

FIRST DRAFT

"THE EMERALD FOREST"

Story  
and  
Screenplay  
by  
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GOLDCREST FILMS AND TELEVISION, LTD.

FADE IN:

PROLOGUE -- 1973

1 EXT. GRAND VISTA OF THE ANDES - RAIN CLOUDS - NIGHT TO DAWN 1

Facing the rising sun, the snow-capped mountain peaks rise majestically, range beyond range. Thunderheads gather against the slopes, the dark undersides of the clouds now touched pink.

A condor banks into the IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND and buoyed on an updraft, it hovers. The great bird then swoops toward the world below, veering away from a torrential downpour that drenches the towering slopes.

2 EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE - FURTHER DOWN DAWN 2

The rock and the chaparral are wet with rain. Streams of water cascade into a swollen cataract that plunges downward to where the vegetation becomes suddenly denser, more tropical -- The condor continues its descent.

3 EXT. ABOVE JUNGLED FOOTHILLS - CLOUDS EARLY DAY 3

It heads out across ridges and steep hills that are covered with lush dark green rain forest, a landscape that is veined with streams and rapids that rush toward a river. The clouds of mist that cling to the slopes and the ravines dissipate as the sun heats the air, steam wafting up and vanishing.

4 EXT. ABOVE THE AMAZON RAIN FOREST DAY 4

The condor flies over a green ocean of endlessly rolling hills through which muddy rivers meander toward a much wider river on the horizon.

The condor continues its flight; and ahead of it is a straight thin gash in the otherwise unviolated landscape.

5 EXT. ROAD THROUGH JUNGLE DAY 5

It's a two lane dirt track which recently has been cut through the wilderness. A car is traveling on it, and a five year-old blond boy, TOMMY MARKHAM, is looking out of a back window, his clear blue eyes full of wonder when he sees the condor.

6 INSIDE MOVING CAR DAY 6

He turns to his mother, JEAN MARKHAM, who is in the back seat next to him and his four year-old sister HEATHER.

TOMMY  
 Mommy, look! That big bird there!

His mother leans across him to look.

JEAN  
 Boy! It could be a condor.

TOMMY  
 Wow!

HEATHER  
When do we see Daddy?

JEAN  
 We're nearly there, Heather.

Jean is in her thirties and good-looking in a fine-featured, nervous way -- a prettiness of which she's probably unaware. The DRIVER is part Indian and on the dash is a shotgun.

The car shudders as a detonation is heard.

TOMMY  
 (excited)  
 Did Daddy do that?!

7 EXT. ABOVE JUNGLE DAY 7

Reacting to the same explosion the condor swerves away and climbs into the sky.

8 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE - ROAD CONSTRUCTION DAY 8

Majestic trees heave upward as a succession of powerful charges blast their roots to shreds; then the trees slowly pitch and crash to the forest floor, tearing down smaller ones and crushing saplings and the dense undergrowth

WORKMEN swarm forward with chainsaws and at the wheel of caterpillar tractors and mobile cranes, and they set about cutting up and clearing away the fallen timber.

BILL MARKHAM, an engineer from North America, surveys the activity. In his late thirties, he is neat and unruffled in spite of the tropical humidity. He has a quietly intelligent, persistent expression; and his untroubled eyes reflect the soul of a man who knows what he wants, and who has it.

Satisfied with how the works are progressing, he turns to where the wilderness has already been cleared away. WORKMEN at the controls of earthscoopers, graders and bulldozers are extending the roadbed. Through the heat haze Bill can discern a

woman and two children, and he starts toward them threading his way through the heavy equipment that is stencilled with the company logo: Amazco.

Jean and Heather wait for him but Tommy rushes forward before his mother can stop him.

TOMMY

Daddy!

Bill pats his son's head with rough affection and leads him by the hand. He smiles at his wife and lifts Heather off her feet to kiss her. It's too noisy to talk so he gestures to Jean that they move away but Tommy tugs at his arm, yelling.

TOMMY

You promised! Can I?

Jean is concerned when her husband lifts Tommy into the cab of a huge bulldozer -- he motions to her that it's okay.

Grinning with delight Tommy drives the mechanical monster, the OPERATOR's hands over the boy's. Jean manages to smile.

A siren wails. All motors are shut down and a sudden silence floods in. Bill Markham swings his son down from the bulldozer.

TOMMY

Can I do it again?

MARKHAM

Mommy's waiting, come on.

As he follows his father his attention wanders to the jungle walls from where squawkings, distant hollerings, shrill warblings now come, the sound swelling, invading the silence.

MARKHAM

Tommy, aren't you hungry?

The boy runs to catch up as the workers seek shade to eat and rest.

9 EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - BY ROAD CONSTRUCTION

DAY 9

Bill, Jean and Heather are seated on a tarp having a picnic lunch. There is a shotgun at Bill's side. Tommy is nearby. Fascinated by a stream of ants, the boy puts crumbs in their path and watches them being carried away into the jungle.

JEAN

(to her husband)

How's it going?

MARKHAM

Okay.

JEAN

Just okay?

MARKHAM

I worked out a way to blast down trees that's real effective.

(he can't help smiling)

We're a couple of weeks ahead of schedule.

JEAN

(smiling)

Why do you always have to be so damn modest?

MARKHAM

Jean honey, the real work starts once we get in there.

HEATHER

Mommy, is Tommy allowed?

Tommy is edging closer to the jungle wall.

JEAN

Tommy!

TOMMY

(turning)

It's okay, dad, isn't it?

JEAN

(to Bill)

Is it safe?

MARKHAM

(calling to Tommy)

Stay where I can see you, okay?

TOMMY

Didn't you scare all the tigers away with the dynamite?

MARKHAM

(smiling)

Sure.

HEATHER

The snakes too, daddy?

Tommy has followed the trail of ants till he's at the edge of the green darkness. He looks up to see the great wall of vegetation looming above him, while right in front of him there is a thinning out, and he steps forward.

10 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 10

He is inside a cavernous and exuberant tangle of trunks, branches, lianas and festoons, a riot of growth and decay. Thin beams of sunlight stream down igniting the hues of leaf, bark and flower. He hears a weird bird twitter close by and turns toward it only to hear another from a different direction, perhaps in answer to the first.

What looked like a thick vine, moves. It slithers forward reaching toward Tommy's hair, brilliant in a beam of sunlight. The thing's head blossoms open into human fingers, and the hand dares to touch the golden flames of hair.

Tommy spins around and before him three holes open up in the shadowy tapestry -- two eyes and a mouth, a smiling mouth. Tommy steps back and can just see the outline of a WILD INDIAN in camouflage paint. The Indian whistles the bird-twitter, and smiles broadly.

11 EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - BY ROAD CONSTRUCTION DAY 11

His father looks up and sees Tommy stepping out of the forest.

TOMMY

Daddy, there's people in here!

MARKHAM

(to himself)

People?

He rises, picks up the shotgun and starts toward his son.

MARKHAM

What kind of people?

TOMMY

Smiling people.

Bill is perplexed. He quickly joins his son and steps inside.

12 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 12

He looks around and sees no one.

MARKHAM

Where, Tommy?

The boy turns every which way but sees no one either.

TOMMY

They were here.

FROM A HIGH EXOTIC ANGLE -- FIVE WILD INDIANS resolve out of the weave and web of the jungle. They hang on branches above father and son or squat in the undergrowth beneath them, slithering and edging to keep out of sight -- Bill pushes his way to where an Indian is crouching in the foliage.

RESUMING A NORMAL ANGLE -- on impulse Bill parts the leaves with his shotgun. In the shadows within, and inches from his face, an eye flits open and closes.

MARKHAM

There's no one here.

13 EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - BY ROAD CONSTRUCTION DAY 13

He returns, emerges from the jungle and goes back to Jean. Tommy is not following him.

JEAN

Where's Tommy?

MARKHAM

He's --

He spins around.

MARKHAM

Tommy?

No answer.

MARKHAM

(loud)

Tommy! Answer me!

Still no answer. Jean rises to her feet. Bill runs back.

14 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 14

MARKHAM

TOMMY!... WHERE ARE YOU!

He charges deeper into the dense undergrowth, sawblades slashing his trousers, thorns scratching his arms and face. His shotgun is knocked out of his hand by a branch and sent flying.

He stops to find it, but it's lost in the tangle. Torn, bleeding, breathless, he hasn't progressed more than thirty feet into the jungle

15 EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - BY ROAD CONSTRUCTION DAY 15

Jean can hear his desperate calling. She is beside herself.

JEAN  
(to her daughter)  
Go back to the car, Heather.

Jean starts toward the jungle as Bill rushes out. Before she can talk:

MARKHAM  
Call him. Let him know we're looking.

He bolts toward the road.

16 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 16

She runs in calling his name.

17 EXT. END OF ROAD - JUNGLE DAY 17

Bill, out of breath and wild-eyed, climbs into the cab of a bulldozer. Its OPERATOR is asleep. The man awakens terrified as Bill yanks him out.

Bill starts up the engine and swings the roaring vehicle toward the jungle wall. The workmen slumbering in the shade at the jungle's edge stumble away as the bulldozer charges toward them at full throttle.

18 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 18

Jean struggles to disentangle herself from the dense foliage.

JEAN  
(pleading)  
Answer me... Tommy.

She pushes aside a liano not realizing it is a snake; all the while the roar of the bulldozer is growing.

19 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE NEARBY DAY 19

The bulldozer fishtails forward in jolts as its treads tear into the compost that is the forest floor and it loses traction.

Inside Bill can't see as the undergrowth builds up in front, cluttering the windshield.

Ahead looms a huge tree. Bill leans out of the window, branches slapping at his face. He sees the obstacle and steers away. As the bulldozer climbs over the enormous roots it nearly topples onto its side.

Inside the cab, Bill falls away from the controls.

Before he can get back into the seat, the bulldozer slams into another six foot wide tree and he crashes head first into the windshield, breaking it. The treads continue to turn till the engine shudders to a standstill.

In the stunning quiet that follows, Bill gets out of the cab and onto the hood. He wipes the blood from his face and calls out with all he's got.

MARKHAM

TOMMY I'M COMING. I --

The words catch in his throat -- three arrows pierce the tree trunk beside him in quick succession, the shafts quivering inches from him, one behind his head and one above it, and one right before his eyes.

He looks in the direction they came from and sees nothing but the dark green incomprehensible fabric of the jungle. He grabs an arrow and breaks it off.

Jean stumbles toward him on the path leveled by the bulldozer. He goes toward her, the broken arrow in his hand.

MARKHAM

We'll find him. I'll radio headquarters and get a search party going.

Her dress is torn, her bare arms and legs bloodied, and her eyes plead for an explanation. He takes her by the shoulders.

MARKHAM

Jean, I'll get him back. And I'll kill them.

JEAN

(a murmur)

... Them?

He draws her to his chest fiercely -- the arrow, which has delicate red and purple feathering -- in his clenched fist.

MARKHAM

I'll get our boy back and I'll kill them. I swear it.

TEN YEARS LATER - 1983

20 VIEW OF PLANET EARTH FROM SPACE 20

The blue-white globe stands out against the surrounding star-studded darkness when Landsat enters the IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND. As its orbit takes it over the land mass that stretches from the Andes to the Atlantic coast, its telescopic camera is activated; and the satellite starts transmitting.

21 EXT. TOP OF AMAZCO TOWER - VIEW OF CITY DAY 21

The transmission of millions of bits of information is picked up by a dish on top of a steel and glass skyscraper. Beyond other corporate towers are the residential areas, hillside shantytowns and industrial sites of a booming South American city.

22 INT. VIDEO AND COMPUTER LAB - AMAZCO TOWER DAY 22

The electronic information is processed into the video image of the Amazon Basin. A PROGRAMMER at a console works the keyboard, and the quality of the picture changes so that the Amazon and its hundreds of tributaries are boldly imaged in enhanced color -- an M.I.T. educated engineer, COSTA, points to a tributary.

COSTA

This is the one. Isolate it.

The Programmer marks it with a light pen, and works the keyboard. The picture of that tributary with its web of streams expands to occupy the whole screen. He points to a bend in the river and the area surrounding it is of a different hue.

PROGRAMMER

There, the Amazco dam.

23 EXT. OVERLOOK - AMAZCO SITE - RIVER - JUNGLE DAY 23

The dam, a massive structure in the last stages of construction, re-routes the course of a river. At the base of the dam is an area of many square miles where the jungle has been cleared away and blasting and strip mining are in progress. Across the way is a large housing compound, a small city for the workers. A road cuts through the endless wilderness to civilization somewhere beyond the horizon -- This view can be seen from a terrace where trailers house the Amazco field offices.

Bill Markham steps out of a trailer. He is ten years older, but the only real change seems to be that incredulity, anger perhaps, has replaced the serenity in his eyes; he is still

neat and unrumpled, out of habit. Briefcase in hand, and at a fast clip he descends to the upstream side of the dam where a small executive airplane is waiting at a dock, engines revving.

Bill gets onto the plane and it immediately takes off, its pontoons cutting a wake in the water. It rises into the air and banks over the dam.

24 INT. COCKPIT OF AIRPLANE - VIEW OF AMAZON SITE DAY 24

Bill is seated next to the PILOT, who glances down.

PILOT

Mr. Markham, I get a bang out of that dam every time...

Bill looks at it too and smiles with quiet pride.

PILOT

What's the rush?

MARKHAM

Something's come up at headquarters.

25 EXT. VIEW OF CITY FROM WITHIN AMAZCO TOWER DAY 25

The city can be seen through the floor to ceiling windows --

26 INT. AMAZCO HEADQUARTERS DAY 26

-- of a plushly decorated conference room. Beyond glass partitions designers, engineers and employees are bent over drafting boards, computer terminals and typewriters.

FOUR MEN, engineers and corporate executives, and Bill Markham and Costa are looking at the large enhanced-color video image of the river above the dam.

COSTA

The dam. The river. Its drainage basin of affluents. Take this affluent. Look at the network of streams that feed into it. Notice here this other network, next to it, which feeds into an entirely different river. The two networks come close right here, nearly touching. This is a critical spot. What might happen here is a stream could jump from one network into another...

Bill has been listening, intense. He walks away from the group, sits at the conference table, pulls out a calculator, the type that has a print-out roller. REYNOLDS -- he appears to be the one in charge -- is annoyed.

REYNOLDS

Bill, are you with us?

Bill looks past Reynolds, to Costa.

MARKHAM

How many of these critical spots can you detect in the satellite pictures?

COSTA

Around two hundred.

MARKHAM

And how many miles of water would be added at each spot if they all jumped into our network?

COSTA

Say, somewhere between ten to twenty miles for each stream.

Bill begins working on his calculator, the roller showing a sequence of equations. The others fall silent and watch, intimidated by Bill's intensity. He finishes, tears off the calculations, and goes to Reynolds.

MARKHAM

Let's assume the worst possible scenario. Rainfall at maximum in the whole area. All two hundred streams jumps the divide spilling their water into our river. The volume build-up will be substantial, but it'll hold --

(he points emphatically  
to the Amazco site)

-- my dam will hold.

REYNOLDS

Your dam?

MARKHAM

Our dam.

He returns to the table, puts the calculator into his briefcase and turns to leave only to be face to face with Reynolds.

REYNOLDS

Thanks.

Bill manages to smile. Reynolds is a bit awkward in what he says next.

Tomorrow... you're... leave of absence...

MARKHAM

Yes.

REYNOLDS

See you in six weeks then. Bill, good luck.

He offers his hand and Bill shakes it.

MARKHAM

Thanks.

He starts out.

COSTA

Good luck, Bill.

The others are also anxious to wish him their best and Bill has to shake each man's hand.

MARKHAM

Thanks, guys.

He exits.

27 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CITY LATE DAY 27

In a residential area of high income apartment buildings, a car pulls into a parking lot. Bill gets out and enters a building that has balconies on each floor.

28 INT. HALLWAY - MARKHAM APARTMENT LATE DAY 28

He closes the door behind him.

MARKHAM

Jean... Heather.

HEATHER, now fourteen years-old approaches; her mood is subdued.

HEATHER

Hi, Dad.

MARKHAM

Hi... Where's Mom?

Heather points to an open door down the corridor and gives her father a knowing look. Bill braces himself and goes to the door.

29 INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM

LATE DAY 29

He enters the bedroom of a five year-old boy, where toys are neatly set on shelves, and everything is in impeccable order -- obviously no child lives in it. Jean Markham is seated on the bed, hands in her lap.

MARKHAM

Honey, I don't want you sitting in here.

She looks up. Her face is bonier, more severe, the anguish of years hidden by an act of will. She smiles faintly and a bit nervously.

JEAN

You're never going to find him...

MARKHAM

I will find him.

JEAN

When you said that ten years ago, I believed you.

MARKHAM

I'm not giving up..

