

AMAZONS

Written by

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FADE IN:

THE SCREEN FILLED WITH PALE, SWIRLING MIST

A grime cloaked figure slowly takes shape, appears to float on a cushion of air.

A rubber hose sprays a stream of water, douses the figure.

Uncovers a patch of yellow beneath the filth.

It slowly washes away, REVEALS the contours of a naked TEEN GIRL, glinting head to toe, like a statue sheathed in solid gold.

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Ramshackle, in a jungle clearing.

A beat-to-shit pickup truck parked alongside.

A snake slithers past in the foreground.

Cicadas drone.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - SAME

Squalor.

Four bunks in a row.

VINCENT VARGAS awakens from a dream.

He's pushing 60, a bloated whale of a lout.

SECOND BUNK

Vincent steps past it.

A woman's brown FOOT visible from under a blanket.

A thick chain around her ankle secured to a bedpost.

THIRD BUNK

Vincent steps to it.

Nudges a second sleeping man awake.

His eldest, BRUNO, early 30s, not bad looking, grumbles, bats him off, rolls back to sleep.

Vincent picks up a bucket, dumps foul sludge over his head.

Bruno, wiping his face with a rag, follows him to a fourth bunk.

FOURTH BUNK

Another sleeper.

Vincent likewise tries to shake him awake.

The sleeper grumbles, bats him away, rolls over.

Again, Vincent pours sludge over the sleeper's head.

ZUZA, early 20's, bolts upright, sputters, swears at him.

STEAMER TRUNK

Vincent drags it from beneath his bunk.
Bruno and Zuza stand close by, watching.

BRUNO
(SUPER in Portuguese)
Did you dream?

Vincent doesn't answer, removes a rusty key from around his neck, unlocks the trunk, lifts the lid.

ZUZA
(SUPER in Portuguese)
What did you see?

Vincent takes a moth-eaten Sunday suit from the trunk.
Turns to his sons.

VINCENT
(SUPER in Portuguese)
The future.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN BRAZIL, SOUTH AMERICA - NIGHT

Father and sons tramp down a jungle trail.
Vincent now dressed in his Sunday suit.

EXT. MINING PIT - NIGHT

The three approach a deep pit dug in the earth.
They descend a rickety ladder.
Shovels and pick-axes strewn about.
Vincent sinks to his knees, rolls up his sleeves, clears away some dirt with his hands, buries his arms to the elbows in the damp soil.

BRUNO AND ZUZA

Watch in anticipation.
Bruno trains a flashlight.

VINCENT

Groping, his hands fasten on something.
Hushed anticipation as he struggles to drag out his find.
Bruno and Zuza reach in, lend a hand.
A boulder-sized chunk of rock emerges from the earth.

WHAT THEY'VE FOUND

Vincent brushes away the dirt with his hands.

REVEALS not a rock, but an enormous chunk of gold - sized like a watermelon.

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

The Vargas trio sit around, celebrate their good fortune. Empty liquor bottles strewn about the clearing. Vincent takes a final swig, tosses the bottle, staggers to the bunkhouse. His sons follow.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - SAME

The three men enter. Surround the sleeping figure still in her bunk. Vincent yanks back the blanket. Exposes a naked INDIGENOUS GIRL. Wild-eyed, terrified.

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - DAWN

Engulfed in flames. Black smoke chugging to the sky. The pick-up rolling away down a red clay road.

EXT. JUNGLE TOWN - DAY

The Vargas family pickup rolls down the muddy street. Three silhouettes visible in the cab. Bruno sits atop the steamer trunk in the bed, shotgun across his lap. They pull up before a small BANK. COMPRA-SE OURO (WE BUY GOLD) tacked over the doorway.

The three climb out, lower the tailgate, heft the tarp covered nugget from the trunk, stagger to the bank.

INT. BANK OFFICE - DAWN

Assisted by a BANKER, father and sons struggle to hoist the nugget onto a scale. The needle shoots past the numbered gauge. The chain snaps, spilling the nugget to the floor.

INT. BANK OFFICE - DAWN

The Vargas clan peering over his shoulder, the Banker performs a test to determine the percentage of gold.

Writes his offer on a slip of paper, hands it to Vincent.

TIGHT ON A SAFE

The Banker removes stacks of bundled bills, stacks them on a counter.

Returns to the safe, empties it, turns to Vincent.

BANKER

(SUPER in Portuguese)

Return in one week, I give you the rest.

EXT. JUNGLE TOWN - DAWN

The Vargas men return to the pickup.

Bruno climbs in the bed.

Vincent and Zuza toss up burlap sacks loaded with cash.

Bruno stashes them in the trunk, scoops up the shotgun, plops down on the trunk.

IN THE CAB

That indigenous female seated between Vincent and Zuza. Her manacled wrist chained to the steering wheel.

PICK-UP

Rolls down the street, grows small, and WE --

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL, UCLA, LA - SAME

The tiered room darkened, a Mythological Studies class in progress.

A PowerPoint slide show on a screen.

The narration provided by professor HANNAH CHAMPION pacing before a packed classroom.

IMAGE

A painting depicting armed Amazons battling their male enemies.

HANNAH'S VOICE

Okay, now then, exactly who were the Amazons?

IMAGE

An Amazon warrior depicted on a Greek vase.

HANNAH'S VOICE (CONT'D)

According to Greek mythology, they were a tribe of women warriors, considered brutal, aggressive, and whose main concern was war. Who gloried in freedom and war.

IMAGE

Amazons in battle, this one a fresco.

HANNAH'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Their exploits were recounted by many epic poems.

IMAGE

A faded tapestry - mounted Amazons in battle.

HANNAH'S VOICE (CONT'D)

They fought in the legendary Trojan War.

IMAGE

Another painting of Amazon women in battle.

HANNAH'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Jason and the Argonauts passed by their shores, barely avoiding their deadly arrows.

IMAGE

A marble sculpture of a bare-breasted Amazon.

HANNAH'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And every single one of them was a woman. But were they simply figures of myth, or something more?

MALE STUDENT'S VOICE

(blurts out)

Mamma-mia!

Scattered LAUGHTER.

Hannah heard that, looks around in the dark, can't make out who made that juvenile comment.

HANNAH

Pretty sure I recognize that voice. Thank you, Charles, good to know you're still awake.

More student LAUGHTER.

The lights come on.
 Our first good look at Hannah, late 20s.
 Is she beautiful?
 You decide.
 Statuesque?
 Yep.

A SECOND STUDENT raises his hand, stands.

SECOND STUDENT

The conquistadors down in South America,
 back in the Sixteenth century, didn't
 they claim to run into some Amazons?

HANNAH

You're referring to an account by the
 Spaniard Gaspar de Carvajal, who
 accompanied an expedition down a river
 that later became known as the Amazon. In
 it he described battling a tribe of
 female warriors. Now, according to
 Gaspar, and here I'll quote him, "They
 were uncommonly pale and tall, with long
 hair braided and wound about their
 heads." Also, "They were very robust, and
 go about naked with their private parts
 covered, shooting at us with bows and
 arrows, doing as much fighting as ten
 Indian men."

(beat)

Which reminds me. As some of you may have
 already heard, I'll be traveling to
 Brazil this summer. Should I run into any
 Amazons, I'll be sure to send a postcard,
 let you know.

MALE STUDENT

Heard you won a trip. Need some company,
 Hannah?

HANNAH

That's Ms. Champion to you, Mr. Meadows.
 And it's an eight day cruise, not a keg
 party.

MALE STUDENT

Change your mind, pretty sure I'm
 available.

HANNAH

Oh, I'm sure you are.

Yet more LAUGHTER.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

But now back to my question. What can we hope to learn from these Amazons, these fierce women warriors, these -- these Wonder Women? Help me out here. Ladies?
(looks around)
Anyone?

A FEMALE STUDENT raises her hand, stands.

FEMALE STUDENT

I think the myth encourages young girls, and women in general, to celebrate what makes us different, because that's the superpower no one can ever take away.

HANNAH

Wow and wow, Charlotte. Not bad. Not bad at all. Don't think I could have said it any better myself.

FADE OUT/IN:

EXT. AMAZONIA, BRAZIL - DAY

Jungle as far as the eye can see.
The wide expanse of a brown river meandering through it.
And on that river, a luxury CRUISE SHIP sailing into the interior.

EXT. HARBOUR, MANAUS, BRAZIL - DAY

That Cruise Ship docked among a half-dozen others.

WE SUPER:

MANAUS, BRAZIL

Hannah among the arriving tourists hauling their luggage along a pier.
Waits in line to board a hotel courtesy VAN.

EXT. STREET - MANAUS, BRAZIL - DAY

The van navigates a crowded city street.

INT. COURTESY VAN - DAY

Hannah seated opposite a young couple in their twenties.
NOAH and SAM LEBLANC.

SAM

Is this your first visit to Brazil?

HANNAH

Yes, is it yours?

SAM

For me, yes. Him, no.

NOAH

We're newlyweds.

SAM

On our honeymoon.

HANNAH

Congratulations.

NOAH

Where are you from?

HANNAH

California. Los Angeles. How do you do?

NOAH

I'm Noah. Noah Leblanc. From Winnipeg.

SAM

Canada. I'm Sam. Samantha. Are you traveling alone?

HANNAH

Yes. I'm Hannah.

NOAH

Why Manaus, Hannah?

HANNAH

Adventure, I suppose. That and I won a trip.

SAM

Lucky you, the things you'll see.

HANNAH

Anything I should watch out for?

NOAH

Let me think. Oh yeah, snakes, bullet ants, piranhas, poison frogs.

(to Sam)

I miss anything? Just kidding. You'll be fine.

SAM

Although some find it too hot, too muggy.

NOAH

It tends to rain a lot.

HANNAH

What about you? Why Manaus?

SAM

We made a list. Closed our eyes and picked two. Then did it again. And again. Until, ta-da, ladies choice.

NOAH

Well, here we are.

They've pulled up in front of their hotel.

EXT. LOBBY, HOTEL - DAY

Potted palms and tired brown sofas.
A queue in front of the reservation counter.
Noah and Sam have just finished checking in.

SAM

(turns to Hannah)

Hope to see you around.

Hannah's turn at the counter.

RECEPTION

Good morning. And you are?

HANNAH

Hannah Champion. Party of one.

RECEPTION

I will need your identification and passport, please.

Hannah hands over an ID and her passport.
The Receptionist scans a list, finds Hannah's name.

RECEPTION (CONT'D)

Ah, here you are. And you are with us for two nights?

HANNAH

If a frog doesn't poison me first.

RECEPTION

Excuse me?

HANNAH

I'm sorry. It's nothing. An attempt at humor.

RECEPTION

Humor?

HANNAH

Trying to be funny, but failing miserably.

RECEPTION

(puzzles her out, then --)

Elvardo here will show you to your room.

ELVARDO, a uniformed attendant, picks up her luggage.

ELVARDO

This way, please.

Hannah follows.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Elvardo ushers Hannah into her room.
Puts her luggage on the bed.

ELVARDO

Is this your first trip?

HANNAH

Yes, it is.

ELVARDO

You don't mind traveling alone?

HANNAH

I'm the independent type.

He parts the drapes, floods the room with sunlight.

ELVARDO

You have a good view. You can see all the way to the Amazon.

She tips him.

HANNAH

Obrigado.

He makes a little bow, leaves her.
Hannah steps to the window.
Yep, a breathtaking view all the way to the river.

Takes out her phone, begins FILMING.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

First a nap. Then off to mingle with the natives. The ones who don't bite. Oh, and happy Independence Day.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LITTLE LATER

Hannah faces her phone.
The bed behind her rumpled.

HANNAH

Okey-doke, if you're watching this, and I'm sure there must be hundreds, thousands, nap over. Time to have a look around. Maybe begin with one of the local markets. I read they have fifty-two kinds of bananas.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Hannah's phone PANS AROUND.

HANNAH

My hotel lobby. Has kind of a musty, old-timey smell, but not too bad.

The phone PUSHES through the door to the sidewalk.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Hope it doesn't rain. As if.

Aims her phone at the overcast sky.

EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - DAY

Hannah wanders among the fruit and vegetable vendors, FILMING as she speaks.

HANNAH

Wow, check it out. Look at the bananas, or maybe they're plantains, a sea of them. Can you smell the tropical aroma?

EXT. OPERA HOUSE - DAY

Hannah sits on a bench in the plaza fronting a prime tourist attraction, the OPERA HOUSE.
Has her phone trained on herself, FILMING.

