

Robert

Kenneth

MonRo

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CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST

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Please note: though presently set in the Amazon jungle, the film's locale could easily be changed to some other wilderness.

1. EXT. NEW YORK CITY. DAY

New York on a clear day, as SEEN from the top of the Empire State Building:

Yankee Stadium... the George Washington Bridge... the Statue of Liberty... Brooklyn.

NARRATOR (OFF)

... Man is great. Nothing is impossible for him. What seemed like unthinkable undertakings yesterday are history today... The conquest of the moon, for example. Who talks about it anymore?... Today we are already thinking in terms of conquering our galaxy, and it's not too distant tomorrow we'll be considering the conquest of the universe!

SHOT of Wall Street, the heart of the American economy:

VOICE OVER

... And yet Man seems to ignore that on this very planet there are still people living in the Stone Age and practicing cannibalism...

1. Yankee Stadium. Packed. A game in progress. The players, with their masks, helmets, etc. look like something out of a sciencefiction novel:

VOICE OVER

... Primitive tribes living in a ruthless and hostile environment where the prevailing law is the survival of the fittest... And this jungle, which its inhabitants refer to as the "green inferno" is only a few hours' flying time from the city of New York...

BRIEF SHOTS of: Rockefeller Center... the Verrazano Narrows Bridge... Chinatown...!

VOICE OVER

... Was it to remind us of this that four American youths decided to shoot a sensational documentary film on life in the jungle?... Was it to remind us also that before venturing into space we should become better acquainted with the planet we live on...?

2. INT. SNAK BAR. NEW YORK. DAY

A young couple seated at the counter, joking with one another as they eat their breakfast. They are the only ones not watching the program on the television set behind the counter. The other customers - who include a cop, a blue-collar worker, a middle-aged man, and the proprietor - are absorbed by the program:

VOICE OVER

(television narrator)

... Four courageous youths...

A picture of Alan appears on the television screen, followed by other shots of him. He is an athletic-looking young man with an air of determination.

VOICE OVER

Alan Yates, the director.

Shot of a pretty blond girl.

VOICE OVER

Shanda Williams, his girlfriend and script-girl.

Other shots of Shanda followed by a picture of a thin,

2. blond youth in his mid-twenties.

VOICE OVER

Their two cameramen, Jack Anders...

Shot of Mark, dark complexion, stocky build.

VOICE OVER

And Mark Tomaso...

CLOSE UP of the narrator:

NARRATOR

Four youngsters who never came back.
But let's have a look at them at the
beginning of their incredible adven-
ture...

3. EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT. SOUTH AMERICA. DAY

A small airfield at the edge of the jungle.

Mark and Jack are loading the last supplies onto a Piper
Cub which is ready for takeoff. Knapsacks, rifles, cano-
ra and film cases, etc.

3.

INTERVIEWER (OFF)

They are about to climb aboard the Piper that will take them as far as the Gcoro River, from which they will proceed on foot into the green inferno.

PAN to Alan and Shanda, who are being interviewed by a man holding a microphone attached to the tape recorder slung over his shoulder.

INTERVIEWER

Shanda, are you really not scared?

Alan and Shanda exude an almost reckless self-confidence. Shanda answers the question while lighting a cigarette with her British-made, windproof lighter:

SHANDA

Not at all! Not after all the other dangerous places we've been to together.

INTERVIEWER

What about you, Alan?

Alan gestures jokingly and says while looking at Shanda:

3.

ALAN

There's only one thing that scares me, and that's marriage!

Shanda grins:

SHANDA

He'd take me to the North Pole just to put it off.

Mark, meanwhile, is filming the scene with a 16 mm camera.

INTERVIEWER

I'd say he's succeeded this time as well.

SHANDA

But this is the last time.

ALAN

Provided we come back in one piece!

Jack and the others touch, wood, cross their fingers, etc.

INTERVIEWER

Well, you four certainly aren't the first to embark on such an adventure.

3. -

INTERVIEWER (cont'd)

There was an expedition in '59 and another one in '67, and neither of them came back.

JACK

You mean Smith and that group of Frenchmen?

The interviewer nods.

Mark, still filming, approaches to comment:

MARK

Amateurs!... The only thing they had was nerve!

SHANDA

For us, "difficult" doesn't exist, and "impossible" just takes a little more time.

ALAN

(seriously)

We'll make it, alright.

3.

INTERVIEWER

Good luck!

They nod farewell and climb into the Piper.

The plane's propeller begins to spin.

The Piper rolls down the runway, lifts off and barely clears the trees at the edge of the jungle.

4. INT. CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. NEW YORK. DAY

The television program concludes with:

NARRATOR

Those were the last shots we have of them. Unfortunately, two months have passed since they were last heard from.

FRAME WIDENS to reveal the chancellor's office. The chancellor is a distinguished-looking man in his sixties who, at the moment, looks rather upset. Seated across from him is Prof. Munro, 35, glasses, beard, attractively informal attire.

4.

NARRATOR (OFF)

Are they still alive? And, if so, where are they? These are the questions that the rescue team sponsored by New York University and the CBS Television Network hope to be able to answer.

The Chancellor turns to Munro:

CHANCELLOR

Thank you for accepting, Professor Munro.

5. EXT. JUNGLE. DAY

The jungle is a compact mass of green, its floor a carpet of rotting leaves. Trees and underbrush are immersed in a light mist due to the vapor that the sun causes to rise from a nearby river. A vapor that expands through the thick vegetation and is imprisoned by it, unable to rise any further. The air is still, almost stagnant, and the only sounds are the SCREAMS of monkeys and the incessant BIRDCALLS.

SLOW, FORWARD TRACKING SHOT from P.O.S. of someone advancing through the underbrush. The mist gives way to dense

smoke. Up ahead, through the fronds, branches, etc., some human figures can be discerned. TRACKING P.O.V. STOPS.

Four indios, three men and a boy, are crouched in a clearing around the pit they have dug out of the ground. It is covered with banana leaves and contains the meat they are roasting.

The faces and bodies of the four indios - naked except for primitive loincloths - are covered in warpaint. Their hands and mouths are smeared with the grease from the meat they are avidly tearing off bones with their teeth.

The oldest indio moves a banana leaf, reaches into the pit, and pulls out another piece of roast meat, which he places on a rock. Then, picking up a rudimentary ax whose blade consists of a sharpened stone, he prepares to chop the piece of meat in two.

DETAIL of the ax chopping the piece of meat. Only now do we realize that it is a cooked human arm. The hand falls to the ground and the old man quickly snatches it up.

He tosses the hand to the boy, keeping the rest of the

arm for himself.

Sinling his teeth into it, he tears off a piece.

The boy, who wears a necklace of some sort of organic fibre with a shiny object hanging from it, tears a finger off the roast hand and starts to gnaw on it.

Suddenly, an eery, unnatural silence falls over the jungle. The old indio freezes, then quickly looks around. His companions are no less alarmed.

There is not a sound, nothing.

OLD INDIO

(deep-throated; guttural)

Yanoawa!

It is like a signal. The four indios gather up their primitive weapons (clubs, lances, blowguns) and flee into the underbrush.

Just in time. The first of the "hunters" appears through the foliage and fires his M. 13. He is a bearded white man whose green camouflaged fatigues and hat are stained with sweat. At the SOUND of the SHOT, the jungle immediately comes to life again, only this time the CRIES of the monkeys and birds are SHRILL with panic.

More men in field uniforms and armed with M. 13s, pistols, and machetes emerge - running - from the underbrush.

A large bush is riddled by bullets and emits a HUMAN SCREAM.

The indio who was hiding inside it leaps out then falls, still SCREAMING and covered in blood.

Another indio appears from behind a tree and fires his blowgun.

One of the Rangers stops in his tracks. His arm has been struck by a small, wooden arrow. He drops his rifle and tries to pull it out. Another soldier runs over to help him.

A QUICK PAN ACROSS the underbrush reveals the fleeting image of a running indio.

Two Rangers follow close behind.

The wounded Ranger is lying on the ground now, shivering and sweating at the same time. Having removed the arrow, the man with him pulls out his knife and makes a deep, X-shaped incision over the wound. He then squeezes the blood out of it.

The other two Rangers, meanwhile, are advancing on a bush from different directions, weapons levelled.

Their quarry suddenly appears and hurls his lance at the Ranger who is closest to the bush.

The man dodges it while his companion opens fire.

The indio's head literally explodes from the volley of bullets.

The Ranger helping the man who has been wounded applies a tourniquet using his own belt then reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a plastic syringe in a sterile cellophane wrapper.

The man lying on the ground looks up at him in terror.

The two surviving indios - one of the men and the boy - reach the riverbank and run toward their canoe, which is nothing more than a hollowed-out log.

All of a sudden, two Rangers appear behind them and open fire.

The two indios react differently. The boy dashes back into the jungle.

The man reaches the canoe and pushes it into the water. Meanwhile, the Ranger's SHOTS raise spurts of mud along the riverbank.

The indio in the canoe is hit, tries desperately to keep his balance, but topples into the water. Nevertheless, he manages to hold on to the canoe.

On the opposite bank, several caimans slide into the yellowish water.

The two Rangers stop firing, point to the caimans, and prepare to enjoy the scene

The indio clinging to the canoe thrashes desperately, trying to climb back into it, but his wounds have weakened him.

The caimans swim swiftly toward him, barely breaking the surface.

They bite into the SCREAMING indio and pull him away from the canoe as the churning water is tinged with red. o

Other Rangers continue combing the jungle.

One of them reaches the thick cluster of vegetation.

The indio boy jumps up in an attempt to flee.

The Ranger strikes him on the back with the stock of his M. 13. The boy falls to the ground. The Ranger pla-

ces a foot on the boy's back, keeping him pinned to the ground, then raises his rifle, ready to finish him off.

LIEUTENANT (off)

Corporal!

A Ranger lieutenant walks up with a gesture that is also an order.

The corporal reluctantly lowers his weapon.

The lieutenant approaches.

The corporal takes his foot off the boy's back and turns him over with the toe of his boot, ready to shoot him if he makes a move.

Noticing something, the lieutenant squats down, tears the fibre necklace off the boy, and examines the shiny "pendant" on it.

DETAIL of the "pendant" in the lieutenant's hand: It is Shanda's cigarette-lighter.

6. EXT. RIVERBOAT STATION. DAY

The small "station" is situated on the bank, at the end

of a navigable stretch of river.

A rudimentary and dilapidated wooden pier stretches out over the yellowish, muddy water.

Also decaying are the few shacks that have been constructed on the dirt clearing that has been hacked out of the jungle.

The Rangers we saw before are outside the largest of the shacks, smoking and talking, some standing, others stretched out in hammocks.

One of them, his M. 13 slung over his shoulder is guarding the indie boy, who is sitting on his haunches, hands bound behind him. There is a rope around his neck, tying him like a dog to one of the posts supporting the overhang on the shack's roof. His eyes are frightened and filled with hatred for his captors.

Two rangers step out of the shack carrying the man who was wounded in the jungle on a stretcher. He is dead, face and hands bloated and bluish.

They are followed by a third Ranger with a shovel over his shoulder.

The lieutenant steps in the door to the shack next to a non-commissioned officer wearing a medic's smock.

SERGEANT

Poor Oliveira! Twenty years old...
What a terrible way to go... Once
the curare reaches the bloodstream..

LIEUTENANT

But he'd been injected with the
antidote in time.

The sergeant makes a face:

SERGEANT

Sure, but it only works in about
one out of twenty cases. Not to
mention the fact that by the time
they send it to us it's lost its
potency!

LIEUTENANT'S & SERGEANT'S P.O.V.: The three Rangers and
the stretcher with the dead man disappear into the trees.

The sergeant nods toward the Yacumo boy:

SERGEANT

The men would just as soon kill him
because of Oliveira.

LIEUTENANT

I know. But that American's going to be here in a couple of days and we're under orders to help him.

SERGEANT

He's lucky. A Yacumo prisoner's like a passport inside the Green Inferno.

7 EXT. JUNGLE. HELICOPTER. RIVERBOAT STATION. DAY

The shadow of a helicopter moving across the compact mass of green.

SOUND of engine.

A couple of Rangers look up, pointing.

FRAMED FROM BELOW, the helicopter begins its vertical descent.

It lands in the clearing at the edge of the river, raising a cloud of dust.

The rotor gradually slows to a stop.

Munro jumps down out of the cabin.

8. INT. SHACK. RIVERBOAT STATION. DAY

The lieutenant enters his office and sits down behind his desk indicating the chair facing it. The professor sits down as well.

He pulls some letters out of his pocket and places them in front of the lieutenant.

The lieutenant grances at them distractedly, then reaches below the desk and pulls up a bottle of beer.

Meanwhile, he re-reads the nameon one of the letters in order to remember it.

LIEUTENANT

Well, Professor Munro, all I can say is that you anthropologists and the missionaries must be made of special stuff. If hell-holes like this didn't exist, I'm sure you people would invent them.

He offers the beer to Munro, who politely declines while grinning at what the lieutenant has just said.

LIEUTENANT

Whereas I would give both my b--

(stops himself)

Well, let's just say I'd give anything to be somewhere else!

MUNRO

I'll try to make as little a nuisance of myself as possible, but I do hope you'll help me organize the expedition...

The lieutenant has opened the beer bottle on the edge of the desk.

LIEUTENANT

How could I refuse? You've been recommended by everybody in my government as well as yours. Though there isn't that much I can do. And above all, I can't guarantee you'll still be breathing if and when you return.

Munro nods, then slaps his neck, killing a mosquito. (Actually, the conversation is punctuated by both men slapping at mosquitoes.)

MUNRO

I'm perfectly aware it's not going to be a picnic.

The lieutenant takes a sip of beer which he immediately spits out in disgust:

LIEUTENANT

Jesus, that horse must have been dead!

Then he opens a desk drawer, takes something out, and puts it down on the desk in front of Munro. It is the lighter found on the young Yacumo.

The professor picks it up and carefully examines it.

MUNRO

Yes... It belongs to Shanda Williams...

The lieutenant gets up.

LIEUTENANT

Come with me, Professor. I'll show you who we found it on and introduce you to your guide. He's the best there is... If you're able to get along with him.

Munro follows him out.

9. EXT. RIVERBOAT STATION. DAY

Chaco, a thin, middle-aged mestizo wearing a flowery shirt, jute trousers, and a baseball cap, is busy checking the contents of one of the crates that has been unloaded from the helicopter.

He barely turns when he hears the lieutenant and the professor step out of the shack, talking to one another. The two men walk over to him, and the lieutenant makes the introductions:

LIEUTENANT

This is Chaco... Chaco, this is
Professor Munro.

Chaco nods a distracted greeting.

MUNRO

Hello... The lieutenant was just
telling me what an excellent
guide you are...

CHACO

(coming straight to the point)
You want to take all this with
you?

Munro doesn't even have time to reply.

CHACO

(continuing)

Well, you can forget it. We're going to need weapons and lots of ammunition to defend ourselves and hunt for food. Plus some medicines... Nothing else.

