

BRAINFOREST

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I/E. ECO LODGE - OUTDOOR SHOWER - DAY

In the shower, HANS (35, Middle-Eastern) loofah suds his body, SINGING an upbeat Arabic melody. He's ruggedly handsome, but in a throw-you-down-and-ravage-you kind of way.

CLOSE-ON: Ominously, a hand plugs in an extension cord.

Sexy female legs tiptoe across the grass; a bright YELLOW EXTENSION CORD trails behind.

In the shower, the curtain suddenly RIPS OPEN! Hans sees a toaster thrust past it, held a moment, THEN DROPPED, hitting the ground with a ZAP. Hans's hand slides down the shower.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: FIVE DAYS AGO

E/I. JUNGLE ROAD - FIAT RENTAL CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Driver side - TOM MAKOWSKI (30s, white), unkempt in cargo shorts and safari shirt, kneels - flat tire. Out steps FIN FUKUDA (20s, Asian), swigging a flask and on his phone. He's never not wearing board shorts and a Hawaiian shirt.

TOM

Can you get off Tinder and do something useful?

BANGING on the window startles them. They look at each other-

TOM (CONT'D)

Sylvia.

FIN

Sylvia.

Fin opens the shotgun door. Pinned under a Pelican case sits SYLVIA SILVERSTEIN (30s, white). She's Converse-wearing chic, cool and collected, unless it's the 18th of the month.

SYLVIA

Jesus. I almost suffocated!

Fin tries to lift a piece of equipment off of her. Fails.

TOM

Why didn't you say something?

SYLVIA

I was suffocating! I've got 15 metric tons of equipment on my lap. Why didn't we ship this stuff?

FIN

Can't trust anyone with our stuff.

TOM

What about fixing a tire? Sylvia?

SYLVIA

I know I preach equal rights, but as long as it's called "manual labor", I figure it's not my problem.

TOM

No, just look up how!

Fin, distracted by a mosquito biting his arm, slaps it.

FIN

This isn't what I imagined when you said "paid vacation in Costa Rica".

TOM

We're only here because her last two boyfriends refused to bring her. And her dad's time-share was seized.

SYLVIA

True on the former. The latter's frozen pending investigation.

TOM

Either way, we are paying the price.

SYLVIA

But this is my last chance to show my dad I can do something without his money, before he's dead - why else would I produce a horror film?

TOM

Don't be so morbid.

SYLVIA

This film is morbid! A bisexual cult leader takes couples on journeys to the rainforest, enticing them to--

FIN

--commit uxoricide or mariticide!

SYLVIA

Fin, if you won't look up tire how-to's, read Tom's rewrites - we shoot tomorrow.

FIN
 (distracted by phone)
 Yeah, just one second...

SYLVIA
 Ivan may have seemed chill when he wanted to close us, but the minute we go over time or budget, he's gonna get a lot more EXECUTE-ive.

TOM
 Just 'cause he has a vague accent doesn't mean he's a criminal.

FIN
 Relax! We're fine - I budgeted 10 minutes of time for incidentals.

SYLVIA
 Listen, Harvard Law-

TOM
 -expellee...

FIN
 'Cause my fuckin' roommate stole my philosophical meditation on Lacanian theft. I report it...I'm expelled.

SYLVIA
 -we've already been here 45 minutes.

FIN
 Hey, I found something!

TOM
 Thank God - what is it?

FIN
 Dirt on DeShaaan!

SYLVIA
 Shh!

TOM
 Shh!

In the backseat snores DESHAAAN (40s, black), in a flashy suit, a Costa Rica guidebook in his lap.

FIN
 Remember he said he was a segment producer at OWN? Dude was a fuckin' valet attendant - fired for grand theft auto!

SYLVIA
Great...where'd you find him?

TOM
At a producers' unemployment fair.
Where else?!

FIN
Oprah was probably like, "You get a
car. And you get a car." And he just
took a car!

DESHAAAN
(waking up)
C'mon, Stedman, I'm just borrowin'
this whip...Wait, what?

SYLVIA
DeShaaan, we're stuck in the middle
of nowhere. Like a-

FIN
-horror film.

DESHAAAN
What?! I ain't the first one dyin'!

SYLVIA
Can you change a tire?

DESHAAAN
Of course. What idiot can't? C'mon,
I need this paycheck - my baby mama
got expensive tastes. Why you think
I'm wearing designer in 100 degrees?

As they recoil at "designer", he jumps out of the car.
Inspects the tire - to any normal observer, clearly flat.

DESHAAAN (CONT'D)
That ain't even flat. Gimme the
keys. Pfft - white people!

FIN
Excuse me!

DESHAAAN
Sorry - and Asians!

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - FIAT RENTAL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The Fiat drives off on a severe slant. Sparks fly.

TITLE CARD: BRAINFOREST

EXT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A modern Airbnb mansion with ocean views.

EXT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - BACKYARD POOL - DAY

Poolside, Fin swipes on Tinder, sips a beer. Sylvia, floating on a giant flamingo, grabs a beer.

SYLVIA

Long live deep-pocketed Slomanian investors! And their funding.

They toast. Tom in an inner tube, reaches to adjust a fan at the pool's edge, plugged in by a yellow extension cord.

FIN

Fuckin' shit! Careful with the fan!

SYLVIA

Don't electrocute us!

Out of the house runs DeShaaan, in a Speedo, and dives INTO THE POOL, then performs an Olympic-level butterfly stroke.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

You can swim! I mean, well!

DESHAAAN

I was a lifeguard. It's how I met my baby mama - saved her life!

A MOTORCYCLE ENGINE startles Tom, Sylvia, and Fin ("The Producers"). THE DIRECTOR (40s, any ethnicity), a sweaty MILF, pulls up to the water's edge, with carry-on luggage. Like Tara Reid, post-Sharknado. DeShaaan resumes his laps.

THE DIRECTOR

(mispronouncing his name,
and re: luggage)

Fukada, bring these to my room.

FIN

Fuck you. Duh.

(off her anger, smiling)

It's a simple mnemonic for remembering my name!

THE DIRECTOR

Just carry my luggage. I already axed the script supe.

DESHAAAN

You asked her to carry your bags? She's half your size!

TOM

She fired her.

Fin grabs the luggage and heads off.

DESHAAAN

Oh..."axed her"...well, we don't need a script supe anyway - I'll watch the scripts myself!

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Candle-lit, sitting at a Ouija board, are The Producers, ALLISTAIR (50s, South-Asian-British) a tall and debonair Director of Photography, and Hans. Very much alive! In sweatpants and a tank top.

Allistair chews on a Cadbury Creme Egg, as he, Tom, and Hans are engrossed in the game. Fin passes his flask to Sylvia, stares at his phone, while she stares at Hans.

TOM

There's a legend that the dominant tribe in the area was a peaceful one - until white explorers finally made contact in the 80s.

ALLISTAIR

(British accent)
The 1880s?

TOM

No, the 1980s. When the natives saw themselves in Polaroid photos, they thought their souls had been stolen. They rioted, killed the foreigners, and ate their brains. They loved the taste, and came to prize tourist brains as a delicacy. Thus, avoiding cultural influence.

ALLISTAIR

So, they're still here!

TOM

No, they were wiped out in 2000 -
the sole casualties of Y2K.

ALLISTAIR

I'll believe that when Ouija tells
me to believe it - Ouija, does this
cannibalistic tribe still exist?

The planchette JUMPS straight to "Yes." The men, spooked,
look at each other, not sure what to believe.

FIN

I've got a question about our
Executive Producer - can we trust
Ivan to deliver what he promises?

The planchette jumps to "Yes." Tom shrugs, reassured.

SYLVIA

Good - we've got nothing to fear.

All goes DARK. A FOOTSTEP-CLONK approaches. Fin lights a
match, illuminating black nails holding a broomstick. Raising
the match, he reveals the face of - The Director! They GASP!

THE DIRECTOR

Fell off my Vespa, and no crutches
at *Urgente* Care. Also, I think my
doc moonlights as a cleaning woman.

EXT. BRAINFOREST MOVIE WITHIN THE MOVIE (MWTM) - RAINFOREST -
NIGHT

In the actual *Brainforest* - THE NUN (40, biracial) open to
anything sexually and culinary - vegan one day, pescatarian
another - wears revealing religious garb, counsels a COUPLE:

Hans, and BELLA (20s, white), attractive, probably had her
own Disney show five years prior.

NUN

But you feel his need for the Great
Spirit falls short of yours?

Hans protests. The Nun gestures him to silence.

BELLA

It's not that I love him less, but
that I love the Great Spirit more.

The Nun nods. Hans scowls. A tear drops from Bella's eye.

THE DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Cut! Only 10 takes to go!

BELLA
Last looks!

The makeup artist (MUA), MICKEY ISAAH ANDERSON (MIA) (40s, white), in fatigues, BARREL ROLLS ONTO SET and SPRINGS UPON BELLA. He then pauses, powders her, and nimbly disappears.

BELLA (CONT'D)
I need hairsp-

ESPERANZA SALAZAR LOPEZ (ESL) (20s, Hispanic), effervescent, chubby 1st AD/Translator, touches her finger to Bella's lips.

ESL
He never uses hairspray - it reminds him of sizzling shawarma on an Iraqi fire - the last sound he heard before he lost his translator Leila to an IUD.

BELLA
An IUD? I'd better check mine!

ESL
No, an IEIUD - improvised explosive intrauterine device. Scrounged from Planned Parenthood Fallujah...

BELLA
Fine. I'll get blush myself.

Bella grabs a brush, opens the blush. MIA REAPPEARS!

MIA
That's not sterilized. You wanna get an infection, have your fuckin' face rot off? I've seen it happen!

Trembling, Bella shakes her head and puts it down.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

The Director, ankle in a brace, leans on her broomstick and looks through a viewfinder. Allistair watches.

ALLISTAIR
Bully, I say - this is as good a hunk of jungle as the last four.

THE DIRECTOR

I need the perrrrfect banana tree.

Allistair eats a Cadbury egg, a piece falls, ANTS SWARM it like a plague of locusts.

Fin unsheathes a GIANT MACHETE from his bag, WIELDS IT HIGH BEHIND ALLISTAIR'S NECK, and - HACKS undergrowth, uncovering a grapefruit-sized watermelon, grabs it.

FIN

Hey, world's smallest watermelon!

He pitches it to Sylvia - right at her chest. She's bowled over by it, and FACEPLANTS into an ANTHILL!

SYLVIA

Ack! I'm hit! And infested!

Allistair pours his canteen water over her as Tom picks up a marker and the fallen watermelon. He draws a happy face on it. As he admires it, a WALKIE-TALKIE SQUAWKS.

ESL (O.S.)

(over walkie-talkie)

¡Emergencia! ¡Emergencia!

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Producers, The Director, and Allistair enter as DeShaaan exits, his SCREAMS muffled by a mouthful of Big Mac.

ESL is in abject terror - ANTS are everywhere: kitchen sink, living room walls, dining room chandelier. Exiting vents!

Sylvia grabs bug spray, sprays it on everything. Everyone coughs, ESL passes out from the fumes. Sylvia shouts to Hans.

SYLVIA

Take off your shirt!

(off his hesitation)

I need it to tend to ESL!

Production emergency!!

He gives it to her. She takes it, realizes she doesn't have a use for it, smells it, then stuffs it down her shirt.

ALLISTAIR

Has anyone got any smelling salts?

Tom checks his pockets - pulls out a bottle of pills, a smart phone, a flip phone, a cassette tape - no salts.

Allistair unzips ESL's fanny pack, uncaps a bottle, holds it under her nose. She JERKS UP as if POSSESSED. It's a bottle of Tajín.

FIN
I'll track 'em!

Fin follows the ants, tossing away chairs, tables...finally, he sees a HUGE MASS OF ANTS. He seizes The Director's broomstick, causing her to fall over. Attacks the mass, uncovering a silver Pelican case with the initials "A.D."

FIN (CONT'D)
Allistair Davies?

He opens the case, revealing a stash of Cadbury Creme Eggs.

FIN (CONT'D)
(to himself, disgusted)
What, no ants in Britain?

He grabs the bug spray from Sylvia. Drags the case outside.

EXT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Fin flicks on a lighter, sprays the can, creating a FLAMETHROWER! As Tom protects the watermelon, Fin torches it. MIA JUMP-FALLS out of a tree, bringing a BRANCH with him.

MIA
Firebomb!!!

MIA'S POV:

Fin and Tom morph into Iraqi soldiers - The Director, an injured one. ESL a princess. DeShaaan runs through, except he's a terrified woman in a burqa, waving a white flag.

BACK-TO-REALITY POV:

DESHAAAN
There's ants in my do-rag!

He waves it frantically. It catches fire, ignites. A panicked DeShaaan is tackled by MIA, "Stop, Drop, and Roll"-ing him.

DESHAAAN (CONT'D)
Police brutality!

MIA pops up, runs to check on ESL. The Director uses the fallen BRANCH, as Allistair exits and pops another Cadbury egg in his mouth. He walks over to Fin.

ALLISTAIR

Pardon me, but what manner of havoc
are you wreaking upon my precious
portmanteau that houses Jenny?

FIN

Don't name your cameras - it's
fuckin' creepy. Like your weird
British chocolate fetish. If you
bring sweets on set, I'll kill you.

DESHAAAN

Oh, hell no!

He gets up, brushes himself off, and holds back Fin.

DESHAAAN (CONT'D)

I was a bouncer, bitch!

THE DIRECTOR

You worked at BET?

DESHAAAN

No - The Pit.

SYLVIA

The white-power biker bar?

DESHAAAN

The Chuck E. Cheese's ball pit.

INT. AMIGAS ÍNTIMAS ("BEST FRIENDS") NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A swanky rented out dungeon - crumbling stone walls and
Cyrillic-Roman hybrid graffiti. The crew down their drinks:
Sylvia, tequila; The Director, an Imperial beer; Tom, pills
in milk. DeShaaan signals a waitress.

DESHAAAN

Juice, please.

WAITRESS

Juice?

He nods. She leaves. Sylvia spies scantily-clad club girls.

SYLVIA

Where are the girl-next-door types?

TOM

Guess they moved.

A SEXY GUY taps The Director's shoulder, leads her away as she now uses a BRANCH as a crutch. ANOTHER SEXY GUY taps Sylvia's shoulder. She waves him off.

SYLVIA

People should keep their hands to themselves.

TOM

You wouldn't've minded if they were Hans's hands. It's weird he makes us call him by his character's name.

SYLVIA

He's method.

Fin comes up to Tom, Imperial beer in hand, flustered.

FIN

You gotta help me - a girl wants me to follow her.

TOM

She's not gonna follow you back?

FIN

Not on Insta. In real life.

TOM

Oh. But I thought you knew all there was to know about girls.

FIN

Only book-learnin'!

Tom sighs, downs his milk. Fin's GIRL motions to her female FRIEND to join them. The girl leads them into a PRIVATE ROOM.

INT. AMIGAS ÍNTIMAS NIGHT CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Girl closes the door to a DUNGEON CELL. She leads Fin onto a stained mattress in a corner, tosses him down, and straddles him. He looks at Tom, who gives him a thumbs up.

The Friend tries to push Tom down onto her own filthy mattress. Tom resists, like a dog who doesn't want to go for a walk. He notes the mattress, then his pants.

TOM

Look, I haven't Scotchgarded these yet. Have those stains set?

The Friend smacks Tom with her purse a few times. The Girl gyrates on Fin; he gives a thumbs up. Tom nods, then exits as the Girl handcuffs Fin to a ring on the wall. CRACKS A WHIP!

FIN

Can you do something for me?

INT. AMIGAS ÍNTIMAS NIGHT CLUB - TABLE - SIMULTANEOUS

A GUY tangos up to the table and extends his hand to Sylvia. She accepts and follows his lead.

