

**FROM THE PRODUCERS OF
THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS AND THE ROAD**

ACADEMY AWARD NOMINEE

**ETHAN
HAWKE**

**ORLANDO
BLOOM**

**ZAYA
GUARANI**

**GABRIEL
LEONE**

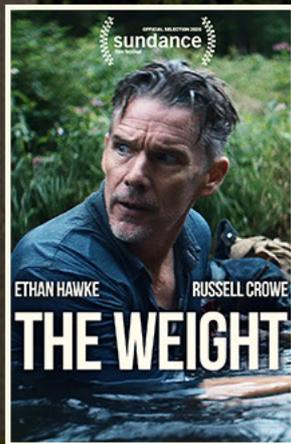
**THE
LAST
OF THE
TRIBE**

**DIRECTED BY
CLAUDIO
BORRELLI**

SYNOPSIS

Will Phelan (Hawke), a washed-out Chicago cop is sent to Brazil to investigate a worker's suspicious death at a construction site deep in the Amazon rainforest. Alongside Fernando (Leone), a governmental protection agent, Phelan discovers evidence of a massacre of an un-contacted indigenous tribe, leaving only one survivor, a young boy. Entangled in a web of corporate greed, Phelan is faced with a moral reckoning: to be complicit in a violent cover up or save the last surviving member of the tribe and reclaim his soul.

COMPS



THE TEAM

DIRECTOR

CLAUDIO BORRELLI
VULTURES

WRITER

MARK BAILEY
DOWNFALL
THE VOLCANO: RESCUE FROM WHAKAARI

DOP

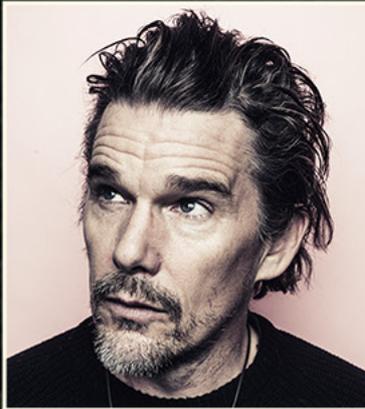
ACADEMY AWARD AND BAFTA NOMINEE
ADOLPHO VELOSO
TRAIN DREAMS

CAST

**ETHAN
HAWKE**

*THE WEIGHT
BLUE MOON*

**IS
WILLIAM
PHELAN**



**ORLANDO
BLOOM**

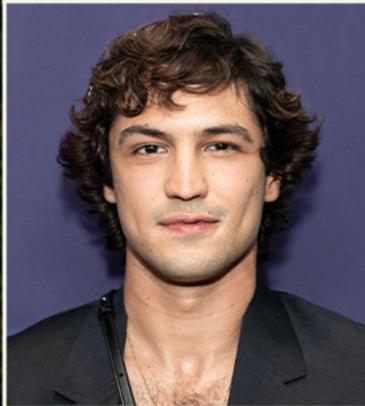
*DEEP COVER
LORD OF THE RINGS*

**IS
JOEL
LOVELL**

**GABRIEL
LEONE**

*SENNA
THE SECRET AGENT*

**IS
FERNANDO
ARAUJO**



**ZAYA
GUARANI**

*DARREN ARONOFSKY'S
POSTCARDS FROM EARTH*

**IS
SIMARA**

PRODUCERS

SAXON PRODUCTIONS

Edward Saxon is an Academy Award-winning film and television producer best known for producing Jonathan Demme's *THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS*, winner of five Academy Awards, including Best Picture. His extensive producer credits include *PHILADELPHIA*, *BELOVED*, *ADAPTATION* and *OUR FAMILY WEDDING*.

CHOCKSTONE PICTURES

Led by producers Steve & Paula Mae Schwartz, brings bold stories and acclaimed motion pictures to life. Credits include *THE ROAD*, directed by John Hillcoat and starring Viggo Mortensen, and *THE COUNSELOR*, Ridley Scott's ensemble piece starring Michael Fassbender and Penélope Cruz. Most recent credits include *ANNIVERSARY*, a dystopian political thriller starring Diane Lane.

MOXIE FILMS

Mark Bailey is an American writer, producer, and documentary filmmaker based in Los Angeles. Producing credits include *TAKE EVERY WAVE: THE LIFE OF LAIRD HAMILTON* and *DOWNFALL: THE CASE AGAINST BOEING*.

UNDER THE INFLUENCE PRODUCTIONS

Founded by Ethan Hawke and Ryan Hawke, Under the Influence Productions is responsible for producing acclaimed indie films, documentaries, and TV series focused on authentic storytelling. Key projects include *THE GOOD LORD BIRD*, *FIRST REFORMED*, *BLUE MOON*, *THE LOWDOWN*, and the 2026 Sundance premiere *THE WEIGHT*.

O2 FILMES

Founded in 1991 in São Paulo by renowned *CITY OF GOD* director Fernando Meirelles, Paulo Morelli, and producer Andrea Barata Ribeiro, O2 Filmes is widely recognized as one of the most significant and creative production houses in Brazil. Credits include *CITY OF GOD*, *THE CONSTANT GARDENER* and *BLINDNESS*.

PROTAGONIST
PICTURES

THE LAST OF THE TRIBE

Written by Mark Bailey

Based on the book by Monte Reel

Protagonist Pictures Ltd
www.protagonistpictures.com
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OVER BLACK:

There are over fifty uncontacted indigenous tribes living in the Brazilian rainforest, more than anywhere else on earth.

According to Brazil's Constitution, if an uncontacted tribe is discovered, the land that they are living on must immediately become a preserve.

FADE IN:

EXT. RAINFOREST - BRAZIL - DAY

Wild jungle, impossibly dense. Hanging fronds and twisting vines. Insects BUZZ and snakes SLITHER; this is rainforest, primordial and alive.

TRACKING through - our ears prick to a TRICKLE, then a FLOW, then the loud RUSH OF WATER.

Foliage opens to a wide, sweeping river. The water breaks around rocks, pours over fallen limbs, as now -

CLOSE ON, a giant concrete block. Not part of the jungle. The block is six feet by six feet, squat in the shallows.

Moving around the river bend, our eyes take in a massive construction site. There - in the middle of the rainforest.

Backhoes, dump trucks, concrete mixers. Engines ROAR, saws BUZZ. Dozens of BRAZILIAN WORKERS, like Lego men in hard hats, SHOUT to one another.

The CASSION-LOURDES HYDROELECTRIC logo is stamped on everything.

This is what it looks like when you build a billion-dollar hydroelectric dam in the middle of the Amazon.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PICKUP (MOVING) - DAM SITE - BRAZIL - DAY

The GRIND of truck tires, and we are off -

Wheels spin through mud, the engine REVS. A pickup is racing down a logging trail. The Cassion-Lourdes logo splattered on the side.

ANGLE ON, the truckbed - a man lies in back, his chest and stomach awash in blood.

The man is white - some kind of ENGINEER. A GAUCHO holds his head, another GAUCHO keeps his legs still.

The pickup swings onto a paved road. The Engineer in back GROANING.

Behind the steering wheel, the ranch manager, RAYMOND MAROVAS (40s) - Raymond has buzzed hair and chiseled features, a chiseled body too.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - VILHENA - BRAZIL - DAY - LATER

The waiting room of a crummy medical outpost.

BANG, the doors fly open. The two Gauchos carry the bloody Engineer inside. GASPS.

Raymond strides in after -

RAYMOND
Dr. Arias! Dr. Arias!

The RECEPTIONIST at the counter looks stunned. An ASSISTANT (dark-skinned, indigenous man) rushes to help.

DOCTOR ARIAS holds open the door -

DR. ARIAS
Get him on the table fast!

The Gauchos hurry past. Raymond looks to Dr. Arias. Raymond's eyes say - *you better handle this carefully.*

INT. OPERATING ROOM - MEDICAL CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

AHHHH! The Engineer on the operating table. AHHHH! - Dr. Arias cuts off his shirt.

DR. ARIAS
*Hit him with the pentothal,
goddamn it! Quickly!*

The Assistant plunges a needle into the Engineer's side. The man passes out.

Dr. Arias sponges down his torso revealing - two holes.

DR. ARIAS (CONT'D)
Hold his arms down!

The Assistant presses firmly on the Engineer's arms.

Dr. Arias pokes around the hole in the man's stomach with forceps. Nothing.

Suddenly, the Engineer shudders. He COUGHS. Blood spills down his chin.

DR. ARIAS (CONT'D)
Merda. Merda, merda, merda.

More blood spills. The man's head comes to rest.

Dr. Arias looks to the Assistant - the Engineer is dead.

After a moment, Dr. Arias once again approaches. This time, the chest wound. He reaches in with his forceps.

Gradually, he grips an object. He begins to pull it out.

It is a foreign object, some kind of STONE. Covered in gore...

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPLANE - RAINFOREST - TWO DAYS LATER

A small commercial plane floats high over rainforest.

Below, a vast canopy of green cut by snaking black rivers. Trees as far as the eye can see.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

WAAAAA! A baby scream.

A swizzle stick jiggles in a cocktail cup.

SWOOSH, the plane rises, then THUMP, it drops. There is serious turbulence.

In a window seat, WILLIAM PHELAN (late 40s) lays back sleeping. Phelan's suit is rumpled, his jaw unshaven.

The cocktail cup, a bourbon, sits on his tray.

SWOOSH, then THUMP again. WAAAA! -

Phelan wakes with a start. He's been dreaming and it hasn't been a good dream.

He glances over - the BABY is next to him, on her MOTHER'S lap.

Phelan takes a sip of whiskey. He gazes flatly out the window at the lush green jungle below.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, we expect this turbulence to continue throughout the remainder of the flight. Please stow all carry-on items beneath your seats and place your tray-tables in their full upright position.

[Italics in dialogue indicate the character is speaking Portuguese.]

Everyone starts to put away their belongings.

SWOOSH, then THUMP - and now the Baby pukes - all over her mom. WAAAA!

PHELAN
 (sighs)
 Fuck me.

MOTHER (HEAVY ACCENT)
*Oh, noooo, meu dues! I'm so
 sorry, sir! Oh, no no!*

The Mother holds the Baby at arms length. Vomit covers her blouse. She looks helplessly at Phelan.

MOTHER (HEAVY ACCENT) (CONT'D)
 Sir, I'm so sorry, sir...

Phelan takes the wailing child. Rough as his hands are, we can tell he's held one before.

MOTHER (HEAVY ACCENT) (CONT'D)
 I'll be back quickly.

SWOOSH, then THUMP. The Mother dashes off leaving -

Phelan with the Baby on his leg - WAAAA! - the Baby screams into his face.

PHELAN
 Come on, kid - let's keep it
 together...

WAAAA!

Phelan's eyes drift to his whiskey. Then to the Baby's milk bottle in the seat pocket - he grabs the bottle.

PHELAN (CONT'D)
 Okay - you're gonna like this...

Putting the nipple between his teeth, Phelan unscrews the cap and sets the bottle down. Carefully, he pours some of his bourbon into the milk.

ANGLE ON, the Mother hustling back down the aisle.

She arrives to find Phelan still holding the Baby. Only now the kid is merrily sucking away.

She sinks down in her seat. Takes the Baby back.

MOTHER (HEAVY ACCENT)
 (perplexed)
Muchas gracias, Senhor.

SWOOSH, then THUMP. But the Baby is snuggling off to sleep. Phelan nods -

PHELAN
 Sure thing.

Then he reaches across and, in one clean swallow, drains the rest of his drink.

EXT. RUNWAY - AIRPORT - VILHENA - BRAZIL - DAY - LATER

The SCREECH of tires. The plane touching down on a cracked asphalt runway.

The airport just one rinky-dink terminal.

INT. AIRPLANE - VILHENA - BRAZIL - MOMENTS LATER

Shaken-up PASSENGERS file off.

We see the Mother step out, the Baby asleep in her arms.

Phelan is last to disembark. He pulls a roller bag and a beat-up briefcase. He pauses at the door.

PHELAN
(to FLIGHT ATTENDANT)
You've got something of mine.

The Attendant pauses, then remembers - she unlocks an overhead and grabs a canvas pouch. Phelan signs for it.

She watches him head down the exterior stairs and into the harsh Brazilian sunlight.

EXT. CURB - AIRPORT - VILHENA - MOMENTS LATER

A cigarette burns between Phelan's lips. He is standing at the curb.

A black double-cabin pickup truck pulls up in front. The Cassion-Lourdes logo on the door.

EXT./INT. PICKUP (MOVING) - VILHENA - BRAZIL - DAY

The Cassion pickup rolls through the streets of Vilhena.

Phelan sits in back. He unzips the canvas pouch - a Glock pistol. He slips it into his shoulder holster.

Through the window, his eyes clock the growing cow-town. So called "progress" carved into the back of rainforest.

Scaffolding, cement - the third world shopping plaza and the half-built condos. A plank wood bodega beside a glass cell phone store. It's all straight out of the Wild West.

BRAZILIAN DRIVER (HEAVY ACCENT)
Welcome to Vilhena.

PHELAN
Yeah? Looks like a real shit-hole.

They drive on. As outside:

- HOMELESS PEOPLE nod off under a bridge.

- A GRAY WATER TOWER rises out of a field of weeds.
- SLUM DOGS eat scraps of garbage.

There is graffiti on the wall above the slum dogs - Phelan's eyes hold on it:

In black paint, a cluster of three blocks, trapezoids really, the paint running like blood...

INT. WAITING ROOM - MORGUE - VILHENA - DAY

Phelan sits on a plastic chair smoking another cigarette.

Waiting by the counter, VICTOR HOU (27), a tall, goofy Chinese-American. He wears a Cassion-Lourdes ID clip.

VICTOR HOU
Easy flight, sir?

PHELAN
Yup.

VICTOR HOU
Outstanding.
(smiles)
Well, hopefully you'll be headed
back soon enough.

Victor's eyes linger over Phelan - his rumpled suit, his cigarette.

VICTOR HOU (CONT'D)
Do you have your ID, sir?

PHELAN
Yup.

Phelan is not much for words.

Victor watches him reach into his jacket and take out his Cassion-Lourdes ID. Clip it to his front pocket.

VICTOR HOU
How long have you been with
Cassie?

PHELAN
What is your name again?

VICTOR HOU
Victor.

PHELAN
Two years, Victor.

A BRAZILIAN CLERK returns behind the counter.

BRAZILIAN CLERK
Quarto dois o dois.

Victor does not understand. The man writes on a piece of paper - 202.

INT. COLD STORAGE - MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

Room 202.

The naked body of the Engineer, the man we saw at the open - laid out on a metal table.

Phelan slips on surgical gloves.

Victor stands with a clipboard. Next to him, a BRAZILIAN OFFICIAL with a fat tie. And TWO MORGUE TECHNICIANS.

Phelan looks down at the corpse with his flat gray eyes.

He can see two coagulated holes on the man's body - one stomach, one chest.

Victor reads from the report.

VICTOR HOU

Michael Jaworski, age fifty-two.
Structural engineer. Employed by
Cassion-Lourdes for the previous
thirteen years. Before that he did
ten at Halliburton.

(beat)

There should be a birthmark, they
call it a *café au lait*, on his
right hip.

Phelan turns the body. Indeed, a small faded birthmark on his hip.

PHELAN

Confirm.

VICTOR HOU

Vertical scar from ACL surgery,
right knee.

Phelan's eyes go to it.

PHELAN

Confirm.

(moves up to torso)
Cause of death?

VICTOR HOU

(reading)
Suffocation, sir - his left lung
filled up with blood.

Phelan inspects around the holes - two deep punctures. He looks to Victor...

VICTOR HOU (CONT'D)
 Friggin' really bad luck. One of those freak accidents - he fell 25 feet off the dam wall - landed on some branches.

Phelan considers. Looks to the Brazilian Official.

PHELAN
 Here.

The Official hands him a form. Phelan, by rote, begins to sign in various places.

VICTOR HOU
 Is that it? Are we done?

PHELAN
 Yup.

VICTOR HOU
 Funny - that's it, that's all it takes to identify a body?

PHELAN
 Officially.

VICTOR HOU
 I'm sorry, sir. I just meant - you didn't even know Mike. That's all.

Victor opens the door to leave. But Phelan remains by the corpse.

PHELAN
 How is this...
 (pause)
 Jaworski - the name is Polish which means he's probably Catholic.

Phelan begins to slowly circle the body.

PHELAN (CONT'D)
 Judging from his uncut cock, I'm going to say first or second generation. Married, the ring indentation tells me that, and for a long time - that tattoo on his arm there - Anna - is faded as hell. I'd also say, given the tattoo and his age, that he was in some branch of the military once upon a time. So yeah, more likely second generation. He liked to drink - blood vessels. Pretty miserable - why the hell else work all those years on job sites buried in different armpits around the world. He liked women. Look at the ears.