HANNAH

So, Instagram friends, Romans, countrymen, if you're just joining me, I'm here, day one of two and a half left in Manaus, Brazil, all by my lonesome, surrounded by about a trillion miles of jungle.

Turns the phone around, FILMS the Opera House.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

There's the opera house. Supposed to be quite famous. First opened in 1896. Don't know squat about opera, so I'll leave it at that. But stay tuned.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Hannah seated alone at a sidewalk table.
FILMS herself sipping a local drink.

HANNAH

Yum, Leite de Onca, I think it's pronounced, which I also think means jaguar milk. Made from cachaca, creme de cacao, and milk, with either ground chocolate or cinnamon. I chose cinnamon. Has a thick, smooth texture. Like I said, yum.

She opens the menu, keeps FILMING.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'll read out loud from the menu, because really, what do I know? So if anyone has a suggestion, I'm happy to hear it.

(begins reading in Portuguese)

Let's see, there's tambaqui na brasa, which basically looks like a humongous fish. Then there's something called caldo de piranha. Yikes. Also --

EXT. CAFE - LITTLE LATER

Hannah's finished her meal.
Observes customers at other tables.
Some of them couples making out, flirting.
WE feel her aloneness.

WE notice a young man sitting alone at a table behind her.

Takes us a moment to realize it's Bruno Vargas from our opening.
 He's cleaned up quite a bit from when we first saw him.
 Sports coat and white open collar shirt.
 Appears to have taken an interest in Hannah.
 Feeling eyes on her, she glances back, then quickly turns away.

HANNAH
 Waiter. Waiter!

Her WAITER stands nearby with his back to her, doesn't understand English, so doesn't respond.

Bruno sees the problem.

BRUNO
 (to Waiter)
 Garcom!

The Waiter turns, sees Bruno pointing to the lady, steps to her table.

WAITER
 Sim, madame?

HANNAH
 Posso receber meu cheque?

The Waiter fishes her check from his vest.
 She hands him some bills.
 He subtracts the right amount, hands back her change.

Hannah quickly stands, moves off down the sidewalk.
 Bruno remains seated, eyes following her.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY - LATER

Hannah strolls through foot traffic, again FILMING.

HANNAH
 Street scene #23. People doing what they do, going about their business.

-- An old woman with a broom sweeping her doorstep.

-- A long wall covered in jungle scene graffiti.

-- Kids in an alley playing soccer.

Hannah turns to FILM a sidewalk display of tourist stuff.

Now this next happens fast, almost a BLUR.

SOMEONE SNATCHES HER PHONE on the pass by, bolts down the sidewalk.
Hannah slow to react, not believing what the hell just happened.
And now Bruno's suddenly there, muscling past her.

MOVING WITH BRUNO

Hauling ass after the thief.
Spots him darting into the street, dodging traffic.
Bruno follows.
Loses him in a crowd on the other side.
Gives up the chase.

EXT. STREET - THREE MINUTES LATER

Hannah dejected, slumped on a bench.
Looks up when Bruno returns, palms up, empty handed.
She shakes her head, "no," a question.

BRUNO

I'm sorry.

EXT. STREET - FEW MINUTES LATER

A POLICE VAN parked at the curb.
Bruno speaking to an OFFICER in Portuguese.
Hannah listening, not comprehending.
The Officer shaking his head.
Bruno turns to her.

BRUNO

He says there is nothing he can do.

HANNAH

Yes, I figured as much. Well, shit. Of all the rotten luck. Two days I'll be home and now this.

She stands there, helpless.

BRUNO

Do you have money for another phone?

HANNAH

It's too late now.
(beat)
Shoot, you probably don't understand.

BRUNO

My English is not so good, but I understand.

HANNAH

I get that. About a thousand times better than my Portuguese.

BRUNO

I know a place. I take you.

HANNAH

(antennae up)

A place for what?

EXT. SIDEWALK VENDOR - DAY

They cross the street to a Vendor selling phones.

BRUNO

Let me speak. I get you a good price.

EXT. SIDEWALK VENDOR - MINUTES LATER

Hannah stands nearby as Bruno in Portuguese negotiates the price of a new phone.

He goes over to her.

BRUNO

He asks two hundred dollars American.

She turns away, takes cash from her purse, hands it to him.

Bruno returns to the Vendor, hands over the cash.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MINUTES LATER

Hannah and Bruno stand under an awning out of a downpour. She examines her new phone.

HANNAH

Probably just bought back my own phone. You think that's possible?

BRUNO

Anything is possible.

HANNAH

No offense, but how do I know you're not working with him? The guy who robbed me.

BRUNO

I only tried to help. Do you think all Brazilians are out to cheat you? Cheat, is that a word? My English --

HANNAH

I'm sorry. That was unfair of me. I'm still angry. But also grateful. I'm just not in the habit of accepting gifts from strangers. But thank you.

They stand there.

BRUNO

It was not a gift. You paid.

HANNAH

Well, sort of.

(beat)

What do we do now?

(pantomimes shaking hands)

Shake hands and say goodbye?

BRUNO

We eat. You pay. *That* will be a gift.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Hannah and Bruno seated at a table.
Her plate of food barely untouched.

BRUNO

You haven't eaten anything.

HANNAH

I'd better not overdo it. The last ten days I've been eating like a pig. Tomorrow night I'm having dinner with a couple of new friends. Canadians. More piggery, I expect. Also, I ate two hours ago. You watched me, remember?

BRUNO

I am also a new friend, no?

HANNAH

Yes, you are.

BRUNO

You are American?

HANNAH

Funny, you're the third one ask me that today. And the answer is yes.

BRUNO

And you travel alone?

HANNAH

Yes.

BRUNO

How long will you stay?

HANNAH

I fly home in two days. I'm sorry. I forgot to ask your name?

BRUNO

It is Bruno. Bruno Vargas.

HANNAH

Pleased to meet you, Bruno. And what do you do?

BRUNO

How do I live?

HANNAH

Yes, if you don't mind.

BRUNO

I have a shop.

HANNAH

What do you sell?

BRUNO

It is closed today. And you?

HANNAH

I'm closed today too. All summer, actually. I teach.

BRUNO

For little children. To read and write.

HANNAH

No, big ones.

BRUNO

And what do you teach?

HANNAH

Hold on.

She Googles something, hands him her phone.
The SCREEN shows scenes from Greek and Roman mythology.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Gods and goddesses, heroes and their mighty deeds.

He hands the phone back, crooks his arm, makes a muscle.

BRUNO

Hercules.

She LAUGHS, starting to lower her guard.
Likewise makes a muscle.

HANNAH

Wonder Woman.

A Waiter brings their check.
Hannah reaches for her purse.

BRUNO

(indicates check)

I can pay.

HANNAH

No, no, I owe you. Do you have time for a walk?

EXT. WATERFRONT - SUNSET

Hannah and Bruno stroll along the waterfront lined with watercraft.
The river shimmering all purple and yellow and red.

BRUNO

Here we have our own myths. Do you know of the boto? I believe you call them dolphins.

HANNAH

Dolphins, yes. Boto, no. Tell me.

BRUNO

Boto Encantado we call them. During the night an Amazon river dolphin becomes a handsome young man who seduces young women, makes a baby with them, then returns to the river in the morning to become a dolphin again.

HANNAH

In English we call that a shape-shifter. Any other magical stuff they can do? Besides seducing young women, I mean.

BRUNO

The power to enchant them into doing their will.

HANNAH
These botos, how do they hide their
blowholes?

BRUNO
They wear a hat.

HANNAH
You wouldn't happen to be a boto, would
you?

BRUNO
Do you see a hat?

HANNAH
Is there a female boto?

BRUNO
Yes. She turns into a beautiful young
woman and goes to the house of a married
man and places him under her spell.

HANNAH
Are you married, Bruno?

BRUNO
No. Are you a boto?

HANNAH
I'm an American tourist who flies home
the day after tomorrow.

BRUNO
Hannah, spend your last day with me.

HANNAH
I'm sure that would be lovely, but it's
not possible.

BRUNO
We make it possible.

HANNAH
Tomorrow will be a long day. A boat trip
into the jungle.
(beat)
But listen, you could come along. I'll
save you a seat.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Hannah and Bruno alight from a taxi.
An awkward moment.

Is she going to invite him up to her room?

BRUNO

What is the name of the boat?

HANNAH

The Tucano. Like the bird. With the big beaks. We leave at nine. Maybe I'll see you.

Noah and Sam Leblanc alight from another taxi.

NOAH

Are we still on for tomorrow night?
Dinner at that seafood place.

HANNAH

I'll be there. Unless I'm kidnapped or meet an adorable monkey.

SAM

Right, and as if they aren't all seafood places. See you.

The couple enter the hotel.

Hannah waits until they're gone, gives Bruno quick peck on the cheek and disappears inside.
Pokes her head out the door a moment later.

HANNAH

Don't forget your hat.
(beat)
Mr. Boto.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hannah stands at her window, the lights of the waterfront visible in the distance.

She turns on her phone, types BOTO.
Studies a photo of a pink river dolphin.

She sits on her bed.
Phone trained on herself.

HANNAH

Hey, everyone. Guess what? Someone stole my phone. Wasn't paying attention, so really, who's to blame? But I got a new one.

(beat)

On the plus side, I met someone.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Don't get excited. Just a friend. Hurray
for me.

She grins for the camera.
Gives a thumbs up.

EXT. THE TUCANO - DAY

The boat leaving its waterfront berth.
Hannah among tourists at the rail.
Disappointed because Bruno didn't show.

BRUNO'S VOICE

I am here.

She turns and there he is.

HANNAH

Hey, Roy, you made it.

He's wearing a cowboy hat.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

No wonder I didn't recognize you.

BRUNO

Roy? Did you forget?

HANNAH

Roy Rogers. A famous American cowboy.
Sang a lot. Can you sing?

BRUNO

Not so good.

EXT. TUCANO - DAY

Slowly plowing up a jungle tributary.
Hannah and Bruno eyeball the passing jungle.
Their TOUR GUIDE'S VOICE over a PA.

TOUR GUIDE

-- longest, widest, and oldest river in
the world, South America's mighty Amazon
provides the richest habitat for life
anywhere on earth. Here are frogs tinier
than a fingernail, anacondas long as a
bus, and insects and orchids too colorful
to believe.

HANNAH

You've probably heard of Disneyland.

BRUNO

Yes, everyone knows Mickey Mouse. Someday I will go.

HANNAH

There's this ride. The Jungle Cruise. But everything's fake. The natives, monkeys, even a waterfall. But here, here --

They glide past a troop of MONKEYS cavorting at river's edge.

BRUNO

-- the monkeys are real.

(beat)

Your Canadian friends. Are they here on the boat with you?

HANNAH

No. They went fishing. I'm seeing them tonight.

EXT. RIVER/TUCANO - DAY

The Tucano stopped in mid river.
A half-dozen canoes manned by half-naked Indians oar out to meet it, pull alongside.
Tourists climb into the canoes.
Among them Hannah and Bruno.

The canoes oar to a sandy riverbank.
The tourists climb out.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

Tourists follow their Indigenous guides along a trail.
The jungle alive with BIRDSONG.
Hannah FILMING as she trudges along.
Drenched in sweat.
Bruno up ahead.

HANNAH

Hey, everyone, that's Mr. Boto. Don't be shy, Mr. Boto. Slow down a sec, I want to introduce you. I like to tease him because that's not really his name. Tonight he's going to take off his hat and change back into a dolphin and go back to the river. Don't worry, I'll explain when I get back, which should be in just about twenty-four hours. Can't wait to see you guys.

Bruno stops, faces her, tips his hat.

BRUNO
Ola, Americanas.

She stops filming.

HANNAH
Tell me if you see any amazons. I
promised my students some pictures.

BRUNO
Amazons?

EXT. INDIGENOUS VILLAGE - DAY

The group approaches a collection of thatched huts
nestled in a clearing.

INT. CEREMONIAL LODGE - DAY

The tourists seated on wooden benches.
An elderly CHIEF in a feather headdress addressing them.

HANNAH
Do you understand what he's saying?

BRUNO
Only a little. About the history of his
tribe.

INT. CEREMONIAL LODGE - LITTLE LATER

A tribal ceremony for the benefit of tourists.
Natives drum.
Some blow wooden instruments.

-- Hannah and Bruno slow dance on the sidelines.