DeShaaan is approached by IVAN MARKOVIC (60s, Slomanian) creepy and hardened-looking. He's got an INTIMIDATING SCAR on his face, and NATASHA (20), a young girl by his side.

<p>DESHAAAN</p> <p>Ivan!</p> <p>"DeShaaan".</p> <p>"Day-SHAWN".</p> <p>D-E-S-H-A-A-A-N!</p>	<p>IVAN</p> <p>Sean!</p> <p>"The Sean".</p> <p>"Gay Sean"?</p>
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IVAN (CONT'D)
Three "A"s?

DeShaaan nods.

IVAN (CONT'D)
I heard there were some problems?

DESHAAAN
Nothing I didn't handle. This ain't my first rodeo! I'm a grown-ass man!
(pause, oblivious)
Hey, you guys serve juice here?

IVAN
What kind?

DESHAAAN
Hi-C.

IVAN
Natasha, get this man some Hi-C.

He points at DeShaaan. She leaves. DeShaaan smiles.

IVAN (CONT'D)
So, you're overcoming the setbacks?

DESHAAAN

Yeah. I mean, we had insect troubles, but we good.

IVAN

You have...dealt with the source?

DESHAAAN

Oh, yeah - it was our bloody Brit DP, chompin' down on chocolate eggs. We got it under control - production-wide chocolate-egg ban.

IVAN

Good. I admire efficiency.

DESHAAAN

This club is legit bomb, hombre.

IVAN

It's modeled after a place I spent much time, in my youth.

DESHAAAN

Oh, hometown club?

IVAN

No - prison.

Natasha returns with a bowl of ice containing a single Hi-C juicebox, straw inserted. And TWO MEN who look like brothers, though one lacks two front teeth, and the other is bald.

IVAN (CONT'D)

(indicating the gap-tooth)

This is my right-hand man, Yedan.

(indicating the bald one)

And this is my left-hand man, Dva.

DeShaaan sizes up Yedan's left hand - it's MISSING A PINKY!

DESHAAAN

I see why you ain't the left-hand man!

He laughs, alone. But, suddenly, Ivan laughs loudly.

IVAN

A man of observation and wit! I am glad you're on the team. I need a man like you to keep this production running smoothly.

(MORE)

IVAN (CONT'D)

You're in charge now, and no more...detours will be tolerated. You will communicate these two items to the team?

DESHAAAN

I will! You can count on me!

He toasts with the juice box, then takes a good, looong suck.

INT. AMIGAS ÍNTIMAS NIGHT CLUB - SIDE HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

SYLVIA (O.S.)

Eww, no! I just met you!

Sylvia stumbles out a door into a DARK HALLWAY, straightening her dress, heads right. Realizing SOMEONE'S FOLLOWING HER, she picks up her pace, sees a door ajar, slips in.

INT. AMIGAS ÍNTIMAS NIGHT CLUB - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sylvia hides behind the door, HEART RACING, holds her breath, as FOOTSTEPS GET CLOSER. A SHADOW LOOMS in the doorway, she swallows, FUMBLES AROUND IN HER PURSE - pulls out a wooden penis with, "I *Heart* Costa Rica", engraved on it.

She CLUTCHES IT, RAISES IT IN THE AIR - and the shadow passes.

She sits to gather herself, but notices a set of MONITORS with feeds from various rooms. One is the room Fin is in. He rubs his neck and PLEADS WITH THE GIRL.

Other SCREENS show couples in various sexual activities. Another has girls in cages. One shows girls being PUSHED OUT OF A VAN into a barracks full of bunkbeds.

Sylvia SPRINGS UP to duck out, but a HAND LANDS on her shoulder. She JUMPS and turns around to find - Ivan, with Yedan and Dva!

IVAN

Sylvia, I just left your table. Have you...lost your way?

SYLVIA

(indignant)
I think I may have.

IVAN

I can show you back to your table.

She pulls away from him, out into the hallway, just as--

INT. AMIGAS ÍNTIMAS NIGHT CLUB - SIDE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom strolls by.

TOM
Oh, hey, Fin is *ocupado*—
Oh, hi, Ivan.

SYLVIA
(to Ivan)
Tom can show me back to the table.

She drags him away.

INT. AMIGAS ÍNTIMAS NIGHT CLUB - TABLE - LATER

As Tom and Sylvia return to DeShaan, so does The Director.

SYLVIA
(to Tom)
OK, first, a guy I just met wanted
me to service him. In this place!

THE DIRECTOR
(glowing, to everyone)
I was ravished by a local, then
given \$180 to remember him by.

The Director shows the cash. Frantic, Fin shows up, grabs it.

FIN
(frantic)
Great! My girl needs 200.
(pause)
Tom, you got a twenty?

TOM
You banged the stripper? You
could've gotten swine flu!

FIN
That "stripper" is my girlfriend! I
can't get an STD via my neck!
(off their confused looks)
I just jerked off as she choked me!

THE DIRECTOR
Wait a minute - I'm a whore?

Everyone immediately nods as Tom slips Fin a \$20 bill.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
I mean, a "prostitute?"

As Fin marches off, everyone else thinks about it, then realizes, and nods again.

TOM
Oh, no.

THE DIRECTOR
What?

TOM
You're a cheap whore.

The Director hits him with her branch, loses her balance.

TOM (CONT'D)
(re: branch, ankle brace)
Yeah - damaged goods.

THE DIRECTOR
I made him an offer he couldn't refuse!

They shrug, equivocating - she didn't really set the price.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
I'm Marlon Brando!

DESHAAAN
Oh, guys - Ivan says I'm in charge.

Everybody laughs (well, everybody except DeShaaan).

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - SYLVIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sylvia ushers in Fin, Tom, and DeShaaan, who lies on her bed.

SYLVIA
I think Ivan is a sex trafficker.

TOM
He definitely runs a whorehouse.

FIN
My girlfriend would never work at a
whorehouse!

TOM
(ignoring Fin)
We don't know if it's sex slavery.

SYLVIA

What accent did your girl have?

FIN

She did sound more Slavic than
Hispanic.

Sylvia turns to Tom - "See?"

TOM

Maybe they did what everyone does -
came to America for a better life!

SYLVIA

Wrong America.

DESHAAAN

Ivan's girlfriend looked happy.

SYLVIA

How old was she?

DESHAAAN

I can't tell white girls' ages.
But, like, eighteen? Nineteen?

TOM

How do we know it isn't their best
option? What if their other options
are death or working at the
Slomanian McDonald's?

SYLVIA

I saw monitors - there was a dorm,
girls in cages. And a van!

FIN

My girlfriend said a cage is extra.

SYLVIA

My gut tells me it's white slavery.

DESHAAAN

I hate slavery, man...but I love me
some white servitude! Karma, bitch!

SYLVIA

We need to pull out.

DESHAAAN

No! You do not piss off Eastern
Europeans! And you don't ask where
money's from - you just take it.

FIN

You took money from Eastern
Europeans in Wasilla?

DESHAAAN

Just white people. You take it - no
questions asked. They ain't gonna
miss it. A brothuh, on the othuh--

SYLVIA

I gotta think! You all should too!

Tom and Fin leave. She sits on her bed, where DeShaaan lies.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

DeShaaan?

DESHAAAN

I'm thinkin'!

SYLVIA

NOT HERE!

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - FIN'S ROOM - LATER

With a make-shift Tiki bar in the corner and tiki torches
framing the bed, it's a creepy luau-gone-wrong.

On his laptop, Fin views a bank account. UP POPS AN ALERT:
"You're overdrawn." Puzzled, he texts Sylvia.

MOMENTS LATER

Sylvia walks in with Tom. She closes the door on DeShaaan.

DESHAAAN

Hey, I'm in charge!

He fights his way in, flips a switch, bathing the room in red
light, then lies on the bed, disrupting Fin's presentation.

FIN

Something's weird. Every two days,
cash is deposited in our already
funded production account. Every
third day, it's withdrawn at a Banco
de Plátano ATM in San José - where
we haven't been since the airport!

TOM

You're saying someone else has
access to the bank account--

FIN

And is blending funds into our account as a fiduciary cleansing scheme.

TOM

You mean, "money laundering?"

FIN

What? It's the term we used in my class at Harvard - "The Poetics of Emerging Markets: Financial Imperialism, Syndicate Crime, and Papal Idolization in the Land of Banana Republics."

SYLVIA

Oh! I audited "The Politics of Yiddish" through Harvard extension, but missed too many classes because I was fucking a Catholic.

DESHAAAN

Don't you see, bro? Ivan's selling underage girls as sex slaves at his club and funneling the profits through *Brainforest*. It's obvious.

Tom looks convinced. Fin looks in denial, he grabs his phone.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Tom boils spaghetti for breakfast. An exhausted Sylvia joins him. She pours bourbon into her coffee. Tom offers her sauce. She declines, sits down, puts her head on the table.

SYLVIA

I think I'm going to throw up. My morals are being compromised.

He exhales, sits next to her. Gives her a handful of Xanax.

TOM

Worse than any other day?

SYLVIA

Yes! I wanted to prove I'm not a total loser - make a film with someone else's money - someone I'm not related to.

Tom nods his head. He knows what she means.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

But, I can't take part in this if it contributes to selling women. Even if it means the production folds.

TOM

Let's not jump to sexist conclusions - they might sell men.

SYLVIA

No one's bought men since 1865.

Fin walks in, looking as bad as Sylvia.

FIN

I think you're right. I don't think she's my girlfriend. I leave America to get laid - I end up paying for erotic asphyxiation.

SYLVIA

(dismissing Fin)

All the money Ivan laundered through us - we could turn him in.

TOM

You'd abandon a story with two female leads, one who's over 35? A story that passes the Bechdel test?

FIN

I counsel against turning to the legal system to fight someone more powerful than you.

TOM

Fin, you're not even a lawyer.

FIN

'Cuz I forgot the first rule of being a lawyer - never follow the rules!

SYLVIA

(dismissing Fin)

So we have no options...

TOM

If this were a horror film-

FIN

-It is!

-this would be the point when the audience shouts at the characters to pack up and go home.

SYLVIA

But, the characters should go home!
They'd stay alive!

TOM

But you're missing the point - if
they go home, there's no movie!

FIN

TOM (CONT'D)

You aren't talking about us,
are you? Without a movie,
I'll never restore my
reputation. There has to be a movie!
-Fin, not the time to be
yourself...

SYLVIA

Wait...we still own the rights to
this movie.
(off Fin's nod)
And, how much do we need to finish
production?

FIN

1.2 million dollars.

Sylvia nods, decisively.

SYLVIA

I can transfer 300,000.

FIN

I've got a budget for that!
(off Tom's astonishment)
Inflated the numbers in the
Slomanian budget, 'cause it wasn't
our money. But, also, this version's
gonna suck.

TOM

The price of morals.
(pause)
But what about Ivan?

SYLVIA

Fuck Ivan. It's not like he can
complain to the cops about why we
broke the contract.

Sylvia grabs her phone - starts typing.

FIN

Yeah...as long as we're cautious,
what's the worst that can happen?

SYLVIA

Transferred! I'll also request to
close the shared account with Ivan.

She types some more, nods. Puts down her phone.

EXT. BRAINFOREST MWTM - RAINFOREST - PATH - DAY

Hans, carrying a toolbag and MACHETE, and Bella follow The
Nun down a path. Hans lags behind. They turn down a trail.

Hans and Bella GASP at what they see: A GRAVEYARD OF SKULLS,
TOPS SLICED OFF ABOVE THE TEMPLES!

THE NUN

Some believe a lost tribe, the
LabiLabi, calls this forest home,
and feasts on the brains of
unfortunate outsiders.

The frame FREEZES.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - SCREENING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

A TV plays dailies. The Producers; DeShaaan, with the remote;
and The Director watch (her ankle propped up, branch nearby).

DESHAAAN

I like this movie. Because we know
these dumb white people gonna die.

TOM

Great. "Un-pause" it.

But they hear FOOTSTEPS in the DARKNESS.

SYLVIA

Who's there?

Then APPLAUSE, as IVAN EMERGES from the shadows.

IVAN

Could've frightened me. Bravo.

SYLVIA

(mustering her courage)
Who invited you?

IVAN

Sylvia, my dear...we parted as
friends and business partners, but
now it seems we are neither?

(MORE)

IVAN (CONT'D)

And DeShaaan - I fear my trust in
you was misplaced.

SYLVIA

That's before I knew how you treated
women.

Scared, DeShaaan swallows.

IVAN

I think DeShaaan will tell you
Natasha seemed quite happy.

DESHAAAN

I told them!

IVAN

And I've always been kind to you.
And, I find your accusation
baseless. But, we did have a
contract, which you're in breach of.

SYLVIA

I think a court would side with us.

IVAN

I find it's sometimes best to appeal
to a higher power - myself.
(turning to the darkness)
Yedan Pristalitz, Dva Pristalitz -

Yedan & Dva - his two lackeys from the club - APPEAR. Ivan
reaches for Yedan's left hand - missing a pinky. Holds it up.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Yedan acquired this con"finger"ation
by sipping my borscht when I looked
away. He'll never betray me again.

(pause)

You have 24 hours to reopen the
production account.

(to Yedan & Dva)

The television.

They RIP THE TV from the wall, follow Ivan out.

DESHAAAN

Damn, that's some Black Friday shit!

EXT. BRAINFOREST MWTM - JACÓ BEACH - DAY

Lush palm trees abut the turquoise waters and golden sand. In
a beached canoe, the Nun and Bella face each other.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: *BRAINFOREST* SET

Looking on are The Producers, DeShaaan, The Director, ESL, Allistair, MIA, and a SKINNY GUY with a boom mic.

THE DIRECTOR

Be careful - the canoe is delicate.

The actors nod.

ALLISTAIR

Hold on. Bella's all blown out. Get me a PA to hold up a reflector.

FIN

We fired 'em. Budgetary concerns.

DESHAAAN

(looking around)

No, I found one! Good thing you got me in charge.

ALLISTAIR

Great! Take it over there and move it till her face is brighter.

EXT. *BRAINFOREST* SET - JACÓ BEACH - LATER

DeShaaan uses the REFLECTOR to shade himself. Allistair approaches him, hands him a portable monitor.

ALLISTAIR

Hold this so that no shadows are visible on them, OK?

DeShaaan nods, puts the reflection back on the actors.

THE DIRECTOR

Action!

The Nun's lips approach Bella's...and the REFLECTOR FALLS LIKE A GUILLOTINE right between them. DeShaaan, fixated on his monitor, runs into the scene's background.

DESHAAAN

Tom's fan's in the frame!

The Director looks around like "*Am I even here?*"

THE DIRECTOR

Cut!

Frustrated, Allistair chants a mantra and assumes a "tree" pose. DeShaaan arrives at...a fallen palm frond held upright with its stem stuck in some sand.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
That's a palm frond!

DESHAAAN
(to himself)
Ach! I thought it looked different.

DeShaaan tries to replace it for continuity - does a bad job. Returns, jumps into the canoe to grab the reflector, and CRACK! Everyone looks up, gazes settling upon Allistair, in a "downward dog" pose. DeShaaan freezes, then glances down.

THE DIRECTOR
Get outta the canoe!

DeShaaan jumps out guiltily.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
(to Fin and Sylvia, re:
DeShaaan)
Can you get him off set? Every-
thing's better when he's not here.

Fin and Sylvia approach DeShaaan.

SYLVIA
We have something better suited for
you. You were a bouncer, right?

DESHAAAN
Three-time "Bouncer of the Month" at
the Chuck E. Cheese's ball pit!"

FIN
Perfect. Bob-o needs a break.

DESHAAAN
It's on like DeShaaan!

Fin points to a TINY FIGURE down the coastline sitting atop camera equipment cases.

ALLISTAIR
I'll tag along.

EXT. JACÓ BEACH - DOWN THE COASTLINE - MOMENTS LATER

The Costa Rican PA, ROBERTO, astute but unsettling, removes his swimmer float belt, WIPES IT DOWN (and his arms and legs) with a CLOROX WIPE. He offers both to DeShaaan, who declines.

