mind returns to the present.

SANTOS

Yeah, I've seen it before. It's the Furidamu syndicate from Liberdade. That's Japantown in São Paulo.

Clarke looks surprised. *Really?*

SANTOS (cont'd)

Yep, biggest community outside Japan.

Before Clarke can reply, Paxton pats him on the shoulder and points to the altar.

PAXTON

What's all this voodoo shit?

CLARKE

Some kind of shrine --

SANTOS

It's not voodoo. It's Winti.

PAXTON

What the fuck's *Winti*?

SANTOS

It's their religion. They believe they're connected to the spirit world.

PAXTON

I was right the first time. Voodoo shit.

SANTOS

They believe in these half-human, half-animal forest spirits that can possess people and pass themselves off as another spirit.

PAXTON

Yeah, we got that wampus shit too.

CLARKE

Paxton, check out the tools and jewelry making stuff over there. See if there's anything we can use?

Paxton searches through the gear.

PAXTON

What they need all this for anyway?

SANTOS

Because if they turn the gold into jewelry then the authorities can't confiscate it. It's classed as personal property.

PAXTON

Jeez. I'm surprised these guys don't walk around like rappers with some of them big-ass gold chains and shit.

(to Clarke)

You probably like all that rap shit.

Clarke gives him a look.

CLARKE

And you probably like both kinds of music... Country and Western.

Paxton gives up his half-hearted search.

PAXTON

Don't see much here we could really --

Nomura starts to come around...

CLARKE

Nomura, can you hear me?

NOMURA

How's Khenbish?

The others share a look.

Morvan sits up. He winces but deals with the pain. His mind made up, he's back in charge.

SGT. MORVAN

We head back to the boat tomorrow.

SGT. BASTERRA

No. We need to catch these motherfuckers.

SGT. MORVAN

Yeah, but we've already lost two men. We've got injured and we have no comms gear. We have to head back to base to restock and regroup. Then we'll come back with reinforcements --

SGT. BASTERRA

And wipe these *conchudas* off the face of the Earth.

EXT. MINING CAMP - DAWN

Establishing. Early morning mist hangs in the air.

EXT. ODUN'S HUT - DAWN

Santos keeps watch from inside. Rubs his face. He hasn't slept.

INT. ODUN'S HUT - DAWN

The injured men are resting.

Clarke wakes up as the sunlight hits his eyes. He squints.

CLARKE

How's it looking out there?

SANTOS

It's quiet. No movement.

Basterra sits in the corner. He's wide awake.

SGT. BASTERRA

Let's go.

EXT. JUNGLE STREAM - DAY

Basterra leads them across a shallow stream.

Clarke and Santos carry Ebbers's body on the makeshift litter. Nobody complains but carrying him is making life difficult.

Morvan and Paxton are limping but can walk.

Nomura is beaten-up but can walk. He's wearing a mismatched mixture of clothes he's borrowed from the others.

POV: SOMEONE WATCHING THEM FROM UP IN THE TREES.

Basterra raises his hand to stop them.

PAXTON

What is it?

Basterra shushes him. He listens as he scans the dense foliage around them.

SGT. BASTERRA

(points to his eye)

They're watching us.

The others watch for movement.

PAXTON

Jesus, how we supposed to compete with these people. They're from here. It's like they're part of the jungle.

SGT. BASTERRA

They're not from here. They're from Africa --

SANTOS

Go back far enough and we're all from Africa. They've lived in this rainforest for hundreds of years --

SGT. BASTERRA

And so they know this place like the back of their hands. There's probably booby traps all over the place. I can feel it. They're fucking savages --

CLARKE

They're not savages --

SGT. BASTERRA

-- Fuck you! You saw what they did to Ebbers and Khenbish. They'll kill you without a fucking second thought.

The others look around uneasily.

Basterra signals for them to move ahead.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

They arrive at the river bank to discover the boat is gone.

PAXTON

Where's the boat?

Morvan goes to where the boat was tied up and finds Khenbish's partially carved wooden spoon hanging from a string. He yanks it off, throws it into the river in frustration.

BASTERRA

La concha de la lora!

They're fucked.

PAXTON

So, what do we do now?

NOMURA

Maybe we can flag someone down?

SGT. BASTERRA

The locals make their living off these miners. They're not gonna help us.

SGT. MORVAN

Anyone ever tell you that you have a negative attitude?

They all laugh. It's a tension release.

WE HEAR A BOAT MOTOR off in the distance.

There's a beaten-up old FISHING BOAT approaching.

The men wave their arms and call out to the boat.

EVERYONE

Hey! Over here!

As the boat approaches, a Maroon appears on deck.

SGT. MORVAN

Wait... Is that...

As the boat gets closer we see that THE MAROON IS ODUN.

He rips off a BLUE TARP revealing TWIN M2 50-CALIBER MACHINE GUNS mounted to the front of the boat.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

GET DOWN!

LARGE CALIBER MACHINE GUN FIRE ERUPTS.

170 decibels of whomp-whomp-whomp-whomp

Trees are cut in half and foliage ripped apart by the savage barrage of huge bullets.

The men scatter and cower behind whatever cover they can find. They make a futile attempt to return fire.

Rat-tat-tat-tat --

The 50-caliber stops firing.

Morvan looks at the men. Puts his finger to his lips.

An uneasy silence.

THE LARGE CALIBER MACHINE GUN FIRE ERUPTS AGAIN.

The sheer destructive power of the massive bullets decimates the trees and foliage around them.

Morvan indicates for them to stay put and not return fire.

The 50-caliber stops firing.

Silence.

WE HEAR the boat's engine rev up.

Morvan cautiously peeks over his cover to see the boat leaving. No sign of Odun or anyone on deck.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

That fucking son-of-a-bitch! We're gonna kill him! We're gonna find and kill every fucking last one of them.

CLARKE

What do we do with Ebbbers?

The others turn to see that Ebbbers's body has been ripped to pieces by the gunfire.

Morvan lets out a sigh.

SGT. MORVAN

We bury him for now. We'll come back for him later.

SGT. BASTERRA

We should get off the riverbank.

SGT. MORVAN

We're gonna need food. Clarke, Paxton, go snag us something to eat. Me and Santos will go see if we can find any of these fuckers. Basterra, you go with Nomura and we'll meet you at the stream.

SGT. BASTERRA

No, you're injured. You go with Nomura and I'll go --

SGT. MORVAN

No. Santos knows the jungle better than you do.

Basterra is taken aback. He gives Santos the evil eye.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

Besides, I want that fucker alive...

EXT. JUNGLE - CLARKE - DAY

Clarke and Paxton quietly and cautiously stalk through the dense foliage. Their heads on swivels. Looking for prey.

PAXTON

Isn't this kinda pointless. Those fuckers gonna kill us all anyway.

Clarke ignores him.

PAXTON (cont'd)

I mean, even if they don't, we'll probably get killed by some goddamn poisonous snake or spider or... that's if the malaria, zika virus or some other shit don't kill us first.

CLARKE

Well, least we won't die of hunger.

