

ANACONDA

DRAFT BY

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1 EXT. RIO AMAZONAS, BRAZIL - DUSK 1

A high aerial view of the Amazon, winding as far as the eye can see through the planet's least-known rain forest. The last flare of the setting sun casts an amber glow.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. UNNAMED TRIBUTARY/RIVERBOAT - NIGHT 2

Dark water reflects the moon. POV AT WATER LEVEL, slowly weaving toward the kerosene running lights of a traditional AMAZON RIVERBOAT sitting slightly lopsided in the water. We may catch a glimpse of a body lying by the river's edge near the boat.

2A EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS 2A

The POV glides in as the occasional squawk of a parrot or chatter of a monkey punctuates the otherwise ominous silence of the jungle. Now circles the riverboat, then dips underwater...we should see that the BOAT'S ENGINE is battered and non-functional, beyond repair. SFX of the engine grinding, someone trying desperately, futilely to get it started.

2B EXT. RIVERBOAT ("RAMONA") - NIGHT 2B

Faded lettering on her shallow draft hull informs us she's the "RAMONA". A poacher's pride and joy, stocked with NETS, TRAPS, CANISTERS: tools of the trade, but in this instance chosen with a single prey in mind. From inside the CREW CABIN we can just hear a SINGLE, EXHAUSTED VOICE, speaking in Portugese, and, very low on the soundtrack, STRANGE MUSIC, Brazilian pop, playing half-speed...

3 INT. RAMONA CREW CABIN NIGHT 3

The music a bit louder; the VOICE, still off-screen, more obviously desperate. THE CAMERA takes in the cramped quarters, illuminated by the flickering light of an OIL LAMP. There is a single chair and a small table and FOUR BUNKS, each one showing evidence of having been recently occupied...a duffel bag near one, clothes strewn about another, yet another unmade with a BOOMBOX resting near the pillow. THE MUSIC comes from the boombox: we see a tape spinning, slower and slower, as the batteries die...

The camera comes to a rest on the source of the voice: an older INDIAN MAN, his face scarred and glistening with the sweat of fear. He sits before a SHORTWAVE RADIO, frantically

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

attempting to bring the dead piece of hardware to life-- twisting the dial, babbling into the mike. All in vain: we don't even hear static from the radio.

A SUDDEN SMALL BUMP shakes the boat, and the POACHER. He freezes for a moment, then quickly rises, grabbing a NEARBY GUN and a HAMMER. He moves to the door, passing a picture tacked on the wall: THE PICTURE shows THREE MEN, proudly holding a LARGE SNAKE, about twenty feet long. The SNAKE is muzzled and harnassed with high tech trapping apparati. We recognize one of the men as the poacher...the second man has Indian features. The third is a particularly cocky Caucasian, wearing a T-shirt with the ROLLING STONES TRADEMARK tongue on it.

4 EXT. BOAT DECK NIGHT.

4

The Poacher dares to emerge. He looks around, firearm leveled. He mumbles in Portugese...threats mixed with pleas punctuated by prayers, the ramblings of a schizophrenic...as he crosses the deck, his eyes darting to the river.

S-SHAPED WAVES roll across the dark water's surface and lap against the hull, rocking the boat. He gets on all fours and uses the hammer claw to pry planks from the wooden deck.

A bucket rolls across the deck. He spins, FIRES, CLANGS a hole through it. Hesitates, goes back to his chore, still mumbling. He tears up some deck planks, drags them into the cabin and slams the door. We hear now HAMMERING SOUNDS.

5 INT. RAMONA CREW CABIN - NIGHT

5

The poacher begins to nail wood planks to the doorframe...

6 POV-- UNDERWATER

6

The unseen presence seems to be casing the boat, looking for the most vulnerable area of attack.

7 INT. CREW CABIN NIGHT

7

Nailed inside the cabin, the poacher backs to the table, taking a swig of liquor before moving back to the radio. Now he simply hits it. And now we hear a sputter of static. HOPE. He picks up the mike and begins to talk into it but at just that moment:

SOMETHING BUMPS UP UNDERNEATH THE FLOORBOARDS. A SUDDEN JOLT, strong enough to knock the radio off the table, which shatters into pieces when it hits the floor. The Poacher's

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

eyes, wide with terror, lock on the floorboards. More BUMPING AND THUMPING. Little by little the old floorboards are giving way, the rusty nails shaking loose. The Poacher leaps across the cramped room and begins prying off the planks which he'd just nailed over the door.

The floorboards are buckling up and splintering. The Poacher whimpers and cries, his hands bloodied and fingernails split as he yanks the boards from the door. Suddenly, the floorboards all splinter up -- just as the Poacher frees himself out the door.

8 EXT. RIVERBOAT ("RAMONA") - NIGHT

8

The Poacher scrambles up the few steep steps to the cabin roof. He looks behind him and sees something terrifying. He climbs to the top of the mast rising above the cabin.

HUGE ON THE FIGURE

He's totally crazed. Lips aquiver. Sweat streaming. He looks down, gasps in terror and quickly pulls his legs up as far as he can -- something's coming. He starts to recite the LORD'S PRAYER in Portugese as he takes the GUN and shoots into the water-- once, twice, three times.

Again, in vain. The boat is being violently rocked by the attacking creature. He checks his gun, sees that he has one bullet left. He is beyond fear now: seems somehow at peace as he puts the gun to his head, finishing his prayer.

9 EXT. UNNAMED TRIBUTARY/RIVERBOAT - RIVER

9

We are a long distance from the Ramona, barely making out its small form on the quiet, black river.

POACHER (O.S.)

Ame'm...

A SINGLE SHOT echoes. And we

FADE OUT.

10 EXT. MANAUS, BRAZIL - DAY

10

Like before, a high aerial view of the Amazon, but this time civilization encroaches. A sprawling city has edged its jagged claw into the jungle -- urban concrete nibbling at the massive green.

A silver jet slopes down and lands on the edge of the city.

11 EXT. TAXI VAN - DAY

11

The VAN slams on its brakes, screeching to a stop, barely missing an INDIAN MAN lugging a large basket of fruit. The occupants of the Van lurch against the seats.

The Indian Man moves on, after giving the driver of the van an international hand signal, and the van continues to navigate the clatter and color of Manaus: NATIVES in feathers walking among CITY PEOPLE in business suits...KIDS playing soccer in a muddy field that is flanked by modern office buildings...STREET VENDORS selling everything they own....STREET WALKERS selling everything imaginable....

11A EXT. DOCK - DAY

11A

The van passes across a bridge onto the dock teeming with PEOPLE coming and going. CRATES filled with electronic goods, soda, beer, BARGES heavily laden. BOATS of all sizes and shapes -- RIVERBOATS preparing for a long journey, hammocks swinging from their decks, maybe a band plays as one riverboat pulls out.

The van pulls up next to a waiting SPEEDBOAT The ARIAU JUNGLE TOWER HOTEL printed across the stern and disgorges the jostled occupants. First out is GARY, a handsome American, he shoots a look at TERRI PORTER, an attractive woman in her twenties, confident, tough, independent. Terri's been riding in the front passenger seat. GARY'S expression seems to say: "What have you gotten us in to".

GARY helps DENISE KALBERG, early twenties, a fresh, small-town scrubbed quality about her, as they unload their equipment. From their body language and playful manner it's apparent that they are lovers. Denise wears a funky jeweled crucifix from her neck.

11.AA AERIAL SHOT -- DAY

11.AA

As the speedboat leaves the city, we see the two great rivers of the Amazon merging -- the brown water of THE AMAZON and the black water of the RIO NEGRO -- fingers of currents distinctly intertwined.

12 EXT. HOTEL DAY

12

THE SPEEDBOAT stops in front of the ARIAU JUNGLE TOWER HOTEL: an astonishing piece of architecture which rises out of the jungle like an elaborate treehouse. Terri, Denise, and Gary step out and start to unload their luggage. Denise throws her arms around Gary, excited. They take a moment to share a passionate kiss. Terri watches them for a beat, wistful, before carrying her gear into the hotel.

13 EXT. HOTEL CATWALKS - DAY

13

Gary and Denise lead the way down one of the catwalks. Birds of every color flit in the jungle canopy. Monkeys chatter from the trees. They reach a room and Denise unlocks the door. She turns to Terri and hands her a room key.

DENISE

I don't think we'll see you for dinner.

GARY

(playfully)

She's gonna tie me to the bed.

DENISE

Handcuffs, Gary. Handcuffs.

Denise playfully shoves Gary into the room and closes the door. Terri smiles wryly and walks on.

ANGLE:

Terri comes upon a platform with a clear view of the river, she sees a young black man slouching on a camera case. The case is marked with the logo for NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC. He is: DANNY. Terri approaches him.

TERRI

You must be the cameraman.

Danny peeks out from above his Raybans.

DANNY

Where's the director?

TERRI

That'd be me.

DANNY

You're kidding me, right? You're much too short to be a director. You got to be tall. You can't possibly be the director.

(CONTINUED)

TERRI

It's my first time. They waived the height requirement.

DANNY

Oh no! You're a first timer! Wet behind the ears...rookie...and short!

TERRI

You got a problem with that?

DANNY

Yeah. I got a problem with that. Let me tell you, when they called and asked me to do this job I turned it down flat. I've been on location for five months and I was startin' to get used to livin' without plumbing.

Danny breaks into a huge grin.

DANNY

But when they said my old pal from college was directing....

He stands and gives her a warm hug.

TERRI

You couldn't resist.

DANNY

Hey. I have to be here. This is your big break. I wouldn't miss it.

TERRI

I wasn't coming down here without you.

DANNY

Guess I should've asked for more money.

TERRI

(smiling back)
We would've paid it.

Danny stands and picks up his gear.

DANNY

Who's the egghead in charge?

TERRI

Dr. Steven Cale.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

DANNY

Isn't he the guy you....?

TERRI

That's all in the past. No more messy romance for me. I'm footloose and fancy free.

DANNY

Well alright. We're gonna have some fun.

TERRI

Or die trying.

OMIT 13A

14 INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

14

Night encroaches and the jungle begins to come alive with sounds. Danny sits at a table drinking a beer and smoking a Dannemann Speciale (small cigars native to Brazil). Gary enters looking exhausted and walks over to Danny.

GARY

Hey. How's it goin'?

DANNY

Just kickin' back, feedin' the mosquitos.

Danny extends his hand.

DANNY

Danny Cameraman.

GARY

Gary Sound. Pleased to make your acquaintance.

They shake hands. Gary sits. At Danny's signal a Waiter brings a couple of beers to the table and hands it to Gary. Gary vigorously swats the bugs that swarm around him.

GARY

Christ. These bugs...who invited them?

DANNY

They only take a pint. I donate every night. Better to get it over with in one sitting than have them peck at you all day.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Gary wipes his face with a bandana.

GARY

They must be attracted to the sweat. How is it this hot at night?

DANNY

Just think of it as New York in August.

Gary takes a long pull on the beer.

GARY

You from the City?

DANNY

Brooklyn.

GARY

Yeah!? Me too. Imagine that. Two guys from Brooklyn in the middle of the jungle.

DANNY

It's not just a job, it's an adventure.

GARY

Yeah, well, the pay sucks on this adventure.

Denise walks into the bar.

DENISE

Gary? Gary?

GARY

(to Danny)

But the fringe benefits are excellent.

Gary quickly exits. Danny finishes his beer.

15 INT. TERRI'S ROOM NIGHT

15

In the pitch black of the jungle at night, Terri sits at a bamboo desk, illuminated by her laptop computer. The wall behind her is not wood but actually a large piece of screen and the sounds and smells of the jungle drift into the room. She hears the eerie calls of bat hawks hunting over the river, a few thumps on her roof... Just as she's starting to get the creeps, there's a knock at the door. She flicks on the light.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Terri opens the door to reveal, DR. STEVEN CALE (33), a handsome, articulate, and passionate professor of Cultural Anthropology. He holds a wrapped package in his hands.

TERRI

Steven! When did you get in?

CALE

Yesterday. I've been out talking to some guides. Hoping they might know the whereabouts of our tribe.

He hands her the package.

CALE

For you. A peace offering.

TERRI

We're not at war.

Cale sits on the bed.

CALE

Then it's for luck.

Terri unwraps the package and reveals a intricately woven wreath of twigs, dried flowers, and feathers.

TERRI

It's beautiful.

CALE

Shirishama. I bought it from a river trader. It has some ceremonial significance between lovers.

Terri gives Cale a look.

TERRI

(sarcastic)

Really? Would that ceremonial significance mean commitment? Or is monogamy not a word in the Shirishama vocabulary?

Cale lets out a groan.

CALE

How long are you going to hold that against me? I just wasn't ready. That doesn't mean I'm not ready now.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

Terri sits back in front of her computer.

TERRI

What if I'm not ready?

Cale looks distressed. He sighs and looks out the window.

TERRI (CONT'D)

(sighing)

Maybe this whole thing is a big mistake.

CALE

Look. I'm here for strictly professional reasons. And that's a promise. I thought we could work together.

TERRI

It's not just about us, it's about the Shirishama. They're out there. Completely isolated. They have their own customs, myths, religion. Unique. Unlike anything we've experienced. What if we pollute that?

CALE

We're professionals. We're making a documentary. We can do this without disrupting the tribe. We've been working on this for too long to stop now. And despite everything that's happened, I think we make a great team.

She chews on her thumbnail and considers what he's saying.

TERRI

I know. I know. I've just got a creepy feeling. Sorry.

He stands and puts his hand on her shoulder.

CALE

Get over it. This is an important project to both of us.

Terri opens her door.

TERRI

You're right. I'll see you in the morning.

Cale exits.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3) 15

16 EXT. WATERFRONT - DAWN 16

Early morning -- the first light of day.

A massive bulky object slides out of the darkness, moving toward CAMERA. It creaks eerily as we begin to make out what it is: the bow of an old rusted barge that has been up and down the Amazon many times.

17 EXT. WATERFRONT -- LATER 17

"RED-EYE" MATEO stands on the deck of the boat, sneaking an early-morning swig from his trusty, dented flask. He listens with obvious disinterest as CALE shows him something on a map.

CALE

We'll motor approximately a hundred and fifty miles upstream on the Negro, then proceed down this tributary to the Abufari reserve.

Mateo shakes his head "No"...

CALE (CONT'D)

Why not?

MATEO

Rapids. Shallows. We go this way.

Mateo points to another route on the map.

CALE

Excuse me Captain Mateo, but since I'm the one paying the bills, perhaps you'll see clear to go my way.

Mateo lights a cigarette and looks at the map.

MATEO

No problem. It's your boat. And I am just a hired hand. We go your way. Only I insist we take a detour....here. Otherwise I cannot be responsible.

He points to a specific tributary.

17A EXT. HOTEL WATERFRONT - DAY

17A

Terri walks toward the fifty five-foot barge of rusted steel and peeling paint. It's as flat as a pancake with a square bow and stern. There's a raised, wooden pilot house at one end and a rusted crane at the stern. The boat rides only inches above the waterline, burdened with drums of diesel fuel, coils of rope, and supply trunks.

Terri walks over to Cale and hands him a page of script.

Behind them the crew sets up equipment on the boat. Danny moves back and forth with his light meter. Gary fiddles with cables and tapes. Denise oversees the loading of equipment and supplies, checking them off on her clipboard.

TERRI

Steven? Can you look this over?

CALE

Sure. Sleep well?

TERRI

Fine. Where's Westridge? I know he checked in.

CALE

He'll be along. Beauty sleep you know.

WARREN WESTRIDGE, late forties, barely sweating in his linen suit, is a distinguished and imposing man; his supercilious nature is apparent as he guides the BELLBOY who is carrying an imposing stack of monogrammed luggage.

WESTRIDGE

Careful! Careful! Just because we're in the wilds doesn't mean you can sling my luggage any which way.

Westridge watches as his luggage thuds on the deck next to Denise.