FIN

(to Roberto)

Can you can hold something and be quiet?

(off his nod)

Great.

SYLVIA

(to DeShaaan)

With Ivan's threat, we need someone qualified to guard the equipment.

DESHAAAN

This is punishment! And, I'm in charge! Also, I didn't do anything!

SYLVIA

If only! It's the running into set in the middle of a take that really pisses people off.

DESHAAAN

Sure, blame the leader. Mutiny!!

Beside DeShaaan, Allistair yells at everyone else, departing.

ALLISTAIR

You guys are animals. Bastards. All of you.

DESHAAAN

(to Allistair)

Thanks, bro. It's cool. I'll guard this shit like a fat kid guards his lunch! Then they'll have to promote me - back to - reflector-holder!

DeShaaan whips out a pair of handcuffs.

DESHAAAN (CONT'D)

(off Allistair's look)

Swiped these "black man's bracelets" when I was fired from Chuck E. Cheese's.

DeShaaan confidently handcuffs himself to a big Pelican case.

DESHAAAN (CONT'D)
 Thing ain't goin' nowhere, 'less I
 go with it!

Allistair shakes his head in disbelief, but he's impressed.

DESHAAAN (CONT'D)
 Don't worry - got the keys
riiiiiight here.

He scoops KEYS OUT OF HIS POCKET...along with a bag of weed.

DESHAAAN (CONT'D)
 Which reminds me of what ELSE I'd do
 while guardin' The Pit!
 (pause)
Aaaand why I got fired...

He drops the keys back into his pocket and rolls a joint.

ALLISTAIR
 (shaking his head)
 Cheeky.

Allistair runs after the others.

EXT. BRAINFOREST SET - JACÓ BEACH - LATER

The Nun and Bella sit in the canoe, while Roberto subs for DeShaaan, with TWO NEW MUSTACHED MEN, who look like brothers. One, standing with arms crossed, has gleaming, perfect teeth; the other, luxurious long hair.

THE DIRECTOR
 Everyone, these two studs are
 helping out with whatever we need.
 (winking at them)
 They're students from the Costa
 Rican branch of LA Film Institute.
 (winking at Toothy)
 This is Uno.
 (winking at Hairy)
 And Dos.

DESHAAAN (O.S.)
 I'm like Napoleon. This is my Elba!

Tom scowls. The Director groans.

THE DIRECTOR
 God, I wish someone'd shut him up.

FIN

(to Uno & Dos)

Here, let's take him water.

The trio heads off.

THE DIRECTOR

(to the actresses)

I want you beautiful babes to understand we're capturing real Sapphic chemistry here. Lilithdance Film Fest is gonna eat this out-

(correcting herself)

up.

THE NUN

Picture her sweaty and nude?

THE DIRECTOR

Yes. I want us all to.

(looking around at crew)

Group energy, people.

(to Bella)

And Bella, try it like Claudette Colbert in *The Palm Beach Story*.

Bella stares blankly.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Well, we'll try it. Ready, everyone?

DESHAAAN (O.S.)

(barely audible)

Hey!

THE DIRECTOR

-Take a deep breath.

DESHAAAN (O.S.)

(still barely audible)

Hey. I need-

THE DIRECTOR

Does the beach speak, or does Cecil B. DeMille haunt my thoughts? Out, out, damned DeMille! I'm making *The Ten Commandments* of horror films! The least you can do is give me one damned second of peace and quiet!

TOM

(narration-style like Leo DiCaprio in *The Beach*)

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

DeShaaan shall suffer because we
can't let anything spoil our "fun".

SYLVIA

(same narration-style)

On the perfect beach set, nothing is
allowed to interrupt the pursuit of
her shotlist.

ESL

(toward DeShaaan)

Quiet off set!

DESHAAAN (O.S.)

Who took my keys?!

EXT. BRAINFOREST MWTM - JACÓ BEACH - MINUTES LATER

The Nun points to Bella's heart, caresses her shirt. Bella
giggles, The Nun leans in, kisses her, but Bella stops it.

BELLA

No, I can't - I can't do this.

THE NUN

Can't do what, my love?

BELLA

(to The Director)

Why would I kill Hans without a
second thought, and--

THE DIRECTOR

Cut! God, don't tell me. You want to
know what your motivation is?

Bella nods, GLIMPSING FIN RETURNING TO SET WITH UNO & DOS.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

You want to finish this movie and
get back to fucking civilization
before it forgets about you!

BELLA

That's a stretch. But I'll try.

DESHAAAN (O.S.)

Hey, you bastards. I'm still here!
I told y'all, I ain't gonna be the
first to die.

Everyone looks DOWN THE COASTLINE - and sees an EMPTY BEACH!

TOM
Where's our equipment?

BELLA
Where's the fake producer?

ALLISTAIR
Where're my cameras?!

MIA
Everything's gone MIA!

Sylvia stares. Allistair SPRINTS down the shoreline.

TOM
Run, Allistair, run!

ALLISTAIR
(*Forrest Gump* like)
Jennaaayyyyy!

IN THE OCEAN:

DeShaaan FIGHTS A RIP CURRENT; the case hindering him.

MIA
Man down! Man down!

THE NUN
We need to help him!

THE DIRECTOR
(re: her ankle brace)
Doc said I can't get this wet.

MIA
Get the boat!

MIA pushes the canoe to the water, motions to Tom and Fin.

MIA (CONT'D)
Tom, Fin - Uncle Sam needs you.

TOM
We'll never make it!

FIN
That's PA work!

MIA
We don't leave crew behind!

They acquiesce and JUMP INTO the canoe, grab the oars, and paddle the sand. MIA sighs, tugs them into the water, then jumps in, paddling furiously, but the BOAT TAKES ON WATER!

TOM
There's a crack!

MIA
Paddle harder!

FOUR FEET OUT, Fin paddles twice as fast, but the water in the canoe is ankle-deep.

TOM
Abandon ship!

Frantic, Tom jumps out. Stands. Walks to shore. IN THE DISTANCE, DeShaaan's head bobs up and down. TEN FEET OUT FROM SHORE, Fin and MIA paddle on.

FIN
You're the captain now!

Fin jumps out. Does a *Baywatch* hair-flip as he gets to shore. MIA dives off as the CANOE SINKS! He's 200 feet from DeShaaan, whose HEAD GOES UNDER! Everyone watches as MIA dives under, resurfacing 50 feet out.

MIA
He's gone!

MIA swims back to shore.

ALLISTAIR
Someone call 911.

ESL
¡Llama al nueve-uno-uno!

ESL hands MIA a towel, and Sylvia checks her phone.

SYLVIA
No service.

THE DIRECTOR
(to MIA)
That's all you could do?

MIA
I was a Ranger, woman - not a SEAL!

THE DIRECTOR
Fair. Let's move on. ESL - call it.

ESL checks her watch.

ESL
Time of death: 15:07.

THE DIRECTOR
No, the next set-up.

ESL
Moving on!

EXT. JACÓ BEACH - DOWN THE COASTLINE - LATER

Fin rifles through DeShaaan's backpack, hanging on a tree.

FIN

Can call his next of kin later -
he'll still be dead.

In his wallet, Fin finds a lifeguard certification card.

FIN (CONT'D)

Fuckin' A. He's a junior lifeguard.

SYLVIA

What?

Fin hands her the card: "Wasilla Youth Swimming Junior Lifeguard Certificate: Freestyle, breaststroke, and backstroke each for 25 yards." Allistair and Tom join them.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Still, that man could butterfly.

TOM

(voice-over à la *The Beach*)

You see, in a drowning, or any other major tragedy, I guess, the important thing is to die - in which case, there's a funeral, and somebody makes a speech, and everybody says what a good guy you were. Finally, DeShaaan had done something well.

SYLVIA

On the beach, it's easy to turn your back, but not always easy to forget.

A large wave crashes ashore. Allistair observes it - amazed.

ALLISTAIR

I knew you'd survive!

Everyone looks to what the wave deposited - an Arri Alexa camera. Encased in underwater housing.

ALLISTAIR (CONT'D)

Jenny! How peculiar - how did you slip into your scuba outfit?

He's bewildered but happy. He removes Jenny from her underwater housing, as Cadbury eggs wash up. He samples one.

ALLISTAIR (CONT'D)
 Dark chocolate with sea salt.
 Cheeky!

EXT. JACÓ BEACH - DOWN THE COASTLINE - NIGHT

Everyone sits around a fire, holding a Cadbury egg.

ALLISTAIR
 (toasting with his egg)
 To DeShaaan.

EVERYONE
 To DeShaaan.

They all take a bite, then a lick of their eggs' fillings.

EXT. BRAINFOREST MWTM ECO LODGE - OUTDOOR SHOWER - DAY -
 OPENING SCENE

Hans SINGS an upbeat Arabic melody. Suddenly, the shower curtain RIPS OPEN and Hans sees a toaster thrust past it, held a moment, THEN DROPPED, hitting the ground with a ZAP. Hans's hand slides down the shower.

THE DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Cut! Where's the blood?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: BRAINFOREST SET

The actors, The Producers, The Director, Allistair, MIA, ESL, the Boom Guy, Roberto, Uno & Dos, and the FIRST AC are there. The Director pulls Hans and Allistair aside. Everyone holds, including Tom and Sylvia, in director's chairs, asleep.

FIN
 No blood - it's electrocution.

THE DIRECTOR
 OK, anyway, Hans, I need your hand to slide slowly down the wall. We're gonna grab this shot from here--
 (pointing)
 --there, there, there, and there - it'll be very auteur-istic.

ALLISTAIR
 I can't do hand cam - bad back.

THE DIRECTOR
 I'm not losing my shots! They're in my storyboards.
 (MORE)

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
And David Mamet doesn't get out of bed without storyboards.

ALLISTAIR
How do you know how he gets out of bed?

FIN
Hurry the fuck up! I don't want Hans gettin' hypothermia.

THE DIRECTOR
We're paying homage to Hitchcock.

FIN
This isn't the most famous 45 seconds in cinema history - it's a B-horror movie for streaming!

THE DIRECTOR
I'm planning to one-up him! THIS IS MY CREATIVE VISION!

ALLISTAIR
But my back!

THE DIRECTOR
You sprinted down the beach like you were auditioning for the reboot of *Chariots of Fire*.

ALLISTAIR
I was worried about Jenny - my emotions got the best of me.

FIN
You might wanna worry about job security. Nothing's sacrosanct.

ALLISTAIR
Is that a threat?

Fin dangles a pen above the budget on a clipboard.

FIN
I can off you at any moment.

EXT. MANUEL ANTONIO NATIONAL PARK - CLIFF - NIGHT

Hans hangs from a CLIFF, his fingers CLAWING the edge. Bella screams and holds out her hand. Below, a LIGHTNING-CLEAVED TREE STUMP sticks up like an ANGRY STALAGMITE.

HANS
Get help. Hurry!

BELLA
I'll find Sister.

She runs off.

THE DIRECTOR (O.S.)
OK, we got it.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: THE *BRAINFOREST* SET

REVEAL: Hans stands on a LOWER LEDGE BELOW, 18-inches wide. He remains in a fugue-acting state, staring into nothing. The Production Crew observes from the CLIFF'S EDGE.

ESL
Moving on.

THE DIRECTOR
Wait, I need more.

SYLVIA
You can climb up, Hans.

THE DIRECTOR
No, he can't. I planned more shots
of him gazing into the camera.
(off Tom's sigh)
You'll thank me in editing!

ALLISTAIR
Fine, but I need five minutes to set
up for the additional shots.

Allistair and the First AC reposition Jenny The Camera and the tripod. Next to Hans, Fin holds rope rigged through a safety harness on Hans's waist and tethered to an anchor.

THE DIRECTOR
All right, pee break!

SYLVIA
Hashtag MeToo.

THE DIRECTOR
Fukada, take over. All non-essential
crew, take five.

ESL
Cuidado - hay muchos rápidos.

THE DIRECTOR

She said there are a lot of rapists.

SYLVIA

Great, we might as well have filmed
on the Warner Brothers backlot.

EXT. MANUEL ANTONIO NATIONAL PARK - 30 FEET FROM CLIFF -
MINUTES LATER

MIA and ESL converse under the jungle foliage.

MIA

Not being able to save DeShaaan
brought back some bad feelings...

ESL

I can imagine. But there won't be
anything else triggering.
(looks at phone, shouts)
Dos minutos!!

MIA JUMPS. ESL grabs him, comforts him.

ESL (CONT'D)

It's just the time warning. I'll
keep you safe. Stick with me.

She winks at him.

EXT. MANUEL ANTONIO NATIONAL PARK - RIVER BANK - LATER

The Director unbuttons her jeans, squats. Sylvia looks away.

SYLVIA

Patriarchy! *Brainforest* no longer
passes the Bechdel test.

THE DIRECTOR

The thing that tells you whether or
not you're a lesbian?

SYLVIA

No - it's a measure of whether or
not a film revolves around men.

THE DIRECTOR

This doesn't - it has two women.

SYLVIA

But *Bella* and *The Nun* plot how to
get rid of Hans - he's a man.

THE DIRECTOR
 Sounds to me like something
 lesbians'll love!

SYLVIA
 No! The Bechdel test requires a
 conversation between two women
 talking about anything other than a
 man - even this convo doesn't pass.

THE DIRECTOR
 Pass me some of that toilet paper.

Sylvia turns around, eyes closed, holds it out, just out of reach. The Director grabs for it, loses her balance.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 You know what I want?

SYLVIA
 Please don't say "help getting up".

THE DIRECTOR
 No, to be the first female director
 with a film that holds the record
 for highest gross box office.

SYLVIA
 Well, good luck. But probably -
 don't go with a female protagonist.

They laugh.

ALLISTAIR (O.S.)
 (distant)
 Jennaaayyyyyy!!

Sylvia and The Director look at each other.

EXT. MANUEL ANTONIO NATIONAL PARK - CLIFF - SAME TIME

A Cadbury egg wrapper hits Fin on the head.

FIN
 I said I'd kill you if you brought
 chocolate on set again.

ALLISTAIR
 Try me, cheeky colonist...

He NEARS THE LEDGE. Hans stares in character into the camera.

FIN
 (re: the camera)
 You gotta sandbag it, dude.

ALLISTAIR
 "It?" She has a bloody name - Jenny!

FIN
 Well, "she's" off balance.

Allistair chews, swallows. Levels the legs of the tripod.
 Pulls another Cadbury egg out, holds it in his left hand.

FIN (CONT'D)
 Just pass me the monitor.

Allistair reaches down, bending toward Fin--

--then FALLS FROM ABOVE. But his clumsy feet find purchase on
 the LOWER LEDGE upon which Fin and a catatonic Hans stand! As
 he FIGHTS FOR HIS BALANCE, Fin moves to Allistair's side
 and...then Allistair PLUMMETS toward the jungle floor below.

All Fin is left with is a single Cadbury egg in his hand.

ALLISTAIR (O.S.)
 (yelling)
 Jennaaayyyyyy!!

Fin tosses the egg aside, and looks over the edge. Allistair
 LANDS ON THE LIGHTNING-SHARPENED TREE - IMPALED!

FIN
 Fuck.

Allistair winces. Then DIES. The egg nose-dives from above,
 landing right in his open mouth, like a roast pig. PLOP!

EXT. MANUEL ANTONIO NATIONAL PARK - CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

Fin climbs to the Top Ledge. Running over, everyone stands in
 stunned silence. Hans hangs on, staring ahead. Tom walks up.

TOM
 Sorry, my fan broke. Then I tried to
 take a shortcut-

At "cut", Hans shakes his head and regains awareness.

TOM (CONT'D)
 -but I got lost. What'd I miss?

HANS
Did we get it?

The Director and Sylvia arrive. So does the First AC.

FIRST AC
Allistair, I got the Sigma lens.

SYLVIA
Where is Allistair?

