



T E R A T O R N

Written by

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UNDER A BRIGHT FULL MOON'S LIGHT

SOARING HIGH ABOVE RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

CIRCLING-

CHRIST THE REDEEMER

The massive statue of Jesus Christ stands with his arms
outstretched. Watching over the millions of souls below.

Perched thousands of feet above Rio, on Corcovado mountain.

Another full circle around the iconic world wonder... and
then banking away, on a glide path over the coastal city.

Skyscrapers. Slums. Lagoons. Beaches. Breaking waves.

Now being lured offshore, over the ocean... toward the faint
outline of a mountainous island on the moonlit horizon.

Casting a SHADOW the size of a light plane on the water.

EXT. OPEN AIR NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

TITLE: ILHA GRANDE ISLAND, BRAZIL

Lit with flaming torches... a stage cozies up to OCCUPIED
TABLES in this intimate venue for music, drink, and fun on
the remote vacation island paradise known as Ilha Grande.

A happily buzzed crowd of TOURISTS and ISLAND LOCALS watch
guitarist RAMON RAMOS on stage, teasing a six string.

Ramon's blazing fingers pluck a Spanish guitar melody into a
sultry climax.

While at a table in the back, JOAN and LIZ swoon... middle-
aged American money fanning themselves with cocktail menus.

Exquisite rings sparkle on their fingers with each stroke.

JOAN

Oh, my... he'd be utterly
delicious.

Glancing at Liz, hoping for a gesture of approval.

But Liz already has plans all her own.

LIZ

Only if he survives me first.

Liz slides an eye-popping emerald off a finger and finding a pen in her Louis Vuitton purse... scrawls a note on a table napkin.

Then rolls and folds the ring snug inside.

Liz catches the eye of a nearby waiter... the WAITER hustles over, leans in.

Whispering in his ear, Liz pushes the rolled up napkin into his palm. Then eyes Ramon on stage.

Nodding, the waiter understands, smiles... and hurries off.

EXT. LOPES MENDES BEACH - NIGHT

The full moon glistens off the famous white sand, miles and miles of it.

The only human presence... a black LAND ROVER.

Parked in the sand. It sways back and forth. MOANS rising from within. Windows all fogged up.

Its window glass SHUDDERING to the throbbing POWER CHORDS of Cinderella's "SOMEBODY SAVE ME"... platinum 80's hard rock.

The MOANS rising quicker and higher. Until they finally CLIMAX and then start to subside.

A long beat... the Land Rover sitting in the sand. No longer moving until-

The rear passenger door swings open and Ramon staggers out.

Buckling up his belt and adjusting his pants. The driver's window sliding down-

JOAN

Hey... not fair. My turn.

Ramon turns around. Is she serious. He needs some time.

RAMON

Un momento... please. A smoke.

He fishes a pack of cigs and a lighter from a pants pocket. Flashes them to Joan. Is that okay...?

Joan nods. Cracking a devilish grin.

JOAN
Make sure you catch your breath...
I take longer than she does.

Ramon shakes his head. What has he gotten himself into.

EXT. LOPES MENDES BEACH - WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT

Ramon stumbles to the water's edge. Taps a smoke from the pack, cups his hands, lights it.

The full moon dancing over a calm ocean... he savors a drag.

And eyeing his hands, raises them in the moonlight.

A ring now on EACH pinky. A lusty green emerald on one and a sparkling white diamond on the other.

RAMON
Minha nossa!

Glancing back over his shoulder, he sees the Land Rover still parked in the sand... better not take too long.

Cigarette on his bottom lip, he unzips. Starts to urinate.

INT. LAND ROVER - LOPES MENDES BEACH - NIGHT

Waiting in the driver's seat, Joan flips the sun visor down. Checks her make-up in a lit vanity mirror.

While Liz fiddles with the camera app on her iPhone.

LIZ
(glancing at Joan)
I doubt that's gonna matter.

JOAN
So... I care.

LIZ
Hey, watch this.

Liz reaches over Joan, turns the Land Rover's headlights 'ON', illuminating Ramon on the beach.

Props the iPhone up on the dash... framing Ramon's backside front and center.

And to Joan's surprise, hits RECORD.

EXT. LOPES MENDES BEACH - WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT

Still in mid-stream, Ramon doesn't turn around.

RAMON
Un momento... ai!

INT. LAND ROVER - LOPES MENDES BEACH - NIGHT

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. Liz hits the horn, Ramon jumps and almost turns around. But instead waves a free hand. Hang on!

JOAN
Put that away... What are you doing?

LIZ
Maybe I can catch a glimpse of it on video. It's huge.

JOAN
And if you forget to delete it...? What would Rob say if he-

LIZ
Hey, if Rob knew how big it was, even he would applaud!

Liz turns away from the iPhone to look at Joan, who is now looking at Liz.

Neither noticing Ramon get YANKED out of the iPhone's field of view by an unseen force.

To a screaming KREEE-AR, KREEE-AR.

And a blood curdling WAIL FROM RAMON, as they turn to see-Ramon gone.

Where did he go?

They glance back to each other. What the hell.

Until... CRACK.

THE WINDSHIELD SPIDER WEBS. Ramon's BLOODIED BODY swung into it like a rag doll wrecking ball.

Only to get picked up again by the unseen force, and slammed back onto the hood.

And then dragged back up over the windshield.

Arms flailing, trying to free himself from whatever has him.

One final glimpse of Ramon's terrified face... as Liz and Joan SCREAM bloody murder.

Ramon getting pulled over the roof... to the sound of his body DRAGGING and BANGING across the metal.

Then, nothing but terrifying silence.

Gone into the night.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD IN WHITE: T E R A T O R N

The white draining from the letters, instead turning to a bloody red.

And then fading away into the black background.

EXT. CANYON FLOOR - DESERT - NOON

TITLE: CHACO CANYON, NEW MEXICO

SWEATING COLLEGE STUDENTS... strung together with climbing rope and safety harnesses, cling to a canyon wall.

The students huddle in ledges dug into the sedimentary rock.

Each student, holding a brush... dusts for fossils.

Standing below them, on the canyon floor, PROFESSOR WINSTON FIELDS (late 30s) glances up for a beat. Then turns away.

Dressed in a cowboy hat with glasses, his shirt unbuttoned over a lean muscular build and dusty blue jeans.

Winston looks more like a nervous bespectacled cowboy fresh off his back forty than someone who has their-

WINSTON
- Master's degree in Paleontology
with a Bachelor's in Ancient
Languages.

TINA (19) sits at his feet, chewing gum... seated with other STUDENTS taking a break. Everyone dressed in climbing gear.

She stops chewing. Her mouth open a bit. Lusty eyes admiring a bead of sweat as it runs down Winston's chest.

TINA
Mm-hmm, that's what I dream of
studying... I'm down for that.

The bead of sweat now on his tanned six pack of a stomach.

Winston slides the cowboy hat back, wipes his brow with the back of his forearm.

Avoiding eye contact with Tina. Sweaty and self conscious.

WINSTON
I should have you talk to my ex-
wife.

Winston takes off his glasses, starts cleaning them with the bottom of his shirt... when from above-

STUDENT (O.S.)
Hey everybody, I found something!

They all turn. The students up on the ledges and Winston and the students below. They all look WAY UP.

To a STUDENT on a ledge at the very top of the canyon wall.

STUDENT
I think it's a human skull!

Winston eyes the ledge...

And turns around, walks several paces away from the students to a climbing backpack on the ground behind him.

WINSTON
(muttering)
... we never find anything in the
top sediment layer. It can't be
lower?

Winston kneels... his back turned to the students. He unzips the front pouch. A beat as he finds something. Now staring-

At a faded BLUE TERATORN... a plastic toy figurine.

The blue color fading and its plastic worn. The massive bird of prey from ancient times. A great white of the skies.

Its wings spread like the Teratorn on the cover page.

Winston palms it, fingers closing... as he looks back over his shoulder and up to the ledge for a long beat.

The height of the ledge too much, he looks away. Stashes the Blue Teratorn back in the pouch. Zips it back up.

Then riffles through the rest of his backpack. Unzipping the top. Pretending to be looking for something.

Something he "obviously" forgot.

But he finds it. His climbing harness. A beat... before he jams it back down to the bottom of the pack.

Finally, Winston stops looking, shakes his head... stands.

WINSTON

Ah, Tina, do you think you could head on up and check it out?

Tina jumps up excited. More than happy to help.

WINSTON

I forgot my safety harness.

TINA

You got it, Professor W!

Winston eyes the other students a bit. None of them onto his ruse. All their eyes fixed skyward, to the dizzying ledge.

EXT. CAMPUS - MESALANDS COMMUNITY COLLEGE - NEXT DAY

Winston steers a white cargo van by a MESALANDS COMMUNITY COLLEGE sign. Cruising along a campus service road.

The road winding through generic cinder block structures baking away in the desert... it ain't Harvard.

INT. CARGO VAN - MESALANDS COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY

Two VENTI STARBUCKS in the center console, Winston drives up to a guard shack and parking lot gate arm marked STAFF ONLY.

Winston rolls down the window... as BOB, a rotund security guard, steps out of the guard shack.

BOB

Mornin' Professor W.

Winston grabs one of the Venti Starbucks from the console.

WINSTON
Early bird gets the worm.

Hands it through the window. As Bob's eyes light up.

BOB
You keep bringing me my morning
coffee like this... I promise you
won't be divorced much longer.

Bob turns and presses a button on the outside of the shack.

Raising the gate.

WINSTON
Don't tease me.

This gets a hearty chuckle out of Bob, his belly jiggling as he walks back into the guard shack. Then spins around-

BOB
Hey, steer clear of Dean Childress
today if you can... he's in a mood.

WINSTON
Great. Thanks for the warning.

Winston waves thanks. Pulls into the staff parking lot.

INT. CARGO VAN - MESALANDS STAFF PARKING - LATER

Winston sits, a smartphone pressed to an ear, a stream of barely audible words from a FEMALE VOICE abruptly pausing.

WINSTON
... I just don't understand why
she'll talk to you, and not me.

The FEMALE VOICE starts back up again.

WINSTON
I'm still her father.

Winston cuts back in, talking over her.

WINSTON
Amanda, you're the one who ran off
to Brazil... not me!

That gets deafening silence on the other end.

WINSTON
I'm sorry. Look, I really don't
want to fight... I need to go.

Winston's eyes drift to a steaming VENTI STARBUCKS in the
van's center console.

WINSTON
Will you tell Missy that I
called...?

CLICK. Now only a DIAL TONE.

WINSTON
Hello...? Hello!?

Winston tosses the smartphone onto the dash.

A long beat as he looks out the window... to the crappy
community college campus... surrounded by desert.

Eyes finally settling on the Venti Starbucks, he pops the
lid off.

And cracking the door open... dumps the top couple of inches
of coffee on the asphalt... shuts the door.

Winston reaches for the glove compartment, unlatches it to
reveal a fifth of Jack Daniels. He slides the bottle out.

Glances left and right. And all clear, tops off the Venti
Starbucks with whiskey.

Then stashes the bottle back in the glove compartment.

Winston takes a sip. Looking back at the campus. The view
suddenly not so drab.

EXT. ILHA GRANDE ISLAND STATE PARK - JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

TITLE: ILHA GRANDE ISLAND STATE PARK

A CAMPFIRE CRACKLES in a clearing cut out of this pristine
remnant of Brazilian rain forest.

This remote area on Ilha Grande Island being a biodiversity
hotspot for some of the largest remaining populations of
endangered species anywhere on the face of the Earth.

Next to the fire, sits a metal cage, filled with several
RED-BROWED AMAZONS. A very endangered species of Parrot.

The Parrots bob their heads back and forth. Wishing they could make noise, but their beaks have been taped shut.

Three POACHERS with forehead LED lamps strapped to their heads, sit on a fallen log in front of the campfire.

At the end of the log, a MACHETE sits buried in the wood.

The jumpiest of the bunch, CARLOS, takes a heavy slug off a silver flask, swallowing hard before passing it on.

CARLOS

I still don't like that we have to
have their beaks taped shut.

JARED, next in line for the flask... takes his swig.

JARED

You want to keep them quiet, don't
you...?

BILLY

Relax, nobody's gettin caught. We
ain't smuggling drugs... they're
just birds.

BILLY, takes his swig, then offers it back to the others,
who shake their heads 'no'.

BILLY

Suit yourself.

He tips the flask back, finishing it off with a grimace.

BILLY

... I gotta use the head.

And stands, grabs the machete, yanking it from the log.

CARLOS

Why you taking that?

BILLY

Just in case.

JARED

Just in case what?

BILLY

Just in case I want to clear an
area for myself or something.

JARED
So... piss in the corner of the
clearing. We don't care.

BILLY
Yeah, well, I don't have to piss.

Jared and Carlos get it, wave him off, the thought of Billy taking a dump in their sight a bit too much to bear.

EXT. ILHA GRANDE ISLAND STATE PARK - JUNGLE - NIGHT

The white beam from Billy's forehead LED lamp cuts a path in front of him as he pushes through the bush.

Looking for a spot to squat... but not finding anything suitable... he starts swinging the machete.

Cutting a wide circular patch around himself. And after a bunch of swings and stamping down of vegetation-

He unbuckles, to drop trou... as a SWOOSH rustles the brush.

BILLY
Huh-

Followed by the sound of CREAKING BRANCHES above.

Spooked, Billy looks up, his forehead LED lamp sliding off his head. The lamp falling, hits the ground and turns off.

BILLY
Damn it.

Looking up, the stars and moon partially visible through the dense jungle canopy, Billy can't see what caused the sound.

He gets on his hands and knees, starts looking for the lamp.

When a few feet away, he sees the glint of the lamp's lens and moves for it... only to have it CRUNCH, and disappear.

The lamp sinking into the soft earth trapped under a dark SOMETHING that is now moving.

Billy freezes, not wanting to even look up, but starting to tremble he knows he needs to make a move. And quick.

He bolts upward to run, catching a glimpse of TWO GLOWING EYES... as he vanishes with a dark SWOOSH and his SCREAM.

EXT. ILHA GRANDE ISLAND STATE PARK - JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

Jared and Carlos exchange a look.

JARED
What a jerk.

CARLOS
Yeah... seriously.

And then a piercing KREEE-AR, KREEE-AR.

CARLOS
That wasn't him. That was NOT him.

Jared lifts his shirt, revealing a 9MM BERETTA with a laser sight tucked in a hideway holster.

JARED
Screw that. It's him.

He slides the 9MM out, sets it on the log. Pushes the safety from SAFE to FIRE. Points to the 9MM.

JARED
That ass is goofing, but if I'm not back in five minutes...

Glares at Carlos for a beat. Carlos understands. Nods.

Jared flips his forehead LED lamp 'ON' and leaves.

EXT. ILHA GRANDE ISLAND STATE PARK - JUNGLE - NIGHT

Jared pushes his way through the rain forest...

Comes upon the cut circular patch and sees Billy face down in the dirt with the underbrush turning red.

JARED
How the-

And SWOOSH, Jared gets batted down... SCREAMING.

EXT. ILHA GRANDE ISLAND STATE PARK - JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Carlos whips his head around... looking left and right.

Grabs the 9MM off the log. Totally freaked out.

CARLOS
Not funny guys! NOT FUNNY!

Then what he feared. The inhuman... KREEE-AR. KREEE-AR.

CARLOS

No... No... This is NOT happening.

The 9MM trembling in his hand. COME ON, DAMN IT. MAN UP.

Finally, Carlos flips his headlamp flashlight 'ON' and-

CARLOS

I'm coming, guys! HANG ON!

EXT. ILHA GRANDE ISLAND STATE PARK - JUNGLE - NIGHT

Carlos crashes through the jungle vegetation... RED LASER SIGHT swinging back and forth, painting plants and trees.

Scanning back and forth as he comes to find Billy and Jared face down on the ground only to-

WHACK... get knocked down himself.

Losing consciousness for a hazy beat... and then coming to... eyes blurry and blinking to see the beam from his lamp pointing at Billy and Jared. Bloodied and unconscious.

Only to then see them get yanked upwards into the air. Both rising... UP AND INTO THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

Being pulled upward by a SHADOWY FORCE. Levitating higher and higher... as Carlos loses it.

CARLOS

....AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Swinging the 9MM around, aiming upward... BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

Carlos empties the FULL clip from the 9MM.

ALL FIFTEEN ROUNDS AS FAST AS HE CAN PULL THEM. Up and into the night.

Billy and Jared disappearing into the darkness.

INT. LECTURE HALL - MESALANDS COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY

Winston stands behind a podium in front of a lecture hall that could seat hundreds. Only twenty STUDENTS present.

Most of them doodling in notebooks, daydreaming, or playing on their smartphones.

Winston takes a big sip from a VENTI STARBUCKS and-

Using a RED LASER POINTER, circles a series of human skulls drawn in dry erase up on a white board.

WINSTON

And these marks are similar to those found on the Native American skull we unearthed at our Chaco Canyon site.

All the skulls have black gouges drawn on top, and blue fractures drawn down the sides.

WINSTON

Anyone care to comment?

One of the only students paying attention, BRIAN, speaks up.

BRIAN

Could they be claw marks from a cougar, or from wounds suffered in a battle with another tribe?

WINSTON

Yes, excellent, these are possibilities but let's push further...

Winston aims the laser to a table in the upper back corner of the hall. To a LARGE CAGE covered with a black cloth.

WINSTON

(Pacino accent)
... Say Hello to My Little Friend!

A soft MURMUR filters through the students.

Tina, seated in the last row of the lecture hall, looks up from her iPhone... What? Now?

Winston nods.