WESTRIDGE

You there! Young woman! Stow that in my room.

DENISE

I'm not the bellhop. I'm the Production Manager.

(CONTINUED)

17A CONTINUED:

17A

WESTRIDGE

Then you can manage my things into my room.

Terri approaches him.

TERRI

Mr. Westridge? Terri Porter.

WESTRIDGE

Ah! The director as cadet. Professor Cale lent me some of your short films. You have a modicum of talent, but I will not let you get away with any self indulgent prattle on this shoot.

Terri is awed by his pomposity.

TERRI

Well, thanks. (BEAT) Welcome aboard, I guess.

WESTRIDGE

And getting aboard is just what I'm going to do. It's too bloody hot. Are we exactly on the equator?

Terri and Cale exchange a look as Westridge clambers on deck and into one of the cabins, banging his luggage against anything that gets in his way.

Cale jumps on board and straps some diving equipment securely to a railing. Danny sits on his camera case waiting for the shot. Gary and Denise stand next to him.

DANNY

Diving gear?

CALE

It's a hobby.

Terri takes a snapshot from shore and jumps aboard as Westridge comes steaming out of his cabin.

WESTRIDGE

I do not sweat the little things, Mr. Cale, but my living quarters are uninhabitable, and that's not a little thing. Are you listening to me?

(CONTINUED)

17A CONTINUED: (2)

17A

CALE

We'll see what we can do.

WESTRIDGE

How and when?

TERRI

We'll knock out a wall, Westridge. I'm sure the captain will have no problem with that. Would you like an entertainment system installed as well?

WESTRIDGE

I have a contract, and I will walk off this boat--

TERRI

Now's the time to do it, then.

Westridge doesn't like what he's hearing.

TERRI

You've got five minutes to think about it, and then we debark. Go think.

WESTRIDGE

I...I will think. I have thought. And I will think some more.

He walks off, and Cale looks to Terri. She shrugs.

MATEO

Ready to cast off!

Terri and Cale snap to. This is the moment they've been waiting for.

CALE

Alright everybody! Double check your gear! And pray you didn't forget the bug spray!

17B OMIT 17B

17B

17.AA THE BARGE BEGINS TO MOVE INTO THE CANAL LEAVING THE HOTEL

17.AA

Terri stands with Danny, Gary, and Denise.

(CONTINUED)

17.AA CONTINUED:

17.AA

TERRI
(shouting)
Mr. Westridge! We're ready for you!

Cale hands Terri the page with an approving nod as Westridge comes lumbering out of his cabin.

TERRI
Thanks. Here's the script for the establishing shot.

She hands him the paper. Westridge skims it.

WESTRIDGE
Fine. Fine. Fine.

TERRI
(switching into gear)
Alright! Let's get this in the can!

She leads Westridge over to his mark. Danny checks the light. Gary struggles with the Nagra and boom mike. The cable snakes around his legs and is stuck. He tugs violently on it.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Ready Mr. Westridge?

Westridge nods.

GARY
(snapping)
I'm not ready!

Gary whips the mike cable around angrily.

GARY
(surly)
Just give me a goddamn second here!

Terri coolly waits until Gary untangles the cord and nods his approval.

TERRI
Roll film! Sound!

DANNY
Rollin'.

GARY
Speed. Marker.

Gary dips the mike into camera view and thumps it with his hand. Terri signals Westridge, who clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

17.AA CONTINUED: (2)

17.AA

WESTRIDGE

Our adventure begins one thousand miles from the mouth of the mighty Amazon, deep in the heart of the rainforest. We will travel by river barge up through shallow tributaries and unexplored backwaters in search of the elusive "People of the Mist", the Shirishama Tribe. The Shirishama have lived in complete isolation and harmony with nature for hundreds of years. Dr. Steven Cale, a leading expert on this tribe, will be accompanying us on our trek to help unravel the mysteries of the Shirishama. (BEAT) God, that's a mouthful.

TERRI

Cut. Ok.

Westridge starts to walk off. Terri just stares at him. Westridge moves to the front of the barge carrying a wine bottle and offers a benediction to the river.

WESTRIDGE

For God, Queen, and Country! We pray for a safe return!

He then smashes the wine bottle against the bow. He turns and sees the puzzled looks of the crew.

WESTRIDGE

A cheap chardonnay.

He goes into his cabin. Danny shuts off his camera and turns to Terri.

DANNY

Having fun yet?

Terri rolls her eyes. Danny and Gary begin wrapping their equipment against the humidity. Cale stands at the railing watching the river. Terri grabs Denise and takes her aside.

TERRI

He is an experienced soundman, isn't he?

DENISE

Terri...I wouldn't bring a deadbeat on a shoot even if he is drop-dead adorable.

(CONTINUED)

17.AA CONTINUED: (3)

17.AA

TERRI

Look. I'm sorry. I don't mean to overreact. Maybe I'm letting his reputation get to me.

DENISE

(defensive)

You don't know him.

TERRI

You're right. But one pain in the ass is enough and Westridge deserves that honor. If Gary doesn't get his act together...I'll run sound and we'll leave him at the first village we come to.

DENISE

He'll be fine and I can take care of myself.

CUT TO:

OMIT 18

18.A AERIAL SHOT

18.A

The boat travels across the Rio Negro. The rising sun casts a glow across the vast expanse of water. Terri nudges Danny and points out some pink river dolphins in the water. Danny pans down for a shot. They pass one or two boats and turns into a smaller tributary.

19 EXT. AMAZON RIVER - EARLY DAY

19

The river has thickened, and there are no other boats in sight. Danny stands near the back of the barge with a camera on his shoulder as he films the hot, sticky jungle.

Gary and Denise are on the port side, he's taping sounds on the shore. She's making notes in her expense book. We hear the exotic shrills of birds and the cries of small animals.

OMIT 20

21 EXT. AMAZON - DAY

21

Late afternoon. The barge continues upriver.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Danny is shooting more film of the jungle. Gary adjusts the shotgun microphone to get the sounds of monkeys in the tops of the trees. He hands Denise an extra set of headphones. She puts them on and her face registers the otherworldly sounds she hears -- monkeys screeching -- they're spooked. It may be the encroaching rain. The air crackles. Westridge looks for a place to sit, but everything seems filthy. He takes a handkerchief from his pocket and spreads it on a suitable spot.

21A ANGLE:

21A

The clouds seem to suddenly expand, turning the color of lead, darkening the immediate area. A BOLT OF LIGHTNING SPLITS THE SKY, and everyone RUNS FOR COVER as a torrential, tropic storm pours sheets of rain onto the barge.

Mateo struggles in the strong wind to pilot the barge up the churning brown river.

Everyone hides from the rain under leaking canvas tenting that is draped across the deck. They all look numb and miserable and vulnerable to the powers of nature.

22 EXT. FARTHER UP RIVER - DAY

22

The torrential rains continue. Mateo squints into the wind and is barely able to see the shoreline because the rain is so heavy. But he's looking very carefully.

The barge rounds a bend, and Danny sees it first: the shape of something in the mist.

DANNY

Hey! Over there!

A BOAT, gray and heavy, tilting in the water. One by one, the others see the boat. It appears to be abandoned as it sags heavily, anchored but lurching from the churning water. Terri points: a man stands on the deck of the boat, his loose clothing flapping in the wind. Soaked and desperate, he waves his arms frantically at them, shouting words they cannot hear. Terri calls to Mateo over the howling winds.

TERRI

Get close to his boat! We'll bring him aboard!

MATEO

No. You trust nobody on these waters.

(CONTINUED)

DENISE

We can't leave him stranded.

Cale squints at the vision of a man waving desperately in the storm, a look of recognition and dread crosses his face. He looks to Mateo, who is simply waiting for instructions.

CALE

(subdued)

Pull over to his boat.

Mateo maneuvers toward the crippled boat. Danny has his camera on his shoulder. Gary and Denise are taping the vicious sounds of the winds and rain. Mateo smiles ever so slyly.

The form becomes a man as the two boats get closer. PAUL SARONE is tall, strong and handsome with a commanding physical presence, obvious even as he stands soaked.

The two boats come close, Gary grabs a rope and heaves it across the gap to Sarone. Gary wraps it around a cleat as Sarone pulls the barge a little closer.

SARONE

Catch!

Sarone throws a duffel bag to Gary, who catches it. Then another. Gary plops the duffel bags down. Sarone dives in the river and Cale, Gary, and Terri haul him aboard. He is both hot and cold, shivering as they lead him beneath some tenting. Gary pours brandy into a cup and Denise wraps an arm about his shoulders. Sarone drinks down the brandy with one fast gulp, barely taking note of the people around him.

TERRI

You okay?

SARONE

I think so. Storm surge pushed me into the shallows, my propeller caught a rock. God knows how long I'd have been stuck here.

CALE

We can't take you back to Manaus. We're headed up river.

SARONE

If you can just get me to the next village, I know the people. They'll help me fix my boat.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

Glances all around: no one has any problems with that.

SARONE

I'd really appreciate it. Sorry if I'm any trouble.

CALE

Don't apologize. We're at the mercy of our machines. Yours broke.

Danny continues filming. Sarone notices the camera and grins.

SARONE

Am I going to be on the news?

Sarone's good humor disarms the crew. Everyone laughs except Mateo. Sarone looks up to Mateo. Mateo regards him with some mysterious knowledge: he knows this man, or men like him.

23 EXT. BARGE DECK - SUNSET

23

Later now, the storm has ended. The water is calm and the sky has cleared. The boat is anchored along the shore. Danny stands at the back of the boat filming. Terri, Cale, and Westridge watch as:

ANGLE:

SARONE

You saved my life! The least I can do is cook dinner.

SARONE stands stock still in the river. He holds a crude spear above his head. Suddenly, and with tremendous speed, Sarone strikes. He pulls a large, violently flapping, fish out of the water. He holds it up.

SARONE

Fish river style.

Sarone climbs into the boat.

He whips out a knife and efficiently guts and cleans the fish. Gary and Denise have come out of their cabin. Gary watches, mesmerized by Sarone's skill.

TERRI

Ever work in a sushi bar, Mr. Sarone?

SARONE

It's safer to eat cooked food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALE

How long have you been on the river, Mr. Sarone?

SARONE

Seems like forever. I think it's been about four years.

DANNY

Where're you from?

SARONE

St. Louis.

TERRI

What brought you here?

SARONE

(laughing)

Fate. Bad karma. I started out studying for the Priesthood. After spending so much time inside I figured I needed to get out. See the real world. Somehow I ended up here. Guess I fit in.

WESTRIDGE

And what does a failed Priest do in the jungle?

SARONE

I catch reptiles for zoos and collectors. Whatever they want.

TERRI

Poaching?

SARONE

Poaching is illegal. I hunt and trap.

The fish filleted, Sarone rinses the fish with bottled water and then moves to the stove. Terri and the others watch, intrigued by this man.

GARY

And now you're hunting?

SARONE

Snakes. Mostly.

DANNY

I hate snakes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARONE

And you all? What are you hunting?

WESTRIDGE

We're not hunting anything. We're making a film.

TERRI

About the Shirishama.

SARONE

The People of The Mist.

CALE

You know of them?

SARONE

I've seen them.

WESTRIDGE

And so slurs every other river rat after five whiskeys in any bar in Manaus.

SARONE

(laughing)

Five whiskeys? That's breakfast on the river. (BEAT) How are you going to find them?

CALE

The Shirishama follow the seasons and the eclipses. As part of their religion. We're following the lunar calendar.

SARONE

They also must eat. Religion sometimes takes back seat to hunger. Could you hand me that skillet? And some oil?

TERRI

There's some truth to that, Steven.

Cale shoots her a look.

DENISE

Would a salad go well with 'fish river style'?

SARONE

Perfect.

Denise hands him the skillet. Sarone expertly salts and peppers the large fish, rubs some oil on it, and drops it in the skillet. The fish pops and sizzles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Sarone picks up some small red fruits, smashes them, popping little black seeds into the pan with the fish. Denise washes some vegetables with bottled water.

GARY

What're those?

SARONE

Chicha. They taste like peanuts.

Cale and Terri exchange a look. Danny puts his camera down. He walks over to the cooking fish and inhales deeply.

DANNY

Now that smells good.

Sarone smiles.

TERRI

When did you see the tribe?

SARONE

About a month ago.

CALE

Can you lead us to them?

WESTRIDGE

We don't need any help, thank you very much.

TERRI

Don't be so hasty Westridge. We might need a little help.

SARONE

Look. You've been very kind. I feel I'm getting in the way...

CALE

Whatever help you can give us, whatever you can tell us about the river....

SARONE

I owe you. If there is a spare hammock, a good night's sleep is all I need, and in the morning I can show you where I last saw the Shirishama.

23A EXT. BARGE - NIGHT

23A

The remains of dinner lay scattered around the table. Westridge kills bugs with a spray can. Gary and Denise, loaded down with sound equipment climb ashore. Danny stubs out his cigarillo.

DANNY

Fed the bugs. Time for me to turn in.
Good night.

Danny stands and goes into his cabin.

GARY

We're going to collect some wild sound.

TERRI

Be careful.

GARY

Yeah. It's a jungle out there.

DENISE

Listen to it. It's beautiful.

Gary and Denise hold hands like teenage lovers as they leave the boat, stepping onto shore. Each carries a box as they walk into the jungle.

CALE

There's nothing like falling in love.

TERRI

I hear Gary does it at least once on every job.

WESTRIDGE

However unsavory, at least his reputation is known. It's the hitch hiker that concerns me.

Unbeknownst to them, Sarone stands twenty feet back, watching them, concerned.

Westridge leans close to Terri and Cale.

WESTRIDGE

He's a poacher by his own admission.

CALE

He's a resource, Warren.

(CONTINUED)

23A CONTINUED:

23A

TERRI

He knows the river.

WESTRIDGE

So find out what he knows then and deposit him at the first opportunity. I'm with the captain-- you can't trust a stranger, and I do not trust him.

TERRI

Who do you trust, Warren?

WESTRIDGE

Nobody. But that's beside the point. Good night.

Westridge goes into his cabin, we hear him lock the door.

24 EXT. AMAZON - NIGHT

24

There is a thick mist in the air as the anchored barge rests close to the shore, bobbing gently in the steamy water. The night songs of animals and insects blend as a single, constant sound, which is overridden by the cool clatter of Miles Davis and Max Roach blasting loudly from a beat box.

A SUBTLE RIPPLE upsets the otherwise still black river...

OMIT 25

26 EXT. BARGE - NIGHT

26

Terri and Cale stand on the side of the barge and look out over the quietly flowing river. Terri holds a map and small flashlight. Only the glow of a cigarette reveals Sarone, watching, deep in the shadows.

TERRI

Sarone says we've got a better chance of encountering the Shirishama here. What do you think?

CALE

He's been there. That's a distinct advantage. Although Westridge could be right...Mr. Sarone could be some pathological liar who suffers from delusions of machismo.

(CONTINUED)

TERRI

Hmm. Interesting theory, Dr. Cale.

CALE

Don't tell me you like that...that...Adventure-land, Crocodile Dundee stuff?

TERRI

I have a history of falling for men like that.

Cale looks affectionately at Terri.

CALE

I guess I deserve that. But I want you to know that my wandering days are behind me.

TERRI

Said from deep in the heart of the jungle.

CALE

Yeah, but, that's because you're here.

TERRI

Steven, you'll always wander. It's your job. I don't mind that.

CALE

Well...what is it then?

TERRI

I just want to know that you'll eventually wander back to me. Not some grad student.

CALE

We weren't exactly seeing each other at the time.

TERRI

(laughing)

You are immune from prosecution.

CALE

I think I'm ready to try some kind of commitment.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

TERRI

But you're not sure?

CALE

No. I'm sure. I'm positively sure. I am ready to try.

Terri bats her eyes playfully at Cale.

TERRI

Well, you know what they say, you can't stop a guy from trying. Good night, Steven.