JEAN

You can't give up. You've become addicted.

MARKHAM

You want me to give up!?

JEAN

... Yes.

MARKHAM

Is that what you really want?

JEAN

I want to go back to the States, for us, for Heather, especially Heather. She should be in high school back home.

HEATHER

It's okay, Mom.

They didn't realize she was standing in the door.

HEATHER

I like it here. Really.

She's lying of course. Jean is suddenly emotional.

JEAN

If only I knew. It's not knowing  
that's so hard. I just wish --  
Sometimes I wish I knew that Tommy --

HEATHER

-- Mother, don't...

Her teenage emotions get the better of her and she breaks into tears. Jean draws the girl to the comfort of her shoulder, and turns back to Bill.

JEAN

I wish I knew that Tommy was dead.  
Dead, for certain. For our sake,  
and his too maybe.

MARKHAM

I leave tomorrow at dawn.

JEAN

I know.

MARKHAM

It'll be the last time, the very  
last time.

She doesn't respond or she's unable to. Husband and wife stand there at an emotional standoff.

30 EXT. INSIDE CARGO PLANE IN FLIGHT ABOVE JUNGLE DAY 30

Green and impenetrable, the canopy whizzes by one hundred feet below. The roar of the propellers is deafening as the engines of the World War II transporter labor unevenly. Bill Markham is seated feet over the edge and holding onto a bar that runs across where there was once a door. The jungle shoots up blinding flashes -- it is the sun reflected in the streams and rivers which pass beneath him.

Wind whips his hair -- Bill breathes with a sense of relief. He is enjoying the ride. He is dressed in Army surplus clothes.

A German with a shock of red hair, wiry and intense, is seated next to him. The symbol of the Cross and the letters I.H.S. are embroidered on his shirt. To be heard FATHER WERNER has to shout.

WERNER

Can you smell it... The Mesozoic?

Bill is sizing up the young man and doesn't answer immediately.

WERNER

The Mesozoic -- that's when the world was young.

(he inhales deeply)

It's the smell of creation. Of the Garden of Eden.

MARKHAM

It's the rot... the decay.

WERNER

And the continuous growth. In there somewhere are people from the Stone Age, people lost in time. The Yarnomamos, the Jivaros, the Cunas. I've studied them for years. Now I will see!

MARKHAM

That should be interesting for you.

WERNER

(smiling)

Interesting! The life of these people consumes me! They exist in awe and wonder, without conflict between their beliefs and their daily life -- did you know that?

MARKHAM

I do now.

Werner's smile becomes sheepish.

WERNER

Sorry -- they mean so much to me, these people -- is is not your first time -- you work here perhaps?

MARKHAM

I'm searching for my son.

Werner's face goes blank with incomprehension and Bill looks away. The jungle whizzes by beneath them, the noise of the engines deafening.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

DAY 31

A green gloom, quiet and still; but as the EYE ADJUSTS, the primeval forest gains in depth and definition, till it is a magnificent tangle of bush, tree and liana. The quiet resolves into a web of chirps, squeals, and of unseen slitherings.

Thrashing branches and growling announce the arrival of howler monkeys and they cavort in the canopy above. In the IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND, where there had been only shadow, a red-and-purple flower blossoms -- except it's not a flower but a feathered dart held by a human hand.

All along TWO WILD INDIANS had been abiding there in utter stillness. They are naked but for loincloths of bark. Their bodies are covered with a vibrant green grease that has been smeared on in swirling patterns; foliage and feathers sprout from headbands, armlets and anklets.

One of them is muscular, but not full grown yet; his eyes are blue; his skin, where the paste hasn't covered it around the eyes and mouth is golden, not the copper brown of the other man; and his wild and matted hair is blond. He is TOMME -- Tommy ten years later.

The other is WANADI, the same Indian who smiled that beguiling grin at the five year-old boy. Tomme hands the older man the feathered dart from a pouch that hangs from his shoulder. Wanadi, who holds a bow and purple-and-red feathered arrows and a blowpipe twice his height, doesn't take the dart but hands the pipe to the boy, motioning that he should shoot a monkey.

Tomme can't believe it, and he smiles.

He grabs the pipe, and inadvertently bangs the long shaft against a branch and it resounds. Wanadi's eyes flash with anger and Tomme acknowledges with a feeble smile. As the monkeys have not heard, Wanadi encourages him to go on with it.

Tomme loads the dart into the barrel, and aims. He's anxious and excited. He steadies his hands, takes a deep breath and blows.

The dart flies into the canopy above and hits a monkey.

WANADI

(a whisper)

You did well!

The monkey hardly reacts to the dart and continues his reckless play with the others.

TOMME

(a whisper)

Father, the poison... did I make  
it strong enough?

WANADI

(a whisper)

Wait. You must learn to wait.

The monkey becomes woozy, its limbs losing their grip till the animal is hanging onto a branch by its prehensile tail alone.

Tomme and Wanadi watch the tail uncoil as the monkey loses consciousness, until it falls to the forest floor, dead. The boy kneels by it.

TOMME

You fool. Idiot, to let yourself  
be killed. You thought you were  
so clever, laughing at us up there.  
But then your bad luck is my good  
luck.

(smiling broadly)

Thank you!

He grabs the monkey by the tail, slings it over his shoulder and rises, glancing at Wanadi, seeking his approval.

WANADI

(smiling)

Well spoken, son.

TOMME

Father, am I ready to hunt alone?!

WANADI

(a whisper)

You must listen even when you  
talk... if you will be the hunter  
and not the hunted one.

He eases Tomme and himself back into the undergrowth and into invisibility, the green paint diffusing the outlines, the body designs softening the surfaces.

Nothing happens for a moment. Then a hissing sound grows and grows, till they appear: TWELVE WILD BRAVES snake through the forest, moving as one in close single file at a loping run.

They wear only penis sheaths and their bodies are covered in bold black and red designs. They sport magnificent head-dresses of many-colored feathers. Their weapons are the

spear and the bow and arrow. They run with grim determination and as they do, they hiss like snakes. They couldn't be more ostentatious.

They pass a few feet from where Wanadi and Tomme are hiding and continue until they disappear from sight.

Wanadi and Tomme emerge. The boy is terrified.

WANADI

(a whisper)

The Fierce People... in our part  
of the world. The wind...

He searches the canopy to see which way the wind is blowing.

WANADI

We must get downwind of them,  
ahead of them.

(he smiles paternally)

Hold onto the monkey. If you lose  
it, it is as if you had never  
killed it.

He starts off into a nimble footed run. Tomme falls behind.

32 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 32

Wanadi is a flitting presence as he dodges, side-steps, ducks, and slides his way through the apparently impassable undergrowth. Tomme imitates his father as best he can. They are traveling faster than the twelve warriors.

33 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE NEARBY DAY 33

The twelve continue forward inexorably, treading in unison and hissing.

34 EXT. RIVER THROUGH JUNGLE 34

Wanadi steps cautiously out into the open. Tomme follows him to the water's edge, and he starts to wade in when his father stops him.

WANADI

Tomme! You forgot to look. Give  
it to me.

He takes the monkey by the tail and stepping on stones he moves out into the water and lowers the monkey's head into it. A few seconds later there's a fierce tugging and he pulls it out -- the monkey's head is now a skull, the flesh eaten away by tiny fish. The ones still gnawing at the shreds of flesh drop back into the river.

TOMME

(shock)

Piranah!

Wanadi tosses the monkey into the river and as it drifts downstream the water boils up all around it.

WANADI

Let's get across while the little ones are busy.

He starts wading across knee deep and Tomme follows, chastened and afraid.

WANADI

We owe a special thanks to that monkey.

35 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 35

The twelve warriors continue forward.

36 EXT. RIVER THROUGH JUNGLE DAY 36

Wanadi and Tomme are climbing into a tree along the bank when a few hundred feet away and on the other side of the river they see the twelve come out of the forest.

Their leader, JACAREH, raises a hand and he and the braves fan out and stop at the water's edge. He is a powerful man in his twenties with fierce and psychotic eyes. He wears many necklaces of crocodile, jaguar and other teeth; one tooth has a gold filling -- He and his men scan the water.

In the branches overlooking the river, Wanadi nocks an arrow.

Jacareh signals silently and the group starts off at a run in single file and charges into the river, splashing loudly and hissing.

Wanadi draws the bow all the way, the arrow pointing at the sky in the direction of the warriors. He releases the arrow and immediately nocks another, aiming low this time.

The first arrow reaches its apogee, and as it descends the wind carries it in the direction it came from, and it --

-- plunges into the sandy beach ten feet in front of Jacareh as he charges out of the water.

Wanadi releases the second arrow, and it --

-- drives into the sand forming an "X" with the first directly in front of Jacareh, suggesting that the arrows came from different directions, and different archers.

Wanadi and Tomme watch as Jacareh and his men retreat across the river.

WANADI  
(a whisper)  
The arrows of warning.

From the edge of the jungle Jacareh and his men scan the dark green wall along the opposite bank.

Seeing them linger, Tomme is worried.

TOMME  
(a whisper)  
Father --

Wanadi silences him with his hand and lets out a loud animal call, something between a growl and a moan.

Jacareh hears it and spins in the direction it came from. He then hears excited growls responding to it from another point.

Again Wanadi lets out the same moaning growl.

This time the responses come from many quarters. Wanadi and Tomme watch as Jacareh and his men start back into the jungle.

WANADI  
They believed we were many, and  
that the voices of the monkeys were  
our battle calls.

TOMME  
But that's not our battle call.

WANADI  
No, it is the call of a female  
monkey in heat.

TOMME  
Clever! --

WANADI  
-- Dangerous.

Tomme doesn't understand; the whole jungle is alive with monkey calls that become louder and louder.

WANADI  
The monkeys are coming, but  
also the hunters of monkeys  
will come.

Hunters? TOMME

WANADI  
Jaguars... pumas... anacondas...

The boy reacts to every sound.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. RIVER - OUTPOST - JUNGLE TWILIGHT 37

The sky is lurid black and red. The old cargo plane -- it is out fitted with pontoons -- lands in the river and taxis up to a dock. SHIRT INDIANS, natives of the forest who have recently been converted and "civilized" and who now wear clothes, and MESTIZOS crowd around to watch.

Bill Markham with a heavy satchel and Werner with a suitcase step out of the hold. The outpost is a cluster of shanties with rusting machinery and refuse strewn around. The darkening wilderness circumscribes it.

38 EXT. WINDING RIVER - JUNGLE DAY 38

Bill and Werner are seated in a large canoe. FOUR sweat-drenched SHIRT INDIANS paddle with powerful strokes, and the canoe slides between two walls of green which echo with shrill squeals and squawks.

As they round a bend, a new reach opens up. Werner looks back to see the jungle itself sliding across the water cutting off a way of return. They have entered upon a silence broken only by the monotonous tolling of a bell.

39 EXT. WINDING RIVER - MISSION - JUNGLE DAY 39

Above the bank are a church of mud bricks and a few thatch longhouses; a barrier of trees looms over the small missionary outpost.

The canoe glides up, and Bill and Werner get out and start up the path. The bell keeps on tolling -- not a soul is in sight.

40 EXT. MISSION - JUNGLE DAY TO DUSK 40

They move onto the porch of the main longhouse. Beside it, there's a burial ground that abutts the jungle.

A group of SHIRT and NAKED INDIANS, men, women and children, stands around an open grave, and a bearded and burly priest, FATHER FRANCISCO, leads them in prayer (in pidgin Spanish) as

he officiates over the burial of what FIVE INDIANS are lowering into the hole -- a twenty-eight foot boa.

Werner is shocked; he whispers to Bill.

WERNER

Christian burial for an animal --  
that is sacrilege!

The indians shovel earth into the grave. When the padre sees the newcomers, he comes forward.

PADRE FRANCISCO

Father Werner, bienvenudo!

Words catch in Werner's throat when he sees that a pistol is strapped to the Padre's hip.

PADRE FRANCISCO

And you are the American? Ten  
years you search!

MARKHAM

Yes, Padre. You may be able to  
help.

PADRE FRANCISCO

I would like to. You are a man  
of hope.

WERNER

What is going on here?!

PADRE FRANCISCO

A funeral, Father Werner. The  
savages you see here escaped from  
the forest and are under my  
protection now.

For emphasis, he holds up the crucifix that hangs from his waist, and the revolver. He continues in his school-learned English.

PADRE FRANCISCO

I have asked them, convinced them  
perhaps, to believe in our God.  
It is only right that before I send  
them down the river to work in a  
factory, or a mine or a hacienda, I  
give their own god a proper and  
dignified burial.

Bill unwraps a package from his satchel -- it is the broken arrow with red-and-purple feathering.

MARKHAM

It belonged to the tribe that  
took my boy. Do you know them?

Father Francisco inspects it. He calls out to the men and they gather around. He hands the arrow to one and asks them (in pidgin Spanish) if they recognize it. Squatting on their haunches, they pass it among themselves and vehemently discuss it; Bill listens intently.

MARKHAM

(to the Padre)

They are saying something about  
'being-not-seen.'

PADRE FRANCISCO

Yes. They say it is an arrow of  
the Invisible People.

Bill doesn't dare hope and suppresses any show of emotion. He squats down and addresses the Indians directly, articulating slowly in their tongue.

Two men point, but in opposite directions. They begin to argue; others join in.

MARKHAM

At least they agree that they're  
on this side of the river.

WERNER

(to Padre Francisco)

You have never made contact with  
this tribe?

PADRE FRANCISCO

Nobody has... even my children  
here have only heard about them  
from others.

WERNER

(excited)

They are uncontaminated, then?!

PADRE FRANCISCO

So were my children... till they  
were attacked by another tribe and  
found safety with me.

Bill is assembling something from parts he takes from his satchel.

WERNER

I have come here to witness, no --  
to personally experience primal...  
direct belief... Mr. Markham, when  
you go in there --

MARKHAM

(not looking up)  
-- tomorrow at dawn --

WERNER

-- I must go with you.

Bill rises to his feet and stands out against the purple sky  
of the equatorial twilight.

MARKHAM

(to Werner)

No.

He holds what he has assembled -- an M16 rifle. He shoves a  
clip of bullets into the weapon.

PADRE FRANCISCO

Mister Markham, you must say yes.

He smiles with the full force of his rough charm.

PADRE FRANCISCO

I helped you, you help me.

MARKHAM

(pointing to Werner)  
You want to get rid of him.

PADRE FRANCISCO

(smiling)  
Before this young man can do  
missionary work, he must find  
out what he wants to find out,  
about primitive people or himself  
-- in there.

Werner gapes at the two men openly talking about him. Bill  
can't help smiling.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. TRAILS WITHIN JUNGLE

DAY 41

Wanadi and Tomme make their way along a path, loaded down  
with monkeys, armadillos, a wild pig, birds, and a jaguar  
pelt.

THREE INDIAN WOMEN approach on a converging path, with baskets of firewood, and fruits and plants on their backs. They wear only waistbands from which hang skirts of tassels. Chokes, bracelets and anklets of irridescent feathers adorn their copper bodies.

WANADI

Hello!

WOMAN

Welcome back!

2ND WOMAN

A jaguar skin -- which wife will be the lucky one?

The women giggle among themselves and CHILDREN who were with them rush ahead, screaming.

CHILDREN

They're back! They're back!

42 EXT. ENCLOSURE - JUNGLE

DAY 42

The enclosure is a collective dwelling eighty feet in diameter. It consists of a central open area that is ringed by a single sloping roof, underneath which are nine hearths around which live nine families. The children rush in, announcing Wanadi's and Tomme's return. Dogs bark. Domesticated parrots squawk. WOMEN look up from their chores around the smoky fires.

MEN leave off arrow-making and approach. THREE BOYS Tomme's age rush up to him; one of them is MAPI, his best friend.

TOMME

(smiling with pride)

I killed a monkey, and --

MAPI

-- Which one? Which one?

TOMME

The piranahs got it because --

MAPI

(taunting)

-- You dropped it in the river!

Before Tomme can defend himself, Wanadi, who is talking to the men and his brother SAMANPO, leads him away.

WANADI

(to Tomme)

Your mother is waiting.

(to the men)

Brother, brothers, we chew tobacco later and talk more about the Fierce People.

Tomme and Wanadi step up to their hearth, and the boy rushes to ULURU, a matriarch in her forties.

TOMME

Mother, I shot a monkey and we saw the Fierce People, but Father frightened them. This is for you.

Uluru accepts a package of wrapped leaves. She licks her fingers.

ULURU

Honey!

She caresses Tomme fondly and hollers at CAYA, a voluptuous girl in her early twenties and Wanadi's youngest wife.

ULURU

Caya, get the fire awake... and start putting things away.

