

THE WHOLE WORLD OR NOTHING

Written by

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INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

A man stands inside a phone booth on a crumbling, sun-scorched sidewalk near a market. One side of the booth is coated in dust, the other splintered from a bullet hole.

SUPER: "SANTA CRUZ, BOLIVIA - 1980"

SPADE (40s) holds the grime-crusted receiver half an inch from his ear. He wears a tan suit that was once expensive but now travel-worn. He's rugged, lean, with a face built for he wanted posters of men long dead.

Sporadic POPS in the distance. Frantic SHOUTS.

Spade speaks with a FRENCH ACCENT.

SPADE

The Butcher is here. Klaus Barbie.  
He's helping Tejada and the  
traffickers with their little coup.

He listens for a beat. DRUMS his fingers on the phone box.

SPADE (CONT'D)

It's a little more than intuition.

He glances through the splintered glass. A block and a half away, half a dozen men stand in the middle street, FIRING at a police station with rifles and shotguns. The air is smoky.

SPADE (CONT'D)

Barbie is reporting to someone. I  
will investigate *le gros bonnet*.

The VOICE on the other end gets LOUDER. Arguing. Spade hangs up. Exits the phone booth and walks toward the battle.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A small, bullet-riddled police station. The front windows are blown out. Blood pools on the sidewalk.

The front door flies open. A soldier holds it steady.

KLAUS BARBIE (late 50s) strides out. Balding, thick, a butcher in multiple senses of the word. He pushes a wheelbarrow stacked with cocaine bricks like it's a Sunday errand.

Around and behind him, his MERCENARIES loot the station, In front of him, three COPS kneel on the pavement, their hands behind their heads.

Barbie maneuvers the wheelbarrow with one hand. He barely slows as he pulls a razor blade from his pocket and SLICES one cop's throat. He carries on. Like it was an afterthought, like swatting a fly.

Spade watches from the shadows, behind a large canvas-covered military truck. He grimaces, GRUNTS, and reaches his hand inside his jacket. Then...

... A COMMOTION from a side street. At least ten locals, ragtag but furious and armed, CLATTER toward the mercenaries.

Barbie points at various men and BARKS orders.

BARBIE  
(in German)  
You four, deal with them! The rest,  
with me!

Four mercenaries advance toward the locals. The others follow Barbie and the cocaine cart to the other end of the street where there vehicles are parked.

Spade presses himself against the side of the truck facing the buildings.

Two mercenaries approach, LAUGHING. One, LANKY with a pock-marked face, watches a WOMAN try to sneak past them down the alley.

LANKY MERCENARY  
(in German, mostly)  
Where do you think you're going,  
*hermosa*? Come with us instead.  
You'll like our place.

He snatches her by the arm. She SCREAMS. The other mercenary grins and shakes his head as he climbs into the DRIVER's seat. He CRANKS the engine.

Spade steps out from behind the truck. Quiet. Purposeful. Hand still inside his jacket.

The lanky mercenary spots him. Spade's hand flashes out...

A small WWII trenching shovel, a *Klappspaten*, unfolds with a SNAP. Its blade is razor-sharp.

The mercenary's eyes grow wide in fear or maybe recognition.

Spade rams the... spade... into the man's skull. Deep. Fast. The mercenary crumples. Blood pours down his face.

The woman backs away. Spade nods at her. Then turns.

The truck DRIVER leans around the windshield and sees his companion twitching on the ground. He scrambles for his gun.

Spade yanks his shovel free and hurls it like a spear. It pierces the driver's chest. Stays embedded.

Spade sprints over. Reaches into his waistband. Pulls a knife from its sheath. Runs it across the driver's throat. A wet GURGLE. The driver slumps over the wheel.

The other trucks on the street start to pull away.

Spade ducks behind the truck and pulls open the flap. Surveys the contents: Crates of weapons. Explosives. A bunch of aviation equipment-- propellers, water landing gear, fuel.