MIA
(mournfully)
K-I-A.

ESL squeezes his shoulder. He has a sad gleam in his eye. The First AC peers over the ledge. DROPS the lens.

FIRST AC
How in the hell did my mate end up
down there, impaled on a dead tree?

TOM
(hand in the air)
I just got here.

SYLVIA
Me too.

THE DIRECTOR
(pointing at Sylvia)
I was with her.

FIRST AC
So who was bloody here?

Fin motions to himself and Hans.

FIN
Just us, when he fell. Then died.

HANS
(whispering)
Someone died? Again?

FIN
Hans was in the zone - deep method.
Best acting he's done.

Hans is somewhat offended, somewhat flattered, and in shock.

FIRST AC
(to Fin)
It was you!
(MORE)

FIRST AC (CONT'D)

Everyone heard you threaten him!
Twice! You fit the profile - genius
kid, thinks he's the best, angry
'cause he can't get laid, starts a
murderous rampage.

FIN

He slipped!

TOM

Hans, did you see anything?

HANS

(hoarse)
Just my life flashing before my
eyes.

TOM

Guess there's no evidence either
way.

THE DIRECTOR

(to First AC)
I need you to take over for him.

FIRST AC

So Fin can kill me next? No way, I'm
out, mates.

Fin's on his phone, then hangs up.

FIN

The park rangers won't come. Said
the vultures would take care of him.

FIRST AC

Like you even called. I won't leave
my mate for the birds. I'll get him
and make sure the truth comes out.

The First AC gathers his stuff, walks off into the woods.

EXT. MANUEL ANTONIO NATIONAL PARK - CLIFF - LATER

Everyone stands around, still shell-shocked. Bella cries.

THE DIRECTOR

Let's call it for today.

ESL

That's a wrap.

Hans strips off gray sweatpants, tosses them onto a wardrobe rack. He walks off. A moment later, A HAND GRABS THEM!

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Director, Tom, and Sylvia sit around the table. The Director sips a beer. Tom holds his watermelon. Sylvia looks over her beer at him.

SYLVIA

Are you going to name it, too?

TOM

Spalding already has a name...unless
a name makes it more likely Fin'll
toss 'im off a cliff...

Tom pulls out his phone.

TOM (CONT'D)

Siri, take "dic"tation.

(he smiles to himself)

Gauge Fin's antagonism toward fruit.

SYLVIA

I can't take any more weirdness. I'm
going to de-stress.

She exits.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - SYLVIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sylvia pulls out a pair of LARGE GRAY SWEATPANTS from her bag. She tucks herself into bed with them.

EXT. BRAINFOREST MWTM - ECO-LODGE - SHOWER - DAY - JENNY'S STEADICAM POV

The CURTAIN SLIDES OPEN - it's Bella! She pulls a towel off a hook, covers herself, and steps out.

INT. BRAINFOREST MWTM - ECO-LODGE - CONTINUOUS JENNY'S STEADICAM POV

Bella traipses past the Nun mid-siesta. She sees a photo on the desk of a couple with the Nun.

Next to the photo - a CRUCIFIX DILDO. As Bella reaches for it she KNOCKS OVER a memento box. Various newspaper clippings and photos SPILL OUT. She replaces them but stops. A pattern:

In each photo, The Nun poses with a couple. The newspaper headlines focus on one missing member of each couple:

"ANNIHILATED ABROAD," "MISSING NEWLYWED STABBED BY HUSBAND," and "YOUNG GROOM SLAIN IN SACRAMENT."

Bella cross-references clippings and photos. The Nun AWAKENS!

DOUBLE THUD!

A BLANK WHITE CEILING.

INT. *BRAINFOREST* SET - ECO-LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Fin lands atop Tom, having tripped over an extension cord.

FIN

Where's my fuckin' gaffer?

SYLVIA

You sacrificed him to cover the tab you're running at Amigas Íntimas!

TOM

Can you move? I'm being smothered.

EXT. *BRAINFOREST* SET - ECO-LODGE - BASE CAMP - LATER

Uno & Dos hand out sandwiches. Roberto hands Bella a marked lunch bag: "Veg." He then CLOROX-WIPES HIS HANDS. Bella approaches Sylvia and The Director as they eat.

BELLA

I need to talk to you about the next scene - I don't think my character would ever force someone to deep-throat a crucifix dildo.

As Uno & Dos sit down nearby, The Director glares at her.

THE DIRECTOR

You didn't have a problem with it at the audition.

BELLA

That's 'cause I wanted the part.

THE DIRECTOR

I don't have time for this.

(to Uno & Dos)

Run to Targetto and buy a real crucifix.

Sylvia looks to Bella for approval.

BELLA

If I have to...I'll work with that.

Uno & Dos nod and sprint down the jungle path.

THE DIRECTOR

(shouting after them)

Look in the religious section!

ESL

This is Latin America - it's all the religious section....where's the stunt coordinator and stunt women

FIN

I gutted that department, too.

(then)

Wait, won't this be a continuity problem?

SYLVIA

Good - it'll make us the answer to an IMDb trivia question.

Tom, eating fries, laughs, then CHOKES. MIA STAMPEDES IN.

MIA

Here comes the cavalry!

He does a FLIP over the table, then performs a VIOLENT Heimlich on Tom. A fry SHOTS OUT!

ESL runs over.

ESL

Are you OK?

TOM

Yeah, thanks to-

He realizes she's talking to MIA. He smiles at her.

MIA

Not lettin' the French get their first kill on my watch!

EXT. BRAINFOREST SET - ECO-LODGE - BASE CAMP - LATER

A BLACK-LEATHER-GLOVED pair of hands SHARPEN the bottom of a WOODEN CRUCIFIX with a multitool knife.

INT. BRAINFOREST MWTM - ECO-LODGE - LATER

Bella holds a newspaper clipping. The Nun yanks it away.

THE NUN

What you saw was not meant for your
innocent eyes.

She turns around, puts on her clothes, under the CRUCIFIX on
the wall. Turns back.

BELLA

I'm not the first disciple you've
fallen in love with, am I?

The Nun snaps the lid of the box shut.

THE NUN

I care deeply for all my pupils.

She goes to embrace Bella, but Bella holds her off.

BELLA

What happened to them?

THE NUN

The articles say it all.

BELLA

(angrier)

That's fake news. You forced the
person you were in love with to
murder their partner.

THE NUN

I can't make anyone do anything.
Everyone has free will.

Bella backs away from her.

BELLA

That's not true. You're capable of
evil. You had me kill-

THE NUN

I did nothing of the sort. You
killed him.

Bella, teary-eyed, shoves The Nun aside.

BELLA

I loved him. How could you do this
to me?

She grabs her belongings. The Nun stops her.

THE NUN

You're not going anywhere, my dear.

She clicks a file on her laptop. Plays it. Bella GASPS as she watches footage of legs tiptoeing across the grass, dragging a bright yellow extension cord.

Then she watches SOMEONE RIP open a shower curtain, REVEALING HANS, as a toaster is dropped. But, then, the footage pulls back to reveal - BELLA'S FACE!

BELLA

You set me up!

THE NUN

I watch all of my disciples to assure their eternal allegiance.

BELLA

I'm not your servant. And you aren't my master.

THE NUN

Your faith is misplaced.

Bella grabs the crucifix off the wall, LUNGES at The Nun, who falls.

BELLA

You're not a cult leader, you're a cunt leader!

THE NUN

Heretic! Cease your blasphemy!

Bella climbs on her, shoves the crucifix in her mouth upside down, CHOKING HER!

INT. BRAINFOREST SET - ECO-LODGE - CONTINUOUS

THE DIRECTOR

Cut!

SYLVIA

Jesus, Tom - you wrote this Skinemax version of *Passion of the Christ*?

TOM

It'll play huge in Peoria...

The Nun coughs from the fake choking. Fin lowers Jenny.

FIN

This is what happens when you
rewrite a script from the heavily
discounted Weinstein option pile...

THE DIRECTOR

It doesn't work without the dildo -
it really tied the scene together.

The Director whispers something into The Nun's ear.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(to the remaining crew)

Let's pick it up from the choking.

Bella straddles The Nun.

FIN

Wait, Bella - hold it like this.

Fin demonstrates it right-side up. She yanks it from him.

FIN (CONT'D)

And to avoid an NC-17 rating, maybe
aim it for her eye? But sell it!

BELLA

I'm going live on Instagram in an
hour - let's get this done.

THE DIRECTOR

Miss Nun, this is your final scene.
Bella - channel that anger. Action!

BELLA

You're not a cult leader, you're a
cunt leader!

THE NUN

Heretic! Cease your blasphemy!

Bella throws her down on the RUG, climbs on top of her.

THE NUN (CONT'D)

You fucking bitch!

Bella SLAMS the crucifix into The Nun's EYE SOCKET. The Nun
TWITCHES and YELPS.

THE DIRECTOR

Cut! Wow, both of you, great work!

Bella curtsies, and walks off set, leaving The Nun with an
EYEBALL GRUESOMELY WRENCHED from its socket.

TOM
 (re: The Nun)
 I didn't know we had that level of
 special effects in the budget.

FIN
 We don't.

THE DIRECTOR
 (pointing at The Nun)
 Is she going to get up?

TOM

Hmm?

ESL
 That was a cut.

SYLVIA
 Maybe she needs a hand.

She turns to Fin. Who now looks at The Nun - BLOODY CRUCIFIX
 still protruding from her eye.

FIN
 Oh. Me? Okay.

Fin takes her hand - IT'S LIMP. He turns white.

FIN (CONT'D)
 ESL - tell everyone, "Take five."
 Producer meeting right now!

EXT. BRAINFOREST SET - ECO-LODGE - MINUTES LATER

The Director, ESL, and Bella join The Producers.

SYLVIA
 Bella *Single White Female*'d The Nun.
 She's dead.

ESL
 (yelling, in Spanish,
 subtitled)
 The Nun's dea-

Fin covers her mouth, but her YELL disrupts the snack break
 of MIA, Roberto, Uno & Dos, and the Skinny Guy with the Boom.

BELLA
 (re Fin)
 You told me to do it in the eye!

ESL
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 Murderer! Murderer!

The crew slowly back away from Fin.

FIN
 I'm working to make this movie
 happen, not sabotage it! Plus, she
 was the only one of you I liked!

TOM
 I never saw you talk to her.

FIN
 Exactly - she did her job and shut
 up!

Tom and Sylvia see the logic. Fin motions them inside--

INT. BRAINFOREST SET - ECO LODGE - CONTINUOUS

--and removes the crucifix from The Nun's eye, wipes it on his shirt, scrutinizing it under the light. He taps the bottom - and pricks his finger! ESL and The Director join them.

FIN
 Fuck. It's sharp.

TOM
 Neither you nor Bella noticed that?

FIN
 I just showed her how to hold the
 crucifix. And Bella's--

ESL
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 --Bullshit!
 (sarcastic)
 Who did it then, *El Cucuy*?

The Director yanks the crucifix out of Fin's hand.

THE DIRECTOR
 "Tar-'ghetto' " - appropriate name.

SYLVIA
 You touched the murder weapon too!
 Guess it is easy to get framed.

Roberto interrupts their debate.

ROBERTO

Jordan Seymour's here - apparently a representative from the Screen Actors Guild?

SYLVIA

Of course, they can't respond to a single e-mail, but they can show up on location in a foreign country?

TOM

We gotta wrap The Nun!

ESL

The Nun is wrapped!

TOM

No! In, like, a rug!

ESL rolls up the body in the rug. The Producers go to the ENTRYWAY, and they greet JORDAN (30, Polynesian, female).

JORDAN

Mind if I look around?

SYLVIA

No problem - is there a problem?

Jordan scrutinizes Fin's bloodied shirt, then reads off a cast sign-in sheet.

JORDAN

Could I talk to the actress playing...The Nun?

The Producers freeze.

TOM

Well, she's...wrapped...

JORDAN

I can wait until she's dismissed from make-up.

SYLVIA

Can you tell us what this is about?

JORDAN

It's private actor union business.

ESL and Roberto pass, carrying the bloodied, rolled rug.

FIN

She must have just left set.

JORDAN

She contacted us to make sure she was allowed to sign a new contract mid-production.

FIN

We didn't want her to be a casualty of our budget cuts, which unfortunately have caused a high turnover rate.

JORDAN

Yet you've survived.

FIN

I'm a producer - it's the only way to have longevity in this business!

JORDAN

Well, I simply need to confirm there was no coercion. How about I come back tomorrow?

The Producers nod. Jordan leaves.

SYLVIA

We should call the police. Beat SAG to the punch. This time, we're actually in possession of the body.

Fin whips out his phone. Leaves.

EXT. BRAINFOREST SET - ECO LODGE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT - LATER

Tom, Fin, Sylvia and ESL guide OFFICERS MENDOZA and AGUSTIN to the rolled carpet that contains The Nun's body.

FIN

You said on the phone you don't need to interrogate the murderer - Bella?

OFFICER MENDOZA

No, no. I understand. *Es accidente.*
Es OK. No es murder. Es accidente.

SYLVIA

So...you're not going to arrest us?

Tom nudges her - "Don't give 'em ideas!" Officer Agustin places the crucifix in a plastic bag.

FIN

Could we retain possession of that?

OFFICER AGUSTIN
We need it - evidence.

FIN
We need it - continuity.

TOM
Fin, just let em' have it!

Officer Agustin puts the plastic-bagged crucifix in his drug-dealer-style-briefcase. Fin leaps at him, yanks it out.

OFFICER AGUSTIN
Oh, ju want it for possession?

FIN
Sí!

Officer Agustin nods, then rips a crucifix off his necklace, hands it to Fin.

OFFICER AGUSTIN
Dis protect from possession.

ESL
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Even by *El Cucuy*?

Now frightened, the Officers grab the rug and rush out.

OFFICER AGUSTIN
(running out)
We take care of body, keep rug.

OFFICER MENDOZA
(following behind him)
This'll look *magnífica*
en our interrogation room floor!

Tom and Sylvia look at each other confused, as Roberto enters and begins wiping the porch floor with Clorox wipes.

EXT. COSTA RICAN ROAD - CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

Through the car window, a BLACK-GLOVED hand hands a wad of rubber-banded cash to Officers Mendoza and Agustin.

OFFICER MENDOZA
Muchas gracias.

The Officers hand the gloved hand the bagged crucifix.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tom scoops gobs of cottage cheese, while Fin and Sylvia GAG.

FIN

One death on set - that's normal.
Every action movie is dedicated to a
stunt person. Two deaths? There are
tragedies - an actor ODS, a freak
accident. Three deaths? That's too
many.

TOM

A Holy Trinity of deaths is
suspicious.

SYLVIA

It's like we're cursed.

TOM

Maybe by the cannibals - the real
LabiLabis - who scare away
photographing tourists.

FIN

That's bull. The only cannibals here
are the ones in our movie.

INT. JACÓ - TACO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sylvia, Tom, The Director, and Hans eat tacos.

SYLVIA

Tom fixed it so we don't need more
scenes with The Nun. Triage Tom!
Better nickname than RomCom Tom!

Tom pushes his plate away. The Director looks confused.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Sorry. Forgot. "PHSD" - Post-
Heartbreak Stress Disorder.

THE DIRECTOR

(to Tom)

Isn't that line from that Bollywood
film, *I'm Just Not That Into Me*?

SYLVIA

He's thinking of--

THE DIRECTOR
 -the Bollywood star?
 Miss Sri Lanka?

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Yeah. "The Bitch".

TOM
 The movie flopped, she left me for
 her leading man, and now I rewrite B-
 romcoms into C-horror movies.

SYLVIA
 At least that got made. Recall the
 golf movie that didn't happen?

TOM
 Only thing that came of it was \$700K
 in missing funds and a boat with the
 name of the movie's title.

THE DIRECTOR
 What was the title?

SYLVIA
Sunk.