He shoves a cigar-butt between his lips and lights it.

CHACO

I already explained that to those friends of yours.

(nods toward the jungle)

In there, the more you're carrying, the quicker you get tired, the sooner you die.

MUNRO

Do you think there's any chance of finding those people alive?

Chaco gestures vaguely:

CHACO

Who's to say? All I know is we're
risking our own lives to look for
them... Let's go see the Yacumo.

The three men head toward the shack . Chaco continues to
smoke and talk.

CHACO

Strange characters, these Yacumos.
Excellent warriors. As far as I
know they're afraid of no one,
except for the Tree People...

MUNRO

The Tree People...?

CHACO

No white man has ever seen them.
And whoever has, has never lived
to tell about it.

The indio boy is still sitting on his haunches, tied up,
and guarded by a Ranger.

Someone has placed a bowl of water and a tin plate of
food on the ground in front of him. Whether out of distrust
or pride, it doesn't look as if the boy has touched the

food, judging from the flies and insects swarming all over it.

Munro observes Chaco bending over to observe the indio. The boy tries to crawl away, intimidated and at the same time hostile. But the Ranger gives the rope a brutal yank and the boy is forced to stop, if he doesn't want to be strangled.

CHACO

Bisaasi!... Bisaasi!... Look...

Munro squats down next to Chaco and gazes with interest at the boy's back:

MUNRO

Looks like the sacred soars of
a teri.

CHACO

That's what they are. He's the son of a shaman and he's been consecrated to the spirit of the jaguar. which also explains what they were doing this far from home.

MUNRO

What do you mean?

CHACO

(half to himself)

They were caught. Yet they themselves aren't really cannibals. That means they were trying to chase "evil spirits" out of the jungle... white man spirits.

10. EXT. JUNGLE . DAY

Vapor rises from the rotting leaves covering the jungle floor. The trees are so close together that their branches barely filter the sunlight. The usual sounds of the jungle can be heard: ANIMAL AND BIRD CRIES, ETC.

Chaco is hacking open a path with his machete. He is followed by Munro, then the Yacumo boy, whose hands are tied and whose ankles are connected by a short length of rope.

Bringing up the rear is another mestizo, much younger than Chaco and dressed in traditional jungle garb: straw hat, hemp shirt, short pants. The three men are armed with Winchester carbines for big game hunting, mache-

tes, and Smith & Wesson automatic pistols in military holsters. Each of them is carrying a light-looking backpack.

CUT TO:

Progress is slow. Chaco carefully examines the surroundings and watches where he puts his feet. The three men's shirts are soaked with sweat.

The thick underbrush suddenly ends, giving way to a shallow ravine that ends in a steaming swamp.

Chaco is the first to enter the water.
The others follow.

At the highest point - in the center of the swamp - the muddy water reaches their waists. The packs on their back get wet.

All of a sudden, Miguel the younger mestizo, winces in pain and lets out a colorful CURSE in his native dialect.

MIGUEL

Shit!

Miguel quickens his pace in an effort to get out of the

water as soon as possible.

He finally succeeds, reaching the other side.

His legs are covered with enormous leeches, which he tries to pull off with his bare hands, but they won't let go.

The Yacumo boy is almost covered with them as well, but they don't seem to bother him that much. Especially since he manages to pull them off with surprising ease.

CUT TO:

A small bonfire of dried ferns.

Miguel is sticking his leg into the acrid smoke.

The combination of heat and smoke causes the leeches to curl and drop into the fire, where they CRACKLE and fry.

The Yacumo boy has been watching with a certain amount of surprise. He approaches the fire warily as Miguel places his other leg over it. The boy reaches out as if he were afraid someone might stop him, removes a half-fried leech from the fire, and hungrily pops it into his mouth.

Chaco uses the end of a branch to shove two or three

more toward him:

CHACO

Here... You seem to know what's
good!

He laughs and notices the look of incredulous gratitude in the boy's eyes.

CUT TO:

A white-throated toucan perched on a branch stares curiously at the strange creatures filing past beneath it.

The four are crossing a different part of the jungle now. The terrain is barren, almost rocky.

ANIMAL & BIRD SOUNDS

The Yacumo boy is almost staggering beneath the weight of the three packs on his back. This plus the killing heat and the rough terrain are clearly beyond his capacities, but he refuses to give up and stubbornly trudges on.

Munro walks over to him, unable to stand the sight of it anymore, and relieves him of one of the packs when Chaco intervenes:

CHACO

(severely)

Let go of that pack!

MUNRO

But he can't do it! It's inhuman!

Chaco tears the pack out of Munro's hand and puts it back on the Yacumo. He is furious:

CHACO

Don't try it again, Professor. Here we do as I say! This little bastard has to be taught who's the strongest!

Miguel approaches:

MIGUEL

(calmly)

Chaco's right. The boy hates us. He'll slit our throats the first chance he gets.

Munro is about to say something when, suddenly the usual ANIMAL SOUNDS ARE DROWNED OUT by frightening ROARS.

Chaco removes the safety on his rifle, imitated by Miguel. Munro does the same, almost out of a conditioned

reflex.

CHACO

Miguel , wait here. You come with
me, Professor.

The two of them walk on, rifles levelled.

THEIR P.O.V.: SLOW FORWARD TRACKING among the foliage and
the trunks of the trees.

TRACKING STOPS. In a sort of clearing a terrible struggle
is taking place between a huge anaconda hanging from the
branch of a tree and the snarling, clawing puma it is
trying to wrap itself around.

HISSES, SNARLS, ROARS.

The struggle is fierce and fascinating.

Chaco looks on, more or less indifferent; whereas the
anthropologist is visibly shaken.

More SHOTS of the fight between the two magnificent-look-
ing beasts, during which it is difficult to tell who the
victor will be.

Chaco is unable to suppress a smile of amusement at Munro's reaction to the savage spectacle.

CHACO

You've never witnessed anything like this , before, have you, Professor...?

Munro shakes his head.

CHACO

In the jungle there is no such thing as mercy. The stronger creature wins...!

Munro seems struck by the guide's words, but his attention is once again captured by the puma's furious ROAR of pain.

The anaconda has managed to wrap itself around its adversary in a deadly grip from which there is no escape. It begins to squeeze.

The puma lets out a raucous CRY, its eyes wide and glazed.

11 EXT. RIVERBANK. DAY then NIGHT

A wide and slowly flowing river.

On the right bank - a strip of sand between the edge of the jungle and the water - several caimans are basking lazily in the sun, so still as to appear dead.

Not too far away, a huge female caiman is swishing her tail over the spot where the eggs she has just buried in the sand will incubate.

On the left bank, the three men and the boy step out of the jungle, looking exhausted, and make their way down the shady embankment that leads to the murky water.

Chaco looks around carefully, then notices something and approaches.

It is the remains of a wood fire. Lying nearby is the empty shell of a freshwater tortoise.

Chaco squats down to examine both the remnants of burned wood and the tortoise shell.

CHACO

They passed this way... The natives

CHACO (cont'd)

dig a hole in the ground to cook.

MIGUEL

And they would have never left all
that meat in the shell.

MUNGO

Then that means we're following
their same trail... We're in luck.

CUT WITHIN SCENE:

Dusk. They are sitting on the sand now. Chaco, Miguel,
and the Yacumo boy are finishing off the contents of en-
ormous eggs. Munro has lowered his with a look of re-
vulsion:

MUNRO

It tastes awful... like mold...

MIGUEL

We'd be lucky to come across more.
Caiman eggs are very nutritious.

Using the palms of his hands, Chaco is pulverizing a bit
of the substance he used for the cigarette. He then

breaks off a small reed and cuts the end, as if he were making a straw.

MUNRO

What are you doing, Chaco?

CHACO

It's for our Yacumo friend. With a little bit of this stuff in him he'll forget all about trying to run away tonight. It'll make him very happy, just wait and see.

Chaco stands up, walks over to the boy who is kneeling in the dirt and shows him the drug he is holding in one hand and the straw he is holding in the other.

The boy looks up expectantly, with obvious interest.

Munro watches, filled with curiosity.

Chaco stuffs one end of the straw with the powder and sticks the other end into one of the boy's nostrils. Then he blows hard through the straw.

The effect of the drug which has been shot into the boy's nose is immediate.

The young Yacumo is suddenly wide-eyed with excitement

and starts to sway back and forth like a half-wit, mumbling in a monotonous sing-song:

YACUMO BOY

(incomprehensible words)

12 EXT. UNDERBRUSH. JUNGLE. DAY

SHOT of a group of CHATTERING monkeys in the branches of a tree.

Suddenly frightened, they disappear among the foliage.

A jaguar pads by below in search of prey.

He stops to sniff suspiciously at something beneath a cluster of rotting leaves.

SOUND OF TWIGS SNAPPING

The jaguar brings its head up quickly, with a nervous SNORT.

The small group, headed by Chaco who is hacking out a path, advances through the jungle. Except for the Yacumo boy, they are all covered in sweat and almost staggering from fatigue.

The jaguar crouches down, ready to pounce.

Chaco sees him in time, drops his machete, raises his Winchester and FIRES.

The bullet knicks the trunk of a tree. The jaguar, frightened by the report, which has been magnified by the jungle's vaulted ceiling of green, flees into the underbrush, disappearing.

Chaco starts to run after it, but trips on whatever it was the jaguar had been sniffing.

Grumbling to himself, he picks up his Winchester, which had fallen out of his hands, and looks around. The Jaguar is gone.

Chaco looks down at the ground.

Visible through the leaves is a human corpse in an advanced stage of decomposition. The sight is rendered even more grisly by the fact that one leg is missing and the head is severed from the torso.

Miguel's and the Yacumo boy's impenetrable expressions.

Munro's look of disgust.

Chaco has picked up the skull.

DETAIL SHOT: Almost all the flesh is gone and one part of the cranium is covered by a green, viscous slime. A huge insect crawls out of one of the orbits, where it had been eating.

Chaco calmly hangs the skull against a tree to knock the insect off it. Then, using his machete, he begins to scrape the skull.

Mauro can't take it. He turns, leaning against a tree, and vomits.

Chaco has cleaned the skull as best he can and nods now, as if he finally recognized an old friend.

The molars in the jawbone are covered with metal caps.

CHACO

Hey Professor, I recognize these
teeth. This is old Felipe Ozcana...
He knew the jungle as well as I do....
I wonder what his mistake was...

He turns to hold the skull up to Mauro, who is still puking.

CUT WITHIN SCENE:

The party has stopped to rest.

Miguel is sucking the dirty, insect filled water out of a large flower.

Sitting on the ground, Munro has removed his boots, which are already in bad shape, and winces in pain as he tries to massage his feet.

Visible through the tears in his wet socks, his feet are blistered, swollen, and an almost bluish color.

Chaco arrives, carrying a huge muskrat by the tail. He snickers:

CHACO

Here's dinner.

He places the dead rat on a log and slits it open with the tip of his machete, winking toward the Yacumo boy:

CHACO (OFF)

See that?... We're hear the village.

He can already smell he's home.

He begins to gut the muskrat.

CHACO

Jesus, you stink! Pw! But I'm so

CHACO (cont'd)

hungry you're going to taste better than a steak!

Munro looks on in disgust.

With the point of his machete Chaco pulls out the innards together with the tiny, unborn rat fetuses.

He tosses the bloody shreds to the Yacumo boy, who picks them up and starts to eat them, dirt and all, with dignified relish.

13 EXT. RIVER AND SAVANNAH. DAY

A shadow falls across the river's yellowish, slow-moving water. It belongs to the rudimentary piragua hollowed out of a log. The body of the indio rowing has been painted a ghostly white.

Lying on the bottom of the boat is what appears to be a human being, curled up.

The boat is now seen through the vegetation lining the riverbank.

JUNGLE SOUNDS.

Munro and the others are watching from the bushes. Miguel

is holding the boy by the rope, one hand clamped tightly over the boy's mouth to prevent him from calling out.

The Yacumo has pulled his piragua up onto the bank. He begins SHOUTING and gesturing for the Yacumo woman who has been lying in the bottom of the boat to get out as well. Still young and rather pretty, she is clearly frightened of the angry man who is now pushing her up the embankment.

YACUMO MAN

(guttural cries)

From where they are hiding only about fifty meters away, Munro and the two mestizos watch the scene through the foliage, careful not to make any sounds or movements that might reveal their presence.

MUNRO

(sotto voce)

What are they doing?... It looks like the punishment of an adul-tress...

Chaco motions him with a hand to keep his voice down:

CHACO

(whispering)

Something like that, yes.

(setto voce)

Enjoy the show. Afterwards he's
going to lead us to the village.

The Yacumo has grabbed the woman by her long hair and is dragging her, face down, through the mud on the bank. It looks as if he is using her body to trace ritual signs in the mud. The woman remains silent. Perhaps she is too terrified.

Every once in a while the man lets out a brief, cadenced shout:

YACUMO MAN

(guttural shout)

He stops and lets go of the woman, who pulls herself up into a kneeling position. The man unties the braided raffia around his forehead.

Looking around, he finds a thick root protruding from the muddy bank and ties one end of the cord to it.

He ties the other end tightly around the woman's neck while continuing to emit:

YACUMO MAN

(guttural cries)

The man removes his loincloth and the small pouch (made from opossum hide) attached to it and carefully sets them down on the protruding root.

Then he resumes his dance and begins to rub his penis in a sort of ritual masturbation.

The woman stares at him, motionless, her naked and enticing young body covered with mud.

The Yacumo man clutches his penis, which is erect now:

YACUMO MAN

(loud cry)

He grabs the woman by the hair, mounts her from behind, and penetrates her.

Then, thrusting frenetically, he begins to move inside her with savage frenzy.

His hands push the woman's hair over her eyes, as if to prevent her from looking.

Chaco and Miguel's grimy faces as they watch, aroused in spite of themselves.

Munro is more aghast than anything else.

The Yacumo reaches orgasm:

YACUMO MAN

(loud man)

Then he goes limp against the woman's back, as if he were resting and at the same time preparing himself for the next and final stage.

He pulls himself off her, reaches for his pouch, opens it and pours a mixture of dull-colored herbs onto the mud, which he then kneads together with ritual gestures. He spits several times, with exaggerated rage, onto the ball of herbs and mud that he has gradually fashioned.

The three men hiding in the underbrush continues to watch.

The Yacumo man takes a pointed stone out of his pouch, then turns the woman over on her back.

YACUMO MAN

(more guttural cries)

The woman is trembling in terror as the man leans over her, spreads her legs apart, and shoves the ball of mud and herbs into her vagina. Then, still emitting his cries,

he begins to push it up her as far as he can, using the pointed stone. His cries are now mingled with those of the woman:

YACUMO WOMAN

(cries of pain)

Munro can't bear the cruelty of it any longer and is about to intervene. But Chase - who was keeping an eye on him - stops him.

CHACO

(whispering)

No!... Don't be a fool!