-- An INDIAN KID dabs paint on Hannah's face.

-- Hannah FILMS herself, a parrot perched on her
shoulder.

-- Hannah selects a souvenir bracelet from a bin.

INT. RESTAURANT, MANAUS - NIGHT

Noah and Sam seated at a table.
A third chair empty.

Hannah hasn't shown.
Noah checks his watch.

INT. LODGE - NIGHT

A torrential downpour.
Hannah and Bruno stand in the doorway, peer out.
She turns her phone on herself.

HANNAH

As you can see, it's raining, really
coming down now. Our guide says we'll
have to wait until it stops. Maybe even
have to spend the night. But I'm supposed
to fly home tomorrow. Meaning this sucks.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

The tourists sacked out in hammocks.
Waiting for the storm to pass.
Hannah and Bruno side by side in theirs.

BRUNO

What are you thinking?

HANNAH

Before I came down, I read this book. 'I
Should Have Stayed At Home.' That's the
title. Stories about people who had bad
things happen to them when they traveled
abroad. One was about this woman --

WE SEE WHAT SHE'S DESCRIBING

WE'RE IN A HOTEL ROOM SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH AMERICA

HANNAH (V.O) (CONT'D)

She was staying at a hotel, I think in
Brazil.

-- A woman sitting in the dark on a toilet.

-- Unaware there's a twelve-inch centipede dangling from
an overhead light fixture.

-- She stands, flushes.

-- The centipede drops in the toilet, gets flushed away.

HANNAH (V.O.)

One night when she was sleeping, she felt
something.

-- Swats at something on her hip.

HANNAH (V.O.)
At first she didn't think anything of it.

-- Rolls over, goes back to sleep.

HANNAH (V.O.)
Then she felt it again.

-- Again feels something, swats at it.

-- Then back to sleep.

HANNAH (V.O.)
Suddenly, she woke up.

-- The woman stirs, awakens.

-- And suddenly bolts upright, turns on the bedside light, recoils!

HANNAH
She was covered with ants. Millions of them.

-- The sheet swarming with creepy-crawlies.

-- Mortified as she peers around.

-- High up on a wall, a VENTILATION GRILL.

HANNAH (V.O.)
They came out of the wall. A whole damn army.

-- A foot wide, uninterrupted MASS OF ANTS streaming down it, across the floor, up the bedsheets, across the bed, to the floor again, before disappearing under the door.

HANNAH (V.O.)
If it were me, I would have died.

-- The woman shudders, SCREAMS!

Now BACK WITH HANNAH AND BRUNO

HANNAH
You think something like that could happen here?

BRUNO
I have heard the same thing. But with bats.

HANNAH

Oh, God.

BRUNO

Should you have stayed at home?

HANNAH

No. I'm happy to be here.

BRUNO

Since you will not see them tonight, what will you tell your new friends?

HANNAH

Let's see. I'll say something unexpected came up. They're newlyweds. I'm sure they'll understand.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

Huge CRASH OF THUNDER.
Hannah startled awake.
Sees Bruno's hammock is empty.

She climbs out her hammock.
Stands in the doorway, peers out at the rain.

HANNAH

Where are you?

Nothing.
Suddenly he's behind her.
Hands her a wooden cup.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What is it?

BRUNO

Made with sugarcane.

She takes a sip.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Good?

HANNAH

Good.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

Hannah back in her hammock.
Bruno wide awake watching her.

He looks around, makes sure everyone else is asleep.
He reaches across, gently nudges her.

BRUNO
(whispers)
Hannah -- ?
(no response)
Hannah -- ?
(nothing)
Can you hear?

Her breathing shallow, labored.
He climbs out, listens to her heartbeat.
She rolls over, vomits on the dirt floor.

HANNAH
(speech impaired)
Something's wrong. I don't feel so good.

BRUNO
You don't feel well?

HANNAH
No.

BRUNO
I take you back to the boat.

HANNAH
Yes, I think so, please.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

Still raining.
Hannah on her back, Bruno struggling to drag her across
the muddy clearing.
The rain smearing her face paint.
An Indian Kid in the doorway of his hut, watching.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - NIGHT

Hannah weak, but on her feet now.
Bruno steering her along the trail.
Hannah confused, peering over her shoulder.
The village falling behind.

HANNAH
What's -- happening -- ?

BRUNO
Shhhhhh. To the boat.

He lets go of her, bends to catch his breath.
 When he's ready again, she's crawling back up the trail.
 Bruno catches up, hoists her to her feet.
 She mumbles, incoherent.
 He clamps a hand over her mouth.
 Turns her back toward the river.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Bruno loads Hannah into a canoe.
 Shoves off, begins oaring them toward the Tucano.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The shoreline falling behind.
 The whitish contours of the Tucano visible.
 Bruno oars past it, into the dark.
 Hanna semi-conscious, alarm bells clanging in her head.

HANNAH

No. Where are you taking me?

Bruno doesn't answer, keeps oaring.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Please -- the boat -- I need you to take
 me back.

Bruno still oaring.

The canoe slowly rounding a bend.
 Hannah peers hard, the Tucano lost in the darkness.
 Now something else.
 LIGHTNING illuminates the contours of a SECOND BOAT.
 A LIGHT there slowly swaying back and forth.
 Like a signal.
 In her drugged state, that and the rain, Bruno reduced to
 a grotesque smear.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Oh, God, where are you taking me?

Bruno oars.
 Hannah tips herself overboard, tries to swim away.
 But it's hopeless, her limbs not working properly.
 She's flailing, going under.
 Bruno oars alongside, hauls her half-drowned back into
 the canoe.
 Resumes oaring.

That swaying light closer now.
 The boat they're approaching lurking in the dark.

The silhouettes of a fat man and a thin man standing at the rail.
 The fat one holding a lantern.
 Bruno oars alongside.
 The two men onboard reaching for her and WE --

FADE OUT/IN:

HUGE ON A LIZARD

Crawling up someone's arm.
 Neck.
 Cheek.
 She brushes the lizard away.

A moment later, her eyes SNAP OPEN.
 Still groggy, realizes she's on a narrow bed shoved against a wall.
 Dawn light shafting through an iron-barred window on another wall.
 Sees the lizard scuttle across the wooden floor, dart under the narrow space under a door.

The room she's in sized like a prison cell.
 The only other furnishings a small table, chair, a tin bucket.

Gets out of bed, wobbly on her feet, staggers to the door, tries to open it, it's locked.

There's a PEEPHOLE.
 She peers out.
 All she can see is the door directly opposite hers in a dim corridor.
 Feebly pounds the door with her fist.

HANNAH

Hello - ? Hello - ? Please! Someone help!

Nothing.

She turns to the table, shoves it under the window, climbs up, peers out.
 Makes out the jungle treeline drifting past.

She grips the bars, strains to bend them.
 It's useless.

Now hears someone softly SOBBING.
 Seems to be coming from the wall beside her bed.
 She climbs down, gets on the bed.
 KNUCKLE-RAPS the wall.
 Presses her ear to it, listens.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Can you hear me?

RAPS again.
The sobbing has stopped.
She slumps back.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(soto)

How could you be that stupid? Why are you
even still alive?

Her turn to sob.

INT. U.S. CONSULATE, MANAUS - DAY

Noah and Sam Leblanc sit on a bench in a marble-floored
corridor.
A U.S. GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL approaches, ushers them
through ornate double doors.

INT. OFFICE, CONSULATE - DAY

The couple sit in plush chairs facing a massive desk.
Behind it, in a dapper suit, sits a U.S. Representative.
The brass nameplate says JOSEPH BEARDSLY. U.S. CONSULATE.

BEARDSLY

Ms. Champion, from Los Angeles. When did
you last see her?

NOAH

Yesterday evening. Outside the hotel. She
was with someone. Like I said, we'd
agreed to meet for dinner the next night,
but she never came.

BEARDSLY

And you checked with the hotel, there was
no message explaining her delay?

SAM

They sent someone to her room. Her
passport and luggage are still there.
She'd said she was flying home today.
Same as us. Different flights.

BEARDSLY

I see. Have you considered that perhaps
she met someone? A tropical fling, and
decided to extend her stay. Not unheard
of. Did you go to the police?

NOAH

We thought it was best to come straight here.

BEARDSLY

Yes, the police here, they're usually very busy. As everywhere.

SAM

Does this happen a lot down here? Tourists going missing. If that's true, no one bothered to warn us.

NOAH

Maybe she's hurt, or got sick, food poisoning -- I know it sounds silly.

BEARDSLY

I think "missing" is too strong a word. Give it more time. You will find out soon.

SAM

Find out how? We're flying home in a few hours. Probably never see her again.

Noah gives her a look.
It was probably the wrong thing to say.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - DAY

Hannah still on the bed.
RATTLE of an outside DOOR LATCH.
Door opens, Bruno enters, a wooden bowl in hand.
Hannah cowers.
Betrayal, anger, fear on her face.

HANNAH

Bastard. Bastardino. Whatever the fuck.

Nothing from Bruno.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Jesus, you drugged me.

BRUNO

You should have stayed home. Go to Disneyland.

He puts the bowl and a cup of water on the table.
She bolts for the door.
He grabs her, hurls her back onto the bed.
She tries again.

This time slams her against the wall.
Dazed, she slides to the floor.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Eat. You need your strength.

He leaves her, latches the door.

She turns, eyes fixed on that bowl.
There's a fish, the head and tail intact, and some rice.
She jumps a little as the fish suddenly twitches.
A moment passes.
The bowl rocks, overturns, spills the flopping fish to
the floor.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Thick mist on the water.
A thatched hut on stilts on the riverbank.
A lone FISHERMAN sits mid-river in his canoe.
Hears the sound of a bell CLANGING in the mist.
He peers downriver, waits.
Sees the outline of a riverboat taking shape.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - SAME

Hannah also hears that CLANGING.
Scrambles to her feet, mounts the table again, peers out.
Sees that fisherman.

She climbs down.
Grabs a blanket from her bed, wraps it around her hand,
climbs up again.
PUNCHES her fist through the window, SHATTERS it!

EXT. RIVER - SAME

With that fisherman.
That boat drawing near.
Our first good look.
A derelict, two-story riverboat typical of the Amazon.
Picture a smaller version of a classic Mississippi paddle-
wheeler, minus the wheel.
CALYPSO painted on her prow.

EXT. RIVER - SAME

The Calypso close now.
A solitary figure (Bruno) visible on the prow, CLANGING a
bell.

Stops clanging, YELLS something to the Fisherman.

BRUNO
(in Portuguese)

The Fisherman shakes his head "no," not interested.

Hannah visible at a second story window.

HANNAH
Hey! Hey! Hey! Please! Help meeeeeee!

The Calypso glides past.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - DAY

Hannah on the bed, bowl with metal spoon on her lap.
That fish back in its bowl.
Prods it with the spoon.
Fish doesn't move.
Sniffs the bowl.
Using her fingers, pries off a piece of fish, wolfs it down.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - NIGHT

Again, the sound of the door latch.
The door opens, Bruno come to retrieve the bowl.
Hannah huddles in a corner.
He notes the broken window.

BRUNO
Too bad. Now you get wet.

HANNAH
Please. Bruno, whoever you are. I --

He takes the bowl, leaves her.

Hannah sits there, eyes glued to the door.
She goes over, sinks to her knees, studies it.
It's comprised of thin, vertical slats, narrow seams running between them.
She traces a finger down one of the seams.

Now, heavy FOOTSTEPS out in the corridor.
Sound of a door being unlatched.
This time it's not hers.

She stands, peers through the peephole.
Makes out the fat man who held the lantern (Vincent Vargas, also previously met) outside the opposite door.

He suddenly turns, plants his eye to her peephole.
Hannah reels back.

Then hears the opposite door opening/closing.
She returns to the peephole.
The corridor now empty.

EXT. CALYPSO - DAY

Plowing past.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - DAY

Door opens and Bruno enters.
His younger brother Zuza (whom we also met before),
visible out in the corridor, shotgun in hand.

Hannah cowers in a corner.
Bruno takes hold of her, steers her kicking and SCREAMING
into the corridor.
Zuza follows.

Bruno drags her struggling down a FLIGHT OF STAIRS to the
rear deck.

Then down a first floor CORRIDOR.
Four evenly spaced doors on each side.
White painted numbers on them.

One door wide open.
Bruno shoves her inside.
This room identical to the one before.
He latches the door.