TOM
 Been happening since the
 Paleolithic. People sell lists of
 easy marks to cold callers, who take
 half their investment as a
 commission. The rest disappears.

HANS
 Tom, just a lark, but what about,
 say, for your next rom-com,
 something between a jungle-
 adventuring woman and a tribal
 fellow she encounters? He could
 curse her into becoming enamored of
 him. But - he lacks knowledge of the
 arcane, and mistakenly casts his
 love spell between her and his
rival!
 (then)
 But, I dunno, I'm just an actor, not
 a writer.

Sylvia's jaw drops. Tom quickly jots notes on a napkin.

SYLVIA
 Wow, I didn't think you could talk!

TOM
 Repeat that last part?

HANS
 (matter of fact)
 Oh, I was saving my voice for set. I
 just had laryngitis.

INT. JACÓ - TACO RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - LATER

The Director and Sylvia refresh their makeup in the mirror.

SYLVIA
 Now that I know Hans is smart, I'm
 even more into him.

THE DIRECTOR
 I lost all attraction.

SYLVIA
 Ugh - we're failing the Bechdel test
 again.

The Director blots her lipstick. Heads to the door.

THE DIRECTOR
 See you back out there.

Sylvia enters the CORNER STALL. Hangs her purse, shuts door.
 She unzips her jeans, lowers her pants as the LIGHTS GO OUT.
 She's enshrouded IN BLACKNESS. Then, A WATER FAUCET RUNS!

SERIES OF SHOTS

-Sylvia's eyes dart. Panicked. The RUNNING WATER STOPS (O.S.)

-Sylvia grasps for toilet paper. SOUND OF A ZIPPER (O.S.)

-Sylvia freezes. She hears: HEAVY, PULSATING BREATHS (O.S.)

-She tries for her purse. LIGHT CLANGING OF METAL (O.S.)

-She can't find it or her phone for its flashlight. A LOUD
 SLAM AGAINST THE STALL (O.S.). Startled, SHE DROPS HER PANTS.

-The stall door SHAKES. BANGING. She zips her pants.

-She reaches down, pats around the floor, GRABS THE TAMPON
 RECEPTACLE, KICKS THE STALL DOOR OPEN. LIGHTS COME ON AS--

--SMACK! The stall door NAILS Fin's NEW TINDER DATE in the
 FACE! She falls backwards, tackling and PANTS-ING Fin.

Sylvia has the receptacle in the air, POISED TO STRIKE ON--

FIN

No!

--FIN'S HEAD! She catches herself last second.

SYLVIA

Fin!?!? What the fuck! I thought I was about to be raped!

FIN

Whoa! Someone's confident!

SYLVIA

Why'd you kill the lights, freak?

FIN

Chill. Is it the 18th already? It was dark when I came in.

The Director returns. Fin's date remains UNCONSCIOUS.

THE DIRECTOR

I just got back. Checking on you.

Sylvia rinses her hands.

SYLVIA

Then who turned 'em off?

She reaches for paper towels, STOPS when she sees a BLACK LEATHER GLOVE on the counter.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

This wasn't here before.

After the trio examine it, Fin tucks it away in his pocket.

FIN

Evidence.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Fin and Sylvia review a spreadsheet. Tom whispers to Spalding. Hans reads Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*.

FIN

It's only a matter of time before our luck--

TOM

(correcting him)
--curse--

--causes us to be slapped with a SAG violation.

SYLVIA

SAG violation? Let the union burn.
We have a body count! And a possible
rapist on the loose!

HANS

God, I wished I could have saved
Allistair. When I'm in method,
things only register 48 hours later.

FIN

(snapping at him)
No! There was nothing you could've
done.

Sylvia looks suspicious.

SYLVIA

We need to figure out what's going
on, and we have only one clue!

TOM

The black leather glove.

SYLVIA

For all we know, the killer could be
one of us.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - SYLVIA'S MASTER SUITE - DAY

In a cramped BATHROOM, Fin and The Director film Bella
gussyng up in the mirror while Hans is in the shower.

In the adjoining BEDROOM, Tom, Sylvia, and ESL study a
monitor. The Skinny Guy with the boom sleeps in a chair.
Jordan looks around, impatient.

TOM

Uno! Dos! Can one - or two - of you
bring me my fan?

He laughs as they leave. They pass Sylvia's PADLOCKED CLOSET.

TOM (CONT'D)

Who's this *El Cucuy* character?

ESL

Why are you asking?
(pause)
It's like your boogeyman, but real.
(realizing her job)
Quiet on set - camera's rolling!

On the monitor feed from the bathroom:

BELLA
Hans, did you pack sunscreen?

HANS
Yup. Costa Rica, here we come!

He steps out of the shower, DRIPS WATER EVERYWHERE, and reaches for a towel. He kisses Bella's neck from behind.

HANS (CONT'D)
I'm so thrilled we're gonna build a school for the rainforest children.

THE DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Cut!

Back in the bedroom, Uno & Dos scurry in, hand Tom his fan.

TOM
Muchisimas gracias.
(off their confusion)
Thanks a ton?

UNO
(accented)
You're welcome.

Tom crouches near a power strip, oblivious that the FAN'S CORD IS FRAYED. He extends his hand TOWARD A SOCKET, plugs it in, then RECOILS and...shakes out his hand, turns the fan on high. Luxuriates right in front of it. The Director enters.

THE DIRECTOR
Oh! Perfect. The next shot is this Whitesnake-video-esque hair-blowing-in-the-wind reveal of Bella.
(shouting)
We're shooting this in slo-mo, Fin!
(to the main room)
Uno or Dos, bring me Tom's fan!

Tom looks annoyed. Neither PA is present. He rolls his eyes.

TOM
I got it.

He UNPLUGS the blowing fan and carries it into the bathroom.

THE DIRECTOR
Back wall. Angled at Bella.

STANDING IN A PUDDLE OF WATER that's formed on the floor, Tom extends the cord into a SOCKET...AND...the fan blows. He releases his hand from an UN-FRAYED PORTION of the cord. Walks out and dries his feet on the bedroom carpet.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Hans, this shot is Bella looking beautiful, so just stand there.

BELLA

He's casting a shadow on my nose. Which needs powdering. Hello? MIA?

MIA army crawls in, powders her. Hans moves one foot, trying to squeeze by the fan, but nudging it as he does. The cord SWINGS OVER the PUDDLE OF WATER.

THE DIRECTOR

Goddammit. She looks like a drunk in a tornado. Hans, rotate it!

Hans does - Bella's hair now blowing sexily. The section of FRAYED CORD HANGS AN INCH ABOVE THE PUDDLE.

FIN

Get that fan outta my frame, Hans!
Angle's good; move back half a step.

Hans lifts the fan, relaxing the tension of the frayed cord, causing it to DIP INTO THE WATER and - send an ELECTRICAL CURRENT THROUGH HANS! ZAP!

His head SLAMS into the faucet, knocking out some teeth. He COLLAPSES, his body CONVULSING VIOLENTLY. BLOOD GUSHES from his skull where it HITS THE GROUND! Bella SCREAMS.

TOM (O.S.)

Someone unplug my fan!

The Director FLEES. Fin grabs a towel, yanks the cord out. Hans is fully crumpled, his face GHASTLY WHITE, DEAD.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - SYLVIA'S MASTER SUITE -
MINUTES LATER

The Producers huddle with ESL and The Director.

TOM

My hand tingled when I plugged it in out here, but I just figured it was the magic of the Costa Rican forest.

THE DIRECTOR
Drownings, impalements and now this?

Jordan crams her way into the huddle. Embarrassed, The Director points her branch at the door. Shimmies past Jordan.

JORDAN
You've had other fatalities?!

FIN
(lying fluently)
Don't worry - only crew.

JORDAN
Oh, thank God! I hate teamsters.
(pause)
Still, what kind of shoot is this?
You're worse than *The Crow*!

TOM
Jordan, what do we do with Hans?

JORDAN
What do you expect me to do? Take the body? I'm SAG, not Medellín Waste Management.

FIN
We should put him in the tub - on ice.

Jordan looks shocked. Tom assuages her.

TOM
Like we said, we've had some practice with this.

JORDAN
This set is treacherous - I'm leaving before I'm next! I'll talk to The Nun back in The States. You're gonna be drowning in SAG violations for this. You'll lose your signatory producer status!

She collects her belongings, runs into Roberto at the door, a bag of ice over his shoulder. Fin grabs her by the shoulder.

FIN
Consider this a settlement.

He grabs Sylvia's purse, pulls out her wallet.

JORDAN

I'm married to David Geffen. I don't take bribes, I just pay them out.

ROBERTO

Let me drive you. There have been no official sightings since '99, but we're near Cannibal *Cañon*, and there are rumors of people still disappearing in it.

JORDAN

No thanks - anything's safer than this set and you people.

She storms out.

SYLVIA

(fighting back tears)

What are we going to tell Hans's family?

TOM

We can say he died doing what he was best at - showering.

FIN

C'mon, we need to finish this production before we get kicked out of the Producers Guild. Sylvia - you didn't even know the guy's real name.

TOM

C'mon, dude! Back off.

FIN

I'm already on thin ice with SAG - last month, I threw a pool chair through a window on set in Encino. And it landed on a Mexican PA who was a Dreamer.

SYLVIA

All you care about is SAG violations...you must've known The Nun was in touch with them! And why did you snap when Hans said he was getting his memory back?

FIN

I'm too busy to eavesdrop on actresses. And Hans?

(MORE)

FIN (CONT'D)

I was stressing about the budget!
What the fuck's with you, Sylvia -
is it the 18th?

SYLVIA

No, I just don't believe you. You
hated Allistair. If Hans remembered
something, and you were the only one
there...

He stomps off to the other side of the room, joining The
Director, Bella, MIA, Uno & Dos, and the Skinny Guy holding
the Boom. Tom, Sylvia, and ESL follow suit.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

You sabotaged The Nun, and you
sabotaged Hans!

TOM

Let's not jump to conclusions.

ESL

Fin gave Bella the crucifix! And he
told Hans to move the fan! *Es*
murderer!

TOM

I guess that is a tad suspicious.

FIN

I'm too busy working to kill anyone.
Sorry for my lack of emotion, but
the ends are all that matter. Trust
me, you won't complain that we
didn't stop to mourn Hans when this
movie's a hit. And what better
tribute to him? Success is the only
honor there is in this business.

Sylvia sees a BLACK LEATHER GLOVE peeking out of his pocket.

SYLVIA

The glove we found - put it on.

FIN

That won't prove anything.

TOM

He's right - look at O.J.

SYLVIA

Put it on!

He tosses the glove out the window INTO THE POOL--

FIN
 Good luck without me.

--and exits. The remaining cast and crew watch in SILENCE.

EXT. CANNIBAL CAÑON - NIGHT

Jordan drags her suitcase down an ABANDONED DIRT ROAD. SPOOKED, she pulls out her phone, clicks on "Ubero".

ON SCREEN: 120 minutes

JORDAN
 Faster if I walk.

SUDDENLY A GIANT NET FALLS ON HER. TWO shaved-headed, spear-carrying, shirtless, jeans-wearing LABILABI TRIBESMEN appear, GRAB HER, and DRAG HER OFF, leaving only her SUITCASE.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - SYLVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sylvia EXTRACTS A SKELETON KEY from a Danielle Steele novel, then SLOWLY WALKS to her closet, UNLOCKS A PADLOCK...AND...A COLLECTION OF HANS'S SWEATPANTS FALL ONTO HER! Tom GASPS.

Tears stream down Sylvia's cheek as she buries her face in a pair. Tom pats her shoulder, hands her a phone. She DIALS.

SYLVIA
 (into phone)
 Officer Agustin or Mendoza,
 please...We have another
 body...Okay, I'll wait.

She sets the phone down ON SPEAKER. MARIACHI MUSIC PLAYS.

ON SCREEN: 45 Minutes Later

The MUSIC CONTINUES to PLAY.

TOM
 We have to go to the station. By
 Ubero - Fiat's still got a flat.

EXT. CANNIBAL CAÑON - NIGHT - LATER

The Rental House far behind him, Fin STOMPS down Cannibal Cañon. LabiLabi Tribesmen are CROUCHED IN WAIT A FOOT AHEAD, when...a RINGING CELL HALTS HIM. As he answers the call from "Unknown", he REVERSES DIRECTION for a better signal.

IVAN (O.S.)
 Evan, you plow through obstacles.
 But I still need my money cleaned.

FIN
 Ivan! I'm done with the production.
 Find someone else.

IVAN (O.S.)
 But you're perfect - you've had
 motive and opportunity for each
 murder. The police'll be convinced.

FIN
 You've been watching.

IVAN (O.S.)
 I'm always watching.

FIN
 If I launder it, I need something,
 too - get the SAG rep off my back.

IVAN (O.S.)
 Then bring me Bella. Who better to
 use as the face of my operation to
 recruit impressionable young girls?

FIN
 Bella? I'm not a kidnapper.

An Ubero pulls up, STARTLING Fin. It runs over JORDAN'S BAG.

IVAN (O.S.)
 Too late. Get to set, get Sylvia to
 take the money, and get Bella.

The line goes DEAD.

INT. AMIGAS ÍNTIMAS NIGHT CLUB - BAR - LATER

Fin takes shots at the bar. Yedan approaches, taps him on the
 shoulder, whispers in his ear. He leaves. Fin follows.

INT. AMIGAS ÍNTIMAS NIGHT CLUB - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Yedan leads in Fin. Ivan sits at a bank of monitors. As Ivan
 reaches for a Targetto bag, Fin's EYES DART TO A MONITOR -
 GIRLS IN CAGES! He looks distressed. Ivan hands him the bag.
 Ivan extends his hand. Fin reciprocates halfheartedly.

EXT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - CURBSIDE - NIGHT

Tom, Sylvia, and ESL wait. ESL glances at her phone.

ESL
Almost *aquí*.

TOM
We're telling the police we
have another body and...

SYLVIA
...we think someone's out to
get us.

An UBERO pulls up. Tom and Sylvia climb in. SUDDENLY, an '84 Yugo OVERTAKES IT, SCREECHES to a halt in front, BLOCKING IT. OUT JUMP TWO MASKED PEOPLE. They GRAB ESL!

ESL
Ayúdame! Ayúdame! I'm being--

They veil her in a Targetto bag.

ESL (CONT'D)
--kidnapped!
(pause)
Again!

A finger pokes a hole in the bag at her mouth. She's THROWN INTO THE YUGO. It PEELS AWAY before Tom or Sylvia can move.

TOM
Follow that car!

But the UBERO DRIVER doesn't move. Neither does his car.

TOM (CONT'D)
C'mon!

UBERO DRIVER
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Are you crazy?? I'm an Ubero driver,
not Carlos Bronson!

TOM
There's a big tip in it for ya'!

UBERO DRIVER
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Americans. Too much trouble.
(yelling, in English now)
Get out!

Tom and Sylvia, shocked, unbuckle, exit the car.

SYLVIA
You're getting only one star! *Una estrella!*

TOM
We ordered the Ubero on ESL's phone.

SYLVIA
Dammit...at least we're not paying.

The Ubero speeds away.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sylvia eats ice cream, MIA paces. Tom, at the table, holds his face-painted watermelon. The Director sits, strung out.

TOM
(to the watermelon)
We're in a tough spot, Spalding.

Tom sets the watermelon down on the table, stands.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm gonna see if anything's been delivered.

THE DIRECTOR
I'm dehydrated. Do we have anything hydrating?

TOM
Yeah - *agua*.

THE DIRECTOR
No - something refreshing.

Tom shrugs, leaves. The Director picks up his watermelon, UNSHEATHS A KNIFE, causing Sylvia's and MIA's HEADS TO TURN.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Relax.
(pointing it at them)
You're fine.

She SLICES the watermelon in two. Tom enters, with a letter.

TOM
Spalding's Halloween costume isn't here yet, but I think we got a ransom note! It says...
(pause)
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
 Oh, sweet Jesus - is there no God??
 Cannibal!!