Munro won't listen, so Chaco shoves his rifle barrel under the man's chin.

The Yacumo man is nearing paroxysm as he hammers at the woman's vagina harder and harder.

YACUMO MAN

(guttural cries)

YACUMO WOMAN

(screaming in pain)

He grabs the cord around her neck with one hand, planting a knee on her chest to keep her still, and uses his free hand to keep her from flailing and scratching at him. Then he begins to hit her on the head with the stone. In a few seconds her face is covered in blood.

Munro turns away, unable to watch anymore.

The Yacumo man uses the stone's sharp edge to cut the cord off the woman's neck. She is dead now, and he drags her mutilated body down to the piragua, leaving a trail of blood in the sand.

He lifts the corpse into the piragua, which he then pushes away from the bank.

Kneeling down on the sand he watches the piragua float away and bursts into tears, which are accompanied by a grief-stricken WAIL.

Munro is too stunned to say anything!

CHACO

She was an adultress alright. And
punishment is sacred.

MIGUEL

If he hadn't killed her, the tribe
would have killed him.

Chaco hasn't taken his eyes off the Yacumo man.

CHACO

(to Munro and Miguel)

Here he comes...!

The indie has stopped crying and is on his feet now, heading straight towards the spit where they are hiding.

Miguel flattens himself over the boy, to hide him and keep him from moving.

Munro and Chaco crouch down, tensing, and wait.

The Yacumo man walks past them, dangerously close, but doesn't sense their presence.

Chaco waits until he has reached the trees, then signals the others that they should start following him.

They don't have to walk for more than a few meters.

The Yacumo man steps out of the jungle and starts across the savannah, heading for the jungle on the other side.

14 EXT. SAVANNAH. DAY

Chaco, who is in the lead, steps out of the underbrush and half-turns to Munro:

CHACO

Don't move!

He leaves the three of them hiding in the bushes and steps onto the savannah.

He stops, raises his rifle, and fires a SHOT, which ECHOES LOUDLY. Then he fires a second SHOT.

The Yacumo man is dismayed. He can't understand where the "thunder" is coming from.

Then he sees Chaco, who doesn't try to hide. Indeed, the moment the Yacumo looks at him, he fires another SHOT in the air.

This is too much for the indie. Terrified, he bolts towards the jungle on the other side of the savannah, running as fast as he can.

CUT WITHIN SCENE:

Chaco and Miguel have erected a sort of fence with branches and sticks in the middle of the savannah. Munro, who

has helped, is bathed in sweat.

CHACO

Well... it's no masterpiece, but it will have to do. Can you guess what it's for, Professor?

MUNRO

So they won't know how many of us there are until we can negotiate with them..?

CHACO

(sarcastic but pleased)

He's learning, Miguel.

Miguel mumbles something as he takes off his shirt, trousers, and underwear. He doesn't look very pleased. Especially since the mosquitoes begin to attack his bare, sweaty flesh. He slaps at them furiously.

MIGUEL

Shit! They're going to eat me alive!
Okay, the bait's ready.

Miguel is completely naked.

Chaco gazes toward the tall grass on the savannah. Animal

and bird SOUNDS begin to DIMINISH as an eery HUSH FALLS over the savannah.

CHACO

They're coming!

He tightens his grip on his rifle and is holding Miguel's beside him as well, ready to fire both of them.

Munro's finger fiddles with the trigger on his Winchester.

MUNRO

I don't see anything.

CHACO

Don't worry, they're there. Okay,
let's send our ambassador out....
Buena suerte, Miguel.

MIGUEL

Buena suerte, my ass!

Miguel steps out from behind the fence, pulling the Yacumo boy by the rope around his neck. The boy's hands are still tied and his ankles still joined by the short length of rope.

Miguel advances boldly through the grass, almost defiantly,

pulling his prisoner along with him so that the Yacumos hidden in the grass can see him. When he is about ten meters away from the fence, he stops and squats down on his haunches, forcing the boy to lie down next to him.

Munro and Chaco, weapons aimed toward the savannah, watch carefully from behind the fence.

All of a sudden, from out of the tall grass:

YACUMOS (OFF)

(guttural cries)

Miguel is tense and sweating, lips trembling in what could be a silent prayer.

The boy is still prone and impassive.

YACUMOS VOICES

Mjura!... Kobari!... Dedcheiwa..
Shaki!...

Chaco whispers to Munro:

CHACO

We may be in trouble...

MUNRO

They sound furious.

CHACO

They are.... Apparently your friends
made quite a mess of things!

A strong HISSING SOUND is heard.

Yacumo arrows (short ones from blowguns, longer ones
from bows) strike the ground only centimeters from Miguel,
who has enough sangfroid to remain still.

Munro instinctively raises his rifle to fire. His fin-
ger is starting to squeeze the trigger when Chaco rapi-
dly pushes the barrel down:

CHACO

Wait! If Miguel holds out, I swear
I'll buy him a bottle of whiskey!

Although he is trembling and sweating more than ever, Mi-
guel still manages to display a certain imperturbability.
He picks up a dried branch and knocks the next flock of
arrows out of the air with one circular movement.

YACUMOS (off)

(spiteful cries)

Chaco tugs at Munro's sleeve:

CHACO

Look!

The Yacuno chief has stepped out of the tall grass, followed by several warriors armed with clubs, spears, primitive bows, and blowguns. Apart from loincloths, they are wearing helmets of buzzard feathers, other feather ornaments on their arms. The everpaint designs on their bodies are a series of black S's.

Miguel whispers something to the boy and lets go of the rope.

The boy looks astonished and doesn't move.

Miguel is forced to repeat the exhortation and push him with one hand.

The boy gets up and starts to run toward his people.

The Yacuno chief and his warriors react with murmurs of surprise:

YACUNOS

(surprised murmuring)

They open ranks to let the boy pass between them and hide in the grass.

Led by their chief, the Yacunos then begin shaking their weapons in a series of warlike gestures which are imme-

diately followed by gestures of mockery, such as turning their backs to the intruders and slapping their buttocks.

Chaco finally relaxes , and smiles.

Munro watches him out of the corner of his eye:

MUNRO

If I'm not mistaken, they're threatening us!..

CHACO

No. It's a good sign, Professor. They want to show that they're brave warriors who aren't afraid of us. In other words, if they can save face they'll agree to talk.

15 EXT. YACUMO VILLAGE. DAY

The shabono (the Yacumo village) is an enormous shed made out of dried palm leaves and ironwood. It is rectangular in shape, with rounded corners. The center is dominated by a large empty area.

Munro, Chaco, and Miguel enter the shabono, whose mobile

wall has been opened for them.

With the chief in the lead, they are preceded and followed by Yacumo warriors.

The three men are tense, but try not to show it.

The atmosphere is anything but cordial.

Women, old people, and children peer out from beneath the shed, gesturing their fear, distrust, and hate toward the intruders.

Munro notices something and nudges Chaco:

MUNRO

(whispering)

Look!

Chaco winks at him and whispers back:

CHACO

Pretend you haven't seen it.

They are referring to the charm being worn by a bare-breasted "beauty" who is probably one of the chief's wives. It is a small film can adorned with macaw feathers and hanging from the raffia round her neck.

In the central area, the tribe's shaman traces something in the dirt with a stick. Then he reaches into the pouch of opossum hide hanging round his waist and scatters a

powdery substance to the four winds. This is a purification rite.

The Yacumo chief points his spear at the remains of a fire on the shabono floor, then pokes at it.

Human bones can be discerned among the ashes and bits of charred wood.

YACUMO CHIEF

Rashal... Rashal

Miguel nods that he has understood and moves his rifle up and down a couple of times to signify that he still might use it.

The Yacumo chief takes two or three ritual steps, looking cross, then bends down, grabs a handful of dirt and pours it over his head.

Munro and Chaco watch nervously.

Miguel spreads his arms for emphasis:

MIGUEL

Uke uhudiboi... Uke uhudiboi

The Yacumo chief points repeatedly to another area of the shabono, motioning the three men to follow him.

Beneath another part of the shed, an indie is lying on the ground using a skull for a pillow. (This isn't the only skull to be seen. There are others, painted ochre and with parrot feathers stuck in their orbits, hanging from the roof to indicate that the Yacumos cut off the heads of their enemies.) The man lying on the ground has an injured leg. Despite the compress of mud and leaves, we can see the deep, bloody gash in his thigh. It is also infected. Squatting next to him is a young girl. She is scratching at herself in despair as she sings an ominous-sounding lament:

YACUMO GIRL

(singing)

Chaco whispers to Munro, alluding to the man on the ground, who is clearly dying:

CHACO

Your friends shot him!... Let's
hope he doesn't croak before
we've gotten out of here.

The Yacumo chief, after pointing vigorously to the man and the girl, walks back to the three men and steps in front of Miguel, who manages to retain a calm exterior.

YACUMO CHIEF

Wishimishil... Ora!... Ora!...

Monokoriyosa!

Miguel, who is dressed again, reaches into his pocket and with a magician's flourish pulls out a switchblade, which he shows to the chief.

The blade snaps out with a CLICK.

Frightened, the Yacumo chief jumps back, imitated by the warriors around him.

Miguel continues holding the knife toward them and clicking the blade in and out.

YACUMOS

(frightened murmuring)

Miguel places the knife in the chief's hand and guides his finger to make the blade pop in and out. The chief's face is rigid.

Miguel repeats the movement two or three times in an atmosphere of extreme tension.

Finally, the chief realizes that he too is capable of making this "magic".

He holds the knife by himself and after a couple of unsuccessful tries manages to make the blade pop out.

He proudly shows it to his men.

YACUMOS

(sweat whispers)

Chaco leans toward Munro:

CHACO

(whispering)

You can breathe easy, Professor.
It's alright now.

CUT TO:

Three men are dragging the Yacumo boy into the central clearing. The other members of the tribe form a shouting circle around them:

YACUMOS

(shouting)

The chief pushes his way through, shaking his spear, also to allow his three guests to see what is happening.

The three men have forced the boy to his knees. The shaman leans over him and whips him symbolically with a buzzard's claw.

Then he hits him with it in the face, hard. The claw leaves

deep, bleeding scratches as the boy continues struggling in vain.

CUT WITHIN SCENE:

Munro and Chaco are squatting in the center of the clearing, rifles across their knees. Munro winces at each progressively weaker cry from the boy:

YACUMO BOY (OFF)

(desperate cries)

A few meters away, Miguel and the Yacumo chief are also two wrinkled old hags are sitting on the ground, gnawing on roots with their toothless gums and spitting the thick juice into the two hollow halves of a coconut shell. Munro and Chaco are squatting in the center of the clearing, rifles across their knees.

A few feet away Miguel and the Yacumo chief are also squatting and talking animatedly.

The two women get up as well and approach Munro and Chaco, still spitting into the coconut shells.

Chaco smiles as he murmurs to Munro:

CHACO

That's it. All we have to do now is
drink the hisicmo.

He takes the half a coconut shell from one of the two hags, displaying immense pleasure, and drinks a sip. Then he smiles again and smacks his lips to show that he likes the "nectar".

Munro reaches out for his, forcing himself not to gag. He closes his eyes and drinks.

16 EXT. POND. SAVANNAH. DAY

Two Yacumos are balanced on the rocks bordering a pond, fishing with their small bows and long arrows.

Their eyes carefully follow something moving through the murky water. An arrow shoots into the pond.

One of the indios grabs it quickly before it sinks altogether and pulls it out of the water.

Impaled on it is a large frog.

With a quick bite on its head, the indie kills it then sets down on the rock where the rest of their catch is lying: a couple of fat-bellied, black fish, another frog, and two leeches.

The two indios pretend not to notice the small group walking past the pond on the other side.

Chaco, Munro, and Miguel are crossing the savannah, head-

ing toward the mist-shrouded jungle visible in the distance. They are being led by the Yacumo chief.

LONG SHOT of the four men. The Yacumo chief stops and points the jungle out to Miguel, executing a complicated pantomime as if he were warning him of some terrible danger that awaits them. He illustrates this point by shaking his weapons as if he were going to use them, then throwing them on the ground to signify their uselessness.

17 EXT. JUNGLE. DAY. DUSK. NIGHT. DAWN

The three men's difficult march through the jungle's dense vegetation.

Munro, Chaco, and Miguel walk on as daylight dwindles into dusk, filling the jungle with hues of red and gold. But the three men are too weary to appreciate the sunset's spectacular beauty.

The black clouds filling the night sky are illuminated at intervals by flashes of lightning, and the air resounds with rolling THUNDER.

The first light of dawn is accompanied by a heavy rain

falling over the jungle.

18 EXT. JUNGLE. DAY

The three men are seated at the base of a centuries-old tree, beneath an improvised shed of banana leaves, which they have constructed to protect them from the rain. There is something pitiful and forlorn about them as they sit there, half-soaked, waiting for the torrent to subside.

Munro reaches into his pack, pulls out a small tape-recorder, and - being careful not to get it wet - dictates something into it:

MUNRO'S VOICE

(recorded effect)

"... We have reason to believe that the group we are looking for has proceeded deeper into the jungle, toward the center of the mato, which no white man has ever succeeded in reachingI..

Chaco stares at him in wry curiosity.

Niguel has found some roots and is chewing on one without bothering to clean it off first.

MAURO'S VOICE

There are two cannibal tribes in there, still living in the Stone Age. Apparently they are at constant war with one another and feared even by the great Yacumo warriors because of their fierceness. One of the tribes is called Yanomamo, meaning the Tree People. The other is the Shamatari, or the Swamp People. Each considers the other as game to be hunted and eaten...

Chaco is eating some root now as well. Seeing Munro turn off the recorder, he offers him some:

CHACO

You want some? It's wild manioc. It gives you a bit of diarrhea, but it's better than nothing.

MUNRO

Thank you.

He stops the recorder, rewinds it, then plays it: As CAMERA executes a SLOW, CIRCULAR PAN OVER jungle, we hear:

MUNRO'S RECORDED VOICE (OFF)

... Alan Yates and the others must have done something terrible at the Yacumo village. Something worse than wounding a man and setting fire to the hut. Unfortunately, the Yacumo chief's account was in the Jaguiri language. All we could understand is that he would have gladly killed them if he hadn't been so frightened...

Miguel, who had been listening, suddenly changes expression:

MIGUEL

Shut that thing off!

Munro complies as both he and Chaco tense as well. The distant SOUND of bones being BANGED together... barely audible through the SPLATTERING of the rain on the leaves.

Miguel grabs his rifle, whispering:

MIGUEL

Christ! We're in the middle of a hunt!

MUNRO

(softly: to Chaco)

The Tree People?

CHACO

(shaking his head)

No, the Shamatarí! We better hide
quick!

CUT WITHIN SCENE:

The rain gradually stops, followed by an eery SILENCE. Tensely clutching their weapons, Munro, Chaco, and Miguel are hiding at the bottom of a slope that borders the path cutting through the jungle.

Miguel points up, where the tops of the trees are like umbrellas of green concealing the sky.