EXT. CALYPSO - NIGHT

The boat at anchor.
Vincent, Bruno, Zuza, and two hired hands, FABIO and
DOMINGO, sacked out in hammocks under an awning.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Bruno moves down the corridor unlatching doors.
Zuza stands at one end, wielding the shotgun.

BRUNO
Everyone out! Out!

SEVEN CAPTIVES, all young women, meekly step out, holding
their tin buckets.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - SAME

Hannah's door flung open.
She steps to it, peers out.
Sees those seven young women in the corridor.
Understands what's expected, picks up her bucket, steps out.

BRUNO

Move!

The eight women move down the corridor.

EXT. REAR DECK - SAME

The women assembled there.
Vincent puffing on a cigar.
Bruno and Zuza tromp up the stairs to the upper deck.

Hanna furtively looks around.
Fabio and Domingo, armed with rifles, silhouetted on the rooftop.
A rectangular latticework HATCH on the deck.
There's a stand-alone OUTHOUSE.
A rack of MACHETES.

Bruno and Zuza return prodding SEVEN MORE YOUNG WOMEN.
Now they number fifteen.
White, brown skinned, black.
Hannah turns to the young woman ahead of her, whispers.

HANNAH

How long have you been here?

Zuza notices, steps up, thumps the back of her neck with the shotgun butt.

ZUZA

Shut up.

Bruno nods, a signal.
Single file, the women dump their buckets over the rail into the river.

Hannah's turn, she dumps her bucket overboard.
Then joins the queue returning to their cells.

EXT. RIVER AND CALYPSO - NIGHT

A PINK RIVER DOLPHIN breaks the surface.
Makes a WHISTLING sound.
Submerges and swims toward the boat, circles it.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - DAY

Hannah on her bed.
Sound of the latch.
She's instantly alert.
Door opens, Bruno, wary, squats, puts a bowl just inside
on the floor.
Again fish and rice.
He leaves, quickly latches the door.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - DAY

Hannah at the table.
Eats her meal.
Studies the spoon.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Vincent at the wheel, navigates the river.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - LITTLE LATER

Hannah places the spoon on the floor against the wall
beside the door.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - LITTLE LATER

Again, the sound of the door latch.
The door opens, casts a shadow over the spoon.
Hannah hands Bruno the bowl, minus the spoon.
If he notices it's missing, she can claim she dropped it,
there it is in the shadow.
He seems not to notice.
He latches the door.
His footsteps grow faint down the corridor.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - DAY

Hannah back on the tabletop.
Sawing one of those bars with the spoon handle.
It's useless, never going to escape that way.
She climbs down, slumps on the bed.
Lifts her eyes to the door.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - DAY

Hannah uses the spoon handle to carve a slit in the
mattress, hides it there.

EXT. REAR DECK - DAY

The captives again assembled.

Empty their buckets over the side.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - NIGHT

Hannah crouches before the door.
Wedges the spoon handle into one of the seams, jiggles it
back and forth, trying to loosen the slats on both sides.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - LITTLE LATER

The narrow space between the bottom of the door and the
floor littered with wood shavings.
She uses the spoon to scrape the shavings toward her.
She gathers them up, hides them in the mattress slit.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - LITTLE LATER

Hannah carving away at the door.
She hears THREE DULL THUMPS.
Bruno's not in the habit of knocking, so who is it?
Fearful, she scurries back to bed, gets under the
blanket, feigns sleep.
Silence.
She waits.
Now, again, THREE DULL THUMPS.
She goes to the door, peers through the peephole.
No one out there.
Another THUMP.
It came from the door opposite hers.
She drops to her knees, pries apart two of the door
boards, just an inch.

VOICE

(Portuguese accent)

Do you hear me?

HANNAH

Yes.

VOICE

Are you American?

HANNAH

Yes. And you speak English?

VOICE

A little bit.

HANNAH

Are you the one I spoke to?

VOICE

Yes. I learn in school.

HANNAH

What is your name?

VOICE

Daniela. What is yours?

HANNAH

Hannah. How long have you been here?

DANIELA

On the boat? I think a long time. I came with my church. As a missionary. To one of the villages. I want to die.

HANNAH

How did you get here?

DANIELA

Brazil? From Portugal. My country.

HANNAH

The boat.

DANIELA

I was stolen.

HANNAH

By who?

DANIELA

His name? I do not know.

HANNAH

I think I do.

DANIELA

If you want to help us, stop what you are doing. You will get us all punished.

HANNAH

Where are they taking us?

DANIELA

You will see.

HANNAH

I mean what's going to happen?

DANIELA

There was someone before you.

HANNAH

In here? What happened to her?

DANIELA

She was punished. They took her away.
Where will you go?

HANNAH

I don't know.

DANIELA

There is nowhere. I think God has
forgotten me.

HANNAH

Don't give up hope.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - NIGHT

Hannah working the door again.
The spoon handle breaks off.
What the hell else can go wrong?

She goes back to work.
Using only the handle, it's hard getting any leverage.
A palm-sized chunk of one of the slats breaks off.
She carefully wedges it back in place.
Prays Bruno won't notice.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - DAY

Hannah on her bed resting.
The door opens.
Sits up fast when Bruno enters.
Zuza behind him, holding a frilly RED DRESS.
Hands it to Bruno.
He tosses it to her.
It falls on the floor.

BRUNO

Put it on.

She stands there, defiant.
He grabs her tee shirt, rips it off.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Put it on.

She doesn't budge.

He SLAPS her.
Still doesn't budge.
SLAPS her again.

No choice, she sits on the bed, removes her hiking boots.
Then off with her pants.
She's down to bra and panties.
The two men watching.
She picks up the dress, puts it on.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
You look good.

HANNAH
Someday I'm going to kill you.

BRUNO
Why not now?

It's obvious -- she's powerless.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
Maybe you try later.

HANNAH
Yes. Stick around.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The loosened slats in Hannah's door slide apart.
Wide enough for her arm to reach through.
Fingers groping for the door latch.
Barely able to reach it.
Adjusts her angle, tries again.
And slides it open.
Her arm withdraws.

The door CREAKS open.
Hanna peers out.
The spoon shank in her hand.
The corridor silent, empty.

She unlatches the door across the corridor, opens it.
Daniela standing there, frozen.
Our first realization that she's black.

HANNAH
Come with me.

Daniela shakes her head no.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Come on, come on. If not, you'll die.

DANIELA
If they catch us --

HANNAH
We can at least try.

DANIELA
Please close the door. I will pray for
you.

Hannah shuts the door, latches it.
She steals down the corridor, peers out at the rear deck.

REAR DECK

Her five captors laid out in their hammocks, snoring.
She steals past them to the rail.
Her foot strikes a bottle.
She freezes.
Tightens her grip on her shank.
The bottle wobbles across the deck, stops.
The men keep snoring.

She creeps to those machetes, takes one.

She steps to the rail, peers toward the jungle treeline.
Forboding, who knows how many miles from civilization.
She moves along the rail, peers down.
The CANOE she arrived in tied to the hull.
Swamped with rainwater, it's useless to her.

She unhooks a LIFEBUOY strapped to the side, going to
lower it overboard, swim to shore.

Hesitates when a DARK SHAPE slips past beneath the
surface, makes her blanche.
She reattaches the buoy to the rail.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Hannah pads back down the corridor, no choice but to
return to her cell.
Softly shuts the door.
Her arm reaches through again, slides the lock shut.
Conceals the machete under the mattress.
Flings herself on her bed, curls up there, SOBBING.

EXT. MINING SITE - DAY

A modest operation, three dozen or so men working a
hillside mine.
A few small watercraft parked beside a makeshift dock.

A MINER bathing in the shallows.
Hears the CLANG of a bell.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - SAME

Hannah also hears the CLANGING.
Climbs on the table, peers out the window, sees the dock
they're approaching.

EXT. MINING SITE - SAME

The MINER looks downriver, makes out the Calypso drawing
near.
He turns to the hillside, YELLS in Portuguese.

SECOND MINER

Doing laundry beside a tub of water.
Turns farther up the hillside, likewise YELLS, relaying
the floating brothel's arrival.

THIRD MINER

Further up the hill, taking a leak.
Looks off, sees the Calypso approaching in the distance.

EXT. REAR DECK - DAY

The Calypso anchored at the dock.
THREE DOZEN MINERS lined up there waiting their turn to
board.

Zuza sits at a table.
A small scale before him.
Also a basket of old FIREARMS.
There's a JUKEBOX playing.
Armed, Vincent, Bruno, Domingo, Fabio stand guard, won't
allow any funny business.

PEDRO at the head of the queue steps onboard, hands Zuza
a small pouch.
Zuza pours out a couple of small gold nuggets, weighs
them on the scale.
Puts the nuggets in a wooden box.
Hands Pedro a scrap of paper with a NUMBER on it.

ALFONSO steps to Zuza.
Same transaction with the pouch and scale.
Hands Alfonso one of the revolvers.

Pedro and Alfonso head down the corridor, find the room

matching the number.
Pedro unlatches the door, steps inside.
Alfonso stays outside, latches the door, waits his turn.

EXT. REAR DECK - SAME

Zuza hands MANUEL a number.
Joined by JORGE, they CHA-CHA to the jukebox, ascend the stairs to the upper story.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - SAME

Hannah on her bed in the blue dress, knows what's about the happen.
The door swings open.
Pedro, filthy, enters, leers.
Hannah instantly on her feet, going to fight him off.
Pedro corners her.

PEDRO
Welcome to the jungle.

Their standoff.

INT. UPPER LEVEL CORRIDOR - SAME

Manuel and Jorge find their door.

EXT. TALA'S CELL - SAME

TALA a beautiful, brown-skinned indigenous.
Fear stamped on her face as Manuel steps inside.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - SAME

Pedro now on top of Hannah on the bed.
Pants bunched at his knees.
Hannah struggling.
Gropes for her shank in the mattress, finds it, stabs him in the shoulder.
Pedro staggers back, can't believe that shit happened.

INT. TALA'S CELL - SAME

Uses her chair to find Manuel off.
He grins, thinks that's funny, a game.
Wrenches the chair away, choke hold drags her to the bed.
Tears at her dress, gets on top of her.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - SAME

Pedro pounds on the door to be let out, pronto.
Alfonso opens it.
Pedro slips out bleeding,
Alfonso sees that, quickly slams the door shut, latches
it.

INT. UPPER DECK CORRIDOR - SAME

Jorge waiting his turn.
Door opens, Manuel grinning, about to relieve him of the
revolver.
Suddenly Tala's on her feet, charging them.
Caught off guard, Manuel fumbles the revolver, drops it.
Tara scoops it up.
SHOOTS him in the face.

Three seconds later Bruno appears at the end of the
corridor, SHOOTS Tala.
She crumples atop Manuel.

EXT. DOCK - MINUTES LATER

Those miners denied a woman pissed, hurling CURSES.

PAN ACROSS TO

Manuel's body floating in the river.

PANNING FARTHER

The Calypso pulling away.
Fabio and Domingo heaving Tara's body overboard.

EXT. CALYPSO - DAY

The Calypso at anchor.
The women assembled on the rear deck.
Hannah, stripped to the waist, bound facedown, limbs
spread cross that latticework hatch.
Bruno hovers with a rope lash.
Vincent paces back and forth.
The other three men standing around.

VINCENT

Girls will be girls and ain't that the
way it ought to be? But recess is over.
Play light with me, I'll make sure what
she's feeling seems like heavenly bliss.

HANNAH'S POV THROUGH HATCH

A PAIR OF YELLOW EYES peering back at her.
A soft animal SNARL.

THE SCENE

Vincent nods to Bruno.
He applies the lash to Hannah's back.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
So it's back to school, ladies.

Again with the lash.
The others having a hard time watching.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
You're had your little joke, now I'll
have mind.

And again.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
And this time you'd best mind your
lesson.

Hannah's back an X of crimson welts.
Again and again, but we don't need to see it.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - MINUTES LATER

Domingo and Fabio dump her unconscious on the bed.
Hannah's back shredded.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

SOMETHING'S POV moving through the murky water.
The Calypso's HULL taking shape above.
POV surfaces beside an accommodation ladder.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - NIGHT

Hannah stirs, opens her eyes, flinches in pain.
And sees something utterly unnerving.

A pink DOLPHIN sitting in the chair.
Dolphin head.
Human arms and legs.
Puddled water at its feet.
Lifts its hat, as if in greeting.
A SQUIRT OF WATER from its blowhole.