Tina sets her iPhone down and walks over to the table. On it sits the covered cage and SOMETHING ELSE-

A HEAVY SHEATHED LEATHER ARM PROTECTOR WITH A GLOVED HAND.

She picks the arm protector off the table, slides it on.

Takes a deep breath and pulls the black cloth off the cage to reveal HERO... a blindfolded and hooded CROWN EAGLE.

Tina unlatches a swinging door on the side of the cage and reaches in with the arm protector.

Slides the hood off Hero's head and-

SQUUUUAAAAAK. Hero lets out a majestic cry and hops on Tina's leathered up arm.

Tina inches her arm back out of the cage.

BRIAN

Whoa... way cool.

The looks from other students confirming Brian's assessment.

Winston reaches into a lab table at the front of the lecture hall and pulls out a paper bag with something inside.

Then walks to the front and center of the lecture hall.

And reaching into the paper bag, pulls out what looks to be a small MONKEY SKULL. Hero spots it right away. SQUAAAKS.

Hero bobs his head back and forth, scanning everyone.

TINA

Ah, Professor W?

Tina pulls back a bit from Hero, regretting this assignment.

Hero starts to spread his wings, anxious, his eyes now locked on the skull in Winston's hands.

Winston raises the skull high above his head.

And WHISTLES.

Hero springs into action... and with powerful strokes of his muscular wings, races toward Winston.

Everyone's mouth open in awe as Hero streaks overhead.

AND WITH A SHRIEK - Hero grabs the skull out of Winston's hands. And with a flap of his wings... is off again.

Flying back over everyone.

Moments later... dropping the skull on the back table next to a now terrified Tina.

And after looking at it for a beat, Hero hops on. Sinking his talons into the skull with a sickening CRUNCH.

Hero starts pecking through the crushed skull, pulling out strands of beef jerky stuffed inside.

Shocked and in amazement, the students turn their attention back to Winston. The wheels turning.

Brian gets there first.

BRIAN

Someone was hunting... and it wasn't a cougar.

WINSTON

And the scariest part is our Native American might have been alive for the flight. If raptors don't think their prey is an immediate threat, or if they've recently eaten... they'll save the killing for later.

MARTHA, a student in the front row, shakes her head.

MARTHA

No way. Our skull was in the top sediment layer. It's what... maybe ten thousand years old? Raptors big enough to kill a man died out way before that.

Winston nods, enjoying the debate.

WINSTON

Maybe. Maybe not. There are still unexplored areas on Earth. Areas in Africa. Parts of the Amazon and the rain forests in Brazil. And we're finding new species every year... So, do we really know what's out there? And if that's the case now, how can we rely on the fossil record?

Winston NOW has their full attention.

WINSTON

Which brings us to your take home final for this weekend... using everything you've learned this semester, and without looking to the fossil record, calculate a size and weight for a raptor powerful enough to take down a grown man...

The students exchange glances, some shrug their shoulders, it's actually a pretty cool final exam assignment.

WINSTON

Okay guys. Everyone have a great weekend.

The students pack up... and start to file out.

WINSTON

And I will see you ALL Monday morning!

Tina, still in the back, stares at Hero picking and pulling the beef jerky out from the crushed skull.

Carefully studying Hero.

A confident hunter doing the work it was designed to do.

INT. HALLWAYS - MESALANDS COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY

The last of the students file out of the lecture... along with Winston carrying Hero's cage. Now covered back up.

Followed closely by Tina. Winston sets the cage down in the hallway.

Pulling a set of keys out of his pocket, he locks the lecture hall door.

Then inserts the key again. Unlocks it and locks it again.

And tries it with his hand... making sure it's locked.

Tina leans against the wall. Staring at the cage. Lost in thought.

Winston notices.

WINSTON

Don't worry... I simply used that demonstration to get everyone excited about the final.

TINA

So, there's NO chance, a raptor that big exists today? What about the modern day legends of the Thunderbird...?

WINSTON
(chuckling)
Nope... No way... Unless you
believe in Nessie and Bigfoot too.

Tina lightens up a bit, a smile breaking through... but one that fades quick.

Her eyes now looking past Winston.

Down the hall... to FOOTSTEPS approaching.

It's DEAN CHILDRESS. "Affectionately" called Dick the Dean by students and faculty.

Dick points to Hero's cage, now covered back up.

DICK
I see you brought your better half
in today for everyone to see.

All business, Dick looks at his watch, continues walking by.

DICK
(over his shoulder)
Winston, Monday. Before class. In
the museum. Our end of the year
planning session. It's not
optional, you missed last year's.

Winston and Tina watch Dick the Dean walk down the hall for a beat.

Tina grimaces.

TINA
You could always decide to duck
again...?

EXT. PORCH - STUDIO APARTMENT - SUNSET

The falling desert sun paints the porch during magic hour.

Shirtless, Winston lays on his back... on a weight bench.
Arms and chest pumped, cranking out a bench press set.

Two 45 pound plates on each side of the Olympic bar.

He finishes his last rep.

Grabs his shirt and heads inside.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - SUNSET

Closing a sliding glass door to the porch, Winston walks to a fitness calendar on the wall marked - "Get jacked a ripped in 120 days!"... crosses off day 105 with a black marker.

To an approving SQUAAK from across the room.

In the far corner of the apartment... on a branch fashioned into a perch, sits HERO.

WINSTON

I got ya', Hero... Hang on.

Winston walks through the small apartment... ignoring the unmade bed, and a kitchen sink full of dishes.

Opens the fridge.

Fishes a large sardine out of a can.

HERO spots it right away. SQUAAKS.

Winston tosses it to Hero... the sardine flying right toward him and with a SQUAAK, Hero catches it.

Gulps it down.

Winston shuts the fridge.

A beat as it closes.

Winston's eyes falling onto the door.

Covered with photos of MISSY, AMANDA and WINSTON... when they were together and a family.

He slides a photo out from underneath a magnet.

SMILING EAR TO EAR... MISSY (3), adorable in pigtails with a precocious smile, proudly shows off a stick figure drawing.

The drawing shows Winston, Amanda and herself walking through a garden of flowers.

In the drawing the sun is shining, they are holding hands, and everyone is smiling.

A long beat.

Finally, Winston puts the photo back on the door.

INT. GAME WARDEN COMPOUND - OFFICE - DAY

TITLE: PARK HEADQUARTERS, ILHA GRANDE ISLAND STATE PARK

Standing behind a mahogany desk is Head Game Warden DOCTOR AMANDA FIELDS, leggy and attractive, hair back in a braid.

Behind her on a wall... DIPLOMAS and HONORS. A wall of fame that's more than a bit intimidating to say the least.

And on the desk, photos of WINSTON, MISSY and HERSELF. From another time.

Seated in front of her is COLONEL LEWIS, Brazilian ex-military. Only the left side of his face seen.

A tense beat lit by a bay of picture windows that stare out to the edge of Ilha Grande's Rain Forest.

AMANDA

Colonel Lewis, I took this job to
protect endangered wildlife from
humans, not the other way around...

Listening... Lewis bites the tip off a cigar. Hits it with a mini blow torch lighter.

Puffs, puffs, gets a bright orange ember glowing.

AMANDA

... and if somebody gets jammed up
doing something they shouldn't be
doing in the first place, well...
I'm sorry. Not my problem.

Lewis takes a long pull off the cigar. Exhales.

LEWIS

Protecting the wildlife is only
part of the job, you knew that when
you came here.

He stands... moves over to the bay of picture windows.

LEWIS

And if we have a rogue jaguar
that's tasted human flesh... it's
gonna be your job to track it and
kill it. If we don't, it'll keep
killing people. And last I checked
people were more important than
animals.

Lewis turns around... a very scarred right side of his face now visible for the first time.

He takes another puff from the cigar.

LEWIS

... Americans are all the same. You think you're actually doing something... spending millions to "Save the Environment" and "Save the Animals"... but you'll never send a couple bucks to some starving kid in India or Africa.

Lewis slides a pair of aviator sunglasses on.

LEWIS

People before animals, Doctor Fields.

And turning to leave.

Hammers that nail one last time.

LEWIS

People before animals.

That hits a nerve... Amanda's eyes drifting onto her desk to a silver framed photo of a younger WINSTON, HERSELF and baby MISSY smiling together at the beach.

INT. GAME WARDEN COMPOUND - HALLWAY - DAY

Assistant Game Warden, JORGE VIERA, tries to keep up with Amanda as she struts down a hallway towards a set of double doors at the end of the compound.

JORGE

He won't say a word. Whatever happened caused him to really lose it... A tour guide found him on the jungle floor, with his eyes wide and a death grip on this-

Jorge hands Amanda an evidence bag, with the 9MM BERETTA.

JORGE

Recovered fifteen shell casings. He unloaded the whole mag at someone or something...

Amanda fingers the clear plastic bag. Verifying the shell casing count with her fingers as they walk toward the set of double doors at the end of the hall.

AMANDA

He's a terrible shot for a poacher.

Hands the evidence bag with the 9MM back to Jorge.

AMANDA

What about the two women from the other night?

JORGE

They claim they didn't see it, only saw the guy they were partying with getting dragged off.

AMANDA

Have someone find out the last known whereabouts of Preta, see if she was anywhere near Lopes Mendes beach.

JORGE

Why do you think it was Preta?

AMANDA

She's our biggest cat and her coat is black... at night, she would have blended in.

Jorge shrugs. Seems to make sense. As they get to the end of the hallway and the double doors.

Sitting right outside the double doors, on the floor is the cage of Parrots.

Making happy PARROT NOISES.

Their beaks now free of tape.

And in a chair beside the parrot cage... sits MISSY (6).

Long blonde hair and purple glasses.

She cradles a sketch book in her lap. And putting pencil to paper, draws a rather expressive drawing of the Parrots.

No longer stick figures... her drawing has progressed.

Jorge leans over, to get a peek at Missy's artwork.

JORGE

Wow... that's really good.

Missy doesn't look up. Continues to draw.

MISSY

Thanks.

AMANDA

Honey, Mom is gonna need to talk to some people for a bit...

Missy stops drawing. Looks up.

AMANDA

Will you help Jorge bring the parrots back home to their family?

Missy breaks into a big smile.

MISSY

Sure!

AMANDA

(to Jorge)

Get as close to parrot rock as you can before you release them... it's the best we can do... not knowing where they were poached.

Jorge nods, picks up the cage.

As Missy closes her sketch book.

And packing up... they both head off down the hallway.

INT. GAME WARDEN COMPOUND - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Spartan except for a green metal desk with two folding metal chairs in front of it. And a few chairs along the wall.

Amanda sits behind the desk. JOAN and LIZ in the two folding chairs in front of Amanda.

In the far corner of the room. CARLOS sits, catatonic and staring at the floor.

SISTER ROSE, a Catholic Nurse, sitting by his side.

AMANDA
 (to Joan and Liz)
 ... we don't care how large your
 bank balance is, it's illegal to
 drive on the beach.

Joan and Liz nod.

AMANDA
 And until we find Mister Ramos and
 can verify your story... don't plan
 on leaving the island.

Joan shifts in her chair... turning to Liz. Waiting.

Finally, losing patience - she elbows Liz.

JOAN
 (hushed)
 ... show her the video.

Liz glares at Joan, reluctantly fishing the iPhone out of
 her Louis Vuitton purse.

LIZ
 Um, we were... ah, joking around a
 bit, taking some video... and
 captured the moment he was
 attacked.

Liz slides the iPhone onto the desk. The video player app
 already open and cued to the beginning of the video.

Amanda glares at BOTH of them for a beat. You're kidding.

Finally, Amanda picks up the iPhone. Presses play. Turns the
 VOLUME ALL THE WAY UP... as the video starts.

IPHONE

Ramon stands with his back to the camera. On the sand at the
 edge of the ocean.

JOAN (O.S.)
 Put that away... What are you
 doing?

LIZ (O.S.)
 Maybe I can catch a glimpse of it
 on video. It's huge.

JOAN (O.S.)
 And what if you forget to delete
 it...? What would Rob say if he-

LIZ (O.S.)
 Hey, if Rob knew how big it was,
 even he would applaud!

Ramon gets YANKED out of the iPhone's field of view by an unseen force.

INTERVIEW ROOM

Amanda eyes Joan and Liz. Their heads now down in shame.

The video still playing out on the iPhone in Amanda's hand.

Now the screaming KREEE-AR, KREEE-AR vibrating out of the tiny iPhone's speakers-

AND CARLOS EXPLODES. SHOOTING OUT OF HIS CHAIR.

BOTH HANDS GRASPING HIS SKULL.

CARLOS
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sister Rose jumps up... grabs Carlos.

Amanda pauses the video playback on the iPhone. As Sister Rose gets Carlos to sit down. Now rocking back and forth.

CARLOS
 No. No. No...

Joan and Liz look over their shoulder... at Carlos. His eyes now back on the floor. Back to catatonic and silent.

Amanda turns back to the iPhone.

A long beat.

The video paused A FRAME before Ramon hits the windshield.

Ramon's face frozen in terror.

With SOMETHING ELSE in frame.

A DARK SHADOWY LIMB... breaking the top of the video frame with a CURLED CLAW wrapped around one of Ramon's shoulders.

Amanda's eyes freeze. Trying to process what she's seeing.

AMANDA
 Have you shown this video to anyone?

JOAN
No, why?

AMANDA
Don't.

Joan and Liz nod with a shiver. They're not showing it to anyone. Absolutely not.

LIZ
Do you know what type of animal
might have dragged him off...?

Amanda trying to focus.

AMANDA
... No.

Collecting herself.

Amanda sets the iPhone back on the desk.

Thinking it over.

INT. DINOSAUR MUSEUM - MESALANDS COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY

SKELETONS of dinosaurs and pre-historic EXHIBITS crowd a walkway painted with fluorescent green dino footprints.

Dick the Dean and Winston stroll along the painted path.

DICK
You made the right decision showing
up today.

A large MANILA ENVELOPE in Dick's right hand.

Winston can't keep his eyes off the envelope. What's in it?

DICK
It's amazing... all these creatures
once walked the earth like we are
right now.

WINSTON
Yeah... it's what got me into this
in the first place.

DICK
Me too... but the past can be a
dangerous place, Winston.

They stop at an exhibit. A SABER TOOTH TIGER skeleton fully assembled in a ferocious stance.

DICK
It's not a place for someone to
live.

They take a beat. Admiring the recreated skeleton.

DICK
Winston, do you want to know what
causes anguish in a person?

Winston eyes Dick. He really is a dick.

DICK
What are you doing here?

WINSTON
Well... I'm listening to you ramble
on about-

DICK
No. Here at Mesalands Community
College.

WINSTON
Teaching Paleontology.

Dick waves the envelope. Almost hitting Winston in the face with it... as they start walking again.

DICK
We do have the best Paleontology
Program and coolest Dinosaur Museum
of any community college out
there... but that's because we're
the ONLY community college with a
Paleontology Program and a Dinosaur
Museum.

They walk by a skeleton of a TRICERATOPS. It's armored three horned head lowered. A mother protecting a nest of eggs.

DICK
You tell me. Is it fear of success?
Fear of failure?

WINSTON
Look... if I've been slacking off a
bit... I apologize. I'll try
harder.

They stop under the skeleton of a HUGE T-REX... its jaws looming right above them.

DICK
Take a look inside.

Dick hands the envelope to Winston.

DICK
It's a blow up of a still frame
from a video captured off an
iPhone...

Winston opens the envelope. Starts to slide the photo out-

DICK
... from Lopes Mendes beach... on
Ilha Grande Island.

Winston stops. Glares at Dick. Don't go there. But he is.

DICK
Amanda called asking about you and
was wondering how your work has
been lately.

Dick puts his hands on his hips. Confident.

DICK
She made me swear I wouldn't
present this to you, if I didn't
think you'd be interested in
checking it out.

Dick looks up at the T-REX. Its jaws open and looming.

DICK
Maybe it's time to get out of your
own backyard... go on a real field
trip and discover something nobody
has ever found before... something
that's possibly still alive.

Winston slides the photo the rest of the way out of the envelope.

It's an 8" by 10" blow up of the video still frame from the iPhone.

DICK
Change is a bitch. But it's change
or die my friend...

Dick glances up at the T-REX skeleton for a beat. Before looking back to Winston.

Winston stares at the photo, brow furrowing, trying to take in what he's seeing. Is that a giant talon in the photo?

Winston pulls the photo closer. Is that what he fears it is?

Dick breaks into a smile... enjoying Winston's reaction.

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - ALBUQUERQUE INTERNATIONAL - DAY

Tons of SCREENS with arrivals and departures. And PEOPLE from all walks of life coming and going.

Winston stands. Backpack on his back, waiting in a check-in line. Looks down at a ticket in his hand. FLIGHT 115.

Up on screen, he sees FLIGHT 115 with an "ON TIME" icon.

WINSTON

Figures.

The line starts to move.

Winston looks down... to Hero's cage beside him. Picks it up and steps up to the airline check-in counter.

Lifts the cage up and onto the scale to a smiling ATTENDANT.

INT. AIRPORT BAR - ALBUQUERQUE INTERNATIONAL - DAY

Winston checks his watch... looks at an arrival/departure screen behind the counter. FLIGHT 115 - "ON TIME".

The BARTENDER comes by... gauges Winston. Senses his fear.

BARTENDER

Statistically speaking the most dangerous part of your trip was the drive to the airport.

WINSTON

It's a fear of heights.

BARTENDER

No, it's a fear you might jump.

The bartender holds up a bottle of scotch.

Eyeing Winston.

WINSTON
Thanks. Two fingers.

The bartender nods and pours.

BARTENDER
You bet. Have a good flight.

The bartender moves down the bar, to the next PATRON.

A long beat.

As Winston stares at the glass of scotch.

And his boarding pass on the bar.