MIGUEL

There's something up there in that
rubber tree.

Chaco scrutinizes the spot Miguel is pointing at:

CHACO

Hmm... Too still for a monkey...
and too high up for a jaguar...

Before they can discover what it is, the SOUND of bones being BANGED together becomes frighteningly close.

The three men instinctively aim their rifles towards it and wait, silent and immobile.

A moment later the foliage parts and three Shamataris appear, nightmarish figures with animal-like movements. They are painted from head to foot in a layer of yellowish clay that has dried to form a crusty coating over their skins and what looks like helmets over their hair. They carry sticks and crude-looking spears, and are wearing loincloths of leaves that cover their genitals.

The anthropologist and the two mestizos stare at them in frightened awe.

The three Shamatari hunters appear to have seen something and begin to gesticulate wildly toward the rubber tree while emitting strange grunts:

SHANATARI HUNTERS

Ueh... ueh... nki... nki...

They circle the tree, looking up, then take hold of the bones hanging from the braided vines around their neck and start BANGING them together, making the SOUND we

heard before.

The one who seems to be the leader squats down, finds a stick and dries it by rubbing it against his skin. Then he inserts it into an open knot-hole in a branch and begins quickly turning it this way and that with the open palms of his hands while blowing on it.

The other two men squat down as well and begin delousing one another as they wait for the fire to start. The lice they find on one another are popped into their mouths and eaten.

CUT WITHIN SCENE:

A wisp of smoke; sparks crackling into flames.

The three Shamatari hunters jump up and begin gathering dried leaves into a pile at the base of the tree.

Then they throw the smouldering branch onto it and the leaves ignite with a burst.

One of the men gathers some moss and sprinkles it on the fire. A second later, a thick, nauseating smoke begins to rise into the air!

A gust of wind sends some toward the spot where Munro, Chaco, and Miguel are hiding. The three men grimace as they try not to cough.

The smoke continues rising toward the top of the rubber tree. The creature in the branches begin to COUGH and GASP.

The agitation of the three hunters increases:

SHAMATARI HUNTERS

Ueh!... Ueh!... Nki!.. Nki!

They begin beating the tree trunk with their clubs. In the shaking foliage overhead, the COUGHS become more and more spasmodic.

The three hunters stare excitedly at the top of the tree.

Even Munro, Chaco, and Miguel instinctively lift their gazes.

A fleeting figure, partially hidden among the leaves, can be seen climbing higher and higher in an effort to escape the acrid smoke. All of a sudden, the sinister CRACKING of a branch can be heard, followed by:

YANOMANO WOMAN

(blood-curdling scream)

A indistinct shape plummets to the ground, together with

the broken branch, and lands with a THUD, raising a swirl of leaves.

Munro involuntarily shudders.

Even Chase and Miguel allow themselves a small grimace of disgust.

Lying on the ground is a Yanomamo woman, one of the Tree People. She is still young and shapely, with extremely long hair, though her naked body is incredibly filthy. She doesn't move and emits feeble MOANS; the fall must have broken her back. It has also disfigured her face, which is bloody and has one eye hanging out of its socket.

The three Shamatarí hunters are on her at once, heedless of her desperate CRIES, which only seem to increase their excitement.

They finish her off with savage blows from their clubs as blood spurts everywhere.

Munro turns away so as not to look.

The three Shamatarís bend over like animals to lap up the woman's blood.

Their leader bites the protruding eye off and chews it

it with relish.

The three hunters tear off their necklaces and resume BANGING the bones together.

They tie the dead woman's hands and feet to the branch she had fallen with.

Two of them hoist it up on their shoulders.

Preceded by their leader, they run into the underbrush and disappear.

Chaco turns to Munro and Miguel:

CHACO

Let's go!

The three men follow the path taken by the Shamataris.

MUNRO, CHACO, & MIGUEL'S P.O.V. ad CAMERA ADVANCES unsteadily, following the Shamatari hunters up ahead, who are moving swiftly through the jungle with their prey.

Chaco, Miguel, and Munro run on, panting and being stung and scratched by the thick underbrush. They try to keep a safe distance from the hunters yet without losing sight of them.

THEIR P.O.V. - increasingly UNSTEADY - of the three Shamataris.

All of a sudden Chaco pushes Munro so he falls just before running out into the open. Then the guide quickly points to something.

There is a clearing just ahead of them.

Through the smoke of several large bonfires, the three men are greeted by a hellish sight straight out of the Stone Age.

The Shamatari hunters have reached their companions gathered in the clearing. There are about thirty of them in all. Most of them are busy stoking the fires burning at the bases of several trees.

Visible in the branches of the trees are indistinct human figures in rudimentary shelters made of raffia stalks and banana leaves and similar to the tree-houses built by gorillas.

SHAMATARI HUNTERS

(savage shouts)

Other Shamataris are crouched around a smoking hole in

the ground which they have filled with red-hot rocks. The three hunters throw the woman's corpse into the hole.

Munro, Chaco, and Miguel watch, unable to believe their eyes, then turn their heads sharply in the direction of:

YANOMAMO GIRL (OFF)

(desperate cry)

Two Shamataris have grabbed an adolescent Yanomamo girl. One of them forces her to kneel in front of him, pinning her head between his legs and pulling her hair. The other shamatari grabs hold of her young breasts and penetrates her from behind, deflowering her with mighty thrusts of his turgid member.

Munro, Chaco, and Miguel are so devastated that they are unable to come to a decision.

Suddenly, the air is filled with:

YANOMAMO WARRIORS (OFF)

(shrill war cries)

Several Yanomamos, red-eyed and COUGHING from the smoke, slide down out of the trees on vines.

As soon as they reach the ground, brandishing their clubs

and spears, which are even more primitive than those of the Shamataris, they form a circle, ready to fight. They are outnumbered by their adversaries, and half of them are old people and children.

The two groups hurl themselves at one another.

YANOMAMO WARRIORS

(war cries)

SHAMATARI HUNTERS

(war cries)

Their CRIES are ECHOED to a deafening PITCH by the jungle's green ceiling.

The fierce battle has only just begun and the outnumbered Yanomamos already seem to be getting the worst of it: A boy falls, his head cracked open by the blow from a Shamatari club.

An old man is speared in the neck.

Chaco finally reacts:

CHACO

(shouting)

Now!

He steps into the clearing, FIRING, followed by Miguel, then, Munro, whose reflexes are a bit slower.

COMBINED RIFLE FIRE

Five Shamataris fall.

For a split-second, The Yanomamos as well as the Shamataris freeze in total bemusement. The phenomenon is too much for their primitive minds.

Chaco and Miguel fire at them again, whereas Munro fires above the cannibals' heads, not wanting to kill them but only to frighten them.

Three more Shamataris fall.

The Yanomamos are the first to recover from the initial shock (perhaps already familiar with the power of firearms) and attack their aggressors.

But the Shamataris are too terrified to fight anymore and flee into the jungle, disappearing in a matter of seconds.

Two of them are left behind. One is their leader, recognizable by his necklace of human jawbones. The other, one of the men who raped the Yanomamo girl. They are either more courageous or less swift than their fellow-tribes-

men. Whatever the case, they are quickly submerged by the victoriously shouting mob of:

YANOMAMO WARRIORS

(exultant cries)

19 EXT. RIVERBANK. DAY

A small group of Yanomamo warriors are dragging the Shamatari hunter (the same one we saw rape the adolescent girl) towards the muddy riverbank. They shove him, hit him, and spit at him, but the Shamatari remains impassive, displaying a certain dignity.

YANOMAMO WARRIORS

(cries)

MUNRO'S VOICE (OFF)

(echo effect)

"... Despite the fact that our intervention saved them from the Shamataris, the Tree People continued to regard us with mistrust, fear, and hostility..."

Munro is recording. Chaco and Miguel stand next to him.

MUNRO

(into recorder)

... However, they did allow us to witness the punishment of the prisoner who had violated one of their virgins."

The Yanomamos are using vines to tie the Shamatari hunter to a log! Then they walk around the log, throwing rocks at him, spitting at him, and striking him with their clubs

YANOMAMO WARRIORS

(cries)

The Yanomamo "executioner" appears, a sinister figure covered from head to foot in thick vines.

A sudden SILENCE falls over the scene.

The Shamatari hunter has lost his aplomb and is now tense with fear.

The "executioner" slowly approaches him, while:

YANOMAMO "EXECUTIONER"

(ritual-like, guttural phrases)

He stops in front of the prisoner. His arms emerge from beneath the vines to gesture in the air. There is a sharp rock in his right hand. His upraised arms freeze.

SHAMATARI HUNTER

(desperate cry)

The "executioner" bends down.

The Shamatari hunter struggles in vain against his bonds.

SHAMATARI HUNTER

(terrified shrieks)

The "executioner" grabs the Shamatari's penis and testicles with his left and moves the stone blade toward them.

The stone cuts into the base of the Shamatari hunter's genitals but doesn't sever them completely.

SHAMATARI HUNTER

(blood-chilling howl of pain)

Another blow, and penis and testicles are no longer attached to the man's groin. Blood begins to gush from the wound.

The Yanomamo "executioner" holds up the grisly trophy.

YANOMAMO WARRIORS

(jubilant cries)

They begin to push the log down an incline.

The Shamatari hunter is writhing in agony:

SHAMATARI HUNTER

(cries and moans)

At a signal from the "executioner", the log is tipped and the prisoner immersed into the river, whose yellowish water tinged with red. His captors are careful not to let the water touch their hands or feet.

The water around the prisoner, who is immersed up to his waist, suddenly becomes turbulent.

SHAMATARI HUNTER

(increasingly desperate cries)

In vain, the Shamatari hunter manages to raise one leg out of the water. It is already partly eaten by the fierce piranhas which are still attached to it.

He lowers his leg back into the water, which churns with renewed intensity.

The Yanomamos continue sliding the trunk further and further into the water. The Shamatari hunter's agony ends when he finally loses consciousness, his head lolling to one side. Then it too disappears beneath the roiling red water.

YANOMAMO WARRIORS

(guttural cries)

A few seconds later the Yanomamos pull the leg back out of the water. Tied to it now is nothing but a skeleton with piranas attached to the few remaining pieces of flesh.

YANOMAMO "EXECUTIONER"

(bestial cry)

This is the signal that justice has been done.

The trunk with the remains of the Shamatari hunter is thrown back into the water.

The executioner tosses the severed genitals to the women, who fight over them and devour them in a matter of seconds.

20 EXT. JUNGLE. DAY

The jungle clearing. Several Yanomamos are perched on the lower branches of the trees or hanging on the vines. A few are visible in the tree-houses. Wherever they are, they are all watching their chief in rapt attention as he turns around and around, shaking his spear and beating his club on the ground. He is pantomiming a battle.

Munro, Chaco, and Miguel watch him with detached interest.

MUNRO

(into tape recorder)

"... One thing is certain: the four people we are looking for did something to incur the wrath of the Tree People, though we can't understand what or why..."

Chaco leans over and whispers something into Munro's ear. The Yanomamo chief's pantomime is bringing him closer to them. Suddenly he bends down and begins to dig a hole with his hands, like an animal.

Munro, Chaco, and Miguel watch him, trying to conceal their nervousness.

The chief has found something in the damp earth.
He tosses it in front of the three men.

Chaco slowly picks it up and shows it to his two companions.

It is a man's wristwatch. The glass is broken and the metal wristband is caked with dirt.

21 EXT. POND. SAVANNAH. DAY

Munro is naked and having a bath in the pond out in the savannah.

Where it isn't tanned, his white flesh is covered with scratch marks and insect bites.

MUNRO'S VOICE OVER

(echo effect)

"... Since we haven't been able to find out anything from the Yanomamos, Chaco has come up with an idea in which I am to be the guinea-pig or the bait, depending on how you look at it..."

Hidden in the tall grass, Chaco and Miguel are holding

their rifles and keeping an eye on the situation.

A small group of naked young Yanomamo women approaches the pond. They seem fascinated by the sight of Munro's nudity. Meanwhile, he continues to wash himself with feigned indifference.

The women laugh, nudging each other and pointing with monkey-like gestures:

YANOMAMO WOMEN

(guttural laughs)

Overcoming their fear, the women move closer to Munro.

One of them reaches out timidly, touches him, then immediately pulls her hand back.

A second woman does the same.

Finding courage in numbers, the women crowd around Munro, whose façade of aloofness is beginning to crack. They touch him and caress him in awe.

One of them takes hold of his penis and gives it a tug such to the hilarity of her companions:

YANOMAMO WOMEN

(guttural laughs)

Munro tries to grab one of them by the arm, but she pulls away, terrified.

The others back away as well and hop out of the pond.

One of them signals Munro to follow them.

Munro glances toward the spot where Chaco and Miguel are hiding, then gets out to follow the group.

Chaco and Miguel manage to stay hidden in the grass as they crawl after Munro and the women.

22 EXT. UNDERBRUSH. JUNGLE. DAY

The Yanomamo women leave the savannah and step into the underbrush, still motioning Munro to follow them.

Munro stumbles along, wincing in pain from the thorns and thistles his bare feet are stepping on.

The Yanomamo women reach a spot where the trees are thicker than usual.

Because of the trees, it is easier now for Chaco and Miguel to follow unobserved.

Munro stops in his tracks with an expression of incre-

dulity and disgust.

What he sees is partially blocked by the thick vegetation: the branches of some trees ahead seem to be hung with strange festoons.

Munro pushes the reeds aside and stares in horror.

Even Chaco and Miguel, who are peering out from behind the trees are unable to suppress a look of revulsion.

Three human skeletons painted ochre are hanging from the trees and swaying in the breeze. Some of the bones are broken, others missing. Also hanging from the branches and adding to the macabre sight, are shreds of charred clothing, boots backpacks, a rifle with a broken stock, a smashed movie camera.

The skeletons are swarming with worms and insects.

23 EXT. CLEARING. DAY

Munro, Chaco, and Miguel are sitting on one side of the clearing having an animated discussion which we can't hear.

No trace of the Yanomamos, who have evidently gone back up to their tree-houses.

BIRD & MONKEY SOUNDS from the surrounding jungle.

MONKEY CRIES & BIRDCALLS

MUNRO'S VOICE

(echo effect)

"... The Yanomamos didn't allow us to bury those pathetic remains... They had painted them ochre to ward off the evil spirits they stood for... Once again I can't help wondering what terrible thing Yates and his friends could have done..."

The discussion between the three men becomes more animated than ever. Then, before Chaco and Miguel can stop him, Munro walks over to the trees and FIRES into the air. From the tree houses comes a sound similar to that of a thousand crazed birds:

YANOMAMOS

(bird-like cries)

Chaco and Miguel tense and raise their rifles.

MUNRO'S VOICE

(echo effect)

"... I know our lives are hanging by a thread, but I don't want to go back without at least having tried to recover the footage shot by Alan Yates and the others... It could be of immense scientific and human value..."