The youngest wife obeys; and while Uluru talks to her son, Wanadi stands over PEQUI, his middle wife, an overworked mother in her thirties, who lies in a hammock with a BABY at her breast, and a four year-old BOY and a six year-old GIRL on either side. He picks up the baby and nuzzles it loudly, making the children laugh.

ULURU

(to Tomme)

Son, go and wash, and tell the other boys what you did.

Tomme rushes off, and she goes to Wanadi.

ULURU

How did he do?

WANADI

He was quick and strong... and afraid.

Wanadi's eye is drawn to the enticing shape of his youngest wife as she reaches to hang things from the rafters. He returns the baby to its mother and picks up the jaguar skin and steps closer to the younger girl. Pequi watches with sullen jealousy.

WANADI

Caya, do you like it?

CAYA

(flattered)

It is...

Her eyes meet Uluru's, and an understanding passes between them. She goes to Pequi.

CAYA

Pequi, look what our husband brought you.

The woman breaks into a huge smile, and Wanadi himself is touched and laughs at the thwarting of his intentions, while across the way the women of the other hearths exchange knowing glances of approval.

43 EXT. STREAM - NEAR ENCLOSURE - JUNGLE DAY 43

Naked, Tomme is midstream washing off sweat and green paint; with him are the three boys.

MAPI

(teasing)

You don't stink anymore.

TOMME

Stink?

MAPI

When your father was shooting the arrows of warning you were shitting down your own leg.

Tomme lunges at Mapi, dunking him, only to be pulled under himself. They re-emerge gasping and laughing.

THREE GIRLS their age are wading toward them. Armed with little spears they are looking for fish among the rocks.

TOMME

(dumbstruck)

Who is that girl?

ANOTHER BOY

They are from the village down there.

TOMME

(amazed)

That is Kachiri and her cousins?!  
She has... grown...

Kachiri is a lithe beauty of fifteen with brown eyes flecked with green; her perfect breasts push through a lustrous mane of black hair -- Tomme has caught her attention, and she whispers to her cousins.

KACHIRI

Wanadi's boy is all grown up!

Mapi leans toward Tomme and speaks a bit too loudly.

MAPI

Hey! You want her!

KACHIRI

(calling out)

Shhh. Can't you see we're  
fishing?

Tomme glares at her with open sexuality.

TOMME

You're not going to catch a fish,  
a fish is going to catch you.

His friends guffaw knowingly. Across the way a cousin whispers to her.

COUSIN

Did you hear?!

KACHIRI

(sly)

I did.

She squeals as if something beneath the surface had touched her thigh. Mapi and the others look at Tomme in amazement -- he grins, playing along.

Kachiri whispers something to her cousins, and they rush out of the water screaming hysterically.

COUSINS

Piranah! Piranah!

Tomme bolts from the stream and has to hide his privates with his hands, as Kachiri still standing in the water laughs gleefully.

Tomme realizes that the joke is on him, when Wanadi steps out

of the forest and grabs him by the ear, and Tomme finds himself face to face with the adult men of his enclosure. They carry their bows and arrows, and their countenance is grim.

WANADI

(somber)

You would like to speak like a man but you're just a boy. Your time has come... to die.

A stunned Tomme lets himself be led away by the men, when Uluru comes rushing down the path from the enclosure, followed by other women. She is beside herself.

ULURU

Must it be?

WANADI

It must...

ULURU

Let me hold my boy one last time.

She does before the men can answer and they don't stop her. She hugs him and nuzzles him like a baby, and cries.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

LATE DAY 44

Tall trees form great gloomy cathedrals that echo with calls of unseen animals; the undergrowth is sparse. A rotting log in the FOREGROUND moves -- it is a crocodile that sinks beneath a swampy surface that looked like solid ground.

Bill Markham appears, stepping carefully, his M16 slung across his chest. He leads Werner and the four Shirt Indians who are loaded down with the camping gear and food.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

NIGHT 45

The undergrowth is dense. The warriors hold torches that cast a flickering light. They watch Wanadi, whose body is painted with dots, swirls and zigzags, push Tomme toward the darkness.

WANADI

(intoning)

The Plumed Serpent will come.  
The Plumed Serpent can smell fear...

Tomme stares into the dark tangle of dancing light and shadows. He's a terrified fifteen year-old boy.

## WANADI

The Plumed Serpent has many shapes.  
Which one will it be?

Wanadi steps back and squats down with the other men who now repeat his words to the beat of drums.

The jungle in front of Tomme glistens darkly, and the foliage starts to vibrate, closing in on him.

Thousands and thousands of ants assault him, some forming bridges between the branches and the boy with their own bodies and swarm all over him.

## WANADI

The Plumed Serpent has taken the  
boy into its jaws...

Tomme stands motionless, but his mouth opens in a silent scream, until his face is overrun with ants and his eyes and mouth shut tight.

## WANADI

The Plumed Serpent is devouring  
the boy...

The men repeat and beat the drums and watch impassively as Tomme, a dark shape, crumples lifelessly to the ground.

46 LATER

DAWN 46

The dark jungle is touched with orange. The men are now decked in splendid headdresses. They continue to beat on their drums, and they chant over and over:

## MEN

The boy is dead...

Wanadi and Samanpo approach Tomme's body. Only a few ants are moving over it now. They grab him under the arms and lift him. Tomme's eyes open and the chant of the men changes.

## MEN

The boy is dead and the man is  
born...

Tomme stands unaided but a bit unsteadily, and he calmly brushes away the remaining ants. Wanadi rubs an ointment on his swollen body.

47 LATER

DAY 47

The swelling has gone down and Tomme is a man among men now as each brave of his enclosure holds up a gift for him --

a stone axe, feathers, a bamboo knife. His uncle hands him a blowpipe. Tomme examines it, and pleased, he holds it high calling out to the trees above in good humor.

TOMME

Monkeys... I am sorry for you.

The Men chuckle. Wanadi hands him a bow and arrows, and he grabs them and calls out in challenge and threat.

TOMME

Fierce People, watch out. Whoever enters the World, beware.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

DAY 48

It is impenetrable. A tangle of vines, bushes and saplings - shudders and there's the sound of a machete hacking furiously. The sound grows till, blade first, Bill Markham pushes his way into view.

He is a man possessed, slashing at anything that bars his way. He is bloodied and exhausted, and the Shirt Indians and Werner can barely keep up.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. ENCLOSURE - JUNGLE

DUSK 49

Tomme -- his body freshly painted with dots, swirls and zig-zags -- has his own hearth. He sees the men gathering by a fire at the center of the dwelling, and starts toward it, when Mapi falls alongside.

MAPI

(anxious)

What they did to you -- did it hurt?

TOMME

(aloof)

... I don't remember.

Mapi is even more apprehensive as he watches his old playmate continue ahead and squat down among the men.

What they are doing among themselves, Wanadi does to Tomme -- He takes a pinch of a green powder and inserts it into a hollow cane tube: he then puts the end of the tube into Tomme's nostril and blows a powerful blast through the other end. Tomme grimaces, and Wanadi blows another dose of powder into the other nostril.

Each man starts to move as if possessed by an animal -- monkey, snake, jaguar -- and their helpers underscore the movements on drums. Tomme's eyes blur and all of a sudden he raises his arms, and

50 EXT. ABOVE ENCLOSURE - JUNGLE DREAMLIGHT 50

A condor flaps its wings as it wheels over the dwelling and

51 EXT. ABOVE JUNGLE DREAMLIGHT 51

flies out across the primeval forest where although night the sun shines unseen...

52 EXT. ENCLOSURE NIGHT 52

Men prance to the drumming while Tomme speaks at the edge of trance.

TOMME

... and I saw green fires burning  
beneath the water.

WANADI

You traveled to where we once  
lived before the Fierce People  
came. You saw the light of the  
forest --

From a pouch he spills into his palm a few rough emeralds that burn with an intense green light.

WANADI

-- it is these that give power  
to our warpaint making us the  
Invisible People.  
(wistful)  
Just these are left.

53 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE NIGHT 53

Darkness. The silence is violated by a tremor of far-off drums that sinks and swells. A flashlight comes on, and Bill Markham leaps fully dressed from a hammock, M16 in hand. He sweeps the beam across the other hammocks -- four are empty and the Shirt Indians are nowhere in sight; Werner stirs awake in the fifth.

WERNER

Where are our...?

MARKHAM

They've run off -- afraid probably.

Werner hears the disquieting sound of the distant drums.

MARKHAM

We don't need them anymore. The drums will guide us.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

EARLY DAY 54

Steam wafts up from the forest floor; brilliant sunlight streams down. Kachiri and her cousins are picking wild fruit. She drifts away on her own and when she reaches to pluck a tender sprout a hand pulls her into the undergrowth.

She catches her breath and finds herself face to face with Tomme, decked in flowers and feathers, his body gleaming with an emerald glow. In his headband is a single long iridescent green feather set at a rakish angle. He is armed with his new bow and arrows.

TOMME

When I look at you, all my bones go soft, but one goes hard. I need you.

She laughs haughtily.

KACHIRI

Ha! Now you are a man... and now you say what other men have said to me.

TOMME

I am more. I will walk among the Fierce People unseen and I will kill if I choose.

She's impressed with him as he is with himself -- there is a dignity in his conceit.

KACHIRI

Why do you go among our enemies?

TOMME

To bring back the light of the forest, for myself and my father and uncles; for your father and uncles -- a gift to make you my wife.

He steps back and disappears from sight without a leaf stirring.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

DAY 55

Drums resound through the forest, and Bill Markham and Werner cut and shoulder their way toward the source of the sound. Bill carries his satchel on his back and the M16 in his free hand.

MARKHAM

We've got an escort.

WERNER

What?

Behind them and to the sides, he sees WILD INDIANS with bodies painted black-and-red, their bows drawn, and arrows with blue and yellow feathering trained on them.

Bill stops and turns toward them. They stop also, drawing their bows to the point of release. He calls out to them in the native tongue, but they don't respond, a look of hallucinated fierceness in their eyes.

MARKHAM

I guess they want us to keep going.

He continues, ready for anything, and Werner follows.

WERNER

(a whisper)

They look primitive, very primitive  
-- we've found a lost tribe!

MARKHAM

An Indian is never lost in the  
forest. If anybody is lost, it's...

He doesn't finish when he sees how taken Werner is, torn between fear and wonder.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. STREAM THROUGH JUNGLE

DUSK 56

Tomme is kneeling by the rushing water and drinking. Finished, he looks up and sees a jaguar on the opposite bank who having drunk, looks up at him.

Tomme smiles and calmly yells out.

TOMME

Hello, friend. Next time you  
see me I will have a wife and she  
will ask me for your skin, so  
watch out.

The jaguar bolts into the jungle.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. VILLAGE OF THE FIERCE PEOPLE - JUNGLE

NIGHT 57

Surrounded by the warriors, Bill Markham and Werner enter the open space between the huts. The warriors uncock their bows and brandish spears.

MEN beat log drums filling the air with shock waves. Fires burn beneath smoking racks that are loaded with meat, and Werner wrinkles his nose from the stench. Gaudily painted WOMEN and CHILDREN throng excitedly behind the warriors who herd the two whites toward the head-man.

He is Jacareh. Squatting, he looks up at the intruders through the open jaws of the jaguar that is his head gear, the animal's skin draping his body like a cape. Necklaces of teeth adorn his chest. He glares at Bill with fierce truculence.

Bill squats down in front of Jacareh, the gun leveled at him. Looking at him squarely he salutes him. Jacareh doesn't respond and the warriors edge closer, their spears raised. Werner is terribly agitated. Again Bill addresses the head-man, and talking in the native tongue, he points questioningly in various directions.

After a long silence, Jacareh laughs and speaks excitedly, and what he says stirs up his men, who shake with the desire to charge forward.

WERNER

What did he say?

Bill answers without breaking eye contact with Jacareh.

MARKHAM

That the Difficult-To-See-People are good meat, but we are better.

WERNER

They... are... cannibals?!

MARKHAM

Looks like it.

Three warriors rush at Bill thrusting their spears.

Bill -- a coiled spring -- rolls away as the spears strike where he was squatting. Leaping up, he riddles the attackers and then swings the gun on Jacareh, who is also on his feet, and yells at him.

Jacareh raises his hands and calls out to his men who have recovered from the surprise of gunfire and are about to charge forward again -- he checks them, but they are nonetheless poised to strike. Bill is completely surrounded, twenty spear points inches away from his body.

The drums are silent. Out of the corner of his eye, Bill sees the women crowding around Werner.

Jacareh is not afraid of Bill, only now awe replaces truculence. He squats by a dead warrior, fascinated by the huge wound in his torso. He plunges his hand in and pulls out a bullet, then another.

Speaking feverishly, he comes up to Bill showing the bullets and comparing them to the teeth of his necklace. He looks into Bill's eyes, with lust almost.

Meanwhile the near-naked women caress and fondle Werner fervently. Terrified, he calls out to Bill trying to keep his voice even.

WERNER

What's going on, what did he say?

Without breaking eye contact with Jacareh, Bill answers.

MARKHAM

He says that I have many teeth and the heart of jaguar... like him.

Again Jacareh speaks with excitement; and Bill translates.

MARKHAM

He is giving me a chance. I go now... at dawn they will hunt me.

WERNER

What about me?

The women are pulling at his clothes. Bill asks Jacareh who then responds. Bill has difficulty translating.

MARKHAM

The men want my courage... my heart.  
The women want your... shine, they call it.

Bill makes a move to raise the gun, but the spear points are pricking at his skin in a dozen places. The frenzied women tear off Werner's clothes and bite into his flesh.

Screaming, Jacareh points to the forest, and his warriors jab at Bill till he moves off.

Bill reaches the jungle wall. He glances back and sees the women -- dark silhouettes against the fires -- dismembering Werner.

Bill wrenches himself away from the horror, and breaks into a run.

58 EXT. ALONG PATH THROUGH JUNGLE NIGHT 58

He stops and looks back. The drums have started up and resound from nearby but nobody is following. In a patch of moonlight he checks his gun and the ammo clips. He draws his machete and steps off the path and into tangled darkness.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. TREE OVERTOPPING JUNGLE DAWN 59

In a branch high above the forest, Tomme is renewing the swirling designs on his body, adding fresh green grease from a gourd tied to his waist.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. VILLAGE OF THE FIERCE PEOPLE DAWN 60

Jacareh stands between two lines of warriors who are decked out in barbaric splendor, their black and red body paint fresh. Women and children offer them bowls of soup from a huge trough, and the liquid seems to instantly invigorate them; and their eyes gleam with a drug-induced fierceness.

At a signal from Jacareh, the warriors shout words of ritual that are charged with the exhilaration of the kill, and a first line of men sets off at a fast lope into the jungle, stepping in unison, moving as one, and hissing. Jacareh follows, with the second line of men trailing him.

61 EXT. ALONG PATH THROUGH JUNGLE DAWN 61

The long line of men snakes through the jungle, and as it does groups of three break away fanning out into the undergrowth.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 62

Bill Markham comes forward at a broken run, cutting and shouldering his way through the undergrowth. He stops, and suppressing his hard breathing, he strains to listen. The jungle is alive with sounds, as if its hidden life was stirred up. Bill starts off again.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

DAY 63

Tomme runs through the undergrowth with an elegant and unbroken lope, dodging and side-stepping as if his feet had eyes.

There's movement in the bushes in front of him and he leaps out of sight. Three warriors of the Fierce People come forward searching, left and right, and hissing. They pass inches from him.

Tomme steps back into view talking to someone.

TOMME

The three Fierce Ones -- lucky  
for them they didn't see me. If  
I kill the ones who see me.--

He snatches a liana before him -- it's a snake.

TOMME

-- I am unseen, right?

The snake caught in his grip, hisses; he drapes it on a branch and continues on his way.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

DAY 64

Bill Markham is moving through the undergrowth when he glimpses a figure out of the corner of his eye. He stops behind a tree ready with his M16. He hears nothing, so he bolts from cover, gun level, to face the figure.

There's no one in sight, suddenly there are many, all rushing at him and hissing. He pulls the trigger, spraying bullets.

Two of the Fierce People are hit, but others, Jacareh among them, rush on and shoot arrows.

As Bill scrambles away, a volley of arrows rain into the ground and the trees inches away from him. He turns and shoots a warrior who charges at him with a spear, bringing him down but not before he has released his spear. It drives through Bill's trouser leg and into a tree, pinning him. Bill tears his leg free -- it's only a graze -- and breaks into a run once again.

Jacareh releases an arrow.

It hits Bill in the back, but something in the satchel stops it from penetrating. Bill escapes, changing the ammo clip as he goes.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

DUSK 65

Tomme squats by a fire on which he is roasting an agouti. His ear is cocked and he can just hear the distant rattle of gunfire.

TOMME

What beast is that?

CUT TO:

66 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

DAWN 66

Bill Markham trudges on, stuffing meat into his mouth from a can, when there's a sudden movement in the bushes.