He falls to his knees, bawls. Sylvia grabs the letter, reads. Tom crawls over to the Director, GRABS THE PLATE of watermelon from her, tries to reassemble the fruit.

SYLVIA
 (reading)
 We have your amiga, Esperanza Salazar-Lopez.

THE DIRECTOR
 Hey! That was refreshing!

SYLVIA
 If ju want to see her alive uno más tiempo...
 (to herself)
 I don't think that's proper Spanish...

TOM
 That was Spalding!!

SYLVIA
 ...ju must follow our orders.

THE DIRECTOR
 Oh my God, it was a fruit!

As MIA grabs the letter from Sylvia, Tom GRABS THE KNIFE from The Director, TURNS ON HER.

MIA
 Meet us today at the Targetto Returns & Exchanges desk at 17:00.

TOM
 So was Allistair, but no one killed him!

SYLVIA
 (to MIA)
 Allistair was gay? I just thought he was British...

THE DIRECTOR
Someone may have!

MIA
 (shrugging, reading)
 You will see her alive only if you accept one million dollars.

TOM
 And ESL was only kidnapped - Spalding's been murdered!

SYLVIA
 What kind of ransom note wants to pay us?

THE DIRECTOR
 They might kill her!

TOM
I might kill you!

MIA disarms Tom, sits him down in the chair.

SYLVIA
 Spalding was a faithful companion, but his time was ripe.

TOM

Producing was supposed to bring me back to humanity. And Spalding even taught me how to love again...and then you slew him! Oh the humanity!
(gathering himself)
All I possibly have left is to finish this production as an unworthy tribute to a flawless soul vivisected in his prime!

MIA

Who has Esperanza?

TOM

She's from Mexico. They've been known to kidnap you if you're behind on your student loans. It didn't sound like it was her first time.

SYLVIA

Oh my God, what if they make her a sex slave?

Everyone is horrified...then, everyone but MIA seems to give it a second thought and consider that possibility...remote.

MIA

Not sweet Esperanza! I'll go to the rendezvous point.

THE DIRECTOR

Oh...Can you pick me up a six-pack of LaCroix and a fake plant?

MIA

When I return, it'll be with the asset - in mint condition!

He somersaults out of the room.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER

Sylvia tries very hard to squeeze a stress ball. Fails. The Director views the screen as Tom types. He pauses. She nods.

TOM

That'll let us wrap up Hans's story with the footage we already have.

THE DIRECTOR

I thiink we can get this all shot tomorrow. Let's get it out to Bella.

SYLVIA

There is a god. That'll shave off two days of production.

THE DIRECTOR

If I move my flight to the next day, I may even get out of here alive.

TOM

Siri, take "dic"tation - rebook for the earliest flight after tomorrow.

SYLVIA

And, we still have enough time to set up the most crucial part of any horror film - the sequel.

THE DIRECTOR

I'm wide open next year.

They look at her.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I'm signed on for the sequel, right?

It's awkward.

TOM

First thing's first - let me e-mail the revised scene to Bella.

PAN along the wall, out the CURIOSLY OPEN WINDOW, to - FIN!
Crouched in the bushes, he pulls a box from the Targetto bag.

EXT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - BACKYARD - INTERCUT

Fin sips his flask, sets it on the ground, extracts a wifi jammer from the box, flips it on, puts it down, and waits.

TOM (O.S.)

What? Wifi's down.

Tom fiddles with his computer. Sylvia phones Bella.

SYLVIA

Hey, our internet's down, and we lost our phone data plan in budget cuts. If you're back at the hotel, we can drop off a hard copy of the scene.

Sylvia rolls her eyes, puts the phone down, presses speaker.

BELLA (O.S.)

I hope you realize you're giving me very little time to get off-book.

TOM

Relax - there's no dialogue. And tomorrow's now your last shoot day!

BELLA (O.S.)

You cut all my lines? I better still qualify for a People's Choice Award!

SYLVIA

Like they need people to speak...

BELLA (O.S.)

Just pay my change fees to get out of here - it will give me more time to prep for my interview with Kathie Lee & Hoda on the invasion of privacy over my leaked sex tape.

TOM

Lucky it wasn't with Frank Gifford.

BELLA (O.S.)

But they also wanna talk about *Brainforest* - they heard about the fire, and they'll lap it up when I tell them about all the deaths, and how I'm a hashtag "survivor".

Fin's jaw drops and he LOSES HIS BALANCE. He steadies himself against a bush. It SCRAPES AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

SYLVIA

Bella-

BELLA (O.S.)

Trust me, publicity is never bad - look at my sex tape.

TOM

I have.

The Director and Sylvia look at him.

BELLA (O.S.)

I was horrified when it dropped, but my STARMeter has never been higher.

SYLVIA

Please, I encourage you to rethink this. If news of what's happened gets out, it'll ruin us.

Fin HYPERVENTILATES into the bag. The three look around.

BELLA (O.S.)

It's on, unless my Shaman advises against it. I'll wait for my scene.

Sylvia disconnects the call. Pops an antacid. Tom connects a wire to his laptop, and clicks "print".

A LOUD OBNOXIOUS NOISE begins, repeats.

REVEAL: A dot matrix printer slowly prints pages.

The three stare at it.

THE DIRECTOR

Jesus. Who bought that? I'm going outside to smoke a cigarette.

TOM

After we cut the budget, Bob-o brought it from home.

SYLVIA

That's going to take longer than a Cialis boner to go away. Take ten.

They all leave.

JUMP CUT TO:

It finally finishes printing. Fin STEALTHILY SLIPS in the window. Picks up the paper, begins tearing off the sides.

TOM (O.S.)

I think it finally stopped.

Fin JUMPS back outside, RUNS OFF. Sylvia and Tom enter.

SYLVIA

Where the fuck are the pages?

TOM

Maybe it didn't print?

SYLVIA

We heard it three rooms away.

TOM
Guess the Mummy does return.

SYLVIA
I did hear a rustling outside after
Bella told us about her interview.

She GAPES at the OPEN WINDOW. Tom sticks his head out. Light
glints off something. He reaches out, grabs it - FIN'S FLASK!

TOM
Only one person on set thinks a
flask is cool.

SYLVIA
Fin must've been listening.

TOM
Why would he steal the new scene?

SYLVIA
To give him a pretense to see Bella -
stop her from doing the interview.

TOM
We had the same exact impulse.

SYLVIA
But we wouldn't literally kill her.

TOM
Man, so - I guess you were right...
about Fin.

SYLVIA
Thank you.

TOM
(sighing)
Ugh. Wait, maybe I can make up for
my fan killing Hans.

Tom jumps out the window, runs away.

TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'll stop that angry ninja!

INT. HOTEL - JACÓ - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fin RUSHES down a hallway. His phone BUZZES. He sees a TEXT
MESSAGE from a 308 area code: "Yo."

He LOOKS AROUND. No one in sight. He arrives at a--

HOTEL ROOM DOOR

KNOCKS. No answer. KNOCKS HARDER. The door opens only as far as the door chain allows.

FIN
Open the door!

He sticks his foot in the opening, PUSHES IT OPEN, BREAKS THE CHAIN to reveal - Bella in a bathrobe. She JUMPS.

BELLA
 Oh my god, Fin? You're back?

She INCHES AWAY. Grabs her curling iron behind the door.

FIN
 We'll see how well you run.

Bella COCKS HER MAKE-SHIFT WEAPON, READY TO STRIKE, but Fin offers the printed scene instead. Winks.

FIN (CONT'D)
 Figured I'd drop this off - help out Tom and Sylvia. Also, I need to talk to you about something.

Fin enters. The DEADBOLT CLICKS INTO PLACE behind him.

INT. HOTEL - JACÓ - HALLWAY - LATER

Tom RUNS UP to Bella's door, PANTING. KNOCKS - NO ANSWER. He KNOCKS harder. Nothing. He tries the knob - LOCKED. He KICKS THE DOOR a few times. It stays shut. He looks around. When he turns back, Bella SUDDENLY APPEARS in the now open doorway.

TOM
 Never thought I'd be happy to see an actress again!

BELLA
 Umm...thank you?

TOM
 (barging in)
 Did anyone else come by tonight?

BELLA
 Yeah, Fin gave me the new scene.

TOM
 Where is he? In the bathroom?

BELLA
No. Why would he be?

TOM
He didn't...kill you?

BELLA
I'm alive, right? Oh, unless this is a post-ayahuasca hallucination!

TOM
No, I still hate myself as much as ever, so I can assure you it's real.

BELLA
He told me to run, which I don't. Ever. Then he offered me a three-picture deal to not do Kathie Lee.

TOM
That's it? What'd you say?

BELLA
I said I'd meditate on it.

TOM
And then he just left?

BELLA
Yeah - said he had to prep for set.

TOM
Siri - take "dic"tation. Gauge the odds of Fin planning a massacre.

EXT. BRAINFOREST SET - ECO-LODGE - BASE CAMP - TWILIGHT

Uno & Dos distribute wrapped burgers to Tom, Sylvia, Roberto, and The Director, who are in deep conversation.

ROBERTO
(to Uno & Dos)
Mil gracias.
(ignoring their confused looks, to the others)
Hey, I fixed the flat tire.

THE DIRECTOR
This is the last scene. Where's MIA?

TOM
Still deployed. Now, radio silent.

SYLVIA
MIA's MIA...

A HAND TAPS SYLVIA ON THE SHOULDER. She JUMPS, almost CHOKES.
Tom notices, turns to look - IT'S FIN!

FIN
What's the matter, Sylvia? You look
like you've seen a ghost.

TOM
Siri - take "dic"tation. No visible
automatic weapons, no overcoat.

SYLVIA
I have. I thought you were dead - as
far as this production is concerned.

FIN
I'm back.

SYLVIA
Who quits, then comes back again?

FIN
I'm like The Jonas Brothers.

TOM
(to Sylvia)
I told you Bella was alive. Un-
scathed, and as lobotomized as ever.

SYLVIA
I know. But I had to see with my own
eyes that the scenes we shot earlier
went off without a hitch.

FIN
So you believe me now?

SYLVIA
For the time being.

TOM
Temporary ceasefire. Good enough for
the Middle East, good enough for the
final scene of *Brainforest*.

Dos hands Bella her burger, specially MARKED "VEG".

SYLVIA
Still, someone's behind this...
(noticing something)
Bella, you're bleeding!

BELLA
No - I'm ovulating.

RED LIQUID COATS her chin.

TOM
From your mouth!

FIN
I ordered her the *Imposible Burgero*.
It's supposed to be vegetables!
Chemicals! Anything but meat!

TOM
Chill. Trust me, meat's not gonna
kill her - I saw the video of her
slurpin' that Disney dude's hog.

Roberto grabs a Clorox wipe, dabs Bella's mouth, but she then
sticks a finger down her throat, attempts to throw up.

EXT. BRAINFOREST MWTM - MANUEL ANTONIO NATIONAL PARK -
RAINFOREST - NIGHT

FOUR CARTOONISH TRIBESMEN EXTRAS in farcical animal masks
with feather headdresses and human-tooth necklaces, SPEARS
DRAWN, CHASE BELLA, their bellies hanging over their skirts.
The fifth - the TRIBESMAN LEADER - wields a MACHETE.

Bella HUFFS, SPRINTING FOR HER LIFE, carrying a toaster. She
TRIPS. The Tribesmen CLOSE THE DISTANCE...

She springs up. Sprints faster. Dense brush SMACKS HER FACE.
She claws for visibility - and reaches a clearing. Scans in
all directions for an escape, runs through a mound of leaves.

THUD. Bella FALLS. The five Tribesmen Extras arrive, encircle
a GIANT PIT TRAP. Bella stares at the Leader, whose BATTLE
CRY brings tears of fear to her eyes. North, South, East, and
West -- A SPEAR POINTED AT HER.

TRIBESMAN #1	TRIBESMAN #1 (SUBTITLED)
Yay cereb est pravda shvi-AZH- ee - numqua nie BEE-eww you- zhy-VAN-y.	Her brain is really fresh - never been used.

TRIBESMAN #2	TRIBESMAN #2 (SUBTITLED)
LOOB-ee-uh addere turmeric ee mango do CER-eb.	I like adding mango and turmeric to brains.

Bella offers the toaster, a proffering of peace.

THE DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Cut!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: *BRAINFOREST* SET

The Director marches from monitor to pit trap, leaving Tom and Sylvia behind, under a tree. A DROP OF SAP lands on the back of Sylvia's neck. Noticing it, Tom wipes it off.

SYLVIA

Ew. Gross. What is that?

TOM

Relax - it's not poison ivy. It's this apple tree.

The Director swivels to Tom and Sylvia.

THE DIRECTOR

Bella fends off cannibals with a toaster? Where's the crucifix?

Fin plunks the camera on the ground, out of breath.

SYLVIA

Confiscated - as evidence.

TOM

She wouldn't have fought that much better with a dildo.

The five Tribesmen approach The Director, also out of breath.

THE DIRECTOR

Going again...sprint back to one!

TRIBESMAN LEADER

I need water.

THE DIRECTOR

Water's for people who nail the take!

TRIBESMAN LEADER

We didn't give her the toaster!

He TIGHTENS HIS GRIP on his machete.

THE DIRECTOR

This isn't a democracy. I'm the Directator!

The other four Tribesmen SURROUND HER. Moonlight GLISTENS OFF THE BLADE of the Tribesman Leader's machete...

TRIBESMAN LEADER
Remember the Alamo!!

...as he SWIFTLY SLICES through The Director's NECK.

BLOOD SPURTS on his mask. An EYEBALL POPS OUT! Fin's camera, still ground-level, captures her ONE-EYED HEAD roll through the mud like a soccer ball INTO THE PIT - ONTO BELLA! Who SCREAMS. Tom and Sylvia observe Fin's feed on the monitor.

TOM
 (in shock)
 This is why you never let actors improv! I mean, not that I can't empathize...

Sylvia shakes Tom back to reality.

SYLVIA
 Why the fuck is that a real machete?

FIN
 No budget! Prop machete got slashed!

SYLVIA
 (to Tribesman Leader, re:
 Bella)
 You were supposed to fake-kill her
 (pointing to The Director)
 not real-kill her!

TOM
 She's not gonna come back...would it be heartless to finish this scene?

SYLVIA
 My instinct is to get the fuck out of here, but I see your point.

TOM
 Fin, you wanna direct?

FIN
 Look - I may be the whole crew. But I'm not Steven Soderbergh. Plus, Directors' Guild rules - a producer can't take over for the director and receive credit.
 (a la *Braveheart*)
 I may work unpaid, but I will never work uncredited!

TOM
 Then who will? I'm gettin' flights.

They all look at Sylvia.

SYLVIA

No way. I'm not gonna be that fake
Danny Trejo's next victim!

TOM

You've put all your money in this!
See it through!

SYLVIA

I'm not that big of a risk taker.
It's my estrogen.

TOM

(exasperated)
Fine...I guess I'll direct.

SYLVIA

(suddenly offended)
No, wait!
(re: The Director)
She wanted this to qualify for the
highest-grossing film by a female
director! I have to do it. For her!

Dos picks up The Director's BRANCH, silently raises it.

ROBERTO

For her!

SYLVIA

One small step for her; one giant
leap for womankind.

Energized, she checks the monitor. Takes charge.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

That headless corpse is in my frame!

Bella SCREAMS! Everyone remembers her.

TOM

...someone grab that corpse - and
don't forget the head!

Fin jumps into the pit. He CHUCKS THE HEAD to Roberto; it
SPLATTERS ON HIM.

SYLVIA

(re: Tribesman Leader)
And get that actor some *agua* before
he kills us all!

Fin coaxes a hysterically crying Bella from the pit.

FIN

You don't need me to complete this film, but you need my legal expertise to get us outta here.

TOM

What are you talking about?