Chaco reaches Munro in a bound and tries to pull him away. The anthropologist struggles free, reaches the base of the trees, and throws down his Winchester as a sign of his peaceful intentions.

MUNRO'S VOICE

(echo effect)

"... Perhaps I have no right to force Chaco and Miguel to run this risk as well, but I am going to try and negotiate a trade with the natives..."

Munro pulls out his tape recorder and holds it up to the trees so the Yanomamos can see it:

MUNRO

Teril... Teril...

He turns it on:

MUNRO'S VOICE

(echo effect)

"... again I can't help wondering
what terrible thing..."

Chaco and Miguel steady their aim.
From the moving foliage one can hear:

YANOMAMO VOICES

(guttural cries)

Munro has stopped the tape recorder and is holding it up
toward the trees:

MUNRO

Teril... Teril...

A long, tense SILENCE.

Then the corpse of the Shamatari chief is slowly lowered
from the trees on a vine. His head has been horribly
crushed, and his eyeballs are missing.

Munro grimaces in disgust.

Chaco n however, is almost smiling.

Miguel too, seems suddenly relieved.

CHACO

He did it!!.. They're inviting us
to lunch!

Munro looks at him, aghast:

MUNRO

They're what?!

CUT WITHIN SCENE

CLOSE UP of the look of nausea on Munro's face as the hand entering FRAME offers him a piece of meat which is bloody and raw on the inside and charred on the outside.

Munro is forced to take it and sink his teeth into it.

He and his two guides are sitting with the Yanomamos in a circle around the steaming hole in the ground where the remains of the Shamatari chief(s) corpse are being cooked on hot rocks.

Chaco and Miguel are also forced to partake of the maca bre feast.

YANOMAMOS

(grunts and squeals of pleasure)

The cannibals pick the hot meat out of the hole with their dirty, greasy fingers and stuff it hungrily into their mouths. The Yanomamo chief is holding his victim's half-eaten head in one hand and the tape recorder to his ear with the other hand. He listens to it with a look of childlike wonder and delight:

MUNRO'S VOICE

(echo effect)

"...Despite the fact that our intervention saved them from the Shamataris, the Tree People..."

Trying to conceal his revulsion, which might offend his "generous hosts", Munro somehow manages to swallow the mouthful of human meat.

A Yanomamo sitting next to him and sucking with relish on a thigh-bone eyes him with mistrust.

Then he turns to the hole to grab another piece.

Munro takes advantage of the man's momentary distraction to spit out the piece he has just put in his mouth.

It falls in the grass at his feet, next to some cans of film.

24 EXT. CBS BUILDING. NEW YORK CITY. DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the skyscraper belonging to CBS, one of America's three major television networks.

25 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO. CBS. DAY

Munro, well-dressed, his hands and face still bearing the marks of his recent adventure - is sitting in a chair facing the television cameras as he answers an interviewer's questions:

INTERVIEWER

... And so, in exchange for the tape recorder the cannibal chief showed you where they had hidden the filmed material...?

MUNRO

Yes. They thought I was powerful enough to capture people's voices and therefore their spirits. This convinced them that I was the only one capable of taking away the cans of film, which they saw as a threat.

INTERVIEWER

Why a threat, Professor?

MUNRO

The Yanomamos had understood how important the film cans were ^W to Alan Yates and his group and most likely thought the cans contained their power. A power, as I said before, that had caused violence and death.

INTERVIEWER

Thank you, Professor Munro. And that concludes today's special interview. We would like to remind our viewers that next Saturday at nine p.m. CBS will be presenting Part One of "Green Inferno", the dramatic filmed testimony of an extraordinary adventure that took its protagonists all the way back to the Stone Age.

26. INT. BOARD ROOM. CBS. DAY

A small, modern, air-conditioned board room. Three CBS

executives are meeting with Munro.

1ST EXECUTIVE

... and you would be the ideal
host for the program.

2ND EXECUTIVE

That's right, Professor Munro.
As an eyewitness as well as a
scientist...

Munro is slightly embarrassed.

MUNRO

Gentlemen - I doubt you're really
interested in the program's
scientific value. And in any case,
I'd like to view the filmed mate-
rial first. As yet, none of us knows
what it contains. I'm thinking of
the image it gives of those four un-
fortunate young people.

2ND EXECUTIVE

Professor Munro, I can assure you
that they knew exactly what they
wanted and what methods to use in

2ND EXECUTIVE (cont'd)

order to obtain it. All of us here
were well acquainted with them.

The other two men nod.

MUNRO

Still, they're dead now...

1ST EXECUTIVE

Which is exactly why we must show
people the truth! We'll let the
public judge. Better yet, we'll
let the people who knew them best
judge: their parents... their
wives...

The telephone RINGS. The 3rd Executive answers it:

3RD EXECUTIVE

Yes?... Okay, we'll be right
there.

(to the 1st Exec.)

The film's ready.

The 1st Executive gets up, imitated by the others:

1ST EXECUTIVE

Come, Professor. You can see for
yourself if we're right.

27 INT. MOVIOLA ROOM. DAY

An assistant syuts the blinds and the room is plunged into semi-darkness, the only source of illumination being the bluish light of the moviola.

Munro and the 1st Executive sit down behind the cutter who is operation the moviola.

On the small screen, the documentary's maintitles appear.

1ST EXECUTIVE

This is a documentary they shot for
us a year and a half ago.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(on moviola speaker)

"Produced by the Columbia Broad-
casting System. Directed by Alan Ya-
tes. Photographed by Jack Anders and
Mark Tomaso. Special assistant,
Shanda Williams."

28 EXT. CAMBODIAN TERRITORY. DAY (FILM WITHIN FILM)

(Dramatic on-the-spot shooting: hand-held camera, image sometimes blurred or with light in lens, etc.)

The outskirts of a Southeast Asian city. Filthy, under-nourished children picking through mud and garbage for something to eat. Frightened little faces filled with nausea at what they are forced to eat.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

"... 'The Last Paradise'... Xua Dang during the last days of October. The liberating forces are approaching."

Another SHOT: Two soldiers armed with machine-guns pushing a man with a suitcase up against a wall. He is shot with a spray of machine-gun fire. One of the soldiers is forced to strike at his hand repeatedly with the butt of his machine-gun before the fingers clenched in death will relinquish the suitcase.

The suitcase snaps open. It is full of money and valuables.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

... Image which our film crew

NARRATOR'S VOICE (cont'd)

risked their lives to capture and which document the tragic days of violence, looting, brutality.

Another SHOT: a man - his hands and feet bound - writing on the ground in agony. Someone has tied a plastic bag over his head. The bag is transparent enough so that we can see his features twisted in the horror of death by asphyxiation.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

... Before leaving the city, the soldiers of General Sha's corrupt regime brutally eliminate their political adversaries...

Another SHOT: Seen through the bamboo grille of a window, two soldiers tear the clothes off a young girl and hold her, pinned to a straw pallet as they prepare to rape her despite her desperate struggling.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

... and commit sadistic acts of revenge against their enemies' families...

29 INT. NOVIOLA ROOM. CBS. DAY

The little moviola screen turns white as the film winds out. The 1st Executive slaps the cutter on the back; then gets up and turns to Munro:

1st EXECUTIVE

Pretty strong stuff, eh?

Munro nods with a vague look of distaste.

1ST EXECUTIVE

Well, just to give you an idea of how Alan and the others operated, everything you just saw was a put-on.

MUNRO

You mean?

1ST EXECUTIVE

There wasn't any enemy army approaching. Alan paid those soldiers to do some acting for him... You'll have to excuse me now; I'll join you later.

Munro is so dumbfounded, all he can do is nod.

The 1st Executive walks out. The cutter turns to Munro:

CUTTER

Shall I go ahead?

MUNRO

Yes... Thank you...

The cutter turns off the blue light and starts the moviola.

DETAIL of the moviola screen showing Alan, Shanda, Jack, and Mark Mike while they head toward the Piper after being interviewed.

CUTTER (off)

That's Alan and Shanda... I must admit, though, they were real professionals... They really knew how to give you a punch in the stomach with the stuff they shot...

The lights come on and the cutter turns to Munro:

CUTTER

Their ratings were incredible, you know, higher than most stars.

CUTTER (cont'd)

Alan in particular knew how to play to an audience. Look at this sequence they shot before leaving...

He turns the lights off again.

SHOTS of a hotel room appear on the screen. The place is a mess: open suitcases, satchels, metal boxes for the film equipment --- all of it strewn about the room. Despite the HUMMING of the air-conditioner, the heat is ter-rid.

Alan -- bare -chested - is bent over the bed, removing things from a valise and dropping them into a canvas bag. He holds an electric up to CAMERA, then tosses it back into the valise with a wink:

ALAN

(half-joking)

Forget it... I doubt there'll be any plugs where we're going.

He fishes out a bottle of cologne and drops it back in-side:

ALAN

Nope! This is going to be anything but an organised safari with all the comforts.

He comes across a bottle of some sort of medicine and drops it into the bag, then does likewise with a large flare gun and a couple of boxes of ammunition.

ALAN

Weapons, cameras, medicinal items,
that's about it... seeing as we're
going to be covering hundreds of
miles... on foot!

Slight MOVEMENT of CAMERA to include Shanda, who steps out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel; she has just had a shower.

ALAN

That's another thing: who knows
when we'll be taking our next shower..
But that won't be a problem for Shanda;
I'm sure she'll find a way to remain
the sexiest script-girl in history.

Shanda picks up on the game and goes into a series of "sexy" poses that end with her lying on the bed like Marilyn Monroe, one leg bent back, toe pointed.

SHANDA

Are you really shooting, Jack?

JACK (OFF)

Sure and

Shanda, half-amused, half-annoyed, jumps off the bed:

SHANDA

You idiots!

ALAN

Okay, Jack... that's enough!

Alan winks towards CAMERA.

SHOT CHANGES, as if someone else were SHOOTING, since Jack and his camera are now included in FRAME.

Shanda tries to move the pile of stuff on the bed:

SHANDA

Look at the mess you guys have
made! Has anyone seen my panties?
I left them here somewhere...

Jack, pretending to fiddle with his camera, aims it toward the door.

JACK (off)

What do you want them for?

Shanda continues rummaging through the things on the bed while Alan watches in amusement.

SHANDA

To wear around my head, stupid!

ALAN

I thought ever since Jack got you to take them off two years ago you hadn't worn them since... Right, Mark?

Suddenly suspicious,, Shanda wheels around to face the door and sees Mark shooting. Angry and at the same time amused, she picks up a pillow and throws it at him.

Pillow flies into CAMERA in a sort of white FADEOUT.

30 INT./ EXT . CBS CAR. NEW YORK CITY. DAY

SHOT of a traffic-filled street on Manhattan's East Side.

A chauffeur in the CBS uniform. He is on one side of FRAME with respect to Munro and a CBS cameraman, who are in the back seat, next to a film camera in its case. The cameraman glances out the back window:

CAMERAMAN

Slow down, Joe! We've lost the
sound truck.

DRIVER

Okay.

The cameraman turns to Munro:

CAMERAMAN

What was I saying, Professor?... Ah
yes. I tried working with Alan a
couple of times, but I just couldn't
handle it. He pushes people to the
limit, demanding everything -
including their blood. No thanks!
God have mercy on his soul because
he was one ruthless son of a bitch!

31 INT. MODEST LIVING-ROOM. NEW YORK CITY. DAY

Alan's father. An elderly man with white hair and wearing
an old sweater. He is sitting on a flower-print divan
next to Munro. The interior is modestly furnished. He is
a bit ill at ease and looks more into camera than at his
interlocutor:

ALAN'S FATHER

... I, ah, really appreciate this, Professor... You're the first person to come and talk to me about Alan after what happened... What I'd like to know is what did happen to my son?... Can you tell me, Professor?

32 EXT. PLAYGROUND. NURSERY SCHOOL. NEW YORK CITY. DAY

CLOSE UP of a young Catholic nun in a modern, American habit.

SHOUTS & LAUGHTER of children playing can be heard in the b.g.

NUN

I.. No, Shanda was her... How do you call it? Her stage-name? My sister had always wanted to be an actress. Her real name was Edith.

She turns her head toward the SOUND of the children:

NUN

(gently)

Children, hush! There's no need to make so much noise.

She turns back to resume looking into camera:

NUN

Our characters were completely different, but I suppose that's obvious. Edith was very energetic, strong-willed, ambitious... Extremely ambitious... Aren't you ever going to be at peace with yourself, I used to ask her. Anyway, I'm sure she is now, God rest her soul...

33. INT. JACK'S HOUSE. NEW YORK CITY. DAY

Jack's wife. Young, attractive, curly hair, hippy-type clothes. She is granting the interview with an arrogant, disenchanted attitude.

We are in the corner of a room furnished with bohemian (and perhaps questionable) taste.

JACK'S WIFE

What's the use? I mean, what am I supposed to say about Jack?... In two years of marriage we were together maybe four months at the

JACK'S WIFE (cont'd)

most. He was always off on some assignment. India, Asia, Africa... Oh sure, he was dynamite in bed. He liked to eat, too. Yeah, all the basics. Not much brains, though. He could be easily influenced, especially by Alan Yates. Alan was Jack's "God", know what I mean?... Hey, you guys think the insurance company will lay some bread on me...?

34 INT. WAREHOUSE. NEW YORK CITY. DAY

Mark's father. Fiftyish, heavyset, bald. He continues stacking crates of fruit while answering the questions in the accent of an Italian immigrant:

MARK'S FATHER

No, no, I don't wanna get involved. Go on, now, go... I got work to do...

He raises one hand, as if trying to prevent the camera from framing him.

MARK'S FATHER

Whut do you wanna bother me for?!
Mark was no son of mine anymore.
He didn't wanna study, he didn't
wanna work. Three times he ran away
from home. Three! Go on now, get
outa here! I gotta make a living
too, you know!

INTERVIEWER (OFF)

Alright, Mr. Tomaso, we're going.
But before we do, could you just
tell us one thing. We realize
you didn't get along with your
son, but what tye of boy was Mark?

MARK'S FATHER

A no-good, selfish brat! He gave
his mother nothing but worries
and grief! He wanted everything,
but he didn't want to work for
it... You see these hands? They're
honest hands! But that kid... that
kid he had no sense of shame!

35 INT. MOVIOLA ROOM. CBS. DAY

In the room are Munro, the 1st Executive, the cutter and his assistant. The lights are still on. Munro and the 1st Executive sit down on each side of the cutter, who is already seated at the moviola.

1ST EXECUTIVE

How come they didn't print the whole thing?

CUTTER

Part of it needed special treatment, because of the humidity. The quality isn't the best, but pretty good considering the conditions they were shooting in...

The 1st Executive turns to Munro:

1ST EXECUTIVE

Unfortunately two reels had been exposed, and we had to throw them out.

CUTTER

I've put black leaders between one sequence and another.

1ST EXECUTIVE

Good!..

(to Munro)

That's where we'll insert the interviews with their families and the one with you when you talk about your search for them.