She bolts upright from her nightmare.
No sign of any dolphin.
She collapses back.

INT. HANNAH'S CELL - DAWN

Hannah out of it again.
Awakens.
Half expecting to see that dolphin.
Instead, sees a BLUE DRESS draped across the chair.
Shaky, she climbs on the table, peers out the window.

WHAT SHE'S SEEING

A few miles away, a freakish dust cloud sitting on the
treetops.
The Calypso weaving toward it.

EXT. MINING SITE - CLOSER LOOK - DAY

Hundreds of men the color of soil streaming in and out of
a great hole.
Scurrying, shoveling, climbing -- an entire mountain
carried on human backs.

EXT. PETROL STATION - DAY

Floating in the middle of the river.
The Calypso pulls up to it.
Vincent shuts off the engine.
Bruno hops off, pays the attendant with a chunk of gold.
Fabio beings pumping petrol.

EXT. RIVER AND CALYPSO - DUSK

The boat drawing near.
Bruno CLANGING the bell.

EXT. REAR DECK, CALYPSO - DUSK

The women assembled again.
Wearing a rainbow assortment of dresses.
Vincent strolls back and forth before them, a general
inspecting his troops.

DOCK

At least a hundred expectant miners there watching.

CALYPSO

Vincent stops before SERAFINA, a teen, brown-skinned
indigenous, in green.
Motions her forward.
Stops before Daniela, in yellow.
Motions her forward.
Stops before Hannah, in blue.
Motions her forward.
Vincent, arms spread wide, turns in a circle.

VINCENT

Always the forest gives. Always it takes
away.

EXT. STREET, TOWN - DUSK

Perched below the mine site.
Like something out of the Old West.
Vincent, Bruno, Zuza stroll up the muddy street lined
with saloons, eating places, a post office.
The gold box tucked under Bruno's arm.
The three surrounded by eager miners.
The Vargas pimps received like returning heroes.
The three captives, feet manacled, herded along.

EXT. MEETING HALL - SAME

A dozen horses and mules tied to a rail.
Vincent enters.
Bruno and Zuza herd the women inside.
A hundred miners crowd in behind.

INT. MEETING HALL - SAME

Vincent mounts a stage.
Seats himself in an overstuffed chair, like a throne.
Bruno places the gold box between his feet.
Vincent nods to Zuza to herd the women on stage.
Zuza returns to the foot of the stairs.

The three look out across the vast, smoky space.
Seated at wooden tables and benches, a sea of filthy
faces gawk back.

VINCENT

Ah, friends, so we meet again.

CATCALLS from the men.
Vincent lights a cigar, puffs.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Who here needs a woman?

A hundred fists POUND the tabletops.
Vincent playfully cups an ear to hear better.
The POUNDING becomes louder, faster.
He raises an arm for silence.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

But who, I ask, can afford one?

He motions to Bruno.
Bruno leads Serafina to center stage.

BRUNO

Speak your name?

SERAFINA

(barely a whisper)
Serafina.

BRUNO

Louder, so they can hear.

SERAFINA

Serafina.

BRUNO

What tribe?

SERAFINA

Yanomami.

VINCENT

Serafina. My name for her. The Burning
One. Who will pay to see if she burns for
you? How much for the daughter of a
Yanomami chief? To fill your pipe, cook
your rice and beans, give you babies,
help you dig -- and count your treasure.

MINER

What treasure? No one can be as lucky as
you!

VINCENT

And who is Vincent Vargas to disagree?

The miners erupt in CHEERS.
The room calms down.

A MINER

Removes a pebble-sized nugget from a pouch, stands.

Zuza goes over, takes the nugget, takes it to Vincent.
Vincent bounces it in his palm, scoffs.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Enough to buy a chicken, but hardly a
woman.

Zuza returns the nugget to the miner.

SECOND MINER

Stands, takes a slightly larger nugget from his pocket.
Hands it to Zuza, who passes it to Vincent.
Vincent examines the nugget.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Am I selling a dog? Maybe I give her to
you for an hour. To wash your clothes.

THIRD MINER

Stands, holds up a fist-sized nugget for all to see.
Zuza takes it to Vincent.
Vincent examines it, teases his answer, then --

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Sold.

Drops the nugget in the gold box.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Take her.

Bruno leads Serafina down the stairs.
A pitiful glance over her shoulder as the miner leads her
away.

Next, Vincent motions to Daniela.
Bruno steers her to center stage.

BRUNO

Say your name.

DANIELA

Daniela.

VINCENT

Daniela. But I call her Iracema. Honey
lips. To worship you all night long. Who
will have her?

FOURTH MINER

Immediately holds up an egg-sized nugget.

FIFTH MINER

Likewise with an egg-sized nugget.
Zuza collects them, takes them to Vincent.
One in each palm, he weighs them up and down.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

An embarrassment of riches, but --

Hands one of the nuggets back to Zuza.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(kisses other nugget)

I choose you.

Drops it in the box.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(re Daniela)

Yours to do as you please.

DANIELA

(whispers to Hannah)

I still pray for you.

HANNAH

It's not working.

DANIELA

Do not give up hope.

Zuza leads Daniela off the stage.

Hands her over to her new owner.

Vincent motions Hannah to stand beside him.

Cringes as he puts an arm around her waist.

VINCENT

Hannah, from California, USA, my son
Bruno tells me. I let you name her.

SIXTH MINER

Name's RODOLFO.

Obese, repulsive.

Right away holds up a fist-nugget for all to see.

Zuza takes it to Vincent.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(to miner)

From whom did you steal this?

RODOLFO

A dragon.

VINCENT
I believe you.

Nuff said, he dumps the nugget in the box.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
(re Hannah)
Take her.

Bruno hands Hannah over to her new owner.
He leads her out into the night.

VINCENT

Stands, lifts a bottle over his head.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
To dreaming gold. Gold. GOLD!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rodolfo mounted on a horse.
Hannah bound to a mule.
Being led up the muddy street.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Vincent, Bruno, Zuza enter the crowded saloon.
Bruno drops the gold box on the bar.
The BARTENDER pries it open, ogles the nuggets.

EXT. HILLSIDE SHACK - NIGHT

A light shining inside.
Hannah and Rodolfo approach.

INT. SALOON - SAME

Vincent, Bruno, Zuza at the bar, getting loaded.
A BAR PERSON wheels out a wheelbarrow loaded with crated liquor.

INT. SHACK - SAME

A one room dump.
Hannah slumped on a rickey bed.
Feet still manacled, a second chain secured to the bed.
Rodolfo sits at a table, spoons canned corned beef into his mouth.

He's been drinking.
 Unsheathes a knife, stands, hovers, suddenly buries it
 upright in the tabletop.

INT. SALOON - SAME

Vincent, standing on a table, waving a bottle, holds
 forth on the fickle nature of good and bad luck.

VINCENT

Good luck, bad luck, who can tell?

INT. SHACK - SAME

Hannah on her back on the bed, struggling.
 Rodolfo rooting around on top of her.
 Three-quarters drunk, not getting the job done.
 He collapses on top of her.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

VINCENT

Listen and I will tell you a story. Of an
 old man who had a horse and one son. One
 day the horse wandered away. Hearing of
 it, his neighbors went to him and told
 him they were sorry about his bad luck.
 "How do you know it is bad luck?" he
 said.

INT. SHACK - SAME

Rodolfo starting to stir again.
 Hannah peers around, that knife impossible to reach.
 Gropes, gathers up a length of chain.
 Wet to her touch.
 Hears a dripping PLUNK, PLUNK, PLUNK.
 Strains to look, sees a puddle on the floor.
 Follows it to the chair.
 Sees that Dolphin sitting there.
 Hannah no longer surprised by anything.

INT. SALOON - SAME

VINCENT

Soon the horse returned and brought with
 it many wild horses. Again the neighbors
 went to him and praised his good luck.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

"How do you know it is good luck?" he said.

INT. SHACK - SAME

Hannah loops the chain around Rodolfo's neck.
 Draws breath and suddenly YANKS with everything she can muster.
 Rodolfo feebly struggles.
 Finally gives up the ghost.
 She manages to roll him off her to the floor.
 She looks.
 The Dolphin's gone.

INT. SALOON - SAME

VINCENT

Having so many horses, the son took to riding and was thrown from the horse and broke his leg. Again, the neighbors expressed their sorrow. "How do you know it is bad luck?" he said.

INT. SHACK - SAME

Hannah gropes in Rodolfo's pockets, finds a key.

INT. SALOON - SAME

VINCENT

Soon after, the army came to take the son, but because of his injury did not take him. So tell me, what is bad luck, what is good?

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - SAME

Thick mist.
 A lone figure wearing Rodolfo's coat and hat rides down the empty street, past the saloon.
 A drunken MINER standing outside.

MINER

(mocking)

What happened? Did you lose your woman?

The rider says nothing, passes.
 Curious, the Miner follows.

EXT. DOCK - SAME

Rider arrives at the deserted dock.
 Dismounts.
 Strips off the hat and coat.
 Of course it's Hannah.
 Makes out the Calypso anchored a hundred yards away.
 She unsheathes a machete.

RIVER/UNDERWATER

Hannah swimming.
 Approaching the Calypso's hull.
 She surfaces beside the accommodation ladder, scarfs down
 air.

SOMETHING'S POV

Likewise swimming.
 Hannah from the neck down becoming visible.

WITH HANNAH

Daniela suddenly surfaces beside her, fills her lungs.

EXT. REAR DECK, CALYPSO - NIGHT

Domingo and Fabio drunk, playing cards.

FABIO

Stands, staggers into the mist.
 Stands at the rail, unzips, takes a leak over the side.
 Behind, Hannah materializes like a blue phantom, WHACKS
 his neck with the machete, drives him to his knees.
 Another WHACK and he topples overboard.

DOMINGO

Heard a soft SPLASH, wonders why Fabio hasn't returned.

DOMINGO

Fabio -- ? Fabio -- ?

Untucks the revolver at his belt, steps to the rail,
 peers around.

DOMINGO (CONT'D)

Fabio -- ?

Feels Hannah's machete pressed to his neck.
 Now Daniela's there too, relieves him of his revolver.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Hannah and Daniela hustle Fabio inside.
Daniela levels the revolver at him, points to the controls.

HANNAH

Show us.

DANIELA

(something in Portuguese)

Fabio balks.

Daniela, unsure what to do, hands Hannah the revolver.
She fires a SHOT near his head, surprises herself.
Fabio scrambles behind the wheel.
Flips the toggle switch.
The engine sputters, RUMBLES to life.
He shows how to work the gears.

Hannah points to a marine radio.

HANNAH

That's some kind of radio, right?

FABIO

Radio?

(nods)

HANNAH

Does it work?

DANIELA

(something in Portuguese)

FABIO

(answers in Portuguese)

DANIELA

He says it broke two days ago. If we wait, tomorrow Senhor Vargas will fix it.

HANNAH

We're not waiting.

INT. SALOON - SAME

Vincent, Bruno, Zuza seated at a table, drunk.
The Miner who followed Hannah down the street rushes in.

MINER

Senhor Vargas, Calypso! The boat!

At first the Vargas men don't get it.
Then it sinks in.
They stagger out the door.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Vincent, Bruno, Zuza, some Miners head down the street to the dock.
Make out the lights of the Calypso pulling away.
Vincent dumbstruck as the boat disappears in the mist.

VINCENT

(to Miner)

Your people?

MINER

No. One woman. Maybe two.

BRUNO

The American?

MINER

I don't know.

ZUZA

If it is the American, she has bad habits. You should have corrected them.

VINCENT

Don't be stupid.

(beat)

I should have fed her to the fish.

INT. CORRIDOR, CALYPSO - NIGHT

Hannah unlatches a cell door.
The young INDIGENOUS inside fearful, suspects it's some kind of trick.

HANNAH

(motions her out)

Don't be afraid. You're free.

She doesn't understand, backs away.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

All of us. Free.

(taps herself in chest)

Hannah.

(points at Indigenous)

You?

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 (back and forth)
 Hannah. You?

INDIGENOUS
 (points at herself)
 Caya.

Hannah opens the door wider, steps back.

HANNAH
 Caya, come see.

Caya still frozen, then dares to peer out.

CORRIDOR

Daniela and the others, all now freed, peering back.
 Some armed with machetes.