PAXTON

Kind of ironic when ya think about it.

CLARKE

What's that?

PAXTON

I mean, we're sent here to protect the jungle, but the jungle does nothing but try to kill us.

CLARKE

Sounds like you've just figured out what it means to be a soldier.

Paxton chews on that thought for a moment.

PAXTON

My Daddy was a marine out in Iraq.

CLARKE

Did he make it back?

PAXTON

Yeah, he was awarded a silver star. He was a fucking goddamn hero. He acted 'without regard for his personal safety and courageously risked his life under enemy fire to save the lives of his fellow soldiers.' He's gone now though. The big C.

CLARKE

I'm sorry to hear that.

PAXTON

He always used to take me out hunting for deer and 'coons when I was a kid.

Clarke gives him the evil eye.

PAXTON (cont'd)

Racoons. (beat) Man, I remember one time when we was following this big ole monster buck. Huge it was. Sixteen point. Must of weighed 200 pounds. We'd been stalking it for...

Paxton spots a CAPYBARA.

Clarke turns to see what Paxton's looking at.

PAXTON (cont'd)

What the fuck is that?

CLARKE

It's a capybara.

PAXTON

Does it taste like chicken?

CLARKE

Supposed to taste like pork.

Paxton is closer. Has a better shot.

CLARKE (cont'd)

Shoot it.

Paxton hesitates.

PAXTON

What if it's one of them... voodoo Amp-oo-ki creatures?

CLARKE

Even more reason to kill it.

Paxton has it in his sights. The Capybara looks at him.

He can't bring himself to do it.

CLARKE (cont'd)

Take the shot.

PAXTON
Give me a second will ya.

Paxton still hesitates.

CLARKE
What are you waiting for? I thought
you said you were a hunter?

PAXTON
(flustered)
Just hold on a damn second.

CLARKE
A hunter doesn't hate his prey. You
know that, right. It's just what you
have to do to survive. Now stop being
a cunt and get on with it --

PAXTON
I SAID HOLD ON A GODDAMN SECOND!

BANG! Clarke shoots it instead.

PAXTON (cont'd)
I was just about to take my shot.

CLARKE
Stop being such a cunt.

PAXTON
Fuck you. I don't care what you think.

CLARKE
Jesus, Paxton. ALL of us think you're
a cunt. I bet if there was a
worldwide vote on who the biggest
cunt was, you'd come second.

PAXTON
Why second?

CLARKE
Cos you're a cunt.

Clarke tramps through the bush toward the fallen prey.
It's still alive. Barely. Motionless and breathing hard.

CLOSE ON CLARKE'S STOIC FACE.

WE HEAR A GUNSHOT.

EXT. DENSE JUNGLE - DAY

Morvan limps as he and Santos trudge along. The foliage getting more dense as they walk.

The jungle seems to be closing in on them.

POV: SOMEONE WATCHING THEM FROM UP IN THE TREES.

SANTOS

Chef, what are we doing here?

SGT. MORVAN

We're looking for tracks, you know what we are doing --

SANTOS

I mean why are we even in the rainforest. What are we *really* trying to do here?

SGT. MORVAN

We're doing our jobs. We follow our orders and protect the rainforest from people that are destroying it.

SANTOS

So, why did Basterra have to kill the kid back at the camp? (beat) And the two unarmed miners that we caught...

Morvan didn't know about the unarmed miners until now.

SGT. MORVAN

Sometimes we have to make tough choices and do what we have to do.

SANTOS

Look, I'm not trying to be rude, but they were just trying to make some money. I mean, fuck, I had a little brother that age.

SGT. MORVAN

Had?

SANTOS

He was murdered.

Morvan gives him a questioning look.

SANTOS (cont'd)

Some teenage gang banger shot him over a twenty *real* baggie of crack.

SGT. MORVAN

Look, I'm sorry about your brother,
but these... people can't just come
here and take what's not theirs.

SANTOS

But we can't just kill them. They're
only doing it because they have no
choice. If we want them to stop then
surely we need to give them better
alternatives. We owe it to them to --

SGT. MORVAN

We don't owe them anything. They're
not French. They come to MY country
and think that they can take whatever
the hell they want --

SANTOS

So, what about the indigenous people?

SGT. MORVAN

Those lazy fuckers don't do anything.
They just live here and don't
contribute a damn thing --

SANTOS

Isn't that their right? They were
here first. I mean, we're the
colonizers here --

SGT. MORVAN

Don't start with the colonizers shit.
YOUR people, and the fucking Spanish
and the Dutch came here and dragged
all these savages out the stone age.

POV: SOMEONE WATCHING THEM FROM UP IN THE TREES.

SANTOS

The conquistadors killed millions of
them? I don't think we helped them
much then and I don't see --

SGT. MORVAN

If you don't agree with what we are
doing then why are you here?

SANTOS

Because I needed a second chance...
and I actually thought that I could
make a difference and do some good --

SGT. MORVAN

(laughs)

Yeah, cos you Brazilians have done such a great job of protecting the rainforest so far.

SANTOS

Things are starting to change --

SGT. MORVAN

Well, if you really want to do some good then go back to France and stop all these fucking Muslims and Eastern Europeans from trying to take over.

SANTOS

(taken aback)

Wow! Well, if you hate immigrants so much, why do you serve in the Legion with all of us fucking immigrants?

SGT. MORVAN

You think I'm a racist?

Morvan glares at Santos. Santos glares right back.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

I'm not a racist. I don't hate foreigners. I'm just calling a cat a cat. I'll fight alongside anyone that's willing to die for France. What I hate are people coming to my country, taking handouts, threatening our security and then spitting in our faces. We owe them nothing. Nothing! Then they want to bring in their own culture, language, religion and destroy everything that is French. *THEY* are trying to colonize *US*. It is *THEM* who hate *US*.

SANTOS

How can you say they're taking over when there's like... a few thousand --

SGT. MORVAN

You're not counting all the illegals. There's millions. *MILLIONS* of them. We need to close our borders --

SANTOS

There's not millions... a few hundred thousand. Maybe --

SGT. MORVAN

No way. There's millions... and a million unemployed is one million immigrants too many. It was bad enough with all the Syrians, now we get all the fucking Ukrainians --

SANTOS

You seriously resent helping people to escape wars that are destroying their country?

SGT. MORVAN

They should stay and fight! This government has lost control --

SANTOS

It's no worse in France than anywhere else in Europe. It's probably worse in the U.K. and Germany --

SGT. MORVAN

They're all the fucking same... and I don't live in the U.K. or Germany --

SANTOS

You don't live in France either! You are in this country as an immigrant?

SGT. MORVAN

No, No. THIS IS FRANCE! Look, I don't care if they send their brightest and best to help make us better. Like we did after the Second World War... or like with the space port. That's fine... but why do we have to take all of the world's garbage?