Terri stands and goes into her cabin. Cale sits on deck...staring at the moon. Sarone blows a smoke ring from the shadows.

OMIT 27

28 INT. WESTRIDGE'S ROOM

28

Westridge is trying to sleep. He twists and turns, but Danny's music is driving him crazy. Finally, he leaps from his bunk, spitting quiet curses as he puts on a robe and stomps out of his room.

29 INT. HALLWAY

29

Westridge storms down the hall. Westridge moves straight for the door and begins knocking. Danny opens the door, and Westridge gives him a murderous look.

WESTRIDGE

I happen to be a very wealthy man.

DANNY

Great. Spare a twenty?

WESTRIDGE

If you continue to play that music, I will hire someone to kill you. A tribesman with a blow gun and a poison dart and a need and a use for five thousand American dollars. Comprende?

Danny turns the music down, just enough to hear.

DANNY

You can get it done cheaper than that. But you gotta haggle.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

Westridge turns curtly and leaves.

OMIT 30

31 EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

31

Denise and Gary have found a small clearing in the jungle, about a hundred yards from shore; they have their equipment out and are listening to the sounds of the jungle: a symphony of insect noises, wind, and distant mammal chatters which is peculiarly sensual to the two. Their eyes meet. Denise and Gary both feel the strange, wild lust of the jungle. Suddenly, they're in each other's arms with a passionate kiss. Gary breaks from her and clicks on the Nagra.

DENISE

What're you doing?

GARY

They want wild sounds? Let's give them some.

Denise laughs as Gary peels off her blouse. The sounds consume them, engulf them, fade off as they become lost in each other...

Denise freezes as her eyes pop wide open.

GARY

What? What's wrong?

DENISE

The silence....

The night is suddenly, completely silent. POV from a distance: they are being watched. Gary turns on his flashlight as Denise slips back into her clothes. He shines the flashlight in one direction, then quickly in another.

Whirling around, he flashes the light at the sound behind him: the breaking of a twig. Nothing there. Just lush jungle. A false alarm. They relax...

Then another sound. A snap. He whispers to Denise.

GARY

Let's get the hell out of here.

But the flashlight has caught something, and Denise is staring in shock. TWO GLOWING EYES of a snorting creature. Terrified, Denise takes a step backward, then turns to run, and lands SMACK AGAINST A TALL FIGURE. It's Sarone.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Suddenly, Sarone raises his pistol and points it directly at Denise and Gary. Denise screams, and Gary pushes her out of the way. Sarone fires two well-aimed shots: BANG! BANG!

SARONE

Welcome to the food chain.

32 INT. CALE'S ROOM NIGHT

32

Working at his computer, Cale is startled by the last shot. He grabs a nearby rifle and moves out of the room.

33 DECK NIGHT

33

Terri is out of her room, as is Danny. They scramble to the edge of the boat, ad-libbing "What was that?" "A gun," etc.

34 IN THE JUNGLE-- CLOSE ON SARONE'S EYES. HE DRAGS SOMETHING BEHIND HIM.

34

35 DECK OF THE BOAT, NEAR SHORE

35

Cale has his gun raised, and sees a figure emerging from the jungle. Makes it out as Sarone. He keeps his gun aimed until he recognizes GARY and DENISE, bringing up the rear. Sarone notices as Cale lowers the gun.

Sarone reaches the barge, picks up what he's been dragging, and throws it onto the deck. It lands with a heavy splat. A HIDEOUS, HAIRY CREATURE.

SARONE

Wild boar. Gores with its tusks. Goes for the eyes. These two are lucky to be alive.

GARY

(full of adrenaline)
You should've seen it, man! What a shot!
He just blasted it.

DENISE

(still in shock)
Yeah. Great.

Sarone looks at Cale, smiles strangely. A pause...

CALE

From now on, let's stay on the boat at night.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

SARONE

An excellent idea.

Sarone and Cale have a moment. Something has shifted in the dynamic of the crew and they both know it.

DANNY

Do you mind doing it again? I'd like to get it on film.

Relieved laughter all around.

36 EXT. RIVER - DAY

36

The barge moves slowly down the river, surrounded by the vast, hot jungle.

Danny, Gary, and Denise stand with their equipment at the ready. Cale is excited, tense, checking his field notes and charts. Terri checks her notebook, scans the riverbank.

SARONE

It's just around this bend.

The barge drifts quietly around a bend to where two tributaries fork.

DENISE

Wow. Gary! Look at this.

She points to a large totem carved in the shape of a snake planted in a small clearing directly at the fork. The totem, and its relationship to the river, looks almost devotional. Danny gets a shot of it. Westridge steps out of his cabin.

WESTRIDGE

Am I on?

DANNY

Not unless you're a big 'ol creepy lookin' wooden snake.

Westridge looks towards the totem, even he is impressed. Terri's eyes are on Sarone as he surveys the river. Sarone points to the right.

SARONE

We will find them down this fork.

Cale pulls out his map.

(CONTINUED)

CALE

According to the lunar charts they would be on that side.

Cale points to the left.

SARONE

This marker would indicate the Shirishama are this way.

Cale looks at the totem.

CALE

What makes you sure it's Shirishama?

SARONE

The snake. The Shirishama worship giant snakes-- anacondas-- as gods, protectors. This marker shows the Queen Anaconda. The mother of all snakes. They've handed down the legend of their ancestors making a trek to a sacred lake, the first part of the passage is a waterfall protected by warrior snakes. If you made it past the guardians you would travel through the land of the anaconda until you came upon a wall so high it blotted out the sun--

CALE

--and follow the wall for five days, finally reaching the end: the head of a giant anaconda. There to guard the lake for them, to keep the innocent from its poisoned waters.

SARONE

You know the story--

CALE

Yes. But snake myths don't tell us where the tribe is.

SARONE

I know where they are. I trap snakes for a living.

Cale looks at Terri.

CALE

And I'm sure you're very good at it. I locate Tribes for a living...and I'm very good at that.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

Sarone and Cale have reached a standoff. Mateo sticks his head out of the pilot house.

MATEO

Patron? Which way?

CALE

Let's try this side first.

Cale points to the left and the boat goes his way. Sarone glares at Cale.

SARONE

(exploding)

I know what I know, and you can trust it or ignore it. It really doesn't matter to me. Just let me off at the next village.

Sarone spits into the water and stomps off. Terri watches...completely confused. Danny rolls film of Sarone's tantrum.

TERRI

What the hell was that about?

37 EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

37

Terri stands at the corner of the ship. Cale sits near her studying lunar charts in his notebook. She reaches down and runs her hand in the water.

POV-- UNDERWATER: Moving toward the hand...coming closer and closer...colors distorted...now just inches away before we cut to:

TERRI'S FACE. Startled. A hand on her shoulder. She pulls her hand out of the water--

A QUICK CUT BACK TO THE UNDERWATER POV as the the creature swerves away from the boat...

TERRI turns to see Sarone at her side; beyond her we make out ripples in the water, moving away from the boat; neither Terri nor Sarone notice the ripples. Sarone has shaved and put on a clean shirt. He leans toward her with a tangible physical charge.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

SARONE

I startled you. Sorry.

TERRI

No problem.

SARONE

I just want to apologize for today. You people did me a favor and I just wanted to help.

TERRI

I appreciate it.

CALE

Don't take it personally, Sarone. My research is fairly extensive and I'd like to test it.

SARONE

(laughing)

The jungle isn't a laboratory. This isn't college. This is a living, breathing thing...with a personality...and a voice. Pay attention and you'll hear it.

Cale rolls his eyes.

TERRI

Some of us appreciate your efforts.

Sarone stands close to her, his body language suggesting a carnal interest.

SARONE

You listen and the river teaches you about life. About beauty.

CALE

(sarcastic)

Fascinating, I'm sure. If you'll excuse us, Miss Porter and I have some work to do.

Sarone gives her a penetrating look.

SARONE

You have a good night.

He moves off. And she watches him.

(CONTINUED)

TERRI

You didn't have to chase him off.

CALE

Yeah. I did. I wanted to be alone with you.

TERRI

Well I'm flattered.

Cale moves close to her and speaks softly.

CALE

Remember the other night? The wreath. Remember I said it has ceremonial significance?

TERRI

I remember.

CALE

It seems that the twigs and flowers are collected by the young men...they signify growth, the cycle of the forest, fertility...the men weave the wreath in a special interlocking way. The two strands becoming one. Then they add the feathers to represent the feeling of their heart as it soars.

Terri smiles.

CALE

And on certain nights...after the rainy season...when the moon is new...the men present the wreath to the woman they love as a kind of, well, marriage proposal.

Cale looks up at the moon. Terri follows his look and, sure enough, it's a new moon. Terri looks Cale directly in the eyes. They kiss. Tenderly at first...then hungry, passionate.

TERRI

I guess you are ready to try again.

Silence on the boat. The heat and boredom have taken over again; all are wearing fewer clothes now, and the fabric sticks to their bodies.

38 CONTINUED:

38

Quick shots of people around the boat-- Cale reading...
Danny, Denise and Gary playing cards on the deck...Westridge
hitting golf balls off a tee and into a net with a brightly
colored Taylor Made Bubble Shaft driver...

Terri wiping sweat from her brow...Sarone watching Terri...
Mateo at the wheel of the boat.

Suddenly the boat lurches and groans. Eyes are suddenly
alert as faces turn quickly toward Mateo, who is struggling
with the wheel. Terri looks at Danny. Panicked guilt.

WESTRIDGE

Captain? Do you have control of this
vessel? Lie if you must...

Gary and Denise have the best view from the top of the
wheelhouse. Gary points to the back of the boat.

GARY

The rope!

Quickly, Mateo kills the engine and the shaking boat goes
dead in the water. The crew rushes to the back of the boat
and looks into the river. One of the mooring ropes has
fallen off the deck and is snarled beneath the boat. The
boat has begun to drift backward in the current.

DANNY

Rope's tangled in the propellor.

MATEO.

Can't be. I secured it myself.

CALE

I'll go under and cut it loose.

Mateo lowers the anchor to stop the drift. Cale opens his
trunk to get to his diving equipment.

SARONE

Let me. This river can kill you in a
thousand ways.

CALE

You've done more than enough for us, Mr.
Sarone, and we thank you. I'll do this.

Denise turns to Gary and Danny.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

DENISE

Drink up, men. A pissing contest will follow.

TERRI

(to Cale)

Steven--

CALE

What? I'm fixing a damn boat. If a wild boar is at your throat, promise: I'll let him pull it off.

39 TIME CUT:

39

CALE IS IN HIS SCUBA GEAR. Danny picks up his camera. Mateo gives him a sharp knife to cut the rope free, and Cale drops over the side of the boat and into the water.

40 EXT. UNDERWATER

40

Cale quickly finds the tangle of rope that is snarled around the propeller. He takes his knife and begins to cut it away.

41 EXT. ON DECK

41

Everything is still as they all watch the water for Cale to reappear. Mateo swigs from his flask. Terri, irritated, scribbles notes on a pad. She feels Sarone's eyes on her...looks over...he smiles to her strangely.

42 EXT. UNDERWATER

42

Cale cuts more rope, but the last strands are tightly snarled. Sucking more oxygen, he chops vigorously at the rope, ripping pieces of it free. SUDDENLY his EYES POP OPEN. He drops the knife and grabs for his throat. Something has gone terribly wrong: Cale spits out the regulator and twists and squirms in the water.

With all his strength, he fights the current and swims limply toward the surface - but he can't get around the bottom of the barge. Trapped there, he can't breathe. His gloved hands claw to find open water.

43 EXT. ON DECK

43

For a few seconds nobody senses a problem. Denise screams.

They look quickly at the water and see Cale floating motionless to the surface. Danny dives from the top of the wheelhouse into the water. Gary leaps overboard. Together, they drag the limp body to the boat, and Mateo and Sarone pull it aboard while Westridge watches helplessly.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

Mateo and Sarone work desperately, ripping off the oxygen mask and clearing Cale's mouth with their fingers. It's Mateo who finds the dead wasp beneath Cale's tongue.

MATEO

Wasp! Deadly poisonous!

Cale is turning blue. Gary and Danny climb aboard.

SARONE

(cold and calm)

Alcohol! Fast!

Sarone snatches the ballpoint pen from Terri's numb hand and pulls the knife from his belt.

Westridge looks to Mateo. Grabs his flask and hands it to Sarone. Sarone makes a tube of the ballpoint. He pours whiskey over the plastic tube. Terri watches with breathless horror. Denise clutches the crucifix around her neck and mouths a silent prayer.

Danny instinctively grabs the camera and rolls film.

Quickly and expertly, Sarone makes a small incision in Cale's throat. He guides the plastic tube into the incision, and there is a long, tense moment before Cale's body suddenly lurches as oxygen hits his lungs. He begins to breathe through the plastic tube. The others are awestruck by what Sarone has done. Slowly, the color is coming back to Cale's face, but he remains unconscious.

44 EXT. AMAZON - NIGHT

44

In the pilot house, Mateo works the radio.

MATEO

Mayday! We have a medical emergency.

Can anybody hear me? Over.

(silence; a beat)

Mayday! Mayday! Anyone -- over!

Still nothing.

MATEO (CONT'D)

The radio is out.

Danny enters the pilot house.

DANNY

Let me have a look.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Danny opens the guts of the radio and finds a maze of old tubes and wires. Some of the tubes are obviously missing. He confronts Mateo.

DANNY

When was the last time this thing worked?
Nineteen Fifty Seven?

Mateo shrugs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Creepy guys, poison wasps, broken
radios...what kinda bullshit is this?

44A ANGLE:

44A

A single light shines on the dark water as Sarone surfaces. Gary and Terri pull him aboard.

SARONE

Done. The engines should start now.

WESTRIDGE

Let's go! I demand to go!

Danny and Mateo climb down from the pilot house

TERRI

(to Mateo)

Can you make it back?

MATEO

I'm blind at night.

SARONE

We don't get this man to a hospital soon,
we might as well drop him into the river
right now.

DANNY

We can light the river with our strobes.

TERRI

Set 'em up, Danny. Fire the engines,
Mateo. We double back.

Danny hustles to get some lights, and Mateo goes back to the wheelhouse. Sarone moves to Terri, he pulls a map from his pocket and shines a flashlight on it.

(CONTINUED)

SARONE

Doubling back won't work. The engines will be fighting the current. Cutting down this tributary will save us a hundred miles.

TERRI

This is the route you suggested that we take yesterday.

SARONE

To find the tribe...now our concern is getting Professor Cale to a hospital.

Terri hesitates.

SARONE (CONT'D)

Well? Do you want to put it to a vote? Professor Cale will have to abstain, of course.

Sarone folds up his map and exits. Terri looks to the assembled crew, who have been listening to the discussion. Danny grabs Terri by the arm and pulls her aside.

DANNY

What the hell are you doing? Ever since this guy came on board...bad things have happened.

TERRI

What choice do we have? Steven's dying.

45 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

45

WHITE STROBES light the river as the barge plows against the current. Danny mans the lights. The crew is exhausted.

Cale lies comatose in a hammock under a mosquito net. His breathing is shallow and raspy through the plastic tube. Terri holds his hand. Every now and then she moistens Cale's lips with a little water.

46 OMIT 46, 47

46

48 INT. WHEELHOUSE NIGHT

48

Sarone enters the wheelhouse. He looks out and sees the snake totem at the fork in the river. Mateo steers the barge down the fork Sarone suggested. They grin at each other: conspirators. Sarone flips his knife into the air, catches it.

49 EXT. AMAZON - DAWN

49

The barge eases downriver. Suddenly, Mateo cuts the barge's diesel engines. Silent drifting. Everyone's attention is drawn to the river. AHEAD is a man-made dam, constructed of interlocking logs that are mortared with mud across the narrow river. No way to move past. The barge bumps gently against the dam. Terri comes forward on the deck, alarmed, she shoots a glance to Sarone.

TERRI

This is the river you know?

SARONE

This is new. Don't panic.