You see the lack of ear hair - he's in the middle of the jungle and he's keeping his ear hair trimmed. And the fingernails are nice too. He sort of fancied himself a playboy. But then he's a Catholic so he's not getting divorced.

(pause)

So what do we got here - a self-made man, a hard drinker, a pussy hound - all that kind of lends itself to attitude. Like maybe Mike was kind of a dick.

Phelan looks up at Victor.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

How's the ID going here, Victor?

(beat)

Would you say Mike was a dick?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - STRIP MALL - VILHENA - DAY

Women, all of them INDIGENOUS INDIANS, wait in a parking lot.

They wear dirty skirts and cheap T-shirts. They smoke, gossip.

CLANK, the door of a beat-up metal shipping container swings open. This is some kind of food exchange.

A fit young man, FERNANDO ARAUJO (28), wearing eco-hip outdoor wear, with a government uniform underneath.

On his shirt pocket, five letters - FUNAI.

FERNANDO

All right, ladies, thank you for your patience. Today we are handing out five kilo bags.

Fernando starts to hand out government-issue bags of grain.

The Indigenous Women, one after the other, mutter the same phrase as they take them -

INDIGENOUS WOMEN (TRIBAL TONGUE)

Thank you, Fernando. Thank you, Fernando. Thank you, Fernando.

MOMENTS LATER:

Fernando stands by some picnic tables while the Indians pick through second-hand clothes.

We hear a GROWL.

He looks over to see the snarling face of a mean-ass jungle mutt.

Coal black fur, a thick metal chain - next to the dog stands a dark-skinned, indigenous man, KONIBU (55).

We recognize him as the doctor's assistant. They speak in some kind of tribal tongue.

FERNANDO

Konibu.

Fernando strides over. He smiles down at the dog, BOBA.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Do you have to bring him everywhere?

KONIBU

The jaguar is my spirit guide.

FERNANDO

But Boba is not a jaguar.

Konibu puts his finger to his lips.

KONIBU

Don't tell him.

Fernando CHUCKLES. This is their routine.

FERNANDO

How can I help you, Konibu?

EXT/INT. FUNAI OFFICE - VILHENA - MOMENTS LATER

Those same five letters on a door: FUNAI. Underneath, a government logo.

In the window, there's a poster of indigenous - The Kanoe Tribe - dressed in a hodgepodge of western attire.

Boba sits out front on a chain.

INSIDE:

A couple of desks and filing cabinets. Piles of papers, an old computer monitor.

Jungle gear is scattered about: backpack, machete, rope. The place has the feel of an underfunded not-for-profit.

Fernando drops down into his chair.

FERNANDO

Okay, what's on your mind?

Konibu is seated across from him. All smiles are gone.

KONIBU

*If I told you something -
something that happened in the
Amazonia - you would report it?*

FERNANDO

*That depends. I mean, if it were
serious, of course I would.*

Konibu considers Fernando for a long moment.

Then he takes a folded cloth out of his pocket. He offers it across the desk.

Fernando eyes it, tentatively. He opens the cloth. Inside - a carved STONE ARROWHEAD.

Fernando turns the arrowhead over in his hand.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

*An arrowhead. Where did you find
it?*

KONIBU

*The man from the river dam, it was
inside his chest.*

Fernando's head snaps up -

FERNANDO

The guy who died?

KONIBU

It was inside his chest.

Fernando stares at the stone arrowhead, stunned.

FERNANDO

Are you sure?

Konibu gives a slow, sure nod -

CUT TO:

INT. STEAKHOUSE - VILHENA - NIGHT

A steak SIZZLES on a grill. BRAZILIAN COOKS in greasy aprons tend to burning slabs of meat.

This is a rustic steakhouse.

There is a worn cement dance floor with string lights. Some snappy Brazilian POP pours through the speakers.

ANGLE ON, a table to the side.

Phelan sits next to Victor. A few other Cassion-Lourdes MANAGEMENT-TYPES sit with them. They are waiting.

Phelan watches as an executive approaches, JOEL LOVELL (45).

Joel is dressed sharply, French cuffs and a pocket square. But there is something a bit desperate in the attire - as if he longs to be somewhere else.

He offers Phelan a firm handshake.

JOEL LOVELL
Joel Lovell, good to meet you.

He pulls out his center chair -

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)
You guys already ordered?

Joel knows the answer - they've been waiting.

He looks to Phelan.

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)
Get your steak bloody - that's all
I have to say. It's the real deal.
(calls out)
Waiter!

He gaze around at all the faces, as if making double-sure the group knows he's their boss. His eyes meet Phelan's.

Phelan does not look away.

LATER:

Joel is more boisterous. Tequila glasses are raised in toast.

JOEL/ CASSION GROUP
To Jaworski!

Phelan CLINKS too, though he is the silent observer. Everybody tosses back their shot.

VICTOR HOU
How about that - smooth right?
(then)
Don't worry, this place will get
hopping.

Phelan nods. But he looks like he couldn't give a shit.

LATER:

The dance floor is jammed.

One of the Cassion guys is grooving like a white man with a hot BRAZILIAN CHICK.

We see LOCALS dressed up for a big club night. Some BACKPACKERS and budget TOURISTS.

At the Cassion table, most of the chairs are empty. The Management-types out circulating. Victor gone too.

Joel holds forth with Phelan. He is a man who needs an audience.

JOEL LOVELL

Brazil's economy is dismal, in the shitter. Inflation is the highest it's been in twelve years, unemployment is up to about eight percent, and the GDP keeps tumbling. And this is the largest economy in Latin America.

(beat)

So - if you're building a \$13 billion dollar hydroelectric dam - what are you thinking?

Phelan sits there -

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)

Come on, what are you thinking?

Still no answer.

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)

You're thinking I better fucking get started before the government changes its mind!

Joel grins, as if what he just said is mighty impressive.

And now Victor drops back into his seat, sweaty and full of energy. He nods out at the dance floor -

VICTOR HOU

Excellent selection tonight, gentlemen, top notch. I love how we are in the middle of nowhere and the girls have these incredible tits, just incredible. I mean, there is no way they're real.

Phelan's eyes catch on just such a woman as she saunters towards the table in high heels.

CASSION MANAGER 1

Speaking of - twelve o'clock, coming in hot - four, three, two...

The woman, SIMARA (23), arrives. She looks exotic - dark skin, sharp cheekbones.

She leans down and whispers something in Joel's ear.

JOEL LOVELL

(smiles up)

One minute.

She eyes Phelan for a moment, coolly. Then she leaves.

Joel grins across at him, again to say - *aren't I something.*

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me, boys - I've been summoned.

He stands up.

PHELAN

You gotta do what you gotta do.

But there is a certain flatness in Phelan's voice, almost a disdain.

Joel stares back at him. He does not like this guy.

Joel wanders toward the dance floor and, we see, on his face, a moment of weariness. But then he steps into the thumping mob, looks across at Simara, and suddenly he is dancing.

As Phelan and Victor remain at the table. Victor oblivious to the whole exchange.

VICTOR HOU

So, Cassie must fly you all over the world?

Phelan lights a cigarette.

PHELAN

Pretty much. Wherever someone bites it.

He pours himself a tall whiskey.

VICTOR HOU

Yeah, I'll bet.

(beat)

I heard you used to be a cop?

The DJ puts on a new track, and the dance floor ROARS with delight. Phelan silently gazing out at the dancers.

Joel is out there shaking it with Simara, moving furiously now. Other Cassion employees out there too.

VICTOR HOU (CONT'D)

I guess you must have seen a lot of bodies?

Still silence. And then suddenly Phelan turns -

PHELAN

Look - I'm not asking and I don't really care, but don't jerk me off.

Victor looks confused -

PHELAN (CONT'D)
Jaworski didn't die from a fall.

Victor sits quiet, as if considering this for the very first time.

As now Phelan's flat gray eyes return to the dance floor. The throbbing energy, Joel dogging it up -

We're up all night to get lucky, We're up all night to get lucky...

Phelan takes a deep drink of whiskey.

PHELAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, I've seen my share of bodies.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. PICKUP (MOVING) - VILHENA - NIGHT - LATER

A beat-up pickup truck rumbles down the street. Fernando Araujo behind the wheel.

Up ahead in the darkness, a couple is walking along the road. Their arms slung around each other.

Fernando slows down. It is Joel, looking loaded, with the beautiful Simara.

Fernando draws a nervous breath, rolls down his window.

FERNANDO
Good evening, Simara.

Simara does not stop walking.

SIMARA
Good evening.

Apparently, Fernando knows her.

FERNANDO
Would you like me to give you a lift home?

SIMARA
No thank you.

Joel glances over. He's hammered, though his suit remains quite natty. Fernando's pickup rolls beside them.

FERNANDO
(to Simara)
I'm sure your friend can find his way back on his own...

SIMARA

(sharply)
*-Thanks, Fernando, but I'm not
some project of yours.*

Silence.

FERNANDO

Do you even know him?

Joel offers up a goofy wave.

JOEL LOVELL

(slurring)
Cool truck.

Fernando's eyes are on Simara, but she is not stopping.
He shifts into a higher gear.

FERNANDO

Just take care of yourself.

The pickup starts off again -

SIMARA

I always do.

She steadies her arm around Joel's waist -

JOEL LOVELL

Yeesh, what the hell was his
problem?

Joel eyes the uneven road. He is fit, but still - a
middle-aged man stuck in a younger man's game.

SIMARA

Just keep moving.

As Simara stares ahead at the pickup, it's tail-lights
disappearing in the distance.

INT. FUNAI HOUSING - VILHENA - NIGHT - LATER

A COMPUTER SCREEN glows - an official document is
blinking.

Fernando sits with his laptop open on the kitchen table.
His eyes go to the stone arrowhead resting beside it.

He picks up the arrowhead and stares at it for a long
moment. He stands and walks to the sink.

Fernando holds the arrowhead under the faucet water. Red
spots begin to dot the porcelain...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - BRAZIL - NEXT MORNING

Spokes of sunlight cut through the jungle canopy. Mist curls around trees and vines.

VARIOUS SHOTS:

- Rivulets of water pouring over rock, POOLING.
- A TOUCAN, impossibly bright, on a branch.
- A massive TREE TRUNK, the ancient roots stretching like taffy.

CLOSE ON, an Indian's face. He is a BOY (12), and he is concentrating -

We see the naked shoulders, arms - his bow string pulled taut, his arrow ready.

Some distance away a GIANT PECCARY (wild boar) feeds.

CA-CAW, the Boy makes a strange animal CRY - a signal the boar does not notice - then SWOOSH - and THWACK - his arrow hits the boar's back.

A HOWL and the animal starts running.

The Boy chases - the hairy peccary crashing through brush, the Indian Boy - lithe and nimble - dashing after.

CA-CAW, the Boy continues to make his CRIES - over roots and through vines - bare feet light on the dark earth.

MOMENTS LATER:

The chase continues - up an incline, the peccary disappearing - *is he getting away?*

The Boy running down the other side. The animal beating onward - across a muddy stream.

The Boy's CRIES louder now. He stops, draws back an arrow - the peccary's legs racing toward a WALL OF FRONDS and freedom, when -

THWACK - another arrow! - from close up, directly in front of the boar. The arrow sinks hard into the beast's throat and drops him instantly.

The wall of fronds, a hunting blind, is lowered and a massive INDIAN MAN (35) emerges.

The man is painted red. He has a wide forehead and strong nose, fierce black eyes.

The Boy stops running. Both he and the man gaze upon the dead boar.

The man is the Boy's father and he too is naked, just a loin of dried grass. Broad shoulders, every muscle is cut from use, his entire body painted red with berry juice.

The father gestures to his throat, using words we can't understand - *you must strike at the throat.*

He smiles at his son.

Then he strides up, slides a stone blade from his waistband and - WHACK, WHACK - begins to hack the animal. Blood splatters -

And then, GRRRRR! Both their heads swivel. It is the sound of an ENGINE - GRRRRR!!!

A BIG JEEP crashes through some nearby brush.

ANGLE ON, the Jeep.

The BRAZILIAN DRIVER shuts off the engine and steps out. Up ahead, there is only forest.

The Indian and Boy have completely disappeared.

ANGLE ON, the Indian and Boy.

Crouching hidden in the brush. Both of them move in total silence, shifting into position.

VOICES, as now two more CASSION WORKERS get out. We see an ENGINEER carrying a tripod.

The Engineer and BRAZILIAN FOREMAN examine a map. They point in the Indian's direction. Take a few steps closer.

The Indian and Boy have unslung their bows. With a clear line on the Brazilians, they notch their arrows.

The Foreman points to a peg in the ground.

BRAZILIAN FOREMAN

Here.

ENGINEER

Yeah, that looks like the turn.

(to Driver)

Perez - who sank this? Wasn't Jaworski on this?

The BRAZILIAN DRIVER shrugs - *no idea* - but we notice that he looks uneasy. *Is this where Jaworski bit it?*

The Engineer is clueless. He is about to take another step toward the Indians.

CLOSE ON, the arrow pointed. The Indian's flexed, blood-splattered arms drawing the bowstring back and -

BRAZILIAN WORKER (O.S.)

-Naldo? You listening?

A crackling VOICE comes from the Foreman's walkie-talkie.

BRAZILIAN WORKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*We need you back here at the lower
 embankment. A visitor.*

The Indian's eyes are hard on the Engineer - an open strike zone.

BRAZILIAN FOREMAN
 (into walkie-talkie)
Okay, be there shortly.
 (to Engineer)
 We have to go back.

ENGINEER
 Really?

The Foreman nods, *sí*. And so the pair slowly turn around, start back toward the Jeep.

The Indian and Boy relax their bows.

The Boy's walks back to the boar. The animals throat and chest are cut open -

- innards bleeding into the dirt.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRASILIA - BRAZIL - DAY

Brazil's capital - a planned city laid out in a neat grid.

Lush green parks and modern architecture - skyscrapers, banks, six-lane highways.

INT. FUNAI OFFICES - BRASILIA - BRAZIL - DAY

A glass door. CLOSE ON, those five letters on a glass door: FUNAI.

We are inside drab government offices. WORKER BEES in a forgotten corner of the administration.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - FUNAI - BRASILIA - SAME TIME

An OFFICE WORKER stands nervously in front of his BOSS.

BOSS
Who filed the report?

The Worker looks down at a document.

OFFICE WORKER
*Fernando Araujo - our agent in
 Vilhena.*

He hands his Boss the paper. We glimpse a PHOTO of the arrowhead. Below it, "...possibility of an uncontacted indigenous tribe..."

The Boss holds up the document.

BOSS

Is this in the system already?

The Officer Worker gives a slow nod.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONGRESS BLDG. - BRASILIA - BRAZIL - DAY

A rich green lawn leads up to a futuristic-looking building.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - CONGRESS BLDG. - SAME TIME

SENATOR ALVARO MOTTA (55) sits behind his desk. A large poster of a dam on an easel beside him.

He is speaking to CAMERA.

SENATOR MOTTA

*As chair of the National Council
for Energy Policy, I can tell
you...wait, wait, stop...*

He fixes his lapel mic.

SENATOR MOTTA (CONT'D)

Let's start again.

REVERSE ANGLE:

A FILM CREW for a promotional commercial. They wait for the Senator to re-start.

SENATOR MOTTA (CONT'D)

*As chair of the National Council
for Energy Policy, I can assure
you that the Madeira Dam will
provide electricity to over ten
million homes, that is five
percent of our national output.
Furthermore, the construction of
the dam itself will create 20,000
jobs, both skilled and unskilled,
before...*

KNOCK, KNOCK, on the office door. Yet again, the Senator stops.

SENATOR MOTTA (CONT'D)

What is it?!

A RECEPTIONIST cautiously pokes her head in.

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry, Senator, but there is a man here to see you - from FUNAI. He says it's about the Madeira Dam.

The Senator's face goes pale.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - CRUZ ESTATE - VILHENA - DAY

A horse's asshole.

Cattle graze over barren hills. The green jungle-line looming in the far distance.

A short, pudgy man with a lush mustache sits on the horse looking across the cattle -

BENEDITO CRUZ (50s). Cruz is dressed like a cowboy in a diamonds and denim way. He's the owner of all this land.

He spurs his horse and gallops toward a distant barn.

INT. BARN - CRUZ ESTATE - VILHENA - CONTINUOUS

THREE GAUCHOS steer a large bull toward a metal pen. The bull is not liking it.

At the barn door, Cruz dismounts from his horse and hands a GAUCHO his reins.

He steps into the cool shade of the barn. From the metal pen, a pained BELLOW. Cruz strides toward it.

CRUZ

Hey, hey, hey - gentle!

The Gauchos all make room. Cruz walks to the front of the pen - the bull's head.

He crouches, stares into the animal's panicked eye.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Ahhh, mi amigo - it's not a good day for you.

He begins to stroke the back of the bull's neck. Then he nods to the Gauchos.

One man lifts the bull's tail. The other man reaches under and slips a rubber bander over the bull's hefty ball sack.