SANTOS

You just listen to all the shit spouted by Le Pen and --

SGT. MORVAN

She's the only one that has the backbone to tell the truth and is trying to do anything about it! Stop all this fucking family reunification shit and limit benefits to French citizens only. *Je dis ça, je dis rien.*

SANTOS

Funny how people who say they want to help their own people first usually don't want to help their own poor --

SGT. MORVAN

That's not true. That's not fucking true. How fucking dare you --

SANTOS

Look, I just disagree. I think that --

SGT. MORVAN

Well you're not French and so fuck what you think. Now let's find this bastard and get the gold back to Kourou.

Morvan storms ahead. They walk on in silence.

EXT. JUNGLE - CLARKE - DAY

Clarke and Paxton head back. Paxton is falling behind. Clarke carries the dead capybara in a poncho.

PAXTON

Hold up. I gotta take a shit.

CLARKE

You can catch me up.

Paxton heads off the trail and pulls his pants down.

PAXTON

(sotto)
Asshole.

POV: SOMEONE WATCHING HIM FROM UP IN THE TREES.

He squats and spots something covered in fallen branches.

PAXTON (cont'd)

(calling out)
Hold up. There's something there.

He grabs some leaves and wipes his ass.

He heads over to the pile of branches and removes some --

-- REVEALING a QUAD BIKE hidden underneath.

PAXTON (cont'd)

Ho-ly SHIT!

He starts throwing the branches off as fast as he can.

PAXTON (cont'd)

(calling out)
I found one of the quads!

Paxton jumps on the quad and sees the key in the ignition.
He starts it up.

Clarke hears the engine. Turns around, starts heading back.

CLARKE
Wait! Hold up!

Paxton races down the trail toward Clarke.

PAXTON
Yeeeeeehaw!

He flies by Clarke, barely missing him.

CLARKE
Stop! Come back!

In the distance we see a cliff edge next to a waterfall.
Paxton barrels down the trail at breakneck speed --
The cliff edge approaches but Paxton can't see it from here.
CLOSE ON PIANO WIRE STRUNG ACROSS THE TRAIL.

Paxton races along and is SUDDENLY DECAPITATED.

The quad bike continues on with Paxton's headless corpse.

Paxton's head tumbles through the air and hits the ground
with a thud. It rolls and bounces to a stop.

The quad sails over the cliff edge and falls a hundred feet
before crashing into the water below.

The quad and Paxton disappear under the water.

OFF CLARKE'S STUNNED REACTION.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Morvan and Santos walk through the jungle.

Up ahead... THEY SPOT ODUN. His back to them.

Santos raises his rifle but Morvan lowers it with his hand.

Morvan shakes his head, takes out his combat knife.

He stealthily approaches Odun --

**A BAMBOO WHIP TRAP RELEASES. IT WHIPS AROUND AND --
PIERCES MORVAN IN THE CHEST.**

Foot long bamboo stakes are buried deep in his chest.

Morvan's eyes are wide with shock. He's unable to move.
 Struggling to breath.

Santos rushes to him.

SGT. MORVAN

Pull this fucking thing out of me.

SANTOS

I'm not sure that's a good --

SGT. MORVAN

Fucking pull it out... so we can go.

Santos knows Morvan is going to die. *We know too.*

Santos tries to pull the spikes out.

Morvan cries out in agony.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

Where's the Maroon?

Santos looks to where Odun was. He's disappeared.

Instead we see a **JAGUAR** watching them.

SANTOS

He's gone. But keep quiet. There's a jaguar over there.

SGT. MORVAN

That's him. That's the fucking Maroon!
 He's turned himself into a jaguar like
 one of those forest spirits.

The jaguar inches closer.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)

Get this thing off me, we've gotta go.

Santos doesn't know what to do. Frozen with indecision.

Should he leave Morvan and run?

He lifts his rifle at the jaguar.

The magnificent cat slinks ever closer.

Santos can't bring himself to shoot. Lowers his rifle.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)
Give me that fucking rifle.

The jaguar keeps coming.

Santos lines up the rifle again. He takes a shot. Misses.

The shot spooks the jaguar. It runs off.

SANTOS
It's gone.

SGT. MORVAN
Great. Just fucking perfect. Now get
this fucking thing off me.

Santos reaches into his bag, grabs a MORPHINE CAPSULE and a SYRINGE. He loads the syringe and jabs Morvan.

EXT. CLIFF EDGE - DAY

Clarke looks over the edge at the water below. He holds Paxton's head in his hands. No sign of Paxton or the quad.

CLARKE
So long, Paxton.

He tosses the head over the cliff and into the water below.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

Santos struggles to carry Morvan. He's exhausted.

Morvan is a blood soaked mess. A morphine smile creeps across his face. His eyes relaxed, strangely detached. Accepting, no longer fighting the inevitable.

SGT. MORVAN
Hold on. Put me down for a minute.

Santos complies.

POV: SOMEONE WATCHING HIM FROM UP IN THE TREES.

SGT. MORVAN (cont'd)
You should go on without me.

SANTOS
I'm not leaving you behind. Never give
up your wounded, right?

Morvan smiles.

SGT. MORVAN

Right. (beat) Well, go see if you can find me something to use as a crutch.

Santos walks away.

Morvan takes out his combat knife and slits his own throat.

Santos hears Morvan gurgle and turns back.

SANTOS

No, no, no, no...

He rushes over and cradles Morvan in his arms.

SGT. MORVAN

Get him. Get the gold to Kourou...

Morvan takes a few last gasps for air... and dies.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Santos arrives carrying Morvan's body. He's out of breath.

The others are already there. They rush over to help.

SANTOS

He's dead. Booby trap.

NOMURA

He's dead?! What does that mean for the rest of us?

Basterra notices that Morvan's throat has been cut.

SGT. BASTERRA

Who did this?

SANTOS

He did it to himself.

Basterra draws his pistol and points it at Santos.

SANTOS (cont'd)

I didn't kill him. He walked into a whip trap. He knew he was dying and I wouldn't leave him behind. Never give up your wounded, right?

Basterra moves closer to Santos.

CLARKE

Why would he kill him and then carry
him all the way back here! Think!

Basterra keeps the gun up for a moment and then backs down.

SANTOS

Where's Paxton?

CLARKE

He's dead.

SANTOS

What?! So, what do we do now?

SGT. BASTERRA

We find the Maroon.

CLARKE

You don't want him. You want the gold.

SGT. BASTERRA

Morvan was my friend. I will see him
avenged --

CLARKE

Bullshit.

SGT. BASTERRA

(incensed)

Bullshit? Who the fuck do you think
you're talking to you fucking *mono...*
anda a la concha de tu madre!

Basterra rushes Clarke and they fight. Their faces equally
consumed with rage. Clarke takes the blows, getting inside
Basterra's arm, twisting and flipping him in a wrestler's
grip - throwing him hard onto his back on the dirt floor.

Basterra reaches for his knife. He's on the verge - ready to
kill again. Santos pulls them apart.

SANTOS

Enough! We gotta stick together.

Basterra gets up. The two fighters stand apart and catch
their breath. Staring one another down.

NOMURA

So, where do you think they hid the
rest of the gold? And...and if we can
find it. I mean, what do we do?