Finally, Winston fishes a TWENTY out of his wallet.

Slides it under the untouched whiskey.

And grabbing his boarding pass... leaves.

INT. AIRBUS A380 - WIDE BODY AIRLINER - DAY

Winston sits in a window seat... staring out the window as the massive jet gets its push back from the terminal.

He grabs the window shade and slams it down. No view now.

Winston reaches into a pants pocket. Looking for something.

He pulls out the faded BLUE TERATORN... plastic toy figurine. Stares at it for a beat.

WINSTON
(soft to himself)
... the fears we don't face become
our limits... the fears we don't
face become our limits... the fears
we don't face become our limits...

Winston starts riffling through the rear seat pocket in front of him.

Finds a POOFY BLACK SATIN EYEMASK.

Winston eyes the faded Blue Teratorn one last time... before sliding it into the breast pocket on his short sleeve shirt.

And dons the poofy eyemask. Lights out.

The engines of the Airbus now SPOOLING up with a whine.

EXT. VILLAGE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY**TITLE: VILA DO ABRAAO, ILHA GRANDE ISLAND**

A white CHURCH STEEPLE rises above the village.

In stark contrast to the island's rain forest interior.

The village sits in a quiet cove. Bars. Restaurants. Shops.

All dotting this most populated area of Ilha Grande.

A lively slice of civilization nestled between the deep blue ocean and vibrant green jungle.

EXT. THE DOCKS - VILLAGE - DAY

A long wooden pier extends from the village into the deeper waters of the cove. Transportation and commerce central.

Accompanied by Sister Rose... Missy sits on a bench watching the activities. Sketch pad open. Drawing.

Expedition preparations underway... it's a buzz of activity.

The splendid SANTA MARIA docked at the pier.

A spacious 60 foot Power Catamaran.

CAPTAIN GARRO, the boat captain for the Santa Maria... and BUBBA, linebacker tough... load supplies onto the boat.

While Colonel Lewis, Amanda, Jorge... all huddle around a map of Ilha Grande... draped over a crate.

The crate sits by the bench with Missy and Sister Rose.

Lewis has a proudly holstered REMINGTON .45 ACP 1911 on his belt. In all Stainless Steel.

A much more stylish and powerful sidearm when compared to the 9MM BERETTA poachers and gangbangers seem to prefer.

The tropical sunlight glinting off the Remington. While Lewis points a middle finger to an area on the map.

LEWIS

It's the most remote part of the island, if it's Preta or another big cat, this is where we start.

Jorge eyes Amanda. Not at all happy.

JORGE

One sec...

Jorge pulls Amanda away. Lewis nods, his focus back on the map and overseeing the loading of the boat.

Amanda and Jorge walk a bit.

To get out of ear shot from Lewis.

JORGE

You haven't shown him the video?

AMANDA

No... why?

JORGE

Do you think that's wise?

AMANDA

It's on a need to know basis. And frankly he doesn't need to know. Not right now.

JORGE

Come on Doctor Fields, look at Lewis and these guys... they'll shoot first and ask questions later... to get a trophy for their wall. Or bragging rights at the bar.

AMANDA

Let me handle Lewis and his men.

Amanda pulls away... walking back to Lewis.

Jorge follows. Reluctant.

JORGE

I hope you know what you're doing.

AMANDA

Relax.

Lewis looks up from the map as they return.

AMANDA

Why don't we try to drive the old road, it heads to the abandoned prison, and then ends at the cove on the far side of the island.

LEWIS

That would be a twenty mile hike on foot... road crews stopped maintaining it after the prison shut down in '94. It'll be nothing but an overgrown trail and we have too much equipment to carry.

Bubba shoulders an AR-15 ASSAULT RIFLE... aims it skyward. Racks the slide. Checking the weapon.

Then stores it back in a crate next to several more.

JORGE

So, lose some of your "equipment".

Bubba shoots Jorge some stink eye. Closing the crate.

AMANDA

Then I don't like it. If something goes wrong, it's not like we can walk the beaches to get home. There are cliffs on both sides of the island... our only way back would be by water or hiking through the jungle.

Captain Garro waves to an incoming SKIFF that's motoring up.

And evidently, overhearing some of the disagreement.

GARRO

My boat. She is good boat... very reliable... no need to worry.

The SOUND of the approaching Skiff now drawing everyone's attention to the water.

GARRO

But maybe, confer with your husband. He is arriving. Yes?

Winston emerges from the interior of the Skiff. Backpack slung over a shoulder and carrying Hero's cage.

He stands on the bow of the Skiff, as it pulls up to the pier.

AMANDA

Ex-husband.

Missy looks back down to her sketch book.

Bothered by her Mom's declaration.

Lewis notices, tries to lighten the mood. Calls out.

LEWIS
Professor Winston Fields! Thank you
for coming!

The Skiff settles up against the dock. As Garro and Bubba
toss ropes onto the vessel to secure it.

Winston hops out and onto the pier.

Walks over to Amanda. An uncomfortable moment. Where they
only exchange a nod.

And then Winston sees Missy, looking up from her sketch
book.

Her eyes on her Dad for the first time in who knows how
long.

Winston walks over to Missy, sets Hero's cage down.

WINSTON
Hey kiddo... how have you been...?

Missy closes her sketch book.

WINSTON
Can I get a hug!?

Missy shakes her head "no".

Amanda steps in.

AMANDA
Sister Rose was just going to walk
her back to the village.

Amanda exchanges a glance with Sister Rose.

AMANDA
Maybe later for a hug, huh?
(nods at Missy)
Missy has to get back to her
schoolwork.

A brutal stake through his heart. Winston tries to swallow
the lump that's forming in his throat.

But it cracks through a bit in his response.

WINSTON
Okay... Don't study too hard.

Sister Rose nods, stands up and takes Missy's hand... and they walk away.

Lewis steps back in, to distract.

LEWIS

It's so good to have you, Professor
Fields. We have a lot to discuss.
And much to do before we can leave
for the other side of the island.

Lewis motions for Winston to follow him up the ramp to the Santa Maria

Swallowing hard, Winston picks up Hero's cage. Turns and starts up the ramp.

Missy looks back over her shoulder.

Watching her Dad the whole time, over her shoulder, as she walks away with Sister Rose.

INT. THE SANTA MARIA - UPPER DECK - NIGHT

Captain Garro at the wheel, steers the Santa Maria, with everyone behind him at a table on the upper deck.

Winston. Amanda. Jorge. Colonel Lewis... and Bubba.

Hero sits in his cage on a counter, SQUAAKS. Watching the activities. The cover off the cage and with no blindfold.

Everyone goofing around a bit. Making small talk. Getting to know each other. The map of Ilha Grande open on the table.

Bubba gets up and heads to a mini-fridge.

Fetches a six pack of beer.

DOS EQUIS XX AMBER LAGER.

Starts handing them out. Everyone accepts.

But Winston waves Bubba off.

WINSTON

I'm good.

Bubba nods. Walks the single back to the fridge.

Amanda notices.

AMANDA
What... you quit?

Winston doesn't look up from the Ilha Grande map. Eyes on an area that Colonel Lewis is pointing to with a pen.

WINSTON
Yeah.

Amanda chuckles a bit.

AMANDA
(soft)
... again.

Amanda's eyes still on Winston.

Winston sensing her eyes, looks up. Catches Amanda looking.

He smiles a bit, with a charm not seen before.

Winston's gaze lingering on Amanda until her eyes pull away.

A beat.

Amanda takes a breath... not letting herself melt. But clearly still affected by Winston.

EXT. THE SANTA MARIA - LOWER REAR DECK - NIGHT

The Santa Maria cruises on a calm ocean... to the sounds of LAUGHTER and SHOP TALK drifting down from the upper deck.

On the lower deck, Winston stands at the rear railing, lost in thought.

His attention on the view of the water.

The moonlight sparkling off the boat's wake as it cuts through the ocean.

The Santa Maria, loaded full, has a 18 FOOT RUNABOUT BOAT secured on the back, sitting in the shadows.

A boom winch and loading skip hanging above it.

Winston leans over the railing... glances at the water below.

Even that small height too much for him, he stands back up.

Refocuses his attention on the moonlit horizon.

Only to... WHOOSH, have a DARK BLUR move by... behind him.

Winston turns around... waits... but not seeing anything, goes back to watching the boat's wake.

UPPER DECK

Exiting the upper deck, Amanda closes the cabin door... and descends a spiral staircase.

LOWER REAR DECK

Amanda comes up... to find Winston at the rear railing.

Winston, a bit startled, turns to Amanda.

WINSTON

Hey. Was that you snooping around?

AMANDA

What?

WINSTON

Ah... never mind. Just heard a noise.

AMANDA

Must have been the water.

WINSTON

Yeah.

AMANDA

Thanks for not mentioning the video to Colonel Lewis or the crew.

WINSTON

Well, until we know... what's the use of getting everybody excited. Right?

AMANDA

Yeah. I guess so. Right.

POV FROM THE RUNABOUT BOAT

Rising from the shadows of the Runabout, sitting on the lower rear deck of the Santa Maria.

The sight of BOTH Amanda and Winston together at the rear railing sneaks into view.

BACK ON THE LOWER REAR DECK

AMANDA

Yeah... so, Winston. I really do appreciate you coming down here and everything... and I know it's a long trip and it's final exam week... but I really don't want you to get the wrong idea about all this.

WINSTON

What are you talking about?

AMANDA

Come on.

Amanda crosses her arms, defensive.

AMANDA

You decide to "quit drinking" and then swoop in here to try and save the day in front of Missy and me, hoping you can make up for-

WINSTON

But I did quit drinking.

AMANDA

Winston, it was never just your drinking...

POV FROM THE RUNABOUT BOAT

Intently focused on BOTH Amanda and Winston.

Watching them like a hawk.

BACK ON THE LOWER REAR DECK

WINSTON

So this is still about me taking the teaching position at Mesalands?

AMANDA

Partly.

WINSTON

So-

AMANDA

So?

WINSTON

So what if it's not Harvard or Brown.

(MORE)

WINSTON (cont'd)
At least I know where I stand!
Which is more than I ever got with
you and Missy, and now you're for
sure not in a position to-

AMANDA
"Judge"...? Right? So you're gonna
lay that "you're too critical"
guilt trip on me right now.

Amanda can see that stung Winston. His bottom lip starting
to quiver.

Winston turns away from Amanda. Staring back at the water.

WINSTON
You ran off to Brazil. I'm not the
one who quit.

He can't even look at her. Pushing the rising emotion down.

AMANDA
There's another excuse, Winston. I
"quit you"... right?

POV FROM THE ROUNDABOUT BOAT

The subtle sound of BREATHING rising and falling from the
Roundabout.

Winston and Amanda in view at the railing.

Neither hearing the BREATHING over the sound of the water
and their conversation.

BACK ON THE LOWER REAR DECK

AMANDA
I didn't quit, Winston... I simply
quit trusting you.

Amanda glares at Winston.

Winston biting his lip. Still won't look at her.

AMANDA
No more broken dreams, Winston. I'm
sorry... I won't do that anymore.

Seeing that Winston has shut down... Amanda waits a beat for
him to respond.

When he doesn't... Amanda storms off, exasperated.

Winston stands alone.

Staring at the ocean.

POV FROM THE RUNABOUT BOAT

Winston now the only one in view. Alone at the railing.

And oddly, sensing something, he turns to look back over his shoulder.

As the POV from the Runabout lowers back into the shadows.

BACK ON THE LOWER REAR DECK

Winston stands. A bag of churning emotions. Did he hear something again.

He eyes the whole rear deck of the Santa Maria.

Now looking right at the Runabout in the shadows.

Finally satisfied, and not seeing anything, he turns back to the view of the boat's wake.

More lost than ever in his anguish.

INT. THE SANTA MARIA - UPPER DECK - NEXT DAY

At the helm, Captain Garro THROTTLES DOWN, a cove with a beach approaching on the far side of the island.

Garro flips on a SIMRAD 3D DEPTH FINDER.

The LCD screen awakes in an instant, drawing a topographic underwater bottom contour map in BLUE.

With a RED "current depth" readout flashing on screen.

Beeping a WARNING. Depth at 20 feet and dropping.

GARRO

Ai!

Garro throttles the engines all the way back. To an idle.

EVERYONE gathers around Garro at the wheel. All staring at the depth finder.

GARRO

That's it... can't get closer.

The Santa Maria coasts to a stop. Now rocking gently on the ocean chop.

The cove and the beach still a quarter of a mile away.

WINSTON

I thought you could motor right
onto the beach?

GARRO

Yes. Because beach, it is sand.

Garro points to JAGGED TABLETOP LINES on the finder.

GARRO

A coral reef between us and beach.
It will rip the hull of the Santa
Maria.

The Jagged Lines extend nearly all the way to the beach.

GARRO

I stay with boat and anchor here.
You use the Runabout.

Colonel Lewis turns and walks away, back to the map of Ilha Grande spread open on the table.

Bubba follows.

Lewis crosses his arms. Pissed.

Lewis and Bubba huddle around the map.

LEWIS

We have equipment we can't shuttle
with the Roundabout.

Winston and Amanda walk up.

Shoulder surfing Lewis and Bubba.

WINSTON

The map only shows average depth
not bottom content. We couldn't
know about the coral reef until we
came here and saw it on the depth
finder.

BUBBA

What about high tide?

LEWIS

It might give enough clearance.

Jorge looks at his watch. Still standing next to Captain Garro at the wheel.

JORGE
It is high tide.

Lewis tosses his hands up, not liking this one bit.

But Jorge delights in twisting the knife with a sarcastic toned response. Specifically eyeing Bubba.

JORGE
Guess you might have to leave some
of that "equipment" behind.

Lewis and Bubba glare back at Jorge.

LEWIS
We'll still bring the rifles.

BUBBA
Yeah... all of them.

Jorge turns back to Captain Garro.

Garro shrugs his shoulders. What does he want him to do?

EXT. OCEAN - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

SPLASH... the ANCHOR from the Santa Maria hits the water and disappears quick, pulling a rusty chain behind it.

The chain zipping by as the anchor heads for the bottom.

And YANK, the chain goes taunt.

The Santa Maria rocks for a beat against the chain and then relents. Staying put. The anchor set firm.

EXT. THE SANTA MARIA - LOWER REAR DECK - DAY

EVERYONE is on the lower rear deck except Captain Garro, who is still visible at the helm through an upper deck window.

Colonel Lewis and Bubba stand next to the boom winch.

Attached to the loading skip, now slung under the hull of the 18 foot Runabout.

The Runabout loaded with gear... dangles over the side.

As Lewis and Bubba crank the winch. Lowering the Runabout to the water below.

Winston stands watching, backpack slung over a shoulder with Hero's cage sitting on the deck in front of him.

His eyes locked with trepidation on the Runabout, as it disappears from sight.

EXT. OCEAN - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

The bottom of the Runabout touches the water... settling in, until it rocks back and forth a bit.

The loading skip holding it somewhat against the side of the Santa Maria.

Bubba peers over the railing, sees it's in the water.

Strips his shirt off, climbs over the Santa Maria's railing.

AND JUMPS.

Tucking his feet underneath. He nails a perfect canonball.

Surfaces quick, and strokes his way through the water to the swim deck on the back of the Runabout.

Bubba pulls himself in, and moves to a LADDER coming down the side of the Santa Maria.

Grabs the ladder to hold it steady and waves to the others above.

BUBBA
OKAY! All set!

All carrying backpacks, Amanda, Jorge, Winston and Colonel Lewis all line up along the railing of the Santa Maria.

Winston, ghostly white, dragging his feet.

EXT. THE SANTA MARIA - LOWER REAR DECK - DAY

Winston shuffles closer, and closer, to an opening in the railing on the Santa Maria. And the top of the ladder.

Amanda goes over the edge... then Jorge.

Jorge pausing at the top of the ladder.

Glances at Winston, who looks like he is ready to puke.

JORGE
It might be easier if you jump.

WINSTON
I think I'm gonna be sick.

JORGE
Let me take your backpack.

Winston hands it over. Jorge slides it on his free shoulder, backpacks on both shoulders, he heads over the edge.

Colonel Lewis moves closer to Winston.

LEWIS
Just take it easy, Professor. I'll
take the bird cage.

Winston nods. Sets Hero's cage down.

Braves a look over the edge, sees Jorge scramble to the bottom of the ladder, and into the Runabout.

The ladder ten feet too high for its ten foot length.

Winston turns away, knees going weak, starting to crumble to the deck.

Lewis reaches for Winston. Grabs him.

LEWIS
Look at me Professor Fields.

Winston nods, looks at him, regaining his composure a bit.

LEWIS
We won't look at the boat below.

Lewis puts both hands on Winston's shoulders, inching him backwards toward the opening in the railing.

LEWIS
Look at me, and back your way onto
the top of the ladder.

Winston nods.

LEWIS
You'll keep looking up... and we'll
take it one foot at a time.

Winston gets to the opening in the railing. Puts both hands on its sides.

LEWIS

Okay. Take a step backward and find
the top step on the ladder.

Winston slides his foot off the deck of the Santa Maria and
steps backward.

Keeping one foot on the deck, and both hands on the side
railings of the opening.

His first foot makes it onto the top rung of the ladder.

LEWIS

Now keep going. Looking up. At me.

Winston nods, and slides both hands down the side railings.

Takes another step down the ladder.

Now both his feet on the ladder.

LEWIS

You're doing great. Take it one
step at a time.

Winston takes another step down the ladder.

And takes another couple steps down the ladder. Sliding his
hands lower as he moves along.

The critical moment approaching when he has to let go of the
railing sidebars on the Santa Maria and slide his hands onto
the ladder below.

Winston locks up. His hands turning white.