It does not look comfortable. The bull MOANS.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Yes, I know - but we all must lose our balls at some point.

The Gaucho winds the bander tighter and tighter. The bull MOANING louder.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

*For some, it is the wife who takes
your balls. For others, it is
their mother -*

Cruz's eyes flash at the Gaucho - *do this quickly please.*

GAUCHO

Cutter...

The man is handed a sharp blade -

CRUZ

For some, it is el chefe...

- A-WOOOO, a deep mournful cry. Cruz holding the bull's head in his arms.

EXT. CRUZ ESTATE - VILHENA - DAY - LATER

A giant, sprawling home.

Golden jaguars - their jaws wide, fangs flashing - flank the grand patio steps.

The place is monstrous in both size and style. Polished pink stone, baroque wrought iron, gold trim windows.

Chunky heeled ostrich boots climb the tile steps.

Cruz is striding in from the field, through the massive French doors, and into...

INT. GREAT ROOM - CRUZ ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

...the great room where...

CRUZ

Amelina! Amelina!

A MAID walks out from the kitchen.

MAID

Chefe?

Cruz opens his gloved hand -

CRUZ

A treat for the kitchen.

- two round bull testicles, like large pink scallops.

Then CLICK, a side door opens. It is Cruz's PERSONAL ASSISTANT in a suit.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

They are clipping the new steers.

The Assistant looks serious.

ASSISTANT

Senator Motta is on the phone.

INT. BATHROOM - SENATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A private bathroom adjoined to the Senator's office. The door is closed.

Senator Motta is on his cell. Forehead beaded with sweat.

SENATOR MOTTA

You understand I won't be able to help you. It will be a disaster.

INTERCUT: Cruz's home office.

Cruz sits behind a giant mahogany desk.

CRUZ

You're being crazy. There are no Indians on my land. The land was surveyed at the time of purchase, every inch, eighteen years ago, declared free of Indians. It was surveyed again six months ago, before they broke ground. Same thing.

SENATOR MOTTA

Well, let's hope they were thorough - because if FUNAI finds any Indians, Benedito, one fucking Indian - I will not be able to help you...

CRUZ

Please, Senator - relax.

Cruz thinks for a beat.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

You said the report came from a field office - the one here in Vilhena?

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. PICKUP (MOVING)- HIGHWAY - VILHENA - DAY

Tires roll down asphalt highway. Phelan gazing out the rear window -

Outside, barren hills as far as the eye can see. Cruz's cattle roaming the stripped countryside.

Phelan is in back. Victor up front beside the Driver.

The pickup passes a small, forlorn vegetable stand - a POOR FAMILY tending it. Their sad produce spoiling in the sun.

PHELAN'S POV, on the family. The parents and children in rags.

MOMENTS LATER:

The pickup turns off the highway and onto a dirt off-road. Dust beating.

MOMENTS LATER:

The pickup races toward the line of jungle.

VICTOR HOU
You must be excited to see this?

Phelan does not look excited.

VICTOR HOU (CONT'D)
You'll see, sir, it's majestic.

Majestic? We can feel Phelan wince.

But then suddenly, they are inside the *Amazonia* - a tunnel of flora - and it is majestic. Such a contrast to the slums of Vilhena.

Phelan's eyes widen at the explosion of reds, pinks, yellows - the dripping, steaming, breathing rainforest.

As now the pickup crests a rise toward the dam site.

And Phelan can see the spires of metal scaffolding and cranes poking up above the canopy of trees.

EXT. DAM SITE - RAINFOREST - DAY - LATER

The dam site is a hive of activity. Like a small industrial city rising up in the middle of nowhere..

Phelan stands at the top of an asphalt embankment. Victor too. Next to them, the Brazilian Foreman from earlier.

BRAZILIAN FOREMAN
Senhor Jaworski was walking along the top here. Maybe his walkie-talkie called or something and - how you say - distracted him.

Phelan steps up to the rim. There is a 25 ft. drop off the other side. The Foreman points -

BRAZILIAN FOREMAN (CONT'D)
*Que azar...*bad luck.

Phelan gazes down at a large pile of felled branches. It is marked off with yellow tape.

PHELAN

Yeah, bad luck. That's what I've been hearing.

(beat)

The guys who saw it - are they around?

BRAZILIAN FOREMAN

Sí. There were two men who saw him fall, and another was right there after, helping. I'll get them.

He unclips his walkie-talkie. But then Victor chimes in -

VICTOR HOU

We do have sworn statements, sir.

Phelan looks at him, thinks about this -

INT. MOBILE OFFICE - DAM SITE - DAY

A meeting room in a construction office, plywood floor, maps on the walls.

Joel Lovell sits at a folding table with NICK DELBANCO (60), an older, balding lawyer.

They are out in the jungle, yet Joel remains quite the natty dresser. Nick's briefcase is open, a few files out.

NICK DELBANCO

He's handled half a dozen accidental deaths and a good number of workplace injuries. His reports are solid. The claims all stick - insurance pays up.

But Joel is only half listening.

He is staring out the window at Phelan, a few hundred feet away, walking in the mud around the 'accident site'.

JOEL LOVELL

Can we trust him?

Nick looks down at a file. A PHOTO of Phelan ten years younger. Lean and tough and much more street.

NICK DELBANCO

Chicago PD. Narcotics. Had a stellar record. A lot of undercover work, tough stuff.

JOEL LOVELL

Yeah, so why'd he come to us?

As far as Joel is concerned, why would anyone want to be there.

Silence. Nick reads on a beat - then he let's out a soft WHISTLE.

NICK DELBANCO
Says here "forced resignation" -
Internal Affairs - brutality.

Now Joel locks in.

JOEL LOVELL
Did he get his pension?

Nick shakes his head.

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)
What about his wife?

NICK DELBANCO
Divorced.

Joel thinks a moment longer. He stares back out at Phelan, trudging in the mud.

JOEL LOVELL
He seems, I don't know - he
smokes. What kind of retard smokes
nowadays?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING AREA - DAM SITE - MOMENTS LATER

Phelan and Victor stand leaning against the pickup. Phelan is going over paperwork.

PHELAN
Whose signatures are these?

VICTOR HOU
The civil police. The military
guys don't deal with this kind of
stuff.
(beat)
That one is us - Joel. And here is
Claudio Jordão. He was the guy at
the morgue.

PHELAN
With the fat tie.

Phelan reads a bit more. Then -

PHELAN (CONT'D)
Okay.

Phelan signs the papers and hands them back to Victor. He looks into Victor's eyes.

PHELAN (CONT'D)
One hell of an unlucky fall.

And then -

JOEL LOVELL (O.S.)

Phelan!

Both men turn to see Joel striding toward them, Nick Delbanco by his side.

Victor heads off to meet them, papers in hand.

Phelan watches as the three men stand chatting for a moment. Then Victor continues on.

Joel and Nick arrive -

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)

Everything seem to be in order?

PHELAN

Looks pretty clear cut.

JOEL LOVELL

Good, good. Victor says you've been great.

Phelan nods, silent, and for an awkward moment Joel just stands there staring.

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)

The thing is, unfortunately, there's been a small hiccup. We need to keep you - put you in a holding pattern for just a day or two.

The way Joel says it, it does not sound like he's asking. Phelan's brow furrows.

PHELAN

I'm flying Jaworski back tonight on the 7:15. Moving a body through customs is, you know...it's a fucking headache.

Joel does not look moved -

PHELAN (CONT'D)

He's already on his way to the airport.

Joel looks back evenly.

JOEL LOVELL

Sorry - but you'll need to figure it out.

Silence.

PHELAN

Do you mind if I ask what's going on?

Nick anxiously clears his throat.

NICK DELBANCO
We were given some news by an
agency we work with called FUNAI.
There is no reason to think...

JOEL LOVELL
-Nick.

Nick instantly quiets.

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)
(to Phelan)
I'm going to call Houston - make
sure somebody's waiting for
Jaworski at arrivals. You work it
out on this end. Okay?

Joel waits for an answer. Nick's eyes flitting back and forth. As Phelan considers. Then -

PHELAN
My overseas quota is for ten days
a month. I just reached it.

Joel looks puzzled. Another awkward silence. Then Nick gets it -

NICK DELBANCO
You want time and a half?

Phelan nods. And now Joel flashes a condescending grin.

JOEL LOVELL
Of course. Absolutely. Right Nick -
we can easily do that.

The two of them stand gazing at Phelan - there in his rumpled suit, and unshaven face.

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)
We'll take care of you.

But we can hear, in Joel's voice, he doesn't really mean it.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MEDICAL CLINIC - VILHENA - DAY

BANG! Dr. Arias flies backwards, his ass hitting the linoleum floor. He looks up, terrified.

This is the doctor from the open. Raymond, the chiseled ranch manager, strides toward him. A GAUCHO follows.

The doctor rolls over and tries to scramble, but Raymond kicks him in the ass - sends him flying on his stomach.

EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC - VILHENA - SAME TIME

Outside, Konibu, the doctor's assistant, pedals up to the clinic on his bicycle.

He sees a double-cabin pickup parked out front. Then SCREECH, a Mercedes pulls up next to it.

Benedito Cruz gets out and walks inside the medical clinic.

Konibu quickly turns his bicycle and pedals away.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - VILHENA - CONTINUOUS

Cruz pushes through the waiting room door. He walks down the linoleum hallway.

He turns into the operating room where -

The two Gauchos stand towering, one of them has a length of surgical tubing wrapped around his hand.

DR. ARIAS

I didn't say anything! You have to believe me. Not even to my wife!

Cruz flashes an angry look at Raymond.

CRUZ

(to Gauchos)

What the hell are you doing?!

He pushes the two Gauchos aside - only to find Dr. Arias cowering on the floor.

The doctor has a bruise on his cheek, his shirt and pants scuffed up.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

(to Gauchos)

You fucking idiots!

Cruz helps the doctor to his feet. He glares at Raymond -

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Raymond - for God-sake?!

(to Dr. Arias)

I am so sorry, Hugo. These fucking savages.

Dr. Arias is trying to pull himself together. He trembles as he tucks in his shirt.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

Their mothers were raped by Conquistadors over 400 years ago and they still haven't gotten over it. Are you okay?

Dr. Arias nods. Cruz pulls out a chair and Dr. Arias sits. After a moment -

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Can you tell me, Hugo... there has been talk of Indians...?

DR. ARIAS

I don't know anything about that. I swear it. I - I've said nothing.

Silence. Cruz's eyes do not leave the doctor.

DR. ARIAS (CONT'D)

I pulled out an arrowhead - from the man's chest - the engineer.

Cruz's face turns to stone. His eyes boring into the doctor's.

CRUZ

You found an arrowhead, Hugo?

DR. ARIAS

I didn't show it to anyone. I swear it. I didn't tell anyone.

Again, silence. And now around the room, eyes meet eyes.

CRUZ

Can I see this arrowhead?

DR. ARIAS

Of course. I put it away first thing. I was going to tell you.

Dr. Arias gets up and shuffles past the examination table to the desk.

Cruz watches him open a drawer, then another - he snaps around -

DR. ARIAS (CONT'D)

Somebody took it. It was here, I swear.

Cruz walks over and stares into the empty drawer.

Silence -

RAYMOND

Somebody must have taken it.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - VILHENA - DUSK

That crappy airport terminal, with a rickety air tower.

Phelan checks his coat for money. He puts his phone down on the counter, then finds some bills.

The Cashier makes change, Phelan pocketing the smokes, and then - *Shit!*

His cell phone is gone. He spins around - the Street Boy is gone too -

EXT. STREET - VILHENA - CONTINUOUS

Phelan runs outside. The street is dark. He looks left, then right - a flash of movement -

ANGLE ON, the Street Boy.

He's small and quick, weaving through cars, motorcycles, bicycles, like the native that he is.

Phelan's long legs run after. He glimpses the Boy's yellow T-shirt.

Phelan arrives at the mouth of an alley. He heads down, the streets getting narrower, dirt and planks instead of pavement.

This is the favela - Brazil's slums.

EXT. FAVELA (MOVING) - VILHENA - CONTINUOUS

The pounding of feet as Phelan chases the Boy through the grit of the slums, wooden shacks on stilts -

- ducking under clothes lines, scrambling over rubble.

The chase goes on, legs churn between shanties, down twisted, trash strewn lanes.

The Boy is nimble, that yellow T-shirt slipping through a hole in the fence, darting through an abandoned house.

Phelan GRUNTS after - past slum dogs, past junkies, past soiled mattresses. Until -

He hits a dead end, a *cul de sac* of shacks. Phelan is out of breath. And the Boy is nowhere in sight.

He looks around at the empty street.

PHELAN

Fuck me.

MOMENTS LATER:

Phelan wanders down a narrow lane. He has ended up deep in this city of trash. He looks lost.

He passes TWO LITTLE CHILDREN curled up asleep on the ground.

FACES in windows watch him - a lone white man in the middle of this human garbage dump.

...tires, buckets, bottles, newspapers, sandbags, needles, clothes, cinder blocks, shoes, condoms...

And now, above it all, there rises a strange voice - a MAN'S VOICE, a deep rhythmic CHANTING.

Phelan walks along - his ears pricked to the sound. He turns down a lane toward it.

MOMENTS LATER:

Phelan ducks his head under an archway - the CHANTING louder.

ANGLE ON, a figure, standing.

A TEENAGE GIRL. She is covered with dark blue-black paint, like tar - arms, shoulders, back.

Phelan has stepped into an inner courtyard.

The Girl is indigenous and other older INDIGENOUS WOMEN surround her - like dressmakers. Except the girl is naked, just covered in paint.

The other Women wear crowns, laurels with flowers and streaks of ink in their hair. They attach bright orange feathers to the girl's arms, the girl's shoulders. It is beautiful and strange.

Phelan's eyes go to an elderly SHAMAN, sitting in the corner on a chair. He is the one CHANTING - in a trance.

As the Women tie on more orange feathers.

It is a searing image - the naked indigenous Girl in black paint wearing the bright orange feathers. That chant drifting over her.

Her arms held out wide like wings, she stands serious and proud - a lost relic from another place and time. Here, in what seems the asshole of our world.

Phelan is mesmerized.

ANGLE ON, a different set of eyes.

Inside one of the shanties, someone else is watching.

It is Simara - the woman that Joel took home. Her gaze follows Phelan as he backs out of the courtyard.

EXT. STREET - FAVELA - VILHENA - NIGHT - LATER

Phelan again walks down the street.

He appears quieter than before, turned inward - as if chewing over what he has just seen.

He is almost at the exit, headed out toward the town.

CLINK - a noise stirs him.

From a reflection in a window - a young GANGSTA, twenty yards back, has kicked a bottle.

The kid wears board shorts, no shirt.

Phelan keeps walking.

MOMENTS LATER:

A second GANGSTA, another teenager, has joined up.

Both are young, aspiring thugs - dirty jeans, flip-flops.

Phelan turns a corner - there in the middle of the street - MORE GANGSTAS. These are older - men in their twenties.

Lean, in shorts and dingy T-shirts, or bare-chested. A scattering of tattoos crawl on arms and chests.

Phelan's eyes shift about, as the kids from behind join the group in front, making them five strong.

The Leader steps forward, blonde frosted mohawk, a shiny gold watch on his wrist.

LEADER

Olá, Senhor - are you lost?

The Teenagers LAUGH, trying to impress.

TEENAGER 1 (IN PORTUGUESE)

He thinks he can come into our streets.

Phelan doesn't look scared. But there's something else, the way the young teens look up to Leader, that disgusts him.

LEADER (IN PORTUGUESE)

Sí, he is just taking a stroll - an evening stroll.

Now all the Gangstas LAUGH -

ANGLE ON, from inside a doorframe - a few yards back - Simara watches. She too has followed.

LEADER (CONT'D)

You take a stroll, Senhor?

Phelan's eyes take careful measure.

And then Phelan turns and walks on through them. Without a word. Walks out of the favela, out to the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL MIRAJE - VILHENA - NIGHT - LATER

A cheesy neon sign - HOTEL MIRAJE in purple script.

INT. BAR - HOTEL MIRAJE - VILHENA - NIGHT

Phelan sits at the lobby bar. His face tired, his fingers wrapped around a whiskey glass.

The BARTENDER spots his Cassion ID.

BARTENDER

Did you know the worker who died?

Phelan downs the whiskey in one swallow.

PHELAN

I only met him once.

BARTENDER

Nice man?

PHELAN

He was dead at the time.

Silence.

Then SWOOSH - a cell phone slides down the bar to where Phelan is sitting. He looks over -

It's Simara. Simara walks toward him in her heels.

SIMARA

Would you like to buy me a drink?

PHELAN

Why would I do that?

SIMARA

I found your phone.

Phelan picks up his phone - a crummy flip phone.

PHELAN

This piece of shit?

He puts it in his pocket. Simara shakes her head.