FIN

There's enough evidence to incriminate us, and I have the aptitude to tamper with it. I'll take Bob-o to do my dirty work; we'll do what we can to find MIA and ESL. When the scene's done, call me.
(re: Tribesman Leader)
And the police. Then hightail it outta here - meet us at the airport.

SYLVIA

If you'd graduated from law school, you'd be a great...crooked...lawyer.

They hug. Fin presents the camera to Tom, pats his shoulder.

FIN

I entrust you with my framing.

TOM

Every frame a Vermeer.

FIN

If I don't make it, promise me this film gets released. And that my name is in the credits - as Producer. Oh, and Director of Photography. Also Craft Services, Pyrotechnics Foreman, and 3D Stereoscopic Coordinator. Probably Legal, too. And, I wanted to talk to you about donating ten percent of the film's profits to fight sex-trafficking.

TOM

There won't be any profits.

FIN

Fair point. Bob-o, let's go!

Roberto hoists The Director's body over his shoulder. Fin takes her head, by the hair. They trudge into the jungle.

SYLVIA
All-cast-and-crew meeting! Now!

Tom, Bella, and Uno & Dos gather around. They don't notice--

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Bella, when you run, you're
terrified. Tom, track her in close-
up. Then swirl around to show her
POV. When the camera moves, Uno,
watch the wires. Dos, slate it.

--the SKINNY GUY with the boom, WHO TALKS FOR THE FIRST TIME!

SKINNY GUY
Question: where should I stand?

SYLVIA
Jesus. Who the fuck are you?

GUY SOUND
I'm Guy Sound - the sound guy.

Sylvia breathes a sigh of relief.

SYLVIA
Oh! Can you follow her and run?
(off his nod)
All right, let's go!

MOMENTS LATER

Sylvia examines the frame in the monitor. Gives a thumbs up.

GUY SOUND
Sound speeding!

TOM
(proud of himself)
Camera rolling!

Dos CLAPS the slate. For only a five-person crew, it's a well-oiled machine!

SYLVIA
ACTION!

CRACK! Guy Sound DROPS DEAD, SKULL SPLIT BY A BULLET!

SYLVIA'S POV:

The monitor feed PANS from Bella to a TRIBESMEN, who AIMS A GUN at the camera lens. The other Tribesmen Extras encircle the camera, operated by Tom - HE'S CORNERED!

Resulting in an unintentional Dutch angle on The Tribesman Leader GRABBING BELLA, putting the MACHETE TO HER NECK! Suddenly, the monitor is ECLIPSED BY A SHEET OF WHITE (with red circles).

END SYLVIA'S POV.

A Targetto bag covers Sylvia's head; Bella and Tom then MEET THE SAME FATE, thanks to the Tribesmen Extras, who use their fingers to poke mouth holes in the bags for air. Bella YELPS, Tom spits the taste out, Sylvia BITES A FINGER.

Uno JUMPS INTO ACTION, RIPPING wires from camera to monitor, uses them to - TIE TOGETHER THE BAGGED CAPTIVES! Dos, with The Director's BRANCH, BEATS THEM into a Jacó Death March.

EXT. FIAT - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Roberto pops the trunk, sees The Director's body and head.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fin and Roberto drag the body, leaving a trail of blood.

E/I. COSTA RICAN JUNGLE - UNPAVED ROAD - NIGHT

Dos drives Tribesman Leader and Tribesmen Extras in a Jeep. The extras remove their masks, celebrating. Then Dos rips off his mustache...and his toupee...and his fake nose - HE IVAN'S HENCHMAN DVA!

The '84 Yugo that kidnapped ESL follows, with Tom, Bella, and Sylvia tied up in the back. Uno drives, rips off his mustache...and a mole...and two fake front teeth...all with his pinkyless left hand - IT'S IVAN'S OTHER HENCHMAN, YEDAN!

E/I. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

BEGIN MONTAGE:

a) FIN'S BEDROOM - Fin downloads video files to a hard drive.

b) SYLVIA'S BATHROOM - In the tub, ROBERTO FINDS HANS'S BODY, covered in melting ice, empty plastic bags labeled "Hielo". He extracts the body, tosses it out a window into the pool, drains the tub, pours Clorox on the bloodstains.

c) FIN'S BEDROOM - Fin shoves film equipment into a suitcase. Clothes in another. Tucks everyone's passports in a backpack.

- d) LIVING ROOM - Roberto Cloroxes The Director's blood trail.
- e) KITCHEN - Roberto stands on furniture, scrubbing the ceiling. Fin motions to wipe prints off the counter instead.
- f) SHRUBS OUTSIDE OFFICE - Fin pockets the wifi jammer.
- g) BACKYARD - Fin and Roberto dump The Director's body in the POOL. Next to Hans's.

FIN

...so it looks like she drowned too.

Roberto points to the DECAPITATED HEAD. Fin tosses it in.

FIN (CONT'D)

Let CSI Costa Rica untangle that!

- h) KITCHEN - Fin and Roberto toast with Cadbury eggs.

END MONTAGE.

INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Uno & Dos, with two of the unmasked Tribesmen Extras, guide Targetto-bagged, chain-ganged Sylvia, Bella, and Tom.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Fin puts the Cadbury Creme egg wrapper in his pocket. Roberto nods with the confidence of a key production assistant.

ROBERTO

We're ready for last looks.

INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Uno & Dos lead the three chain-ganged captives into a cheaply lit off-off-Wall Street call center, where SIX Costa Rican EMPLOYEES in Targetto blazers sit in folding chairs at folding tables, with headsets and laptops.

BOILER ROOM OPERATOR 1
 ...Yes, señor. We are making
Pulp Reality in Indianapolis.
 Weeth 80% tax credeet. Eef
 you donate \$10,000, we can
 guarantee you a 300% return.

BOILER ROOM OPERATOR 2
 Congratulaciones! You've won
 our screenwriting contest. If
 you donate to our charity,
 we'll fund your film.

A booming female voice BARKS orders at them.

BOOMING VOICE (O.S.)
Ese-Bey-Cey - Siempre Be Closing!
 (to someone else)
 Gutierrez, you *gordo puto*, drop that
 banana-leaf-wrapped treat - tamales
 are for closers.

BOILER ROOM OPERATOR 3
 I buy jour script. Others
 make eet. Eet's ueen-ueen.

BOILER ROOM OPERATOR 4
 We have "Tomás Cruz" signed
 on for a live-action 3D
 remake of *Lady y el Tramp*.
 He's playing Lady...y el
 Tramp! Double role! Eet's
 practicamente guaranteed to
 make over \$150 million.

Pulling up the rear of the captives, Tom BUMPS into a desk.
 Dos pokes a hole in the bag for Tom's eye. But he YELPS, so
 Dos yanks the Targetto bag off his head, and the others'.

TOM
 It's Yedan!

SYLVIA
 And Dva!

BELLA
 Is this an Indiana call center?

TOM
 You're not as far off as you should
 be.

SYLVIA
 I think this is how *The Room* got
 funded.

BELLA
 I don't feel so good.

BOOMING VOICE (O.S.)
 You call yourself a *saleshombre*?
 Sales *hombres* earn *dinero*, you son
 of a *puta*!

BELLA
 E?

TOM
 S?

SYLVIA
 L?

To their shock, ESL IS ALIVE, and assistant directing the
 boiler room operation! A CHAIN CONNECTS HER NECK TO A POLE!

ESL
 (subtitled, in Spanish)
 OK, 15 minutes for food.

She starts off, but is JERKED BACK LIKE A DOG at the end of its chain. She SNARLS, sits, whips out a tamale, and eats.

INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - CAGE CONFINEMENTS ROOM - NIGHT

SEX SLAVES, in cages Sylvia and Fin saw on Ivan's monitors, call to Sylvia, Bella, and Tom as Yedan & Dva lead them past.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - KITCHEN/HALLWAY - SAME TIME

INTERCUT WITH

INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Fin inspects the knobs of the cabinets. No prints. Satisfied, he leaves, descends the hallway stairs.

Yedan & Dva shove the three captives down a tiny stairway.

Fin treads carefully, every step, one closer to freedom.

Sylvia STUMBLES, which JOLTS Tom, and Bella ALMOST COLLAPSES.

END INTERCUT

INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Yedan & Dva lead Sylvia, Bella, and Tom into a cell with empty shackles on the wall. Bella CLUTCHES HER STOMACH, falls. Sylvia gets dragged down with her.

SYLVIA
Christ, Bella!

BELLA
It's the *Imposible Burgero*.

Sylvia hesitantly offers Bella a hand. Tries to pull her up.

TOM
She'll live. It was just meat.

Yedan & Dva drag the very sick Bella, in between Tom and Sylvia. They CHAIN THEM all to the wall.

BELLA
(barely hanging on)
Can I please have some...some...
(pause)
some... fruit-misted spring water?

Yedan rolls his eyes, but runs off. Bella turns toward Tom and HEAVES. He jerks away. She turns the other way, vomits. It splashes on Sylvia's feet; Sylvia then starts GAGGING.

TOM

Oh God, not you, too.

SYLVIA

I can't help it. It's like *Stand by Me* - in a dungeon.

Bella's eyes roll. She TURNS PALE, COLLAPSES WITH A THUD. Her body CONVULSES; her SKIN TURNS BLUISH-GREEN. Sylvia panics and tries to slip out of the restraints.

TOM

Siri, take "dic"tation.
(smiling half-hearted)
Bluish cast to the skin. Clammy.
Blisters on arms and legs.

He reaches out, sultrily caresses Bella's grotesque cheek.

TOM (CONT'D)

Telltale signs of poisoning with
5,6,7,8-butyrylchloroacetyl-m-
trioxene. Conjecture: That *Imposible*
Burgero was...roofied??

(confused)

Oh, but it's exponentially more
potent for those with B12 deficiency
- like vegans! And that is usually
fatal within six hours of exposure.
We ate at 3. It's now -

He eyes the time: 8:59...which turns to 9:00. Bella makes a FATAL MOANING NOISE. Sylvia valiantly tries to free herself.

TOM (CONT'D)

She can't be saved. It's too late.

SYLVIA

Save her? I don't want to catch it!
Could be contagious!

Tom gawks at his "caressing" hand - wipes it on his pants. Yedan arrives with a case of LaCroix and ESL in tow. He sees Bella's repugnant body, drops the case on his foot.

YEDAN

Americanzi!

DVA

Idiota! She wasn't supposed to die.

YEDAN

I just gave her the roofieburger!
Text Ivan, then get her out of here.

DVA

(shrugging)
But first, permit me to take a
selfie.

He pulls out his phone as he kneels next to Bella's body.

DVA (CONT'D)

Say "vegan cheese!"

He snaps a photo, sends a text.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fin surveys the room filled with suitcases. As he navigates around an oversized suitcase, he TRIPS!

FIN

Agh, fuck!

He hits the ground hard. He opens his eyes -- face-to-face with ROBERTO'S DEAD BODY! Next to it, an empty Clorox bottle.

FIN (CONT'D)

BOOOOOOOOB-OOOOOOOOOOO!!

EXT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Fin solemnly dumps Roberto's body in the pool, where it joins the others. His cell RINGS. He answers without looking.

FIN

We lost Clorox Rob. *Bastardo* offed himself chuggin' bleach. Guess he couldn't handle production.

A LONG SILENCE on the other end of the line before...

IVAN

Change of plans: Tom and Sylvia are chained in my dungeon, everyone is dead by what looks like your hand. I suggest you reconsider our deal.

Fin's phone BEEPS. On phone: Dva's selfie with a deceased Bella - eyes open, Tom and Sylvia chained in the background.

FIN

I guess, she couldn't handle meat.
Fine. Fine! If I launder your money
in post; you'll release them?

IVAN

Bravo, Evan.

FIN

I gotta clear my head. Give me time.

INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

Dva drags Bella's body away. Looking on, ESL crosses herself.

TOM

(to ESL)

Bella's dead. Obviously.

SYLVIA

And we're gonna freakin' die, too.

ESL

Cut that attitude, Sylvia!

TOM

Why were you a cheerleader for *Los Lobos* of Wall Street?

ESL

They said it'd be worse if I didn't.
Also - I was damned good. Within
five hours, I sold all the
international territories for
Shaving Ryan's Privates.

SYLVIA

Who cares "why?" We're gonna die!

TOM

No - we're negotiation tools.

Yedan cracks open a bottle of LaCroix as Dva returns.

YEDAN

That's true - then you'll die.

Sylvia panics. Dva takes out the MATCHING BLACK GLOVE to the
one Fin threw in the pool, smacks her.

SYLVIA

The bathroom raper!

DVA
Whoa, someone's confident!

Sylvia's mouth's agape - she's insulted.

TOM
Wait. You've been following us?

DVA
We worked for you - we even
sharpened the crucifix!

TOM
YOU KILLED THE NUN!

DVA
No, she killed The Nun.

He beams in the direction he dragged Bella off.

DVA (CONT'D)
We just facilitated the means for
idiot producers to precipitate it.

He points to the wall, where hangs the sharpened crucifix -
right above the stolen screening room TV.

TOM
(shaking his head)
Is this a serial-killer's trophy
room or a foreigner's "man cave?"

DVA
We infiltrated your crew.

They pull out FAKE MUSTACHES, hold them under their noses.

Uno! TOM y Dos! SYLVIA

DVA
We pretended to be Costa Ricans even
though we speak no Spanish.

Sylvia glowers at ESL.

ESL
I thought they were Brazilians!

DVA
We assimilated like chameleons.
Chameleons who knew no Spanish -
but, chameleons nonetheless. Though
we had a few close calls...

Tom drifts off. Sylvia YAWNS. ESL fights to stay awake.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - FIN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

MOUTH DUCT TAPED, neck strung to a tiki torch with a YELLOW EXTENSION CORD, left hand RESTRAINED - FIN A PRISONER...

But his right hand slips from behind his back, breaking free! Nose HUFFING heavily. He's "*Almost there*"...and...then his right hand slips down...into his boxers!

The extension cord asphyxiates him autoerotically, bringing him closer to climax. The HUFFING quickens; his eyes bug out - in the door, IVAN HOLDS THE MACHETE THAT KILLED THE DIRECTOR!

IVAN

I gave you an ultimatum - and you're jerkin' me around?

INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - HOLDING CELL - LATER

Unnoticed by Dva and Yedan, Tom, Sylvia, and ESL sleep.

YEDAN

After The Nun's death, a small bribe took care of Officers Mendoza and Agustin. But then Dva lost his glove, attempting to scare some sense into Sylvia, when the young, horny one burst into the bathroom. But it worked out - you became paranoid that he had committed all the murders. He quit and came to us.

He laughs.

DVA

Then he agreed to kidnap Bella in exchange for getting rid of the SAG rep. But he was a terrible criminal. He never delivered.

YEDAN

We also kidnapped your bulldog, (re: ESL) promised to return her if you'd launder the money. But, she proved to be the best boiler room coxswain we'd ever had. Which is why we no longer needed to exchange her.

DVA
 And The Sad One here
 (re: Tom)
 saved himself from electrocution by
 giving his fan to your leading man.

SYLVIA
 (bursting out of sleep)
 You killed Hans! You...
 (drifting back to sleep)
 ...bastards...

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - FIN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Ivan lectures Fin, who remains self-restrained. A bottle of TOM'S RITALIN sits open atop the nightstand.

IVAN
 (re: machete)
 Recognize this?

He rips the duct tape off Fin's mouth.

FIN
 You killed The Director! Sicko.

IVAN
 And Bella. When you failed, Yedan administered a strong sedative via burger, popular with the frat boy crowd. I feared she'd have developed a tolerance to it; instead she died, and I lost the face for my campaign!

FIN
 At least I'm off the hook for that three-picture deal.

IVAN
 I chose DeShaaan first to scare you into complicity without sacrificing anything useful. But you assumed his death an accident. So I went after someone you did need - a mediocre cinematographer is always on dangerous ground.