Amanda staring up at Winston from the Runabout moves to the
bottom of the ladder.

AMANDA

Come on, Winston.

Winston turns a bit, but doesn't look down, slides his hands
off the railing and onto the ladder below.

AMANDA

Keep going.

Winston looking up. Eyes still locked on Lewis. Keeps
moving.

One rung at a time.

His BREATHING rapid and shallow, but he keeps moving.

Until he makes it to the bottom of the ladder.

And steps into the Runabout.

To claps and high fives from Jorge and Bubba.

LEWIS (O.S.)
Well done, Professor Fields! Bravo!

Winston looks back up at Lewis, nods 'thank you'.

Then glances over at Amanda. Hoping for some acknowledgment.

But Amanda is busy trying to secure her backpack next to some cargo.

She reaches for a small door to a bow compartment in the Runabout... but no joy. It won't open.

BUBBA
Yeah, the lock sticks. Or one of us
accidentally locked it and shut it.
It can lock from the inside.

Bubba moves over to Amanda. Grabs her backpack and finds a spot next to the outboard engine.

Where Bubba secures it with some bungee cord.

Winston still looking at Amanda, hoping for at least a nod at his accomplishment of making it down the ladder.

... Nope.

EXT. BEACH COVE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - SUNSET

Rocky cliffs on either side, the cove ends in a section of sandy beach before it disappears into the dense jungle.

Lewis and Bubba drag the last of the gear from the beached Runabout up the sand... to a makeshift base camp.

Tents already up. With a campfire roaring.

Jorge and Amanda look over the map of Ilha Grande, spread open on a card table. Planning tomorrow's trek inland.

While Winston sits in the sand, staring at the Santa Maria anchored offshore.

Winston with his back to the others, looks down at a hand.

The faded BLUE TERATORN... plastic toy figurine resting in his palm. He gazes at it for a beat.

Before sliding it into a pants pocket. Then stares back to the Santa Maria and the ocean.

Jorge notices Winston off by himself.

Glancing at Amanda... Jorge gets her attention with his eyes, tossing his gaze over to Winston.

Amanda gets it. Nods. Steps away.

Walks over.

Sits down beside Winston on the sand.

AMANDA

Hey. How's it going?

WINSTON

Hi, ah... I'm just watching the changing light.

They sit... the warm glow of the setting sun reflecting off the Santa Maria anchored offshore.

And they're not the only one enjoying the view.

Captain Garro can be seen on the upper deck, dangling his feet over the edge. Enjoying a beer, watching the sunset.

AMANDA

Good job with the ladder.

WINSTON

Thanks.

AMANDA

Don't take that comment the-

WINSTON

The wrong way or anything... I know.

Amanda smiles a bit.

AMANDA

Thanks.

The VOICES of Lewis and Bubba... now talking over the map with Jorge... grab her attention and she gets back up.

Patting Winston on the shoulder.

AMANDA
Maybe next time you'll jump.

Amanda walks to the group.

Winston looks over his shoulder. Watches her walk away.

WINSTON
(mutters)
Don't get your hopes up.

And returns to staring at the ocean.

EXT. BEACH COVE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - NIGHT

Except for the gentle LAPPING of waves on the shore, the base camp remains quiet.

The dying campfire casting a soft dancing light down the sand toward the beached Runabout.

POV FROM THE RUNABOUT BOAT

Rising from the shadows the base camp comes into view. Tents zippered up.

With nobody in sight.

All seemingly asleep.

The only visible sign of human habitation... a sleeping bag on the beach, next to the campfire.

The flickering light from the fire beckoning for a beat.

And the POV answering, rises out of the Runabout and-

BACK ON THE BEACH

The POV moves up the beach quiet and slow... the campfire getting closer and closer.

Finally, the sleeping bag, occupied, comes into view.

The POV now standing over-

Winston. Fast asleep. Half in and half out of the bag.

The campfire warm and complimentary on Winston's chiseled facial features and growing facial stubble.

Almost a beat of admiration until-

WHISTLING from offshore, carrying in the air, stirs Winston.

The POV quick now, moves up the beach, past the tents and into the edge of the Jungle.

EXT. THE SANTA MARIA - LOWER FRONT DECK - NIGHT

Carrying an empty six-pack of Corona with him, Captain Garro WHISTLES a cheerful and happy tune on the upper deck.

A bit tipsy, fumbling with a bank of switches, he manages to turn off all the lights on the helm.

The stars and a partial moon visible in the night sky.

And with dim courtesy lights on the spiral staircase guiding his way, descends to the lower deck.

Moving to the bow of the boat.

More courtesy lights providing enough light on the deck for Captain Garro to make his way to a trash bin.

He opens it, tossing in the empties.

Then stumbles over to the anchor station.

Grabs the anchor chain. With both hands. Tries to wiggle it. But it's not moving. The chain still taunt. The anchor set.

Satisfied, he turns to head below deck to turn in for the night when a DARK SWOOSH-

Cruises by and LANDS on the deck with a THUD.

Garro turns around, to see a set of GLOWING EYES blink open. Twelve feet above the deck on top of a TOWERING FORM.

GARRO
Mother of-

The form now expanding... spreading what look to be MASSIVE WINGS. Blocking out the view of the stars and moon until-

KREEE-AR. KREEE-AR.

A shadowy limb shoots forward and grabs Garro by the shoulder, pushing him back onto the anchor station.

Fierce TALONS ripping through his left shoulder, chest and throat. Not even letting him scream out.

Instantly, Garro swings his free arm around the anchor chain and pulls with all his might to try and free himself.

Kicking at the Beast for dear life.

And pulling.

Until-

SMACK.

One of the Beast's WINGS swings around, knocking the emergency release to the anchor chain.

Nothing at first, but then the Santa Maria starts pulling away from the anchor. More chain spooling out.

Dragging CAPTAIN GARRO and the SHADOWY BEAST to the railing.

The sixty foot Catamaran now at the mercy of the mighty tides and ocean currents.

Garro fights with all his might. Giving no quarter.

Kicking with his feet as the chain pulls him and the Beast gradually over the side.

The Shadowy Beast not letting go, and Garro not letting go.

Until-

SPLASH... Captain Garro hits the water. And with a BLAST OF WIND from its wings, Garro is set free.

EXT. OCEAN - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The chain now dragging Captain Garro underwater.

A view of the Santa Maria's hull starting to drift away.

Bubbles coming from his mouth. Garro fighting with the chain wrapped around him and his arm.

Struggling to get free.

Finally, bleeding out and out of air... his body goes limp.

And as his struggling stops, the chain slides off him.

Captain Garro now floating in the darkness.

EXT. BEACH COVE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Bubba stands guard on the beach... AR-15 ASSAULT RIFLE in his arms. Safety OFF, showing RED.

Finger right outside the trigger guard.

Offshore, the Santa Maria is nowhere in sight.

While at the water's edge... Winston, Amanda, Jorge and Colonel Lewis all huddle around SOMETHING in the sand.

THE BODY OF CAPTAIN GARRO.

Washed ashore. Dead.

LEWIS

Something must have happened on the boat... a fire maybe... he swam to shore... got mauled on the beach.

Lewis glances up and down the beach. Trying to piece it together.

BUBBA

No tracks. No blood in the sand.

Captain Garro totally mauled. SHOULDER... CHEST... THROAT... all torn apart.

LEWIS

Claws did that. It wasn't a shark.

Amanda and Winston exchange a knowing look.

Lewis notices.

LEWIS

Okay... what haven't you told us?

Amanda stares at Winston for the go ahead... Winston nods.

AMANDA

We think it might be a Teratorn.

LEWIS

What?

AMANDA

It's a giant raptor.

LEWIS

Like a flying Pterodactyl?

WINSTON

No, those died out a hundred million years ago. A Teratorn is warm blooded.

Lewis crosses his arms. Okay. Spill it.

WINSTON

Hero, my eagle, he's about two feet tall, and has a wingspan of maybe seven feet... a Teratorn looks like our eagles, hawks, falcons, but it's much bigger.

That chilling thought sinking in for beat.

LEWIS

... How much bigger?

AMANDA

When they were around, they stood twelve feet tall, and had a wingspan of over thirty feet.

WINSTON

But the fossil record is incomplete, as near as we can tell they should have died out a couple hundred thousand years ago...

LEWIS

So, how is it possible we're running into them now?

AMANDA

Do you ever see eagles, falcons or hawks flying together in flocks?

LEWIS

No.

WINSTON

They don't. Because when they are away from their home turf, they hunt as solitary hunters. And the evidence we have from the fossil record suggests the Teratorn would do the same, but at night.

AMANDA

Think about it. A lone raptor. Hunting at night. Nesting in the remote jungles and mountains away from any civilization.

WINSTON

Who's gonna see it...? And even if somebody stumbles upon a missed kill like the Captain... people will chalk it up to another predator like a bear or mountain lion or something else.

AMANDA

The world's still a big place. There are spots on earth no human has set foot on... and with our constant burning down of the rain forests and reckless expansion, it's a miracle we don't have more encounters with predators. Known. And unknown.

Lewis uncrosses his arms. Listening. Wanting more.

AMANDA

Look at the verified case of a giant raptor, possibly a smaller North American Teratorn, snatching a boy from a farm in Lawndale, Illinois... back in 1977.

WINSTON

It's not like we haven't heard about this in modern times. The Native Americans have their stories.

Jorge nods.

JORGE

El trovão pássaro. The bird of thunder.

AMANDA

... the Thunderbird.

LEWIS

Great. So we have a JAWS of the skies on our hands... and it only hunts at night... so good luck seeing it before it kills you... much less try and track it down so you can kill it.

Amanda and Winston exchange an admiring look... impressed that they covered that exchange so well together.

WINSTON
Yeah, that's about right.

Jorge and Bubba take a long beat, the situation at hand sinking in hard.

BUBBA
I bet you're glad we didn't lose
some of our "equipment"...

Bubba flashes the AR-15 to Jorge.

Jorge shakes his head... swallows hard. Staring down at Captain Garro. His lifeless body in the sand.

EXT. BEACH COVE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - LATER

Winston and Amanda walk up the sand to the make shift base camp... tents and gear gathered at the jungle's edge.

In the background, at the water, Lewis and the others lift Captain Garro's body onto a jerry rigged stretcher.

Winston eyes Amanda as they walk up the beach.

WINSTON
We were actually pretty good back
there together... weren't we?

Amanda shoots Winston that glare he's already seen twice since he arrived.

WINSTON
I know... don't worry... I won't
take it the wrong way or anything.

Amanda smirks a bit at the playful jab.

WINSTON
Still, you have to admit, it was
nice feeling like a team again.

This stops Amanda in her tracks. Winston stops too... what did he say wrong now?

AMANDA
Is that what we were to you,
Winston? A team? Me and Missy.
Teammates.

WINSTON
Well, kinda.

AMANDA

A team?

WINSTON

That's not exactly what I meant.

AMANDA

Well what did you mean?

WINSTON

A team. You know.

AMANDA

We were a family.

Winston stands frozen. Dumbfounded. His mind racing for a response... but he can't think of one, so he simply stands there. Waiting to get hit again.

WINSTON

What? I'm trying understand-

AMANDA

That's all you do is try!

Winston turns away, now he's getting upset.

WINSTON

Maybe it was a mistake that I came here... it seems like nothing I do is right for you or anybody else!

AMANDA

Yeah. That's because you won't let it be right, Winston!

A RUSTLING stops their conversation cold. SOMETHING is moving towards them. Coming out of the jungle.

Without giving it a second thought, Winston gets in front of Amanda and squares himself to whatever is coming. Ready.

Amanda's eyes going wide at Winston's gesture of protection at what might be coming out of the jungle.

The RUSTLING getting louder... but now being accompanied by what sounds like a LITTLE GIRL CRYING.

MISSY (O.S.)

Will you BOTH just stop fighting!

And, MISSY... dirty and trembling emerges out of the jungle and onto the sand.

With a DORA THE EXPLORER BACKPACK over her shoulder, and her sketch book held tight. Fighting back tears.

AMANDA
MISSY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!?

WINSTON
MISSY?

Amanda pushes Winston out of the way and runs to Missy.

MISSY
I'm sorry. Before you left... I
slipped away from Sister Rose and
snuck onto the big boat.

AMANDA
But how did you get here!?

She points to the Runabout beached on the shore.

MISSY
I hid up in the storage compartment
under the bow on the little boat.

Colonel Lewis, Jorge and Bubba set Captain Garro down on the sand and run up the beach.

Missy sees them set Garro down. And overwhelmed starts to CRY again.

Amanda pulls Missy into a hug, trying to calm her.

Winston glances at the others... all of them exchanging serious looks... a kid now in this dangerous situation.

EXT. BEACH COVE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - NIGHT

The flickering light from a ROARING CAMPFIRE dances on the tents and gear. Everyone gathered around the fire.

If the situation wasn't life or death... it'd be relaxing.

Remote beach, tropical island, what's not to like.

But the RACKING of an AR-15 SLIDE pushes that thought away.

Colonel Lewis stands next to Winston, points to the AR-15 ASSAULT RIFLE in Winston's hands.

LEWIS

And ALWAYS keep your finger outside the trigger guard... until you don't want it outside the guard. If you know what I mean.

Winston nods.

WINSTON

My younger brother Ricky and I grew up on a farm, we were around guns a bit... I've never handled anything like this but my Dad gave me a Ruger twenty two for my fifteenth birthday.

Amanda looks up, her loving arms draped around Missy. Both of them sitting by the campfire.

Missy with her sketch book open.

AMANDA

You never told us you grew up around guns.

Winston hefts the AR-15 a bit. Comfortable in his hands.

LEWIS

Right, well it's gonna kick quite a bit more than your Ruger did... so get ready for that.

Lewis points to a lever on the side of the AR-15.

Marked SAFE. FIRE. AUTO.

LEWIS

Safe is SAFE. Fire is semi-auto only. As fast as you can pull the trigger.

Colonel Lewis waits a beat. Letting it sink in. Before pointing to the AUTO setting.

LEWIS

Auto is FULL AUTO... hold the trigger down and it'll fire until empty.

Winston smiles a bit. Nodding.

LEWIS
Mags hold thirty rounds... use
short bursts for close quarter
work.

Lewis motions with his finger for added effect.

Squeeze... Release. Squeeze... Release. Squeeze... Release.

LEWIS
Make 'em count and make 'em last.

Bubba walks up. Fully dressed in camouflage. Tactical vest
and pants.

LEWIS
In the vest... four pouches for
mags...
(pats Bubba's vest)
In the pants... two more.
(pats Bubba's pants)
That's six mags carry. One in the
gun. Seven total.

BUBBA
And we have extra vests and pants.
(looks at Amanda and
Jorge)
They'll be a bit baggy on you two,
but the Professor should be okay.

LEWIS
Okay. We'll have someone on watch
the whole night.

Jorge shakes his head, not at all enjoying the testosterone
on display.

LEWIS
And if you're on watch, you need to
keep the fire going.

JORGE
Right... well, you guys can go and
knock yourself out playing Rambo.
I'm gonna get some sleep.

All eyes turn to Jorge, as he stands up.

JORGE
No predator I know of, alive or
dead, will bother us as long as
that fire is going.
(MORE)

JORGE (cont'd)
Professor Field's should know all
about that... probably why he slept
closest to the fire last night.

Winston slumps a bit at Jorge's comment. Sapping some of
that testosterone out of Winston's sails.

Jorge walks around a tent... starts to unzip the flap.

JORGE
And... I don't think we should be
thinking about killing it. It might
be the only one of its kind.

Bubba turns around, to square off with Jorge.

BUBBA
Really? I'm wondering what Captain
Garro thinks of that assessment.

Walks away from the fire a bit.

BUBBA
Why don't we ask him?

Walking to where Garro is laid on the sand. A sheet covering
him. Then marches back to Jorge by the tent.

BUBBA
Oh, wait! He's dead!

This scares Missy a bit and she draws closer to Amanda.

Lewis notices, steps back in.

LEWIS
Can it, Bubba... that's enough.

Bubba shrugs. Tosses a look at Lewis. Whatever.

LEWIS
(to Jorge)
We have enough people for watch, if
you don't want to pull you're
weight. That's fine.

Jorge shoots Lewis a stare, and defiant, unzips the tent.

Gets in and zips it back up.

LEWIS
I'll take the first watch, then
Bubba... Professor are you okay
with the last watch?

Winston nods.

WINSTON
Yeah. Absolutely.

LEWIS
Alright. Let's all get to it and
get some rest. We'll sort this out
in the morning.

Amanda and Missy get up... start to move to a tent... when
Missy pulls away from Amanda.

Takes a few steps toward Winston.

Winston freezes, a bit in shock.

MISSY
Good night, Dad.

Winston stares at Missy. Amanda watching.

The first time Missy has addressed Winston as "Dad" in quite
some time.

WINSTON
... Ah, yeah. Good night, honey.
Thanks.

And Missy turns away... runs back to Amanda, as they head
toward a tent.

Winston turns away, pained, now looking at the fire. Trying
hard not to let the rising emotion get to him.

EXT. BEACH COVE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - NIGHT

The campfire still burning. But not as bright as before.
Bubba sits in a fold out beach chair, next to the fire.

AR-15 across his lap. He kicks at a log creeping out of the
fire.

Bright embers breaking loose, flying up into the air and
into the night.

A toothpick wiggling back and forth in his mouth... Bubba
turns his head around and gives the base camp a look.

All quiet, he turns back to watching the fire.

INT. TENT - BEACH COVE - NIGHT

Alone, with a battery powered lantern turned down low, Jorge looks over a handwritten note on a piece of notebook paper.

Takes the paper, safety pins it to his sleeping bag.

Then heads to a stash of gear in the corner of the tent. To a metal equipment case labeled... STARLIGHT.