TERRI

I'm not panicking. I'm looking at a dam that's blocking our way down this river you know.

DANNY

Maybe we should just back up, getting a running start, and smash through it.

SARONE

Or.

Sarone moves a duffel bag, pulls out four sticks of dynamite.

GARY

(impressed)

Dynamite? That's real dynamite?

SARONE

Good to be prepared.

DANNY

Yeah. Boy Scout's motto.

TERRI

You've got to be kidding. The dam must be here for a reason.

SARONE

Maybe there are ghostly spirits up ahead. Monsters.

TERRI

I'm talking about upsetting the ecological balance of this river.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

DANNY

She's right. This is nothing to joke about, you just can't go around blowing things up if they're in your way.

SARONE

Beavers did't build that dam. Men did. I can blow it in ten minutes. Or we can turn around and lose two days.

WESTRIDGE

Blow the blasted thing--

GARY

If it's the fastest way out of here...

Terri's eyes burn into Sarone's. She doesn't like this at all. But she seems to have no choice.

SARONE

I need some help. Gary?

Gary shrugs. Sarone points him to a rowboat. Gary gets in, and Sarone tosses him the dynamite, which he nervously fumbles. Sarone looks to Terri.

SARONE

You assist Mateo. I don't have a remote detonator; float out fifty feet, be ready to move the second we get back.

Terri follows Sarone's commands. Sarone gets in the rowboat and Terri moves into the pilot house with Mateo. Terri cranks up the engine as Mateo turns the barge around.

50 EXT. DAM - DAY

50

The rowboat glides down the dam.

GARY

You're sure this is safe.

SARONE

It isn't safe. But that's part of the fun. Now take these under and jam them five feet apart at the base of the dam. Connect them with this wire.

Gary nods, takes the dynamite, then drops overboard.

51 INT. PILOT HOUSE

51

Mateo steers the barge up river.

TERRI
He said fifty feet.

MATEO
Give or take. They're strong men.

52 EXT. UNDERWATER

52

POV, FROM A DISTANCE: A slightly distorted LONG SHOT of Gary, underwater now, near the base of the dam. Still at first, the POV BEGINS MOVING QUICKLY TOWARD Gary...

CLOSE ON Gary: He's got the first stick of dynamite in place, and is wedging in the second, when he suddenly feels the presence behind him...he stops, frightened...turns...

THE MOVING POV suddenly stops, hovering.

GARY'S POV: His vision does not match whatever was moving toward him. He sees is the merest hint of something in the murky water. Adrenalin pumping, he sets back to work.

53 EXT. THE DAM

53

Sarone runs along the top of the dam, linking the fuses together. GARY SURFACES.

GARY
It's set.

SARONE
Good.
(noting Gary's fear)
Are you okay?

GARY
Something's down there.

SARONE
You bet. Deadly.

GARY
No, really. I felt it....

SARONE
No, really. I'm agreeing. The timer is set. Back to the barge.

(CONTINUED)

- 53 CONTINUED: 53
- Gary scrambles into the rowboat and they head back...
- 54 EXT. BARGE 54
- Denise helps Sarone and Gary aboard. The engine is chugging, straining, and then suddenly stalls.
- WESTRIDGE
That doesn't sound proper.
- Terri cranks the engine...
- SARONE
Mateo, damn it-- you set the boat in the current! We'll drift right back.
- Mateo runs to the anchor and begins to drop it.
- SARONE
NO! We're too close already-- we've got to get the engine running.
- 55 EXT. THE DAM 55
- The fuse sizzles, two or three feet remaining.
- 56 EXT. BARGE 56
- Sarone opens the hood to the engine compartment, revealing a maze of pipes and valves. He opens a valve and hot steam explodes out. He opens another valve and begins to release the pressure. Working frantically, covered with sweat.
- 57 EXT. DAM 57
- The fuse burns closer and closer to the explosives.
- 58 EXT. BARGE 58
- The barge drifts closer to the dam. Terri grinds the ignition, over and over. All stand breathless. Danny grabs the camera and crouches to get a shot...
- 59 EXT. DAM 59
- The fuse is less than an inch from hitting the explosives.
- 60 EXT. BARGE 60
- Sarone finally finds the valve he is looking for. He turns it: the gauges begin to work again-- there is power.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

SARONE

Now! Hit it!

61 INT. PILOT HOUSE

61

Tense but under control, Terri turns the ignition with futility. She turns it off -- pauses -- waits one agonizingly long moment -- tries again. The engine catches, sputters, catches again. Then it revs and roars. Mateo opens the throttle and the barge chugs away from the dam.

TERRI

Go! Go!

DANNY

This should be good.

62 EXT. DAM

62

We see the fuse burn down the explosive and.... BOOM! The dam blows sky high, the explosion rocking the jungle.

63 EXT. RIVER

63

The barge heaves upward like a bucking horse. Everyone is knocked down. High flying debris suddenly rains down upon the barge. The crew ducks away from logs and sticks and rocks.

Terri points with alarm at the spare fuel drums that are rolling across the deck and plunging into the river.

TERRI

The fuel drums!

Gary lunges for a drum, but it's too heavy for him to hold. One drum rolls to the edge, hangs there for a moment, then topples into the water. Another falls into the river, then another, their weight too much to stop, and as each hits the surface, it sinks and disappears.

Sarone appears from below decks, then rushes to the pilot house to take control of the barge as debris still rains.

DANNY'S POV, THROUGH THE CAMERA: Something enters frame, dark and out of focus, blocking half the shot. Moving. Danny pulls the camera from his eye and turns it...

COILED AROUND THE CAMERA IS A SMALL SNAKE.

PANIC. Danny freezes in absolute bowel wrenching fear. Terri sees it, grabs a stick and hits the snake until it lets go of the camera and slithers overboard. She then looks to her feet and the deck around her: snakes are all around, wriggling and

(CONTINUED)

squirming. Danny is unable to move. Everyone else runs around the deck stomping at the snakes, kicking them overboard. One of them has landed on Westridge's hand and he looks blankly at it.

WESTRIDGE

Danny. Maybe we should get this.

The idea of hiding behind the lens is a good one. Danny turns the camera, now free of the snake, to film Westridge, who is amazingly calm as the small snake coils itself around his hand, squeezing tightly. Westridge tries to peel the anaconda away, turning to the camera.

WESTRIDGE

(to camera)

After the explosion, snakes rained down from the sky. I most fervently hope not of the venomous sort. Mr. Sarone?

SARONE

No, these are anaconda -- constricting.

Sarone watches the small snake, fascinated.

WESTRIDGE

(still struggling)

I'll say. As you can see, the little bugger-- hold it, we don't have sound, do we?

The baby snake twists back and with its body still tight around Westridge's finger, is now trying to swallow Westridge's fingertip whole. Westridge is suddenly terrified.

WESTRIDGE

(in obvious pain)

OW! YOU LITTLE SHIT! SOMEBODY HELP ME
GET THIS THING OFF MY FUCKING HAND!

SARONE

So young and already so fierce. Can you imagine being born with such perfect, lethal, instincts? In another ten seconds that finger will turn blue...then it will explode.

Westridge's index finger is, indeed, turning blue. Danny drops his camera and attempts to help, but the snake gives him the heebie-geebees and he's helpless. He won't touch it, doesn't know where to begin. Sarone moves forward and rips the snake off Westridge's finger with blinding speed. It skids across the deck and falls into the river. Westridge shoots Danny a look. Danny shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

DANNY
I'm a city boy.

Meanwhile, Mateo has hooked up a water hose at the back of the boat. He rushes forward with the water at full pressure, and he blasts the baby snakes off the deck and into the water. Danny looks at Mateo with genuine gratitude.

DANNY
(re: snakes)
Mateo! You saved my life!

Sarone has the engines roaring as the barge begins to turn around and head back toward the broken hole in the dam. It's a narrow opening, but Sarone guides the boat expertly. The barge squeezes through the opening in the dam, bumping twice on each side, sliding into calm waters.

64 EXT. AMAZON - DAY

64

Mid-afternoon and the barge is far down the river from the dam. Westridge is in his room. Gary sits against a post. Denise casually leans against him. Sarone is in the pilot house, guiding the barge downstream. Mateo takes a catnap in his hammock.

And Terri stands vigil over the unconscious Cale. Danny comes up behind Terri and puts a hand on her shoulder.

DANNY
Hey. How's he doing?

TERRI
I don't know. He's breathing.

DANNY
That's good. You know that's good.

They share a look of compassion and camaraderie.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Don't sweat it. We'll get him home. And this is not the last movie you'll ever direct. We'll work together soon.

Terri smiles at Danny.

TERRI
Thanks. But we wouldn't be in this mess if I'd listened to Sarone.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

DANNY

Oh, man, don't do that to yourself.

(beat)

And if you haven't noticed, we have been listening to him.

Danny looks up at Sarone. Sarone feels himself being scrutinized, and looks down at Danny with a piercing gaze. Danny looks away. Sneaks a glance at Terri, who now simply looks at him out of the corner of her eye. Whatever thought they're sharing they leave unspoken.

65 EXT. AMAZON - DAY

65

The barge motors down the river. Everyone is on deck because it's too hot below. Danny plays a little poker with Gary and Denise, just losing when we come into the game.

DANNY

Oh, damn. You're good.

(to Gary)

She's good. Make it interesting. This time five dollars ante...

DENISE

Yeah, this time you don't let me win.

DANNY

No, I let you win this time. Then I raise the stakes. Then you lose. Five bucks, c'mon.

Westridge, in his socks, sprays antifungal medicine into his shoes. Sarone and Terri stand nearby. Sarone is alert. He scans the banks of the river through a pair of binoculars. He listens intently to the jungle, his ears cocked, his nerves alive.

WESTRIDGE

My socks are growing fungi that were last seen by Homo Erectus.

SARONE

Shhssh. Listen to the jungle.

WESTRIDGE

I'm far too familiar with the sounds of the blasted jungle. Chattering simians. Reminds me of the McClaughlin Group.

Suddenly there's a shriek in the far distance, followed by silence. Westridge is startled.

(CONTINUED)

WESTRIDGE

What was that?

SARONE

The sound of a kill.

WESTRIDGE

You'll hear that sound coming from my agent when I get off this wretched barge.

Terri walks past Sarone.

SARONE

Miss Porter? Where are you going?

Sarone follows Terri, walking ahead of her, standing in front of her, stopping her.

TERRI

I'm going to check the map.

SARONE

We're going in the right direction. Don't worry.

TERRI

Can't help it. I'm a professional worrier.

She walks off below deck. Sarone watches her. A little angry. And more than a little aroused.

MATEO

(from pilot house)

Look there!

Our three players turn to look upriver, as does Sarone and Westridge. Terri comes up from below deck and sees what the others are looking at:

A BOAT, listing to one side, damaged and probably abandoned. It hangs in a grove of palms on a little spit of sand dead center in the river. Gary drops anchor and looks to Sarone, who scrutinizes the boat with narrow eyes.

TERRI

You know the boat?

SARONE

Lots of boats like that on the river.

Sarone takes a rifle from one of his bags.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

TERRI

Do you need that?

SARONE

Hate to need it and not have it.

The barge has drifted to the end of the anchor line and is thirty yards from the listing boat. There is no sign of life. Terri calls out.

TERRI

Hello!

No response. Mateo clangs the barge bell. Still nothing. Sarone fires a shot in the air, and the startled jungle screams back. Then... nothing.

MATEO

Could be fuel on board. Supplies.

TERRI

Looks like it's been there a while.

SARONE

Could've been there a week or ten years. Better board now if we're going to-- it's getting dark.

DENISE

What if somebody's just left it for the time being?

SARONE

That'll be apparent soon enough. Mateo, come with me.

DANNY

Wait! I want to get this on film.

Danny grabs his camera and the three men move into action.

EXT. SAND

68 PIT - DUSK Mateo, Sar

68

ne and Danny wade through shallows from the barge to the little sandy spit. Sarone has his rifle. Their flashlight beams illuminate the houseboat looming ahead, revealing the faded paint of its name, which we have seen before: "RAMONA." Sarone and Mateo share a glance. SARONESpl

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

t up a
d circle the boat. They do so

◻m◻◻m◻◻m◻◻

69 EXT. "RAMONA"

69

An eerie silence as the three men climb aboard. Still separated, they search the boat carefully. Mateo tries to open the pilot house door, but it's stuck. He slams his weight against the door, but it won't budge. Stepping back, he kicks the door with all his strength. It splinters and crashes open. Mateo looks cautiously inside.

On the other side of the boat, Danny begins his own search. The deck creaks eerily beneath him. An old wooden cabinet door opens and shuts ever so slightly with the shifting of the boat in the current.

Danny slowly opens the cabinet, peeking into the darkness inside. TWO RED DOTS GLOW, about an inch apart...Danny, spooked, pulls the camera from his face and starts to shut the door when THE DOTS SHOOT TOWARD HIM. The eyes of some creature, lunging at his face. Danny SCREAMS, reels away.

Mateo and Sarone come running. They all see an iguana, about a foot long, scurrying across the deck and splashing into the river. DANNY IS WHITE WITH FEAR, leaning on the railing. Sarone chuckles.

SARONE

Iguana. You must've scared the crap out of him.

DANNY

I doubt that. Any other creatures hanging around?

SARONE

I'd say with that scream you sent the skittish ones leaping overboard. Anything left is probably just pissed.

DANNY

Great. Just great.

SARONE

Keep looking...

DANNY

Looking? For what?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

SARONE
Treasures, my friend...

Sarone starts off. Danny, hesitates, then follows.

DANNY
We can look together.

70 INT. BELOW DECK

70

Danny follows Sarone below deck. The WALLS AND DOORS are damaged, splintered by an attack. Danny can't believe it.

DANNY
Jesus Hairy-ass Christ...

Sarone's flashlight skims the wall, STOPPING ON THE PHOTO we saw at the beginning of the film, the one of THREE MEN holding a snake. We now recognize one of those men as Sarone. MAKING SURE THAT DANNY IS NOT LOOKING, Sarone rips the picture from the wall and stuffs it in his pocket.

71 INT. PILOT HOUSE

71

MATEO squeezes through the splintered door. He looks puzzled. There are shards of rotted deck planking propped against the door. Someone was trying to keep something out.

72 EXT. BELOW DECK

72

Sarone finds a metal footlocker and tries to open it. The rusted hinges refuse to give. He strains at the door with all his strength, and it finally opens with a stubborn creaking sound. INSIDE THE FOOTLOCKER is a hodgepodge of survival gear, along with SOPHISTICATED TRAPPING PARAPHENALIA. Sarone's eyes light up. He's hit the jackpot.

SARONE
This-- this we'll take with us.

DANNY
What is it?

SARONE
Survival gear. Help me out.

DANNY
So we can go now?

SARONE
Yes, we can go.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

SUDDENLY SARONE swings his flashlight to the wall--

SARONE
SHIT! WHAT'S THAT?

Danny ducks, hits the deck, Sarone stands dead still, moving carefully forward. Pulls something from the far wall. Danny flips around, starts scurrying back, but stops when he sees that all Sarone has is WEATHERED CENTERFOLD.

SARONE
Wouldn't mind being eaten by this, eh?

DANNY
Yeah, very funny, ha ha. Let's go.

Danny puts his camera into the locker. Sarone picks up one end of the footlocker and Danny lifts the other.

72A EXT. RAMONA DECK - CONTINUOUS

72A

They carry it to the railing of the boat.

SARONE
(calling)
MATEO! Back to the boat.

Danny and Sarone lift the footlocker over the side of the boat and lower it to the sand spit below.

72B ANGLE:

72B

Mateo comes out of the pilot house and slips on the scummy deck. He slides like a puck on ice --- off the blind side of the boat and into the mucky water.

72C ANGLE:

72C

Rising in the shallow water, he wipes the muck off his hands.

MATEO
Shit....

DANNY'S VOICE
(from a distance)
Mateo! Come on!