FIN
 Allistair! ...for that, I thank you.

IVAN
 Thank Yedan. Or Dva. One of them pushed him off the cliff.

FIN
They were on set?

IVAN
In Slomanian, "Yedan" means "One",
and "Dva" means "Two".

FIN
Uno and Dos!! *Traidores!!*

IVAN
And poor, crazy Clorox Rob...

FIN
I KNEW he wouldn't drink bleach! I
mean, I thought he had, but...I also
found it weird...

INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

Yedan & Dva notice that their captives have fallen asleep.

DVA
Americanzi can't even stay awake.

They look bewildered, approach Sylvia and Tom, but stop when
they see RED, SWOLLEN, PUS-FILLED BLISTERS covering them.

DVA (CONT'D)
It's what killed the pretty one.

YEDAN
No, they didn't get roofied. Check
to see if they're alive.

DVA
You check.

Yedan glares at him. Dva puts on the black glove.

DVA (CONT'D)
It could be contagious.

ESL stirs. They jump, look at her. Yedan goes to check her.

YEDAN
She has no blisters.

ESL opens her eyes. Yedan & Dva look at one another.

DVA
It's alive!

YEDAN (CONT'D)
It's alive!

ESL looks at Sylvia and Tom.

ESL
 Manchineel tree! Gringos - no match
 for nature.

Yedan & Dva nod, in acceptance. She shakes her head.

ESL (CONT'D)
 One day without my guidance, and
 they die.

YEDAN
 Call Ivan and tell him.

DVA pulls out his cell phone.

DVA
 Siri - call Leather Face.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - FIN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Ivan terminates a call.

IVAN
 I have the most wonderful news -
 your comrades are dead.

FIN
 You broke our deal!

IVAN
 Welcome to Hollywood!

FIN
I make the Hollywood references
here!!

IVAN
 And it's you who broke our deal - no
 Bella. No cleaned money.

FIN
 I used your wifi jammer!

IVAN
 Because you knew I'd installed a
 tracking device. You were stalling.
 Your promises were not made in good
 faith.

FIN

Of course! They were made under duress! They're all void!

IVAN

You and my girls - all victims of greed. None before Sylvia refused my money! Producers, prostitutes - all the same! We both employ women for only their looks. At least I give them skills. Your neck-choker spoke good English - because of me.

FIN

But I don't lie to people!

IVAN

People lie to themselves. Listen: use post-production to launder my money, I fund your next project. Refuse, you die.

FIN

I have morals, asshole! Produce with a plagiarizer? Fine. A hack? Most are. Sexual assaulter? All are. But I won't produce with a murderer.

Ivan straddles Fin, CHOKES HIM with the extension cord still wrapped around his neck. Fin fights back, his EYES BULGE.

IVAN

If not you, someone will cooperate - why not reap the rewards yourself?

Fin releases his self-restrained hand, takes the cord off his neck, and lands a RIGHT CROSS TO IVAN'S FACE!

INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

Yedan, Dva, and a still-chained ESL stare at the TV screen.

ESL

That's Sancho - he's after his fortune and wife; both were stolen by his fake half-brother, Gonzalo.

Yedan and Dva GASP.

SANCHO (O.S.)

(in Spanish, subtitled)
You were actually sleeping with Conchita all along!

ESL

Sancho reveals that Gonzalo was actually sleeping with the elderly maid, who wore a mop as a blonde wig, while the wife was in a coma.

YEDAN

But didn't Sancho, in disguise, seduce this mop-haired old maid?

ESL

(thinking)

I believe so. Let's see if Sancho realizes he fell into his own trap!

BAM! The dungeon's high, barred window is PULLED OUTWARD, taking brick with it. Into the room stream FOUR REAL LABILABI TRIBESMEN and MIA, REDISCOVERED IN ACTION!

MIA and LEAD REAL TRIBESMAN SMASH THE TV SCREEN over Yedan. His head bleeds...REAL TRIBESMAN ONE and REAL TRIBESMAN TWO STAB DVA IN THE CHEST WITH THE CRUCIFIX.

MIA

I see Christian iconography pisses you off, too.

The Two Real Tribesmen and Lead Real Tribesman SCALP DVA and GRAB HIS BRAIN! ESL winces. They then scalp Yedan and chop up their bodies. REAL TRIBESMAN THREE examines Sylvia and Tom.

REAL TRIBESMAN THREE

(in Bribri, subtitled)

These two are dead. Unresponsive. Covered in welts. Flesh rotten. A week old, judging from the smell of the dirty one.

(re: ESL)

She looks too tough. Brain likely gamey. Best to leave her alone.

MIA concerned, runs to his friends. Real Tribesman One joins.

MIA

Don't eat their brains! Those are friendlies.

REAL TRIBESMAN THREE

(in Bribri, subtitled)

What did he say?

REAL TRIBESMAN ONE

(in Bribri, subtitled)

I think he's giving *Top Chef* tips.

REAL TRIBESMAN THREE
 (to MIA, in Bribri,
 subtitled)
 No, they've already spoiled!

Real Tribesman One nods as MIA approaches Sylvia.

MIA
 (to Lead Real Cannibal)
 I've seen this laziness before - on
 set. I think they're just asleep.
 (whispers to Sylvia)
 Hans is here!

She opens her eyes immediately, as MIA kicks Tom in the ribs. He wakes up, groggy, rubbing his side. Sylvia GASPS at the sight of Tom's hives - then he points out hers. She SHRIEKS!

MIA looks longingly at ESL, who returns his romantic gaze. He runs to Dva's torso, finds a keyring chained to Dva's belt, tries to free it. No luck. So he drags Dva's torso to her.

He unlocks her chains, tosses the keys-and-torso to Tom and Sylvia. Tom catches the keys, and the TORSO LANDS IN SYLVIA'S LAP! Tom unlocks their restraints as Sylvia almost faints.

MIA (CONT'D)
 (to Tribesmen, in
 celebratory solidarity)
 Hoo-ah!

He awaits a response, but they seem confused. He grabs ESL, plants a passionate kiss on her mouth. She reciprocates.

INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - CAGE CONFINEMENTS ROOM - NIGHT

Sylvia, MIA, Tom, and ESL unlock the cages of the sex slaves.

INT. PRODUCER'S RENTAL HOUSE - FIN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Ivan SWINGS THE MACHETE at Fin - Fin bobs and weaves. But Ivan CHARGES, PINNING HIM AGAINST THE WALL. He STRIKES AT FIN, ALMOST BEHEADING HIM, hits the wall, caking Fin in dust.

Ivan tries again, but Fin ducks, comes up with a tiki torch, and BLOCKS IT! With each machete blow, THE TORCH WEAKENS. Fin breaks it against his knees, wields its two halves, unleashing a BARRAGE OF BLOWS - IVAN CAN'T DEFEND THEM ALL!

After blows to Ivan's kneecaps and face, FIN PINS HIM DOWN. With no other choice, FIN RESTRAINS HIM - with his extension cord! TIGHTENS IT AROUND IVAN'S NECK. IVAN GASPS FOR AIR.

FIN
This is for Tom.

He TUGS ON THE CORD.

FIN (CONT'D)
And this is for Sylvia.

He tugs again, harder, STRANGLING IVAN MARKOVIC. TO DEATH.

EXT. US MOVIE BAZAAR - HOWARD JOHNSON MOTEL - DAY

ON SCREEN: SIX MONTHS LATER

A banner draped over the entrance of a motel, unchanged since the 80s, reads, "U.S. MOVIE BAZAAR". Fin, Sylvia, and Tom, in business attire, ramble past a green pool to the back alley.

TOM
Did I tell you I met MIA for lunch?
He said that when he was looking for
ESL he ran into the real cannibals.
They respected his autonomy and
survival skills. Apparently, they
feasted on the brains of the First
AC. Oh, and our SAG rep.

Fin's smile fades, as they see legs protruding from a
Dumpster - suddenly they THRASH. Fin JUMPS. Sylvia's unfazed.

SYLVIA
The LA homeless problem is even
worse than before we left.

The pair of Dumpster legs LANDS IN FRONT OF THEM - attached
to a MAN in a tuxedo, holding a plastic tray of shrimp.

TOM
My God - it's DeShaaan!

SYLVIA
How racist are you that you think
all black people are alike, alive or
dead?

The MAN walks over to them, eating his shrimp.

FIN
No, that's fuckin' DeShaaan.

Sylvia takes another look, faints. Tom attempts to catch her.

FIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing here?

DESHAAAN

Salvaging shrimp. White people throw out everything.

(off their glares)

I'm on a catering gig. Can't afford a badge, so I get paid to mingle.

FIN

No, how the fuck are you not dead?

DESHAAAN

Wait, wait, wait - you thought I was dead?

Sylvia comes to, sits up, nods in unison with Fin and Tom.

DESHAAAN (CONT'D)

And you didn't call the Costa Rican authorities...or the U.S. authorities...or my wife?

TOM

You have a wife??

DESHAAAN

Yeah, but I call her my "baby mama".

Winking, he pulls out a Ziplock bag, puts some shrimp in it.

DESHAAAN (CONT'D)

Told her I'd handle dinner!

FIN

You only listed Oprah as your next of kin! So I sent a fax to OWN.

DESHAAAN

But what about the texts I sent?

He hands them his phone.

INSERT OF PHONE SCREEN:

To: Fin, Sylvia, and Tom

Yo.

END INSERT.

FIN

That's one text. And one word.

TOM

And it came from a Nebraska number!

DESHAAAN

I swapped my phone with a grandma on the plane. I knew something was up with those Euro-cracker-ruble investors, so I went deep cover!

SYLVIA

In a James Bond tux?

DESHAAAN

Listen, so I was on the beach...

EXT. JACÓ BEACH - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

DeShaaan, LEFT HAND CUFFED TO A PELICAN CASE, feels a gentle wave against his feet. The hot sun bakes him.

DESHAAAN

I'm like Napoleon. This is my Elba!

He looks up the coastline. He sees Bella and The Nun in the canoe, speaking to The Director, Tom and Sylvia huddled. He takes another hit of weed. Things go hazy, his eyes close.

LATER:

Eyelids open as a huge wave crashes on the shore, racing up the beach, PULLING DESHAAAN INTO THE OCEAN!

DESHAAAN (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey. I need--

A strong rip current proves too much for him, FORCING HIM UNDERWATER, but he's handcuffed to the Pelican case.

DESHAAAN (V.O.)

Those cuffs really kept a brothuh from freestylin'!

Underwater, DeShaaan looks up - like an errant surfboard, the Pelican case SMACKS HIM IN THE HEAD, like an errant surfboard. He rubs his head, feels his back shorts pockets. EMPTY. Turns the right front pocket inside-out. EMPTY. Bobs for air.

DESHAAAN

Who took my keys?!

DESHAAAN (V.O.)
And I also lost my weed.

A bag of weed floats by. DeShaaan GASPS for air, struggles to open the Pelican case. Inside, an Arri Alexa camera - Jenny.

He then finds its underwater housing unit, puts it on the camera, sends it TOWARD SHORE on a swell. Closes the case. It buoys steadily, he climbs atop, floating like *Papillon*.

DESHAAAN
Hey, you bastards. I'm still here!
I told y'all, I ain't gonna be the
first to die.

He paddles with his free hand, FIGHTING THE CURRENT.

DESHAAAN (V.O.)
I spent two days in the ocean...

FLASH ON: THUNDER and LIGHTNING over the Pacific at night.

DESHAAAN (V.O.)
...before I came ashore in...I don't
know - Timbuktu?

SERIES OF SHOTS

-Overview of ISLA TORTUGA.

DESHAAAN (V.O.)
Guess they'd never seen the likes of
me before - all the natives wanted
my autograph.

-On the beach, BLONDE GERMAN TOURISTS greet DeShaaan. He signs their towels and beach balls, poses for pictures with them.

DESHAAAN (V.O.)
Communication proved difficult.

-DeShaaan acts out charades of filming a movie - attempting to convey the idea of getting back to Hollywood.

DESHAAAN (V.O.)
Finally, I just pointed at myself
and said, "San José. *Rápido*."

-A beat-up pickup truck drives down a JUNGLE ROAD--

DESHAAAN (V.O.)
I was exhausted. Luckily, they gave
me a comfortable bed.

--where DeShaaan sleeps in the bed of the pickup.

DESHAAAN (V.O.)
I woke up in a farm house in San
José - California! With a dozen guys
named Miguel and no wallet!

-US INTERSTATE 101-S: DeShaaan thumbs down an Uber.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. US MOVIE BAZAAR - HOWARD JOHNSON MOTEL - DAY

Sylvia and Tom stare at DeShaaan, dumbfounded. Mouths agape.
Fin whips out his phone, orders a Pelican case online.

FIN
Respect - you cheated death.

SYLVIA	TOM
But while we were producing the movie from Hell-	-and fighting for our lives-

SYLVIA	TOM (CONT'D)
-you were eating shrimp-	-out of Dumpsters...

Sylvia puts her shades on, turns her back, and motions for
Fin and Tom to leave DeShaaan in the dust, when--

DESHAAAN
Wait! I forgot - I sold the movie!

FIN
We've had no bites all day! And you-

TOM	SYLVIA
How?	To whom?

DESHAAAN
I pitched the VP of Acquisition at
Magnum Pictures. While he was at the
urinal. Captive audience.

TOM
I didn't think you knew what the
movie was about.

DESHAAAN
(shrugging)
I'm good in a room.

SYLVIA
Yeah - the bathroom.

DESHAAAN
He said they've been looking for something just like it.

FIN
But what if we'd already sold the movie?

DESHAAAN
You couldn't sell it without me - which is why I sold it without you!...forged your signatures.

They all glare at him. He holds up the platter.

DESHAAAN (CONT'D)
Shrimp?

INT. MAGNUM PICTURES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Producers and DeShaaan face an EXECUTIVE across a desk.

EXECUTIVE
Great to meet you all. I thought DeShaaan's partners were silent. We're excited to be the first to market with a Costa Rica-infused faith-based sci-fi historical-fiction bio-pic mystery.

SYLVIA
Excuse me?

FIN
What the fuck?

EXECUTIVE
DeShaaan bowled us over with the logline. We don't usually buy projects without viewing at least a sizzle, but, wow, we've never heard of anything like a five-genre-crosser like *Brainforest* before.

Tom rubbernecks DeShaaan. DeShaaan winks back.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)
The specs are all in the executed contract. When can you deliver?

Fin jumps out of his chair, LEAPS ACROSS THE CONFERENCE TABLE, and TACKLES DESHAAAN. Tom and Sylvia stare, CATATONIC.

SYLVIA
 (swaying and chanting)
 We have to go back. We have
 to go back.

TOM
 (swaying and chanting)
 We have to go back. We have
 to go back.

EXECUTIVE
 (chuckling)
 You creative types and your
 differences! Why don't you get back
 to me?

THE END.

MID CREDITS:

INT. US MOVIE BAZAAR - HOWARD JOHNSON MOTEL - BATHROOM - DAY

DeShaaan stands at a urinal, but isn't using it.

DESHAAAN
 By now, it's already in the can.
 Someone's gonna snap it up pronto.

EXECUTIVE (O.S.)
 Say no more - you've got a deal.

A hand extends to DeShaaan. They shake. The EXECUTIVE's hand zips his pants, and flushes. He walks to the sink to wash his hands, revealing himself in the mirror.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)
 This is the labyrinthine snarl-
 cinema the public doesn't know they
 want - a film set in a world in
 which John Wilkes Booth never
 existed where an 1800s Christian
 space cult led by a re-animated
 Abraham Lincoln works to track down
 his own murderer after crash-landing
 on a planet indistinguishable from
 modern-day Costa Rica...

DeShaaan walks up to the sink. Washes his hands, too.

DESHAAAN
 Oscar bait, right?

EXECUTIVE
 I mean, it sells itself!

DeShaaan smiles. Shrugs - "No big deal."

THE REAL END.