SIMARA

You're crazy.

Phelan looks over at her.

PHELAN

No. I'm tired.

Simara considers him.

She takes a stool two down - close, but not too close.
The Bartender lays out a coaster.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - BODEGA - VILHENA - NIGHT

Boba, the jungle mutt, sits outside a store on his chain.

INT. BODEGA - VILHENA - SAME TIME

Konibu approaches the cash register, he has a bottle of
booze - *cachaça*.

ANGLE ON, the aisle behind him. A man stands looking at
canned beans - he is a GAUCHO.

Konibu takes his bottle in a bag and thanks the CASHIER.
He heads toward the door -

EXT. PARKING LOT - BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

Konibu steps through the bodega door and - CLICK, a
pistol is pressed against the back of his head.

GAUCHO

Keep walking.

Suddenly - RUFF, RUFF, RUFF, - Boba comes tearing toward
them, but - THWACK, his chain catches.

Then the SCREECH of car tires. The headlights of a double-
cabin pickup.

Instantly, another GAUCHO is out the rear door, his gun
pointed at the dog.

GAUCHO 2

Tell him to stay! Now!

The dog barks again - RUFF, RUFF. The gun pokes at the
base of Konibu's skull. As Boba keeps BARKING, madly.

And now Konibu's eyes lock into the dog's...

KONIBU

Boba.

He seems to be looking into the dog's soul. It's uncanny.

KONIBU (CONT'D)

Boba.

The dog quiets, WHIMPERS even. As the Gaucho hustles Konibu into the car.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL MIRAJE - VILHENA - CONTINUOUS

The Bartender is cleaning up, the stools empty.

On the counter, as a tip, Phelan has left the wristwatch.

STAIRCASE:

Phelan is climbing up the hotel stairs to his room. He is clearly drunk.

Simara follows a few steps behind. She is carrying a bottle of tequila.

PHELAN

Why are you following me?

Phelan reaches the landing and looks back -

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Go home or back to the bar.
Wherever.

He heads down the hallway to his room.

He stops at his door, fumbles with his key and drops it. When he bends down to pick it up, Simara is right there.

He slips the key into the lock, as she pushes the door open - and they both stumble into the -

HOTEL ROOM:

He turns around and looks at her.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Look...what's your name?

Simara gazes into his eyes.

SIMARA

Simara.

PHELAN

Look, Simara - I don't pay women
to have sex with me.

Simara levels her eyes.

SIMARA

I am not a whore.

Silence. Then Phelan reaches out and takes the bottle.

PHELAN

Have a seat.

She sits down at the edge of the bed. Watches as Phelan turns to the desk.

He pours out two tequilas. He hands her a glass. Sits down in the chair.

She lifts her glass in toast.

SIMARA

Saúde. In Português they say *saúde.*

And now Phelan, drunk as he is, raises his glass too.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANAL - VILHENA - NIGHT - LATER

Konibu is seated on a plastic lawn chair. His face is bruised and bloody, his hands tied behind his back.

Raymond stands in front of him. The two Gauchos nearby.

This is under a new highway overpass. The raised road only partially built out. The canal running alongside it.

Konibu watches as Cruz strides up.

CRUZ

(to Raymond)
Did he say anything?

RAYMOND

No. Not much.

Cruz looks over at Konibu.

CRUZ

A tough one.

Cruz walks up to him.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

I would like that arrowhead back.

KONIBU

What arrowhead?

Cruz considers him. Konibu's eye is swollen, his lip split. Cruz crouches close.

CRUZ

How about we make a deal? You're an Indian. You naturally want land. I have a great deal of land to spare...

(pause)

I will give you five acres. Five acres of your own land. You do whatever you want with it. But I want to know -

(pause)

Where is the arrowhead?

Konibu looks back, his face beaten and forlorn.

KONIBU

I don't know.

CRUZ

This is not going to end well.

Cruz looks over at one of the Gauchos.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Give me that bottle.

The Gaucho hands Cruz the bottle of *cachaça*.

Cruz walks up and gently, almost tenderly - he tilts the bottle up to Konibu's mouth, allowing him to drink.

RAYMOND

Konibu likes his cachaça.

Cruz steps back.

Konibu's head is a bit steadier..

Then Cruz takes the bottle and - CRASH - he busts it against the ground. He holds up the broken neck.

CRUZ

Please - let's be reasonable.

A long silence. The men all standing round. Then -

KONIBU

I took the arrowhead. I hid it. I can show you where. But I swear - I didn't tell anyone.

Cruz looks at Konibu.

CRUZ

You didn't tell anyone?

Konibu nods.

And now Cruz suddenly SCREAMS -

CRUZ (CONT'D)

*We already know you told FUNAI!
Fernando Araujo! We already know
it!*

(beat)

*This is why I never make a deal
with a fucking Indian.*

Konibu stares back into Cruz's eyes - Cruz's face just inches away.

KONIBU

You are nothing. You make deals...

(beat)

*You are the fattest rat on the
trash heap, but you are still a
rat. The Americanos would shoot
you - fat and slow as you are -
just for sport.*

Silence. The men have all heard this. And Cruz's face is a mask of pure rage.

KONIBU (CONT'D)

I am going to kill you.

Cruz glares at him a beat longer. Then his grimace turns into a grin. He looks back at Raymond and the Gauchos.

CRUZ

Did you hear that?

(beat)

He is going to kill me.

The men LAUGH.

KONIBU

I am going to kill you.

Cruz considers Konibu again.

And then - SQUISH - he thrusts the broken bottle into Konibu's chest.

Konibu GARGLES blood, his eyes wide, staring at Cruz.

CRUZ

One tough Indian.

Konibu's entire body sinks, almost deflates, and his head drops back -

As now, from some far off distant place, we hear the sound of a dog HOWLING - AHH-WHOOOOO! AHH-WHOOOOO.

Cruz's ears prick to the howl.

He heads back to his Mercedes.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Throw him in the canal.

The Gauchos walk in behind and lift up Konibu's chair.

RAYMOND

*Not in the chair, you fucking
dipshits! Untie him first.*

All the while - AHH-WHOOOOO! AHH-WHOOOOO! - it is Boba,
far off in the night.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - HOTEL MIRAJE - VILHENA - NIGHT

Simara still sits on the edge of the bed. Phelan across
from her in the chair. He is gazing at her, drunkenly.

PHELAN

You're an Indian, aren't you?

A long pause.

SIMARA

I'm indigenous - the Kanoe Tribe.

PHELAN

The Kanoe Tribe? Does that mean
you lived in the rainforest?

(beat)

You didn't live in the rainforest.

SIMARA

How do you know?

PHELAN

Because you speak English better
than most of the folks I've met,
and you know how to walk in high
heels.

Simara shifts, uneasily.

Phelan takes a deep drink from his glass. Wipes the
tequila off his mouth.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

You were born in the *favela*,
right?

(pause)

Plenty of girls with your looks
would be prostitutes, but you're
not. You think some white guy is
gonna marry you - take you out of
all this.

Simara stares back.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Nobody will take you out of here.

Silence. Simara still staring.

Phelan is right - and the two of them, in a strange way, seem to be connecting.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

I saw some kind of Indian thing tonight, in the favela. A ceremony.

SIMARA

Pikuna. When a girl first has her...

PHELAN

-What?

But now Simara reconsiders.

SIMARA

There is an expression in our tribe - *Moc metea, oc metea*.

PHELAN

Moc metea...

SIMARA

Yes. "You are us". *Oc metea*. "We are you".

Phelan gazes at her, at those wide eyes and sharp cheekbones.

PHELAN

Do you think there are still Indians around here - in the rainforest?

SIMARA

My father does. *He* was born in the Amazonia. He says there was another tribe, but...

She gestures - *nobody listens to him*.

And now Phelan quiets, chewing this over.

Simara watches him - her eyes unwavering. A long beat as they just gaze at each other.

SIMARA (CONT'D)

Let me guess, you have a daughter my age?

(nothing from Phelan)

A son?

More silence. Then -

PHELAN

I had a boy...James.

SIMARA

What happened to him?

Again silence. Just a long beat on Phelan. Then -

PHELAN
Tell me - do you do anything other
than drink and ask questions?

SIMARA
I sing.

Phelan takes another swallow. Then again, he looks at her.

PHELAN
Would you sing for me?

SIMARA
Sing what?

PHELAN
I don't know - a song I'll like.
An Indian song.

Simara thinks about this.

Phelan sitting in the chair. Half-passed out. The bottle of tequila on the desk behind him.

She lifts her head and begins to sing. Her voice soft and sweet.

She is singing tribal words, words that Phelan cannot possibly understand. Phelan begins to drifting off. His eyes closing.

As the beautiful girl on the edge of his bed continues to sing her song -

- while the CAMERA travels slowly over to the table where her cell phone is now BLINKING.

Someone is calling, but Simara does not notice. She just sings -

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. PICKUP (MOVING) - VILHENA - NIGHT

A darkened street on the outskirts of town. Fernando's beat-up pickup rumbles into FRAME.

Fernando has his cell phone to his ear - he looks worried. The voicemail BEEPS -

FERNANDO
Simara, please call me back. Your father left Boba tied up outside Akunsa's market. Nobody can find him. I think this could be serious. Please call.

CLICK, he hangs up.

Then he turns his pickup left, off the paved road, and down a dirt lane.

The road is lined with small clapboard houses. Wooden homes parked on grubby lots.

We HOLD ON, the intersection - as now another car makes that turn. It's the Mercedes.

MOMENTS LATER:

A winding path up in the foothills, on the edge of the rainforest.

Fernando's pickup rolls up to a white painted house, bigger than the rest - FUNAI housing. The headlights cut and all is black. CREAK, Fernando gets out.

He unlocks his front door and steps inside -

INT. FUNAI HOUSING - VILHENA - CONTINUOUS

WHACK - someone throws Fernando up against the wall.

CRASH, a fist connects with his face and he goes sprawling. It is Cruz's two Gauchos.

The men step toward Fernando. Fernando spins around, waving a pair of bongo drums.

FERNANDO

What do you want? Take it! Take whatever you want!

Using a belt, one of the men deftly disarms him. The other man closes in.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Don't!

Fernando throws a punch. It connects. But that is the only one, as the two men quickly converge - pounding.

Fernando drops to his knees. The men beating him to the floor.

He rolls over and manages to push himself up on all fours. Gets one quick glimpse of Raymond, and then WHACK -

- Raymond's boot hits him in the face. And all goes BLACK.

EXT. FUNAI HOUSING - VILHENA - MOMENTS LATER

Cruz stands leaning against his Mercedes.

He is watching the two Gauchos douse the house with gasoline, by the propane tanks.

Raymond walks up to the car.

RAYMOND

Here.

He hands Cruz the arrowhead - he must have found it at Fernando's.

The Gauchos set the building ablaze.

Cruz studies the small sharp stone in his hand. The source of so much trouble.

CRUZ

Good.

Then he turns and he tosses it, far off into the wild brush.

INTERCUT: Inside the house.

Fernando lies on the floor, his hair wet with blood. Black smoke fills the room.

A burning ember lands nearby - *fuck*. And then he sees -
- a few yards away, under the counter, a small screened window. He crawls toward it.

BACK TO: Outside.

The house from the back. It rests on stilts, the back side actually over a river. Flames lick the windows.

In front, the men stand beside the double-cabin pickup. The house exploding into a ball of orange fire.

Cruz's face flickers in the firelight.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Let's go.

FADE TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - BRAZIL - NEXT MORNING

A carved stone arrowhead.

That fierce Indian man - our Indian from before - sits on his haunches intensely focused. On the ground, there are three completed arrows. He is arming up.

He unites two sections of hollow cane tubing, as if a pool cue. He CALLS OUT in his language.

The young Boy appears. He hands his father tree fiber. It's sticky and the Indian wraps it around a joint.

We are mesmerized by the ancient art. The Indian lifts up a stingray's tail -

Steady, steady. But now behind him, the Boy is holding out a feather.

The Boy reaches out and tickles the back of his father's neck. His father loses focus, slaps the spot as if a fly.

Again, the Boy tickles him - but now the Boy can't keep from GIGGLING. The father spins around, agitated.

He SHOUTS, in a sharp burst, the son startled.

Then immediately, the Indian feels bad. His eyes soften and he pulls the Boy into his strong arms.

The father holds the arrows, as he hugs his son, and begins, his eyes closed, to quietly mutter a prayer.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - HOTEL MIRAJE - VILHENA - NEXT MORNING

SNORING. Phelan is on top of his covers, still in his clothes. It is evident he slept alone.

Phelan's cell phone vibrates on the bedside table.

After a moment, the cell stops - and the room phone begins to RING.

EXT./INT. PICKUP (MOVING)- HIGHWAY - VILHENA - MORNING

A Cassion pickup races down the highway.

Phelan sits in the back seat gazing out the window at those brown hills sailing by.

Again, they pass that forlorn vegetable stand. The sad produce limp in the heat.

Phelan's eyes are on the family - the little GIRL, she must be around eight years old, in rags.

The Driver, as if intuiting -

DRIVER

The *fruta* is much better in town,
Senhor.

- as the car cruises past.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CRUZ ESTATE - MORNING

Cruz's driveway is packed full of cars.

INT. GREAT ROOM - CRUZ ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The great room bustles with activity, like a campaign headquarters.

BRAZILIANS in suits and CASSION PERSONNEL in their casual wear. Everyone swirling.

NICK DELBANCO (O.S.)
We need a chopper - a six-seater -
for two, maybe three days.

Nick Delbanco stands talking to Victor.

VICTOR HOU
Like, from a commercial outfit or
military...?

And now Phelan steps into the room. He gazes out at the hubbub.

MAID
Can I help you, Senhor?

Nick spots him -

NICK DELBANCO
Phelan - glad you're here.

- and immediately strides over.

NICK DELBANCO (CONT'D)
We've got a major shit-show on our
hands. Walk with me.

They cut through the chaos.

NICK DELBANCO (CONT'D)
Some eco-terrorist is trying to
blow up our project.

A FAT BRAZILIAN with goatee stands at the pastry table.

NICK DELBANCO (CONT'D)
(introducing)
Police Chief Cantú.

Phelan shakes his hand. They keep walking...

NICK DELBANCO (CONT'D)
This girl, female reporter, has
just taken a very random and
speculative rumor and run with it.

They arrive at a long table. Several other BRAZILIAN OFFICIALS stand around.

Phelan's eyes sweep over them.

NICK DELBANCO (CONT'D)

(introducing)

Mayor De Brito, this is William Phelan. Mayor De Brito is the Mayor of Vilhena.

(beat)

Claudio Jordão of the Public Ministry.

Phelan nods. He met him at the morgue.

NICK DELBANCO (CONT'D)

And this is Carlos Lazaro, aide to Senator Motta, and we very much appreciate his time.

LAZARO

A pleasure to meet you, Senhor Phelan.

NICK DELBANCO

(re: an open laptop)

Here, have a look at this...

Nick hits play.

ON SCREEN, a website logo - a cluster of three blocks, trapezoids really, like the graffiti.

Above the logo, POVOS FLORESTA TROPICAL.

A WOMAN REPORTER begins speaking to CAMERA. Phelan hits pause.

PHELAN

Go back.

Nick goes back to the logo.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

I've seen that before - in town.

Staring at the cluster of blocks, we now realize they are tree stumps - the logo is made up of three tree stumps.

NICK

Yeah - this is *Rainforest Peoples* - an environmental group.

Nick hits play again and a short video runs.

The Woman Reporter is speaking from outside a gray government building. It is all in *Portuguese*.

After a moment...

PHELAN

Help me here, Nick.

NICK DELBANCO

She is saying that there might be Indians on Cassion land.

Nick looks into Phelan's eyes.

NICK DELBANCO (CONT'D)
 Jaworski, they're claiming, was
 shot with an arrow.

EXT. SIDE PATIO - CRUZ ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Phelan stands outside on the stone patio. Someone has given him a cup of coffee.

Absentmindedly, he runs his fingers over the head of one of the golden jaguars.

He gazes out at vast fields stretched out before him.
What a mess.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - FAVELA - VILHENA - SAME TIME

A ramshackle little house. BANG, BANG, on the front door. Then FOOTSTEPS coming toward us.

It is Simara, just now woken up and wrapped in a loose robe. BANG, BANG, again on the door.

SIMARA
One minute. My god.

She unlocks the door. Fernando spills inside.

He is badly beaten from the night before - a split lip, a gash on his forehead.

SIMARA (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, Fernando - what the fuck happened to you?

FERNANDO
Is your father here?

SIMARA
I don't know. I came in late.

Simara is falling out of her robe. He averts his gaze. She notices and cinches it tighter.

FERNANDO
Didn't you get my message?
 (off her face)
Can you please check to see if he's here?!

Simara looks irritated.

SIMARA
He isn't here.

FERNANDO

And Boba...?

She looks out in the tiny backyard. Nothing. And now she is frightened.