He jogs over to the driver's door and pushes the body onto the floor between the seats.

He climbs in. Glances in the mirror. Wipes speckled blood from his face. Shifts into gear. His lips curl into something like a smile.

SPADE  
De Charybde en Scylla.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

The six-vehicle convoy RUMBLES down a winding dirt road. The jungle looms on either side.

Spade trails the others. The truck radio CRACKLES. A German VOICE. A question. He ignores it.

Ahead, a jeep sits pulled off to the side of the road. Empty.

The radio CRACKLES again. The same question.

Spade hesitates. Then responds.

SPADE  
Ja.

Silence. Then he sees it...

The convoy ahead has stopped. Six mercenaries stand in the road, rifles trained on him.

Spade slams the brakes.

Gunfire erupts.

He throws the truck into reverse...

... A large tree crashes onto the road behind him. He stomps on the brake pedal again, stopping inches from the branches.

He glances into the jungle. Sees the two men from the jeep who felled the tree. A trap.

Bullets SMACK through the truck's windshield. Then the passenger side. The men from the jeep are firing.

Spade ducks down. Grabs the dead driver's rifle. Rises quickly. Spots the men. Returns fire. SHORT BURSTS. Precise.

The men from the jeep drop. Dead.

Spade jumps out of the passenger side. Bullets RIP into the ground around him. He goes to the truck bed and grabs a fuel can. Pauses. Takes a second look. Climbs inside and tugs loose a seven-foot-long canvas bag. Drops it onto the ground.

He douses the truck bed and exterior in kerosene.

Jumps down into the shallow ditch on the side of the road and pulls out a heavy rock. Carries it over to the driver's side.

He drops the rock onto the accelerator, jams the truck into gear, and dives out of the way.

It ROARS forward, slightly downhill, its tires kicking up dirt. Toward the mercenaries.

Their RATE OF FIRE increases. A couple peel off and run.

Spade grabs the canvas bag's handle and drags it behind him off the road, over the ditch, and into the jungle. He starts to climb the steep, thick hillside.

Distant SHOUTS. Then a CRASH. A ball of fire can be seen through the trees. BOOM!

Spade climbs.

EXT. JUNGLE RIDGE - EVENING

Twilight. Spade stands near the edge of a cliff. He peers through a small pair of binoculars.

Far below, the three remaining convoy vehicles crawl slowly down the winding road, barely visible beneath the canopy.

He slides the binoculars into his jacket pocket. The canvas bag, open and empty, lies at his feet. And next to it...

... A fully assembled **hang glider**.

He lifts it. It quivers in the breeze. He steps inside the crude carriage.

He grips the control bar. Takes a deep breath.

And leaps.

The glider catches the wind, sending him soaring over the jungle, toward the convoy.

EXT. SECRET BASE - NIGHT

A jungle clearing in the Andean foothills. A crude but operational dirt airstrip stretches alongside a river. A rickety wooden bridge spans the water.

A dozen military tents are scattered about. Up against the base of a hill, the skeleton of a mansion stands partially constructed-- wood frames, half-built walls, exposed beams.

The sound of distant INSECTS and the occasional low murmur of VOICES fills the air. Spade's glider is silent as it starts to descend from the night sky.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

Spade lands. Neither perfect nor graceful, but not catastrophic and quiet enough.

He gets to his feet with a low GRUNT. Looks around. No one seems to have seen him. He drags the glider off the airstrip, toward a pair of parked biplanes.

EXT. BASE - NIGHT

Spade moves low and fast, slipping between tents. Guards patrol in pairs, guns slung over their shoulders.

He approaches a larger tent with a wooden floor. Its canvas FLAPS in the humid night breeze.

INT. MEDICAL TENT - NIGHT

Spade slips inside the dimly lit tent. Looks around.

Five closed coffins rest on the floor. Surgical equipment strewn around. Papers, crates, vials of unknown liquid.