Quiet, he UNLOCKS its latches with a pocket knife, opening the case to reveal four NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

Pulls one of them out. Closes the case. Fastens it shut.

Moves to the entrance flap on the tent and starts inching the zipper open. Slow and quiet.

EXT. BEACH COVE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - NIGHT

Sliding out of the tent, Jorge peeks around the tent's side.

Sees Bubba by the CRACKLING fire.

Jorge dons the night vision goggles. And slips into the jungle.

Creeping around the jungle's edge, he starts circling the perimeter of the cove heading toward the water.

EXT. BEACH COVE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - NIGHT

Bubba still by the fire... the Runabout barely visible in the background, over his shoulder, way down the beach.

It's tail end buoyant in gentle surf but with a rope running up the beach to a heavy anchor.

Jorge now coming into view, near the bow, cuts a rope.

Then starts pushing with all his might.

The Runabout inching backwards and into the water.

Jorge keeps pushing it further out. Then moving around the side, jumps back in.

And grabbing an oar from inside, starts using it to paddle the Runabout over the gentle waves.

Paddling on one side, and then the other.

EXT. OCEAN - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - NIGHT

The cove now far behind him... Jorge stops paddling. Looks back to see if he can still see the cove.

It's nowhere in site, already around the side of the island.

The stars in the sky providing just enough light to see the water and the outline of the island.

Jorge drops the paddle. Spent and exhausted.

Moves to the outboard engine in the back.

POV THROUGH NIGHT VISION GOOGLES

A greenish view. But bright as morning. Jorge looks at the outboard trying to figure out how to start the thing.

He finds a gas peacock, with a rubber hose running to a metal gas can next to the engine.

Jorge turns the peacock to 'ON'.

Then moves up to the steering wheel and ignition.

Jorge hits the STARTER button. The outboard TURNING OVER and TURNING OVER... but not firing.

JORGE

What am I forgetting?

He moves back to the outboard, checks the peacock, it really is 'ON'.

Jorge reaches for the fuel line... follows it with his hand as it snakes its way to the tank.

Then Jorge finds it... a SQUEEZE BULB where the line meets the tank... with the sticker... PUMP TO PRESSURIZE.

Jorge grabs the rubber bulb in his hand... starts pumping.

Pumping. Pumping. Pumping-

THUD.

The boat sways. Like its weight suddenly shifted. Or something landed on the Runabout.

Jorge turns around. But he can't see the front of the boat.

His view totally obscured by a DARK MOVING SOMETHING.

Jorge looking up. Sees TWO GLOWING EYES whip around.

Right above a QUIVERING BEAK THE SIZE OF A HORSE'S HEAD.

And Jorge's world goes dark with his BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM.

The NIGHT VISION GOGGLES ripped off his head... and falling onto the bottom of the boat.

The greenish POV spinning 360 degrees until it stops on-

Jorge's boots and trembling legs. As they get snatched upward with a KREEE-AR. KREEE-AR.

Nothing now... but the boat's floorboards... and silence.

The Runabout adrift at sea.

EXT. BEACH COVE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Colonel Lewis stands next to Winston... both looking over the map of Ilha Grande Island.

Lewis has a fresh cigar in his mouth. Hits it with his mini blow torch lighter. Puffs, puffs, gets it going.

Then pockets the lighter in a vest pocket.

Missy sitting by Hero's cage watches Lewis carefully.

LEWIS

We should be able to pick up the
old road, or what's left of it,
somewhere along the jungle's edge
where it meets this cove.

Winston holding a walkie-talkie, presses the talk button.

WINSTON

Mayday... Mayday... Anyone out
there?

Waits a beat. Gets nothing but STATIC.

Amanda shakes Jorge's note in her hand, confident.

AMANDA

We can't leave until he gets back.
He said he's gone for help.

Bubba working off to the side, stuffs as much gear as he can into a group of hiking backpacks.

BUBBA
Only person he helped was that
Teratorn of yours.

Winston turns around.

BUBBA
By becoming its next meal.

WINSTON
We don't know that.

BUBBA
Right, well, I heard him screaming
last night... along with something
inhuman I've never heard before.

Lewis doesn't look up, still focused on the map. Bubba keeps
jamming more gear into the backpacks.

BUBBA
All I know is we're sitting ducks
if we stay. That thing has already
attacked twice in this area.

LEWIS
Jorge should have stayed with the
group. There's safety in numbers.
Survival 101. Don't get separated.

This statement catches Missy's attention. Still sitting by
Hero's cage, she looks up.

MISSY
That's what Sister Rose always
tells me when we go for a walk
through the market... "hold my
hand, so we don't get separated".

Lewis smiles. Looks up from the map at Missy.

LEWIS
It sounds like Sister Rose is a
smart travel companion.

Missy nods, turns back to Hero in his cage. Hero's blindfold
off. Awake and alert. Watching everyone.

Missy feeds him a strip of beef jerky through the bars, he
gulps it down. With a SQUUAAAAAK. Eagle talk for thanks.

AMANDA
Well, I'm not going into the jungle
with Missy.

Everyone stares at Amanda. Not knowing what to say.

AMANDA

Show me how to use a gun and leave
some food and a walkie-talkie,
Missy and I will stay until you get
back or send help.

Amanda glares at her smartphone. Showing no bars.

AMANDA

(nervous joking)

Where's that Verizon guy when you
need him?

WINSTON

It's alright. It'll be alright.

Amanda shakes her head. What! Are you crazy?

WINSTON

The jungle will give us cover.
Bubba is right, we're sitting ducks
if we stay on the beach.

Amanda isn't buying it. At least not from Winston. Lewis
moves away from the map. Walks over.

LEWIS

Doctor Fields, the safest choice is
for us all to stay together... We
only have three walkie-talkies, if
we left one with you, that'd leave
us blind, in case Bubba and I need
to do some recon.

Bubba nods. Gives a hearty thumbs up.

BUBBA

And those talkies only have a mile
range at best. They're not for long
rang communication.

MISSY

Don't worry, Mom. We have Hero with
us. He can protect us too.

This gets Amanda to smile for a beat. Thinking about it.

WINSTON

We'll be fine... trust me.

AMANDA

Trust me?

Those last words hang in the air. Amanda glares at Winston.

AMANDA

Okay, we'll try staying together.

Giving in... but not liking it.

AMANDA

But please don't use those words.

Winston shakes his head. Can't he catch a break!? He's giving this situation his all. Can't she see that.

EXT. THE OLD JUNGLE ROAD - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

No longer a road. Jungle vegetation invading from all sides. Buckling and covering what little asphalt is left.

Every few feet a pothole... vines... roots... and branches.

Lewis leads the procession, followed by Amanda and Missy, with Winston and Bubba bringing up the rear.

Everyone carrying a backpack. Missy - her Dora The Explorer.

Colonel Lewis and Bubba with AR-15's slung around front.

Winston has his hands full maneuvering Hero's cage.

But almost with a spring in their step, everyone takes the old jungle road in stride.

Happy to have overhead cover and not be out in the open.

AMANDA

Colonel Lewis... I apologize for doubting you about this road.

LEWIS

It's better than I expected.

Winston pauses, lifting Hero's cage over large tree roots.

WINSTON

Was that an apology I heard, or am I hearing things?

Amanda stops. Turns around with a bit of a smile.

AMANDA

Maybe you're not the only one trying to change.

Winston laughs a bit.

WINSTON

Come on. You're not fooling anyone.

AMANDA

Well... I'll make sure I don't take anything the wrong way then.

Bubba shakes his head.

BUBBA

(chuckling)

... you two get a room already.

Missy smiles, HUMMING... as she scrambles along... not fully understanding what Bubba said. But thinking it's a good sign.

Lewis slows. As he comes to the top of a hill.

Everyone coming up right behind him. And stopping to see-

The broken trail disappearing into what looks to be younger vegetation on the jungle floor... dropping into a valley.

LEWIS

Looks like the road washed out.

Old growth trees still holding up the jungle canopy, but with evidence water and mud came through. Covering things.

AMANDA

Probably happened during the mudslides a few years back... at least it was jungle and not a village.

Winston sets Hero's cage down next to a tree stump. At the top of the hill. Before things slope down to the valley.

LEWIS

Bubba and I will circle in left and right. See if we can pick up the trail head on the other side of this gulley.

Lewis hands Amanda a walkie-talkie. As Lewis and Bubba head out. Awkward, pushing through the brush.

But Bubba turns back around... gives his AR-15 to Winston.

Lewis notices. Shoots him a questioning look.

BUBBA
 It'll just slow me down... this
 stuff is too thick for anything to
 swoop in on us anyway.

Lewis shakes his head.

As they both start pushing their way through the bush.

EXT. JUNGLE HILL - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Winston stands next to Hero's cage. The tactical vest and pants fitting Winston rather well. Bubba was right.

AR-15 cradled in his arms. Sweaty, dirty, and with healthy facial stumble going on... Winston looks rather bad ass.

Amanda and Missy lounge on a tree stump taking a breather.

Missy with her sketch book open. Drawing.

AMANDA
 We never got to talking about why
 you brought him along...

Amanda points to Hero.

Hero SQUAAKS, he knows when someone is talking about him.

Winston moves over to his backpack on the ground, rummages through it for a beat.

Pulls out a GO PRO camera. And a velcro strap, evidently to mount the GO PRO on Hero.

WINSTON
 Aerial recon. For an eagle, he's
 smarter than most... I've been able
 to train him to respond to my voice
 and whistle. I usually send him up
 before my Paleontology digs...
 he'll fly around and take some
 video and then he'll bring it back
 and I'll review it and look for dig
 spots that look promising from a
 geological standpoint.

Amanda nods. Cool. But the moment of admiration cuts short-

CRACKLE. CRACKLE.

As the walkie-talkie in Amanda's hands comes to life.

EXT. JUNGLE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Bubba sits on the jungle floor. His back against a gnarled root system at the base of a large tree. Sweating.

Walkie-talkie held tight in his left hand.

The talk button jammed down.

And with a strained whisper-

BUBBA
I found the road...

EXT. JUNGLE HILL - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Amanda, Winston and Missy look at the radio.

BUBBA (V.O.)
(filtered)
It's a couple hundred feet from
me... below a strange clearing.

Amanda and Missy smile.

EXT. JUNGLE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Bubba pulls the radio in close. Turns the volume down.

BUBBA
... and IT'S here... I see it.

LEWIS (V.O.)
(soft and filtered)
... the road?

Turning around, Bubba peers back over the roots.

BUBBA
... no, the Teratorn.

Sure enough. BLACK AND IMPOSING. FIERCE LOOKING. But its view partially obscured by jungle vegetation.

BUBBA
... it's about 50 yards behind me,
just standing there. At the edge of
some type of clearing.

Beads of sweat now pouring down Bubba's face.

BUBBA
I'm on the other side of the valley
at the top of the hill.

Bubba still staring. THE TERATORN just standing there.

Visible through the jungle brush. Towering over twelve feet tall. Wings pulled against its side.

Face lowered. Beak the size of a horse's head.

BUBBA
It's waiting for me to move.

LEWIS (V.O.)
(soft and filtered)
... damn it. Sit tight. I'm coming!

Bubba nods. Takes a few deep breaths. Tries to calm and center himself.

Crouches back down, leaning his back against the roots.

And letting his right hand slide down his leg, unfastens a HUNTING KNIFE strapped to his calf.

Pulls it out slow as molasses... his fingers going white. Clenched around the handle.

Bubba brings the knife up. Biceps flexed. Ready.

EXT. JUNGLE VALLEY - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Lewis picks up the pace, running through the jungle. In as much as that is a possibility.

Jumping over roots, ducking under vines, crashing through jungle vegetation.

EXT. JUNGLE HILL - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Amanda, Winston and Missy huddle over the walkie-talkie.

Waiting. It CRACKLES.

Amanda wraps her arms around Missy. Pulls her in close.

EXT. JUNGLE INCLINE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Lewis scrambles higher and higher, moving up the incline on the other side of the valley.

Coming to the edge of the clearing. He drops right to the ground. And sees it too.

On the other side of the clearing. Partially hidden in the jungle, but visible.

THE TERATORN. STANDING. WAITING.

Lewis jams the talk button on the walkie-talkie.

LEWIS
I'm here. I see it.

BUBBA (V.O.)
(soft and filtered)
What are you waiting for? Take it out!

Lewis slides his finger INSIDE the trigger guard.

EXT. JUNGLE HILL - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Winston and Amanda look at each other. Waiting.

LEWIS (V.O.)
(filtered)
Are you BOTH okay if-

Winston grabs the radio from Amanda's hands. Hits talk.

WINSTON
Kill it, Colonel!

Amanda and Missy awed at Winston's take charge attitude.

EXT. JUNGLE INCLINE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Colonel Lewis nervously scans the edges of the clearing. Jams the talk button.

LEWIS
Where are you Bubba!? Are you clear?

Lewis lifts his head up a bit trying to see Bubba.

EXT. JUNGLE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Bubba breaks a stick off a branch. Slides an empty chewing gum wrapper on the end.

Hits talk.

BUBBA
I'm six o'clock from the target.

Bubba raises the branch, wiggles it, hoping Lewis sees it and will know Bubba is clear of the line of fire.

EXT. JUNGLE INCLINE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Lewis sees the wiggling branch. Wrapper on top.

Hits talk.

LEWIS
ROGER THAT! ENGAGING!

And JAMS his finger on the trigger.

BRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRT.

Unleashing hell fire and all of it on target.

And he's gonna keep his finger in it until the whole 30 round mag is empty.

EXT. JUNGLE HILL - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

The MACHINE GUN FIRE coming over the radio through the STATIC and CRACKLING. The gun fire ending and-

LEWIS (V.O.)
(filtered)
... It's still standing!

BUBBA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Hit it again!

LEWIS (V.O.)
(filtered)
... Reloading!

Winston and Amanda and Missy all stare at the radio. What! Kill the damn thing!

EXT. JUNGLE INCLINE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Lewis ejects the spent mag. Rips a fresh one out a vest pocket. Rockets it right into the receiver.

Slides the ACTION back.

Whips the AR-15 back around. Bringing the still standing Teratorn into his sights and-

LEWIS
ENGAGING!

The gorgeous muzzle-flash of the AR-15 on full auto ripping out the end of the barrel. Nothing quite like it.

BRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRT.

Another FULL MAG on its way. Every round right on target.

EXT. JUNGLE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Bubba all eyes. Peering over the roots of the tree. Watching the hail of gunfire from Lewis all finding their target.

The last rounds finally doing the trick. The Teratorn falls.

BUBBA
... BOOYAAH! THAT'S A KILL!

Falling onto its back to the jungle floor... in a cloud of dust and smoke.

EXT. JUNGLE TREETOPS - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

The clearing below. Smoke and dust settling... Bubba and Lewis enter the strange looking area... covered in moss.

Lewis ejects the spent mag from the AR-15.

Stashes the empty in his tactical vest. Loads another mag into the AR-15 receiver... just in case.

Bubba lifts the walkie-talkie. Hits talk.

BUBBA
It took two full mags but the
Colonel dropped it. We're checking
it out.

WINSTON (V.O.)
(soft filtered)
Copy that.

Both of them walk across the clearing to check on the downed Teratorn.

EXT. JUNGLE HILL - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Amanda and Winston nod. Winston stands up. Smiling.

MISSY
Did they kill it, Dad?

WINSTON
I think so, kiddo.

MISSY
Then we can all go home?

AMANDA
Soon honey.

Amanda looks up at Winston. Eyes a bit misty and lingering on Winston.

AMANDA
We just need to-

CRACKLE. The radio coming back to life.

BUBBA (V.O.)
(filtered)
... ah... negative... no joy.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Colonel Lewis and Bubba stand in front of the fallen Teratorn.

Scratching their heads.

LOOKING AT A BLASTED TO SMITHEREENS STATUE.

Massive and true to form. Carved out of black stone.

EXT. JUNGLE HILL - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Winston and Amanda both stare at the walkie-talkie.

BUBBA (V.O.)
(filtered)
It's a damn statue.

Missy retreats back into Amanda's arms.

Hero SQUAAKS in his cage.

Spread his wings a bit. SQUAAKS some more.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Bubba slides his knife back into the holder on his calf.

Colonel Lewis setting his AR-15 down against a tree on the edge of the clearing.

WINSTON (V.O.)
(soft and filtered)
Come again?

They BOTH kneel to examine the massive stone sculpture.

In awe and shock at the detailed craftsmanship.

LEWIS
Who would build this? And why?

Blasted and pushed off what appears to be a headstone base.

Lewis brushes away moss and dust. Revealing some type of writing etched in the rock.

EXT. JUNGLE HILL - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Winston and Amanda huddle around the walkie-talkie.

LEWIS (V.O.)
(filtered)
It's a statue made out of stone...
it was on a headstone of some sort.

WINSTON
Ask him to describe the headstone.

Winston eyes Amanda.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Lewis and Bubba pull more dirt and vegetation away from the headstone.

AMANDA (V.O.)
(soft and filtered)
Winston wants you to describe what
you're seeing.

Lewis hits talk.

LEWIS
The stone has some type of writing
on it.
(MORE)

LEWIS (cont'd)
It has several inscribed phrases.
It's no language I've ever seen.

A long beat.

AMANDA (V.O.)
(soft and filtered)
... okay... can you describe the
clearing?

Bubba hits talk.

BUBBA
Copy that. Taking a look.

Bubba and Lewis walk away from the fallen Teratorn... back into the clearing.

The clearing is odd.

With very short grass on top of what looks to be mostly moss... but with no visually apparent reason for why more plants wouldn't be growing.

Lewis kneels down... tries to dig into the clearing, but after wiping away some grass and moss hits stone.