SIMARA

Has something happened to my dad?

Fernando sits down.

SIMARA (CONT'D)

Fernando?!

FERNANDO

Some men tried to kill me last night. Cruz, I think...

(pause)

I...I don't know where your father is.

Simara turns away.

FERNANDO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I called Rainforest Peoples - I told them about the arrowhead.

She snaps back around. Her lip is trembling.

SIMARA

What arrowhead?....Did you get my dad mixed up in one of your stupid causes?

INT. SHED - FAVELA - VILHENA - DAY - LATER

A shed or garage that functions as a catch-all.

Piles of old clothes, car parts, YOUNG MEN shooting pool.

A chair is raised upon milk crates - someone is getting a haircut. We recognize him as the bodega CASHIER.

CASHIER

He bought a bottle of cachaça - Konibu likes his cachaça. He seemed...well, you know Konibu.

REVERSE ANGLE, the Cashier is talking to Simara.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Then I heard fucking Boba, barking outside like crazy, and then car tires. I was alone in store so...

SIMARA

You heard car tires?

CASHIER

Somebody pulled out fast. I came out maybe two, three minutes after - Boba was just sitting there.

EXT./INT. CAR - FAVELA - VILHENA - MOMENTS LATER

A piece-of-crap Renault sedan is parked out front of the shed.

Boba is in the back seat, his head out the window - a giant dog in a small car.

Simara sits up front with her forehead on the wheel, SOBBING. Fernando is in the passenger seat.

Fernando pats her back, awkwardly.

SIMARA

Maybe he is drunk somewhere.

She is GASPING now, crying so hard it is hard to speak.

SIMARA (CONT'D)

He used to do that, when I was little - just go off...

Silence. She continues to weep. They both know how unlikely this is.

Fernando stares off through the windshield...

FERNANDO

Konibu always said there was a tribe out there. This was not my idea - it was his. It was Konibu who was telling me.

Simara leans back, collects herself. Her breath becomes more regular, she wipes her eyes.

SIMARA

I know. He told me, too. Last week he wanted me to find photos, aerial, of Cruz's property - you know - off the Internet.

This fact seems to pierce Fernando, to set his mind spinning.

But now Simara turns to him - her eyes wet and desperate.

SIMARA (CONT'D)

There is a chance he got away? I mean, if he knew he was in danger...?

Fernando sits there - *yes, a small chance.* Then -

FERNANDO

*Simara - I need you to do
something for me...for your dad...*

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM - CRUZ ESTATE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone has gathered in the great room. Cassion Employees and significant Brazilians.

Phelan stands off to the side. Nick Delbanco next to him.

Joel and Benedito Cruz are up front. A FUNAI OFFICIAL with them.

CRUZ

*FUNAI has announced that it will
come inspect the land on Monday.*

A MURMUR from the room.

Joel steps forward, projecting confidence.

JOEL LOVELL

This is for my people...

(beat)

FUNAI has to follow up on this alert - especially now that it is public.

More MURMURS.

Phelan's eyes are on the two men.

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)

This was not our decision, people.

(beat)

These environmentalists, the anti-development groups - we know they're a minority, but they're a very vocal minority and some of them are really far out there. Who knows, they could have actually put some Indians on our site - they've been known to use the indigenous issue to further their agenda.

(beat)

So in anticipation of this official "visit," we will be conducting our own canvas, starting today at 11:00 a.m. This is for our own assurances and because we want to push back aggressively with our own PR campaign. Cheryl...

A Cassion woman, CHERYL, steps forward.

CHERYL

That's right. We are not sure who will pick this story up, but we want to control it before the markets open on Monday.

INT. OFFICE - CRUZ ESTATE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The four men - Cruz, Joel, Nick, and Phelan - sit in Cruz's office.

The giant mahogany desk, animal heads mounted on the wall above. Joel stares across at Cruz.

JOEL LOVELL

We're partners here. I think you can see how we're both exposed. If something should turn up...

CRUZ

That will not happen.

Phelan's eyes drift to the bookshelf - hardcover volumes arranged by hue.

JOEL LOVELL

I understand you're confident, but if by chance...

CRUZ

-No. There is no chance.

Joel's body tenses with irritation. He turns, reluctantly, to Phelan.

JOEL LOVELL

You have any thoughts?

Phelan looks around at the men's faces.

PHELAN

I think you can find just about anything in that jungle - anything and everything.

(pause)

I think Jaworski found that out.

Silence. Then -

JOEL LOVELL

(to Cruz re: Phelan)

I want him going with you.

Cruz looks back cold and hard. He turns to Phelan.

CRUZ

How well do you know the jungle, Mr. Phelan?

PHELAN

I don't.

We can see this rankles Joel.

CRUZ
 So how do you think, if you go
 with my men, that you will not be,
 what is that expression...dead
 weight?

Nothing from Phelan.

JOEL LOVELL
 (to Cruz)
 He'll be your weight to carry.

Again, silence.

PHELAN
 (to Joel)
 What - I'd like to know - do we do
 if we do find any Indians?

JOEL LOVELL
 (sharply)
 You kindly get rid of them. Run
 them off the site. You escort them
 to the property line - "thank you
 very much but you can't stay
 here."

Phelan thinks about this, staring back at Joel. Joel self-assured, but clearly working at it.

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)
 There are almost two million
 square miles of jungle out there -
 surely they can live somewhere
 else.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAM SITE - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY

Phelan stands at a locker changing. On the ground, a shopping bag with freshly purchased outdoor gear.

Victor Hou sits astride the bench. He looks tall and gangly.

VICTOR HOU
 They say there is this fish in the
 water - called a vampire fish. Get
 this, it swims up your urine
 stream and goes up inside your
 dick.

Phelan glances over. He is pulling off his T-shirt.

VICTOR HOU (CONT'D)

No kidding. Like if you pee in a river, that's where they are, the fish is translucent and very, you know, slender and so you're peeing and it swims right up into your eye-hole. And then, get this, it panics, and it has these dagger-like teeth...

PHELAN

-Victor...Victor.

(beat)

I feel like you just swam up my eye-hole.

Victor quiets. Phelan now buttoning up his new shirt.

VICTOR HOU

What did you think of Cruz?

PHELAN

Cruz?

(beat)

His cowboy boots have about three inch heels, so the guy's not quite as tall as he wants to be. The books on his shelf were arranged by size and color - I doubt he's read a single one. Which to me means he's not as smart as he wants to be. And those gold jaguars out back lining the patio - they're just painted gold. So he isn't as rich as he wants to be either.

And then suddenly, CREAK - the locker room door swings open. It's Nick Delbanco. Nick is holding a file.

NICK DELBANCO

Not to give you the heebie-jeebies, but we don't have a contact name here - for your emergency contact?

(beat)

Do you have a girlfriend or anyone?

PHELAN

No.

NICK DELBANCO

Kids?

Phelan shakes his head.

NICK DELBANCO (CONT'D)

Well, I have to put down someone?

PHELAN

No you don't.

EXT. DAM SITE - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY - LATER

Phelan is fully dressed in jungle gear - boots, pants, a backpack.

He turns around and takes out his Glock - checks the clip. Tucks it back into his shoulder holster.

Victor leans against a backhoe.

They watch an ATV ride towards them. It is Cruz and Joel, with a skinny BRAZILIAN MAN in the back.

The ATV arrives and the three men get out.

Joel looks awkward out there in the muck, glancing down at his shoes.

As now - THWACK, THWACK, THWACK - up in the sky, a helicopter is descending. Cruz SHOUTS above the wind to Phelan...

CRUZ
(re: the skinny man)
This is Leco - he's the best
tracker there is.

The helicopter has settled on a rise. Raymond climbs out and stands beside the chopper door.

EXT./INT. HELICOPTER - CRUZ PROPERTY - MOMENTS LATER

The helicopter floats over that thick canopy of trees.

The CHOPPER PILOT looks to be from a service. Joel sits next to Raymond. Phelan next to Cruz.

Phelan's eyes take in the lush green jungle below.

CRUZ
These are tough men. And as tough
as they are, the *Amazonia* - it is
tougher.

Phelan remains silent. Cruz examines him. He nods toward Raymond.

CRUZ (CONT'D)
Raymond is going to be in charge.

Still Phelan says nothing. He gazes down at the dam site below, an island of concrete and mud in a sea of green.

CRUZ (CONT'D)
Look at her - is she not
beautiful?

The helicopter lowers down to the ground. The men all clamber out with their gear.

FOUR GAUCHOS already stand waiting. We recognize two of them from Konibu's murder.

Phelan's eyes drift over the thugs. Rough hands on rifle butts and machete handles.

They are on the far edge of the dam site. Phelan pulls off his ID clip, puts it away.

JOEL LOVELL

Phelan...

Joel waves him over to the side. He holds out a small electronic gizmo...

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)

Take this locator. It's in case you want to cry uncle. It'll get us within 100 meters of your position.

(then; intense)

Your only concern here is Cassie. These people....You are our guy, Phelan - you're here to protect our interests.

Joel looks at him, a powerful look.

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)

What I'm saying is - do whatever it takes.

Then -

CRUZ

(loudly)

This is it, everybody. Time to get going.

Phelan and Joel rejoin the others. Cruz looks to Phelan.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Stay with the team, follow Raymond. You will be fine.

The Gauchos turn and start off into jungle.

The man up front swings his machete into a tree - a long deep gash, marking it. The others follow.

The group includes: Leco, Raymond, four Gauchos, and Phelan. Like a unit in Vietnam.

Phelan glances back at the sunny perimeter one last time. He can see the helicopter rising back up into the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. CASSION-LOURDES OFFICE - VILHENA - DAY

CLOSE ON, a little diorama, a model of the MADEIRA DAM.

In the central office pit, WORKERS are busy at their cubicles. TV SETS hang in the corners.

INT. BATHROOM - CASSION-LOURDES OFFICE BLDG. - SAME TIME

A CLEANING WOMAN in cheap jeans and a T-shirt stands beside a cleaning cart.

She is smoking. Her eyes on - Simara at the sink.

Simara wears the Cleaning Woman's smock. She puts on a hairnet - her hands are trembling.

CLEANING WOMAN

Here -

The woman tosses Simara her rubber gloves.

INT. CASSION-LOURDES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Simara rolls the cleaning cart into the Cassion office.

She takes a deep breath, then heads down the central pit.

ANGLE ON, Joel Lovell walking out of his office door and into the hallway.

With her head down, Simara rolls past office doors. Her eyes scanning nameplates...

As Joel continues along another hall. A WORKER stops him -

WORKER

Jaworski's body arrived in Houston.

JOEL LOVELL

Good, good.

Joel turns the corner and -

We see that Joel and Simara are set on a collision course...

Simara's eyes on the passing doors, until - just as they are about to actually hit -

On a TV SCREEN:

TV REPORTER (O.S.)

This news just breaking - the Madeira Dam Project has been temporarily stalled. I repeat...

Joel's eyes fly to the REPORTER on screen.

Simara notices him - a soft GASP. Quickly, she slides around past, and down the hall...

ANGLE ON, TV SCREEN:

An ECONOMIST is being interviewed.

ECONOMIST

*This project is absolutely vital
to meeting Brazil's energy needs.*

Everyone in the office watches. Victor standing up in his cubicle.

ECONOMIST (CONT'D)

*What the preservationists
consistently ignore is that it is
the strict conservation rules and
regulations that stop billions of
dollars from flowing in, that kill
thousands of local jobs. These
laws - that the rich American
movie stars love to champion - are
directly responsible for our
poverty and the slums...*

JOEL LOVELL

I love this guy.

People CHUCKLE.

Nobody notices Simara who opens a door marked FILE ROOM. She hurriedly pushes her cart inside.

INT. FILE ROOM - CASSION-LOURDES OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Simara is kneeling beside an open cabinet. She flips nervously through files - maps and land surveys.

She stops on a folder - MADEIRA AERIAL. She takes it, drops it into the garbage can. Keeps rifling.

INTERCUT: Cubicle pit.

ANGLE ON, the TV SCREEN:

An ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVIST now being interviewed.

ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVIST

*While these dams do provide
hydroelectric power and, yes,
jobs, they also divert rivers,
destroy animal habitats, and they
drown vast amounts of land. The
Madeira Dam will create an eighty-
nine-mile reservoir - eighty-nine
miles of rainforest under water...*

Joel's eyes now glare at the screen.

BACK TO: The file room.

Where Simara flips through another folder.

ANGLE ON, PHOTOGRAPHS. Trees dragged by chains. Sawn by lumberjacks.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY

A long gash in a tree trunk - another marker.

The men are trudging along. Up front and in the middle, two of the Gauchos clear brush with machetes.

Raymond walks with a rifle in hand. Skinny Leco does not.

Phelan's eyes take in the jungle around him. The air filled with CRIES and SQUAWKS, the BUZZ of flies.

He follows at pace, a Gaucho cutting a trail in front.

Then - WHACK, a branch swings back smacking Phelan in the face. *Fuck me.*

But if the Gaucho noticed, he doesn't give a shit.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMARA'S HOUSE - FAVELA - VILHENA - DAY

Simara sits on an old sofa, her eyes tired from grief.

The dog Boba is on the floor. She strokes his head absentmindedly.

A SATELLITE PHOTO of Cruz's land is spread out on the table.

As he talks, Fernando moves about the house packing various items in a backpack.

FERNANDO (O.S.)

Does Konibu have a compass?

SIMARA

The bookshelf.

FERNANDO (O.S.)

*(re: the satellite
photo)*

You know it is very strange.

Fernando opens a closet. He picks up Konibu's rifle, a beautiful breech-loading *Holland & Holland*.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

To clear just one acre like that.

Fernando walks back into the front room with the rifle. He leans over the map and points a finger.

CLOSE ON, jungle stretching in every direction. Except for one completely CLEARED ACRE in the middle of it all.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

You see, there are no roads built yet - why clear trees in the center of your land with no way to move the timber out? And another thing -

He slides out another SATELLITE PHOTO - the same shot, but the land, that acre, is full of trees.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

This was taken two months earlier - in December.

Simara leans forward to consider the photo.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

This means they must have cleared it during the rainy season. Who logs then?

Silence.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

It is very strange.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY

That piece-of-crap *Renault* turns off the highway and onto a rough dirt road. Driving toward the jungle.

Simara is at the wheel. Fernando next to her.

EXT. FENCE - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY - LATER

The backside of the Cruz Estate.

A wooden fence across a gravel road that leads into the forest. The sign reads: FAZENDO CRUZ.

Fernando and Simara stand at the gate. He has a pack on his back, the rifle strapped across.

SIMARA

Do you have a plan?

Fernando thinks - he gazes out at the jungle.

FERNANDO

Let's see what I find.

Simara's eyes are wrung with worry.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Try to have a little faith - he may be okay...

Simara looks into his boyish, slightly swollen face.

SIMARA
You need to be careful.

Silence.

Then Fernando turns and ducks through the fence. Simara watching him head up the jungle path.

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A trickling STREAM with moss-covered rocks, wild flora sprouts out of sweeping tree limbs.

- A LEAF on a fallen log, blowing. Until we realize the leaf has legs - it's crawling.

- A furry WHITE MONKEY hangs from a branch by one hand. Perfectly still, his eyes on -

Fernando briskly making his way through the woods, swinging a machete.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY

Phelan still walking behind the machetes, his shirt soaked. He pauses a moment, wipes his forehead.

When he looks up he sees -

- a magnificent tree filled with dozens of impossibly bright mangoes. Upon closer scrutiny, they're not mangoes at all, they're orange parrots.

Phelan stops for a moment, taken by the sight. A smile actually forms on his lips.

Then - BANG, BANG - gunshots, followed by the mad SQUAWKS of birds taking flight. Phelan ducks down.

BANG, BANG. The other Gauchos are LAUGHING at him. As now there is a wild THRASHING in the brush.

The man who fired, EDUARDO (25), strides off toward the noise.

Phelan looks at the others - all of them grinning. Except for Leco and Raymond who both look furious.

RAYMOND
*Are you a bunch of fucking idiots?
Do you want to spook the Indian?*

The men's grins instantly disappear. Phelan watching. With no idea what has been said.

As now Eduardo emerges from the brush. He's holding a giant orange parrot by the wing-tips - the span four feet.

The bird's head has been blown off.

And yet - the orange feathers recall that delicate girl back in the dirty favela, so serious and proud. Painted in black tar and covered with feathers.

Phelan stares at the bird's open throat.

The dark opposite of that beautiful Indian rite.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY

SWOOSH, SWOOSH, another machete.

It is Fernando cutting his way through the brush. Up above, the orange-red sun is beginning to set.

He pauses to check his compass. He resumes swinging - SWOOSH, SWOOSH - and then he stops, frozen -

Because it's as if he has suddenly walked onto a football field. Stepped from the dense, wet jungle - into a void.

An acre completely leveled, just saplings and sprouts.