(to cutter again)

Go ahead, Bill.

CUTTER

Okay.

The assistant switches off the lights. Images begin to appear on the moviola screen.

36 EXT. JUNGLE . DAY

SHAKY, MOVING SHOT of the underbrush. CAMERA PANS until FINDING Alan, Shanda, Mark, and their guide Felipe Ozcana, who are advancing with difficulty through the thick vegetation. (Jack naturally, is not in the shot since he is the one filming it.)

All four are bathed in sweat and look exhausted. Apart from their rifles they are also carrying backpacks and leather bags containing cans of film. Mark is also carry-

ing a 16mm camera in one hand.

CUT WITHIN SCENE:

SHOT of the four sitting under some trees, resting . The unusual glare is due to their wet surroundings. A violent rainfall has just ended.

The impact of the images is heightened by the fact that the only SOUND is the steady WHIR of the film moving through the moviola.

CAMERA PANS to Shanda and HOLDS. Immediately self-conscious, she reacts by smoothing her hair back. A gesture that is typically female and also pathetic, given the sorry state of her appearance.

A SOUNDTRACK suddenly bursts onto the moviola's speaker:

SHANDA

We finally stopped. We've been walking for six days in this marvelous inferno. Today is...

She checks her quartz wristwatch that shows the date, and smiles:

SHANDA

Saturday the 26th, if I were in

SHANDA (cont'd)

New York right now I'd probably be out shopping.

37. EXT. RIVERBANK. DAY

Alan, Mark, and Felipe are chasing a huge tortoise, which is trying to reach the water.

They grab it. CAMERA MOVES CLOSER, WOBBLING. Shand runs into FRAME to help. Mark slips and falls in the mud, then gets up and joins the others, who have turned the tortoise on its back. A spray of mud from the furiously struggling animal hits the LENS, half-covering the IMAGE.

CUT WITHIN SCENE:

SEQUENCE of SHAKY SHOTS.

- The turtle's hard carapace being hammered at with a machete until it cracks.
- The machete blade cutting into the animal's soft underside.
- Felipe's blood-covered hands as he pulls out the innards and unlaid eggs.
- The fire of dried twigs and broken branches. Bit chunks of turtle meat impaled on thin, green branches and being held over the fire to cook. The fat drips into the flames. SIZZLING.

Sitting in a circle, Alan, Shanda, Felipe, and Jack begin to eat the chunks of turtle meat that are already clooked.

CUT WITHIN SCENE:

SCREEN goes BLACK as a piede of leader runs by.

1st EXECUTIVE (OFF)

How many lack sound, Bill?

CUTTER

Less than half.

NOTE TO READER: WHEN THERE IS SOUND IT IS OF SAME SLIGHTLY INFERIOR QUALITY AS THAT OF IMAGES - TINNY, FLAT, BUT SOMEHOW ADDING TO DRAMATIC IMPACT.

38. EXT. JUNGLE. DAY.

SHOT from behind: Alan, Shand and Mark follow Felipe, who is hacking open a path with his machete.

MONKEY & BIRD SOUNDS

CAMERA PANS UP. Sunlight in LENS for a moment, then SHOT

of monkeys frightened by human presence and SCREAMING as they hop nervously from branch to branch.

Felipe motions the others to stop, then peers ahead, suddenly alert.

ALAN

What is it?

Felipe points to an opening in the vegetation:

FELIPE

The Yacumos have passed this way.
We're not far from the village.

He moves the carpet of rotting leaves with one foot.

SHANDA (OFF)

(terrified scream)

A huge and hairy black spider has crept out from under the leaves and is crawling up Shanda's leg.

FELIPE

Don't move!

CAMERA MOVES SHAKILY from Shanda's expression of terror

to the spider as it continues moving up her high bootleg, approaching the less protective material of her trouser. Felipe enters FRAME, gripping his machete. He brings it down with an oblique swipe, knocking the spider off Shanda and onto the leaves, where he then chops it in two.

CUT WITHIN SCENE:

CLOSE UP of Alan, speaking into CAMERA; behind him, the jungle in the first light of dawn:

ALAN

... walking for days on end in the jungle with the harrowing feeling that we are moving in circles... sleeping in the trees so as not to be bitten by snakes or spiders...

SHOT of Jack, perched on a branch... Shanda, trying to comb her hair... then Felipe sitting on a thick root; his bare feet are swollen and covered with sores. He reaches for one of his shoes lying at the base of the tree, in order to put it on.

ALAN (off)

But Felipe, our guide, swears that we are near the big river and the village where the...

Meanwhile, Felipe puts his shoe on then:

FELIPE

(howl of pain)

He yanks the shoe off again.

DETAIL of the small, red and black striped serpent crawling around inside the shoe, which is now lying on the grass.

Alan smashes at the shoe with his rifle-butt as Jack enters FRAME.

CLOSE UP of Felipe's anguished expression as he says:

FELIPE

Quick! Youve got to cut off my leg!

CAMERA SWINGS ONTO the stunned expressions of Alan and the others.

FELIPE (OFF)

For God's sake, hurry! Cut it off!

Meanwhile, he has whipped his belt off and is using it as a tourniquet just above his knee.

ALAN (OFF)

Keep shooting, Mark! Keep shooting!

Half-closing his eyes, Alan begins to hack away at Felipe's leg with the machete. IMAGE is partially blocked by Jack's body.

Alan continues chopping.

FELIPE

(blood-chilling screams)

Shaky PAN includes Shanda, who is using her lighter to light a small fire.

Jack's hand enters FRAME as he throws the machete blade onto the fire.

Alan is bent over Felipe, who has fainted, and shoves the severed part of the guide's leg away.

Jack's hand trying to pick up the machete and forced to drop it since the handle is hot as well. Then he picks it up again.

Shanda walks over to Alan and Felipe, followed by Jack carrying the steaming machete.

HANDHELD CAMERA FOLLOWS them.

Shanda and Jack hold Felipe down as Alan brings the machete's hot blade toward the gory stump that was once Felipe's leg.

CLOSE UP of Alan looking away as the open wound is cauterized in a hiss of smoke.

CLOSE UP of Felipe coming to:

FELIPE

(another cry of pain)

FILM RUNS OUT. Then: Another CLOSE UP of Felipe, motionless, eyes closed, ashen complexion. He didn't make it, and is now dead. BLURRED objects fluttering irregularly OVER FRAME, which then WIDENS to reveal Mark and Alan, who are burying their guide's corpse beneath a pile of leaves.

39. EXT. RIVERBANK. DAY

Shanda emerges from a bush, buttoning her trousers.

ALAN (OFF)

Christ, it took you long enough!

CAMERA FOLLOWS her OVER to Alan and Mark, who are on the

bank constructing a rudimentary raft.

SHANDA

Excuse me! I had to wait in line
with the rest of the animals!

Mark laughs. He is whittling a log with a machete while Alan ties other logs and branches together with fibrous vines. Shanda joins them and helps Alan pull a vine taut and knot it. FORWARD ZOOM to DETAIL of their blistered, bleeding hands. SOUND of Jack's irregular, heavy BREATHING (OFF)

DETAIL of machete blows. Splinters of wood fly into CAMERA.

DETAILS of the makeshift raft, which doesn't look very sturdy.

ALAN (OFF)

Come on, Jack! You make it seem as if it were harder than what we're doing!

JACK (OFF)

You ought to be thankful I'm shooting. I can hardly stay on my feet. Shit!

SHOT GOES WHITE for a few frames, followed by a stretch of leader and a handwritten: "END OF REEL 2".

40. EXT. RIVERBANK. DAY

FRAMED from aboard the raft with FIRST CAMERA, Alan and Shanda push the raft into the water.

Jack can be discerned behind them, shooting the scene from the bank.

Drops of water splash onto the LENS.

The scene SHOT by Jack with SECOND CAMERA: Alan and Shanda, backs to CAMERA, as they slide the raft into the water with a splash. PAN to include opposite bank, where some caimas, attracted by the movement, slide into the water.

FRAMED BY FIRST CAMERA Alan and Shanda jump onto the raft a few meters from the bank. Alan grabs the long pole that is going to steer them. Shanda gazes toward the bank:

SHANDA

Jack! Hurry!

FIRST CAMERA shows Jack wading into the water, staggering

slightly and holding the second camera over his head. He has obviously still not recovered his strength.

ALAN (OFF)

Mark! The caimans!

CAMERA PANS away from Jack, OVER raft , and STOPS to HOLD on the water.

The raft evidently shudders, since CAMERA suddenly JERKS UP to FRAME the sky for a split-second.

CAMERA MOVES BACK DOWN to FRAME the murky water and the caimans barely visible above the surface as they swim toward the raft.

ANOTHER WHIP PAN. Shanda, on one side of FRAME, holding her hand out to Jack, who is desperately trying to reach the raft with the second camera before the caimans reach him. He slips on the muddy river bottom and for a second, only his head and his arm holding the camera are still above water. He pulls himself up, wades on, grabs Shanda's hand, and manages to hoist himself onto the raft.

CAMERA resumes FRAMING the approaching caimans, who almost look disappointed at having just missed a veritable feast.

41. EXT. SAVANNAH. DAY

The savannah's wall of tall grass gently swaying in the breeze. Following scene is without sound and therefore all the more dramatic.

Alan, Shanda, and Jack, FRAMED from BEHIND as they advance with extreme caution, weapons raised, almost as if they sensed the imminent danger. All of a sudden they freeze.

SHAKY WHIP PAN to HOLD on the tall grass and the Yasumos figures that are squatting in it.

HANDHELD CAMERA MOVES closer, through the foliage. A recently captured monkey is being held still by means of a vine tied around it. An old Yacumo splits the animal's skull open with his rudimentary hatchet. While the monkey's body continues to twitch spasmodically, the Yacumos dig their fingers into the skull, fighting over the brain, which they quickly devour.

SHOT of Alan, Shanda, and Jack's disgusted expression. Jack, who looks worse than ever, suddenly loses control and FIRES into the group of natives.

A Yacumo man falls, mouth open in a silent scream (since there is no soundtrack) and clutching his wounded leg. It is the same man we saw die in the shabono, with the infected leg. The other Yacumos turns and flee.

CAMERA FRAMES Alan, who has lunged for Jack and is tearing the rifle out of his hands. Shanda runs over to them to keep Alan from beating Jack, who is too weak to defend himself.

CAMERA is suddenly on the ground FRAMING the Yacumo who is writhing in the grass, clutching his leg and moaning soundlessly. A sign that Mark as well has run to defend Jack.

42. INT. MOVIOLA ROOM . CBS. DAY

FRAME of the wounded Yacumo dramatically FROZEN on the moviola screen.

1ST EXECUTIVE (OFF)

What do you think, Professor?

Munro gestures toward the screen with the hand holding his pipe, index finger over the bow in order to keep it lit:

MUNRO

It wasn't the best way of esta-

MUNRO (cont'd)

blishing contact with the Yacumos.
Now I'm beginning to understand
why they greeted us with such
hostility.

CUTTER

Excuse me, Professor, but this is
nothing. Alan did much worse, as
you'll soon see...

43. EXT./ INT. YACUMO VILLAGE, DAY

CAMERA ENTERS Yacumo village, MOVING continuously. On the
SOUNDTRACK there is a low, almost animal-like MURMURING.

YACUMOS

(frightened murmuring)

RAPID SERIES OF CLOSE UPS of the people who dwell beneath
the huge, circular hut.

PAN from another ANGLE (SECOND CAMERA): light in CAMERA
then HOLD on Alan and Shanda entering the shabono with
their weapons raised. Jack, still not so steady on his feet,
follows them filming with FIRST CAMERA.

All three of them are tense and extremely nervous.

ALAN

Jack! Get the big hut! That's
where they are!... Mark!

MARK (OFF)

Yeah?!

ALAN

The other side! We'll cover you.

Alan FIRES a shot in the air. (DETONATION RESOUNDS LOUDLY)

What SOUNDS like a swarm of crazed birds can be heard coming from the hut:

YACUNOS

(shrill uproar)

SHOT of Jack filming as he advances toward the hut. Alan enters FRAME in CLOSE UP, a tight grip on his rifle.

ALAN

It works!... Shanda, be ready to
fire!

Jack's CAMERA PANS the shabono interior:

-Frightened faces of women and children. The smaller children dash behind their mothers.

- The wounded man lying on the ground, moaning, his head resting on a skull; a young girl beside him.

Mark's CAMERA FRAMES the deserted clearing, then Alan, who advances, rifle levelled, toward the circular hut. (The four whites resemble a commando that has just entered an enemy village) He turns to CAMERA:

ALAN

You ready, Mark?! I'm going in!

CAMERA FOLLOWS Alan at a close distance.

A little Yacumo boy overcome with fear dashes out of the hut with a baby pig in his arms.

He trips and falls and the pig flees, SQUEALING.

SOUND of a rifle SHOT.

YACUMOS

(frightened murmuring)

CLOSE UP of Alan, speaking into CAMERA:

ALAN

Here we are at the edge of the world and human history. Prehistory, to be precise, since these people are still living in the Stone Age... Then as now, here in the jungle, it is the survival of the fittest. The daily violence of the strong overcoming the weak...

SECOND CAMERA FRAMES the dead piglet lying in the dust, then BANS to Alan, whose rifle barrel is still smoking as he enters the communal hut.

FIRST CAMERA FOLLOWS Alan into the hut.

A frightened group of Yacumos huddled together. In the center of the hut, a low circular wall of stones containing a "perpetual" fire that is constantly fed in order to avoid having to light new ones.

SHOUTING and gesticulating, Alan tries to make the YACUMOS leave the hut:

ALAN

Out!...Out!... Go on, out!

He prods them with his rifle barrel. They jump up quickly and flee in terror:

YACUMOS

(terrified cries)

In their haste they knock over the circular stone hearth and disperse the fire in a shower of sparks and burning piece of wood. Only a few of them remain at the back of the hut, too frightened to move.

SECOND CAMERA FRAMES Alan pushing the group ahead of him. Shanda appears to block their way, gesturing with her rifle. Trapped between the two, the Yacumos hurl themselves to the ground, grouping together with the instinct of the herd.

FIRST CAMERA FRAMES Alan, who walks back into the hut, where he is swallowed up by the shadows.

A few seconds pass. Then, FRAMED by the SECOND CAMERA, Alan comes back out of the hut, kicking some skulls with feathers in them along the ground. A column of smoke appears behind him.

JACK (OFF)

Alan! It's burning!

FIRST CAMERA FRAMES the section of the hut that is on fire.

SECOND CAMERA STAYS ON Alan, who shouts excitedly:

MAN

So what are you waiting for?! Move
in for a close up!

Sparks and cinders hit the LENS as SECOND CAMERA MOVES IN on the burning section of hut. A couple of supporting poles give and part of the roof collapses in a swirl of smoke and flames.

The small group of Yacumos cowering inside the hut stare wide-eyed into CAMERA as the flames and smoke gradually envelop them.