Bubba helps Lewis... pulling away more surface moss that's growing on top of rocks that are fit together snugly.

The top of every rock covered in IRON BROWNISH RESIDUE.

EXT. JUNGLE HILL - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Amanda shrugs... looks at the Winston.

LEWIS (V.O.)
(filtered)
It looks like the clearing is made
of rocks... hang on.

BUBBA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Yeah... underneath a layer of moss
is a flat cobblestone construction
of some sort.

LEWIS (V.O.)
(filtered)
And all the rocks have a layer of
sealant or something on it. It's
dark brownish. But solid.

Wheels turning, it finally hits Winston like a shotgun.

WINSTON
That's not a clearing. It's an
altar.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Lewis and Bubba stand up. In the "clearing"... wondering.

WINSTON (V.O.)
(filtered)
It's an altar... get the hell out
of there!

Lewis and Bubba look at each other as-

A SHADOW MOVES OVER HEAD. THE SUN DISAPPEARING FOR A BEAT.

WINSTON (V.O.)
(filtered)
That's not sealant! It's petrified
blood!

SWOOP. SWOOP. SWOOSH. SOMETHING LANDS BEHIND THEM.

Lewis and Bubba turning to see-

THE REAL TERATORN.

ITS FIERCE FACE LOST IN THE BRIGHT SUN.

AS IT SPREADS ITS WINGS AND-

KREEE-AR. KREEE-AR.

Shoots its neck forward. Its massive beak closing around
Bubba's thick torso.

Lifting him twelve feet off the clearing only to-

SMASH HIM BACK DOWN... TO THE STONE COVERED GROUND.

Gasping for breath, almost losing consciousness... the wind
knocked out of him. Bubba rolls away.

Combat instinct kicking in-

He rips the knife from his calf, rolls over, knife up.

As Lewis bolts for the AR-15 leaning against the tree.

Thirty feet away.

KREEE-AR. KREEE-AR.

One of the Teratorn's wings coming around. Knocks Lewis off his feet, actually swatting him into the tree.

AS THE TERATORN STOMPS ON TOP OF BUBBA.

TALONS RIPPING INTO BUBBA'S CHEST. THE KNIFE NOTHING BUT A PIN PRICK TO THIS BRUTAL BEAST'S TALONS.

THAT ARE NOW DRAGGING BUBBA... BLEEDING OUT ACROSS THE GROUND.

BUBBA SCREAMING.

THE TERATORN MOVING TOWARD LEWIS. STILL DRAGGING BUBBA.

Lewis grabs the AR-15.

Slides the action back.

Finger right on the trigger.

Bringing the weapon up around and-

BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT

The AR-15 goes off on FULL AUTO... into the air.

AS LEWIS SCREAMS. NOW IN THE GRASP OF THE TERATORN.

GRABBING LEWIS TIGHT WITH ITS OTHER SET OF TALONS.

CLOSING AROUND LEWIS.

The AR-15 crushed into his chest. Muzzle flash burning Lewis in the face.

The weapon firing on FULL AUTO.

LEWIS SCREAMING AS THE TALONS CRUNCH THROUGH HIS TACTICAL VEST LIKE FISH HOOKS THROUGH CELLOPHANE.

One last ditch effort as Lewis frees one of his arms and rips his Remington .45 1911 out of its belt holster-

EXT. JUNGLE HILL - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Winston and Amanda over the walkie-talkie. Waiting.

It CRACKLES. Amanda wraps her arms tight around Missy.

Pulls her in close.

BUBBA (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 ... AHHHHHHH!

THROUGH THE RADIO: SCREAMS. GUNFIRE. MORE SCREAMS. KREEE-AR.
 KREEE-AR. MORE GUNFIRE. And then nothing.

And then again.

The same exact LIVE SOUND ECHOING across the valley.

Hero SQUAAKS. SQUAAKS. SHRIEKS.

Flapping and head bobbing, agitated in his cage.

Winston slings the AR-15 off his back and around front.

Shooting Amanda a look.

Missy noticing in terror.

MISSY
 No, Dad! Don't go!

Amanda grabs Winston by the shoulder. Shakes her head 'no'.

AMANDA
 It'll be over before you get there.

They all exchange looks of helplessness.

AMANDA
 If it's not already over.

On pins and needles. All of them hoping for another radio transmission from Lewis and Bubba.

But hearing nothing but soft STATIC.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - SUNSET

Winston holds the AR-15 tight. In a "high ready" patrol carry position. Muzzle up and stock under his right arm.

Scanning the skies.

Amanda and Missy take cover in the jungle, behind a tree next to the fallen statue.

Two hiking backpacks and Missy's Dora The Explorer leaning against the tree.

Hero bobbing his head back and forth in his cage next to the backpacks. On edge himself.

Winston surveys the clearing.

Lewis and Bubba nowhere in sight.

But evidence of the battle strewn all over the place.

Blood. Shell casings. Moss torn up. A walkie-talkie on the ground... Winston grabs the walkie-talkie.

And sees Lewis's Remington .45 1911 cocked and on its side.

Winston picks the Remington up, slides the hammer back.

Stashes it behind his back, in his waistband.

And backs his way into the jungle.

AMANDA

I thought you said it would only
hunt during the night.

Situational awareness up, Winston's eyes darting to the clearing and up to the sky every so often.

WINSTON

Yeah, when away from its home turf
it will only hunt at night.

AMANDA

Great, so that means we're IN its
home turf...?

Winston nods, glances at the headstone. To the inscription.

Taking a beat to try and take it in, before moving further into the jungle next to Amanda and Missy.

WINSTON

It looks like Terena... the
language of the native people in
this area before Pedro Cabral
discovered South America in the
1500s... eventually they were all
forced to adopt the Latin script
for writing.

AMANDA

What does it say... can you make
any of it out?

WINSTON
To the terrible bird of the two
mountains, we give you...

Winston has to pause. The thought too horrendous to fathom.

WINSTON
... our sons and daughters.

AMANDA
What type of people were the
Terena, to do something so
heartless.

WINSTON
That's probably why the t, e, r
word form was used... Terena means
terrible people.

MISSY
Teratorn starts with t, e, r...
what does that mean?

Amanda looks to Winston. Waiting for him to answer.

WINSTON
It means terrible bird.

Winston reaches for a backpack on the ground.

WINSTON
It'll be dark soon... we have to
find a safer place than this.

Winston hefts the backpack up and onto his back. Slings his
AR-15 around front. And picks up Hero's cage.

WINSTON
If Bubba is right, and the road
picks up a couple hundred feet
below the clearing, we might be
able to make the abandoned prison
before we lose light.

Amanda nods. Stands and hefts the other hiking backpack onto
her back.

Missy does the same with her Dora The Explorer.

Staring at the blasted to bits stone Teratorn.

EXT. THE OLD JUNGLE ROAD - CANDIDO MENDES PRISON - DUSK

Still fighting vines... roots... and potholes... the road winds by an overgrown cul-de-sac.

At the head of the cul-de-sac stands CANDIDO MENDES PRISON.

The old road then continuing on through the jungle.

The abandoned prison, once a maximum security facility for Brazil's worst criminals, now taken over by tropical jungle vegetation and moss.

The front doors of the prison rusted off their hinges. Now face down on the ground.

Winston, Amanda and Missy marvel at the sight of a maximum security prison with open doors... decaying in the jungle.

Hero, his cage on the ground, SQUAAKS. He doesn't like it.

Amanda takes a step forward.

AMANDA

Looks fine to me. Let's find a place to camp before it gets dark.

Winston grabs Amanda's shoulder pulling her back a step.

WINSTON

Whoa. Hang on.

Amanda turns.

WINSTON

We don't know what's in there... I doubt we have to worry about any prisoners hanging around, but who knows what's living in there.

Winston reaches behind his back. Pulls out the gleaming Remington .45 1911 in gorgeous Stainless Steel.

Spins it around. Handing it grip first to Amanda.

Amanda just looks at it. Then Winston. What? You serious?

WINSTON

We have Missy with us... we can't take any chances.

Winston motions for her to take it.

WINSTON

Don't let its size fool you. That's
a 45 ACP 1911 you're looking at...
it fires a bullet twice the
diameter of this AR-15.

(hefts his AR-15)

It won't have the range of this
rifle but if you're in close it'll
have more stopping power.

Amanda smiles a bit. Warming up to the thought.

Careful, she takes the Remington into her hands.

AMANDA

Okay. How do I work it?

Missy all eyes as her mother hefts the gun a bit... then
practice aims it at a window high on the prison's wall.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - CANDIDO MENDES PRISON - DUSK

Winston and Amanda stand shoulder to shoulder... Winston has
the AR-15 slung around his back, muzzle down.

Amanda with the Remington .45 ACP 1911 at her side.

Muzzle down and finger outside the trigger guard.

Missy finishes leaning a thick branch upright against an
overgrown stone wall along the side of the cul-de-sac.

The branch stays put... and Missy runs to get out of there,
to get behind Winston and Amanda.

WINSTON

Okay... just like I showed you.

AMANDA

(nervous)

I'll try.

Amanda brings the Remington up. Racks the slide back.

Missy standing behind Winston and Amanda mimics what Amanda
is doing. Pretending to rack the slide on her own gun.

AMANDA

Loaded. Taking it off safe.

Amanda flicks the thumb safety down. To FIRE.

Missy following the exact motions with her pretend gun.

AMANDA

On target... small dot on the front
of the barrel sitting right between
the two dots on the rear.

Amanda aims at the branch. Missy aiming too.

WINSTON

Okay. It's gonna be a lot louder
than you think... Missy, block your
ears.

Missy drops her pretend gun quick. Blocks both her ears with
her fingers.

AMANDA

Taking a breath... exhaling as I
keep the gun steady.

Amanda slides her finger inside on the trigger guard.

Takes a breath. Steadies her arm. Sights right on target.

And-

Pulls the trigger.

CRACK.

BOOOM... the branch explodes. Wood chips flying everywhere.

AMANDA

DAMN!

Amanda's eyes going wide.

MISSY

Nice shot, Mom!

Hero approves with a loud SQUAAK followed by a SHRIEK.

AMANDA

That kicks hard!

Amanda breaks into a big smile... she really enjoyed that.

WINSTON

Okay. Okay. Good job.

Missy all eyes smiles too... thrilled for her Mom.

WINSTON

Now put it back on safe. Another
round is loaded.

Amanda flips the thumb safety back to SAFE.

Feeling pretty bad ass... she nods.

Liking it.

INT. MAIN CELL BLOCK - CANDIDO MENDES PRISON - DUSK

Two stories of solitary confinement cells on each side of a trash strewn courtyard with rusting metal walkways above.

The last bits of tropical daylight filtering down through busted skylights high above the courtyard.

Vines and jungle canopy dropping through many of them.

Winston and Amanda move slow through the courtyard.

Missy in between them... struggles to carry Hero's cage.

All of them carrying backpacks.

Winston with the AR-15 slung around up front. Ready.

Amanda gripping the Remington... bringing up the rear.

WINSTON
I'll check it out...

Winston points to a holding cell at the end of the courtyard.

Bars on the front, top and sides. Only sharing the common exterior wall with the rest of the prison.

A busted up wooden bench inside. With a concrete floor.

Likely used as a holding area for group inmate transfers.

Winston looks at the door. It has an interior and exterior locking system but it's missing the lock.

He opens the creaking cell and walks over to the bench.

Picks up a board that was part of the bench.

And slides it down on the door on the inside between the locking mechanism.

Perfect for locking the door from the inside.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CANDIDO MENDES PRISON - NIGHT

The board from the wooden bench securely wedged inside the cell door's locking mechanism.

Amanda sits in front of a small fire on the concrete floor of the cell. She pokes it with a stick to keep it going.

While Winston picks up the last bits of wood from the busted up bench... walks them over, tosses them into the fire.

And sits back down... looking at the flames.

Missy lays on a foam camping mat. Next to Hero's cage. The concrete wall of the holding cell behind her, with Amanda and Winston in front of her. Their backs turned.

Missy has her sketch pad open. Drawing. Her eyes fighting sleep... just starting to close. Hero already asleep.

Amanda eyes Winston.

He looks like a different man. Like a battle hardened jungle warrior. A bit unnerving, but intoxicating at the same time.

She watches him for a beat.

Before looking at the flames herself.

AMANDA

... I know when we were together...
I probably wasn't the easiest
person to get along with. I was
always pushing you and Missy so
hard to always be the best... and
while Missy seems to have been okay
with it... I guess it really wasn't
in your DNA to do all that...

Amanda pauses... hoping Winston might open up.

He just keeps staring at the fire.

AMANDA

... I remember growing up my Dad
could never hold a job, and he was
always drinking... so my Mom had to
pick up the slack... she would push
us to do our best no matter what...
and she was super critical. I know
that for a fact.

Winston turns and looks at Amanda. He's listening.

AMANDA

How does that old saying go...?

Amanda takes a beat. Trying to remember.

AMANDA

"If you want to know what your wife will be like in twenty years, look at her mother"... something like that.

WINSTON

You're mother was a good woman.

Winston goes back to watching the fire. Staring at the flames.

AMANDA

Yeah, well you didn't have to live with her. It was always do your best. Be the best. Give it your all. I guess I took that to heart far too much and always expected everyone to understand that too...

WINSTON

It seemed to work for you... when we met, you were already working on your Doctorate... I was two years older than you... and just finally finishing my Bachelor's.

AMANDA

So. That doesn't mean you couldn't have done the same if you wanted too... if you let yourself.

Winston keeps staring at the flames. Not taking that bait.

AMANDA

I guess I'm just trying to say I'm sorry for not being more sensitive to you and your needs... to someone who wasn't so concerned with always accomplishing things, it must have been pretty miserable to be around me all the time.

WINSTON

You were fine to be around.

Amanda really wants Winston to open up here. Will he?

WINSTON
And it wasn't just you.

A long beat.

Winston and Amanda just gazing at the fire together.

WINSTON
I'm sorry too.

Amanda turns to Winston. Her eyes say it all right here.

She is all ears. Please keep going Winston.

WINSTON
... with everything that's happened
it really has me thinking why
things turned out the way they
are...

Winston looks to Amanda, like he's ready to say something
he's been holding back... but just can't do it.

WINSTON
Or the way they were.

Amanda stares into Winston's eyes.

Waiting... but Winston looks back to the fire.

Amanda turns back to the fire too. Let down. Damn it.

Until...

Winston's eyes start to widen and glaze over, remembering
something he doesn't want to remember.

Conjuring the memory back up. Staring into the flames.

Finally-

WINSTON
(soft)
... I left the gate open that day.

And Winston starts to break.

Spitting the words out between barely contained sobs... that
are trying to rack their way up through Winston's throat.

WINSTON
My younger brother, Ricky.... that
day... I left... the gate open.

But Winston somehow bites it back... pushes it down and gets a hold of himself just before it looks like he might come apart at the seams.

A beat as Amanda takes that in, how can she even respond?

AMANDA

Winston... it could've been
anybody. Any one of the farm hands
might have forgotten.

Winston's eyes still on the flames of the fire.

Guarded and detaching.

FLASHBACK

A picturesque farmhouse set back in a field, sitting next to a corral... that's fenced in with a tall white fence.

WINSTON (V.O.)

I was late getting to my chores
that day, but nobody knew...

Winston (12) tosses a bail of hay over the fence. The bail of hay landing and splitting open on impact.

Catching the attention of BRUTUS. A full grown Bull... 2,000 pounds of muscle with horns.

Brutus ambles over to the hay and starts eating.

WINSTON (V.O.)

... so I went to check on Brutus.
To make sure he had hay and water.

Winston runs along... outside the fence... to a watering trough on the other side of the corral.

Careful, and eyeing Brutus on the other side of the corral.

Winston unlocks and cracks the gate open. Sneaks inside.

Slides a garden hose into the watering trough it fell out of... then slips back through the gate. Closing it.

As a GROUP OF FRIENDS pedal up on their bikes. All of them with fishing poles.

WINSTON (V.O.)

... I got distracted by some
friends... they were heading to the
lake to go fishing...

Winston turns on a water faucet, outside the fence, running to the hose.

WINSTON (V.O.)
... I told them I'd meet them
there.

His friends nod, turn their bikes around, and ride off.

Winston watches the water. Until the trough is full. And turns off the faucet.

He runs inside the farmhouse.

Up the stairs. Into his bedroom... and grabbing his fishing pole remembers-

Winston glances out his window. Overlooking the corral.

Sees the gate being pushed open by Brutus.

WINSTON (V.O.)
... I forgot to lock the gate.

Outside the corral...

Winston's younger brother RICKY (4), sitting on the ground, looks up from playing with something in the dirt.

A brand new BLUE TERATORN... plastic toy figurine.

Brutus now out of the corral.

Staring right at Ricky.

END FLASHBACK

Winston has a lost look in his eyes, staring at the flames as they eat into the fresh pieces of wood.

Amanda slides a hand up to her mouth, not knowing what to say, she simply waits for Winston to give a clue.

Winston swallows hard.

WINSTON
I never told anyone.

His eyes still on the fire.

WINSTON
You're the only person that knows.

And he pushes the memory back into the dark recesses of his mind, where he kept it hidden for all these years.

Winston finally turns to Amanda.

A bit of a exhausted look setting in and flowing over him.

WINSTON

Ever since that day, I thought I
never deserved much... and I guess
I subconsciously started making
sure that's the way things would
always turn out...

MISSY

Behind Winston and Amanda. Their backs to her.

Missy coming into view. HER EYES WIDE OPEN.

Listening to her Mom and Dad.

AMANDA AND WINSTON

Amanda's eyes still on Winston. Her bottom lip beginning to tremble.

She reaches for Winston. Wraps her arms around him.