CLARKE
What do you mean?

SANTOS
He wants to know if we gonna keep it.

CLARKE
No, we're gonna take it back to base?!
Besides, the gold's cursed. I don't --

HE HEAR the sound of an APPROACHING HELICOPTER.

They can't tell where it is coming from due to the heavy
jungle canopy above.

CLARKE (cont'd)
It's a helicopter.

SGT. BASTERRA
Sounds like one of ours.

The men all look around to try and spot it.

SANTOS
(points)
There!

They catch a glimpse of the helicopter through the canopy.

SGT. BASTERRA
It's one of ours!

The men run excitedly and look for a gap in the canopy.

NOMURA
It can't see us down here.

SGT. BASTERRA
Anyone got a flare?

The men all check their gear. Nothing.

The helicopter passes by and disappears into the distance.

SGT. BASTERRA (cont'd)
FUCK!

CLARKE
It'll be back.

An ominous gray sky peeks through the jungle canopy.

SGT. BASTERRA
As long as the weather holds.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

HEAVY RAIN.

TWO SMALL WOODEN CROSSES made from branches.

Morvan's marks his shallow grave. Paxton has only a cross.

The men stand with their heads bowed. Drenched by the rain.

SGT. BASTERRA

I'm asking You God, to give me what
you have left.
Give me those things which others
never ask of You.
I don't ask for rest, or tranquility.
Not that of the spirit, the body, or
the mind.
I don't ask You for wealth, or
success, or even health.
All those things are asked of You so
much Lord, that you can't have any
left to give.
Give me instead Lord what You have left.
Give me what others don't want.
I want uncertainty and doubt.
I want torment and battle.
And I ask that You give them to me now
and forever Lord, so I can be sure to
always have them, because I won't
always have the strength to ask again.
But give me also the courage, the
energy, and the spirit to face them.
I ask You these things Lord,
For only You can grant what can come
only from myself.

EVERYONE

Amen.

Each man silently reflects on the words of the Paratrooper's Prayer.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

HEAVY RAIN.

Santos leads Basterra, Clarke, and Nomura as they move in jungle formation through the undergrowth. Rain runs down their poncho hoods and into their eyes.

SGT. BASTERRA

There's no way that helicopter is making it back in this weather.

CLARKE

Gives you more time to avenge your friends...

SGT. BASTERRA

Anda cagar!

Santos raises his hand to stop them. He bends down and inspects the ground.

SANTOS

There's footprints here. Must be fresh or they would have washed away.

SGT. BASTERRA

Follow them.

They follow Santos into the dense foliage. It swallows them.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

HEAVY RAIN.

They're all soaked and miserable as they trudge along.

Santos is on point. He stops. Eyes searching the ground.

SANTOS

Shit! I've lost them.

Basterra sighs.

SGT. BASTERRA

Boludo... I'll take point.

Basterra leads them down a bank and into a small clearing.

Clarke looks up at the dense foliage on the ridges surrounding them.

Clarke, Santos, and Nomura share grim faced looks.

CLARKE

This doesn't look great...

SGT. BASTERRA

Mirá vos. Nobody cares.

CLARKE

We should head back the way we came.

SGT. BASTERRA

You head back if you want.

Basterra clucks like a chicken. Clarke glares at him.

SGT. BASTERRA (cont'd)

We move ahead.

Basterra turns and carries on.

CLARKE

Are you trying to get us killed?

Basterra turns back and gets in Clarke's face.

SGT. BASTERRA

Not US.

Basterra and Clarke are nose to nose.

SANTOS

For fuck's sake! What's with you two?

Basterra turns and walks off. Loudly singing the famous Argentinian football chant --

SGT. BASTERRA

(singing)

Y ya lo ve
y ya lo ve
El que no salta
es un ingles!

Translation: Now you see / now you see / He who doesn't jump / Is an Englishman).

CLARKE

What the fuck's your problem?

SGT. BASTERRA

(louder)

Y ya lo ve
y ya lo ve
El que no salta
es un --

BANG!

Basterra has stepped on a TOE-TAPPER BOOBY TRAP.

SLOW MOTION: A bullet, hidden in the ground, rips up through Basterra's foot and leg. It continues through his torso, exits and enters again below his jaw and exits through the side of his face. Blood, bone, and tissue spray everywhere.

GUNFIRE erupts from the dense vegetation.

Clarke, Santos, and Nomura dive for what little cover there is and return fire.

Basterra is exposed. Covered in blood and seriously wounded, he reaches for his weapon --

HIS HEAD IS RIPPED APART BY THE IMPACT OF A BULLET.

Santos looks over at Clarke who appears to be pointing his rifle at Basterra. Clarke sees Santos watching him and turns his rifle aim up to the ridge and fires.

One of the hidden Maroons is hit in the shoulder and tumbles forward out the foliage. He lands at the bottom of the ridge.

WE HEAR SOMEONE YELLING.

The gunfire subsides a little and we can just make out --

Odun's voice emanating from somewhere in the dense foliage.

ODUN (O.S.)
CEASE FIRE! CEASE FIRE!

The gunfire stops. An uneasy silence.

The injured SKINNY MAROON holds his shoulder and moans in pain.

ODUN (O.S.) (cont'd)
You are outnumbered and surrounded.
If you want to live, listen to what I
have to offer.

CLARKE
(shouting)
Show yourself. Maybe we can talk.

ODUN (O.S.)
Come and work for me. I will pay you
ten times what the French are paying
you and you will live free of all
their rules and lies. You can leave
whenever you want but I will make
life so good for you that you will
want to stay.

Clarke, Santos, and Nomura share looks.

NOMURA

(sotto)

We ain't getting out of here alive if we say no.

SANTOS

How do we know we can trust him?

CLARKE

It's bullshit. I'm not working for him. No way.

Clarke points his rifle at the injured, skinny Maroon.

CLARKE (cont'd)

(shouting)

Let us go, and we let your man live.

Santos turns to Clarke.

SANTOS

Don't do it Clarkey...

ODUN (O.S.)

Kill him. Keep him. I don't care.

The injured Maroon looks up. *What the fuck?*

SANTOS

That's not who you are. Don't do it.

Santos and the injured Maroon make eye contact.

Clarke galvanizes his aim on the injured Maroon.

CLARKE

I mean it...

BANG!

A GUNSHOT KICKS UP THE MUD mere inches from Clarke.

ODUN (O.S.)

So do I.

NOMURA

We can't sit here... flower watching.

CLARKE

He won't kill us. He needs us.

NOMURA

What do you mean? They shot Basterra.

Santos gives Clarke a look. *They didn't kill Basterra...*

Clarke ignores him... but Nomura picks up on it.

CLARKE

If he kills us, he knows the Legion will unleash all holy hell on him and he needs us to keep them at bay.

SANTOS

They're gonna come after him anyway.

CLARKE

Exactly, and he can't beat them without our inside knowledge.

NOMURA

(sotto)

So, let's pretend to join with him. And then... kill him.