MATEO
(calling out)
Yeah, yeah, I'm coming.

Mateo pulls one foot out of the muck, then another. He grabs hold of a floating tree trunk and tries to pull himself up.

(CONTINUED)

72C CONTINUED:

72C

The "tree trunk" flinches and flicks -- a large muscle that ripples in Mateo's grasp.

Startled, Mateo takes a step back and looks around: there's a "tree trunk" there too. He is in the middle of a loop and suddenly terror stricken...protests weakly ("What the--?").

The loop snaps tight like a slip knot around him, constricting his abdomen from movement or breathing. His mouth is open in a silent scream....

72D ANGLE:

72D

Across the water, Mateo can see the lights of the barge and the silhouettes of Danny and Sarone as they carry the footlocker, but has not breath to call out to them.

72E ANGLE:

72E

A second loop of the "tree trunk" snaps around Mateo. His face is beet red and his bulging eyes are locked on the distant lights of the barge.

His jaws work furiously and silently, his tongue ballooning and nose bleeding.

DANNY'S VOICE

Mateo! What're you doing back there?

What Mateo is doing is dying. A large, dark oval shape moves in front of the camera and engulfs Mateo's limp body.

72F EXT. BARGE - DUSK

72F

DANNY AND SARONE approach the barge. Danny looks concerned.

DANNY

MATEO!

(to Sarone)

We should go back for him.

SARONE

He's fine. Let's get this on the boat.

(call up to the deck)

Give us a hand here.

Gary, Denise and Terri wait at the railing. They help hoist the FOOTLOCKER onto the deck. Sarone climbs up after it.

TERRI

Where's Mateo?

(CONTINUED)

72F CONTINUED:

72F

DANNY

He was right behind us. Now he's not answering. Maybe he slipped, hit his head. You should go back for him, Sarone.

SARONE

First it was we, now it's me? He's poking around for booze. Don't sweat it.

There is a sudden splashing of water in the blackness beyond the stranded boat. All heads turn, but there is no further sound. Sarone looks down S-shaped waves that roll across the black water against the hull of the barge.

DANNY

MATEO!

(to the others)

I'm going back.

Gary grabs his headphones and a high powered shotgun microphone.

GARY

Hang on. If he's on the boat I'll hear him. Shhh.

Everyone is silent as Gary aims the mike at the boat. We hear the highly amplified sound of lapping water, mosquitos, air moving through the foliage. Nothing human.

GARY

Weird. If he was out there I'd hear him breathing.

Danny jumps over the side.

DANNY

I'll find him.

SARONE

You be careful.

Sarone drags the footlocker away.

TERRI

Danny--

DANNY

(not sure)

I'll be okay.

(CONTINUED)

72F CONTINUED: (2)

72F

Danny wades back toward the vague shape of the Ramona, and Terri watches him, worried. She turns to Sarone.

TERRI

Sarone, go with him--

SARONE

He's the one who's worried.

73 EXT. RIVER SHALLOWS NIGHT

73

CLOSE ON DANNY'S FACE, backlit by Mateo's boat, as he moves into the darkness. We stay with him, just inches in front of him...the CAMERA MOVES IN A TIGHT CIRCLE around him, so we are now following him, toward the boat...

74 EXT. BARGE

74

Back on the barge, Terri approaches Sarone, who is opening the footlocker and taking inventory of its contents.

TERRI

Can't that wait? The captain of our boat is missing.

DENISE

You don't even care, do you?

SARONE

I care.

TERRI

Then go look for him. Don't send Danny.

SARONE

I didn't send him. He went.

Sarone keeps pulling things from the locker...a military vest, mirrors, a cigarette lighter, flares, a pocket knife.

TERRI

Fuck you, Sarone. You're scared.

SARONE

Not scared. Just not stupid.

DENISE

What is that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

SARONE

This is the jungle. The fastest, the strongest, the most cunning and vicious survive.

TERRI

You fit right in, don't you?

SARONE

(shrugging)

There are worse ways to go.

75 EXT. RAMONA NIGHT

75

Danny moves around the boat, calling Mateo's name. He is answered by the wind in the trees and the lap of the water.

FROM THE BANK something tucked in the foliage watches, not moving.

Danny waves his flashlight across the river bank, sees nothing but foliage and shadows. He now spots a thin shaft of light beaming up between clumps of water-hyacinth. He moves to it and picks it up. MATEO'S FLASHLIGHT, still on.

76 BACK ON THE BOAT

76

TERRI

What do you mean?

Sarone, out of patience, pulls a LARGE, ROLLED-UP BUNDLE from the locker. It looks like a moth eaten cloth. He stands tall, looking at Terri with a penetrating glare.

SARONE

Mateo is dead. I was gonna wait a couple hours so you guys could be as sure as I am...but he'll find out.

DENISE

You let him go?

Terri runs to the edge of the boat and calls for Danny. She sees nothing but darkness.

Sarone sets the bundle aside and pulls from the locker a CROSSBOW-TRANQUILIZER GUN and a half a dozen cylinders marked "MORO-809." His eyes light up as he checks the gun.

(CONTINUED)

SARONE

Here's the prize...

WESTRIDGE

You are a remarkable man, Mr. Sarone.

This is not intended as a compliment. Gary and Denise have joined Terri at the edge of the boat. All eyes wide as they call Danny's name. Now they see a light coming toward them. And hear Danny's voice, calling out "I'm here."

Sarone, now kneeling, cuts the rope wrapping on the rolled-up bundle, as Terri and Gary help Danny on board.

TERRI

You okay?

DANNY

Yeah. No sign of him. Just his flashlight. I don't know...

Danny, climbing on board, looks over to Sarone, who kicks the bundle. It rolls all the way across the deck, stopping at Danny's feet. All eyes are on Sarone now...

SARONE

Anaconda skin.

It must stretch thirty-five feet. Danny is dumbfounded.

DANNY

There are snakes out there like this?

SARONE

And bigger. This skin is two, three years old. Whatever shed it has grown since then. And it, or one of its kin, I suspect, has made a meal of our dear captain.

Terri looks faint...

TERRI

Snakes don't eat people.

SARONE

Why wouldn't they?

TERRI

I don't believe you.

(CONTINUED)

SARONE

I wouldn't of believed it myself if I hadn't seen a village woman cut out of the belly of a thirty footer with my own eyes.

DANNY

You're creeping me out.

SARONE

She had gone to the riverbank to do her laundry. Next thing anyone sees...bubbles in the water. It took fifteen men an hour to wrestle that beast. But it was too late for her.

Denise puts her arms around Gary.

SARONE

Anaconda's are the perfect killing machine. They can sense heat. Like to hunt at night when the forest cools down and warm blooded creatures are easier to detect. Even in the pitch black they can hit their prey within five degrees of dead center. A warm body like Mateo's in the water...I'm sure it only took a few seconds. (BEAT) When they strike...wrap around you in a second and hold you tighter then your true love. You get the privelidge of hearing your bones break before the power of the embrace causes your veins to explode.

Everyone stands there, spooked.

DENISE

He's probably just lost.

GARY

It doesn't seem right. We would've heard something.

SARONE

The jungle doesn't care about right or wrong. It only cares about survival. The natives call them the 'hungry muscle'.

Sarone shakes the snake skin.

(CONTINUED)

SARONE

Creature this big, captured alive, worth a pretty penny.

Danny is leaning on Terri, barely able to stand. They all just stare at Sarone, horrified, disgusted, speechless at the man's insensitivity.

SARONE

Please, people, don't make me out a monster. I didn't eat the captain.

Terri won't look at Sarone now. She turns to the others.

TERRI

We're not sure he's dead. We'll wait here till the morning.

Westridge runs up and grabs Terri. He's shaking with fear.

WESTRIDGE

(screaming)

Are you insane?!? You heard what he said. We've got to get the hell out of here! We can't sit around and wait for the monster to come back!

TERRI

Get a grip, Westridge. We're not leaving. If that was you out there you'd want us to stay.

WESTRIDGE

But...but...the snake...

TERRI

Go into your cabin and lock the door. Danny, Gary, let's aim some lights at the boat.

They do as she says.

TIME JUMP:

77 EXT. NIGHT - AN HOUR OR SO LATER:

77

A steady rain falls. Strong lights illuminate the Ramona and the area surrounding it. Terri and Danny stand at the edge of the deck, watching the shadows sway near the boat.

Nearby Denise stands with Gary, looking up to Sarone, who sits in the pilot house, smoking a cigar.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

DENISE

I'm not so sure he didn't eat the captain. He certainly looks satiated.

GARY

(distracted)

Yeah...

DANNY

He was right there. I can't believe a snake...I mean, I would have heard it.

TERRI

Get some sleep.
(raising her voice)
Everybody. Let's turn in.

Denise squeezes Gary's hand.

DENISE

(whispering)

I'm scared.

GARY

Let's go to bed.

They turn and start to leave.

SARONE

Exciting. Isn't it?

Gary turns and looks at Sarone. Their eyes meet.

GARY

(soothingly to Denise)

I'll be there in a few minutes.

She looks at him strangely, then moves to her cabin. The others also move off the deck, to their rooms. Gary stays on deck. Looks up to Sarone. He hesitates, then moves up to the pilot house.

77A ANGLE:

77A

Sarone turns. As if expecting him.

GARY

So...Sarone. It's out there, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

77A CONTINUED:

77A

SARONE

As Captain Mateo proved.

GARY

And you know how to catch these things?

SARONE nods.

SARONE

Be great to capture something like that on film, wouldn't it?

GARY

(nodding)

There might be a buyer for that kind of footage. How much is the snake worth?

SARONE

Maybe a hundred grand.

GARY

That's quite a payday for you.

SARONE

It ain't bad.

Sarone gestures to the weapons laid out on the deck.

SARONE

But a man can't catch an anaconda by himself. I need a partner. I think I'm a good judge of character. You seem the right man for the job.

GARY

What about Cale?

SARONE

A day. Maybe two. Do you think it matters to Professor Cale?

Sarone turns and looks straight into Gary's eyes. Gary is silent, though his eyes speak volumes.

OMIT 78

79 EXT. AMAZON - DAWN

79

The boat sits, anchored, as the sun rises on the river.

80 VARIOUS SHOTS AROUND THE BOAT 80

People stirring, unable to sleep: Westridge, wearing his nightshades;

80A INT. DANNY'S CABIN 80A

Danny, curled up with his pillow.

80B INT. CALE'S CABIN 80B

Cale, still comatose, his breathing labored.

80C INT. GARY AND DENISE 80C

Gary is wide awake. Denise stirs next to him, groggily opening her eyes, making part of her dream the image of Gary with his eyes open, moving closer to him, holding him tight.

80D INT. TERRI'S ROOM 80D

And Terri, in her own dream world: KA-CLICK! A sound that might be in her dream or nightmare...she stirs, fighting to wake from her slumber... KA-CLICK! Suddenly, her eyes open - - just a flutter at first, then popping wide open.

KA-CLICK!

80E EXT. DECK - CONTINUOUS 80E

Terri's door is ajar, and she sees Sarone, on deck. He works on the BREACH OF HIS RIFLE, oiling it, working it, fitting it together. He glances toward her room, sees her awake. She feels violated. How long has he been there? Looking at her? He smiles. She gets up and kicks her door closed. Sits for a moment. She has fallen asleep in her clothes. She stands

81 ON DECK, IN THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT 81

Terri approaches Sarone. Stops before him.

TERRI
Don't you sleep?

SARONE
When necessary.

TERRI
Mateo...?

(CONTINUED)

SARONE

No sign. Look, I'm sorry about last night. I liked Mateo.

(beat)

I checked on the professor an hour ago. No better, no worse.

TERRI

So we turn back the way we came, and we get him to a hospital in Manaus. Meanwhile we work on the radio...

Gary is now on the deck. His voice startles Terri--

GARY

No use, Terri. The tubes are missing.

Terri looks at Gary, confused.

TERRI

Whatever. We turn back. I won't take us any further into this jungle.

Westridge has appeared.

WESTRIDGE

She's right. We get out of this blasted place before it eats us alive.

SARONE

You're up early, Warren.

WESTRIDGE

Who could sleep? And what is that thing still doing out here? Must we be reminded...?

He's referring to the ANACONDA SKIN, still unfurled.

SARONE

Relax. Have a cup of coffee. I know how irritable you get before your morning fix. I'll get this out of your way...

(rolling up the skin)

As for turning back. Can't do it.

TERRI

Yes we can, and we will. We go back to the main river and follow the maps.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

SARONE

Run out of fuel a hundred miles from
Manaus.

GARY

He's right, Terri.

Terri looks at Gary with a gnawing suspicion...

TERRI

Since when have you become a master
navigator, Gary?

GARY

I looked at the fuel gauge. It doesn't
take a rocket scientist.

TERRI

So we go his way.

This is a question, a statement, an expression of defeat.
All recognize it as such; all silently accept...

SARONE

My way once, maybe. Now it's the only
way. Now it's our way. Trust me. We've
lost one man. We don't want to lose
another. We have no choice.

Sarone is finished rolling up the snakeskin, and he picks up
the rifle again, and looks off to where Mateo was killed.

SARONE

(making the sign of the cross)
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. If I die,
don't mourn me.

TERRI

No problem.

DANNY watches from his cabin. Sees only the current
tableaux: Sarone standing with his rifle, facing Terri and
Westridge...and Gary somewhere in the middle.

82 EXT. DOWNRIVER - LATER

82

The barge has steamed farther downriver, away from the scene
of Mateo's disappearance. Sarone, a bundle of energy, ties
ropes, prepares nets, and checks tranquilizer darts. DENISE
stands with GARY.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

DENISE

What the heck is he up to?

Sarone throws a glance to Gary, then goes about his business.

DANNY

Busy little beaver, Sarone.

SARONE

Idle hands. You know what they say.

Sarone grabs his rifle now, smiling...

SARONE

Keep it steady up there, Warren.

Westridge is at the wheel, steering the barge uneasily into uncharted waters. He opens a bottle of wine from the galley. Worn and torn by the jungle, he still insists on elegance as he pours the wine into a goblet.

83 INT. CALE'S CABIN

83

Terri sits near Cale's sickbed holding his hand. He takes shallow, though consistent, breaths. Terri puts the back of her hand to his forehead, like a mother. Cale stirs. His eyes flutter.

TERRI

Steven?

CALE

(weakly)

Terri. Hi.

TERRI

Feeling better?

CALE

No idea.

TERRI

Don't worry, we're getting you to the hospital as soon as we can.

Terri kisses his forehead. Tears well in her eyes.

TERRI

You just hang on.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

CALE
(smiling)
I'm not going anywhere.

TERRI
You better not. I just got you back, I'm
not losing you again.

Suddenly gunshots split the silence.

TERRI (CONT'D)
(concerned)
I'll be right back.

84 INT. PILOT HOUSE

84

Westridge lurches at the wheel, spilling his wine.

84A EXT. BARGE

84A

A large limb of a tree breaks and falls, crashing into the water and drifting downstream. Sarone has split the limb with a powerful gun.

Terri comes forward to check the source of the shots.

Sarone continues to shoot the powerful gun, and a dead monkey drops into the water. Danny, shocked, moves over to confront Sarone. Terri is close behind.

DANNY
What the hell are you doing?

SARONE
Shooting monkeys. Can't bag game without
bait.

TERRI
Bait?

DANNY
Game? What game?

SARONE
Anaconda.

Sarone takes another shot, misses.

SARONE
See. You made me lose my concentration.

(CONTINUED)

TERRI

Are you crazy? We've got a sick man on board! We're not here to catch snakes.

SARONE

I am.

DANNY

What about Cale?

SARONE

It shouldn't take long. Anaconda are very hungry.

TERRI

Forget it! Not on my boat.

SARONE

It's your boat now, is it.
(to Westridge)
Bear to your right, Warren.

TERRI

Don't! Keep to the center of the river.

SARONE

Do what I say, Westridge.