AMANDA

Oh Winston... I didn't know... I'm
so sorry.

WINSTON

I wish we could've had this
conversation sooner.

AMANDA

Me too.

WINSTON

I'm sorry. I still love you. You
and Missy.

AMANDA

We love you too Winston.

Winston turns to Amanda. Exhausted. A lifetime of keeping that secret washing over him.

Weak, he hugs her back.

Hanging on tight.

MISSY

Amanda and Winston, their backs still to Missy.

Missy eyes welling up... her body starting to shake, trying not to cry out loud, as the tears run down her cheeks.

Watching her Mom and Dad in front of the fire.

AMANDA AND WINSTON

Winston pulls back a little from Amanda. Their situation coming back to mind.

AMANDA

Winston, we just need to get out here and get home and everything will be fine.

WINSTON

I know. But we're gonna need to kill it before it kills us.

Winston looks at the braced door to the holding cell.

WINSTON

We're safe for now... but we can't stay here forever. If we try and wait it out... we'll be dead before anyone finds us. We have a day of water left and that's about it.

AMANDA

Do you think we can kill it?

WINSTON

It's just an animal. A very large and incredibly dangerous one. But if we get close enough, get a couple of shots into its head. It should die.

AMANDA

How can we do that?

WINSTON

We need to find a way to sneak up on it... somehow... like a mouse coming up on an elephant. The only problem is we're just too big and loud to do that... no matter how quiet we get. It'll see all three of us coming... And we can't leave Missy here alone.

AMANDA
Winston, I'm scared.

WINSTON
Me too.

Winston pulls her back in tight. Kisses her on the forehead.

WINSTON
Don't worry... we'll figure
something out... let's try and get
some rest. We're gonna need every
ounce of strength we've got.

Amanda buries her head into Winston's chest.

Can't this bad dream just end.

MISSY

Quiet as a mouse, Missy snuffles her tears back. Wipes them away with a hand.

Staring at Mom and Dad, their backs still to her, sitting by the fire. Together. All of them together. A family again.

A look of determination now settling into Missy's eyes.

No more tears flowing. The wheels turning.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CANDIDO MENDES PRISON - MIDNIGHT

The fire on the concrete floor dwindling... just embers and the occasional flame casting a pulsating light.

Amanda and Winston lay curled up next to each other, by the fire, sleeping like they need it.

The AR-15 within arms reach of Winston... on the ground.

The Remington .45 on the floor next to Amanda. Her fingers barely touching its hand grip.

A long beat. Lingering on Amanda and Winston.

Until-

A SHADOW moves by left to right.

It's PRESENCE seemingly hovering just outside the light of the ebbing fire.

And ever so gradually... the Remington .45 slides out from underneath Amanda fingers. Amanda not stirring at all.

In its place... a paper slides next to her hand.

The light from the dying fire ebbing and dimming.

Rising enough for a beat to make out a drawing on the paper.

A picture of little girl holding a gun. Shooting a Teratorn.

**"Don't worry Mom and Dad, I have gone to kill the Teratorn!
Be back soon! Love, Missy"**

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - CANDIDO MENDES PRISON - NIGHT

The ambient light from the stars and moon filtering down through the jungle above... just enough to see Missy.

She kneels down at the end of the cul-de-sac where it meets the old road. Slides off her Dora The Explorer backpack.

Rifling through. Finding something.

Bending and shaking it... as a GLO-STICK comes to life.

She brings it up to her face. To a look of scared resolve.

And with the GLO-STICK in one hand, the Remington .45 in the other... she sets out on the old jungle road.

EXT. THE OLD JUNGLE ROAD - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - NIGHT

The GLO-STICK a bobbing orb of light... floating up and over... down and around... left and right.

As Missy navigates the overgrown road.

MISSY
(very soft)
... quiet as a mouse... I need to
be quiet as a mouse.

Missy trying to stay in the right frame of mind.

MISSY
(very soft)
... I'm gonna get you, Teratorn.

The trail getting steeper as it starts up an incline.

Missy ducks under a set of vines, climbs over a set of roots moving up toward the crest of a hill.

The jungle canopy dropping away as the terrain gets rockier and rockier.

Moving higher and higher... almost to the crest of the hill.

Finally, breaking through the jungle.

EXT. ROCKY POINT - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - NIGHT

Missy scrambles around rocks and boulders. Signs of the old jungle road dropping away.

Until she stands at the top of a rocky point.

The effervescent sky dancing with twinkling stars and a crescent moon. Lighting the top of the jungle canopy.

Faintly outlining the topography of Ilha Grande Island.

With two mountains looming ahead.

The rocky point drops off in front of her, branching into what looks to be two trails, heading back into the jungle.

One trail going left. One going right.

MISSY
(soft)
... terrible bird of the two
mountains.

Missy stares at what's in front of her. What to do?

MISSY
(soft)
... eeny, meeny, miny, moe... which
way do I go?

Missy sets the Remington .45 down on a rock... and slides the Dora The Explorer backpack off her shoulders.

Unzips it. Pulls out the walkie-talkie. Then her sketch book. Looking. Until she finds what she is looking for-

The folded map of Ilha Grande Island.

Sliding the Dora The Explorer up over one shoulder.

The GLO-STICK in one hand... the map open to the center with the sides flopping in a gentle breeze in her other hand.

Missy brings the map up. The GLO-STICK up.

Then lowers the map.

MISSY

There are the two mountains.

She looks at the faint outline of the mountains in the distance. Then brings the map back up.

Framing the map over the mountains. Trying to match it up.

Missy brings the map back down.

And brings it back up... studying the contours on the map.

The sides of the map flooding back... to a gust of wind.

As Missy lowers the map to see-

Where the mountains used to be... TWO GLOWING EYES on a TOWERING SHADOWY FORM right in front of her.

SPREADING ITS WINGS-

AS MISSY SCREAMS.

The Teratorn reaching for her with an OPEN TALON that she ducks as it wraps around her Dora The Explorer backpack.

Missy tugs for all her might... her other arm accidentally sliding underneath the other shoulder strap.

And with a KREEE-AR... KREEE-AR... the Teratorn flaps its wings and is off.

With Missy dangling under, her Dora The Explorer backpack a safety harness for a ride she does NOT want to take.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CANDIDO MENDES PRISON - MORNING

The morning sun peeking through the broken skylights of the main prison corridor... high above the holding cell.

A shaft of light just touching the edge of the drawing Missy left for Amanda and Winston.

Amanda stirs... her fingers reaching for the Remington .45 that is no longer there...

Amanda BOLTS UPRIGHT. Scans the cell.

AMANDA
Missy!?

Winston wakes up... sits up. Groggy. Jumps up.

WINSTON
MISSY!

And then they see the drawing.

Hero waking up. Starts SQUAKING. AND SQUAAAKING.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - CANDIDO MENDES PRISON - DAY

Winston and Amanda run to the end of the cul-de-sac where it meets the old jungle road. Unhinged and frantic.

AMANDA
MISSY!? MISSY!?

Winston, the AR-15 clenched tight, looks up and down the old road. Left and right. No sign of Missy.

WINSTON
I bet she went right! MISSY!?

Winston turns right, looks up the old road... as it leaves the prison cul-de-sac and continues on through the jungle.

AMANDA
Oh no... she heading for the two mountains!

Amanda breaks down. Starts to weep.

AMANDA
That thing got her! Oh no... oh no... oh no... my Missy!

Her hands shaking. She runs them through her hair. Her world spinning and coming apart.

WINSTON
Don't say that and don't think that!

Winston slings the AR-15 around his back. Runs back to Amanda who is now white as a ghost and looks like she might be going into shock.

WINSTON
Amanda... look at me.

Amanda can't stop weeping.

WINSTON

AMANDA!

AMANDA

WHAT!? WHAT!? WHAT!?

Winston tires to pull her into a hug... but she pushes him away. Weeping. Mucus coming out of her nose. Tears flowing.

The sobs shaking her body.

WINSTON

Breathe! Breathe... breathe...
relax... I'm gonna go get Missy.
But you need to relax. Relax. You
need to relax...

Amanda tries. She really does. Manages to stop the sobs. But they rise up and break back through here and there.

WINSTON

Amanda. Look at me... look at me.

Amanda looks at Winston. Her face a tear streaked and contorted mess.

WINSTON

I'm gonna go find her. But you need
to stay here in case she comes
back.

AMANDA

Winston... you have to find her!
Promise me you'll find her!

The sobs racking back up through her throat.

WINSTON

I will. I will. But you need to
relax. And go back and lock
yourself in the holding cell...
until I get back. In case Missy
comes back.

Amanda still sobbing. Starts to nod. Now nodding. Trying to get a hold of herself.

And she falls into Winston's arms.

Winston bringing her in for a tight hug. And then he gently cradles her face in his hands.

WINSTON
I'll find her... and I'll come
right back... but I gotta go... and
now! Okay?

Amanda nods okay. Her eyes still welling with tears.

AMANDA
Okay.. I trust you, Winston!

Winston nods.

Kisses her on the forehead and then breaks away.

Heading for the old jungle road.

EXT. THE OLD JUNGLE ROAD - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Winston in overdrive... rips along the old jungle road.

Jumping over roots, ducking under vines, crashing through
jungle vegetation.

Branches WHACKING him in the face, cutting and scratching.

None of it slowing him down.

Missy's life in the balance.

Winston clenching the AR-15.

Now off 'SAFE' and on 'FIRE'.

WINSTON
MISSY!

Sweating from the jungle heat.

Winston's eyes darting left and right.

Hoping for a sign... clue... some proof of life.

WINSTON
MISSY!

Winston starts up the incline...

Moving as fast as humanely possible.

The old road getting rockier and rockier.

As it climbs up and out of the jungle vegetation.

EXT. ROCKY POINT - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Breathing heavy and drenched in sweat... Winston breaks out of the jungle and onto the rocky point.

Scrambling around boulders until he is at its peak.

Winston's legs instantly going weak as soon as he sees the view. The top of the jungle canopy and the island below.

With the two mountains in the distance...

His legs buckle at the sight, Winston lets gravity take its course. Crumbling until he is sitting on a rock.

Looking away from the view... Winston closes his eyes and raises his head. Screams.

WINSTON
MISSY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Waiting and hoping... but nothing. No reply.

INT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

The cave entrance seemingly floating in mid-air... looking out to blue skies and white clouds.

With the sound of Winston's desperate call echoing in.

WINSTON (O.S.)
(distant)
... missy.....

The call moving back into the deep recesses of the cave.

Stirring a bit of MOVEMENT in the shadows. As a disheveled and dirt caked... but alive... MISSY comes into view.

Crouching behind a rock.

But empowered by her Dad's voice, she stands up.

Surveying the cave and her surroundings.

Or rather the Teratorn's meatlocker.

In the center... sits a heap of bones and decaying bodies.

The barely identifiable and partially eaten bodies of Bubba and Lewis on top of other human and animal remains.

Missy starts to gag. But catches herself.

And blocking her noise with one hand, covering her side vision with the other and the Teratorn nowhere in sight-

She runs past the heap of stinking bodies.

Heading toward the entrance of the cave... only to run out onto a ledge with nowhere to go. Barely stopping in time.

MISSY
... Ahhhh!

A massive cliff below her. With no visible way down.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CANDIDO MENDES PRISON - DAY

The wood piece from the busted up bench sits jammed in the locking mechanism of the cell door.

And right outside the door... Hero in his cage. A look out.

While inside the holding cell, Amanda sits with her knees pulled to her chest... arms crossed. Holding them tight.

Rocking back and forth a bit, she eyes Hero in his cage.

Studying him for a long beat.

Until Amanda finally turns away... turns her back on Hero and lays down, curling up on the concrete floor.

Her face pale. A wide eyed look of despair settling in.

EXT. ROCKY POINT - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Winston sits on a rock... his head down in his hands... eyes partially closed. Trying to brave a look, he takes a breath.

Looks up. But the view is too much. And he turns away.

Now looking off to the side... as something catches his eye. A glint of metal reflecting the Sun.

Winston with great effort moves off the rock. His head down.

Avoiding the view, he takes a few steps to investigate.

Spies the Remington .45 on the ground with SOMETHING else another couple feet away-

Missy's sketch book.

Winston picks up the Remington. Racks the slide, ejecting a round and then releases the clip. Checks it.

Just as he feared... six bullets total. Missy didn't get a shot off at the Teratorn if that was even possible.

Winston slides the Remington into his waistband. Picks up Missy's sketch book. Drags it over to his rock.

Takes a beat looking at the cover...

'TOP SECRET ARTWORK - AUTHORIZED EYES ONLY' neatly penned in an elegant script on the cover.

Winston smiles a bit. Opens it.

Starts flipping through.

Comes to the expressive drawing of the parrots. Their beaks finally free in the cage back at Game Warden Headquarters.

Winston takes a beat admiring it. Then turns the page.

To a page titled... 'Knock, knock. Who's there?'

Winston turns the page... to a wonderfully elaborate drawing of Winston arriving on the Skiff.

Penned in complimentary lines. Winston standing on the bow of the boat. Holding Hero's cage. Backpack over a shoulder.

With **'Enter the explorer?'** penned under the drawing with the answer **'No, turn the page'.**

Winston smirks a bit. If only he looked that good in real life... and he turns the page.

To a elegantly drawn picture of a seriously rugged looking Winston. Sporting very manly facial stubble. Sleeping peacefully by the fire.

The beach empty. At night. But he is out there. Not afraid.

And **'Enter the fearless one?'** penned under the drawing with the answer **'No, turn the page'.**

Winston brings a hand up to his chin. Rubs his stubble. An odd look settling on his face. What is this...?

Does Missy see him as this strong? Is this her view of him?

Winston turns the page.

To a picture worthy of critical acclaim. A depiction of Winston standing on the Jungle Hill. Ready to enter the fray. When Bubba and Lewis fought the Teratorm.

Amanda reaching into the frame... trying to pull Winston back.

AR-15 held tight, Winston's biceps busting through a tattered and torn shirt. A heavy beard starting.

A very powerful drawing to say the least.

With the caption '**Enter the jungle warrior?**' penned under the drawing and the answer '**No, turn the page**'.

Winston turns the page.

To a rather ordinary picture of a clean shaven Winston and how he looks in everyday life.

With Amanda and Missy... all three of them holding hands and walking through a garden of flowers.

The sun is shining. And all three of them are smiling.

It's a more fully realized version of the picture Winston has on the fridge back at the apartment.

And penned under the picture-

"Enter the Hero?" and right underneath that-

"Yup. MY HERO! My Dad!"

And with that... Winston's body starts to shake. Trembling.

A freight train of emotion that Winston is helpless to stop.

Winston breaks.

Fully.

Trying to gulp it all back in a desperate breath... but it's no use... he's opened the gate and it's all coming out.

Winston pulls the sketch book to his chest. A throbbing lump in his throat fueled by a torrent of emotion.

His shoulder shaking as it all comes out.

All of it.

As Winston weeps...

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Careful, Missy peers over the ledge... at the sheer cliff below with no visible way down. Then runs back inside.

INT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Scanning her surroundings... Missy spies a black antenna sticking out from underneath Bubba's body.

She takes a deep breath. Holds it. And blocking her nose, inches closer to the pile of bodies and bones.

Staring at the antenna. Trying hard not to look at Bubba.

And closing her eyes goes for it. One hand blocking her nose... feeling around with the other free hand.

She hits it. Grabs it. Yanking on the antenna.

And gets it to move. Pulling the walkie-talkie attached to it out.

Missy runs deep into the cave. Coughing. Gasping for breath.

EXT. ROCKY POINT - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Winston, his head in his hands, still weeping... wipes his face a bit with the back of a forearm.

Trying to pull himself together when-

MISSY (V.O.)
(barely audible and
filtered)
Is anyone out there...? Hello?

Winston lifts his head. Is he hearing things? Turns around... stares at the rocks.

Where is that coming from?

MISSY (V.O.)
(barely audible and
filtered)
Mom? Dad? Can anyone hear me?

And he sees the walkie-talkie a few rocks away.

Winston jumps up and runs to it.

INT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Hiding behind some rocks in the back of the cave. Missy holds the walkie-talkie in her trembling hands.

WINSTON (V.O.)
(filtered)
MISSY!? WHERE ARE YOU? ARE YOU
OKAY?

Missy starts to cry. Never so glad to hear her Dad's voice.

EXT. ROCKY POINT - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Winston stares right through the walkie-talkie... is he dreaming? Is this really happening?

MISSY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Dad! I'm okay... I'm in some type
of cave on one of the two
mountains. I think, where it stores
its food. It's not here right now
but I'm afraid it will come back
and there's a cliff outside the
cave! I can't find a way down!

Winston hits talk.

WINSTON
Missy! You have to find a place to
hide! No matter what... you can't
let that thing see you! Ever! Do
you understand!?

A long beat... much too long for Winston.

MISSY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Okay, Dad. But I'm scared.

Winston grabs the AR-15. Already up and moving... heading down the back side of the rocky hill. To the old road.

INT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Missy crouches down lower... behind the rocks.

WINSTON (V.O.)
(filtered)
Your mother and I are coming! HANG
ON!

Missy looks around. There really is no place she can go.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CANDIDO MENDES PRISON - DAY

Amanda lays on the concrete. Curled up in a fetal position. Staring at the dead fire. Nothing but ashes now.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS quickly approaching, she almost starts to turn around. But stops.

Not hearing Missy running or calling out to her. It has to be bad news. Amanda bites her lip.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - CANDIDO MENDES PRISON - DAY

SOMEONE'S BACK kneeling by Hero's cage. A HAND unlocking the door on the side of the cage.