They share a look for a moment. Clarke makes up his mind.

CLARKE

(shouting)

Okay, you got a deal.

ODUN (O.S.)

Step away from your weapons.

Clarke puts his weapon down and stands with his hands up.

Nomura and Santos follow suit.

Two more Maroons appear from the undergrowth brandishing rifles. One BALD, one TALL.

Odun emerges and approaches Clarke. Looks him up and down.

ODUN

Wise choice.

EXT. RIDGE - DAY

The rain has stopped. The sky is clear.

Clarke, Nomura, and Santos are in front of Odun and the three Maroons as they follow a trail uphill.

The injured, skinny Maroon's shoulder is bandaged.

The Tall Maroon carries the stolen RADIO.

We can hear the buzzing of a million mosquitoes out after the rain. They're eating everyone alive... except Odun.

They reach the top of a narrow ridge where there is a break in the jungle canopy.

A spectacular view of the rainforest stretches out in all directions around them.

Odun points to the TALL MAROON who's carrying the radio and gestures to Nomura. The Maroon takes the radio to him.

ODUN

I want you to radio your HQ and check in. Tell them everything is good and that you are following a trail and need a few more days.

Nomura looks to Clarke. Clarke nods.

Nomura picks up the radio handset.

NOMURA

EMSOME HQ, EMSOME HQ, this is Jaguar zero two, over.

Static and indecipherable voices. Then --

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Jaguar zero two, this is ENSOME HQ. Haven't heard from you in two days. What's your situation, over.

NOMURA

ENSOME HQ, sorry, we've had no signal. Canopy here is too thick. This is the first chance we've had to check in, over.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Jaguar zero two, is Jaguar zero one with you, over.

NOMURA

ENSOME HQ, yes, confirm that Jaguar zero one is with us. They suffered comms failure and this unit is the only one working, over.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Jaguar zero two, what is your present location, over.

Odun checks his watch and steps forward.

ODUN
Finish the call.

NOMURA
ENSOME HQ, we're following a
promising trail. Just need a couple
more days, over.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
Jaguar zero two, repeat, what is your
present location, over.

ODUN
Finish it.

NOMURA
EMSOME HQ, sorry, losing your signal.
Will check in as soon as we get
reception again, over.

Odun nods and reaches for the power switch on the radio.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
Jaguar zero two --

CLICK. Odun turns off the power.

ODUN
Good. Good. You did well.

Odun turns to Clarke.

ODUN (cont'd)
I need you too. You're good. I need
your training and experience.

Clarke's face shows no emotion.

Odun turns to Santos.

ODUN (cont'd)
You. I do not need.

Odun turns back to Clarke. Hands him his rifle.

ODUN (cont'd)
Kill him.

Santos looks from Odun to Clarke. *What the fuck?*

CLARKE
Why? He's useful.

ODUN

Think of it as a loyalty test.

Clarke fixes Odun with a stony expression.

His hands tighten around the rifle. He looks to Santos.

The Maroons point their rifles at Clarke and Nomura.

CLARKE

Fine. Whatever. But, I think you're making a mistake. He knows a lot about being in the jungle.

ODUN

So do we.

Fuck. He's got him there...

Clarke looks Odun in the eye.

CLARKE

I'll kill him, but tell your men to put their weapons down. Trust goes both ways, yeah.

Odun regards Clarke for a second and then motions for his men to lower their weapons. They comply.

Clarke goes over to Santos. They lock eyes.

CLARKE (cont'd)

(sotto)

Sur le bord!

Santos narrows his eyes. *What?*

Clarke grabs Santos and yells --

CLARKE (cont'd)

Sur le bord!

(Translation: Over the edge!)

Clarke pulls him over the edge of the ridge and they tumble and disappear down the steep bank.

The TALL MAROON raises his rifle at Nomura as the BALD MAROON moves to the edge.

Nomura grabs the bald Maroon and uses him as a shield.

The tall Maroon tries to get a bead on Nomura.

He shoots, accidentally HITTING THE BALD MAROON IN THE BACK OF THE SHOULDER.

Nomura pulls the bald Maroon over the edge with him.

The Tall Maroon rushes to the edge and opens fire at the men tumbling down the bank below.

The bank is far too steep to follow them.

Odun watches them as they disappear into the dense foliage.

EXT. RIDGE SLOPE - DAY

Clarke slips, falls, gets up, tries to run, flips, and slides down the steep bank.

Santos tumbles next to him. Smashes off a large tree.

It's brutal and painful. He's winded.

Nomura rolls and slides next to him. He tries to stay on his feet as he strides and jumps down the slope. HIS RIGHT ARM SMACKS INTO A TREE. Injured, but not broken.

The bald Maroon's arm slams into a large rock.

CRACK. It's brutally broken. Mangled into an S-shape.

EXT. BASE OF RIDGE - DAY

They all crash to a stop at the bottom of the ridge.

They lay where they landed for a moment, groaning.

CLARKE

Everyone okay?

They assess themselves for injuries.

Clarke and Santos are beaten up. Cuts and bruises.

SANTOS

(out of breath)

I'm okay.

CLARKE

Nomura?

Nomura holds his right arm.

NOMURA

I'm okay.

The bald Maroon is in a bad way, He grits his teeth in pain. He's bleeding from the bullet wound. His left arm broken.

SANTOS

(out of breath)

We have to get out of sight (beat)
before he comes after us.

CLARKE

He won't come after us. He doesn't
have enough men.

EXT. JUNGLE CAMP - DAY

Clarke interrogates the bald Maroon. He's done this before. Many times. Clarke has him in a 'stress position.'

He's hooded, bound and forced to stand on the balls of his feet while squatting. His thighs parallel to the ground.

CLARKE

Just tell us where he is and this can
all stop.

The Maroon struggles to maintain the position. Says nothing.

CLARKE (cont'd)

Come on. Tell us where his camp is
and you can lay down.

Nomura is growing impatient. He rubs his injured right arm.

NOMURA

How long is this going to take?

CLARKE

As long as it takes.

Santos uses his hands to indicate for Nomura to calm down.

Nomura lets out a loud impatient sigh.

Clarke removes the Maroon's hood. Takes out a pack of cigarettes, offers one to his prisoner.

The Maroon looks straight ahead.

Clarke lights a cigarette. Takes a draw. Looks deep into the Maroon's eyes.

CLARKE (cont'd)
Tell us where he is.

The Maroon ignores him.

CLARKE (cont'd)
How many of you are there?

The Maroon ignores him.

CLARKE (cont'd)
Odun and two more. One's injured.

The Maroon makes eye contact with Clarke.

BALD MAROON
Fifty.

Clarke watches him carefully. He's reading his eye movements to tell if he's lying.

CLARKE
Bullshit.

NOMURA
This is a fucking waste of time.

Nomura takes out his pistol, shoves it in the Maroon's face.

NOMURA (cont'd)
Where the fuck is he?

Clarke pushes the pistol away and grabs Nomura's right arm. Nomura winces with pain. Santos steps forward to help.