Westridge looks down at Sarone. Sarone chambers another round into the gun.

TERRI

You can't do this. We won't allow it.

SARONE

We? You think you speak for everybody?
(to Gary)
Does she speak for everybody, Gary?

All eyes turn to Gary. He looks like a kid caught stealing.

DENISE

Gary?

GARY

Look. The way I figure it, with Cale messed up, the movie's off. Why not salvage something? Why not film Sarone capturing a big snake?

(CONTINUED)

TERRI

Have you lost your mind?

GARY

No. If anything I'm completely lucid. It's you guys who aren't seeing the situation clearly.

DANNY

Help me out then. I'm having a little trouble making the leap from...get a man to the hospital to...hunt for snakes.

GARY

We're in the middle of the jungle! All you guys do is question and criticize. You don't know anything about the shit we're in. (pointing to Sarone) But he does. He's been here and if we help him catch the snake, he'll help us get out of here alive. And that, amigos, is not insanity. That is common-fucking-sense.

DENISE

(taking a step towards Gary)
You bastard!

Terri pulls her back.

TERRI

Better you find out now.

The barge has caught up with the dead monkey, and Sarone nets it out of the water.

GARY

What else can we do?

Gary stands there a determined look on his face. Danny moves towards Sarone, unintimidated.

DANNY

I know what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna throw both your asses in the river.

Sarone levels the gun at Danny. He slams another round in, clicks off the safety, and pulls the trigger. BOOM! The bullet rips a hunk of wood off the side of the boat a few inches from Danny's head. Danny ducks as wood splinters shower his head. Sarone pumps another round in the chamber.

(CONTINUED)

84A CONTINUED: (3)

84A

SARONE

Not today.

Danny slowly backs up to where Terri and Denise stand.

TERRI

You're not going to get away with this.

SARONE

(ignoring her)

Gary, gimme a hand.

Gary moves to help. Sarone impales one of the monkeys on a grappling hook attached to a long line wound on the crane.

85 EXT. AMAZON - DAY

85

Farther downriver. Sarone stands testing the hooding device, his eyes watch the distant line in the water that drags the monkey a hundred yards behind the barge. Gary stands awkwardly near him, holding a TRANQUILIZER CROSSBOW.

Danny stands with his camera at the ready. Terri at his side. Denise sits, a sick look on her face.

DENISE

(to Terri)

I am so sorry I brought him along. I really messed up.

TERRI

Never say yes when your legs are in the air.

DENISE

This is all my fault.

TERRI

Forget it. We'll get through this.

Suddenly, everyone turns as the crane winch squeaks and slowly makes a half rotation. Sarone is right on it. He's got a nibble on the monkey. The crane winch squeaks again and turns a full rotation. Sarone jumps down from the crane seat and quickly ties ropes to the large iron cleats on the side of the barge. He gets out his spear gun and starts to attach a rope with a large lasso around it.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

SARONE

(to Gary)

Lemme get it within ten feet, then hand me the bow.

Sarone returns to the crane seat just as the crane winch squeaks again and turns another full rotation. Sarone leans forward, ready to strike. He reels the line in slowly.

Terri sees a little swirl of water seventy yards behind the boat. The monkey has been swallowed and something is moving in. The crane boom groans and swings a yard to the right. Sarone cranks the winch slowly, careful not to lose the prey. The line is stretched tight, weaving back and forth.

All eyes are on the line. Hearts are in throats. The crane boom suddenly jerks to the opposite side.

Sarone braces his legs and cranks the winch with more power, slowly reeling in his catch. Whatever is in the water starts to thrash like crazy. It's still thirty yards from the barge.

85A ANGLE:

85A

Everyone on deck gasps as they see a portion of the prey break the surface: three feet of olive black snake trunk writhing, churning the water.

Sarone strains with all his strength, drawing the coiling snake a few yards closer to the barge. He yells at Gary to get ready. He reels in with all his strength, possessed.

Suddenly, the grappling hook dislodges from the snake. The reel spins and Sarone topples backward off the crane seat and onto the deck. Slamming in to Westridge and knocking him down. The snake disappears back into the water.

They're all stunned. Profound silence. Sarone picks himself up painfully from the deck. Westridge stands, looking for his glasses. They all just stand there, watching, waiting, listening to the silence....

Westridge kneels to pick up his glasses that fell onto the deck.

85B ANGLE:

85B

Suddenly a tremendous wash floods over the deck as the snake shoots out of the river in a wild, shocking moment.

The snake spits the dead monkey out of his mouth and onto the deck. Mateo's earring lands on the deck next to the dead

(CONTINUED)

85B CONTINUED:

85B

monkey. The snake leaps onto the deck, half its body still in the water. Its mouth is agape as its foot-long tongue lashes out at them. Gary scurries back, tripping over a chair, accidentally discharging the crossbow. The dart flies out, sailing past Sarone and lodging into the railing.

SARONE

Dammit! Reload!

The snake's long, tubular body quickly flies out of the dark water and entirely onto the deck. Twenty-five tubular feet of pure, slithering muscle. Gary, panicked, drops the reloads, and they roll out of reach.

Danny too terrified to run, continues to film. The snake slithers towards him. Terri grabs Danny's belt, pulling him out of the way.

Denise and Gary scatter with blind adrenaline, desperately looking for safety. The snake slithers and flops all over every corner of the deck, and he is angry. Around the crane, past the bow, to the wheelhouse. It smashes through the window of the wheelhouse and crashes out again through the other side.

Sarone moves efficiently and calmly in the eye of the storm. He is the consummate professional hunter as he ties off more rope and tries to lasso the snake in a net.

A long snake tongue lashes past Terri's face. She turns -- face to face with the drooling, spitting anaconda -- its head is bigger than her own, its fangs glistening and dripping. It turns away from her, toward Denise.

Denise is cornered. She backs up, clutching her crucifix and mumbling a prayer, as the snake moves in on her and coils to attack. Suddenly, Denise falls overboard in a backward flip and lands in the water.

Gary leaps overboard to get to Denise. Attracted to the movement, the anaconda heads overboard, slithers straight down and disappears into the depths of the dark river.

85C UNDERWATER:

85C

We see the snake starting to wrap around Denise beneath the surface of the river. But in the process, the anaconda is also wrapping around a submerged tree trunk. The tree trunk interferes, and Gary is able to pull Denise out of the loop at the last possible moment.

85D ANGLE ABOVE WATER:

85D

Denise splashes desperately to the surface with Gary. He boosts her up onto the deck where she is grabbed by Danny and Terri. They reach down for Gary and pull him aboard.

85E EXT. BARGE - CONTINUOUS

85E

Suddenly, the anaconda flies up through the surface again and lands on the deck of the boat. The snake grabs Gary in the blink of an eye and tightens the loop on him. Gary gasps unable to breath and Denise screams as she tries to pull him free seeing the life being squeezed out of him.

85F ANGLE:

85F

Sarone is preparing a spear gun with a large lasso around the tip of the spear.

TERRI

The rifle, Sarone! Shoot it! Kill the goddamned thing!

Ignoring her, Sarone fires the spear at the snake to get the lasso around it and succeeds, looping the anaconda near the head. He quickly loads a second spear and fires again, but this time he misses, almost hitting Danny. The powerful snake rears back and snaps the hemp in half.

Danny instinctively grabs an axe and attacks the snake. He swings wildly, screaming as he rips a gash in the snake's hide. Blood gushes from the snake. Danny drops the axe and stumbles back, his terror and revulsion returned.

The flailing tail knocks Sarone down, and the rifle slung over his shoulder slides away from him and clatters across the deck. Terri scrambles after the rifle and grabs it. She tries to aim for the snake's undulating head, and we hear Gary's bones begin to break.

The snake opens its mouth and hisses. Terri fires but misses, ripping a chunk out of the rail. The snake lurches wildly, vaulting the rail with Gary still in its grasp. It hits the water and drags Gary under, disappearing into the deep river. Denise moves to dive after him but Danny grabs her and she is wailing now and the sound of her grief echoes through the jungle as Danny tries to comfort her.

Sarone moves over to Terri and snatches the rifle from her.

(CONTINUED)

85F CONTINUED:

85F

SARONE

It's no good to me dead. Wasn't even the one I'm after.

TERRI

(stunned)

What?

SARONE

I'm after a very big fish.

He turns and walks away. Terri is appalled. She runs to the edge of the boat and looks to the now silent waters.

86 EXT. BARGE DECK - DAY

86

Denise kneels by the side of the barge, looking into the water. Her eyes red from tears that can no longer flow. Staring, unblinking. She prays silently.

Sarone works in the pilot house, alone, alienated from the group, apparently not too concerned with his current standing. The rifle slung around his shoulder.

SARONE

Warren-- come up here and take the wheel.

Terri looks at him. Westridge hesitates.

WESTRIDGE

I...um...

Sarone comes down from the pilot house, grabs him and slams him against the wall.

SARONE

Listen you pompous windbag, get your ass up there or I'll feed you to the piranhas.

Westridge, unnerved, does as he is told.

WESTRIDGE

I see manners don't count for much in the jungle either.

Sarone stands behind Denise. He throws some flowers on the water and bows his head.

SARONE

As Jesus was coming up out of the water, he saw heaven being torn open and the Spirit descending on him like a dove.
(BEAT) That was what Gary saw.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

Denise stands and turns on him, enraged.

DENISE

How dare you! How dare you pray for Gary!
You brought the snake. You knew we were
coming. You brought the snake. The devil.
You brought the devil.

Sarone turns from her, he cannot help her. Denise falls to her knees, sobbing. He moves over to the footlocker-- which happens to be near where Terri stands. He begins to prepare a net. She turns to him, her voice even, cool, seething.

TERRI

You had this planned all along. Mateo was in it with you. He led us to you. You were waiting for us.

SARONE

You wanted to find the Shirishama. I wanted to find the snakes. They are one and the same. That snake was only the guardian. Now we are in the land of the Shirishama.

TERRI

That's just a myth.

SARONE

Sometimes what we call myth is really the truth.

TERRI

And now you're going to get us all killed.

87 EXT. RIVER NIGHT

87

The barge floats down the river which glistens beneath the light of a half a moon. A mournful calm...

88 INT. CALE'S SICKROOM NIGHT

88

Terri lies on a cot, near Cale, unable to sleep. She stands and rummages in her bag. She pulls out a tube of lipstick...gives it a long look, before deciding to put some on.

89 ON THE DECK

89

Sarone has set his cot...in view of all...and from where he can see all. The rifle sits nearby. It does seem that he is sleeping with one eye open...

90 OMIT 90

90

91 ON THE DECK

91

Tranquil, dark. Terri walks quietly to where Sarone half sleeps. He hears her footsteps, sits up suddenly, puts his hand on the gun.

She stands there, nervous.

SARONE

What can I do for you, Miss Porter?

TERRI

Nothing. I'm sorry to bother you.

She starts to leave.

SARONE

(intrigued)

If there is something you feel you need to say....please...

Terri turns back towards him.

TERRI

I guess I owe you an apology of sorts.

SARONE

I don't understand.

She chews her thumb, nervous and sexy, before breaking down.

TERRI

I thought I could, you know, cope. But I am way over my head. The minute I saw that monster I knew. I have no business being out in the jungle. I'm just...scared. I feel so lost.

Terri stands close to him...vulnerable. Her eyes penetrating.

SARONE

You? You're not lost. You are a very strong woman, Miss Porter.

TERRI

Not compared to a man like you. I've never met anyone so...strong...vital.

She lets her body brush against his. Sarone gulps...tempted by this forbidden fruit.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

SARONE

(confessing)

It's been a long time since I was with a woman.

Terri strokes his powerful arms, his chest. She leans in to kiss him.

TERRI

We're lost without you. You can save us.
Save me...

Sarone moves closer, touching her chin and moving her lips up to meet his, he wraps her in his arms...they kiss...Danny comes creeping up behind him. Danny holds a piece of wood...just as he prepares to hit Sarone with it, Sarone, in one powerful movement, whips his knife out of his belt and puts the point at Danny's throat. Sarone holds Terri tight.

SARONE

Do you think I'm stupid?

Danny backs up, shaken.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, Westridge hits Sarone on the head with a golf club. Sarone's knees wobble and he drops -- out cold. Westridge smiles...satisfied.

WESTRIDGE

That felt good.

92 EXT. BARGE DECK - DAY

92

Sarone sits groggily on deck, his head bloodied and bandaged, his hands tied behind his back. He roars like a trapped animal at his captives who surround him.

SARONE

We're all going to hell. You can't survive this river without me!

Sarone struggles and writhes, trying to get free. Terri shoves a MAP into Sarone's face.

TERRI

Recognize this, Sarone? I'd've thought you'd choose a better hiding place than your front pocket. Seems you've given us direction...

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

Sarone snaps at the map with his teeth.

TERRI

Temper...

She walks away from him...and the others stand looking at him, and Westridge can't help but saying...

WESTRIDGE

You are really a disappointment, Mr. Sarone. A man with your talents...you could've gone far.

93 EXT. AMAZON - DAY

93

A new atmosphere has taken over the boat: a sense of freedom and joy as the crew motors downriver.

Sarone is still tied up on deck as the barge moves forward at full throttle. Denise sits nearby, still numb.

94 INT. PILOT HOUSE

94

Westridge pilots the boat with a light hand.

TERRI

Your sure you can drive this thing?

WESTRIDGE

Like driving an old Cadillac Fleetwood.

DANNY

I can't wait to get back to the city...I've been out in the boonies too damn long.

WESTRIDGE

What will you do when you return to civilization? An opera? An afternoon at the Museum perhaps? Or a meal at Le Cote Basque?

DANNY

Nah. I'm gonna have a slice, put on the Knicks and sip a cold Miller Lite.

Westridge gives Danny a wry look.

WESTRIDGE

I see...you mean borough civilization.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

TERRI

We've got a long way to go, guys.

WESTRIDGE

Right you are.

TERRI

I'm going to check on Denise. She's in bad shape...

Terri starts off...WHEN:

The wheel suddenly lurches in Westridge's hands, knocking him to the floor. Terri grabs the wall for leverage, and Danny reaches over to kill the ignition.

95 EXT. ON DECK

95

It's as though they just hit a brick wall: people, supplies and gear go flying. Sarone skids across the deck, still tied to a chair, while Denise grips the rail.

95A INT. CALE'S ROOM

95A

The jolt seems to have waken Cale. His eyes pop open and he looks around his cabin...completely disoriented.

96 EXT. RIVER

96

Terri and Danny scramble out of the wheelhouse, followed by a stunned Westridge. They rush to the front rail.

They are at a point where a broad stream joins the main river. Above the stream, a waterfall cascades from under a jumble of logs, then surges over a series of terraced platforms. Rays of sunlight sprinkle through the branches. They are awed by the sight, though not by the situation:

DANNY

(to himself)

The waterfall...this is too creepy.

The barge has run around in a shallow channel where a delta-like sand spit splays out from the small tributary a waterfall. On each side, broad white sand banks littered with boulders and driftwood recede to the forest tree line.

Danny surveys the damage.

DANNY

Shit. We've hit bottom. We'll have to winch it off.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

Danny grabs a winch cable and nervously slips into the water.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Let's do this fast. I got a bad feeling.

He drags the cable to a nearby boulder, but it falls a few feet short. He strains to stretch out the slack, but there's no way it's going to reach. He yells to Terri and Westridge.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Gonna need a push or a pull here.

TERRI

We're right there, Danny. Westridge...

WESTRIDGE

But I've...I've...I helped bring that monster down. Didn't I?

TERRI

Which makes me confident that you are fit for any job.

Terri and (reluctantly) Westridge slip into the waist-deep water in front of the barge. They slog to the shore and coil the ropes around their shoulders. Straining, pulling with every ounce of strength in their bodies. The barge scrapes ahead a few inches.