He grabs his gun and begins spraying bullets. There's an awful squealing and the sound of an animal escaping through the undergrowth.

67 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE NEARBY

DAWN 67

Jacareh and his warriors have heard, and the long line of hissing men veers toward the noise.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. FOOT OF WATERFALL - RIVER - JUNGLE

DAY 68

Water thunders down and the spray catches the sunlight, making rainbows. At the rocky base of the falls there are many pools, and Tomme sifts through the pebbles and plucks out an emerald from one of them.

He holds it up to the sun and it glows with astounding greenness. He puts it in a gourd strung around his neck and lifts it to his ear and shakes it. Although the roar of the water is tremendous he can hear many stones rattling inside. He smiles broadly and keeps on searching.

Just then, Bill Markham stumbles out of the forest at a run and starts across the base of the falls. He sees a savage in green paint squatting in a pool, and shoots. Tomme sees the strange man, snatches up bow and arrows, and bolts for the cover of the falling water as bullets zing close to his ears.

Bill glances back at the jungle wall. Although no one is following, he knows that danger will come from that quarter. He continues across the rocks and pools, ready to take on the green savage.

Tomme nocks an arrow and draws the bow. The cascading water splashes on his body, partially washing away the green paint, exposing his golden skin and blond hair.

He edges forward till he can see the man through the spray.

Gain-trained, Bill is expecting the savage to re-emerge from another direction.

Tomme holds the bow at full stretch and is about to release but doesn't, his muscles quivering from the effort. He hesitates, his eyes blurring momentarily as memories invade his consciousness.

Bill has swung the gun on the savage with blond hair, and is about to squeeze the trigger when the savage shoots the arrow.

Bill ducks and the arrow flies past him and into the chest of one of Jacareh's warriors who rush out of the jungle.

Tomme nocks another arrow and draws. Bill aims at the savage with blond hair who calls out to him against the roar.

TOMME

DAD-DEE!

Bill checks the impulse to shoot.

MARKHAM

Tommy?!

Bill realizes that the "savage" is not shooting at him but at his pursuers. He swings round to face them, and shoots with a new found fierceness. The warriors stop to nock arrows.

Bill rushes to Tomme. He looks at the young man in amazement, and certain now, he smiles. Tomme smiles back, hesitant; confused.

An arrow strikes Bill's arm. Immediately Tomme grabs the shaft and pushes it through the flesh and out the other side -- the point is barbed.

Recovering from the shock, Bill sees Tomme nock the same barbed arrow and shoot, hitting a warrior in the ribs.

The warriors pulls at the shaft but it snaps with the arrow-head still inside. The man panics -- as he tries to tear his ribs open he loses strength and is washed away by the current.

In a hail of arrows, Tomme leads Bill to the other side.

69 EXT. RIVERBANK - WATERFALL - JUNGLE

DAY 69

They continue down the beach. Tomme turns to see the Fierce Ones cross the base of the waterfall.

Led by Jacareh, they enter the jungle to circle around.

70 EXT. RIVERBANK - JUNGLE

DAY 70

Tomme and Bill appear from around a bend. Tomme nocks an arrow and peers into the tangled darkness beneath the droop of trees that line the river, and he listens intently.

TOMME

The Fierce Ones -- they are coming.

Bill raises his gun with his good arm, ready. Tomme looks around.

TOMME

There. The tree.

He points to a sandbar in the river where a fallen tree is caught. Bill starts to back into the stream, gun trained on the jungle wall when Tomme stops him and carefully searches the water. Satisfied, he wades in pulling Bill along.

The warriors charge out of the jungle, spears raised. Tomme and Bill, water up to their waists in the strong current, head for the sandbar. Obeying Jacareh's orders, some warriors rush on into the river, others nock arrows and shoot.

71 EXT. SANDBAR - RIVER - JUNGLE

DAY 71

The arrows rain down as Tomme and Bill reach the sandbar. They immediately set out to dislodge the tree from the silt and set it afloat again. They heave and pull and it moves slightly.

A Fierce One is nearing the sandbar when Bill turns his gun on him. He fires but his ammo clip is empty. He frantically searches his pockets but he's all out of them; the warrior begins to draw his bow.

MARKHAM

(pointing)

TOMMY!

Tomme has seen -- he is already drawing his bow. His arrow strikes the warrior.

He joins Bill at working the tree loose, while two more warriors are getting close and others are wading across from the bank.

The tree starts to break free, the current pulling it, Tomme and Bill pushing. Two warriors reach the sandbar; one nocks an arrow, the other charges forward with his spear.

Tomme shoots him with his last arrow. Bill hurls his machete at the other man -- it misses but it confuses the man's aim and the arrow flies wild.

They give the tree another push and it floats free in the current, when the warrior shoots another arrow that misses Bill by inches. He and Tomme push off and climb amidst branches and leaves onto the trunk.

Five more warriors come bounding forward shooting arrows. Because of the foliage and the spin of the tree raft, Bill and Tomme are difficult targets, and the arrows miss. Discarding their bows, the five charge into the water with spears to board the raft.

Holding his M16 by the barrel, Bill clobbers a man who has thrust his spear at him, drawing blood from his shoulder. Another man lunges and grabs the gun and Bill lets go to avoid being pulled into the water.

Tomme uses the shaft of his bow as a spear and runs it through an attacker, losing his new weapon -- The tree is borne on the current.

72 EXT. TREE RAFT

DAY 72

They gain distance from the sandbar, where more and more of Jacareh's men are gathering. They shoot volleys of arrows that whistle past or land close by.

Bill and Tomme cower in the foliage, when a warrior rises in their midst and is about to plunge his spear into Bill -- but he is struck by an arrow from his own men, and plunges into the river.

Jacareh is enraged that they are getting away, overjoyed when one of his men offers him the M16.

73 EXT. TREE RAFT - RIVER - JUNGLE

DAY 73

They are finally out of range of the arrows and are being swept downriver in the fast-moving current. Tomme staunches the bleeding from Bill's arm and shoulder with the green body grease.

MARKHAM

Tommy!

TOMME

Yes! I am called Tomme!

Bill speaks slowly, talking in his son's tongue.

MARKHAM

Where does this river go? Where  
are we going?

TOMME

We are going to my father.

Bill is not sure he has understood.

MARKHAM

Your Father? I am your father!

TOMME

You are Dad-dee... You --  
(he touches his head)  
-- you live in here... sometimes.  
Now you are here!

Amazed, he touches Bill.

MARKHAM

Dad-dee is your father.

Tomme doesn't understand, and a silence falls between them.  
He becomes aware of a crescendo of croaking frogs coming from  
the jungle.

Bill doesn't give up.

MARKHAM

You remember your mother?... 'Jean?'

Tomme doesn't respond.

MARKHAM

Your mother!?... 'Mommy?'

TOMME

(memory stirring)  
... Mum-ee...

Bill is encouraged. Tomme is brought to when dark rainclouds  
blot out the sun that is already low and --

74 EXT. TREE RAFT - RIVER - JUNGLE

DAY TO NIGHT 74

-- they realize that it has started to rain. Darkness is  
gathering and they are adrift in an ever faster-moving current.

The downpour becomes torrential and the raft pitches and heaves,  
water washing over them. Bill and Tomme hang on for their  
lives.

The sound of the pounding rain and of the rushing water is tremendous, and all becomes shrouded in darkness.

There's a flash of lightning, and Bill and Tomme catch a glimpse of their situation. The water has risen over the height of the banks, and they are whizzing toward the trees of the jungle wall.

They are plunged into darkness once again, and the sound of tree trunks crashing into each other is heard. Only when --

75 EXT. WITHIN FLOODED JUNGLE NIGHT 75

-- there's another lightning flash and Tomme and Bill can see where they are. The tree raft is afloat in swirling water that is choked with uprooted vegetation. The level of the water, and the raft with it, is rising visibly, and they go crashing into the branches of trees that moments ago were high above them, and into a snake that is escaping upward.

Again they are plunged into darkness and enveloped by the roar of the storm. There is finally --

76 EXT. WITHIN FLOODED CANOPY NIGHT 76

-- another flash. Tomme and Bill cling to the tree raft that is now wedged within the branches of the canopy. A few feet away, and unnoticed by them, is a jaguar, ears back and eyes wide with fright. Then once more there is only darkness and the fury of the water above and below...

77 EXT. WITHIN CANOPY - VISTA OF JUNGLE DAWN 77

... Tomme and Bill still cling to the raft -- the flood water has receded and now it is suspended in the branches thirty feet above the forest floor; the jaguar is no longer there. Beyond is the muddied jungle under a livid orange-black sky.

Bill is pale, feverish and trembling, and he clutches his arm in pain. Tomme slowly stretches his cramped limbs and rises to stand. His body has been washed clean of paint; and in the red and warming rays of the sun, steam wafts up from it, as he takes stock of their situation.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. VILLAGE OF THE FIERCE PEOPLE - JUNGLE NIGHT 78

Jacareh squats by a fire with his warriors and he holds the M16 that is now adorned with a shock of red hair that sprouts from something fist-sized -- Werner's shrunken head. On the ground beside him are mounds of animal teeth, and he grabs a fistful and rubs the teeth against the gun, expecting something to happen.

When nothing does, he maniacally gives vent to his frustration. His men, their drugged eyes smeared red by the flames, join in.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 79

It is quiet; then Tomme and Bill appear, the father supporting himself on his son's shoulder. He is very sick, his eyes feverish.

Tomme is in green paint and decked in sprigs of foliage once again. In his waistband is a crude stone axe, and he holds a rough bow and arrows. Bill's clothes are in shreds, and his exposed skin is smeared with green paint -- As they continue, Tomme whistles a loud bird call.

80 EXT. PATH THROUGH JUNGLE DAY 80

They come to a trail and start down it. Again Tomme whistles and this time he's answered, and Wanadi and six warriors step into view.

WANADI

You have new weapons! Who is this...?

TOMME

(excited)

I found what I went to find!

(he rattles the  
gourd at his neck)

And I found him -- the Fierce Ones  
were his enemies -- I killed three --

WANADI

-- Three!

(looking at Bill)

I remember him.

TOMME

He is Dad-dee of my dreams!

Wanadi touches Bill's forehead.

WANADI

(to the men)

Take him to my hearth.

Before Bill can react, the warriors lift him off his feet and take him away at a run. Wanadi and Tomme follow.

TOMME

Father, why does he say he is  
my father?

WANADI

When you stepped into the World  
from the river-without-water and  
smiled at me, that man of the  
Termite People came in to look for  
you. Maybe that man did beget you,  
but it was Uluru and I who weaned  
you from the ways of the Dead World.

81 EXT. ENCLOSURE - JUNGLE

DAY 81

Men, women, and especially the children push and shove to gape  
at Bill who lies in a hammock while Caya tears his clothes  
away, Pequi rubs his swollen and infected wounds with salve,  
Uluru makes him drink a potion -- Wanadi and Tomme are squatting  
by the hearth, and a bright-eyed boy asks a question of Wanadi.

CHILD

Uncle, why is he called a Termite  
Person?

Other children clamor to know too, and he enjoys answering.

WANADI

Far away, many days from here,  
the World ends and a strange  
nothingness is there and that is  
where the Termite People live.  
They come into the World and bite  
down the great-grandfather trees  
and chew them up... like termites.

The women have finished. Wanadi theatrically runs his hand  
over the fire, rises and goes to Bill, and talks to him slowly  
as though to a child.

WANADI

I will suck the evil heat out of  
you.

He brings his mouth down upon Bill's forehead and begins to  
suck with frightening intensity.

Wanadi suddenly yanks his head away and making certain that  
Bill can see what he's doing he spits a red hot ember into his  
hands, and juggles it not to burn his fingers, as all gasp in  
wonder. He then tosses it away and blowing on his fingers,  
he addresses a dumbfounded Bill, slowly and dramatically.

## WANADI

It is the heat that burns inside  
you. I will suck it all out.

Wanadi catches a glimpse of Tomme who picks up a club and sneaks out of the enclosure. He smiles to himself knowingly and starts sucking at Bill's forehead once again.

82 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 82

Tomme is a flitting presence as he runs as fast as he can through the unseen seams and secret folds of the forest.

83 EXT. ENTRANCE TO ANOTHER ENCLOSURE - JUNGLE DAY 83

He flashes out of the trees and onto a path and into the dwelling.

84 EXT. ANOTHER ENCLOSURE DAY 84

He crosses the center of an enclosure that's very much like his own and inhabited by other Invisible People. He steps up to the main hearth where an OLD MAN of great dignity reaches for his weapons and arthritically rises from his hammock to meet Tomme.

MEN grab weapons. CHILDREN rush around screeching. WOMEN scream, and the loudest of them all is Kachiri who backs away from the same hearth toward warriors who nock arrows.

## KACHIRI

Help! He will rape me!

Although the old man slowly raises a spear to his chest, Tomme calmly spills a few emeralds from his gourd into his palm and thrusts them into the old man's hand.

## TOMME

As I promised. The light of the  
jungle. May it give power to the  
war paint of your warriors.

The old man stands in the shade beneath the roof; through a hole in it a sunbeam strikes the emeralds in his hand, setting them ablaze with light. He is close to tears.

Tomme rushes toward Kachiri, slashing the air threateningly with his club. The warriors back away, their bows half drawn. Shrieking, her cousins flee from her side.

## TOMME

Girl, you will tend my fire.

KACHIRI

Never. My hearth is here. With  
my father.

She backs into a post and Tomme is fast upon her, club raised. He brings it down on her head -- softly.

KACHIRI

(an angry whisper)

Do it right!

He grits his teeth, and hits her on the head hard -- with a blissful smile she passes out. He scoops her into his arms before she hits the ground.

As he runs out with her, the warriors release their half drawn bows, and the arrows fly a few feet before tumbling into the dust. The women wail, hands to their faces, but peek out between their fingers.

85 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

DAY 85

Tomme bounds forward with Kachiri in his arms, and falling to his knees he gently lays her down on the forest floor. The dappled sunlight plays over her wonderous body and her exquisite unconscious face. He leans toward her, charged with yearning.

TOMME

Kachiri, wake up.

She doesn't stir. He dares to shake her shoulder, and just the touch of her smooth, dusky skin makes him crazy.

TOMME

Open your hummingbird eyes, laugh  
your monkey laugh, fold me in your  
anaconda arms and I will give you  
game, furs, skins, honey, feathers,  
children till the day I die. But  
now, I need you.

She still doesn't stir, so on impulse he spills the water from a nearby convulvulus onto her and she's instantly awake and outraged.

KACHIRI

You --

TOMME

-- You were awake and listening!!

She giggles.

KACHIRI  
I may never be quiet that long  
again!

He laughs, and she draws him to her; and he enfolds her in a  
fierce embrace.

CUT TO:

Bullets exploding from the barrel of the M16.

86 EXT. RIVER BANK - TRADING POST - JUNGLE

DAY 86

Jacareh is shooting the gun, in fear and awe of it, spraying  
bullets into the water. When the clip is finished, he turns  
to a white TRADER who holds others in his hand.

Jacareh is there with his warriors in war-paint. The Trader  
is flanked by MESTIZOS and SHIRT INDIANS who are edgy about  
the savages, and hold rifles on them.

Jacareh motions that he wants another clip. The Trader speaks  
to a Mestizo in Spanish, saying that "The Chief can have what  
he wants, if I can have what I want." Gesticulating for  
emphasis, the Mestizo translates.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. VISTA OVER JUNGLED HILLS

BEFORE SUNRISE 87

The sky is orange and steam billows out of the dark green  
jungle; the streams glisten. A circular enclosure is seen  
nearby, while another, and perhaps more can be glimpsed in  
the distance.

88 EXT. ENCLOSURE

DAWN 88

The fires smoke lazily; and the hammocks bulge with sleeping  
Indians. Bill awakens to find himself not alone in his  
hammock, but entangled with Caya's voluptuous sleeping body.  
Surprised, he starts to pull away, causing the hammock to sway  
and Caya to awaken.

Bill gets to his feet, and although unsteady, he is without  
fever. He looks at his arm -- the wound is healing and the  
swelling has gone down; then he realizes he is dressed in  
nothing but a native loincloth. Caya speaks to him slowly as  
if to a child.

CAYA  
I made that for you... Are you  
hungry? Shall we go to the stream  
and wash?

He doesn't respond as he looks around.

MARKHAM

Tommy?

It takes her a moment to understand -- she corrects his pronunciation.

CAYA

Tomme!

She leads him to another hearth, to a hammock where Tomme and Kachiri are blissfully asleep, their limbs entwined.

CAYA

(a whisper)

Tomme needs Kachiri and Kachiri  
needs Tomme... Come.

Bill cannot bring himself to awaken the lovers and any how Caya is bent on leading him away.

CAYA

You need me?