CLARKE
I've got this.

Clarke shoves Nomura away. His pride hurt more than his arm.

The Maroon makes eye contact with Nomura.

NOMURA
Why are you looking at me like that?
Huh? What are you looking at?

The Maroon maintains his stare. Then smirks.

Nomura shoots the Maroon in the leg. He falls to the ground.

Clarke shakes Nomura. Nomura winces again. Grabs his arm

CLARKE
What the fuck is wrong with you?

Nomura turns his gun on Clarke. Clarke disarms him, folds his right arm behind his back and forces him to the ground.

Nomura cries out in pain.

Santos pulls Clarke away. Tries to deescalate the situation.

SANTOS
TAKE IT EASY. BOTH OF YOU.

Clarke and Nomura glare at one another.

Santos picks the Maroon up off the ground.

Clarke goes to put the hood back on him.

MAROON
Okay, okay. I'll take you to him.

CLARKE
That's better.

Santos whispers in Clarke's ear.

SANTOS
Could be a trap.

CLARKE
There's only one way to find out.

EXT. JUNGLE HILLSIDE - DAY

The bald Maroon limps as he leads them downhill along a jungle trail. Nomura's right arm is in a MAKESHIFT SLING.

NOMURA
How much gold you think this guy has?

Santos shrugs. Clarke ignores him.

Nomura grabs the Maroon.

NOMURA (cont'd)
How much does he have? Where does he keep it?

The Maroon ignores him. Nomura releases his grip.

NOMURA (cont'd)
Well I know we're all gonna be RICH!
(Japanese; subtitled)
One's act, one's profit.

CLARKE
We're not keeping it.

Nomura stops in his tracks.

NOMURA
What the fuck do you mean?

CLARKE
We're handing it in. We're not keeping it.

POV: SOMEONE WATCHING THEM FROM UP IN THE TREES.

NOMURA
You gotta be joking! After all of this! I'm not handing in my share.

Nomura turns to Santos.

NOMURA (cont'd)
He's crazy, right? We're not handing it in, right?

Santos doesn't answer. Nomura turns back to the Maroon.

NOMURA (cont'd)
Look, tell us where the gold is and we'll give you a cut. Huh?

The Maroon ignores him.

CLARKE
Quit it. We are not --

Clarke's foot STEPS INTO A COVERED HOLE IN THE GROUND.

BAMBOO STAKES rip into his foot and calf. Some point up, others down at an angle from the sides. Trapping his leg

Clarke cries out in pain.

Santos rushes to him.

Clarke struggles to remove his leg from the trap. His training says he shouldn't, but his primal instincts win.

SANTOS
Stop moving. Stop moving.

Clarke cries out in agony.

Santos tries to hold the leg still and calm him down.

SANTOS (cont'd)
Easy. Easy. Keep still.

Clarke stops moving and takes deep, heavy breaths.

Nomura grabs the Maroon and jams his PISTOL barrel into the Maroon's mouth, breaking his teeth with an ugly sound.

NOMURA
You did this! You led us here!

The Maroon frantically shakes his head. Chokes on the gun.

SANTOS
Leave him alone, Nomura.

NOMURA
He's leading us into a trap.

SANTOS
I said leave him alone. Come and help me over here.

Nomura approaches Clarke but keeps his pistol on the Maroon. He sniffs the air.

NOMURA
Did you shit yourself?

CLARKE
(gritted teeth)
No!

SANTOS
Smells like they covered the Punji spikes with shit. We've got to get him back before infection sets in.

Clarke tries to move and cries out again. Nomura's agitated by the noise. He looks anxiously around the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

Santos carries Clarke. His leg is a bloody mess. The flesh ripped to shreds. Dirt and shit smeared all over.

CLARKE
Hold on. Put me down for a minute.

SANTOS
We gotta get you back. In this heat and humidity the infection will --

CLARKE

(firm)

Put me down.

Santos puts him on the ground. Clarke sighs with relief.

SANTOS

Look on the bright side. You get automatic French Citizenship now for being injured. *Français par le sang versé, huh.* French by spilled blood.

CLARKE

Great. Now I only need to wear body armor on my back.

SANTOS

You haven't lost your sense of humor.

Clarke laughs and then screams out in pain.

POV: SOMEONE WATCHING HIM FROM UP IN THE TREES.

Nomura drags Santos away. Out of earshot.

NOMURA

(sotto)

He's going to get us killed if he doesn't shut up. Otherwise, we'll have to leave him here.

SANTOS

We're not leaving him behind. We never give up our wounded, right?

The Maroon watches the chaos, seizes the opportunity... and tries to make a run for it. He limps frantically --

Nomura turns, raises his pistol and --

SHOOTS THE MAROON IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD.

BRAINS AND BLOOD FLY as the Maroon drops to the ground.

NOMURA

(Japanese; subtitled)

Evil cause, evil effect.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE JUNGLE - SUNSET

From above the jungle canopy, we watch the sunset.

Reds, oranges, and golds fill the sky as the sun sinks.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Santos is sleeping in their makeshift camp.

Cicadas and the sounds of the jungle at night surround him. It's soothing. Peaceful.

He's suddenly awoken by the sound of choking.

Santos looks over to see Clarke choking and convulsing.

He rushes to his side. Checks Clarke's mouth to make sure his airway is clear.

Clarke arches his back and neck. His eyebrows raised, his face fixed with a sardonic grin. It's the characteristic muscle spasms associated with Strychnine poisoning. It's gruesome and terrifying to witness.

SANTOS

What happened?

Clarke tries to speak but can't.

Nomura appears.

NOMURA

Looks like sepsis.

SANTOS

I don't think so.

NOMURA

I've seem it before. Junkies getting it from sharing needles.

SANTOS

Yeah, I've been around junkies too. It wasn't like this. This is more like poisoning.

Nomura looks around the jungle.

NOMURA

Poison dart?

SANTOS

Maybe...

Santos checks Clarke for poison darts or signs of attack.

Nomura takes out his canteen.

SANTOS (cont'd)
No. Don't give him any water.

NOMURA
Is there anything we can do?

SANTOS
No. He needs a hospital.

NOMURA
So, what do we do?

Santos looks at him. *There's nothing we can do.*

The convulsions intensify. His breathing more strained.

Santos holds him in a bear hug. He rocks him in his arms.

SANTOS
It's okay. It's okay. I'm with you my
friend. I'm right here.

Clarke makes eye contact with Santos. His eyes pleading.

SANTOS (cont'd)
You're a tough bastard, Clarkey. One
of the best men I've ever known.

Clarke's convulsions decrease. His breathing more shallow.

SANTOS (cont'd)
It's okay. It's okay. I got you.

Clarke stops breathing.

Santos holds him for a beat longer. Then lays him down.

SANTOS (cont'd)
What the fuck? You were supposed to
be keeping watch.

NOMURA
I didn't see anything! You woke up as
soon as he started making a noise.

Santos stands up. Collects his thoughts for a moment.

SANTOS
(matter of fact)
We bury him and move out.