HAND-HELD CAMERA "JUMPS" BACK before CAMERAMAN (Jack) is burned to death as well.

CUT WITHIN SCENE:

It is night now. The Yanomamo village is immersed in SILENCE. The natives are inside their closed huts. In the faint moonlight two indistinct shapes are visible lying in the middle of the shabono.

HANDHELD CAMERA APPROACHES stealthily, MOVING behind the poles that hold up the roofing.

JACK (OFF)

(whispering)

Are you crazy?... Leave them alone...

MARK (OFF)

(as above)

Don't be a spoilsport! Think of the laughs we'll have in projection...

JACK (OFF)

(as above)

How can you play games...? This place scares the shit out of me.

MARK (OFF)

(as above)

That's 'cause you're a sissy! Look at those two: danger makes them horny! Ssshht!

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to reveal Alan and Shanda lying on the ground in the throes of furious lovemaking.
HEAVY BREATHING, MOANS, ETC.

Alan is trying to take her, but she playfully resists.
It is like a mock rape in which she fights back, clawing,

kicking and biting, though not enough to really stop him as he tries to pull her trousers down. Then he too begins to bite, nibbling at her breasts, which are sticking out of her unbuttoned blouse.

Shanda makes a few more halfhearted attempts at resisting before Alan succeeds in getting her clothes off, forcing her legs apart, and entering her.

Shanda MOANS and GASPS as Alan's violent thrusts feed the flame of her desire so that she wraps her arms and legs around him and matches his rhythm with thrusts of her own.

Their orgasm has a savage quality to it. Then Alan goes limp. Beneath him, Shanda remains motionless, eyes closed. Only now does Alan become aware of CAMERA and gestures at it in amused anger.

44. EXT. CENTRAL PARK. NEW YORK CITY. DAY

PAN FROM treetops - which could still be the jungle - to reveal that we are in Central Park.

Munro and the 1st Executive are sitting on a bench.

LST EXECUTIVE

You must admit it's exceptional material... I didn't expect it to have such impact, such authenticity.

MUNRO

I'm sorry, but I don't agree.

The 1ST executive is flabbergasted:

LST EXECUTIVE

You don't?!

MUNRO

What's authentic about a primitive tribe like the Yacumos being terrorized and forced to do things that have nothing at all to do with their culture...?!

1ST EXECUTIVE

Come now, Professor. Let's be realistic. Who knows anything about the Yacumo culture? Today people want sensationalism. The more you rape their senses the happier they are!

MUNRO

The typical reasoning of a civilized man. That's how Alan saw it too. But a Yacumo indie is a primitive and should be respected as such. Have you ever thought that

MUNRO (cont'd)

from the Yacumo point of view,
people like you and I could be
the savages?

1ST EXECUTIVE

No, actually, I haven't , but
it's an amusing idea....

MUNRO

How would you react if a Yacumo
burned your house, defiled your
church? Remember those skulls?
They're the equivalent of a Ca-
tholic's relics or a protestant's
Bible. And the killing of that
baby pig? That was food for their
survival. What would you do if
you were hungry and someone opened
your refrigerator and threw every-
thing out for no reason at all.

45 EXT. RIVERBANK. DAY

CLOSE UP of Shanda, speaking into CAMERA:

SHANDA

... We've succeeded in establishing, shall we say: a diplomatic relationship... with the Yacumos. But what are we for them? These are people who had never seen a white man before or heard the sound of a gun. Ours is a sort of close encounter in which we are the creatures from outer space. They're obviously afraid of our "powers", but for how long? And can we really be sure they don't hate us as most people hate that which they aren't familiar with?

Her expression changes as she turns, laughing.

Alan laughs into SECOND CAMERA and nods toward what he is doing as FRAME WIDENS.

He is standing, legs apart, at the water's edge and urinating into the river.

SECOND CAMERA FOLLOWS Shanda as she reaches a small inlet along the bank.

Alan enters FRAME and steps alongside her.

A thin and toothless old indie woman, her body covered with horrible sores, is lying on the bank of the secluded inlet where she has obviously gone to die.

SHOT of same scene from a different ANGLE (SECOND CAMERA).

OLD YACUMO WOMAN

(death rattle)

CLOSE SHOT of Shanda talking into CAMERA, with river visible in b.g.:

SHANDA

When the old members of the tribe feel death approach, they wander off to die in a secluded spot, just like certain animals. After she dies, this old woman will probably end up in the stomach of some hungry caiman. In the jungle, Nature doesn't allow for waste, and therefore everything is recycled.

Another SHOT of the old woman as she turns over in the mud, revealing the other half of her body, which is even more devastated by pustulant sores.

Alan enters FRAME for a moment and we see that he is forcing her to turn over by prodding her with a stick.

Ruthless DETAIL of the old woman's sores already crawling with worms.

This same SHOT is repeated several times by both CAMERAS, and nauseas.

SECOND CAMERA PANS RAPIDLY to group of Yacumo women emerging from the undergrowth while we hear:

ALAN (OFF)

Here they come!

They are pulling a pregnant woman behind them:

GROUP OF YACUMO WOMEN

(shrill cries)

Her swollen stomach is covered by a rudimentary garment fashioned out of banana leaves.

She stumbles along after them:

PREGNANT YACUMO WOMAN

(screaming and moaning)

Every now and then she is blocked from view by the women

and girls surrounding her.

CAMERA MOVES TO Alan, who speaks into it:

ALAN

What you are witnessing has never been seen before by civilized man. The tribe - a primitive social unit based on the necessity to survive - eliminates all diseased elements. Don't look away, this is merely what you might call "social surgery"

CAMERA returns to the group. The women have made the woman about to give birth lie down on the ground and have spread her legs.

She continues to SCREAM and struggle as the others crowd around her excitedly:

ALAN (OFF)

This pregnant woman, who is seriously ill, is a menace to the tribe. She must be eliminated together with the child in her womb. Watch how they do it!

CAMERA MOVES around the group trying to PEER over the

shoulders of the other women. Brief SHOTS of the woman on the ground:

PREGNANT YACUMO WOMAN

(desperate screams)

Quick CLOSE UP of her features twisted in pain. One of her cheeks looks ravaged by something like leprosy. Suddenly, the other women are in the way again and we can no longer see her.

CAMERA MOVES UP for another quick SHOT of the woman, FRAMED from over the women's head. Then it MOVES DOWN to try and PEER at her between the women's legs as they move about raising dust and leaves.

SHOT of a Yacumo woman's back as she bends over the spread legs of the pregnant woman who is being held down by several pairs of hands.

PREGNANT YACUMO WOMAN

(piercing scream)

CAMERA PANS UP, against the light, for BLURRED SHOT of several hands covered in blood and dirt. One hand rises above the others, clutching a bloody fetus with its

umbilical cord dangling in the air.

The Yacumo women suddenly lunge for the LENS, clawing angrily at CAMERA.

YACUMO WOMEN

(savage , angry cries)

CAMERA PUSHES its way past them for a glimpse of two women digging a hole in the ground with their bare hands. Two other women can be seen bent over the woman on the ground. Her legs are still spread apart and her "gown" of leaves is torn and spattered with blood.

CAMERA (or cameraman) is PUSHED BACK by the women, who continue trying to keep the LENS' inquisitive eye from "seeing" the "operation" being performed by their two companions.

Nevertheless, CAMERA manages to catch brief GLIMPSES of the two women using rocks to crush the skull of the woman on the ground. They strike at her with frenetic fury.

YACUMO WOMAN

(death cry)

CAMERA MOVES FORWARD and to one side, opening a breach in the crowd of women to FRAME the two who are still digging

with their hands.

FORWARD ZOOM to the fetus on the ground, still alive and kicking.

One of the two women grabs it by a leg and throws it into the hole they have just dug. The SHOT is brief because CAMERA is suddenly filled with the angry, SHOUTING faces of the other women who advance into EXTREME CLOSE UP.

46 EXT. SAVANNAH. DAY

SHOT of Shenda sitting in the grass and pathetically trying to make herself presentable by gathering her filthy, dry hair into a makeshift pony tail.

Alan is on his knees, picking through the contents of his backpack, which he has emptied onto the ground.

Film cans, a flare gun, boxes of ammunition, assorted medicines. He finds a quinine tablet, then turns to
CAMERA:

ALAN

We had a long discussion as to whether we should keep going or turn back. It was difficult to come to

ALAN (cont'd)

an agreement. Perhaps the others are right in saying we shouldn't push our luck. God knows we certainly have been lucky so far. But do you know what convinced them? The chance to become famous. To reach the place where time stopped three or four thousand years ago. The place where the Yanomamos - The Tree People - live in constant strife with their enemies the Shamataris.

Alan reaches out of FRAME for something. When his hand returns it is holding a shrunken head with straight black thorns sticking through the lips, cheeks, and earlobes.

ALAN

(continuing)

This was a Yanomamo killed during a Yacumo incursion. Just to give you an idea, for the Yacumos these people are the savages!

47. INT. BOARD ROOM. CBS. DAY

Munro is seated at the same table again with the same three CBS executives.

MUNRO

(emphatically)

I'm not speaking as a scientist, gentlemen, I'm speaking as a private citizen. That material is dishonest, offensive, and inhuman.

1ST EXECUTIVE

Yes, of course. We all know what Alan was like. He overdid it, as usual. But what you saw is only a rough out; the stronger stuff will be taken out. And the rest of it will be qualified by your expert views and explanations.

MUNRO

Perhaps I haven't made myself clear. I absolutely refuse to endorse it in any way whatsoever.

END EXECUTIVE

(calmly)

Professor, do you have any idea as to the cost of each meter of that material to us and to your university?

MUNRO

Chancellor Carson has placed the decision in my hands.

1ST EXECUTIVE

Look , Professor, we're talking about the most sensational documentary to come along in years. And we're supposed to shelve it, forget all about it, as if it had never been found? Is that what you want?

MUNRO

Precisely, If you had seen the rest of it, what even your technicians didn't have the stomach to put together, you wouldn't hesitate to agree with me.

t

48 INT. PROJECTION ROOM. CBS. DAY

Munro and the three executives enter a plush projection room. The 1st Executive, Munro, and the 2nd executive take seats in the first row.

The 3rd Executive sits down in the row behind him, picks up the telephone and says something to the projectionist. The lights are switched off.

48 PROJECTION

CAMERA MOVING through the jungle. Vegetation is thick but not impenetrable.

BIRD & MONKEY SOUNDS.

CAMERA FRAMES Alan, Shanda, and Mark. They are dirty, sweaty, an uncombed but seem fairly rested.

Alan motions the others to stop and points to something.

CAMERA PANS to a tree laden with what look like wild mangoes. Alan picks one and tosses it toward CAMERA. Shanda and Mark pick some as well.

Alan bites into one and speaks into CAMERA:

ALAN

We're somewhere in this green in-

ALAN

ferno where no civilized man has ever been before. The jungle here is different. Almost hospitable. So far we've seen no trace of the Tree People, the Yanomamos. We're beginning to wonder if they really exist or if they're just a legend.

SCREEN goes WHITE, followed by a few meters of BLACK leader.

SHOT - from below - of the tops of the trees.
More jungle SOUNDS, mingled with:

ALAN (OFF)

The trees! It came from up there!

MARK (off)

Hey, watch out!

CAMERA PANS DOWN to Alan, Shanda, and Mark, nervously clutching their raised rifles.

Sudden SOUND of BREAKING branches.

SHANDA

There it is!

WHIP PAN to a section of undergrowth where a fleeing figure can be seen. HAND-HELD CAMERA PANS WITH IT. Alan and Mark enter FRAME, backs to CAMERA, running after it. THEY disappear into the thick vegetation.

SOUND of a struggle, and:

YANOMAMO GIRL (OFF)

(screams)

Alan and Mark re-emerge from the undergrowth, grinning. Mark is pulling a terrified Yanomamo girl by the hand.

ALAN

Look what it was!

MARK

Outest little monkey I've ever seen!

CAMERA MOVES closer, together with Shanda.

SHANDA

Some taste you guys have! Can't

SHANDA (cont'd)

you smell her? She stinks... What do you suppose she is, a Yanomawe or a Shamatari?

ALAN

How should I know? Ask her.

SHANDA

Veru funny. So what are we going to do with her...?

MARK

I'll take care of that.

Alan gestures at the CAMERA, which MOVES in for a CLOSE SHOT of him, excluding the others:

ALAN

Judging from this girl, it looks like we've found the Yanomawes. But we're going to have to be very careful because ---

Alan continues talking but SOUNDTRACK becomes broken up at this point (Jungle SOUNDS become intermittent as well.)

ALAN

... primitive customs... cruelty...

... they also use...

Jack's hand enters FRAME from behind CAMERA signalling Alan to stop because something's wrong.

CUT TO:

SHOT of Mark chasing the Yanomamo girl through the undergrowth.

YANOMAMO GIRL

(series of shrieks)

MARK

Hey! Stop! I'm not going to hurt you!... Stop!

Mark stumbles, about to fall, but manages to keep his balance. Then he turns, heading the girl off, and grabs her. They both tumble out of sight into the grass.

CAMERA MOVING through the grass, looking for them. The sun's glare hits the LENS for a moment. Cameraman's feet are included in the SHOT since CAMERA is SHOOTING DOWN.

VOICES, SHRILL CRIES, then:

MARK (OFF)

Hold still, dammit!

YANOMAMO GIRL (OFF)

(screams)

Through the tall grass we see Mark, who has turned the girl over on her back and is forcing her thin legs apart. His filthy trousers are already lowered over his hairy legs. The Yanomamo girl struggles furiously. It isn't so much the pain of the brutal deflowering that upsets her as it is the fact that he is taking her from what, for her, is an inconceivable position, and that is, not from behind. She scratches at his face and pulls his hair, but Mark continues to penetrate her.

SHOT is lopsided and half-blocked by the grass swaying in the wind.

The girl bites Mark's hand as he tries to keep her from scratching him.

MARK

(howl of pain)

He punches her into passivity then turns, suddenly aware of CAMERA and angrily waves it away.

MARK

Go on, Jack! Get the hell out of
here!

CAMERA PANS away and for a fraction of a second we are
confronted with the almost subliminal IMAGE of a ter-
rifying Yanomamo face peering out from the lower bran-
ches of a tree.

PAN CONTINUES until STOPPING ON Alan and Shanda.

SHANDA

What are you going to use it for?
A porno film?

ALAN

Not a bad idea! How about... Ah...
"Jungle Jollies"?

JACK (OFF)

Want me to keep going?

Alan turns to CAMERA with a sly wink.

ALAN

Need you ask...?

(shouting in Mark's direction)

Hurry up, Casanova! It's Jack's
turn next!

IN THE PROJECTION ROOM

Manre turns to see how the others are reacting. They are clearly ill at ease. One of them shifts in his seat, the other lights a cigarette.

YANOMAMO GIRL (OFF)

(groaning in pain)

ALAN (OFF)

Okay Jack!

ON THE SCREEN

Mark gets up, touching his scratched cheek, and takes the CAMERA from Jack, both of them moving in and out of FRAME.