He doesn't understand. Wanadi yawns and stretches; he sees Bill.

WANADI

Our guest is well!

MARKHAM

(smiling gratefully)

I am well.

WANADI

(indicating Caya)

She is yours, if you have need.

MARKHAM

... need?

Wanadi grins and thrusts his pelvis a few times. Caya giggles -- she is squatting by the fire filling a basket with manioc cakes and tidbits of smoked meat. She rises.

CAYA

You will eat and be strong. You  
will wash.

She leads him from the enclosure which is slowly coming to life.

89 EXT. STREAM NEAR ENCLOSURE - JUNGLE

EARLY DAY 89

Filled with well-being, Bill is basking in the sun on a rock in the running water; he has eaten and bathed. Caya is nearby, picking flowers from branches that overhang the stream. When their eyes meet, she giggles provocatively.

He looks away and watches children playing and families enjoying the morning bathing some way off, when from another direction Tomme and Kachiri approach. He has a blowpipe and bow and arrows. They brim with vitality and beauty and smile broadly.

TOMME

Ghost Father, you are well!

Bill is perplexed by the word "ghost." Tomme opens a calabash container at his waist and scoops out a greasy paste that's vibrantly green, and smears it on his body.

TOMME

(proud)

We have crushed the stones from the river and once again the light of the forest shines in our warpaint.

Making patterns, Tomme covers his body which glows with an emerald brilliance. Bill smiles to acknowledge and finally says what he has been wanting to say.

MARKHAM

Tommy -- Tomme, I have come to take you home -- no -- I have come to make you remember home... your mother... 'Mommy'...

KACHIRI

(enthusiastic)

Ghost Father, I am his woman now.

TOMME

I must hunt and bring back meat for the feast to celebrate that I am a happy man -- I who have three fathers!

MARKHAM

... Three fathers?

TOMME

My father, her father... you!

Bill realizes that Wanadi, in green paint, is standing over him.

WANADI

(to Tomme)

You are more than a man now, you  
are a killer of men --

He swiftly adds an extra pattern to Tomme's body paint.

WANADI

-- and all must know.

Bill pushes himself between Tomme and Wanadi and wrenches them apart.

MARKHAM

(to Tomme)

I am your father! He took...

Bill doesn't know the word "stole" in their language, and gestures angrily.

MARKHAM

He took you... from me... from  
'Mommy'...

Wanadi smiles, nodding.

WANADI

Yes... yes... I always knew we  
could tame a Termite child.

He turns Tomme and displays him proudly to Bill.

WANADI

... but that he should become  
such a warrior is more than a  
father could hope for.

With a happy laugh, Wanadi and Tomme take off at a run toward the jungle. Bill can see that the green patterns on their bodies blur outline and surface, and as they approach the dark green curtain they magically disappear.

Bill is overcome. He turns back to face Kachiri and Caya, who has a basket full of flowers.

KACHIRI

(to Caya)

If I speak fast like I am speaking  
now I don't think he understands --

(glancing at his  
loincloth)

Is he like our people? --

CAYA  
 -- he has one hole --

KACHIRI  
 -- and a --

CAYA  
 -- Yes.

The girls explode with laughter, and Kachiri rushes off, leaving Bill and Caya alone.

With a fistful of flowers, Caya rubs her breasts and then between her thighs while all around the jungle is alive with a dizzying concerto of sounds -- He is tempted by her and he fights the temptation.

90 EXT. ENCLOSURE

NIGHT 90

The PEOPLE of all the dwellings have gathered and they are dancing. Men and boys, and women and girls form two distinct rings of dancers that move around the inside of the enclosure and counter to one another. The men and the women playfully taunt each other as they pass. All the dancers sport their best feathers and wild body designs. Those who step aside to eat and drink at the hearths quickly rejoin the dance.

At the center of this enthusiastic commotion squats a tranquil circle of men -- Wanadi, Kachiri's father, and OTHER CHIEFS of the Invisible People, all decked out in ceremonial head-dresses, and Bill and Tomme.

MARKHAM  
 Tomme, come back with me... To see 'Mommy'... You will come back here after.

TOMME  
 I live here. My wife lives here. My children will live here. The People need me because the Fierce Ones and Those Who Chew The Trees come closer to our villages... You and Mum-mee will always be welcome at my hearth.

Bill checks his frustration and turns to Wanadi.

MARKHAM  
 I speak as Father to Father -- I want my son to see my world... You are Chief -- you tell him.

WANADI

If I tell a man to do what he does  
not want to do, I am not Chief.

KACHIRI'S FATHER

(smiling)

The true Chief speaks and everybody  
does what they want.

Bill is at the edge of violence, when Wanadi addresses him  
serenely.

WANADI

Ghost Father, you are a man of  
courage. You have traveled far  
into the World, and you have come  
to its center... where you now sit.  
Now you must go a little further,  
and see more...

Tomme cradles Bill's head and Wanadi blows the green hallucino-  
genic snuff up his nostrils through a blow tube. Bill pulls  
away and starts to rise, but his eyes glaze and he sinks back  
into Tomme's arms. The surroundings recede, becoming indistinct,  
becoming

91 EXT. AMAZCO PLAZA AND SKYSCRAPER - CITY DREAMLIGHT 91

a perspective of the flagstones of the plaza.

Bill is the only human being in sight. The glass and steel  
geometry of the Amazco tower rises over him against the black  
star-filled sky, where the sun -- unseen -- also shines. He  
hears a strange grating and cracking sound, and looks down to  
its source. He notices movement in a crack between the stones,  
and he kneels down.

He sees plants growing out of the cracks with unnatural speed.  
The stones buckle up, splitting. He gets to his feet in the  
midst a prodigious growth and

92 PLAZA AND SKYSCRAPER CO-EXISTING WITH REGENERATIVE JUNGLE 92

he looks up to see vines coiling up a column of the tower,  
breaking the glass and erupting with tendrils and foliage into  
the building.

A tree is growing up against another column and the force of  
its growth tears the column from its foundations. Looking up  
again through the riot of green, Bill sees the skyscraper rock  
and shudder and start to fall down on him. He screams.

93 EXT. LOGGING AREA WITHIN JUNGLE

EARLY DAY 93

He wakes up screaming as a huge tree comes crashing down nearby. Bill finds himself in a hammock strung between two trees. Reeling from the dream, he stands and finds himself at the edge of a logging track, surrounded by the noise of chainsaws and vehicles.

The tree that just timbered has settled, and from behind it Mestizo and European LUMBERJACKS come forward. To them it's a bewildering sight -- a near-naked white man standing by a hammock with small fires smoldering around it.

MARKHAM

Oh my God, they brought me back.  
They drugged me, and brought me  
back --

He laughs a bitter laugh.

MARKHAM

-- with only a bad dream.

94 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CITY

NIGHT 94

It's got balconies on every floor -- it's where the Markham's live.

95 INT. LIVING ROOM - MARKHAM APARTMENT

NIGHT 95

Bill has just returned -- he is wearing borrowed clothes and hasn't shaved yet. He and Jean stand face to face. Heather watches her parents.

MARKHAM

What I've got to say is difficult.

JEAN

Something has happened to you.

MARKHAM

Yes. He's dead...

JEAN

... How do you know that?

MARKHAM

I was told.

JEAN

By whom?

MARKHAM

By the ones who took him.

JEAN

You found them?! -- How did he die? What did they tell you?

MARKHAM

... I don't really know... Does it matter? He's dead. It's over. I'll finish up here and we'll go back to the States, like I promised.

JEAN

Bill, I don't believe you... Tommy's alive.

MARKHAM

What do you mean? -- You mean you don't want to believe me.

He goes to hold her but she pulls away.

JEAN

I don't believe you.

They're at a deadlock. She turns away from him, a pain wracking her chest. Heather rushes to her, putting her arm around her.

The room seems to be closing in on him, and Bill bursts outside.

96 EXT. BALCONY - CITY

NIGHT 96

He grasps the railing, and breathing deep he checks his anguish.

97 LATER

NIGHT 97

The city is quiet now, most of the lights are out. He still stands there, the turmoil beneath the surface.

A hand comes to rest gently on his. It is Heather, in a night-gown now; her eyes shine with tears.

HEATHER

(softly)

Daddy, he is dead, isn't he?

MARKHAM

Yes... it was terrible in there... horrible.

He trails off; the sight of her distraught father moves her:

HEATHER  
Tell me.

MARKHAM  
It's not Paradise in there...  
the jungle gets to you... it only  
seems like Paradise.  
(he makes an effort  
to smile)  
But it's over now. Heather,  
we're going back home.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. UPHILL SLOPE WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 98

Tomme, Wanadi, his brother Samanpo and nine other warriors in grease paint and armed, clamber up a steep incline. Wanadi is the oldest and he's out of breath, unlike the others.

WANADI  
The edge of the World is far...  
but every few years it is one day  
closer...

99 EXT. TOP OF RIDGE - VIEW OF JUNGLE DAY 99

As they reach the top they are shocked by what they see. In the distance, plumes of black smoke rise from the jungle.

WANADI  
A raid -- on our villages!

He starts down the slope, the others following.

100 EXT. FOOT OF HILL WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 100

Tomme races ahead of Wanadi and the others.

101 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE DAY 101

A sobbing baby toddles aimlessly, when out of the shadows steps Mapi. He is wide-eyed with fear; nonetheless he picks up the baby and continues.

102 EXT. FENCE AROUND ENCLOSURE - JUNGLE DAY 102

He comes to where it's broken through, and cradling the crying baby, he warily crawls inside.

103 EXT. ENCLOSURE DAY 103

Part of the dwelling is burning. Mapi is stunned by the sight of dead bodies strewn everywhere.

Tomme bounds into the enclosure. Aghast, he looks around and approaches Mapi.

MAPI

The Fierce Ones came at dawn...

TOMME

Kachiri!

He rushes to his hearth, but can't see her among the corpses. He does see Uluru and Pequi's children lying in their own dried blood. He kneels by Uluru.

TOMME

Mother...

He sees a hole in her body -- a bullet wound.

TOMME

They had a lightning spear.

MAPI

There was thunder...

TOMME

Where's Kachiri?!

MAPI

... I ran away...

Wanadi comes forward, threading his way among the dead.

TOMME

Father, they killed...

Wanadi sees Uluru and his children, and he stares, distraught.

TOMME

I must look for Kachiri.

WANADI

Son, you may not find her...

Tomme stares at him, not understanding.

WANADI

They killed children and men and only the older women.

TOMME

They stole the girls!

104 LATER

NIGHT 104

A huge funeral pyre roars at the center of the destroyed enclosure -- Samanpo and a few other men finish tearing down the last supporting poles and feed them and the roof timber onto the fire.

They squat beside Wanadi and Tomme, and watch the bodies of their people being consumed by the flames. Within the blaze, the heat endows the dead with lifelike movements -- Kachiri's father's body seems to flail its limbs, its mouth opening wide.

TOMME

They scream for revenge.

WANADI

They do.

TOMME

Must we sit here and wait?!

WANADI

Their souls must be released to the stars...

Wanadi looks up, and Tomme follows the sparks billowing up from the pyre toward the stars above.

105 LATER

DAWN 105

WANADI

... and what is left of the dead must be crushed...

Tomme and the men pick out pieces of bone from the ashes and add them to a mortar where Wanadi crushes them.

WANADI

... crushed into dust...

106 LATER

DAY 106

Where his hearth once was, a hole has been dug, and from it Wanadi pulls out a box, and opens it as Mapi and Tomme watch.

WANADI

... in here are the grains of wisdom of all those who went before us, even of the First Man and Woman.

To the powder in the box he adds some of the powder from the mortar. He mixes, and takes a handful.

107 LATER

DAY 107

He adds it to a bowl of manioc soup and stirs. He is in green paint like his eleven surviving warriors who surround him and clack their bows and arrows together, working themselves into a frenzy.

WANADI

Now drink in memory of what we have been.

He takes a sip, and hands the bowl to Tomme.

As the bowl goes around the circle of warriors, the few dazed and wounded survivors of the massacre watch. The bowl returns to Wanadi, who offers it to a surprised Mapi.

WANADI

Drink boy. You come too.

Mapi gulps down the drink, and rushes to catch up with the line of warriors now disappearing into the jungle.

108 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

NIGHTFALL 108

Wanadi and Tomme lead the party, searching for signs of the transit of the Fierce Ones; Tomme points out a snapped branch, and they continue.

TOMME

They are not heading for their village.

The warriors follow, some with baskets of food on their backs; Mapi brings up the rear and he's in green paint now.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

DAY 109

Jacareh, with the M16 slung across his chest and a monkey skin bag full of ammo clips hanging from his shoulder, leads his warriors at a slow lope. The twenty captive young women and pubescent girls of the Invisible People, Kachiri, her two cousins, and Pequi and Caya among them, follow linked together by a length of twine around their necks.

Pequi reaches deep into a bush, and without breaking stride, she snaps a branch. As the warriors of the rearguard pass that spot, they don't see the sign she made.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

RAIN - LATE DAY 1:

Two warriors lead, seeking and finding the signs, while Wanadi and Tomme now take their turn to carry the baskets of food.

MAPI

(to Tomme)

I will never be afraid again.

TOMME

I know.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

RAIN - NIGHT 11:

The captive women, still tied to each other, are huddled beneath a makeshift shelter of leaves. They pass among themselves a leaf bowl of gruel. Jacareh and his twenty-five warriors squat under shelters by small fires, and they rest and eat.

The women whisper among themselves.

KACHIRI

(to Pequi)

Shouldn't we try to escape?

PEQUI

We will fight when we hear the war cry of our men.

KACHIRI

Fight.

Caya nods knowingly; the younger girls lean closer to listen.

PEQUI

We fight the only way a woman can fight --

JACAREH

(roaring)

-- Quiet you women, you must not talk.

After a moment Caya whispers something into Kachiri's ear, and her eyes go wide with surprise.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

DAY 112

Wanadi and his party continue at a slow, tired lope when the boom of a distant explosion is heard. They come to a halt, puzzled and apprehensive. Wanadi sees that the birds above the canopy are stirred up.

113 EXT. TREE OVERTOPPING JUNGLE - AMAZCO SITE

DAY 113

They climb into the high branches and look out over the canopy, and are shocked by what they see.

In the distance is the dam, and closer, the wide expanse of deforested land that, crawling with machines, is being strip-mined -- They stare, trying to make some sense of it.

WANADI

They're taking the skin off  
the World -- how will She  
breathe?

Mapi points to the dam.

MAPI

What is that?

SAMANPO

It has always been known that  
there was a great river here....

WANADI

... Maybe it is a giant log  
jam?

SAMANPO

The Fierce People once lived  
here. Maybe because the Termite  
People came, the Fierce Ones  
invaded our part of the World?

Tomme is already climbing down.

TOMME

Now they have stolen our women.

CUT TO:

- 114 EXT. PATH THROUGH JUNGLE - NEAR AMAZCO SITE DAY 114  
The sound of blasting -- Jacareh appears, leading his warriors and the captives at a steady lope.
- 115 EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - FENCE - BUILDING - AMAZCO TOWN DAY 115  
They break into the open, and continue across a stretch of ground toward a high cyclone fence topped with barbed wire. At a gate in the fence the Trader and his armed Mestizos are waiting -- Beyond is the rear of a motel-like one story building; and all around, industrial buildings, powerlines and pre-fab housing.
- 116 EXT. PATH THROUGH JUNGLE - NEAR AMAZCO SITE DAY 116  
Wanadi leads his warriors at a fast run. He breaks out into the open, and pulls back into the cover of the jungle. He and his men stare out in bewilderment.
- 117 EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - FENCE - BUILDING - AMAZCO TOWN DAY 117  
They see that the path continues to the gate, that has now been closed. Beyond it they can see some of their women squatting at the back of the motel-like building; with them are men with "lightning spears."
- 118 EXT. BACK OF BUILDING DAY 118  
The Mesitzos keep watch over a few of the dazed and exhausted women; the Fierce Ones are nowhere in sight -- The Trader grabs Kachiri's youngest cousin and takes her inside.
- 119 INT. INFIRMARY - BUILDING DAY 119  
With her feet in the stirrups, Kachiri herself is being held down on an examining table by an old WOMAN while a decrepit DOCTOR finishes a check-up. The Woman has to forcibly help the stunned Kachiri from the table, and lead her out, bringing in her cousin.  
  
She pushes aside the long black hair of the eleven year-old girl and exposes her flat chest. Annoyed, she says to the Doctor (in Spanish) that "she has no tits."  
  
He tells her "not to worry," and takes a vial from a package snaps it open and begins to fill a hypodermic. The Woman picks up the package and tries to read the English on it.

WOMAN

Estro-gen... Hormone extract.

The Doctor plunges the needle into the girl's buttocks.