The ground is scattered with timber and wiry brush. At the far end there's a giant pile of felled trees. Old, rotting trunks. It is truly creepy.

Fernando gazes out - all this jungle life surrounding, and here such nothingness. He sets down his pack.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - EVENING

The Cruz scouting team has made camp. A small clearing, some tents pitched.

A fire is already burning, and the men are collecting more wood.

Phelan sits on the ground with his pack off. He doesn't have much interest in helping.

LATER:

It is dark out now and the team is roasting meat. Maybe it is the parrot.

Phelan sits smoking a cigarette.

He peers out into what is near blackness. The moon and stars drawing shapes - thick and wild. Even at night the jungle air feels heavy.

All the animals, invisible in the darkness, that slither and hang, that stalk.

LAUGHTER - from the Gauchos startles Phelan. They are eating and talking.

Raymond walks out of his tent with a bottle. He tosses it to Leco, the tracker.

Leco smiles and takes a long pull. Then passes it along.

Each of the men take a swig, the bottle going around. The man, Eduardo, holds it out for Phelan.

Phelan shakes his head, no thanks. The men all press him - *drink, drink...*

RAYMOND

Drink.

Phelan just looks back at him.

EDUARDO

(to Raymond)

Maybe he's not allowed to drink on the job?

The Brazilians LAUGH.

RAYMOND

Maybe.

(beat)

Maybe he is afraid he will have to wander off to piss?

More LAUGHS.

PHELAN

(looks at them;
smiles)

Maybe I don't like to drink with assholes.

Blank stares around the fire. A tense beat. Then the Gauchos LAUGH yet again.

- as flames flicker up into the pitch black sky.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. INDIAN HUT - RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - SAME TIME

Other flames. But this is a small cooking fire inside a hut.

We see a wooden bowl, a tusk, two bows (one big, one little), arrows, an axe. Such paltry belongings.

This must be an Indian's hut.

We hear a low SNORE. The Indian, our same Indian, is in a hammock.

The Boy is sleeping in another hammock beside him. The Boy cradles a doll of woven fiber.

Below them, we see in the center of the hut, a long RECTANGULAR HOLE has been cut - two feet wide.

INTERCUT: The jungle outside.

As now sliding along the jungle floor, we hear a RUSTLE. Then, a few feet ahead, another RUSTLE.

It is a long thick snake, must be five feet, cruising toward the Indian's hut.

BACK TO: Inside the hut where -

Suddenly, the Indian is awake. He reaches out in the darkness and shakes the Boy.

He MUTTERS in his language - *something is out there.*

In an instant, the Indian has his bow loaded and taut. The arrowhead poking through a slat in the hut.

The Boy grabs his bow too. Stands on the other side.

INTERCUT: The jungle outside.

Where the snake lifts its head. Tongue flickering. Then it slides along, on its way - away from the hut.

BACK TO: Inside the hut.

The father remains ready, WHISPERING intently.

And so the little Boy, sleepy as he is, holds up his bow. The fiber doll lying in the dirt beneath the hammock.

With his foot, the Indian kicks sand on the fire - and now all is dark.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - SIMARA'S HOUSE - FAVELA - VILHENA - NIGHT

HUUHHHH! Simara sits bolt upright in bed.

She has had a dream, a nightmare - or maybe a premonition. She hears PANTING, and turns.

Boba is sitting up on the floor beside her bed. The dog is looking at her - a strange soulful stare.

SIMARA

Konibu?

She stares back into Boba's eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - NEXT MORNING

The tracking party is already making its way.

Two Gauchos cut a path through the jungle. Leco is behind them - his eyes keen, his ears pricked.

Phelan is behind Raymond. Two more Gauchos bringing up the rear.

The sun is barely up, but we can see Phelan is already sweating.

The SCREECH of a howler monkey makes him turn and look, but nobody else seems to notice.

He walks on, slapping flies.

WHACK, a Gaucho marks a tree trunk. As the string of men plods on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - MORNING

Fernando is up and hard at work. We see his tent in the background.

He is kneeling in the dirt with a trowel and sieve.

Beside him, a couple of yams and manioc. The earth around is pocked with several potholes.

CLOSE ON, his palm - several seeds from the dirt. He pokes them, examining.

He stands up sweaty, gazes about the clearing. He sees a strange shadow in a patch of young growth. He walks over.

The shadow is a hole - another long RECTANGULAR HOLE, two feet wide.

Ripping apart some young vines, Fernando reaches down and feels about with his hands.

And then feels about more urgently -

He withdraws an object, wipes it off - some kind of ornate grinding stick. He looks stunned.

He sets the stick down, quickly reaches in again - a wooden bowl...

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - MORNING

The tracking party marches along. Up ahead, the group draws to a halt. And so does Phelan.

Sliding through, he can see the jungle open up to a shallow, lake-like basin fed by a tributary.

The sun can make it down there, and the air is clear of insects.

Leco the tracker is unlacing his boots.

Phelan's eyes take in the river water. Looks nice enough, but his mind is thinking back on that vampire fish...

MOMENTS LATER:

Water circles Phelan's bare feet.

The string of men walk along silently. Ankles through water, cutting through the perimeter of the lake.

Phelan follows, tentative.

Then suddenly, a Gaucho slips and falls forward into the water. His rifle goes off. BANG!

And now a HOWL, as the man in front of him drops too.

The slipping Gaucho has accidentally shot the man in front. Raymond spins around.

RAYMOND

What the hell are -

But he can see that the man is hurt, thrashing.

The man clasps the side of his head, rivulets of blood spilling through his fingers. His legs flailing in the water as he HOWLS.

Leco rushes back to him.

Leco and the Gaucho Eduardo hold down the hurt man, wrestling to see the wound.

LECO

Aaayeh! Keep still, goddamn it!

In a glimpse, Phelan sees that a chunk of the man's head has been shot off, his ear almost entirely gone.

The man is still HOWLING. Leco and Eduardo now dabbing the wound with a shirt to stem the bleeding.

Phelan's gray eyes observe.

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY - LATER

CLOSE ON, the wounded Gaucho's head is bandaged, but already blood is soaking through.

Phelan sits nearby on the bank, smoking a cigarette.

Raymond is arguing with one of the other men.

RAYMOND

*We leave him here, with some food.
We get him on the way back.*

GAUCHO 1

*We can't. He's bleeding too much.
I can take him back - I can follow
the markings.*

RAYMOND

*I need you here! You are not him.
You are fine!*

GAUCHO 1

He needs a doctor.

RAYMOND

Fuck a doctor!

And now suddenly, Phelan stands up -

PHELAN

(gestures)
*It's not such a big deal. Without
these two, there'll still be five
of us.*

Raymond just glares at him, furious. But then -

EDUARDO (O.S.)

*Hey! Hey, Chefe - I think I see
something.*

- heads swivel.

Eduardo is twenty yards away, near the water's edge. He is peering down. He has noticed something.

The group watches Eduardo squat down. Then reach into the water. He lifts up - A HAND-WOVEN FISHING NET...

EDUARDO (CONT'D)

The Indio...

Leco quickly strides over.

LECO

Stay back.

He bends low to the ground, his eyes looking for footprints. After a moment...

LECO (CONT'D)

I think there are two of them. One is small. Maybe a menino.

PHELAN

What do you see?

Leco looks to Raymond to answer for him. Raymond's eyes turn to Phelan -

RAYMOND

Two - a man and a child.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BLDG. - HOUSTON, TEXAS - DAY

America - Texas, in fact. We are in some industrial park.

A concrete office building with rows of dark windows. A sign across: CASSION-LOURDES.

Only the top floor is illuminated.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OFFICE BLDG. - HOUSTON - DAY

Senior Executive, TOM GARRETT (65), stands at the window staring out at the empty parking lot.

Behind him, there's a long conference table. But only one chair is occupied - BRADLEY OSSABROOK (55).

Bradley is looking at a video monitor. ON SCREEN, Joel Lovell behind his desk in Vilhena.

For the first time, Joel looks visibly nervous.

JOEL LOVELL

Yes, of course, sir. This is completely private. I'm just sorry to have brought you in on your weekend.

Mr. Garrett strides over from the window.

MR. GARRETT

That's all right, we're not afraid of hard work and we know you're not either.

(sits down)

So, Joel - do we think there is anything to this?

Joel swallows.

JOEL LOVELL

It's unclear, sir. We know that the land was declared free of indigenous when it was originally sold to Cruz.

BRADLEY

Year?

JOEL LOVELL

1997.

Silence. The two executives thinking. Mr. Garret hits mute and looks to Bradley -

MR. GARRETT

How deep are we into this?

BRADLEY

Engineering, legal, excavation, three months into the build - we're into it. Maybe \$35 million.

ON SCREEN, Joel is trying to discern what the two men are saying.

Mr. Garret unmutes.

MR. GARRETT

(to Joel)

Okay - let's hear what you prepared.

Joel reads from a sheet of paper - a press release.

JOEL

In a swift and proactive response to environmental and humanitarian concerns, on Saturday morning Cassion-Lourdes shut down all construction operations. The company commissioned a team of ranch employees familiar with the terrain to canvas the dam site and the immediate vicinity. The team was accompanied by Cassion-Lourdes personnel and was instructed...

BRADLEY

Whoa, whoa. Cassion-Lourdes personnel?

JOEL

Yes, sir. I'm not finding Mr. Cruz to be a terribly straight shooter.

BRADLEY

Who did we send in?

JOEL LOVELL
 William Phelan - our insurance
 claims guy - the one H&R sent from
 New York.

Silence. The executives mull this over. Joel quickly
 opens a file -

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)
 Phelan was a cop in Chicago -
 detective. He was fired for using
 "unnecessary force." He put a man
 into a coma - a drug dealer.

Pause...

MR. GARRETT
 Go on.

JOEL LOVELL
 (reading again)
 The team was accompanied by
 Cassion-Lourdes personnel and was
 instructed not to engage...

MR. GARRETT
 -Not to engage?

JOEL LOVELL
 We will find them another parcel
 of land, sir - not on the site.
 Another piece of property that is
 comparable in every way.
 (pause)
 There are almost two million
 square miles of rainforest.

Both men in Houston sit thinking about this.

MR. GARRETT
 And you've kept this all off
 emails? Texts, faxes, cell phones,
 et cetera...?

Joel nods in the affirmative. He stares out at the two
 executives, in such a different, rarified space.

Man, he better get this right.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY

Objects have been laid out on the ground. Wooden bowls,
 plates, tusks, spears, arrows, jewelry.

We are in the acre clearing.

Fernando is snapping pictures with his digital CAMERA.

BIRD'S-EYE-VIEW, on that portion of the clearing.

We can see that Fernando has uncovered about six identical rectangular holes. They are about twelve feet apart, and form part of a semi-circle or ring.

Fernando continues to photograph. Then he turns and the CAMERA POV lands on the pile of felled trees.

Fernando lowers the CAMERA - his eyes honing in on the rotting trunks. He begins to walk over -

- striding closer and closer, his boots across the cleared ground. And suddenly -

WHOOSH. He disappears. He drops down in the earth. Gone.

Fernando crashes down into a pit. About fifteen feet deep, it must be an old animal trap.

He GROANS.

Through the darkness, he can see blue sky above. Some roots on the sides (climbing out should not be too hard).

He unhooks his flashlight. He turns the beam to the walls surrounding, and that's when he sees -

Bones - everywhere. Bones and skeleton heads too. And they are not animals.

Fernando has fallen into some kind of mass grave...

CUT TO:

EXT. ELSEWHERE, RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY

Once again, the tracking party is on the move.

But the group has become smaller. Seven has become five. The wounded Gaucho and his friend have left.

So there remains Eduardo and the other Gaucho, swinging their machetes. Followed by Leco, the skinny tracker. Raymond with his rifle. And finally Phelan.

Phelan looks uneasy.

Leco stops. He has noticed some broken branches. He examines them.

LECO

Too low.

They press on.

But the CAMERA HOLDS and PIVOTS - a few yards into the brush, we see the Indian Boy.

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY - LATER

The tracking party continues.

Phelan has become increasingly concerned. As if sensing something, he keeps turning around.

And then Leco stops again.

He doubles back a few feet. He is staring at a scattering of leaves on the ground, just off the trail.

Carefully, he steps toward it, grabs a stick. Then he reaches out and lifts -

- another animal trap. This one empty, with spearheads sticking up.

Raymond and Eduardo cock their weapons.

PHELAN
What are you doing?

But Leco just motions to go back the way they came.

He slips in front of Phelan, and they start to retrace their steps.

MOMENTS LATER:

The four Brazilians standing perfectly still - staring at what looks to us like nothing, just jungle.

Phelan squints and then, out of the brush, a shape gradually emerges -

A HUT.

The hut is primitive and seamlessly camouflaged. An A-frame of bundled palm wood, sloping, roofed with fronds.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON, human bones: hands, arms, rib cages, skulls.

They are now laid out on the ground, as we hear the CLICK, CLICK, of a CAMERA.

Fernando, covered in dirt, his hair wild and his eyes hollow, has climbed out of the grave.

He is excavating the bones and photographing them.

BACK TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - SAME TIME

The tracking party sits crouched behind brush. They continue to stare at the Indian's hut.

Phelan watches Raymond gesture for Eduardo to move in. Raymond and the other Gaucho will provide cover.

And so Eduardo steps quietly through the brush. His rifle out in front of him.

Raymond and the Gaucho stand with their guns trained on the hut.

Phelan puts his hand around the butt of his Glock. In the corner of his eye, he can see Leco backing out of the way.

PHELAN

Easy, guys.

As Eduardo walks closer. A couple of feet from the hut. Then CREAK, he pushes open the door and -

Phelan can see him lower his rifle - the hut is empty. Eduardo steps inside. After a moment, he comes out again.

He is holding up the little woven doll.

EDUARDO

*Empty. But the ashes from the fire
are still...*

And THWACK - an arrow sails through Eduardo's throat. He GARGLES, spitting blood.

Both Raymond and the other Gaucho spin around and begin firing wildly - BANG, BANG - at the jungle.

In a flash, Phelan has swung behind a tree, his Glock in his hands. We've never seen him move so fast.

PHELAN

Whoa - fellas! Calm it down!

ZIP - another arrow sails past Phelan's head. The Brazilians fire - BANG, BANG, BANG.

Eduardo is rolling spastically on the ground, choking from the arrow in his neck.

ZIP, ZIP, more arrows. Then silence.

INTERCUT: To Fernando. In the clearing.

Fernando has heard the gunshots too.

He is standing beside the mass grave. He has lowered his CAMERA, listening -

BANG, BANG. His eyes flash in the direction of the shots.

BACK TO: The hut.

Where Raymond stands listening to the sudden silence.

LECO
He's running!

In an instant, Raymond and Leco are off sprinting after.

Phelan steps out from behind the tree. He can see the Gaucho bent over Eduardo - trying vainly to help him.

Phelan runs past, after the other men.

ANGLE ON, bare feet running.

The feet hardly touch the ground as they leap and turn.

The Indian warrior and his son sprinting for their lives.

Barreling after, Raymond and Leco. Leco is out front - small and swift.

ANGLE ON, Leco - pointing.

His eyes pick out flashes of red-painted skin. Another brown figure moving too.

Raymond stops to shoot - BANG.

A bullet WHIZZES past the Boy, almost hitting him. The father SHOUTS in his language. Then he loads his bow and spins midair, balletic - letting the arrow fly just as -

- Raymond aims again and - BANG, a bullet catches the Indian in the chest. He crashes down hard.

The Boy CRIES and goes to him. The Boy's eyes terrified.

But the Indian slowly rises. The Boy helping him. As together they lurch off into the brush.

And again silence.

Leco arrives at the spot. Then Raymond.

Leco points to the brush where the Indian fell, the blood.

They both stand very still, listening. They hear nothing. And then out of the silence, a strange sound -

- a high, catching MOAN. Raymond turns and heads toward the sound. Leco follows.

ANGLE ON, the Indian and the Boy.

The Indian is backed up against a tree. We can see the wound is serious, a gaping hole above his stomach.

His Boy is kneeling beside his massive body. It's the Boy who is MOANING - he is weeping.

The father puts his fingers to the Boy's lips - *shush*. He MUTTERS something in his language. The son shakes his head.

But the father grabs all his arrows and presses them to the Boy. Forces the Boy to take them.

The Boy looks away, tears spilling down his face. Then he wipes them. He looks back at his father. The Boy is going to be brave.

And now, with his eyes on his son, the Indian smiles.

Then we hear the sound of FOOTSTEPS, bodies RUNNING through the brush.

The Indian nods to his son - *you must go*.

The Boy nods back. Then he dips his finger in the father's body paint.

Solemnly, this is serious, and this is for his father, the Boy paints an undulating line across his father's forehead.

The Indian's eyes accept this last marking...

ANGLE ON, Raymond approaching.

Rifle ready, he is following the Indian's trail.