97 EXT. BARGE - DAY

97

Denise, eyes cold, rises slowly from the deck chair and picks up a large, serrated hunting knife, checking the edge and feeling its weight and balance. She walks toward Sarone. Her footsteps click loudly on the deckboards, and Sarone sees her coming. He looks up at her with empty eyes.

DENISE

It's you or us. Isn't it?

SARONE

So it seems.

Sarone turns his back to her and begins praying.

DENISE

No. Stop. You don't deserve to pray.

SARONE

Then you pray for me.

He turns and looks at her. Their eyes meet.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

SARONE

Don't look at my eyes. The eyes of those you kill will haunt you. I know.

Denise's body shakes with rage and fear. Denise lifts the knife...but cannot bring herself to kill. She looks down, defeated.

DENISE

Why? Why are you here?

Sarone suddenly heaves his body up and wraps his legs around her throat in a wrestler-like scissors hold. He squeezes with all his strength, and she drops the knife to the deck.

SARONE

In my name they will drive out demons, they will speak in new tongues, they will pick up snakes with their hands, and it will not hurt them at all; and they will place their hands on the sick and heal them...

Denise's arms and legs kick and flail as her cells scream for oxygen.

SARONE

I am here to save the world.

98 EXT. RIVER

98

Danny, Terri and Westridge give one more heave-ho, and the barge pulls free. They are elated.

DANNY

Now it's my turn to drive.

A gust of wind blows Westridge's hat off his head. He curses ("Damn") and stops to pick the now-soaked hat out of the water as Terri and Danny move forward to the now drifting boat.

FROM THE SHORE, AT A DISTANCE: For a few seconds it seems just another angle on our characters returning to the boat. BUT NOW WE MOVE FORWARD AS IT DOES, off the shore and into the water and toward Terri and Danny and Westridge. It is the POV OF AN ANACONDA...moving slowly in for attack...

99 EXT. BARGE DECK

99

Sarone is still squeezing Denise's throat, cutting off her breathing. She struggles to try to pull his powerful legs apart, but she sinks slowly to her knees, her arms flailing about, knocking over a nearby chair.

100 EXT. RIVER

100

Danny approaches the edge of the boat-- he can hear the whisper of struggle onboard-- uncertain what it is he knows it's not good and at just this moment he senses something else...movement in the water...he turns, alarmed...Terri turns in reaction and both see the ANACONDA just as it slips underwater creating ripples moving with tremendous speed...

DANNY

On the boat! Get on the boat!

The boat has caught the current and moves ahead of them and they run like hell and Westridge sees the ripples now, cutting through the water, dividing him from Danny and Terri:

SNAKE'S POV: Feet splashing through the water...

100A MEDIUM SHOT:

100A

The MASSIVE SNAKE emerges from the water, hesitating, Westridge shouts and waves at the snake, distracting it from Terri and Danny...

SNAKE'S POV: JUNGLE AND WATER SWISHES BY and now a quick STOP: WESTRIDGE is center frame now, staring, terrified, but standing his ground.

WESTRIDGE

For God, Queen and Country!

The snake moves towards him and he starts to run back to the sandbar upon which the boat was stranded. The snake moves toward him, dipping beneath the water.

101 EXT. BARGE DECK

101

Denise is dead now. Sarone has her knife and is cutting the ropes that bind him.

TERRI AND DANNY climb onto the boat and turn to look across the water as Westridge stands on the sandbar, still frozen in terror.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

TERRI

Up, Warren! Up the rocks!

Westridge turns and moves to a jagged staircase of rocks, and begins to climb, toward the nearby WATERFALL. The MASSIVE SNAKE moves from the water, onto land, toward him; Terri and Danny yell out to the snake, trying to divert its attention, to no avail.

SARONE is free from his ropes. He looks down at Denise's lifeless body, with malevolent contempt.

102 WESTRIDGE MOVES BEHIND THE WATERFALL,

102

And we are close on his face now as he looks through the veil of water, watching the anaconda onshore. It appears to have lost sight and sense of him. He stands stock still...

The ANACONDA flicks its tongue...also still...picks up a scent...moving now...toward Westridge...who continues to watch through the fall as the snake moves closer...Westridge has no place to move...he can only watch as the vague shape of the ANACONDA moves closer still...it is at a distance which allows Westridge ten seconds to act...

And those ten seconds vanish in half a second: the snake LUNGES FORWARD FIFTEEN FEET in the blink of an eye, its head splitting the veil of the waterfall...inches away now...

WESTRIDGE LEAPS out of the falls, and the snake turns...

103 ANGLE DOWN ON WESTRIDGE:

103

THE DYING TREE STRAINS FROM THE WEIGHT, it's roots appearing out of the loose soil.

104 TERRI AND DANNY WATCH, FROM THE DECK, HORRIFIED...

104

Sarone approaches from behind, knife raised. He moves to attack, and Danny turns just in time to see the blade coming now toward his heart and he reaches up and grabs Sarone's wrist, stopping the knife just short.

105 WIDE SHOT SHOWS THE TREE NOW FALLING

105

The snake lets holds tight at both ends, and Westridge hangs like some strange fruit, struggling in vain.

106 MEANWHILE DANNY WRESTLES AND FIGHTS WITH SARONE

106

Dodging knife thrusts. His success is limited as sarone plunges the knife into Danny's thigh. Terr searches for some weapon with which to help Danny, but her search is short as

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

the crack of the tree causes her to turn and look up: it's coming right down on her. She leaps overboard, narrowly avoiding it; one of the branches strikes Danny, knocking him into the water as well...

CLOSE ON WESTRIDGE, on the opposite side of the boat: The anaconda squeezes the last breath out of him, and his final expression is one of astonishment.

Terri and Danny find their bearings in the water...

Sarone clatters up the steps to the pilot house...

The ANACONDA, hearing this noise, lets loose of Westridge and spins a slow circle in the water...

Sarone fires up the engines. The boat, already drifting, accelerates and moves out of frame, revealing the ANACONDA, thirty yards from Danny and Terri. Danny sees the monster, and grabs the back of the boat at the last moment with one hand, reaching out with the other for Terri. She can't reach his hand. He is being pulled away from her-- he extends his leg and she grabs it, holding on for dear life.

Danny struggles to pull himself onto the boat...Terri grabs onto the railing...the ANACONDA is right behind them, moving toward them with blinding speed. Terri pulls herself onto the deck, then grabs Danny's hand to help him JUST AS

THE SNAKE LEAPS out of the water and bites Danny on the shoulder, then starts to coil around him. Terri is knocked back, and she looks around in panic. Sees the SHOTGUN and runs for it. Grabs it. The snake is making a second loop around Danny. Terri takes aim when:

DENISE'S BODY bobs up in the water, floating by. Startling Terri and distracting the snake. Still coiled around Danny, the snake lunges at Denise's corpse, it's jaws clamping onto Denise's shoulder and lifting her corpse from the water...

Greed is not good. Terri now has time to take more careful aim, though now she hesitates-- she doesn't want to shoot Denise though Denise is obviously dead. Terri looks at Danny's terrified, contorted face...the life is being sucked out of him...she steadies herself. Aims again. Shoots.

The snake's head explodes. Blood and skull bone and brain shoot into the air. Instantly dead, the snake releases Danny and flops like a pair of jeans (a VERY LARGE pair) laid out to dry.

Terri reaches a hand down and helps Danny onto the boat, and both look as Denise's body floats off down the river.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Now you know why I hate snakes.

Suddenly, they hear the release of a tranquilizer gun. Turning sharply, they see an object streaking through the air toward them! They dive aside just in time, and the dart takes a chunk out of the railing.

Sarone quickly reloads as Danny grabs the rifle and fires. The bullet ricochets off the pilot house.

Sarone and Danny creep around the deck, with Danny limping from the knife cut on his leg. The tension is thick as they try to get a bead on each other.

ANGLE: CALE'S ROOM.

Cale hears the gunshots and, with some effort, sits up and pulls himself to stand. Leaning heavily on the wall he staggers out of the cabin.

ANGLE: ON DECK.

Sarone sees a shadow and fires a second dart. It whizzes past Danny's head and flies off into the jungle. Danny shoots back with the rifle, missing again.

Sarone has roamed away from his storage of darts, so he moves quickly back to the footlocker for more. Opening the locker, he looks puzzled -- the darts are gone.

Cale is suddenly there behind him, thrusting the needle of a tranquilizer canister into his back, directly between his shoulder blades.

Sarone screams in agony as he spins around. The knife is suddenly in his hand. He weaves a bit as the tranquilizer begins to take hold, and his swipe with the knife is weak and wild.

Terri grabs Cale and pulls him out of Sarone's range. Sarone staggers after them like a drunken sailor. Reeling, bouncing off walls, he won't stop.

Danny has Sarone in his sights. He squeezes off the killing shot -- CLICK! The rifle is empty.

Just as Sarone corners Terri and Cale, he turns groggy. His eyes roll up into his head as he stumbles two more steps, then falls over the railing and landing heavily in the water. Danny watches Sarone's body go under.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Pleasant dreams...

And the barge moves forward through the water.

Danny turns and moves to Terri. Cale collapses in her arms exhausted and trembling. Danny helps her lift him.

TERRI

Steven? Steven? Can you hear me?

CALE

Down. Put me down.

They lay him down on the deck. He chokes and gasps...finally his breathing resumes a normal rhythm.

They see the DEAD SNAKE hanging off the deck. Danny gets up and moves toward it, still a little frightened, but needing to face his fear.

DANNY

Where's my camera? I gotta get a shot of this thing.

Danny turns to look for his camera. Terri is up and right behind him. She kneels down and grabs the front of it and hefts it overboard. It drops into the dark water, quickly sinking to the bottom.

TERRI

No snakes.

A sputter and a gurgle as the engine churns and moans and the propellers quit spinning and the noise of the engine ceases, leaving only the sound of the jungle.

DANNY

Oh, shit...

TERRI

What?

DANNY

I think we're out of gas.

(beat)

I haven't said that since high school.

TERRI

The rest of our trip is downriver. We'll make it. We have to.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (4)

106

She looks at Cale.

TERRI

Let's get him back in his room.

The boat has slowed to a virtual halt. Danny looks at the wide, stagnant stretch of river that extends ahead as far as the eye can see. It doesn't look good.

107 OMIT 107

107

108 CALE'S ROOM DAY

108

She is surprised to see that Cale's eyes are open, searching the room in feverish confusion. She quickly moves to him and takes his hand.

TERRI

Steven...

He manages to focus on her face.

CALE

Terri...

(beat)

Where are we? What happened?

TERRI

It's a long story, Steven. We're headed home. We're gonna get you home...

He smiles. She squeezes his hand.

CALE

Dinner and a movie maybe?

TERRI

I pick the movie. Nothing with guns, knives or bombs.

CALE

Chick flick.

TERRI

Damn straight...

He closes his eyes. To sleep now. His breathing is regular. She touches his face tenderly...

...and hears Danny calling her from offscreen. She hesitates, then stands, moving out of the room.

109 EXT. DECK DAY

109

Terri emerges from Cale's room to the sight A wide swath of bright sunlight suddenly sweeps across the barge, and the vegetation all give way to blue sky. Terri joins Danny in the pilot house...and is hit by a WIDE SWATH OF SUNLIGHT which sweeps across the barge. The once thick vegetation has given way to clear blue sky all around her. She runs up to the pilot house--

109A ANGLE:

109A

Danny steers the barge as it drifts in the languid current.

TERRI

(smiling)

I think he's gonna make it.

DANNY

Fantastic.

The north shore broadens into a natural bay that is littered with 50 gallon drums and floating clots of oily scum. Sagging cranes, mounted on concrete, overlook a vacant dock.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hold the wheel.

Terri takes the wheel. Danny scrambles for his camera and screws a long zoom lens into place. He walks out on deck and looks through the lens.

109B DANNY'S POV - THROUGH THE SHIFTING FOCUS OF THE LENS

109B

A large, decaying structure, partially reclaimed by the jungle. Faded lettering reads : ANACONDA MILL CO. Jeeps and fuel trucks rust in twisted hulks. A tall, brick smokestack rises up out of the debris.

TERRI

What is it?

DANNY

Looks like an old mill or something.

Danny racks focus to reveal more of the strange devastation.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I don't see any people.

(CONTINUED)

109B CONTINUED:

109B

TERRI

Any extremely large reptiles?

Danny gives her a look.

DANNY

You don't believe Sarone's story?

TERRI

He was right about the guardian snake.
This looks like a lake...

Several leaky fuel drums bob on the tranquil surface of the water.

TERRI

Poisoned waters.

DANNY

Look. We need fuel, drinking water.

Terri steers towards the dock.

TERRI

Ok. Let's go. Let's just be careful.

OMIT 110

111 EXT. SAW MILL - DAY

111

Danny limps with Terri toward the mill. They walk past the heavily crumpled jeeps and mangled wreckage. The damage is bizarre, otherworldly.

TERRI

Jesus...what happened?

Danny and Terri exchange a look, and a shudder. They know what happened.

Terri walks past a large incinerator, with a tall smokestack, to the front doors of the mill.

112 INT. MILL - DAY

112

Dust and filth everywhere. Danny and Terri look down the length of the mill. Massive sawblades stand silent. Shafts of grayish light penetrate the gloom. Stacks of lumber, cinder blocks, rebar, crates, and other material are scattered in random heaps. The floor is littered with sawdust, scraps of wood, metal bindings, etc. Opposite the saw, connected by a series of fractured catwalks, are the deserted mill offices. Everywhere they look are signs that the jungle has quickly reclaimed the property.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

As they walk through the mill a massive shadow shifts ever so slightly behind them. Danny turns just as the shadow stills; he sees a defunct telephone on the wall next to a faded Playboy centerfold. Terri picks up the phone and puts it to her ear.

DANNY

Didn't pay their bill.

They walk towards the back of the building and stop short when they see a large wood pulp mountain made up of rotted scraps and discards on the back wall. The mountain blocks any doors or windows in the back.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What the?

Danny looks at the pulp mountain and it seems to be alive. It is actually moving. It only takes a heartbeat for them to realize that the wood pulp is swarmed by living anacondas that squirm and writhe. They are young, no longer than six feet, nesting in the pulp.

TERRI

Babies.

DANNY

(unnerved)

Whatever. Let's get out of here.

They move back towards the front and see an old incinerator furnace, part of the massive chimney that rises out of the mill. Next to the furnace: a stack of 55 gallon fuel drums.

Danny shuffles quickly to a stack of fuel drums against the wall. He wrestles one of the heavy drums into position.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Here we go.

TERRI

Let's get them to the boat.

Danny looks down at his leg. The exertion has opened his wound.

DANNY

Oh man.

Terri notices. She takes off her shirt (she wears a T-shirt beneath) and expertly ties a tourniquet around his wound. The flow is stopped.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

112

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hey. You go to jungle survival school or something?

TERRI

Nah. I saw a guy do it on the subway.

They tip a drum on its side and roll it towards the door.

113 EXT. MILL - DAY

113

They come out of the building with the fuel drum and immediately see something unsettling:

The Boat has drifted away from the dock to the opposite shore, a couple hundred feet upstream, where it sways in the current, caught in a tangle of overhanging tree limbs.

DANNY

I set the anchor...

Terri runs towards the river. Danny jogs, limping, after her.

Danny reaches her and they stand, next to a clump of trees, watching the boat drift. The sudden horrible reality of the situation becomes clear.

DANNY

(hoarse whisper)

Sarone!

Suddenly a voice, a movement from behind.

SARONE

No need to be discreet.

Danny and Terri spin towards the voice and are met head on with the butt of a rifle.

CUT TO BLACK:

OMIT 114

FADE UP:

115 INT. MILL - DAY

115

Terri and Danny sit, still unconscious, back to back in the middle of the factory floor. They are bound ankle and wrist by gaffers tape and appear to be sitting in the middle of a large net that has been spread on out on the floor. Sarone stands in front of them holding a bucket.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

SARONE

Rise and shine!