120 EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - FENCE - BUILDING

NIGHT 120

Tomme, Wanadi and the others stalk up to the gate. It is pad-locked, and Tomme doesn't understand how it works; even touching metal is a strange experience -- Wanadi is staring at the building; he whispers to Tomme.

WANADI

Our women are inside that sleeping monster. Can we kill it? Do you know how?... Do you remember?

The building -- light spilling out of its windows -- does look like a monster. Tomme tries to understand what he sees ... to remember; when a YOUNG WARRIOR, charged with excitement, whispers.

YOUNG WARRIOR

Everybody calls me Monkey --

As if that was a good enough reason he scrambles up the fence and into the coils of barbed wire. He stifles a scream, and tearing himself loose he clambers down again, bleeding but his enthusiasm not dashed.

WANADI

(a whisper)

Look there... strange trees,  
strange vines...

He is pointing to the dark silhouette of the poles and wires of a powerline that passes over the fence.

YOUNG WARRIOR

(a whisper)

We can climb up... go across on  
the vines and down...

Tomme looks up at the "strange trees," at the "vines" that are strung from it at the top, and he's trying to remember.

Wanadi, with the others following, goes to the pole and touches it -- They whisper:

WANADI

It is the flesh of a tree... a dead tree.

YOUNG WARRIOR

I will see if the vines will hold.

He starts to climb when Tomme stops him.

TOMME

I do not know...

YOUNG WARRIOR

-- Our women are inside that. It will devour them!

TOMME

... I will go with you!

They climb the pole.

The young man reaches the top first and grabs a wire and tugs vigorously -- it holds.

He swings onto it and starts to work his way along the wire to the other pole beyond the fence.

He pulls himself up and reaches for another wire. He screams as the shock goes through him. He stops screaming, his body twitching violently as sparks flash all around it.

Tomme is paralyzed by fright as he watches the body catch fire and then crash to the ground on the other side of the fence.

He scrambles down the pole and bolts for the jungle as PEOPLE come out of the building to see what's happening.

The Trader goes up to the smoldering body, and looking up from it he searches the jungle wall.

121 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE - NEAR AMAZCO TOWN NIGHT 121

Tomme moves through the undergrowth and whistles a bird call. He is answered from nearby and guides himself by it.

He joins up with the others who are cowering in shock.

122 EXT. MACHINE JUNKYARD - AMAZCO TOWN - JUNGLE NIGHT 122

The Trader and his Mestozos enter where the Fierce People have set up camp. Abutting the jungle, is a junkyard of

wrecked industrial vehicles and machinery of all sorts. The warriors are gathered around fires, excited over their rewards -- cheap radios and plastic trinkets.

Curled up inside the toothed scoop of a rusting earth digger, Jacareh looks up; the M16 is cradled in his arms.

123 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE - NEAR AMAZCO TOWN NIGHT 123

Wanadi and his warriors squat in a circle and they speak in whispers.

WARRIOR

If we attack now we could all die...

ANOTHER WARRIOR

Without us our women will be lost forever...

SAMANPO

Without them we will be lost...

TOMME

... What can we do?

All eyes turn to Wanadi who has been listening to the men as well as to the sounds within the jungle.

WANADI

(a whisper)

... We must fight.

Before the men can react to his words, Wanadi signals silence and gestures that they spread out. They do so, knocking arrows; and Tomme can now hear the hissing that gets closer and closer.

Tomme is ready, bow half-drawn. Mapi is near him, and he brandishes two arrows as if they were swords -- All of a sudden there is gunfire thirty yards away.

Jacareh sprays the undergrowth before him. With each shot a faint flash of light bursts from the barrel of the M16, creating a strobe effect, and he can see the warriors of the Invisible People scattering and falling; and he taunts them.

JACAREH

You are not invisible! You are not Invisible!

His men flank him and shoot arrows, repeating the taunt.

Wanadi charges forward past Tomme toward Jacareh. Tomme and Mapi follow.

Spear raised, a Fierce warrior charges at them from one side, but Mapi impales him on an arrow.

Wanadi shoots at Jacareh. The arrow deflects off the teeth of his necklaces, and before Wanadi can get off another arrow, Jacareh shoots him.

Bullets rip into his chest and Wanadi crashes to the ground. Tomme leaps over his body, and shoots at Jacareh, barely missing. Jacareh shoots back but the clip is empty.

Samanpo and two warriors rush forward from another quarter. One is brought down by an arrow, Samanpo and the other get theirs off and Jacareh has to duck and retreat to reload.

Tomme meanwhile has lifted Wanadi onto his back and starts off as fast as he can, Mapi following with their bows and arrows.

Samanpo and three others fall in behind, covering them.

Tomme keeps going and Wanadi struggles to hold on. Samanpo and the three turn, bows drawn, and as the pursuers come near they release, but one of them is cut down by bullets.

Jacareh ducks the incoming arrows and the warrior behind him is hit.

Samanpo and the two survivors rush to catch up with Tomme.

124 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE NIGHT 124

Staggering under the weight of Wanadi's body, Tomme trudges on. The others follow, glancing back.

Wanadi, at the edge of consciousness, whispers.

WANADI

Son, put me down. I must die...

They have all heard, and they keep on going.

125 EXT. SHALLOW STREAM THROUGH JUNGLE DAWN 125

They cross a stream, and when they reach the jungle wall on the other side, instead of continuing, they walk backwards!

With great care they retrace their steps exactly, treading in their own footprints in the sand. Once in the water again, they continue away keeping to the middle of the stream.

The Fierce Ones are heard approaching. The survivors disappear around a bend.

The Fierce Ones emerge and cross the stream; following the footprints on the other side, they enter the jungle.

126 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE - BY SHALLOW STREAM

DAWN 126

Samanpo, Mapi and the two other warriors lift Wanadi off Tomme's back and to the ground. He is dying, and Tomme and Samanpo hold him in an embrace.

WANADI

Brother, release my soul and  
add a few grains of my bones to  
the dust of What We Have Been...  
Son, do what I could not do...

He dies, and Tomme and Samanpo lay him on the forest floor and rise slowly, tears in their eyes.

They look at each other and a long silence falls between them. Mapi and the other survivors dare not intrude.

TOMME

Uncle, do as my father said...  
take his body home... and wait  
for my return.

SAMANPO

From where will you return?

TOMME

From beyond the edge of the World.  
I will find my Ghost Father. He  
knows about the lightning spears.  
He will help us free our women.

127 EXT. DEFORESTED LAND - ROAD

DAY 127

Raw tree stumps rise in a barren expanse, and the undergrowth has been burnt off. Tomme and Mapi run stealthily across this wasteland, ash billowing up underfoot. They are traveling parallel to the road -- In green paint, they stand out vividly against the gray-brown terrain.

MAPI

How do you know this is the way?

TOMME

He said he lived where the river-  
without-water ends and where the  
sun goes every day.

They react to a sound and crouch down. A truck is approaching, hauling a load of timber. Keeping low, they watch in dismay.

TOMME

They are taking away the walls  
and the roof of the World.

Once the truck has passed, they continue warily -- toward and island of jungle that stands uncut in the wasteland.

128 EXT. WITHIN TREES OF 'ISLAND' - NEAR ROAD DAY 128

Tomme twirls a stick against a piece of wood to start a fire of twigs and leaves. They have gathered roots and fruit and have shot a bird that Mapi is plucking.

TOMME

After we have eaten we will sleep. We will travel at night.

Tomme blows on the kindling and the fire catches. Barreling trucks can be heard and glimpsed nearby.

129 EXT. SCRUBLAND - NEAR ROAD NIGHT 129

They run parallel to the road at a steady lope. The passing cars and trucks to them are monsters in a phantasmagoria, and they stare with more wonder than fear.

MAPI

They cannot see us now.

TOMME

At night, everything is brother of everything, and this place seems more like the World.

They continue; and all of a sudden they are face to face with a cow.

Tomme shakes off the shock, knocks an arrow and shoots.

130 EXT. PINEAPPLE FIELD - NEAR ROAD DAY 130

Between the straight roads they have erected a tiny roof of leaves against the rain, and they squat beneath it by a fire on which a huge piece of meat is cooking. They eat it hungrily.

MAPI

What a strange being!

131 EXT. BETWEEN ROAD AND OIL REFINERY NIGHT 131

The cracking towers are ablaze with lights and high chimneys spew out belching flames. Tomme and Mapi advance along the refinery fence at an easy jog; they grimace.

MAPI

It is like a thousand monkeys farting.

132 EXT. ROAD AT EDGE OF CITY - SHANTYTOWN

NIGHT 132

They come to where the road splits into many streets that disappear into an urban sprawl. They stop, uncomprehending.

MAPI

(finally)

Where does your Ghost Father live?

TOMME

... This is where the river-  
without-water ends... We will  
search for him.

They start off toward a shantytown that overlooks the city.

133 EXT. SHANTYTOWN

NIGHT 133

They move cautiously between the squalid ramshackle hovels, and where they tread is both path and open sewer.

It's late and no one seems to be around. Candlelight shines through a crack in the makeshift walls and Mapi dares to take a peek.

MAPI

(a whisper)

It is a village...?

They continue, when a group of drunken and carousing MEN, Shirt Indians, appear from behind a hovel, bottles in hand, laughing, vomiting, slipping in the filth. One of the men sees Tomme and Mapi before they can pull back into the darkness, and he hollers, (in Spanish) that he has seen "savages."

"Where?", another man wants to know, and he pulls out a revolver.

The first man points, the second shoots wildly.

Terrified, Tomme and Mapi scramble away. As they crash through a vegetable patch, a chained dog lunges at them. They get away, and all around, the shantytown comes to life.

The drunken men stagger in pursuit.

Tomme and Mapi squeeze into a tight passage between hovels.

The men are getting closer.

TOMME

(a whisper)

We must hide.

MAPI

(a whisper)

And not fight?

TOMME

We must live. We must find  
my Ghost Father. We must free  
our women.

Mapi falls backwards -- he was leaning against a door that has opened from within. Standing in the doorway is an old Shirt Indian, CARLOS. Before Mapi can get up or Tomme can draw his bow, he speaks to them in their tongue.

CARLOS

You are the Difficult-To-See  
People... You can hide here.

The man smiles and gestures that they come in. The drunks are getting closer, another shot goes off.

134 INT. SHACK

NIGHT 134

Tomme and Mapi enter warily and the man closes the door behind them. He turns up the kerosene lamp, and they can see two other young Shirt Indians stirring awake in hammocks. The drunks pass by outside.

CARLOS

So there are still People like  
you!

Tomme and Mapi are even more apprehensive when Carlos speaks (in Spanish) to the two young men, telling them that the newcomers are true savages from the jungle -- They stare at Tomme and Mapi in wonder.

CARLOS

We lived there once -- near  
where the Fierce Ones lived.  
We were cousins to your people.  
We hunted at night and you called  
us the Bat People.

TOMME

My Father spoke of you.

CARLOS

(wistful)

We would drink the magic drink  
and fly to the Moon and talk with  
our Ancestors... Here also are  
many magic drinks... You fly a  
little and fall into your own  
filth, like those who chased you.

In the silence that follows, the drunks can be heard far  
off, the commotion subsiding.

CARLOS

We were taken away when they  
(pointing to men)  
were children, when the White  
People came to search for 'el oro,'  
the stones of the sun... Why are  
you here?

TOMME

We seek a... what you call a  
White Man... Can you help us?

CARLOS

...What is he called?

TOMME

...'Bil' -- he said he was 'Bil.'

135 EXT. EDGE OF SHANTYTOWN - STREET - STORE

DAY 135

Tomme and Mapi are now dressed in old shirts and trousers  
which they wear with great unease, and they are with Carlos  
and the two young men, PABLO and RICO. Together they come  
out of the shantytown to an unpaved street -- Now that it's  
daylight the true squalor of the area can be seen.

CARLOS

You wait here with Pablo and  
Rico...

He enters a store and starts talking to a Mestizo SHOPKEEPER.  
Shirt Indians and Mestizos hang around outside, and there is  
desperation and exhaustion in their faces, and their eyes are  
without life.

TOMME

(a whisper to Mapi)

My Father called those who left  
the World, the Living Dead. Now  
I know why.

136 INT. STORE DAY 136

The shopkeeper is looking up a name in the phonebook beside a telephone.

SHOPKEEPER

Bil?... el senor Bil?

CARLOS

(reaffirming)

Bil... Bil...

The shopkeeper shakes his head, says (in Spanish) that there is no such name.

137 EXT. STORE - EDGE OF SHANTYTOWN DAY 137

Carlos, dejected, returns to Tomme and Mapi.

CARLOS

He does not know... we will ask others.

Tomme is suddenly intense.

TOMME

We cannot wait. We do not know what is happening to our women. I must find my Ghost Father or we will be a People no more forever. I will look through the darkness of night and of what has been.

138 EXT. GARBAGE DUMP - NEAR SHANTYTOWN - VIEW OF CITY NIGHT 138

Amid the smouldering refuse, Tomme is in loincloth again, his body ritually painted with dots and swirls. Carlos, Pablo and Rico, and Mapi squat around him. Mapi is loading a pipe with the green powder from a gourd that was at Tomme's belt. He blasts the powder into Tomme's nostrils.

Tomme grimaces from the shock and his eyes blur. The world around him distorts and recedes; he shudders, and Mapi, tapping on a can, picks up the rhythm of the shudders.

139 EXT. ABOVE GARBAGE DUMP DREAMLIGHT 139

Beating its wings to that same rhythm, a condor passes overhead and

140 EXT. ABOVE CITY DREAMLIGHT 140

continues to the center toward a park, descending into a reality without people. The condor

141 EXT. PARK AND STATUE (1973) DREAMLIGHT 141

swoops down between the trees and circles a heroic statue which looks like how a child might remember it.

142 EXT. STREET OFF PARK (1973) DREAMLIGHT 142

It flies between the city's older buildings, and turning a corner

143 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING (1973) DREAMLIGHT 143

it approaches an apartment building that has terraces on every floor -- it is where the Markhams live. The condor closes in on a certain floor and is about to collide with the building.

144 EXT. GARBAGE DUMP NIGHT 144

When Tomme jolts awake. He's breathing hard and it takes him a moment to readjust to ordinary reality.

TOMME

I have seen... I remember...

The others smile with relief.

145 EXT. INTERSECTION OF STREETS - CITY NIGHT 145

With bow and arrows and in green paint Tomme emerges from a dark alley and looks down the various streets, undecided which way to go.

Keeping close to the wall, he stealthily starts down one.

146 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - VIEW OF STATUE NIGHT - DAWN 146

He continues uncertainly and he pulls back into the shadows as a car goes by.

He's about to start off again when he catches a glimpse of the monumental statue between two buildings, and turns, and starts off toward it.

147 EXT. PARK AND STATUE - STREET DAWN 147

He runs across the grass and gravel walkways and looks up at the towering statue, its white marble tinted pink under a red sky.

He can see the street that leads to where his family lives, but traffic is building up and there are people waiting at a bus stop.

He withdraws into a large bush disappearing from sight.

148 LATER AFTERNOON 148

Children are playing soccer and a ball sails into the bush; a CHILD goes in after it.

Inside the bush -- Tomme is catnapping and he's suddenly alert as the child pushes into the branches. He eases into invisibility and watches the child retrieve the ball.

149 LATER NIGHT 149

He peers out of the bush but the traffic is still heavy, so he just squats there and waits, eager to go.

150 LATER NIGHT 150

The traffic has finally subsided but for an occasional car. He starts off.

151 EXT. STREET OFF PARK NIGHT 151

He continues along the street at a fast lope, about to pass a lit shop window. He stumbles to a halt and pulls back against the wall, his heart in his mouth.

The shop window is full of dummies. He works up his courage and breaks into a run past the still figures... and looking back he sees that he's not being followed.

But he nearly bumps into a MAN who is walking his dog. Tomme flashes by and turns a corner and the man does not believe what he's just seen.

152 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING NIGHT 152

It is where the Markhams live, and he approaches at a run, looking up at it, remembering.

As he comes to the entrance SOMEONE is unlocking the door. He sidesteps and from hiding he watches the person go in and close the door.

Tomme thinks on what to do next. Resolved, he ties the arrows to his bow and slings it over his shoulder, and starts to scale the building.

153 EXT. FACADE OF APARTMENT BUILDING NIGHT 153

Finding handholds and footholds in the spaces between the stone cladding, he climbs till he reaches the balcony on the second floor. He pulls himself up onto it, then continues upward.

154 EXT. BALCONY - MARKHAM APARTMENT NIGHT 154

He appears from below clutching at the edge of the balcony. He clambers up and over the railing, and stands there as he catches his wind.

He peers into one of the glass doors; but it's too dark to see anything. He starts to push.

155 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT 155

Jean and Bill are in bed; he's asleep but she's heard the door rattling. She shakes him.