INT. MEETING HALL - NIGHT

Vincent, flanked by his sons, sits at a table.
 The gold box open before him.
 A DOZEN MINERS file past, each taking a gold nugget.
 A MINER helps himself to a good-sized chunk.
 Vincent grabs his wrist, twists it, forces him to drop
 it.
 The Miner shrugs, selects a smaller nugget from the box.

EXT. RIVER/CALYPSO - NIGHT

Lights off now, motoring through the dark.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Daniela navigates.
 Hanna watching the windscreen for floating debris.

DANIELA
 It is too dangerous. We must stop.

HANNAH
 No, no, we don't stop.

DANIELA
 Then we will drown. Do you want that?

They scrape past a massive tree trunk.

HANNAH
 Okay, okay, stop.

EXT. REAR DECK/CALYPSO - NIGHT

The boat at anchor in a sheltering cove.
Thirteen women gathered around Hannah.
Hannah not sure how to begin, then she does.
Daniela translates in Portuguese.

HANNAH

Are we sisters? No. I don't know you. You don't know me. You don't speak my language. I don't speak yours. I think Daniela here understands some.

(beat)

I killed a man tonight. Maybe two. At least I think I did. No, I did, I did.

(nods to Daniela)

Maybe she did too.

(to Daniela)

It's okay if you don't want to tell.

The one named CAYA speaks up.

CAYA

(something in her language)

DANIELA

(to Hannah)

I think she asks where we will go. Please speak slowly.

HANNAH

(speaks slower)

Okay, right, slower. I don't know where we are, or where we're going. But I know we can't go back. I don't know where your villages are, maybe some of you do. I expect the men who took you, who took me, all of us, will want us back. Um, the cost of freedom is high.

(soto)

Jesus, listen to yourself.

(resumes)

Are you willing to pay it with me? If they catch us --

(beat)

Does any of this make sense?

The others stone-faced, impossible to read.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

First thing, what about him?

She indicates Fabio trussed and gagged nearby.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I know what I'd like to do.

She crosses to him.
Loosens the gag.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(to Daniela)
Ask if there's a map.

DANIELA
(asks in Portuguese)

FABIO
(answers in Portuguese)

DANIELA
He says no, the map is in the boss's
head.

HANNAH
Does he know what's up ahead?

DANIELA
(asks in Portuguese)

FABIO
(answers in Portuguese)

DANIELA
Trees, rivers. More than that he does not
know. This is his first trip. Maybe the
one you killed knew.

Hannah hovers, deciding, takes a machete from the rack.
Fabio quails, expects he's about to die.
She squats, saws through his bonds.

HANNAH
Get up. On your feet.

He lays there, quivering.
She hoists him to his feet.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Over there.

She steers him to the rail.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Turn around.

He turns, facing the river.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 (to Daniela)
 Can he swim?

DANIELA
 (asks in Portuguese)

Fabio bobs his head up and down.

HANNAH
 Then jump.

He doesn't understand.

DANIELA
 (something in Portuguese)

FABIO
 (answers in Portuguese)

DANIELA
 He says to tell you he lied. He cannot swim.

HANNAH
 Then you'd better learn.

She hard shoves him overboard.
 The women watching as he swims to the treeline, hauls himself out, disappears into the forest.

Hannah turns to the others.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 We are sisters? Yes?

INT. STOREROOM - DAWN

Lantern light passes over shelves stacked with canned goods; mostly beans, some creamed possum, corn.
 A row of canned peaches way up high.
 Bagged rice on the floor.
 Daniela takes down some beans, stacks them on a table.
 Tries to reach those peaches, can't.

Looks around, sees a steamer trunk crammed under the table.
 Drags it out, it's heavy, stands on it.
 Reaches, loads her arms with peaches.
 Climbs down.
 The top shelf suddenly collapses, takes down the rest with it.
 Spills Daniela to the floor.

She sits up, eyeballs that trunk.
It's heavily padlocked.

INT. REAR DECK, CALYPSO - DAWN

The women scattered on the deck, sleeping.
None of them wanting to be back in their hated cells.
Two perched on the roof serve as lookouts.
Hannah, in a hammock, awakens to lantern light in her
face, someone nudging her.

DANIELA

You need to see.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

Lamplight REVEALS a wall plastered with yellowed
CLIPPINGS/PAGES torn from South American newspapers.
B&W PHOTOS of Vincent in a suit posing before his Titanic
nugget.

DANIELA

(reads/translates)

They tell of how Vincent Vargas, a poor
garimpeiro, a miner, had a dream. And in
this dream he saw a young maiden made of
gold, and understood it to mean his luck
would soon change. Wearing his best
Sunday suit, he began to dig, and soon
uncovered a great rock of solid gold.
Suddenly Vincent Vargas and his sons were
rich men.

NEWSPAPER PHOTO

Vincent posed in mid-swing with a sledgehammer, about to
break up his rock.

HANNAH

All the money in the world and he decides
to open a floating brothel.

DANIELA

What is brothel?

HANNAH

Whorehouse.

DANIELA

I never agreed to be a whore.

Hannah peels off one of the clippings, studies it.

CLIPPING

Father and sons before a table stacked with pebble-sized nuggets.

DANIELA (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

HANNAH

How they spent the rest.

DANIELA

There is more.

CUT TO:

HUGE ON STEAMER TRUNK

Daniela, claw hammer in hand, prying off the padlock.
Flings back the lid.
REVEALS a stack of newspapers on top.
Beneath, there's a folded, rumpled suit.
Beneath that, four burlaps sacks.
Daniela hefts one out, dumps what's inside on the floor.
Dozens of thumb-sized nuggets spill out.

HANNAH

Chicken feed for a rainy day.

DANIELA

Chickens? I don't understand.

HANNAH

Dollars and cents for already very rich men.

She peers over her shoulder.
The rest of the women peering in the open door.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Now something to show you.

EXT. DOCK/TOWN - NIGHT

The Vargas men and their hired Miners loading weapons, gas cans, supplies into about a half-dozen motorized watercraft, two Miners in each boat.

EXT. REAR DECK - NIGHT

That latticework hatch.
Hannah places the lantern atop it.

Daniela places her face to the latticework, peers down.

WHAT SHE'S SEEING

Two YELLOW EYES in the dark peering back at her.
A soft SNARL.
A SECOND PAIR OF EYES materialize beside the first.
Another SNARL.

Daniela quickly steps back.

DANIELA
Here we call them jaguars.

HANNAH
No shit. We have them our zoos.

EXT. PETROL STATION - NIGHT

The Vargas flotilla backed up beside the station.
Vincent and Zuza in the lead craft, a pontoon, observe a heated conversation between Bruno and the attendant.
Bruno throws up his hands in disgust, climbs back in the pontoon.

BRUNO
No more fuel.

VINCENT
How long then?

BRUNO
Sometime tomorrow.

VINCENT
(flings cigar in river)
Sometime?

BRUNO
(shrugs)
Maybe today.

EXT. REAR DECK - DAWN

Hannah awakens in her hammock.
Climbs out, groggy, steps into the outhouse.

A half-minute passes.
Sun creeps over the treetops.
Water laps the hull.
The surrounding forest alive with HOOTS, TWITTERS,
TRILLS.

Hannah steps out.
 And now notices the deck is deserted.
 Only Daniela and Caya asleep in their hammocks.
 And now sees something else alarming.

HANNAH

Wake up, people. Need to wake up!

Daniela and Caya rouse themselves.
 Puzzle out what Hannah's shouting about.
 She points to the shoreline, their canoe beached there.

QUICK CUTS AS THEY SEARCH THE BOAT

The cells on both decks all empty.

REAR DECK - MINUTES LATER

The American, the Portuguese, the Indigenous teen peer
 off at the forest.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Why? Why? Why the fuck would they leave?

CAYA

(something in her language)

DANIELA

She says they know the forest. She thinks
 they take their chances. Something like
 that.

HANNAH

Why not her also?

DANIELA

(to Caya in her language)

CAYA

(answers in her language)

DANIELA

She knows this river. And also these
 trees.

HANNAH

Knows them how? It all looks the same.

CAYA

(something in her language)

DANIELA

She is sure her village, her people, are
 close.

HANNAH
How close? How long?

DANIELA
(to Caya in her language)

CAYA
(to Daniela in her language)

DANIELA
Maybe one day. Or two.
(beat)
But the others? We wait?

HANNAH
(after a beat)
No.

DANIELA
Maybe they come back.

HANNAH
We keep moving.

EXT. BEND IN THE RIVER - DAY

The DRONE of outboard motors.
Then here they come, the flotilla gassed up.
Vincent, Bruno, Zuza in the lead pontoon.
The other watercraft trailing behind.

EXT./INT ROOFTOP/CALYPSO - DAY

Caya up there on lookout, peering back downriver.

WHEELHOUSE

Daniela navigates, Hannah beside her, eyes fixed ahead.

ROOFTOP

Caya happens to turn to the shoreline.
And sees something, suddenly begins YELLING!

WHEELHOUSE

Hannah assumes the worst, grabs her revolver, bolts to --

REAR DECK

-- and peers off.
No one's following, so why the hell is she yelling?

But Caya's still going on, pointing.
Hannah climbs to the --

ROOFTOP

Looks to where Caya's pointing.

WHAT THEY'RE SEEING

A solitary figure watching the passing boat, only --

A CLOSER LOOK

-- it's not human, not anymore.
Just an assemblage of conquistador armor; rusty helmet,
moss covered breastplate, a shield, a kind of MANNEQUIN
erected on a dead log scaffold.

WHEELHOUSE

A bend ahead, obscuring what lies beyond.

CAYA

Now pointing upriver, jumping up and down, waving her
arms, like a kid at Christmas.
But there's nothing to see, just more jungle waterway.

CALYPSO

Rounding that bend, and then Hannah sees it too.

WHAT SHE'S SEEING

A beach below a thatched hut, hilltop INDIGENOUS VILLAGE.
DOZENS OF NEARLY NAKED VILLAGERS in body paint and
fantastic feather headdress, aiming bows their way.

The river narrow here.
There's damn sure no going back.
No choice but to go ahead.

A FLURRY of arrows WHIZ past the Calypso, impale the
upper and lower decks.
Hannah hugs the roof, takes Caya down with her.

WHEELHOUSE

An arrow passes through the open door, past Daniela, out
the open window.

CALYPSO

Now only a hundred feet from the beach.

Caya's back on her feet, waving her arms, YELLING in her language.
 And right away the arrows stop coming.
 One of the Indigenous YELLS back.
 Caya YELLS back in her language.
 The Indigenous lower their bows.

EXT. CALYPSO/VILLAGE - NOT LONG AFTER

Two rows of Indigenous, number about a hundred, flanking a path winding down from the village.
 A frail, elderly CRONE supported by a much YOUNGER WOMAN being led to the beach.
 The Younger assists her into a canoe.

Daniela climbs to the rooftop.
 Caya CHATTERS up a storm, points to herself, to the canoe, back and forth as it comes alongside.

CAYA
 (to the Younger Woman, excitedly, in her language)

YOUNGER WOMAN
 (to Caya, in her language)

Both beam ear to ear.

DANIELA
 (to Hannah)
 I think they are family.

EXT. HILLSIDE/VILLAGE - DUSK

The Crone, supported by Caya and the Younger Woman, being escorted up the hill.
 Hannah and Daniela behind.
 The rest of tribe following.
 By now, we can't help but notice they're all female.

EXT. RIVER/FOREST - DUSK

The usual thick mist cloaks the river.
 A SCOUT BOAT containing two men materializes.

CONQUISTADOR MANNEQUIN'S POV FROM THE SHORELINE

Actually, it's someone peering from behind it.
 Barely visible through the trees, the scout boat gliding past.

SCOUT BOAT

The scouts unaware.
 Out of the mist, an ARROW whisks past a Scout's nose.
 A moment later, a SECOND ARROW skewers his throat,
 topples him overboard.
 The Second Scout gets off a wild SHOT.
 Startled, a flock of parrots take to the sky.
 Then, WHISK, WHISK, WHISK, a FLURRY OF ARROWS.
 THUNK, THUNK, THUNK -- the Second Scout collapses.

EXT. RIVER/FOREST - SAME

The SHOT carries a mile back to the flotilla.
 Vincent stands, raises an arm to halt.
 The hunters on full alert.
 They kill their motors.
 Strain to listen.
 Silence.

INT. LODGE - NIGHT

The tribe seated in a great circle.
 Caya seated between the Crone and her Mother.
 The Crone now wearing a magnificent feather headdress.
 Caya crosses to Hannah and Daniela.
 Takes Hannah's hand, leads her and Daniela to her family.