The hand reaching into the cage. Hero SQUAAKS and hops on.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CANDIDO MENDES PRISON - DAY

Amanda sits up... turns around... her face saying it all. Petrified that Missy is dead. She turns to see-

Winston AR-15 slung around his back. Remington .45 in his waistband.

Hero perched on the shoulder of his tactical vest.

And Winston with a look in his eye that we have NEVER seen.

A clarity. Eyes clear. Countenance firm.

WINSTON

I found Missy and she's alive but
I'm gonna need your help.

Amanda starts to cry... nodding. Of course I'll help.

WINSTON

Come on, let's go get our daughter.

SOARING HIGH ABOVE ILHA GRANDE ISLAND

Punching down through the clouds... the tops of the TWO MOUNTAINS coming into view.

Banking like a fighter jet, heading to the first mountain.

Spiraling down around it like a playground tether ball.

Then banking away and screaming toward the second mountain.

Rocketing higher and higher until above its summit.

Entering a tight turn, unwrapping around it, descending with each circle until just above the jungle canopy.

Now heading right for the rocky point.

Winston and Amanda coming into view. Closer. Closer.

And with a piercing SHRIEK, the feathered head of HERO pops up into view. As he flares his wings-

Landing on a shoulder. On Winston's tactical vest.

EXT. ROCKY POINT - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Winston reaches for the Go Pro Camera on top of Hero's head and unfastens it. Amanda talking into the walkie-talkie.

AMANDA

Stay hidden! We're trying to figure out which mountain you're on?

Winston starts scrolling through the small touchscreen on the Go Pro camera. Reviewing the flyby footage.

WINSTON

There's too many spots where that cave entrance could be.

Amanda stares at the two mountains in front of them.

AMANDA

Missy... is there anything you can do to guide us to the right mountain?

INT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Missy peers out from behind the rocks she has been hiding behind... now looking at the pile of bodies.

MISSY

I'll try.

Missy sets the walkie-talkie down. Staring at the bodies for a beat. Remembering something. Eyeing Lewis.

She takes a breath. Blocks her nose and heads for the pile.

This time keeping her eyes open, focused on a certain area.

Missy reaches for Lewis's tactical vest. To his pockets.

She flips a flap open... starts fishing around until she finds something. Pulls it out.

The mini blow torch lighter.

Missy runs away gasping for breath... looking around the rest of the cave.

In a corner, she spots a smaller pile of remains. Human skeletons with bits of dry clothing clinging to bone.

She moves over to them, grimacing, she rips the clothing off the bones. Getting as much as she can.

Then heads back to the entrance of the cave.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

The entrance of the cave rocky and poking out of the brush, with dead branches sitting near the entrance.

Missy wraps the strips of clothing around the branches.

Clicks the lighter.

Its blue flame rocketing out.

She brings the flame to the cloth... and to her delight it ignites.

Eating into the cloth and vegetation beneath.

Missy runs back inside the cave.

EXT. ROCKY POINT - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

The radio CRACKLES to life.

MISSY (V.O.)
(filtered)
I started a fire! Can you see it?

Winston and Amanda look up at both mountains. Their eyes straining and seeing nothing. Then finally-

Behind the mountain on the left. A faint whiff of smoke rises up from somewhere behind its peak.

AMANDA

We see it, Missy. Okay, stay quiet and hidden! We're coming!

Amanda and Winston head down... off the rocky point and take the trail heading left.

Winston a bit shaky and having to look straight ahead more than down... still manages to get through the slope.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - ILHA GRANDE ISLAND - DAY

Winston and Amanda stare at the mountain. An imposing sight. Hero SQUAAKS. On Winston's shoulder.

Winston WHISTLES TWICE and Hero launches himself into the air. Starts pumping his wings climbing higher and higher.

AMANDA

What are you doing?

WINSTON

Hero will circle around and by watching what he's doing, we'll get a good idea of what the winds are like up there... we'll need to know the wind, since the only way we'll get up there is if we do a simul.

Amanda freezes. The real gravity of their situation sinking in. That last word, "simul" being the lynch pin.

AMANDA

Winston, I've done some rock climbing but I've never attempted a simul.

WINSTON

Me neither. I've never actually climbed anything, but I watch my students do it all the time.

Winston starts emptying his backpack. Climbing rope. Gear. Anchors. Gloves. Safety harness.

WINSTON

You head up first. Double up on your anchor points. I'll be right behind you. Pulling them out as we go.

Winston starts picking up the anchors.

WINSTON

When you run out of anchors, I'll
come up, give you the pulled ones.

Amanda shoots him a look.

Off her look, Winston pulls on his gloves.

WINSTON

If you fall, you won't fall far
because I weigh more than you.
(beat)
If I fall, you'll get drawn into
your anchors and the line will lock
out. Just keep your hands clear.

Reluctant, Amanda starts going through her backpack.

WINSTON

I'm your lifeline. And you're mine.
We'll be connected the whole time.

AMANDA

I hope you know what you're doing!

Amanda starts suiting up. The mountain looming above.

WINSTON

Me too!

INT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

The fire at the cave entrance picking up steam... it starts
to eat into the greener vegetation around the entrance.

POPPING and HISSING... thick black smoke drifting into the
cave... Missy COUGHING. With the smoke getting thicker.

Panicking, Missy looks at the entrance.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Winston and Amanda make their way up the mountain. Heading
toward the smoke.

Moving as fast as they can over areas where they don't need
to be tied and anchored.

And taking extra care on the sheer sections of cliff where
they need to simul... tied together the whole time.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Holding her breath, Missy makes her move, running past a wall of flame right outside the entrance of the cave.

Now on the ledge. Missy GASPS. Finally, breathable air.

Missy turns and watches as the flames roar higher and higher. Brush and trees above the entrance catching fire and falling onto the ledge.

Missy inches closer and closer to the edge of the ledge.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Hero circles around the mountain... Winston and Amanda on a sheer cliff, and in full on simul climbing mode.

Amanda running point. Remington .45 1911 glinting in the sunlight in her waistband. Setting double anchors. Checking them carefully before moving higher.

Winston with the AR-15 slung around his back... straining and breathing heavy. Coming up right behind Amanda.

AMANDA

How are you doing down there!?

The smoking entrance of the cave getting closer.

WINSTON

I'm not looking down... my eyes are only on you!

Winston's face contorting. Conquering something he has been dealing with his whole life. But feeling it for sure.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Missy watches as the fire starts to eat into the surrounding vegetation of the mountain.

She should get off the ledge. Get lower.

Looking at the edge of the ledge, she spots what looks to be an old goat trail, winding up the mountain side. Close by.

EXT. GOAT TRAIL - OFF THE LEDGE - DAY

She moves for it. Takes her first step off the ledge and starts moving along the steep side of the mountain.

And then she sees it. Underneath the ledge, below the cave.

A brush covered plateau... the ledge and cave above an overhang for a hidden notch that cuts underneath.

Missy turns around, moves for it... gets some good speed up... but slips. Tumbling... Tumbling.

And slides onto the plateau, hitting a rock. Squarely on the side of her head. Knocking her out cold.

Now tangled in the brush, on the plateau under the ledge.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Winston and Amanda getting closer to the cave entrance, see the plateau below... but not Missy... hidden in the brush.

With no easy way to the ledge except traversing laterally. Then keep moving higher.

WINSTON

We'll climb around it, and come
down from above!

The flames of the fire just starting to burn out... most of the dry material not enough to get greener vegetation going.

EXT. PLATEAU BELOW CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Not at all like the ledge above... the plateau below the cave is covered in brush.

With a massive pile of branches and vegetation set way back underneath the ledge.

Missy lays unconscious on the plateau. Still not moving.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Winston and Amanda struggle through the remaining smoke and flames of the fire as it burns out around the cave entrance.

Lowering themselves onto the ledge... smoke still drifting out of the cave. They both run inside.

AMANDA

MISSY!

INT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Winston and Amanda come upon the stinking heap of bodies.

Running past them, and into the back of the cave, they spot the walkie-talkie on the floor. But no Missy.

WINSTON

We told her to be quiet and hide,
she has to be in here somewhere.

AMANDA

Missy, we are here! Come out!

With that, a gust of wind blows smoke back into the cave.

AS THE CAVE GOES DARK.

The light from the sky outside being blocked by-

THE TERATORN.

KREEE-AR. KREEE-AR.

Hunched down at the entrance of the cave, its wings open and moving. As it moves into the cave.

Its full height right to the top of the cave. Head bobbing up and down. Shafts of sunlight piercing the darkness.

As it rocks side to side. Moving into the cave.

Closing the distance to Winston and Amanda with each step.

WINSTON

Get behind the rocks!

Amanda jumps behind the rocks where Missy hid.

In an instant, Winston slings the AR-15 around... FIRING.
Unleashing a hail of fire at the darkness coming at him.

SHAFTS OF LIGHT from the outside, dancing around the edges of the Teratorn. As it gets closer and closer.

The MUZZLE FLASH of the AR-15 lighting up the cave in strobe light fashion as Winston fire hoses a hail of bullets.

Things happening so fast, no time to aim or even think about aiming. Hoping for center mass or a lucky head shot.

The Teratorn... SHRIEKING... SHRIEKING.... Stops its forward movement, just as Winston's AR-15 goes silent.

Winston ejects the mag. Gets another one in.

Racks the slide.

The Teratorn now heading the other way... trying to get out of the cave as Winston opens fire again.

Unleashing another hail of bullets as the Teratorn gets to the entrance and spreads its wings. Flying away.

Winston's line of fire chasing it out and into the sky.

A beat as Winston waits to see if it comes back.

Amanda peering out from behind the rock.

AMANDA

Did you kill it!

WINSTON

I don't think so... but I'm sure I hit it. It's gotta be injured.

Winston and Amanda look around the cave. Where is Missy?

Cautious... they start moving through the cave.

Back towards the entrance. Winston with his AR-15 up. Amanda with the Remington.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BRUSH - PLATEAU BELOW CAVE - DAY

Missy comes too... starts to cry... rolling in the brush.

MISSY

Mom! Dad! Where are you!?

Rubbing her head. No blood showing. But it was a hard hit.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Winston and Amanda run to the ledge. But they can't see Missy below them because of the overhang.

AMANDA

Missy!?

MISSY (O.S.)

I'm down below you!

Winston grabs his rope. Frantic, looks for a spot to set some anchors. He finds a spot near the cave entrance.

WINSTON
I'll anchor you in, and lower you
over. Then I'll pull you both up.

Amanda grabs the rope... looking for something.

AMANDA
We need something to cut the rope
with... in case we need to create a
safety harness for Missy!

Winston runs back into the cave.

INT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Looking for a sharp rock... or something to cut the rope.

Winston runs to the pile of bodies... his face grimaces, he
starts looking for something. Anything. That could cut rope.

Then he spots the hunting knife on Bubba.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Winston runs out of the cave... with the hunting knife.

WINSTON
Okay, I'll lower you. Let me know
if you need a sling. I'll cut it up
here and drop it down.

Amanda already sitting on the edge of the ledge. Tied in and
ready to go over the edge.

Winston picks up the rope. Amanda going over the side.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BRUSH - PLATEAU BELOW CAVE - DAY

Amanda comes down from the sky like an Angel... bobbing in
and out of the sun until she lands right next to Missy.

AMANDA
I got you honey.

MISSY
Mommy!

Missy sits up... wraps her arms around Amanda.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Winston ties off the rope to Amanda. Securing it to both anchors by the cave entrance.

Runs back to the ledge. Still unable to see Amanda or Missy.

AMANDA (O.S.)

I don't think we need the sling.
She can strap into my harness.

Winston sets the knife down on the ledge... peers over trying to get an idea of how far down they are.

AMANDA (O.S.)

There's a thick brush filled plateau that heads back under the cave's ledge... almost looks like a wall of brush stacked up under here. Its top several feet below the ledge acting as a ceiling... we might be able to anchor in back there too.

WINSTON

Okay, I'll toss some more rope over... hang on.

Winston gets up, runs back to his backpack.

The AR-15 sitting next to a pile of rope.

He picks up the rope and heads back to the edge.

Picks up the knife to cut a section and-

A DARK SHADOW moves overhead... THE TERATORN.

Bleeding. Alive. Angry. It lands behind Winston.

Thrashing about... knocking Winston's backpack off the ledge... the AR-15 tumbling over too.

And squares itself with Winston. WINSTON IS DEAD MEAT.

Winston grabs the knife. Brings it up. Glances up to the sky and WHISTLES. And WHISTLES.

The Teratorn raises its wings.

Winston WHISTLES again. And WHISTLES again.

And a STREAK OF COLOR hurtles in from left to right.

HERO smashing into the Teratorn's head. Latches on.

PEEKING. RIPPING. PEEKING.

Going for one of the Teratorn's eyes. As the Teratorn snaps and swings with its own wings, trying to shake Hero.

Stumbling closer to Winston. Closer to the edge.

Winston ducks under a wing. Runs toward the cave entrance.

As HERO keeps up his relentless assault. The Teratorn stumbling toward the edge. Falling off... now in mid-air.

Flapping its wings. Battling Hero. Losing altitude and heading for the plateau below.

Winston raises the knife ready. But the Teratorn drops out of sight.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BRUSH - PLATEAU BELOW CAVE - DAY

And CRASHES into the brush on the plateau below, as Amanda huddles around Missy and pulls out the Remington.

FIRING as fast as she can pull the trigger. Going through the mag in less than two seconds.

Some of them direct hits. Some of them misses.

Blood spurts out of the Teratorn's chest... as Hero pecks an eye out from the Teratorn. Now trying to peck the other.

KREEE-AR. KREEE-AR. KREEE-AR.

The Teratorn throws its head back and forth... falling right next to Amanda and Missy... getting tangled in the rope.

And with one final shake of its head it shakes Hero off and-

GULP. GULP. GULP.

Eats Hero alive... swallowing him in an instant.

The Teratorn seething... missing an eye... raises its wings. Stumbling to its feet. Snarling. Getting its bearings.

Staring right at Amanda and Missy.

Ready to strike.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP CAVE - TWO MOUNTAINS REGION - DAY

Winston runs to the edge of the ledge... looking over.

Sees the Teratorn raising its wings. Amanda and Missy out of view... but its evident he has a split second to act.

Winston takes a deep breath. And with no fear whatsoever-

JUMPS.

FALLING. FALLING.

And lands right on the Teratorn, wrapping an arm around the rope the Teratorn is snagged in.

Winston hangs on with all his might... the rope wrapped around his arm... turning it blue.

The Teratorn thrashing, trying to get Winston off. But tangling himself in the rope more and more.

Winston looking for a chance to make his move, sees it, the Teratorn swinging him around as Winston reaches out.

AND BURIES THE KNIFE.

THRUSTING THE KNIFE INTO THE TERATORN'S NECK.

WINSTON
DIE, DAMN IT! DIE!

SAWING INTO THE TERATORN'S NECK. SAWING. SAWING. SAWING.

The rope wrapping around the Teratorn as they start to tumble down the mountain.

AND-

WINSTON HITS AN ARTERY IN THE TERATORN'S NECK.

Blood spurting out. Covering Winston. As Winston struggles, managing to cut himself free from the tangled rope.

Falling into the brush... as the Teratorn tumbles down the incline... Bleeding out. Rolling over and over.

Until it finally stops. Settling up against a group of boulders down below... breathing its final breaths.

Until it finally expires. And dies.

Winston with just enough strength to lift his head... looks at the fallen beast below.

His eyes going blurry... from exhaustion.

But spotting SOMETHING large in the air. Holds his head up.

What the hell now?

Winston catching his breath... sits up... to see-

A BRAZILIAN ARMY HELICOPTER CLOSING THE DISTANCE.

The PILOT waving. As the chopter spins around. Its side door open. A PARAMEDIC already lowering a emergency rescue basket over the side. With SISTER ROSE sitting right next to him.

Winston breaths a sigh of relief... lets his head fall back into the brush. Watching the basket lower.

INT. BRAZILIAN ARMY HELICOPTER - DAY

Heading over the water... the ocean down below... the skyline of Rio on the horizon. The helicopter speeds along.

Everyone loaded inside... Sister Rose now sitting up by the pilot... the Paramedic in the back stares at them.

Bloody, ragged, beaten, scratched. But all alive and together.

PARAMEDIC

Starting that fire probably saved
all of you... Sister Rose saw the
smoke and called us to check it
out.

Winston looks at Missy sitting next to him. Amanda on the other side of Missy.

PARAMEDIC

You're brave little girl. Smart
too.

Amanda pulls her in close. Misty eyed, she reaches over and rubs Winston on the shoulder.

AMANDA

She's not the only one who is brave
and smart... she gets that from her
father.

Winston smiles. And turns to look out over the water. Racing past thousands of feet below.

The door open. The wind rustling Winston's hair.

Winston no longer bothered by the height.

Staring at it for a beat.

Actually enjoying the view.

As he reaches slow into a pocket... rummages around for a bit. Finally finds what he is looking for.

The faded BLUE TERATORN... plastic toy figurine.

Staring at it. His face calm, a wave of change flowing over him.... he lets it slide out of his hand, out the open door.

And watches it fall... fall. Until he can't see it anymore.

Winston looks back over at Amanda and Missy... smiles. Yeah. They'll be okay. As a family.

SLOW FADE

AS CREDITS ROLL...

THEN SLOWING BRIGHTEN ON-

EXT. MOUNTAIN BRUSH - PLATEAU BELOW CAVE - SUNSET

The sun setting... casting a warm light under the ledge. Warming the rock wall behind the tall hedge of brush.

A bit of movement.

Something stirring... Moving.

And-

A young TERATORN hops up, onto the edge of its nest.

Followed by another sibling. Both of them watching the sun set as they raise their wings.

Flapping them in a gentle breeze.

Their eyes on the far off horizon.

FADE OUT:

THE END