Broken leaves here, a splatter of blood there. He steps through the brush to find -

The Indian lying back against the tree. His eyes open. There are two marks, lines across his forehead.

The Indian's chest rises and falls. He is still alive. The Boy is gone.

Raymond stares down. As now Leco arrives.

LECO (CONT'D)

Lord savior - an Indio.

Raymond's eyes are hard.

RAYMOND

What did you think we were hunting?

Raymond lifts his revolver. Points it at the Indian.

And then Phelan arrives. His Glock drawn. Phelan's eyes go to the bloody Indian, then back to Raymond.

PHELAN

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

Phelan points his gun at Raymond. Raymond stares back, his eyes burning.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Put it down.

CLICK, Phelan cocks the hammer. And then WHACK, a rifle butt to the back of Phelan's head. Phelan drops hard.

The other Gaucho has come up behind him.

Raymond gazes at Phelan's body.

RAYMOND

Gringo.

He turns back around and BANG - his bullet hits the Indian in the head. Then -

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

There was another one with him. A boy.

Raymond takes out a machete and begins to cut ahead into the brush.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Come on.

The other two, Leco and the Gaucho, snap into action. Surge into the jungle, disappearing after.

ANGLE ON, the entire death scene.

TRACKING ACROSS:

- The hut. Eduardo motionless on his side, the arrow through his throat, eyes glassy.

- The mash of bushes where the Indian was hit, blood splattered.

- The tree trunk where the Indian lies dead.

- Phelan nearby, lying face down on the ground.

We hear a GROAN. Phelan pushes himself up, staggers to his feet.

His gun is still in his hand. He tucks it into his pants. We can see blood dripping down the back of his head. Streaming into his collar.

PHELAN'S POV, dizzy. Unable to right his vision. He lurches over to the dead Indian.

The Boy turns and runs.

As Phelan falls backwards - and now the SCREEN GOES BLACK.

FADE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - CRUZ ESTATE - DUSK

Cruz and his family sit at a dinner table. A hearty spread of comfort food. His chubby WIFE (50s). His KIDS, assorted ages.

The door to the kitchen opens. The maid, Amelina, pokes her head in.

MAID

Senhor Cruz, Nestor is here to see you.

Cruz quickly rises.

MOMENTS LATER:

Cruz strides through the kitchen to the side door.

Outside, on the stairs - his Personal Assistant stands with the two Gauchos who returned from the jungle.

The wounded man now has his head partially shaved and properly bandaged.

ASSISTANT

I wanted you to see that everything is fine.

Cruz looks to the wounded man.

CRUZ

You feel okay?

GAUCHO 1

Si, Senhor. I have a headache, but otherwise...

CRUZ

Good, good. I want you taken care of.

(pause)

Tell me - did you see anything of interest?

The other Gaucho pipes up.

GAUCHO 2

I think we were close, Senhor. We found a fishing net. The tracker, he thought we were close.

Cruz looks visibly relieved. And grateful too.

CRUZ

Here, here, come inside, please...

The Gauchos nervously step into the kitchen.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Amelina will fix you something to eat.

(loudly)

Amelina!

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - DUSK

CLOSE ON, Phelan's face. His eyes closed.

Phelan is still lying on the ground, beside the pool. The arrow sticking up from his side.

Gradually, his eyes blink open. He GROANS to life. He looks down at the arrow.

He reaches down with his arms, takes a breath, then yanks - AWWWWWWW! - the arrow out.

He presses his hand against his bloody stomach, and slowly rises to his feet.

He looks around the jungle. He stumbles off.

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - MOMENTS LATER

Phelan still stumbles through brush. His shirt and hand soaked in blood, his face coated in sweat.

He looks this way and that, lost.

He stumbles on, weaving through plants and trees, as slowly the jungle begins to thin out.

And now, to Phelan's bewilderment, he comes upon a house.

It is an American colonial - white wood siding, peeling black shutters. Something feels strange.

Jungle has pushed in through windows, the slate roof buried with moss. There is even an old *Subaru* wagon out front, overrun with branches and leaves.

Confused, Phelan climbs the rotting side steps.

The door is locked. He looks down and lifts a flower pot, takes the key from underneath.

He knows this house.

INT. KITCHEN - SUBURBAN HOUSE - RAINFOREST - CONTINUOUS

Phelan walks through the door and into the kitchen. It is all very suburban.

On the refrigerator, magnets and notices. And on the shelf behind, framed PHOTOGRAPHS.

Phelan is no longer bleeding. Somehow his wound has completely healed, disappeared.

Clearly, we are in a kind of dream.

He passes a shelf, and we HOLD ON - a picture of his WIFE and him. In between them, a twelve-year-old boy stands grinning. He must be Phelan's son, JAMES.

This is Phelan's house. And then -

SQUAWK! SQUAWK!

Phelan looks into the living room. There are dozens of orange parrots - beautiful - on the couch arm, on the curtain rod, on the TV set. SQUAWK! SQUAWK!

PHELAN
(calls out)
James?! Jamie?

No answer. Phelan heads up the carpeted staircase.

More PHOTOS are on the wall. James posed in his baseball uniform. Phelan and his Wife on a cruise ship.

PHELAN (CONT'D)
Jamie are you up there?

Phelan reaches the top of the stairs. He turns down the hallway, but now he is no longer in his house.

He is in the hallway of an inner city housing project.

INT. HALLWAY - HOUSING PROJECT - CONTINUOUS

Phelan draws his pistol. This is gritty stuff - sirens wail in the distance, voices SHOUT in anger.

Phelan walks slowly down the hallway, past locked doors, his gun out in front like a cop.

A blinking fluorescent bulb and cold tile floor. We feel, at any moment, gunfire could erupt.

BANG - a door swings open and a SHOUTING COUPLE spills out. We jump. But Phelan just keeps walking.

At the end of the hall, the very last apartment - the door is cracked open.

With his foot, his gun drawn, Phelan kicks it wider. Shuffles inside.

INT. APARTMENT - HOUSING PROJECT - CONTINUOUS

Phelan's gun barrel waves.

It is a drug den. A shit-hole, an abandoned squat.

JUNKIES nod out on spent furniture, lie passed out on the floor.

Phelan looks confused now, almost worried.

PHELAN

Jamie? Jamie, say something?

Phelan steps over a Junkie, his gun still drawn. On the couch, a DEALER with a hoodie. Phelan cocks his gun -

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is my son?

The man lowers his hoodie, smiles up - it is the Gangsta Leader from the favela, with the blonde frosted mohawk.

Phelan stands there, gun pointed, his arm shakes with rage. He moves on -

He rounds the corner, and enters a bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT - HOUSING PROJECT - CONTINUOUS

The room is dark and empty - a sleeping bag bunched up, a milk crate with Styrofoam cups.

And a body on the floor, lying on its face. Phelan's eyes look terrified.

PHELAN

Jamie?

He squats down. He puts his gun on the ground. He rolls the body over -

It is a teenage boy, his son James. We recognize him from the photos.

James is in his baseball uniform. An arrow is sticking up from his side. There is lots of blood.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Jamie?

The boy opens his eyes a slit, very weak.

JAMIE

Dad.

Phelan strokes his son's hair. Tenderly brushes it out of his eyes.

PHELAN

Jamie Boy.

JAMIE

Where have you been, Dad? I've been waiting for you.

Phelan does not take his eyes off his son's face.

PHELAN

You're all right, Jamie. I'm sorry. I'm here. I'm here, Jamie.

And now Jamie softly closes his eyes again, drifting...

JAMIE

I can't see you, Dad. I can't see you.

Jamie is dead. And Phelan is kneeling before him.

Then the boy's body disappears, vanishes. And again, Phelan looks confused.

He glances down - the arrow is sticking out of his own stomach. Blood. He falls backwards onto the floor.

He is again lying on his back, the arrow sticking up. As now the apartment disappears - the carpet and walls.

Phelan is lying on the ground, on the jungle floor, where we first saw him. Shot in the side.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - EVENING

Loud BREATHING. Fernando is hurrying through thick brush.

His eyes catch on a gash left in a tree trunk - the tracking party's trail.

He barrels down the cut path, vines, leaves, through mud, and then he spots - a bullet hole splintered in a tree.

He slides Konibu's *Holland & Holland* off his backpack.

Another bullet hole, he strides up to it. He stops -

- there is Eduardo. Eduardo's face pale, an arrow through his throat.

And beyond him, the Indian's hut.

Fernando holds his hands palms up, starts toward it. He calls out - *olá, waküperö, hello...*

MOMENTS LATER:

In the jungle up ahead - Fernando stands frozen.

REVERSE ANGLE:

He has found the Indian. Dead against the tree. His bow beside him.

Fernando crouches down - his eyes taking in the red body paint, the grass loincloth.

This is hard to take, very hard. Then he notices - a backpack (it's Phelan's).

There is a break in the brush and carefully stepping through, he looks down over the ledge -

On the ground below - Phelan.

Phelan is lying on his back by the pool. His eyes are closed. The arrow sticking up from his side.

EXT. CAMPSITE - RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - LATER

Fernando sits, studying Phelan's Cassion-Lourdes ID. He glances over at Phelan's face.

Phelan rolls in sweat, delirious. But he is coming to. He jerks his hands - he is TIED.

FERNANDO

The arrow had poison in it,
extracted from a certain frog -
dardo venenosa. You are lucky you
are not dead.

Phelan's eyes strain to focus.

PHELAN

Who the fuck are you?

Fernando offers a hard look.

FERNANDO

I'm Fernando - Fernando Araujo. I
work for FUNAI.

PHELAN

I thought FUNAI was coming on
Monday?

FERNANDO

I'm not with them.

Fernando holds up Phelan's ID. His hand shaking from anger.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)
 You are Cassion-Lourdes employee
 William Phelan?
 (beat)
 You have done bad things, Senhor
 Phelan, very bad things.

Phelan notices that his gun is gone. He looks at Fernando

FERNANDO (CONT'D)
 There is an Indian who is dead -
 shot twice it looks like. In his
 face - his head...!
 (beat)
 There is a grave filled with
 bodies. A mass grave! And I am
 sure more bodies are out there!

PHELAN
 What are you talking about?

Fernando pulls his CAMERA from around his neck.

FERNANDO
 I have photos of everything. I'm
 going to take you down. Take it
 all down!

He shows Phelan photos from the camera.

PHELAN
 You took these out here?

Fernando nods.

FERNANDO
 I found the remnants of six huts.
 There may be twenty of them -
 twenty huts - 60 people. A
 village. A whole village...a
 world.

And now silence. Fernando has said this, said more than
 he likely intended. And it has left Phelan wordless.

After a long moment...

PHELAN
Moc metea, oc metea.

Slowly, Fernando's face changes - from anger to
 confusion.

FERNANDO
 "You are us". The Kanoe tribe.

PHELAN
 "And we are you".
 (beat)
 It's a nice idea.

FERNANDO

Where did you hear that - who told you that?

Phelan sits silent.

Fernando considers him anew.

Phelan nods to the jungle around them.

PHELAN

There's a lot of money at stake here. People, as we know - people will do terrible things for money.

Silence.

FERNANDO

Cruz, I think - or maybe it was your people...

Phelan looks at Fernando.

PHELAN

I'm not with them.

FERNANDO

(sotto)

Konibu was right. They killed them all, the whole tribe - a massacre. A genocide.

(to Phelan)

Somehow that last Indian, that Indian who is dead - he got away.

PHELAN

-And his son.

Fernando's eyes snap up.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

He had a son, I think. There's a boy out here.

Fernando's mouth drops open. Phelan just looking at him.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Fernando - I need you to untie me and I need you to give me back my gun...

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - LATER

A hole filled with fresh dirt. This is on the hillside where the Indian was killed.

Fernando dumps in more dirt with his trowel. Phelan uses a palm husk. They are burying the Indian.

After they finish, Fernando begins to lay leaves across the grave.

He MUTTERS softly to himself - a prayer, in the tribal tongue we heard earlier.

PHELAN

Is this the burial rite?

FERNANDO

I don't know. For the Kanoe Tribe, yes. But this tribe - I personally don't think we have ever seen their kind before.

Fernando steps back, snaps a few pictures of the fresh grave. Phelan watching.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

The indigenous believe that the living and the dead are much closer than we think - like two sides of a leaf.

Fernando jams a stick into the ground, pounds it with a rock.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

When a loved one dies, the Kanoe believe that we die too, that a part of us dies and goes into the grave with them. But also - and many many different indigenous tribes believe this - that the dead live on inside of us.

He steps back.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

That they are waiting, Senhor Phelan - the two sides of the leaf - to be together...whole.

Phelan stares at the tall stick, the grave marker.

PHELAN

My name is William - call me William.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILHENA - SAME TIME

Midday and the sun beats hot on the town of Vilhena.

VARIOUS SHOTS:

- A CONDO SITE, half built. A FAMILY sleeps under scaffolding.

- A RUN-DOWN CHURCH, looks almost like a juke-joint. The fluorescent cross illuminated.

- THE HIGH SCHOOL, the jungle gym is rusty, the asphalt cracked.

There is graffiti across the front entrance, that cluster of trapezoidal shapes, tree stumps.

We hear BARKING.

Over by THE CANAL, a pack of slum dogs. They are up at the rim. BARK, BARK.

Down below, a body has washed to the water's edge, onto the concrete. It is Konibu.

Konibu is soaked, and a touch bloated, his eyes dull. BARK, BARK.

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - LATER

Phelan digs through his bag. He finds the GPS locator. He gives it to Fernando.

PHELAN

Press it and a helicopter will come to get you. Just tell them you are part of the team. Have them put you down in town.

Then he heads back toward his stuff.

FERNANDO

Where will you be?

Phelan begins to wipe down his pistol. Methodically checking the barrel, the clip.

PHELAN

I'm not coming.

(beat)

I'm going to help this kid.

He stands up and tucks the pistol into his waist.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

You - you get on out of here. You show people those pictures you took.

Silence. Fernando gazes down at Konibu's *Holland & Holland* rifle.

FERNANDO

Here -

He tosses Phelan the gun. He gives him a long look. Then he turns and starts walking away.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - VILHENA - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON, Simara's face.

Her eyes are bloodshot - she has been weeping. She is sitting on a chair in a dingy police station.

Another tear spills down her cheek. She does not bother to wipe it.

On the seat beside her, a pair of large wet shoes - Konibu's - and a baggy of pocket junk.

An office door opens and a POLICEMAN steps out.

POLICEMAN

Chief Cantú would like to see you now.

Simara stands up - dazed. She starts toward the office, but then remembers the shoes and baggy.

The CLERK behind the counter sniggers -

POLICE CLERK

Nobody is going to steal them.

INT. OFFICE - POLICE STATION - VILHENA - MOMENTS LATER

A fat man in suit and tie holds open his office door.

POLICE CHIEF

Please, please, sit down.

He is Police Chief Cantú and we instantly recognize him from the Cruz estate.

Simara, more fragile than ever, sits down in a chair.

CHIEF CANTÚ

I am very sorry about your father.

Chief Cantú slides behind his desk chair. He looks across at her - Simara is weeping again. He waits.

After a moment...

CHIEF CANTÚ (CONT'D)

I realize that you are upset and that this conversation is...is not easy.

(beat)

We can request an autopsy, but that costs money and I think we both know what the results would show...

She looks up at him.

CHIEF CANTÚ (CONT'D)
*Alcohol. Alcohol is a killer. You
 Indians drink too much, it gets
 dark out, all kinds of things
 can...*

He stops - because Simara is glaring at him with such a look of cold fury in her eyes.

SIMARA
Fernando Araujo, he is the reason.

Silence. Then -

CHIEF CANTÚ
What do you mean?

SIMARA
*Fernando - FUNAI - he is the one
 that made my father crazy.*

Chief Cantú looks a bit surprised.

SIMARA (CONT'D)
*You know Fernando is out there -
 on Cruz's land - looking for
 Indians. He is out there right
 now.*

CHIEF CANTÚ
You know this for certain?

Simara remains unblinking.

SIMARA
I know exactly where.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM - CRUZ ESTATE - SAME TIME

The room has been cleared of the earlier campaign-like clutter.

Nick and Victor mill about, waiting. Victor wanders by the shelving.

VICTOR
 Hey, Nick...

He holds up a tacky figurine - a mule with its head in a feed bucket. He puts it in front of his pants fly and pretends to hump it from behind. He grins.

We TILT UP, and look out through the French doors at -

EXT. PATIO - CRUZ ESTATE - SAME TIME

Cruz and Joel Lovell sitting out on the patio.

Joel wears a starched lavender dress shirt and burgundy tie. Cruz is eating lunch.

JOEL LOVELL

They should have been back by now.

No reaction. Cruz, the chubby little cowboy, just continues to eat. It clearly irritates Joel.