CAYA

(to Hannah in her language)

DANIELA

She is introducing you to their chief.
 Who is also her grandmother.

Caya points to the Younger Woman.

DANIELA (CONT'D)

And to her mother. Her name is Mapi.

HANNAH

I don't know what to say.

DANIELA

Say hello.

HANNAH

Hello.

(soto)

Hello. Jesus.

Now finally asks what's been on her mind since arriving.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Where are your men?

Mapi seems to anticipate her questions, has her answers ready.

MAPI
(something in her language)

DANIELA
Hunting. Sleeping. Grumbling.

HANNAH
But where?

MAPI
(something in her language)

DANIELA
Where they live.

HANNAH
Where is that?

MAPI
(something in her language)

DANIELA
Away.

HANNAH
When will they return?

MAPI
(something in her language)

DANIELA
When they are needed.

HANNAH
Needed?

MAPI
(something in her language)

DANIELA
To make little ones.

Hannah looks around.
Some of the women cradling infant boys.

HANNAH
You have babies. Boys and girls. Where are your other little ones?

MAPI
(something in her language)

DANIELA
With their fathers.

HANNAH
All of you, you live alone?

MAPI
(something in her language)

DANIELA
She says they are not alone.

HANNAH
How often do they come? The men.

MAPI
(something in her language)

DANIELA
When four seasons have passed.

HANNAH
So a year. Once a year?

DANIELA
Yes, I think so.

Finally, the Crone speaks.

CRONE
(something in her language)

DANIELA
She asks what tribe we are from.

HANNAH
Tell her the tribe of Lost Women.

EXT. RIVER/FOREST - NIGHT

The flotilla on the move.
The men alert to a fiery GLOW ahead in the dark, easing
downriver toward them.
That glow now visible as a deadfall of burning DRIFTWOOD.
The flotilla separates as it drifts past.
But there's something else.
The missing boat secured by thirty feet of vine rope.
One of the scouts riddled with arrows.
The other scout missing.
The bonfire and boat grows small in their wake.

INT. LODGE - NIGHT

The three-way convo continues.

HANNAH

There are bad men coming to hurt us.

CRONE

(something in her language)

DANIELA

It is hard to translate, but I think, bad men bring no good with them.

HANNAH

What can we do?

CRONE

(something in her language)

DANIELA

I think she says stay. Go. Stay and fight.

That hangs there.

EXT. RIVER/FLOTILLA - NIGHT

The flotilla stopped at the confluence of two rivers. To the left, the mouth of the narrower waterway.

MAP OF AMAZONIA, BRAZIL

Contour lines represent forests and rivers with unpronounceable names.

A vast blank space stamped in block letters:

RELIEF DATA UNRELIABLE

THE MAP LINES FADE

Leaving a thick soup of cloud cover.

Now descending --

EXPOSING an ocean of green wooded wilderness stretching to the horizon.

Two brown ribbons, roughly parallel, one wider than the other, snake through the forest.

BACK TO VINCENT

Considers which way best to proceed.

Continue on the main waterway, one man dead, another missing, they risk another ambush.

Take the new route, they bypass whatever danger may lay ahead, hope they reconnect with the main river, catch up to the Calypso.

Vincent signals Bruno to steer them into the narrow mouth.

The flotilla follows.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

Swamps.

Palm forests.

Grasslands.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Under moonlight.

Two more conquistador mannequins flanking a rusty canon. Hannah and Daniela approach up the grassy slope.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

The two women sit watching the river flow.

HANNAH

I never asked. Were you, are you, some kind of nun?

DANIELA

No. A novitiate. How do you say in English -- a beginner?

HANNAH

Did you wear a habit?

DANIELA

In my order, we do not cover our heads. But always I kept this.

(lifts a rosary around her neck)

The Vargas men allowed it. They thought it added to my, my -- well, you understand.

HANNAH

I'm sorry this happened to you. You were making the world a better place. Why did you want to become a sister?

DANIELA

To be with other women like myself. To pray and live and study together.

HANNAH

When is the last time you were home, in your country?

DANIELA

Almost one year. At the mission, when I felt homesick, missing my family, the padre would say to me, "Daniela, you can visit them in your mind."

HANNAH

And now they come to you?

DANIELA

Every night.

(beat)

What about *your* job? Why did you want to teach?

HANNAH

Because it never felt like a job.

DANIELA

The best kind.

HANNAH

Two months ago I was telling my students about something that happened here. A fairy tale. About some conquistadors, how they passed this way.

DANIELA

And now, here is your proof.

HANNAH

No one will ever believe it. That classroom feels like a thousand years ago. As if it never happened.

(beat)

Did you ever see that movie? Anaconda?

DANIELA

I think so. J-Lo and Ice Cube.

HANNAH

That's us. Only here the snakes walk on two legs.

She stands, turns to the mannequins.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Dudes, five hundred years later, someone's still talking about you.

She removes one of their helmets, scrapes off some moss, plants it on her head.
Now turns to the moon, raises her arms in mock victory.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I, Hannah Champion, claim this land and
all its rivers in the name of blah, blah,
blah.

She takes off the helmet, puts it back.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

That's right. I wouldn't talk either.
Beat up by a bunch of girls.

She turns to stand beside Daniela.
The two looking off at the river.

DANIELA

We should have brought a picnic.

HANNAH

We can't stay here forever.

She places a hand on Daniela's shoulder.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I used to have a life.

Daniela places hers atop Hannah's.

DANIELA

We still do.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

Hannah, eyes open, in a woven bark hammock.

HANNAH (V.O.)

(weary, defeated)

Dear family. Dear friends. Dear world.
Sorry I haven't been posting. No cute
pictures of monkeys. No pretty parrots.
No me posing with the locals. None of the
usual touristy stuff. No mic drops.
Things got hectic and I've been
distracted. Have an amazing day.

And now she's silently sobbing.

DANIELA

Close by in her own hammock, eyes shut.

DANIELA (V.O.)

I am alive. I walk the earth. I am grateful. Thank you for laughing with me through my joy. For crying with me through my pain. Thank you for your friendship. Thank you for your prayers. Thank you for loving me.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

Hannah stands beside Daniela in her hammock, deciding something, then --

HANNAH

Are you awake?

DANIELA

I am awake.

HANNAH

Will you hold me?

Daniela lifts her arms to her.

INT. LODGE - DAWN

Hannah and Daniela stand before the Crone, Caya, Mapi. Caya and Mapi assist the Crone to her feet.

CRONE

(something in her language)

The Crone gifts Hannah her parrot headdress.

DANIELA

When the sun refuses to shine, put it on. The sun will copy you and appear.

CRONE

(something in her language)

She gifts Daniela a bow and some arrows.

DANIELA

She has put a spell on these things. To make them do magic.

Daniela removes her rosary, drapes it around the Crone's neck.

DANIELA (CONT'D)

Also magic.

Caya and Mapi step to the doorway, motion Hannah and Daniela to come see.

WHAT THEY'RE SEEING

Below, a half-dozen Amazons loading Calypso with supplies.
Bunches of bananas, a caged wild hog, baskets of nuts.

DANIELA (CONT'D)

They will go with us some of the way.

HANNAH

How far?

DANIELA

Until we are out of their forest.

HANNAH

Then what?

DANIELA

We are on our own.

EXT. CALYPSO/VILLAGE - DAWN

The tribe gathered on the beach, SINGING, should be haunting.
Hannah on the rear deck, surrounded by their Amazon escort.
The Calypso easing away into the new day.

EXT. FLOTILLA/RIVER - DAY

The flotilla approaching the mouth of the main river.
A great loop completed, now rejoining the main waterway.
The indigenous village bypassed.

EXT. REAR DECK/CALYPSO - DAY

On the move.
The Amazons painting their bodies.
Bedeck themselves in feathered finery and jewelry.
Hannah seated with Caya, her face a mask of red war paint.
Caya bites into a piece of strange-looking fruit.
Offers it to Hanna.
She takes a bite.

HANNAH

It's good, good.

Hannah unscrews a can of sardines, hands it to Caya.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Try one of these.

Caya picks up a sardine with her fingers, puts it in her mouth, makes a face, immediately spits it out.

Caya points to the rail.
Some kind of monstrous INSECT crawling along it.

She loads a dart into a bamboo blowgun.
Hands Hannah the blowgun.
Hannah fills her lungs, blows, misses the insect.

Caya giggles, takes back the blowgun.
Fits it to her lips, blows.

HUGE ON INSECT

Pinned to the rail.

HANNAH

Puts on the gifted headdress, turns her face to the overcast sky.
Moments later the clouds part, shafting sunshine beams down.
The engine suddenly grinds to a halt.
Hannah whips off the headdress, leaps to her feet.

INT. WHEELHOUSE/CALYPSO - SAME

Daniela flips the toggle switch.
The engine sputters, won't turn over.
Hannah pokes her head in.

HANNAH

Why did you stop?

DANIELA

It happened by itself.

HANNAH

Try again.

Daniela again flips the switch.
This time the engine sputters, starts.

DANIELA

But how long before there is no more gasoline?

EXT. RIVER/CALYPSO - DUSK

Thunderheads boiling in the distance.

EXT. RIVER/CALYPSO - NIGHT

A torrential downpour.
The river churning with whitecaps.
The Calypso at anchor, rocked side to side.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Hannah and Daniela huddled inside.
Everything CREAKS.

EXT. REAR DECK/CALYPSO - SAME

The Amazons exposed, not minding the rain.
A wave sweeps a crate of plastic WATER JUGS to the rear.
Tips it overboard into the river.

EXT. DOWNRIVER - NIGHT

Lanterns dot the shoreline.
The hunters bivouacked there, waiting out the storm.

INT. TARP TENT - SAME

Under lamplight.
Vincent and Zuza playing a game of TIC-TAC-TOE on a huge
palm leaf, slivers of wood arranged for the nine squares.
Various sized gold nuggets used for markers.

Bruno, soaked, slips inside with one of the Miners.

BRUNO

He has something to say.

Vincent, concentrating, holds up a hand for silence,
places another nugget on the leaf.
Finally looks up.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

He wants a bigger share for his trouble.
Or he goes back. So will others.

VINCENT

(to Miner)

At the mine, have you been lucky?

HUNTER

Not like you, Senhor Vargas.

Vincent bounces a good-sized nugget in his palm.

VINCENT

If you had to, would you take this?

The Miner eagerly nods yes.
Vincent palms a slightly smaller nugget.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

How about this?

The Miner disappointed, but again nods yes.
Vincent palms a pea-sized nugget.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Or this?

Clear to the malcontent he's not getting a raise.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(hands Miner the nugget)
Take it and soon you can pick your woman.
Worth her weight in gold. But give her
back when you are finished.

The Miner nods.
Bruno escorts him out the tent.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(to Zuza)
Did you cheat while I was not looking?

EXT. RIVER/WILDERNESS - DAWN

The storm has abated.
Sunlight floods the wilderness.

EXT. RIVER/CALYPSO - DAY

On the move again.

WE TRACK THE WEAVE OF THE RIVER

Miles and miles, SPEEDING UP AS WE SKIM THE SURFACE,
finally arriving at --

THE FLOTILLA

The pontoon in the lead, the rest strung out behind.

Vincent spots something bobbing toward them.
Scoops up the water jug as it drifts past.
He brightens, figures it won't be long now.

VINCENT

To gold, mother of all blessings.

He unscrew the cap, takes a swig, hands the jug to Zuza.

ZUZA

Sweet.

Takes a swig, tosses it to Bruno.
He takes a swig, raises the jug high for all to see.

BRUNO

Soon!

INT. WHEELHOUSE/CALYPSO - DUSK

The engine again grinds to a stop.
A moment later, Hannah pokes her head in.

DANIELA

I think now we are empty.

Utterly demoralized, Hannah sinks to the floor.

HANNAH

Caya says tomorrow they'll return to
their village.

DANIELA

And you understood?

HANNAH

Pretty much. I'm learning.

DANIELA

But how? There is only one canoe.

HANNAH

They'll return through the forest.

DANIELA

What will we do?

HANNAH

We can't stay here. So go with them.

DANIELA

And live there forever?

HANNAH

I don't know.

(beat)

That or make a new plan.

(beat)

Someone must be looking for us.

DANIELA

For you, maybe. For me, it has been too long.

HANNAH

If they find me, they'll find you.