JEAN  
(a whisper)  
Bill... Bill, wake up...

His eyes open and he looks at her.

JEAN  
(a whisper)  
There's someone out there.

MARKHAM  
...What?

He understands when he hears the door being forced.

156 EXT. BALCONY NIGHT 156

Tomme pushes violently and the door flies open.

157 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT 157

Reacting to the noise Bill leaps out of bed not completely awake.

158 INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT 158

Tomme dares to step inside, and he calls in a loud whisper.

TOMME  
Dad-dee...

159 INT. BEDROOM

NIGHT 159

Bill has heard but he's not ready to believe. Jean doesn't understand but senses something.

TOMME'S VOICE

Dad-dee...

Bill goes to the door, opens it and goes out into the hallway. Jean gets out of bed.

JEAN

(a whisper)

Bill?!

160 INT. HALLWAY

NIGHT 160

Bill doesn't answer and keeps going.

161 INT. LIVING ROOM

NIGHT - THEN DAWN 161

He steps into the living room, and he sees Tomme silhouetted against the open door. Tomme smiles and speaks words of greeting in his own language. There's disbelief, marvel and pain on Bill's face, and in his voice.

MARKHAM

Tomme!...

Bill turns on the light and Tomme squints and cowers. Bill says something in Tomme's tongue, and he's reassured -- Bill turns to prevent Jean from entering or to prepare her.

MARKHAM

Jean --

She walks in and sees Tomme and the words just come out of her.

JEAN

It's Tommy...

She wavers for a second, but steadies herself and lowers herself onto the sofa.

JEAN

Tommy, I knew you were alive, I...

She's so overwhelmed that she can't continue.

MARKHAM

I never thought this could happen.  
Never.

He sits next to her as if physical proximity will validate his argument. Tomme squats before her and reaches out and touches her knee.

TOMME

Mum-mee!

She breaks into tears. Tomme starts to talk a few times but waits. She wipes the tears away.

JEAN

Tommy, tell us...

Tomme bursts into an eloquent speech in the harsh sing-song of his language; the words "Wanadi" and "Kachiri" can be heard. He is addressing Bill but his eyes go to Jean from time to time, and as he speaks he gestures dramatically.

Bill listens intently and is shocked by what he hears. Jean stares at her grown-up and alien son and an anxiety starts to set in... but she fights it.

JEAN

Everything is going to be all right.

Heather enters shaking off sleep.

HEATHER

What's going on? Who's --

JEAN

-- Heather, Tommy's come back!

HEATHER

Tommy?! He's so big! I --  
Tommy, it's Heather!

Tomme slowly smiles.

TOMME

Effah...

He says something, gesturing about how she's grown, but then he turns serious again and speaks a few more words to Bill.

JEAN

What did he say?

Bill hesitates, and she glares at him.

JEAN

Don't lie to me.

MARKHAM

He said that his people have  
been attacked... that his...

JEAN

Damnit, Bill...tell me.

MARKHAM

That his wife and all the other  
women have been taken by an  
enemy tribe... and that now he's  
chief and he wants me to help...

Bill stops -- Jean stares at Tomme, slowly absorbing what  
Bill has translated -- It's difficult for her to say it:

JEAN

He's here now... we can't let  
him go.

(slowly)

Tommy, you're-home-now.  
We-will-teach-you...

Tomme stares at Bill waiting for an answer.

MARKHAM

Jean, he doesn't understand --

JEAN

(hard)

-- I know.

She's in pain, breathing fast and shallow, and she holds the  
left side of her chest. Bill sees it, and Tomme points to her.

Bill gets to his feet -- he sees that it's already light out.

MARKHAM

The doctor on the second floor --  
I'll catch him before he goes to  
work. I want him to see you.

JEAN

No. It's nothing... just nerves...

MARKHAM

Heather, keep Tomme out of sight.

He leaves, and Tomme watches him go and he's worried.

HEATHER

Mother, are you okay?

JEAN  
Heather, show him his room.

HEATHER  
(to Tomme)  
Come...

She takes his hand and he lets himself be guided. Jean is barely able to get to her feet.

162 INT. CHILD'S ROOM

DAWN - EARLY DAY 162

Heather leads him inside. The first thing he notices is a plastic rifle. He picks it up and turns to Heather and to Jean who appears in the doorway and talks to them vehemently, holding up the toy rifle.

He trails off when he realizes that they don't understand. They hear the front door opening and Jean closes the door leaving him and Heather alone.

HEATHER  
(cheerful)  
Gun... it's a gun.

163 INT. BEDROOM.

EARLY DAY 163

Bill waits impatiently while DR. MORALES listens to Jean's heart.

DR. MORALES  
Senora, you are very anxious.

MARKHAM  
Can you give her something?

DR. MORALES  
Of course... I would suggest you take her to the hospital... for observation only.

JEAN  
I'm not going to any hospital.

MARKHAM  
(to the doctor)  
What is it?

DR. MORALES  
Tachycardia. Heart palpitations...  
a flutter of nervous --

JEAN

-- Nerves -- I told you. Doctor,  
I must stay home. I'm needed here,  
aren't I, Bill?

MARKHAM

Yes -- but if the doctor says...

DR. MORALES

I visit your wife when I come  
back tonight, and then we see.

(to Jean)

You stay in bed, and --

JEAN

(dismissing him)

-- Yes, yes...

164 INT. BATHROOM

DAY 164

Tomme is in the bathtub, angry and frightened, but he lets  
Bill wash off the war paint.

165 INT. KITCHEN

DAY 165

Heather pulls a tray of cookies she has baked out of the  
oven and goes to Tomme, who squats in a corner wearing some  
of Bill's clothes. She crouches down and shows him.

HEATHER

Chocolate chip cookies! Remember?

He looks at them warily and then past her to Bill, his  
eyes pleading. Bill has to look away.

166 INT. BEDROOM

AFTERNOON 166

Jean is in bed, keeping her anguish in check. Bill is  
seated on the bed, Tomme squats on the floor seething with  
anger, and Heather crouches near him but is unable and even  
afraid to engage his attention, her cheerfulness gone.

MARKHAM

Jean, you should be in the  
hospital and Tomme in the hands  
of professionals.

There's silence as Jean deals with what Bill has said. Tomme  
speaks up, his tone plaintive.

JEAN

What's he saying?

MARKHAM

He wants to know why we don't  
help him.

Jean conceals a spasm of pain.

JEAN

I want to be alone with him.  
Bill, Heather, let me be with  
him, okay?

MARKHAM

Sure.

JEAN

Heather, close the door.

Mother and son are alone.

JEAN

Tommy, come and sit here.

She pats the bed beside her. He looks at her, not understanding.  
She gestures boldly.

JEAN

You, come-here. Sit-here.

She motions again, and he gets up and approaches. She pats  
the bed.

JEAN

That's a good boy... Yes.

She smiles with joy, but also to encourage him. He stands  
over her and is about to squat down when she reaches out  
and eases him onto the bed.

JEAN

Sit-here... See, it wasn't hard.  
God, I'm talking to him like he  
was a dog.

She suppresses a stab of pain behind a smile. He looks at  
her intently. She reaches out and touches his handsome face.

JEAN

Oh Tommy...

TOMME

Mum-mee...

He's about to talk, but she silences him by putting her hand  
to his mouth. She checks her tears.

JEAN

No... Quiet... I know you want to tell me about your wife... maybe you even have a child... I don't know -- I don't want to know.

She touches him and she wants to draw him to her.

JEAN

Your father's right... you have to go somewhere... a clinic... And I should be in a hospital...

She takes his hand and holds it to her heart, and looks into his eyes, desperate. He pulls his hand away, and intense, says something and gets to his feet.

JEAN

I just can't lose you again.

Tommy paces the room talking to her, exuding a primitive magnificence, and she listens to the harsh sing-song and watches.

He squats down all of a sudden at the foot of the bed, his eyes burning with fierceness looking at her above the edge. He rises and comes round to her, and she's afraid.

He gets onto the bed and straddles her legs beneath the covers kneeling over her, and he passes one arm behind her back drawing her up to him, and with the other hand he pushes aside her nightgown exposing the left side of her chest..

She's so shocked she doesn't react.

His mouth comes down over her heart and he starts to suck furiously.

Tight in his grip, she's at the edge of fainting, but instinctively she wraps her arms around his head and holds him in a fierce maternal embrace.

JEAN

Tommy...my baby...

He finally pulls away and brings his hand to his mouth taking something out of it while she watches stunned and amazed. In his loosely closed fist he is holding something that flutters -- she can hear it when he puts his fist close to her.

Talking to her, he points to her heart and what he holds in his fist, and brimming with pride, he opens his fist and a little brown moth flutters out.

Again he points to her heart and to the moth fluttering around the room, and looks at her waiting for the compliments due him.

Her face is drenched with sweat, and without expression. Her hand drifts to her heart, it lingers there a moment -- and then she slowly covers herself and breaks out into a huge smile of astonishment.

JEAN

Gone... the palpitations are gone.

She laughs, and he laughs too.

Bill and Heather enter, amazed to see them laughing.

JEAN

Bill... I'm all right... there's nothing wrong with me at all...

She gets out of bed, and Bill comes forward, while Tomme speaks to him.

MARKHAM

(to Jean)

We're going to let the doctor be the judge of that.

JEAN

I'm absolutely fine... it's all been worked out... the anxiety is gone. I've reached a decision --

MARKHAM

(furious)

-- I want you to get back in bed.

JEAN

Just till the doctor comes.

Again Tomme speaks up.

MARKHAM

(to Jean)

He cured you?

167 LATER

EVENING

167

Tomme and Heather are not in the room. Dr. Morales is listening to Jean's heart, and he's perplexed.

DR. MORALES

She is better... no, there is nothing wrong... the medicine perhaps --

JEAN

-- I didn't take it, I didn't want to be drowzy.

Bill and the doctor are perplexed.

168 INT. LIVING ROOM

DUSK. 168

Tomme is squatting and Heather is seated on the sofa, and they are waiting. Bill and Jean enter.

MARKHAM

(to Jean)

How did he do it?

JEAN

That's between us.

She fondly ruffles Tomme's hair as he looks up at her, smiling.

JEAN

Bill, I know why you lied to me... he doesn't belong to us. Do what he wants... I know it's what you want too.

Bill smiles at her with relief and sadness. He turns to Tomme and squats down in front of him and starts to talk in Tomme's tongue. The red glow of sunset washes over their faces. Jean and Heather, standing in a 20th Century living room, watch the men talking as if they were in a primitive village.

169 INSIDE TRAVELING JEEP

DAY. 169

Six eager faces, windswept hair. Bill is driving; and Tomme and Mapi, and Carlos, Pablo and Rico, all in trousers and shirts, are his passengers.

170 EXT. ROAD THROUGH DEFORESTED LAND - JUNGLE

DAY 170

The jeep passes. It continues on the road through the wasteland toward where the jungle begins. It disappears from sight.

- 171 EXT. MOTEL-LIKE BUILDING - AMAZCO TOWN NIGHT 171  
 Bill, in dark glasses, walks up to the front entrance of the place where the women were taken. The smiling BOUNCER opens the door for him.
- 172 EXT. FENCE - BACK OF BUILDING - JUNGLE NIGHT 172  
 Carlos is cutting through the chain links of the padlocked gate with a hacksaw. Tomme and Mapi with their bows; Carlos, Pablo and Rico with the guns, wait. Tomme and Mapi are in the full green war paint.
- 173 INT. PARLOR - BUILDING NIGHT 173  
 Decor is at a minimum -- fluorescent strips on the ceilings. MEN of European origin, the Trader among them, lounge around and drink. The Old Woman is parading a line of GIRLS past Bill and other MEN, praising their qualities (in Spanish) and yelling at them (in pidgin) to display themselves and smile.  
 The girls, mostly young and dressed in scanty garish clothes, are Mestizos and pure Indian -- the latter are women of the Invisible People. When Bill sees Caya he goes to her before another MAN can take her.  
 He lifts his glasses so she can recognize him and whispers in her ear before she can react -- she remains quiet, but her eyes are alive now.  
 The Old Woman comes forward and pats Caya on the cheek. While Bill discusses money, he sees that Caya is whispering to Kachiri's older cousin.
- 174 EXT. FENCE - BACK OF BUILDING - JUNGLE NIGHT 174  
 Carlos cuts through the chain links and opens the gate soundlessly. Tomme is poised to go forward.
- 175 INT. ROOM WITH BED - BUILDING NIGHT 175  
 Bill is alone in the squalid room -- he checks an Uzi sub-machine gun and puts it back under his jacket. He waits, the sounds of the brothel penetrating the thin walls. Caya enters, and Bill closes the door.  
 CAYA  
 The women know. They wait for the war cry.  
 He reopens the door and looks, and they slip out.

176 INT. CORRIDOR - BUILDING NIGHT 176

They go toward the door at the end.

177 EXT. FENCE AND BACK OF BUILDING NIGHT 177

Tomme and the others see Bill and Caya come out of the back door -- he and Mapi go forward, arrows nocked.

CAYA

(a whisper)

Tomme, Kachiri and the others wait!

TOMME

Ghost Father, we will do as we said. Caya, you show them which way to run.

Bill starts off toward the gate, while Tomme and Mapi step inside.

178 INT. CORRIDOR - AND ROOMS NIGHT 178

Tomme lets out a long and loud warbling call. He repeats it. Awful screams of men bellowing in pain issue from everywhere as if in response. A door flies open, and Kachiri rushes out.

KACHIRI

Tomme!

TOMME

Run! Go!

Kachiri continues to the back exit, while inside the room she came out of, a naked MAN can be glimpsed holding his crotch, blood gushing from it.

The other women and girls rush out of rooms and down the corridor and out.

179 EXT. BACK OF BUILDING - FENCE - JUNGLE NIGHT 179

Caya directs them to the open gate.

180 INT. CORRIDOR - BY PARLOR NIGHT 180

Kachiri's younger cousin and Pequi are running toward Tomme and Mapi, when the young girl trips on her dress. Pequi goes to help her, but the Trader rushes up and grabs her.

Pequi, in a rage, throws herself on the man and the young girl gets away. Pequi grabs the Trader's genitals through the trousers and is about to tear them off when the Bouncer runs in and shoots her.

181 INT. CORRIDOR - BY BACK EXIT NIGHT 181

Kachiri's younger cousin rushes past Tomme and Mapi, who let their arrows fly.

182 INT. CORRIDOR - BY PARLOR NIGHT 182

The arrows hit the Bouncer and the Old Woman who weave erratically and fall. The Trader rises to his feet.

EXT. FENCE - BACK OF BUILDING - JUNGLE NIGHT

Bill and the three Shirt Indians hold their weapons ready to cover the retreat. Tomme and Mapi bolt through the gate and join up with them and the women who are pulling off their brothel clothes. Before Kachiri can speak to him, Tomme speaks to all.

TOMME

Pequi is dead. We go. Follow.

He and Mapi start off into the jungle and the women fall in behind, and Bill and the Shirt Indians bring up the rear.

183 EXT. PATH THROUGH JUNGLE - NEAR AMAZCO SITE NIGHT 183

It is quiet and still. Then Tomme appears leading the party. He slows down and turns off the trail into the undergrowth, and all follow.

184 EXT. JUNGLE WALL - AMAZCO SITE - DAM NIGHT 184

They emerge out of the jungle and into a wasteland of slag heaps. Mining operations are in progress some way off, lights glaring, machinery going; and beyond, in the distance, the dam can be seen.

185 EXT. PATH THROUGH JUNGLE - NEAR AMAZCO SITE NIGHT 185

Jacareh and his warriors pick up the trail of Tomme and his party. Turning to the Trader and his armed Mestizos, he points to the undergrowth. Jacareh motions to his men and they start into the thick of the jungle, he and the Trader and Mestizos following.

186 EXT. JUNGLE WALL - AMAZCO SITE - DAM

NIGHT 186

Jacareh and the Trader peer out of the jungle. The Indian points out the tracks to the white man, who indicates that they should keep going. Jacareh signals and the party goes forward.

They approach the slag heap where Bill, Tomme, Mapi, Carlos, Pablo and Rico wait for them in ambush. Bill and his band break from cover shooting bullets and arrows.

The Mestizos and the warriors of the Fierce People are struck down, the Trader among them with an arrow right through his heart.

Jacareh is hit in the chest by a bullet, and another hits him in the back as he seeks cover. He crumples to the ground and growls in fury, and starts to crawl away.

The few survivors run toward the jungle wall and Mapi bolts after them and shouts tauntingly.

MAPI

You are not fierce!

Tomme races forward and restrains him. Mapi is flushed with the thrill of victory.

MAPI

I know, the women need me alive!

Bill has also gone forward to protect them, and where he falls to his knee, Uzi in hand, is where Jacareh was last seen -- now he's nowhere in sight.