Off Nomura. *Is that guilt on his face?*

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Santos and Nomura trudge through the jungle.

Nomura stops and adjusts his arm sling. When he thinks Santos isn't looking he leaves a mark in the dirt with his boot to indicate which direction they are going.

Santos notices.

NOMURA

Maybe we should cut a deal with Odun. He could use our protection. We could be his security. We'd be rich and not have to answer to any government or --

SANTOS

Whose side are you on?

NOMURA

MY side. The weak are meat, the strong eat.

SANTOS

You're Brazilian and you don't even give a shit about the rainforest?

NOMURA

I'm Japanese, not Brazilian.

SANTOS

When did you last go to Japan?

Nomura looks at him in silence.

SANTOS (cont'd)

You've probably never been to Japan!

NOMURA

Fuck you. Who the fuck put you in charge anyway? I say we make a deal --

SANTOS

So, what? If I say no to Odun, you gonna poison me in my sleep?

NOMURA

Or you gonna shoot me like Clarke shot Basterra?

Santos turns his rifle on Nomura.

SANTOS

What the fuck did you say?

They square off.

NOMURA

I didn't kill him. The infection did.

SANTOS

That wasn't a fucking infection. I've seen sepsis before. That was poison.

NOMURA

You're insane...

SANTOS

He'll kill you.

NOMURA

Who?

SANTOS

Odun. He'll never trust you. He's too smart and you're too dumb.

NOMURA

Fuck you.

Nomura pulls his pistol --

Santos pulls his pistol a millisecond later. It's a standoff.

Santos is mad. Shaking with an anger he can barely control.

SANTOS

What the fuck is wrong with you? Has everyone in the world gone crazy?

NOMURA

Put the gun down.

SANTOS

Doesn't anybody have any fucking loyalty, or... or decency anymore?

Nomura galvanizes his aim. His finger tightens on the trigger.

NOTE: THIS SHOT MIRRORS THE SHOT OF THE TEENAGE JAPANESE KID POINTING HIS GUN DIRECTLY AT CAMERA FROM THE EARLIER FLASHBACK.

NOMURA

Put the fucking gun down or I'll --

SANTOS SHOOTS. Two shots.

One bullet hits Nomura in the eye. The other in the chest.

Nomura slumps to his knees and bleeds out through his nose and mouth. He gargles a few last blood filled breaths --

-- and falls face first to the ground. Dead.

Santos collapses to his knees. *What has he become?*

He screams at the jungle.

Disturbed birds fly from their perches as other wildlife cries and shrieks at the scream.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

Santos shuffles along a trail. Head down. Zoned out. Detached.

There's a rustle in the foliage up ahead.

He stops, looks up and listens carefully.

A little way ahead... A **JAGUAR** watches him.

They regard one another for a beat.

The jaguar turns and slowly slinks away.

Santos quietly follows it.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Santos follows the jaguar from a distance. It leads him into a small clearing. Dense foliage all around. He's cornered.

The jaguar disappears off into the vegetation.

Odun walks out of the foliage and stands before him. Unarmed.

Santos raises his rifle and takes aim at Odun.

ODUN

I do not fear death.

Santos looks around for the jaguar and the other Maroons.

ODUN (cont'd)

You've heard of the Ampuku?

SANTOS

The jungle spirits?

Odun nods.

ODUN

We are the masters of the forest. We adsorb all of life's spiritual experiences and are filled with Kra, a pure soul. After the Yoroka, the physical body dies, the Kra goes back to the Dyodyo and the Yoroka goes to the realm of the dead. And the circle continues. It is all part of nature. Part of life.

SANTOS

Give me a break. You're just a greedy hypocrite. You're destroying all this (waves arms) mining gold --

ODUN

The rainforest is the heart and lungs of the planet. We will not let them come here and kill it. Killing it, kills all of us. Even them.

SANTOS

So, what's the answer?

ODUN

We use the gold to stop them.

SANTOS

So, where is the gold?

ODUN

Join me and I will share it with you. I'll make you a rich man. If that is what you really want.

SANTOS

And what do you really want?

ODUN

Respect. Dignity. We will not remain quiet. We will show them our strength --

SANTOS

By stealing the forest's treasures?

ODUN

The treasure is inside us. In here.

Odun taps his chest.

Santos has a moment of realization. Slaps his forehead.

SANTOS
You swallowed it.

ODUN
(taken aback)
What?

SANTOS
You swallowed the fucking gold.

Santos points his rifle at Odun again.

ODUN
You would kill a man over pure greed?
How much is a man's life worth? How
about an entire culture? The Planet?

SANTOS
You've killed men for less.

The skinny, injured Maroon appears from the foliage.

ODUN
Kill him.

The Maroon makes eye contact with Santos.

Santos stares back. Shakes his head. *Don't do it...*

The Maroon struggles. *It was Santos who saved him before.*

ODUN (cont'd)
I said KILL HIM!

The Tall Maroon appears and raises his rifle at Santos.

Before Santos can react, the Skinny Maroon turns his rifle on the Tall Maroon instead. He fires, killing him instantly.

He then turns his rifle toward Odun...

Odun fixes him with a steely gaze.

The JAGUAR roars out of the foliage and attacks the Skinny Maroon. Rips out his throat. Blood gushes from the huge wound.

The jaguar turns its gaze toward Santos.

It turns and slowly walks toward him... *Ohhhh SHIT!*

Santos fires, misses.

The jaguar's getting closer.

He fires again. SHIT! *HE'S OUT OF AMMO.*

Jaguar's getting even closer.

Santos throws down his rifle --

THE JAGUAR POUNCES --

Santos grabs it in midair and they crash to the ground.

The jaguar's jaws are inches away from Santos' face.

Its mouth slowly opens wider. It's hot breath on his face, about to sink its huge fangs into his neck.

Santos struggles to keep the predator at bay --

-- His fingers stretch and reach for his COMBAT KNIFE.

THE JAGUAR SINKS ITS TEETH INTO SANTOS' LEFT SHOULDER.

Santos SCREAMS in agony.

He grabs HIS COMBAT KNIFE --

DRIVES IT INTO THE JAGUAR'S NECK.

The Jaguar releases it's bite and pulls back. ROAR!

Santos removes the knife and shoves it into the Jaguar's chest. And again. And again. And again.

The huge cat thrashes around, fighting for its life.

Santos keeps stabbing. Again. And again. And again.

Finally, the jaguar falls limp to the ground.

Santos pushes the dead animal off of him and catches his breath as he lays on the jungle floor.

Out of nowhere, Odun hits him with a rock. It glances off Santos' cheek. Crushing the bone.

Santos sweeps Odun's legs away. He falls.

The two men wrestle, punch, claw, and scratch on the ground.

It's shocking, brutal, primal. Both quick, fast, agile, mean.

Odun straddles Santos and grabs his throat. Santos pushes Odun's face back as Odun tries to strangle him.

Odun's lips are specked with foam. His eyes wide as he sinks his fingers into the bite wound on Santos' shoulder.

Santos cries out in pain.