DANIELA

Hannah, I don't want to die here.

HANNAH

Let's make a deal.

(beat)

We'll be stronger than death.

FADE OUT/IN:

NOTHING BUT PALE MIST

AND NOW SOMEONE'S POV

Stealing through the moonlit night, then stops, watching the Calypso.

Fifty yards off, the contours of the boat dead in mid-river.

Two figures silhouetted on the rooftop.

Two figures seated on the rear deck, facing downriver.

EXT. ROOFTOP/REAR DECK/CALYPSO - SAME

Caya and another Amazon on lookout.

One distracted, trimming Caya's hair.

HANNAH AND DANIELA

The two on the rear deck.

DANIELA

Do you think they have forgotten us?

HANNAH

Forgotten? No. Given up? Maybe.

Daniela's suddenly alert.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What?

They untuck their revolvers.

DANIELA

I thought I saw something.

They peer hard.
The moment passes.

HANNAH

Damn fog. Makes you think you're seeing
ghosts.

They sit there.

DANIELA

I have to pee.

She steps over dozing Amazons on her way to the outhouse.

HANNAH

I'll make coffee.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Hannah prepares coffee.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

Now Caya thinks she saw something.
She picks up a bow, slowly stands.
So does the second Amazon.

WHAT THEY'RE SEEING

Nothing really, only mist.
Then, the MUZZLE FLASH and BANG of a GUNSHOT!
The second Amazon is hit, drops dead.

ALL THIS NEXT PLAYED OUT IN MIST AND SHADOW

-- Hannah heard the shot, quickly reaches for her
revolver, peers out the door.

-- EVERYTHING HAPPENING FAST NOW!

-- The sudden ROAR of outboards starting up.

-- Caya sees a watercraft come out of the mist.

-- Tracks it, FIRES her bow, impales a Miner.

-- The other also Amazons on their feet, aiming bows and blowguns.

-- Now a second watercraft.

-- A barrage of GUNFIRE from the boatmen!

-- A squall of arrows and darts from the Amazons.

-- A boatman topples overboard.

-- Two more watercraft coming, they separate.

-- Two Amazons go down in a hail of GUNFIRE!

-- One of the watercraft pulls alongside the Calypso.

-- A boatman scrambles to climb aboard.

-- Hannah leans over the rail, SHOOTS him point-blank!

-- Another watercraft pulls along the opposite side.

-- Caya spins, SHOOTS an arrow, impales another boatman.

-- The boatman gets off a dying SHOT.

-- Both go down.

-- Daniela cowers in the outhouse, listening to the carnage.

-- The two remaining Amazons now GUNSHOT.

-- Sudden silence, no more arrows, no more gunshots.

-- The pontoon slowly motors out of the mist, pulls alongside the Calypso.

-- The Vargas trio climb aboard.

-- Zuza in the WHEELHOUSE flips the toggle up and down.

-- Bruno checks the LOWER and UPPER CELLS, all empty.

-- Vincent and Bruno drag the steamer trunk across the deck, load it into the pontoon.

DANIELA

The outhouse door CREAKS, Daniela finally dares to peer out, sees the deck littered with dead and dying Amazons.

About to shut it again when suddenly Zuza's there,
rips it open, leering, one hand dangling a rope net.

HANNAH

Peers around a corner, sees the pontoon motor back into
the mist.

Three of the watercraft follow, likewise vanish.

She looks around, takes in the gunshot Amazons.

Daniela nowhere in sight.

Her gaze drawn to the outhouse, the door shut again.

Has to wonder if Daniela's in there hiding.

Vigilant, she goes over, opens the door.

Daniela's not there.

But Zuza is, dangling another net.

Reeling back, Hannah trips over a blowgun, spills on her
butt, FIRES her revolver, the shot goes wild!

Pulls the trigger again.

CLICK.

The revolver's empty.

She scoops up the blowgun, gropes for a dart, loads it.
Zuza approaching, twirling the net over his head, about
to toss it when she blows.

WHISK, the dart spears his leg.

He falters, manages to toss the net.

Misses her.

Starts to reel it in, going to try again.

Enough time for her to load another dart.

She blows again.

Nails him in the chest.

He staggers back, CRASHES through the latticework hatch.

Sounds of thrashing, a flurry of SNARLS.

Then silence.

Hannah needs to see, creeps forward, peers down.

WHAT SHE'S SEEING

Zuza twitching, a jaguar's mouth clamped around his
throat.

Hannah quickly scuttles back.

A moment passes.

A single leap, the jaguar, Zuza in its grip, bounds out
the hole.

Drags him across the deck.

And leaps into the river, swims to shore.

A moment passes.

The second jaguar bounds to the deck.

Silently pads to Hannah, softly SNARLS.

The woman and the cat nearly eye to eye.

The jaguar extends its neck, sniffs her.

And turns away, likewise leaps into the river, swims to shore, disappears into the trees.

INT. GALLEY/CALYPSO - NIGHT

Hannah finds a butcher knife.

EXT. REAR DECK/CALYPSO - NIGHT

Hannah finger paints her body black and red.
Dons her feather headdress.

EXT. RIVER/CALYPSO - NIGHT

Hannah loads the canoe with a bow, arrows, a war club.
Climbs in and shoves off.

EXT. RIVER/CANOE - NIGHT

Hannah oars downriver.
Ahead now, there's a glow in the mist.
She stops oaring.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

The pontoon and three watercraft pulled to shore.
Vincent, Bruno, and four boatmen seated around a campfire.
A monkey roasting on a spit.
One of the boatmen plays a HARMONICA, badly.

BRUNO

(subtitled)

How long do you think before I bring back my brother?

Bruno tears off a chunk of meat.

VINCENT

(subtitled)

Give the boy time to enjoy himself.

Vincent stands, stretches, steps a little ways to the shoreline.

Daniela's there, trussed in the pontoon.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Tell me, do you know the law of the jungle?

Daniela wild-eyed in terror.
Bruno materializes out of the mist beside his father.

BRUNO

Then I will tell you. Everything eats
everything.

He tears off a chunk of meat, chews it.
Tosses her the rest.
The two return to the campsite.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

The campfire dead.
Vincent, Bruno, and four boatmen asleep on the ground.
The seventh, HARMONICA, still awake, playing.

VINCENT

(annoyed, mutters something in
Portuguese)

Harmonica stands, goes to the river's edge, squats,
resumes playing.
An arrow WHISKS out of the mist, IMPALES his chest.
He slowly topples backward.

DANIELA

In the pontoon, witnessed that.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - MINUTES LATER

Vincent, Bruno, and three boatmen still asleep.
A boatman stands, wanders to the riverside, about to take
a leak.
Notices a harmonica laying in the grass.
Stoops to pick it up.

DANIELA

Again watching this.

BOATMAN

Antenna up, peers around, makes out a man-sized trail of
flattened grass.
Eyes peeled, follows the trail a short distance.
Now, the grass ahead stirring.
Also a faint GURGLING sound.
Few more steps and he comes to Harmonica, arrow sticking
out his back, gurgling, crawling.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MINUTES LATER

Vincent, Bruno, and two boatmen asleep.
The boatman who found Harmonica nudges one of them awake.
Then the one who isn't Vincent or Bruno.
Together the three creep to the river's edge, climb in a
watercraft.

DANIELA

Watching as they shove off.
They haul themselves aboard, begin to oar.

EXT. WATERCRAFT/RIVER - MINUTES LATER

One of the boatmen about to start the outboard when,
WHISK, an arrow topples him overboard.
A second boatman scrambles to start the outboard.
Same thing, WHISK, and he's a dead man.
Desperate, the third boatman reaches for the cord, gets
it started.
Three seconds later, WHISK, he's also dead.

EXT. SHORELINE/PONTOON - MINUTES LATER

With Daniela.
Hannah silently surfaces beside the pontoon.
Daniela knows not to utter a sound.
Hannah extends her the knife.
Then wades to shore.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MINUTES LATER

Vincent and Bruno heard the outboard, awaken, realize
they're alone.
Bruno bolts for the riverbank.
Vincent lingers five seconds too long, then starts off,
suddenly freezes, can't believe his eyes.

WHAT HE'S SEEING

A shadowy figure cloaked in mist, covered in paint,
blocking the way, bow and arrow pointed.

HANNAH

Miss me?

An arrow into his gut buckles him to his knees.
She drops the bow, goes over, looms there, raises the war
club --

VINCENT
 (realization dawns)
 Bitch.

-- swings the club --

HANNAH
 Daughter-of-a-bitch.

-- and bashes in his skull.

BRUNO

At the riverbank.
 Sees the pontoon and trunk still there, but the woman's
 gone.
 He turns --

BRUNO
 (yells to Vincent)
 The woman! She is taken!

Daniela slips from the shadows, passes the knife across
 his throat.

Moments later, Hannah appears.

DANIELA
 The one called Vincent?

HANNAH
 Dead men can't swim.

That's answer enough.

FADE OUT/IN:

EXT. PONTOON/RIVER - NIGHT

Hannah and Daniela motor downriver.

EXT. PONTOON/RIVER - DAWN

The outboard dies.
 Hannah yanks the starter cord, it sputters, stays dead.
 Daniela picks up a gas can, realizes it's empty.

EXT. PONTOON/RIVER - DAY

Hannah and Daniela now oaring.
 They stop, peer around.

DANIELA

Why have we not seen the village?

HANNAH

Wrong river. Somehow we missed it.

DANIELA

Was it a dream, a mirage?

HANNAH

Which do you believe?

DANIELA

I am no longer sure.

AND NOW WE'RE RISING, HIGHER AND HIGHER --

Their voices grow faint.

HANNAH

Did we dream each other?

DANIELA

Let us wait and see.

-- REVEALING A MAZE OF TRIBUTARIES WEAVING BETWEEN GRASSY ISLAND, SWAMPS, VAST FORESTS

EXT. PONTOON/RIVER - DAY

Another storm.

The pontoon swamped with water.

Hannah and Daniela bail with their hands.

Hannah's headdress, war club, bow and few remaining arrows swept overboard.

EXT. PONTOON/RIVER - NIGHT

Hannah and Daniela dead to the world.

The current slowly sweeps them along.

Nearby, a pink DOLPHIN surfaces, emits its WHISTLE.

Then a SECOND DOLPHIN.

Then a THIRD.

Then THREE MORE.

All WHISTLING.

Hannah and Daniela oblivious.

EXT. RIVER/WILDERNESS - BIG VIEW - DAY

A confluence of rivers.

The pontoon joins the new, wider flow.

EXT. PONTOON/RIVER - DAWN

Hannah and Daniela adrift.
Now, the sustained BLAST of an AIR HORN.
They stir, stare off.

WHAT THEY'RE SEEING

A Princess CRUISE SHIP coming up the river.
Its immensity dwarfing the pontoon.
And beyond, the MANAUS SKYLINE.

EXT. STREET/MANAUS - DAY

Hannah and Daniela, side by side, cloaked in filth, some
of it likely blood, walk down the sidewalk.
Eyes straight ahead, like walking in a dream.
Each carrying two burlap sacks.
Passersby stop to stare.

INT. LOBBY/OLD HOTEL - DAY

Hannah, a harrowing sight, stands at the reception desk.
The receptionist unsure what to make of her.
Hannah not waiting for questions.
Places a gold nugget on the counter, steps aside.
Now Daniela's turn.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Hannah emerges from a stairwell, walks down the corridor,
finds her room number.
Unlocks the door, waits outside.
Now Daniela's coming down the corridor, finds her door.
The women exchange a look.

HANNAH

See you in about a week.

DANIELA

Don't knock. I will come to you.

HANNAH

Amazons.

They enter their rooms.

INT. DANIELA'S ROOM - DAY

Daniela tosses her gold sacks on the bed.

Steps to the window unit AC, turns it on full blast.
Scoots a chair next to it, slumps there, lets the frigid
air wash over her.

INT. BATHROOM, HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

Hannah strips off her clothes.

OVERHEAD LIGHT FIXTURE

A twelve-inch CENTIPEDE dangling there.
It drops, lands on her clothes.
Gets squashed by Hannah's bare foot.

HANNAH

Steps in the shower.
Shuts the pebble glass door.

THROUGH SHOWER GLASS

Hannah turns on the water.
Rinsing away the filth.
Gradually REVEALING the naked woman beneath.
Hannah lost in swirling steam.
HOLD ON THAT.
KEEP HOLDING.
UNTIL WE --

FADE OUT:

The End