TOMME

We can go home now and build a new village...

He starts off at a run toward the jungle some way off and Bill and the others fall in alongside him.

MAPI

(worried)

When we get back...will you and Samanpo take me deep into the World and...

TOMME

-- and frighten Mapi the fearless?!

He laughs, and Mapi does too.

CARLOS

Your women must mourn their dead...  
but one day they will see us...

(indicating Pablo  
and Rico, as well  
as himself)

... and we will be good husbands  
to them... I was called Carlos but  
once again I am Jabuti.

TOMME

And the fame of the Bat People  
will live on.

They reach the jungle.

187 EXT. JUNGLE AND MINING AREA - DAM

NIGHT TO DAWN

187

Here the wasteland turns into jungle gradually, and as they enter among the shrubs they slow to a stop. Tomme whistles a bird call and the women emerge from hiding.

Bill starts to pull away branches revealing the jeep hidden beneath them. Kachiri goes to Tomme, and they hold each other; the women draw closer to listen.

TOMME

Tell me. What did the Termite  
People do to you?

KACHIRI

(smiling)

They were like animals in heat  
and when I looked into their eyes  
I saw nothing...

CAYA

(amused disbelief)

They were in need and they did  
not care that we were not in need.

Kachiri's younger cousin giggles as she holds up her bloody hands.

YOUNGER COUSIN

Many will never be in need again!

Tomme hears the jeep starting up, and he goes to Bill.

The others approach but hold a respectful distance as father and son face each other -- Tomme clutches Bill's forearms, Bill his, native style.

TOMME

Father...

It hits Bill that his son called him just plain Father.

TOMME

... we will tell of you to our children in years to come... You must go now and we must go...

Bill is truly torn. He hides his feelings and looks away only to meet the admiring eyes of Caya, Kachiri, Mapi and the others. He slowly breaks the hold and gets into the jeep.

He suddenly speaks with fervor in a last ditch attempt to sway Tomme.

MARKHAM

Tomme, son, do you see that?

He points to the dam through an opening in the trees.

TOMME

The giant log jam?

Bill doesn't understand at first.

MARKHAM

...Yes! Lots of logs and the water cannot flow as it did... Because of that, there is this...

(he indicates the mining area)

And because of that, more White People, more Living Dead will come here, and enter the World and search for what they want.

TOMME

(intense)

We will hide, we are the Invisible People. When we can hide no more, we will fight.

Bill is saddened, yet deeply moved by his son's simple faith.

MARKHAM

... Take this. Carlos will teach you.

He gives him the Uzi and all the ammo.

TOMME

Jabuti will teach me... Father, if that is a log jam, water can break it, a great flood of water can break it! --

MARKHAM

-- No --

TOMME

(smiling)

-- The frogs sing and it rains.

Bill looks at him, not understanding.

TOMME

We will ask the frogs to sing very loud

Bill looks into Tomme's confident and smiling face. He cannot seem to break away. Finally, he slams the jeep into gear and drives off.

188 EXT. STREET AROUND PARK - CITY DAY 188

The park is the one where Tomme hid. Traffic is heavy and moving slowly. It is noisy, but the odd sound of frogs croaking can be heard -- Bill is in his car.

189 INSIDE CAR IN TRAFFIC - PARK DAY 189

He is clean-shaven once again and in city clothes. He thinks he hears the frogs under the noise of the traffic, and he winds down his window all the way, and uncertain, his eyes go to the park, and then to the clear blue sky.

190. EXT. PLAZA - AMAZCO TOWER - CITY DAY 190

PEOPLE come and go, and Bill approaches the lobby at a brisk step, but he stops and looks around when he hears what he thinks is the croaking of frogs.

He approaches the flower beds and the decorative shrubbery -- somewhere in the greenery frogs are croaking.

He's puzzled, and he starts back to the lobby. Green sprouts are growing in between the flagstones of the plaza, and above, the tower of steel and glass stands out against clouds scudding across the sky.

CUT TO:

191 EXT. CLEARING IN THE JUNGLE DAY 191

Tomme is in trance beneath a roof of leaves; he is ritually painted with a pattern of snake scales that radiates outwards from his eyes to cover his entire body. Beating on drums, Samanpo, Mapi, a convalescing warrior who survived the raid, and Jabuti (Carlos), in loincloth now, surround him. Beyond, under makeshift roofs, the women and the survivors huddle around hearths and wait.

Tomme opens his mouth.

192 EXT. POOL WITHIN JUNGLE DREAMLIGHT 192

and the condor squawks as it hovers over the water and the red frogs and the blue toads begin to croak loudly. The great bird

193 EXT. OVER JUNGLE DREAMLIGHT 193

rises above the emerald forest which resounds with the chorus of a million frogs. The condor wings out

194 EXT. ABOVE JUNGLED HILLS DREAMLIGHT 194

across the rolling jungle which is silent. It swoops down, and when it flies up again, the frogs have begun their song.

195 EXT. CLEARING IN JUNGLE DAY 195

Samanpo blows more snuff up Tomme's nostrils, and

196 EXT. GRAND VISTA OF THE ANDES DREAMLIGHT 196

the condor soars up, circles, and flies from sight.

Against the towering eastern slopes clouds materialize out of the air and blossom into darkening thunderheads, lightning flashing within.

CUT TO:

197 INT. MARKHAM'S OFFICE - AMAZCO TOWER - CITY DAY 197

Bill is clearing out his desk and putting things into cartons, when the room goes dark and there's a sudden whooshing sound.

He looks up to see a torrential downpour lashing at the window. He steps up to it and he can no longer see the city but just the rain pelting at the glass.

COSTA'S VOICE

What a storm!

Bill turns and smiles at his colleague.

MARKHAM

It'll probably be over in half an hour.

COSTA

I don't think so... I was just looking at the satellite pictures.

MARKHAM

... I'd better take a look myself.

198 INT. VIDEO AND COMPUTER LAB - AMAZCO TOWER

DAY 198

The programmer is at the console, and Bill and Costa watch the satellite weather picture of the Amazon area on screen.

COSTA

It caught the weather people by surprise.

MARKHAM

(to programmer)

Add the Landsat picture of the drainage basin above the dam.

The programmer works the keyboard. Rain pounds at the windows. On the screen, the image of the dam and the river above it with its affluent streams appears in enhanced color over the weather picture.

COSTA

Isn't that something -- looks like most of the rain is falling over the drainage basin... and if streams of the neighboring basins start jumping the divides --

Bill is staring at the screen mesmerized.

MARKHAM

-- One hell of a lot of water is going to hit that dam.

199 INSIDE SMALL COMPANY AIRPLANE

LATE DAY 199

At the mercy of the storm, the airplane pitches and sways, and Bill, Costa and Reynolds, the senior executive, are strapped in their seats.

REYNOLDS

Bill, you're not trying to tell me that the dam won't hold.

MARKHAM

It'll hold.

He goes back to doing what he was doing -- working on his calculator.

200 EXT. OVERLOOK - AMAZCO SITE

NIGHT 200

It is raining hard, and lightning flashes. Bill, Reynolds and Costa in raincoats, flanked by a couple of site engineers, approach the overlook. The blurred outline of the dam and the lights of the mining operations can be seen through the sheets of rain.

ENGINEER

(to Reynolds)

The water level rose ten feet in the last forty minutes.

MARKHAM

It's going to keep rising at an increasing rate, and there's a chance it'll top the dam...

REYNOLDS

And flood the mining site?!

MARKHAM

Yes. You've got to order all mining operations shut down right away... and, sir, evacuate all the men, to higher ground. We've just got to wait this thing out.

REYNOLDS

Okay, Bill. Let's close down and get them out... I'm going inside.

He starts toward the trailers and the others follow.

MARKHAM

Sir, I'm going to secure things on top of the dam and get the men off...

Reynolds and the others enter the trailers, and Bill is alone on the overlook, the rain lashing at him.

CUT TO:

201 EXT. CLIFF - VIEW OVER STREAM AND JUNGLE NIGHT 201

It is raining and it's very dark. Only when there is a flash of lightning can the view and those watching it be seen -- Mapi, and Pablo and Rico in loincloth, catch a glimpse of roiling water snaking its way through the jungle in the course of a meandering stream.

CUT TO:

202 EXT. EDGE OF MINING SITE - DAM NIGHT 202

Through the roar of rain and thunder, Bill can hear engines, motors, pumps and machinery shutting down and he watches the lights go off throughout the site and on the dam.

He goes to a metal hut and pries the door open with a crowbar, and enters.

203 INT. METAL HUT NIGHT 203

He plays the beam of a flashlight across the contents of the hut -- explosives, spools of electric wire, detonators.

CUT TO:

204 EXT. CLEARING IN JUNGLE NIGHT 204

Tomme is awakening from trance, and he is utterly exhausted. Kachiri offers him a bowl of steaming broth.

KACHIRI

Drink and get strong again.

He reaches out to take the bowl but his arms are too weak to hold it.

Samanpo takes the bowl and lifts it to Tomme's lips.

SAMANPO

It has been raining hard for two days.

KACHIRI

(to Samanpo)

You said it would.

Samanpo touches an old scar on his ribs, and smiles.

SAMANPO

The more it hurts, the more it will rain. It hurt a lot.

Mapi, Pablo and Rico run in from the jungle and up to Tomme.

MAPI

(out of breath)

The stream... swollen with rain...  
looked like a great snake... an  
anaconda moving through the World.

CUT TO:

205 INT. STRUCTURE OF DAM NIGHT 205

It is claustrophobic, and the only light is from the flashlight -- Bill has surrounded a structural column with explosives, and now he backs away unspooling the electrical wire connected to the charge.

206 EXT. BASE OF DAM - AMAZCO SITE NIGHT 206

He comes out of a portal in the dam wall and into the rain.

Unwinding the wire, he starts up the side of the site, toward the overlook.

CUT TO:

207 EXT. CLEARING IN JUNGLE NIGHT 207

It is drizzling. Tomme is by a hearth, Kachiri proudly at his side, and the young women and girls and the surviving men and children are tightly gathered around their young chief under one makeshift roof of leaves. Except for the three Bat People, they are all that remains of the Invisible People.

TOMME

If all the spirit anacondas of  
all the streams come to life...  
they will meet in the river,  
and writhe and coil around each  
other and become one, become the  
greatest spirit of all the spirits...  
the Plumed Serpent... and It will  
swim toward the log jam...

A child next to him is listening rapt, and Tomme pretends that his arm is the Plumed Serpent and he snakes it towards him, his hand its mouth.

TOMME

(playful)

...and if It is angry... very  
angry...

He holds his hand as if it were about to strike. The child laughs a bit nervously, and everybody laughs heartily.

CUT TO:

208 EXT. BENEATH OVERLOOK - DAM

NIGHT 208

Bill protects the detonator box from the rain with his body and attaches the electrical wire to it.

He is to the side of and just above the dam. He switches off the safety and a red light tells him that the detonator is armed. He puts his finger over the button, ready to push, and holds the box close to his chest.

A rumbling roar has been building and it is now louder than the rain and the thunder. Bill looks past the dam and as lightning flashes he sees a front of roiling water coming forward.

Clutching the box, his finger resting on the button, he stares in amazement. Then there's the sound of a huge wave breaking.

Another flash and Bill sees an eruption of spray and water about to come crashing down on him -- instinctively he jerks back for cover.

Again there's darkness and the loud rumble of thunder, or could it be an explosion? It is followed by a tremendous tearing and cracking till a continuous booming roar of water obliterates all other sound.

Bill looks at the box, still in his tight grasp. The light is out and he's pressed the button, but the connecting wire is torn from the detonator.

His eyes are wide with bewilderment and doubt.

He slowly picks himself up, and flings the detonator as far as he can into the roaring darkness. He starts upward.

209 EXT. OVERLOOK - AMAZCO SITE

NIGHT 209

He gets there as Reynolds, Costa and the other engineers come out of the trailers, and go up to the edge to look.

It is too dark, even during the lightning flashes, to see the extent of the damage, but the roar does not bode well.-- They stare into the thundering darkness below.

210 LATER

DAWN 210

The roar has diminished; the rain has stopped. In the first light of dawn, Bill and the men stare in shocked disbelief.

The dam is no more. Where it stood, a swollen flow of water cascades down wild rapids, and the mining area is submerged beneath a wide and fast moving river. On the sides, the remnants of the dam -- shorn concrete and twisted steel -- can be seen. Across the way, on higher ground, the Amazco town still stands.

REYNOLDS

How could it have happened?...  
Bill?

MARKHAM

(flat)  
Don't know, sir. I can't explain  
it.

COSTA

... What about the front of the  
flood setting up harmonic vibrations...

MARKHAM

Possible...  
(after a moment)  
Could it have been sabotage?

They look at him stunned by the suggestion.

MARKHAM

If someone had blown out part  
of the foundations and created a  
breach at the base, the onrush  
through it of all that water building  
up could have torn the whole thing  
apart...

Costa and the engineers think on what Bill has just said and they seem to think it's possible.

REYNOLDS

How could that ever be proved?  
Any evidence is gone -- washed away.

Bill says nothing, staring off into the roaring rapids.

CUT TO:

211 EXT. WITHIN JUNGLE

DAY 211

Thin beams of sunlight stream down on festoons of orchids; mauve butterflies flit around; the eerie chime of a bell bird dominates the hum and buzz of the primeval forest.

A figure staggers forward clinging to the shadows. It is Jacareh. His wounds are covered with leaves bound with twine, but the ooze from them streaks his body. He is dying, but an inner urgency drives him and he keeps on going, trailing his gun.

212 EXT. FENCE - JUNGLE

DAY 212

He comes to a newly erected palisade. He summons the energy he has left yanking a stake aside, and squeezes through.

213 EXT. CLEARING WITHIN JUNGLE - ENCLOSURE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - 213

DAY -

He lurches past a hearth. Kachiri's cousins and other girls run screaming and he continues to the middle of the dwelling.

Tomme, Samanpo, Jabuti and the few other men are busy putting up supports for the roof -- they rush to snatch up their weapons, and take aim at the intruder.

Jacareh drops his gun, and he takes a few more unsteady steps and falls to his knees -- Ready to shoot, Tomme and the others close in on him.

JACAREH

(with difficulty)

Don't waste your arrows... I  
have come here to die...

Unable to hold himself up, he starts to lie down. Tomme puts down his bow and goes to help him.

JACAREH

When we fought between tribes it was to prove that we were true warriors... but then those who live and breed in the carcass of the World, they came, and we wanted to be like them... now only you are the True People... I ask to die as one of you... set my soul free... add a few ashes of my bones to the grains of wisdom... perhaps a little of my Fierceness will be of help in years to come.

TOMME

It will be as you ask, brother.  
You may die here.

Jacareh tears away the dressing of leaves from his chest wound, and lets himself bleed to death in Tomme's arms, for once and at last at peace. Tomme rises and calls out.

TOMME

Mapi, build a fire. You, Wishah  
and Gnaru help him.

Pablo and Rico respond to their new names.

214 EXT. STREAM - IN VIEW OF NEW ENCLOSURE

LATE DAY 214

The sky has started to redden. The few surviving children play in the golden light. The young women and the outnumbered men bathe and flirt. An elder woman fills her cooking pot. Tomme and Samanpo are squatting nearby.

SAMANPO

The streams flow, the birds fly,  
the animals live once again where  
they did when I was a boy...  
these signs tell me the log jam  
has been broken...

Caya and Kachiri approach.

CAYA

Samanpo, come.

He joins her and they enter the water to swim together, while Kachiri squats before Tomme; they smile at each other.

KACHIRI

The girls should be married...

TOMME

Yes...

KACHIRI

You should marry one or two of them...

TOMME

(annoyed nearly)  
Yes, I will...  
(he looks into her eyes)  
Not yet... in years to come.

They touch each other's knees, seeing only each other.

CUT TO:

215 INT. 727 IN FLIGHT

DUSK 215

Bill is in a window seat, Jean and Heather beside him; the Captain's voice comes over the P.A. system.

## CAPTAIN'S VOICE

We are now cruising at twenty-nine thousand feet and we'll be flying over the Amazon forest for the next three hours...

Jean's hand reaches for Bill's and he holds it tightly. Heather notices and smiles to herself. Jean leans on Bill's shoulder and looks up at him.

JEAN

(a whisper)

Bill, tell me now.

MARKHAM

... Tell you what?

JEAN

(a whisper)

The dam... you did it, didn't you?

MARKHAM

I don't know... I just don't know.

He truly does not know, and he turns to the window.

216 EXT. 727 - THE AMAZON

DUSK 216

Bill's face can be glimpsed looking down.

The jet plane recedes toward the horizon, and beneath is the vast ocean of darkening green, the filigree of rivers catching the last light of day.

FADE OUT.

"THE END"