Joel glances about - *what the fuck is he doing stuck in this ridiculous place.*

JOEL LOVELL (CONT'D)

You know, Benedito, if the Brazilian government asks Cassion-Lourdes to build a dam - we're going to build the most durable, well-engineered, the most environmentally sound dam out there. And we can do it. And we can do it again and again and again.

Cruz looks across at Joel. Cruz may not be as polished, but he isn't going to be lectured.

CRUZ

Tell me your point?

JOEL LOVELL

You have left us vulnerable.

A long silence. Cruz puts down his knife and fork.

CRUZ

I have done this? Me - I have done it? But I thought we were partners. That is a word you use a lot, right?

Joel does not answer.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

I thought that I was supposed to do whatever it takes?

Cruz stares across at him. In his lavender shirt.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

You do not look like a man who has ever been poor, known poverty?

(beat)

I grew up in the favela - do you have any idea what that is like? It is like you are an animal, truly - you are hungry all the time, so you look, you actually look for food. You want to stay dry, at night you want to find the softest place to sleep.

You want to keep yourself clean,
to just keep yourself from
smelling so bad that...

(beat)

Can you imagine what it is like to
not be able to be clean yourself,
your body - to have one shirt for
a year?

Joel shifts uncomfortably. Folds his arms across his
chest.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

I was small when I was a boy, and
when I talked I had a...I kept
saying the same word over, wha,
wha, wha - like that. And the
older boys, oh how they tortured
me - and I mean tortured. And my
brother, Guto - he is dead now, a
long time. Guto he said, "Benê -
the only way to not get hurt, the
only way to not get humiliated, is
to make sure that you are the
toughest. To make sure that you
are the very toughest boy around.
There is no other way."

Silence. As Cruz sits remembering.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

I did that.

He looks again at Joel.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

You Americans act like you care,
but you don't care - you just
don't want to know.

(beat)

"Do whatever it takes," you told
me.

Joel gazes back at him for a beat. He stands up.

JOEL LOVELL

I don't have time for this crap.

Cruz stands too.

CRUZ

I did what it took, Senhor Lovell.
I did what I had to - and I did it
for both of us.

JOEL LOVELL

I'm leaving.

Joel heads back toward the French doors.

CRUZ

That is fine, you leave. That is what you Americans are good at.

Joel keeps walking, as RING, RING - Cruz's cell phone starts to RING.

Cruz sits back down, his eyes on Joel's back as he heads into the house -

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Perhaps one day you will be gone forever!

- RING, RING. And then finally, Cruz picks up.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Hello?...Yes, yes, Chief Cantú?

And now, as he listens, his face shifts - his rage transforming into a cold, hard mask.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

*No need. Give me the address...
(listens)
It's okay, she'll talk to me...*

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - SAME TIME

Raymond, Leco, and the last remaining Gaucho hack their way through jungle. Machetes swinging.

They stop and look up - THWACK, THWACK, a helicopter is buzzing across the sky.

RAYMOND

*(sotto)
Phelan...*

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. SUV (MOVING)- HIGHWAY - VILHENA - DAY

A shiny black Cadillac SUV.

Cruz is driving, racing along. His eyes on the long asphalt road ahead.

Outside the window, those brown hills fly past. But Cruz is not paying them any mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY

CLOSE ON, a folded taro leaf filled with red berry juice. Two small fingers dip down inside.

The Boy is painting himself. It feels ritualistic, solemn as before. The Boy wearing the paint of his father.

The fingers paint a thick swath across his chest...

CUT TO:

EXT. ELSEWHERE, RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - SAME TIME

Phelan stands catching his breath. He has stopped by a tree, looks up at the gash marking it.

He presses on.

MOMENTS LATER:

Phelan hustles beneath the weight of his pack. Because he is following, he does not need his machete.

His eyes flash on everything - leaf, tree, vine, flower - looking for a sign.

He stops - there in the dirt, a cigarette butt.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELSEWHERE, RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - SAME TIME

A giant hardwood tree. Raymond leans against it, smoking.

Leco crouches nearby eating a tin of sardines. The Gaucho sits peeling a mango with his hunting knife.

There is loud SCRAMBLING in the bushes and the men freeze.

Slowly, a giant black tegu lizard trudges through the edge of the brush. A dead agouti in its mouth.

The Gaucho stands up with his rifle.

RAYMOND

(harsh whisper)

No...

The man nods. He leaves his rifle and takes a grip on his knife. He stalks after.

MOMENTS LATER:

Through the jungle. The lizard, oblivious, marches past the FRAME.

We wait a beat.

And now the Gaucho arrives with his knife. Stalking across the FRAME too and then -

WHACK - a rifle butt slams into his face.

It's Phelan. The man falls back on the ground. THUD.

Phelan picks up the knife, wincing; his side hurts. The man on his back is GROANING.

Phelan kicks him in the ribs.

PHELAN

Listen to me. You get the hell out of here - it's over. Go back to Cruz or your family or whatever toilet you climbed out of.

Phelan leans down and presses the hunting knife to the man's throat.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

If I come across you again - I'll use the other end of my rifle.

GAUCHO

Sí, sí, Senhor...

Phelan heads off into the brush.

MOMENTS LATER:

Carefully, Phelan ghosts through the jungle in the direction the Gaucho came.

His rifle picks through fronds as he arrives at the giant hardwood tree. But there is no Raymond or Leco.

Just the tin of sardines and the Gaucho's pack and rifle.

He picks up the man's rifle - CLACK, CLACK, CLACK - empties the bullets.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. HELICOPTER - VILHENA - DAY

The helicopter buzzes over the city of Vilhena.

Fernando sits next to the PILOT. Down below, he can see the favela, that warren of shanties and trash.

Fernando has his cell phone out. He starts to text -

INTERCUT: Simara.

She is at home in the front room. She is staring at a photograph of Konibu. Her phone DINGS.

She looks at the TEXT - *Meet me at Café Moderno in an hour. I did not find Konibu.*

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - DAY

Phelan, breathless from his pace, stands in the jungle, motionless. His ears are pricked for any noise, but there is none.

Phelan's eyes scan the area, pour over the trees and vines. *Fuck, fuck, fuck. Is he lost?*

Then his eyes fall on a piece of bark, shaped like a tray.

Inside the bark, red berries have been beaten into a tar.

Phelan dips a finger - it's body paint. He stares out again at the jungle around him.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEARBY - RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - SAME TIME

The Indian Boy stands behind a wall of fronds, a hunting blind made of leaves.

He is painted red now, like his father was.

The Boy is laying out arrows, meticulously. The little guy looks to be readying for a fight.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAVELA - VILHENA - DUSK

The sun is starting to set and the streets of Vilhena are growing darker.

Cruz's black Cadillac SUV rolls to a stop in an alley.

INSIDE CADILLAC:

Cruz slips on his leather gloves.

He gets out of the car and opens the back hatch. He takes out a tire iron.

He heads off down the street, the tire iron discreetly at his side.

EXT. SIMARA'S HOUSE - FAVELA - VILHENA - DAY

Cruz approaches a shanty with a yellow door - Simara's house. He glances left, then right. Nobody on the street.

He is about to knock, but then thinks again and tries the knob. It is unlocked.

He cracks the door just wide enough to slip inside. Then pushes it flush behind him.

ANGLE ON, across the street.

Against a building, in the shadows, a figure steps forward. It is Simara.

Apparently, she has anticipated this.

She boldly crosses the street and quickly jams a two by four through the front door handle, locking it.

INTERCUT: Inside.

Cruz stands in the front room, the tire iron in his hand.

He is gazing around the darkened house.

BACK TO: Simara outside the yellow front door.

She pounds on it hard.

SIMARA

Boba! Boba!

INSIDE:

Cruz turns, surprised. He hears a GROWL.

His eyes rise up, staring down the hallway. Boba is in the rear. Boba is staring back at him.

Cruz yanks the door - locked.

SIMARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Attack, Boba! Attack!

The dog stalks down the hallway. His eyes hard on Cruz. We can't help but feel Konibu is inside him.

Boba GROWLS again. Cruz raises the tire iron above his head.

CRUZ

You think you're tough?

Another GROWL. And then Boba sprints down the hallway. He leaps, RUFFFFFF! - a flash of terror in Cruz's eyes as -

CRUZ (CONT'D)

No!

- Boba's jaws crunch down around his arm.

The tire iron clatters to the floor.

BACK TO: Outside.

Simara stands listening to the SCREAMS, Cruz POUNDING against the door.

And then the horrible sound of flesh tearing.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - SAME TIME

Leco is crouched low to the ground.

He is examining footprints, small footprints. Five toes - a barefooted child. Raymond stands watching.

Leco straightens up. There are many such footprints shifting this way and that.

Puzzled, Leco looks about.

Then he notices on the bushes nearby - palm fronds have been snapped off. He feels the tip of a vine.

Stepping forward more slowly now, his eyes scan the middle-distance.

Fifty yards out - a whole wall of leaves seems to bob, ever so slightly.

Leco points. Raymond stares too now. They wait. Another small bob.

Raymond smiles. He sets down his pack. He slides his rifle off his shoulder.

ANGLE ON, the Boy.

Behind the blind, with his bow ready. He has chosen his position well.

Backed against the bottom of a stone cliff face, you can only approach from the front.

But then, if you have a high-powered rifle, which Raymond does, none of that really matters.

Raymond begins to set up. Leco gestures - he will go up closer, around to the side.

Raymond nods and the man sneaks off.

Raymond proceeds to steady his rifle on a log. It's about one hundred feet. He screws on the scope, peers through.

He can see the arrowhead poking out. It's getting dark and he needs to do this soon.

He CLICKS off the safety and leans in, gets a bit more comfortable. And then - AAHHHHHHH!

Phelan rains down on him, using the rifle like a club. Smashing Raymond across the back.

BANG! From Raymond's gun.

A bullet flies, pocking the stone above the Boy's head.

ANGLE ON, Leco, who has crept closer to the blind. He freezes, not sure what is happening. He looks back.

ANGLE ON, Raymond knocked on his back.

RAYMOND

What the hell?

But Phelan just dives on top of him. Swinging his fists into Raymond face.

PHELAN

(with each punch)

You. Son. Of. A. Bitch.

Raymond's face is awash with blood.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

You. Fucked. Up. Son. Of. A...

And then, CLICK - from behind Phelan.

LECO (O.S.)

Put your hands in the air.

Phelan stops swinging.

Slowly, he stands up and turns around. Leco is pointing a rifle at him.

LECO (CONT'D)

Don't move.

And now Raymond, badly beaten, rises to his feet behind Phelan. He wipes blood from his dripping nose.

RAYMOND

Fuck you, you fucking gringo.

But Phelan's eyes stay on Leco, on the end of that rifle barrel. It is shaking.

PHELAN

You don't look like you've shot too many people.

Leco's finger goes to the trigger.

LECO

Raymond - what is it you want me to do?

And then - SWOOSH.

An arrowhead suddenly bursts through the center of Leco's chest. He SPUTTERS, stunned. Falling.

But BANG!

And Phelan GASPS. His mouth moves, but no words come out. He turns around.

Raymond is standing behind him with his rifle pointed. He has shot Phelan in the back.

Phelan sinks down to the ground in an awkward squat. He falls over on his side. Next to Leco, who is dead.

Phelan's eyes still staring. As Raymond spins around the forest with the rifle.

He SHOUTS to the Boy...

RAYMOND

Come out! Come out and fight like a man!

And then Raymond freezes - because the Boy has stepped out. And with that wooden bow of his.

The Boy is trying to be brave. To face down Raymond. He doesn't understand the difference between a bow and a rifle.

The two of them circle to a stop. Phelan lying on the ground, dying. His eyes on the Boy.

Raymond CHUCKLES and pumps a bullet into the chamber. He raises the rifle to his shoulder.

The Boy draws the bowstring back even farther.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You are so stupid.

And - BANG. A bullet hits Raymond right between the eyes. He drops, instantly.

The Boy looks over at Phelan. It was Phelan who fired from his Glock. Lying there on the ground.

The Boy creeps up to Phelan. His arrow still pointed.

PHELAN'S POV, gazing up at the Boy.

The Boy looks tough, capable. There with his bow drawn. The tall trees stretching up around him.

Phelan has done it. He has saved this Indian.

And now the Boy is puzzled - *just who is this bloody man?* He lowers his weapon, steps closer.

From the BOY'S POV, we track in CLOSE ON, Phelan's face -

Then EXTREME CLOSE ON, his eye staring -

Then into that eye -

INT. CASSION-LOURDES OFFICE - VILHENA - SAME TIME

The Cassion office is empty, most everyone already gone.

Joel Lovell sits alone behind his desk. He is staring off into space. He is wondering exactly what he has done.

A KNOCK on his door.

JOEL LOVELL

Come in.

Victor Hou enters - looks over at him.

VICTOR HOU

You all good?

Joel nods.

JOEL LOVELL

Yeah, sure. I'm fine.

VICTOR HOU

You've got a stain.

(off his look)

You've got a stain on your shirt.

Joel notices now - a coffee stain on his shirt. He takes out his pocket square and starts to dab it.

VICTOR HOU (CONT'D)

I'm meeting some of the guys for a drink over at the Coronado Club.

(grins)

Going to be some excellent specimens...

Joel shakes his head.

JOEL LOVELL

Big day tomorrow.

Silence.

VICTOR HOU

It'll work out.

(then)

Nothing from Phelan?

JOEL LOVELL

Not yet.

Victor leaves, closing the door behind him.

For a moment, Joel just sits there. Then he grabs the phone receiver and dials a number.

SOUND-OVERLAP: A cell phone's RINGTONE.

INTERCUT: Cruz.

It is his cell that is RINGING. Cruz lying on the floor in the front room of Simara's house.

Cruz's face has been half chewed off by Boba. He is dead.

BACK TO: Joel.

Joel slowly racks the phone. His mind, his thoughts spinning.

He sinks back into his chair. He looks older somehow, weary. As if he knows, he'll never get any place better.

INT. CAFÉ MODERNO - VILHENA - EVENING

Fernando sits at a computer at a café. Some cash, his wallet, keys lay on the table.

His CAMERA is plugged into the monitor. We begin to see PHOTOS of the massacre. CLOSE ON:

- The mass grave.
- A decomposed arm.
- Two children, their skeletons nestled together.
- A rotting skull with a headband.

Fernando types in a URL address and the RAINFOREST PEOPLES website pops up ON SCREEN.

That logo, the tree stumps, like trapezoids.

He clicks on an email link. He types into the SUBJECT line: MASSACRE OF INDIGENOUS ON MADIERA DAM SITE.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Fernando.

It is Simara. She puts her hand on his shoulder and slides into the chair beside him.

Fernando smiles. But his boyish face looks harder, older.

SIMARA

Are you okay?

FERNANDO

Yes. I am. Are you?

SIMARA

Konibu is dead.

The two look at each other. Fernando had figured as much.

FERNANDO

I'm sorry.

Silence.

Then on the table top she sees - Phelan's ID, his face in PHOTOGRAPH staring up.

SIMARA

Where did you get that?

FERNANDO

He's a man I met - in the Amazonia. William.

Simara looks at Phelan's picture. Thinks about this. Then Fernando nods to the computer screen -

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Here - I want you to hit "send." I want you to watch what happens next.

Fernando puts Simara's hand on the mouse. Clasping his hand over hers. It is awkward, but then it is not.

As together, they both turn to the SCREEN. And the arrow cursor finds the send button and - CLICK...

EXT. RAINFOREST - CRUZ PROPERTY - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON, Phelan's eye.

One last shot from HIS POV, up at the Boy. The Boy's young, curious face looking down.

The Boy dips a finger in his own body paint. He gazes at Phelan, solemn.

Then he paints a line, an undulating line, across Phelan's forehead. He begins another...

Phelan looks up. His eyes filled with wonder. He smiles...

PHELAN

Jamie...Jamie Boy....

A long silence. Phelan winces in pain. He closes his eye. He is drifting, but again, that smile...

PHELAN (CONT'D)

I'm here, Jamie. I'm here...

And then Phelan is dead.

The Indian Boy standing there in the rainforest. Still crouching over him.

The two other dead men lying on the ground nearby. As night falls over the jungle.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE ON BLACK: THE LAST OF THE TRIBE

CODA:

In Brazil, a single Indian is legally considered a people if he is the sole survivor of his tribe.

In the one documented instance, the Brazilian government created a 31-square-mile rainforest preserve - the Tanaru Indigenous Territory.

It currently has a population of 1.

FADE TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - BRAZIL - DAY

The Indian Boy.

He is wearing his grass loincloth, his body painted red with berry juice.

He sits on the top of a mountain-ridge. He is gazing over the lush landscape that stretches out before him.

And now the CAMERA begins to travel. Soaring as if in his mind's eye...

Over that vast canopy of green, with its snaking black rivers. Over the plants, the flowers, animals, birds, fish, insects, and the people, unknown and unseen - as the mountains rise and the valleys dip.

A part of all that is living and breathing in the seemingly endless wild.