SHOT of Jack holding the girl's arms out and pinned to the ground, not unlike a mock crucifixion, as he rapes her with a series of quick and brutal thrusts of his pelvis.

The girl is too shattered to even struggle at this point.

CAMERA PANS laterally; someone has grabbed Alan (who is shooting) by the arm.

Shanda's irate expression suddenly enters Frame:

SHOT of Jack holding the girl's arms out and pinned to the ground, not unlike a mock crucifixion, as he rapes her with a series of quick and brutal thrusts of his pelvis.

The girl is too shattered to even struggle at this point.

CAMERA PANS laterally; someone has grabbed Alan (who is shooting) by the arm.

Shanda's irate expression suddenly enters FRAME:

SHANDA

There are only three cans left!

CAMERA RETURNS to Jack, who is still on the girl:

SHANDA (OFF)

You going to waste them like this?

ALAN (OFF)

Shut up!

MARK (OFF)

Aren't you going to get some? Alan?

SHANDA (OFF)

The only thing he gets off on is his camera!

IMAGE BLURS then goes WHITE in OVEREXPOSURE.
Another BLURRED IMAGE as CAMERA is aimed at the sky.

ALAN (OFF)

Well? She still jammed?

MARK (OFF)

You surprised? With the beating
these cameras have taken... Wait a
minute... Okay!

ALAN (OFF)

She working?

MARK (OFF)

Yeah. Now what?

ALAN (OFF)

You' think I'm going to miss some-
thing like tyis?... Okey, let's
pretend we just found the little
bitch.

JUMP IN FILM TO ANOTHER SHOT.

Shanda lunges for Alan, who is raping the Yanomamo girl.
She scratches at his face and pulls his hair until he knocks
her away with a punch, shouting something we can't hear

since the sequence is without sound.

Mark enters FRAME, grabs Shanda around the waist, and pulls her away, laughing despite her furious struggling.

Several BLANK FRAMES.

IMAGE FOCUSES ad CAMERA PENETRATES the undergrowth, branches and leaves slapping at the LENS.

Slight PAN to one side to INCLUDE Alan, who is walking along next to CAMERA and speaking into it:

ALAN

We heard some really blood-curdling screams. It might be them, the cannibals, We're approaching cautiously, to see what it's all about.

CAMERA PANS AWAY from Alan again, CONTINUING to PENETRATE the undergrowth.

A section of vegetation parts in front of CAMERA and we are suddenly staring at the Yanomamo girl who was raped. She is dead now and impaled on the branch of a tree.

She looks like a puppet whose strings have been cut, and her little face is frozen forever in the grimace of a painful death.

ALAN (OFF)

Move in tight! Tight, man! All
the way to close up then gradually
widen!

CAMERA COMPLIES with Alan's directions.

Then Alan enters FRAME in EXTREME CLOSE UP as the IMAGE
of the impaled girl behind him moves out of FOCUS.
Alan proves to be a convincing actor as he feigns surpris-
e, horror and disgust:

ALAN

Good Lord, it's... it's... unbe-
lievable! Horrible! We can't under-
stand the reason for such cruel
punishment, though it is probably
connected with some obscure sexual
rite, with the almost sacred respect
these primitives attach to virgini-
ty.

SERIES OF WHITE FRAMES:

ALAN (OFF)

Aw fuck, Mark! Even amateurs make

ALAN (cont'd)

sure to check the meter reading before starting a new sequence.

IN THE PROJECTION ROOM

Embarrassed reactions. COUGHING. Shifting in seats.

ON THE SCREEN - BLACK LEADER

CAMERA PANS the tops of the trees.

ALAN (OFF)

What is it?... Up there! To your right!

A sudden WAILING BURSTS from the treetops.

YANOMAMOS (OFF)

(high-pitched, yodel-like wails)

CAMERA MOVES quickly from side to side FRAMING the Yanomamos as they leap out of the trees, shaking their crude weapons at the intruders.

RIFLE SHOTS

CAMERA PANS to Shanda and Alan, who are FIRING.

SHOT of Jack, terrified because the safety on his rifle

has jammed. Meanwhile, a SCREAMING mass of cannibals is running straight toward CAMERA.

More RIFLE FIRE

A few Yanomamos falls. The others keep coming as spears and rocks are thrown at CAMERA.

One rock SHATTERS the LENS.

FILM STOPS, then STARTS again.

CAMERA at extremely LOW ANGLE, as if cameraman were lying down. SHOT of tree trunks and bushes SEEN from below. Jungle is SILENT, however we do hear, in the b.g.:

MARK (OFF)

Can you see them?

SHANDA (OFF)

No.

CAMERA TILTS BACK; the light filtering through the treetops strikes the LENS. Strange, DIAGONAL SHOT of Alan and Shanda lying behind some old logs, rifles in hand, and looking around in apprehension.

Alan points to something OFF. CAMERA FOLLOWS the direction indicated until STOPPING ON Jack, who is lying face down on the carpet of rotting leaves. The spear that has

run him through has broken! Some of the blood on his skirt has already coagulated. He is still alive, though unable to move.

JACK

(weak moans)

CAMERA RETURNS to FRAME Alan and Shanda. The only reason we can hear them is because of the absolute SILENCE that has fallen over the area. Their WHISPERING is instinctive, since there is no logical reason for it; the Yanomamos who are hidden in the surrounding undergrowth wouldn't be able to understand anyway. The quality of the SOUNDTRACK isn't the best but is amplified by the projectionist.

SHANDA

Alan, you can't...

ALAN

Why not? Jack's had it anyway.
If we give him to them maybe they'll
leave us alone.

SHANDA

God, you're a bastard! Can't you
see he's still alive?!

ALAN

Mark?

MARK (off)

It's okay by me!

CAMERA PANS away from Alan as he raises his rifle, and MOVES ON in search of the Yanomamos hiding in the brush. ECHOED RIFLE SHOT.

CANNIBAL VOICES.

SHOT of Jack, in a pool of blood, then PAN BACK to Alan, rifle still smoking.

ALAN

Mark?!... Jesus Christ!... There's sound on this. Cut!... Cut!

IN THE PROJECTION ROOM

No comment; the SILENCE here is unreal and so complete that one can even hear the men's BREATHING. Then:

2ND EXECUTIVE

He's changing reels...

More SILENCE. Then the cannibals' VOICES BURST onto the

SOUNDTRACK (OFF)**ON THE SCREEN**

CAMERA is PEERING through the foliage at the Yanomamos who have stepped out into the open and are approaching Jack's body, which has been moved further away from the spot where the other three are hiding. The cannibals drag Jack away by the legs in a cloud of dust and dry leaves.

BLACK leader fills the SCREEN.

Another SHOT: HAND-HELD CAMERA MOVING irregularly among the trees (as if Mark were forced to creep along stealthily).

YANOMAMOS (OFF)

(guttural noises more than words)

Vines, leaves, branches slap at the LENS.

SOUND of FOOTSTEPS dulled by the soft jungle floor.

Alan, Mike, and Shanda's PANTING BREATHS (OFF)

Barely DISCERNIBLE through the vegetation: shadowy figures moving around a column of smoke that seems to be issuing from the ground.

The Yanomamo VOICES are much CLOSER now.

CAMERA MOVES UP, DOWN, and SIDWAYS for a better LOOK

through the network of vines and leafy branches.

Filthy hands using a sharp rock to "scalp" the public hair surrounding male genitals which are then ripped off and held high. The backs of the Yanomamos bending over their fire that is burning in a trough-like hole dug out of the ground.

GLIMPSES of the white-sinned corpse through the smoke as it lies cooking atop the hot rocks and burning embers.

CAMERA PANS rapidly until finding a breach in the vegetation. Now we recognize the cannibals' meal. It is Jack. An old shaman bends down over him.

Jack's bloody face. One swollen eye. Hair beginning to burn. He looks like some hideous doll.

DETAIL of one of his hands as it contracts in a last spasm, signifying that he still wasn't dead!

The old shaman picks up a heavy-looking branch and brings it down hard on Jack's head in a primitive coup de grace.

SHOT (through vegetation) from another ANGLE: With the aid of one of the other cannibals,, the shaman is cutting open Jack's belly with the sharp rock. The second cannibal - back to CAMERA - partially blocks our view of the macabre laparotomy.

The shaman dips his hands into Jack's open belly and pulls out his innards, using the rock to cut some of them away. Other hands eagerly enter FRAME to relieve him to the bloody trophy. The smoke coming out of the hole

spreads, the Yanomamos are blowing on the fire to keep it lit.

Other hands pass the hot rocks wrapped in banana leaves to the shaman, who takes them gingerly and quickly introduces into Jack's stomach. Upon contact with them, the flesh sizzles and smokes.

IN THE PROJECTION ROOM

The four men staring, aghast, at the screen in morbid fascination. No one moves or says a word.

Another LOW ANGLE SHOT through the leaves, as if Mark were constantly forced to change position while trying to remain hidden: The moving figures of the Yanomamos as they use sharpened rocks to cut chunks of meat off the cooking corpse.

Their faces mirror their excitement as they consume the human flesh.

One toothless old man is sucking avidly on a piece of intestine. More hands pulling the meat off the body.

Two Yanomamos fight over a big piece.

Someone dips a stick into the home and comes out with a piece of liver. He grabs it, burns himself, then grabs it again. The face of a little boy tearing some cartilage off a tibia with his teeth.

BLACK Leader.

Another SEQUENCE begins, almost as BLACK as the leader, until we realize we are probably looking at the night's darkness.

ALAN (OFF)

We screwed ourselves good by sticking around to shoot that last scene . I don't know if anyone will ever hear this but I'm going to keep recording anyway, just in case. I don't even know where we are now, but I do now that they followed us for the rest of the day and now we're trapped...

IN THE PROJECTION ROOM

The four men's expressions of anguish and horror.

ALAN (OFF)

We only have one reel left. Without sound. And very little ammunition. We lost almost everything while trying to escape.

SCREEN is BLACK from another leader.

ALAN (OFF)

We still have our flare gun with a couple of flares. Maybe we can scare them with it. We were idiots not to think of it before. Anyway, we can't see them now because it's night. But we know they're there. Where, though... That's the big question. I can almost feel their gazes and I know they're waiting for the right moment. Why should they hurry. They're calling the shots now, the bastards...

SCREEN dimly lights up with SHOT of the moonlit jungle. A shadowy figure moves in and out of one side of FRAME:

SHANDA

(frightened)

There they are...

ALAN

Sssshht!... Mark?

MARK

I'm ready.

SOUNDTRACK suddenly EXPLODES with:

YANOMAMO (OFF)

(savage cry)

Flashes of rifle FIRE in the darkness that illuminate at brief intervals the horde of cannibals charging toward CAMERA, SCREAMING and shaking their primitive weapons. Two of them are struck and fall.

Then another, brighter flash as the flare is shot into the sky. Its wriggly tail illuminates the scene as bright as day.

The Yanomamos freeze in awe and terror. The two who have fallen GROAN and try to crawl away.

Then, as darkness returns, the cannibals begin to flee:

YANOMAMOS

(frightened cries)

Another flash as a flare is shot into their midst. FORWARD ZOOM on the cannibal who has been hit by it. His hair and back are on fire as he falls to the ground, writhing spasmodically:

YANOMAMO

(screams of agony)

In the light from this human torch the rest of the Yanomamos can be seen scattering in all directions!

Flashes of rifle FIRE are visible on one side of FRAME.

Darkness again and SILENCE for a moment. Then:

ALAN

It worked! Come on, let's get out of here!

MARK

Wait a minute, Alan, where's Shanda?..
Shanda!

The jungle quickly multiplies their echoing CRIES:

ALAN & MARK

Shanda!... Shanda!... Shaaaaanda!
Shaaaandaaa!

Film suddenly RUNS OUT.

Then , just as suddenly, it BEGINS again with a SHOT FRAMED from the top of a natural rise in the terrain:

Down below, the clearing with a few fires burning at its edges, near the surrounding trees. Everything is SEEN through the greyish smoke from the fires, which are being stocked by the Yanomamo women squatting next to them. The fact there is no soundtrack renders the events even more dramatic.

In the center of the clearing the men are fighting over Shanda, who is lying on her back on the ground, completely naked. Three men are pinning her down, spread-eagled, one of them sitting on her face and practically suffocating her. They have trouble keeping her still because she is struggling furiously.

Meanwhile, the cannibal who has managed to win the brawl throws himself on her and brutally penetrates her. CAMERA REMAINS STATIC, as if Alan and Mike (OFF) were frozen in horror.

Another man pulls the man raping Shanda off her by the hair and they begin to fight.

A third man takes advantage of this to rape her himself. On one side of FRAME a Yanomamo woman gets up to find more firewood and looks up, toward CAMERA. She begins shouting and pointing excitedly.

Then men turn to look then begin to run toward the rise. Rocks and spears are hurled into CAMERA. Meanwhile, the women run in the opposite direction and

Begin stoning Shanda to death.

A rifle barrel enters one side of FRAME and FIRES.

The first Yanomamos clambering up the slope are struck and fall back.

Suddenly the IMAGE is topsy-turvy ad CAMERA falls to the ground. The rifle has disappeared from FRAME to be replaced by dust and the feet of the Yanomamos/reaching the top of the rise.

Brief, wild PAN as CAMERA is knocked into another position, and almost covered by a blurred, dark mass.

This mass begins to move away and becomes Mark's body with scores of broken spears sticking into it as the Yanomamos push it down the slope, continuing to hit it with clubs and rocks.

They gradually move out of FRAME, leaving nothing but a SHOT of the edge of the rise in the foreground then the tops of the trees and they sky. CAMERA CONTINUES RUNNING for what seems an eternity.

Then more Yanomamo feet and legs enter FRAME, followed by the rest of their bodies as they pull Alan down the slope by his legs. He is upside down, covered in blood, and clawing at the ground in futile desperation, mouth open in a terrified, silent scream. FRAME empties again, leaving another SHOT of the ground, the trees and the sky. Then the sunlight hits the LENS and the FILM RUNS OUT.

IN THE PROJECTION ROOM

The lights go on over the horrified and embarrassed ex-

pressions of the four men.

The 1st Executive glances at Munro and nods gravely.

The men get up in silence.

Then the 1st Executive whispers something to the 2nd Executive, who walks over to the phone that connects the room with the projectionist's booth and picks up the receiver:

2ND EXECUTIVE

George... I want this material
burned. All of it.

He joins the other men, who are already filing out.
The room is empty now. The lights go off and OVER the
darkness the following words are SUPERIMPOSED:

"THE PROJECTIONIST GEORGE K. KIROV WAS SENTENCED BY A
NEW YORK COURT TO SIX MONTHS IN JAIL AND A FINE OF
\$25,000.00 FOR STEALING FILMED MATERIAL. IT IS COMMON
KNOWLEDGE THAT HE HAD ALREADY RECEIVED \$ 200,000.00
FOR IT."

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