Sarone dumps the contents of the bucket on them. Danny and Terri wake immediately as the sticky liquid hits their faces.

DANNY

(spitting)

Ahh. Man!

SARONE

A little monkey blood.

Terri's eyes burn into Sarone.

TERRI

I'm going to kill you Sarone! I swear to God. I am going to kill you.

She squirms and thrashes trying to break free.

SARONE

That's good. Excellent. You know the secret is to put the hook just deep enough into the worm so that it is still alive. Bait needs to wiggle. Your heat...the vibrations...the smell of fresh blood.

TERRI

You are out of your fucking mind!

SARONE

(shrugging)

I'm not a man of science like your Mr. Cale, he's not a believer. I'm a man of the river and I don't have to believe.
(BEAT) I know.

Sarone slinks off into the shadows. Silence. The air grows still. Shadows shift against the walls.

Suddenly Terri realizes, as Danny already has, the complete vulnerability of their situation. They both begin to squirm and strain against the "shackles".

DANNY

It's no use. This is the best tape you can buy.

TERRI lets out an animal scream of rage and frustration.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

As she screams the camera pulls back and up to the furthest corner of the room. Danny and Terri sit together, specks on the floor, like pieces of cheese for some gigantic mouse. The camera keeps pulling back, through a window, up and out of the building, back and back further until the sawmill begins to blend into the jungle.

116 IN THE IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND:

116

A long TONGUE flicks out, entering our view from the upper left corner. Sensing, smelling, seeing...

The CAMERA DIVES towards the mill, through branches and walls, taking just seconds to frame Danny and Terri, just as we left them, struggling in vain...

117 DANNY AND TERRI

117

Continue to thrash and struggle. Terri looks up and sees the saw blades on the level above them.

TERRI

Think we can make it up that ladder?

Danny cranes his neck. Knows what she's thinking.

DANNY

Yeah. Maybe.

They wriggle across the floor -- without the use of arms or legs they, ironically, move like snakes.

OMIT 118

119 DANNY AND TERRI

119

Almost to the bottom of the ladder, determined, it looks like this just might work...until we see the length of rope that is tied to Danny's ankles and is now stretched taut, its opposite end tied to a wooden post. Danny thunks his head against the floor in frustration.

Terri squints up at the saw blade only a short ladder climb away. And suddenly, it's dark as night, as if someone has just turned off the lights.

Danny looks up at the skylights. He and Terri see the silhouette of a MASSIVE ANACONDA slithering across the roof and into the building through a high window.

Terri gasps.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

The snake flicks its tongue out, picking up their scent, slithering through the window and down the entire length of the wall...it keeps coming and coming, and for the first time we see its astounding size -- forty plus feet. The catwalks and ladders strain and creak under its immense weight.

The snake drops to the factory floor and moves towards the terrified pair. Danny and Terri scoot away from the snake as fast as they can, tearing and biting desperately at their bindings.

The snake comes quickly up to them, stops and rises over them preparing to strike...mouth open...dripping fangs bared...

The snake lunges forward with blinding speed. Danny and Terri attempt to roll out of the way but the snake scoots towards them, quickly coils around both of them, and starts to squeeze.

TERRI
(screaming)
Sarone!

Her scream is cut off by the power of the constriction.

Sarone appears, swinging from a rope. The rope is attached to a pulley and Sarone's weight quickly pulls a large net up from the floor and around the snake. The snake, distracted and angry, thrashes violently against the net. Loosening its grip on Danny and Terri.

Sarone ties the rope down and moves forward, he raises the tranquilizer crossbow and fires. The bolt cuts the air with a hiss, hitting the snake full in. The snake hisses, a sound not of this earth --

SARONE
(shouting back)
Who's the strongest now?

Sarone puts down the crossbow and walks towards the snake with the large muzzle. But the snake isn't ready to go to sleep. The snake is aggravated. In one fierce movement the snake tosses Danny and Terri like rag dolls, shreds the netting and comes after Sarone.

Danny is badly bruised, but his arms are now free.

SARONE (CONT'D)
Another dose, eh?

Sarone is amazingly calm as he loads the crossbow and fires again. This time missing -- the snake lunges at him, knocking the crossbow from his hands. Now Sarone is concerned.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

Danny rips the tape off his legs and helps Terri.

Sarone moves fast, racing up a rusty old ladder. The snake follows. Sarone is almost to the top of the ladder...the snake curling around it...climbing quickly...just as Sarone is stepping off the ladder, the full weight of the snake tears the rivets from the wall and the ladder, Sarone, and snake fall to the ground with a thunderous crash.

Sarone lands hard, but manages to get to his feet. The snake coils, preparing to strike. Sarone screams with primal rage, his arms extended as if he intends to wrestle the massive reptile. The snake strikes, meeting him head-on with an awesome impact, quickly loops Sarone's body, and begins to squeeze.

A machete, hanging from Sarone's belt, gets caught between the body of Sarone and the body of the snake, cutting into both as the snake powerfully constricts. Sarone struggles, his face bright red and bulging, blood dripping from his ears. The snake squeezes tighter, breaking bones are heard. Blood erupts from Sarone's mouth and nose. An eyeball bulges obscenely before plopping out of its socket.

Terri and Danny, now free, hide behind a stack of lumber. They watch in horror as the snake opens wide its jaws and begins to swallow Sarone head first.

120 INT. SAWMILL - DAY

120

Danny and Terri creep quietly towards the front doors. The snake lays still, digesting, between them and the door. A large lump, formerly Sarone, can be seen below the snakes neck. They sneak around a piece of machinery and the snake is instantly alert to their movement, its massive tail whipping around, its tongue flicking out.

The snake is so big his body, even when partially coiled, seems to be everywhere. The front doors are blocked by the snake. A crack in the walls to the side are blocked by the snake. Danny and Terri look over behind them and see the pulp mound full of writhing anacondas. No way they're climbing over that to get out. They duck back into the shadows.

DANNY

Ok. Ok. We gotta get a grip.

Terri looks around.

TERRI

Do you think that tranquilizer worked?

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

DANNY

Yeah...like half a beer to you and me.

TERRI

Maybe he's done?

DANNY

You think he won't snack between meals?

TERRI

I don't know. We're trapped.

They exchange a look.

DANNY

Ok...How do we kill it?

Terri looks up to the second floor.

TERRI

Maybe there's something up there.

Danny looks around and sees the answer: the fuel drums.

DANNY (CONT'D)

We burn it. You check out the office.
I'll try to figure this out.

OMIT 121, 122, 123, 124

125 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

125

Terri walks quietly down the corridor and into the small outer office. She begins to search the decrepit office. She's momentarily startled when she sees her reflection in a large, dirty mirror. She finds a length of rope coiled in the corner. She ducks down to pick it up and, at exactly the same moment, the snake comes smashing in through the window attacking the mirror with awesome power.

The mirror explodes. The snake is momentarily stunned. Terri runs into the next office. She slams the door after her.

OMIT 126

127 INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

127

She slams the door behind her. Barely able to catch her breath, before a small snake leaps at her from above, coiling around her head. She grabs the feisty little snake, tearing it off her neck, and throws it to the floor. It slithers between some boxes.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

Scanning the room -- a bookcase, a desk. She starts to rifle through the drawers. First drawer -- nothing. Second drawer -- junk, paper, nothing useful. Third drawer -- smashes to the floor -- a hammer. She reaches for it and at that moment the SOUND OF POUNDING against the door. She pushes the heavy desk against the door. The snake keeps bashing against it.

SUDDENLY the wall next to her caves in as the snake smashes through it inches from her head. She backs away -- momentarily paralyzed: Her expression turns from terror to revulsion as the snake takes a moment to regurgitate Sarone's body.

She vaults through the window back into the main room. The snake is quick on her trail.

127A BOILER

127A

There is no other escape route. She's trapped. Spying an old heavy metal boiler nearby, she opens the small door and climbs in, shutting herself inside.

127B INT. BOILER

127B

Terri waits in the boiler, listening. Sounds come from the other side of the room. All she can see is the ceiling above her through the vent blades. A SUBTLE SHADOW moves across the ceiling...then disappears. She looks relieved, and this relief lasts for perhaps half a second before the SNAKE'S MASSIVE HEAD comes into view. The snake stares straight at her, its fangs bared, its tongue flicking in and out.

127C INT. MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

127C

THE SNAKE COILS WITH BLINDING SPEED around the boiler, the heavy metal beginning to collapse like an aluminum beer can, closing around Terri. The rivets pop off and the bottom of the boiler starts to come loose. The snake tries to LUNGE its head into the boiler, its jaws snapping inches away from Terri's face. But the opening of the grate is too small for the snake's current width. Terri struggles to close the spinning vent, but it has rusted. So...

The snake rears back and CONTRACTS ITS MUSCLES...becoming skinnier before our eyes. It lunges again, jaws open, foot-long tongue lashing out, inches from Terri. She doesn't even think before smashing the vent with the hammer, spinning it closed and SLICING OFF THE SNAKE'S TONGUE -- using the vent as a spinning guillotine.

Screaming with pain, the snake retreats...

(CONTINUED)

127C CONTINUED:

127C

Terri drops out of the bottom of the boiler and runs like hell through the splintered doorway, through the office (where she stumbles over Sarone's partially digested corpse), through the front room.

The snake, wounded and angry, slithers after her.

OMIT 128

129 INT. INCINERATOR

129

Danny rolls another fuel drum into the incinerator. He's got about 4 or 5 or them there. He looks up the smokestack and sees a series of rungs leading to the top.

Terri comes sprinting around the corner. Danny catches her.

DANNY

Whoa!

TERRI

(catching her breath)

It's coming.

Danny hears the otherworldly sound of the screaming, hissing, snake.

DANNY

(pointing to the incinerator)

We've got to get it in here. Give me that rope.

Danny grabs the rope from her shoulder.

DANNY

It can follow me in.

The snake comes towards them hissing with killing fury. Terri grabs the rope back from Danny.

TERRI

I got the legs, remember? You just do your part.

Danny reaches for her, touches her shoulder, she smiles...he wants to say something...but there's no time. The snake starts to move towards them. Danny dives behinds some boxes. Terri runs into the incinerator. Danny watches as the snake follows her.

OMIT 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135

136 INT. SMOKESTACK- DAY 136

Terri hangs on the lower rungs waiting for, what seems like a lifetime, the snake to ooze in and locate her.

TERRI
(screaming)

Danny! This had better fucking work!

She begins climbing up the smokestack rungs, filthy with soot. The coiled rope around her shoulder, the anaconda at her heels.

137 INCINERATOR DOOR 137

Danny watches as the anaconda disappears inside the furnace. He immediately begins to roll one of the fuel drums into the incinerator.

DANNY
Gonna barbecue the mother...

138 INT. SMOKESTACK 138

Terri furiously pulls herself through the dark brick tunnel. Some of the metal rungs are loose and her feet slip and dangle momentarily before she pulls herself, hand over hand, up and up. Her face has a look of fierce determination.

139 DANNY 139

Danny floods the incinerator floor with fuel. Several drums stand open in the pool of combustible fluid. Danny dunks a short length of canvas strapping into the fuel. He then rolls the length outside: a makeshift fuse. He reaches in his pocket for his matches. They are soggy with monkey blood.

DANNY
Shit!

140 EXT. SMOKESTACK 140

Terri finally reaches the top and emerges from the smokestack. She pulls herself onto the rim's edge. She balances there as the anaconda struggles to writhe out of the narrow opening at her feet.

She takes the rope and ties it securely to the top rung, yanking it to test its strength. She tosses it over the edge, but can't see if it reaches the ground below.

- 141 EXT. SMOKESTACK 141
The snake is trying to force his head through the narrow opening, and the bricks are beginning to give way....
- 142 INCINERATOR - CONTINUOUS 142
Danny is trying, but the matches are damp and will not light. Panicked, he tries to strike one after the other, but there is no fire.
- 143 EXT. SMOKESTACK 143
The anaconda is thrashing in the throat of the smokestack, snapping at Terri and lashing its stubby, bloody tongue. Terri loses her balance and falls. She lands over the top of the smokesack...her torso suspended temptingly in front of the snake. The snake lunges at her and she throws her body over the edge.
Terri is hanging by her fingers from the rim, fifty feet above the ground. She tries to shimmy along toward the rungs and rope.
- 144 INCINERATOR 144
Danny is in stark desperation. He has one match left. He blows on it, blows on the edge of the matchbox. He closes his eyes and strikes the match.
It lights.
- 145 TERRI 145
Terri has almost reached the rungs and rope, but the anaconda is literally breaking apart the smokestack bricks. The bricks she's holding on to give way and Terri makes a mad lunge for the rope. She starts to slide down it.
- 146 DANNY 146
Carefully protecting the flame, Danny delicately places the match in the fuel. The fuel greedily ignites.
- 147 TERRI 147
Terri swings wildly from the end of the rope about twenty feet from the ground. Danny runs under her.
DANNY
It's gonna blow! Jump!

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

Terri lets go. She drops about 20 feet into the bushes. Danny runs to her and helps her up. They both sprint towards the river as the fuel drums EXPLODE.

Flames roar up the smokestack like a rocket booster. The brick walls bulge and explode and both Danny and Terri are sent flying from the force of the shock wave. Danny lands in the brush and Terri splashes into the river.

148 ANGLE:

148

Fire shoots out the top hundreds of feet into the air before the smokestack itself disintegrates in a hail of bricks.

The entire four-story length of the anaconda momentarily suspends vertically in mid-air, engulfed in fire.

The burning anaconda falls to the ground, twisting in pain, ten feet from Danny. With great effort the snake rears back, opens its mouth to the sky, and lets out a deafening hiss of agony. Danny is frozen in terror as he watches the snake exhale flames like a dragon.

The anaconda slides into the water, dousing the flames and causing patches of oil to burn on the water's surface.

Terri stands trapped in the water as the anaconda appears to move straight towards her. The water swirls violently around her...then stops.

Terri holds her breath until...the lifeless snake floats to the surface. Terri's legs are tangled in the dead snake. She pushes the snake away and runs to the shore.

Danny runs to meet her and they embrace.

DANNY

You ok?

TERRI

Maybe.

DANNY

Yeah. Me too.

149 EXT. BOAT - DAY

149

A makeshift raft is anchored alongside the boat.

Danny smiles with relief as he pumps fuel from the drum into the barge's fuel tank.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

Terri sticks her head out of the pilot house.

DANNY
She's full.

Terri cranks the starter and the engine rumbles to life.
Danny caps the tank and climbs up to the pilot house as Terri
moves the barge into the river's current.

149A INT. PILOT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

149A

DANNY (CONT'D)
I want a shower, some food, and the first
plane outta here.

TERRI
We can stop for a snakeburger on the way.

Danny shudders.

DANNY
You think you're funny don't you?

Suddenly a flock of brightly colored parrots flies across the
river and around the barge.

CALE (O.S)
Beautiful.

Terri and Danny turn and see Cale leaning against the door.

TERRI
Steven!

Danny grabs a chair and they help Cale sit down.

CALE
I was getting lonely.

Terri holds his hand tenderly.

DANNY
Well we had, you know, some business to
take care of.

CALE
Where is everybody?

TERRI
Long story.

(CONTINUED)

149A CONTINUED:

149A

DANNY

Yeah. We'll fill you in on the way home.

CALE

I'm ready to go home.

TERRI

Me too.

Terri smiles at him. Her expression changes as she sees something along the shore.

TERRI

Look!

She points to the shore where shapes are emerging from the jungle. One is well-lit by the sun...definitely a member of the Shirishama tribe. Cale's face lights up as he witnesses something he never thought he'd see. Danny instinctively reaches for his camera and starts to roll film.

Terri reaches over and shuts the camera off.

DANNY

Hey! What?

TERRI

Sarone was right. We've got no business being here. This is not our world.

Cale waves to the tribe. The tribesmen smile and return the greeting as the barge drifts slowly past...the figures slowly blending back into the jungle.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END