He HEADBUTTS ODUN. Blood erupts from Odun's broken nose.

Odun struggles free and stands. Spits out blood.

Santos scrambles to his feet as the two square off.

Odun adopts a CAPAOEIRA 'GINGA' stance.

Santos adopts a more traditional street fighting stance.

Odun unleashes a 'MEIA LUA DE COMPASSO' ROUNDHOUSE KICK --

It CONNECTS WITH SANTOS' JAW before he knows what hit him.

Santos staggers back. Wipes his mouth. *Okay... Okay...*

THE FIGHT IS ON!

Odun's rhythmic CAPAOEIRA martial arts style is dance-like.

Santos is a STREET FIGHTER through and through. Raw. Brutal.

Odun is masterful, controlled. At one with his surroundings.

Santos is outclassed. Down, but not out, fighting for his life. Adrenaline coursing through his veins. The essence of all the evil in the world, the greed, fear, hatred, now manifested in Odun before him.

They trade kicks, leg sweeps, elbow strikes, and punches. A shockingly brutal and ruthless ballet of violence.

Eventually, Odun gains the upper hand and wears him down. Santos is tired. He's had about as much of a shit kicking as any man can take. He's stunned.

Odun unleashes the coup de grâce.

He runs, jumps, and springs off of a tree as he's about to JUMP KICK Santos.

Santos PUNCHES ODUN IN THE STOMACH in mid-air.

Odun crashes to the ground. DOUBLED OVER IN PAIN.

A more severe reaction than expected.

Blood spurts out of Odun's mouth as he holds his stomach.

The gold has ruptured his stomach lining.

Santos retrieves his KNIFE from the jaguar's chest.

He stands over Odun and watches as he writhes in pain.

Odun gurgles and gasps through the blood.

Santos holds the knife high above his head and --

PLUNGES IT INTO ODUN'S STOMACH.

He rips the knife across Odun's belly, tearing it open.

Odun's still alive, barely. Tries to scream through the blood.

Santos reaches into Odun's stomach and pulls out a handful of SMALL GOLD INGOTS. Odun's eyes wide with pain and fear.

SANTOS

It was never yours to take.

Santos reaches in for another handful. Then another.

Odun stops breathing. His body still.

Santos crumbles with exhaustion. His hands, face, and body covered in Odun's blood. He'll never be the same again.

What has happened here will live forever in his nightmares.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Santos limps and stumbles along a rainforest trail. He's injured. Bleeding. Covered in fresh and dried blood.

He stops to reach for a vine. He cuts it with his knife and takes a drink of the water inside.

He lets the water pour over his blood stained hands and wash onto the jungle floor. The dirt adsorbs the water and blood.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Santos limps out of the rainforest and into a huge open field.

There are hundreds of GRAVES WITH SIMPLE WOODEN CROSSES.

As he passes by the graves we notice that almost all the crosses have the same date of death.

APRIL 11, 2020.

Santos looks around, checking all the crosses.

APRIL 11, 2020.

Again and again, the same date.

A YOUNG GIRL appears (early teens, indigenous - Wayana tribe). She approaches cautiously.

YOUNG GIRL
(French; subtitled)
Are you alright? Do you need help?

SANTOS
(French; subtitled)
What is this place?

YOUNG GIRL
(French; subtitled)
The graveyard for our village.

SANTOS
(French; subtitled)
Why do these all have the same date?

YOUNG GIRL
La Covid.

Santos stops and looks around at the huge field of graves.

INT. VILLAGE CLINIC - DAY

A crucifix on a plain white wall. It's a basic village clinic. A simple room with an old exam table, a desk and some plastic chairs.

Santos is being examined by a NURSE (30s, indigenous - Wayana tribe). She cuts his uniform away with scissors.

The young girl stands by the door. The nurse turns to her.

NURSE
Go and tell Jean to telephone the base in Kourou and tell them we have one of their soldiers. (turning to Santos) What's your name?

SANTOS
Santos. Legionnaire Alfonso Santos. Tell them to ask for Colonel Dubois.

NURSE
Go and tell him.

The nurse shoos her away with her hand. The girl runs off.

The nurse returns to her examination.

SANTOS

Why are there so many graves out there with the same date?

NURSE

For the first four months of the pandemic, nobody came. We were abandoned. I was the only person with any medical training.

SANTOS

Nobody?

NURSE

Nobody. There was no food from outside and no gold to pay for it anyway.

SANTOS

Gold?

NURSE

Gold is our only currency here. It's how we pay for food, gasoline, everything. No miners, no gold.

The nurse has removed most of his uniform. He's covered in gang tattoos including a large CARP (fish) on his arm.

She examines his wounds. Moves him onto his side.

On his back is a large tattoo of the *Nossa Senhora Aparecida*. (Note: The Patron Saint of Brazil. In gang culture this signifies someone has committed murder).

NURSE (cont'd)

That's quite the tattoo.

Santos looks embarrassed.

NURSE (cont'd)

So, not always a soldier I see. Sometimes you just kill for money.

SANTOS

It's all the same thing, isn't it?

The nurse raises her eyebrows. Santos looks ashamed.

SANTOS (cont'd)

It was a long time ago.

NURSE

We need to get you to a hospital.
There's only so much I can do here.

SANTOS

Pass me my jacket.

NURSE

You don't need that right now --

He points insistently to his jacket on the table.

SANTOS

Please. Pass me my jacket.

The nurse picks it up. It's heavier than she expects.

She hands it to him. He reaches into the pockets and pulls out a handful of SMALL GOLD INGOTS.

SANTOS (cont'd)

There's more in the other pockets.

NURSE

You're going to have to take that
into town yourself if you want to get
it exchanged --

SANTOS

I don't want it. Give it to the
village.

The nurse pauses for a moment and then puts the jacket back on the table. She goes back to tending to his injuries.

NURSE

Do you believe this offering will
save your soul?

The nurse motions to the crucifix on the wall.

SANTOS

From purgatory?

The nurse gives him a questioning look. *Well?*

SANTOS (cont'd)

Maybe not, but it's a start...

NURSE

Luke 12:59 *You will not get out until
you have paid the last penny.*

Off Santos' face as he reflects on her words.

EXT. VILLAGE CLINIC - DAY

A GREY FRENCH MILITARY HELICOPTER approaches.

Santos stands next to the FEMALE VILLAGE CHIEF and the nurse. He's been joined by a large group of villagers, including many children.

The Chief says something in the local dialect to the Nurse.

NURSE

She wants to thank you again for your gift. The forty thousand dollars will go a long way to helping the village. It will have a massive impact.

Santos is momentarily surprised. *Forty thousand. That's it?*

SANTOS

(to himself)

Forty thousand dollars...

The helicopter lands and Santos limps toward it.

A soldier jumps out and helps him get inside.

The villagers wave as the helicopter takes off.

INT./EXT. MILITARY HELICOPTER - DAY - FLYING

Santos watches the village disappear into the distance.

They fly over the vastness of the jungle canopy that stretches as far as the eye can see.

THE END