He moves to a table covered in documents. Starts to snap photographs with a miniature camera.

Behind him...

... A coffin lid shifts. Softly SCRAPES.

A hand slowly emerges. Its veins glow. A faint blue. The fingers twitch. It claws at the air.

Spade doesn't see or hear it.

A floorboard SQUEAKS. Spade freezes. Cocks his head. The blue hand clamps onto his shoulder. He spins around.

The figure is clad only in underwear. Gaunt. Eyes sunken. His skin is translucent-- the entire arterial network pulses with unnatural blue light.

BLUE MAN

(in German)

Find Eriksson. Please! Tell him I  
need to go back down!

Spade tries to SHUSH him. Instead, the man SCREAMS.

Spade bolts out of the tent.

EXT. BASE - NIGHT

He ducks into the shadows. He tries to catch his breath. Across the base, he spots...

Barbie stepping out of a tent, joined by another man, dressed in a full **Nazi** officer's uniform. KAMMLER. Much younger (early 40s). Fit. Trim. Severe.

Spade follows them, weaving between tents, up a mound of dirt, and into the half-constructed villa.

INT./EXT. HALF-CONSTRUCTED VILLA - NIGHT

Wood beams loom overhead, skeletal walls barely standing. Construction paused mid-progress. Dim lanterns flicker.

Spade crouches behind a stack of lumber.

Barbie and the other Nazi approach a mustached third man, COLONEL TORRELLO, in what will one day be the villa's central courtyard. Torrello wears a Bolivian military uniform.

Barbie speaks in HEAVILY-ACCENTED ENGLISH.

BARBIE

I recovered your shipment, so you  
can stop your whining. Look around.  
Kammler's building you a palace.

Barbie tosses a brick of cocaine. Torrello catches it, but  
his expression remains sour.

TORRELLO

A palace atop a pit of vipers.

Barbie grins like it's a compliment.

KAMMLER

If Tejada's coup is successful, we  
won't need to remain much longer.  
Although Eriksson will require  
continued access to the site. His  
research is far from complete.

Spade pulls a deck of trading-sized cards from his seemingly  
bottomless pocket. He flips through them. Each is marked with  
the face of an escaped Nazi war criminal.

He stops on one. The caption reads: "*Hans Kammler - Engineer -  
Auschwitz Architect - V-Weapons Developer.*"

He glances up. It's him. Kammler.

A slow exhale. A moment of decision.

Then...

... A metallic CLICK behind him.

VOICE

(in German)

Stand.

Spade freezes. A barrel presses against his skull. He stands.

Barbie, Kammler, and Torrello turn to face him.

The man with the gun forces him forward. Spade turns his head  
enough to glimpse the shadowed figure's face.

SPADE

Müller.

MÜLLER (late 30s) smirks and bows politely. Then he snatches  
the deck of cards from Spade's hands. Flips through them with  
mild amusement as he continues to press Spade onward.

Then, Müller WHISTLES and makes a casual hand gesture.



... At least twenty uniformed Nazis emerge from the darkness and surround the courtyard. All younger than 30. Weapons raised. Ready.

Spade's shoulders slump slightly. He knows he's fucked. But his face doesn't show it yet.

Barbie steps forward to examine Müller's prisoner. His eyes widen in recognition. First anger. Then creeping amusement.

BARBIE

Look, everyone. We have a guest.

He flips open Spade's filthy jacket and yanks out the shovel. Twirls it in his hands. Smiles wide.

BARBIE (CONT'D)

*La Pelle. Die Klappspaten.* The Spade. The great and powerful Nazi hunter.

A sudden SLAP. Spade winces. Falls back a step. Recovers.

BARBIE (CONT'D)

Well, you dirty hound, you've sniffed us out. So what will you do now that you've caught us?

Spade shrugs, weary.

SPADE

My kennel mates will be close on my tail. I reported you. You're done.

BARBIE

Once this little coup is complete, extraditing the new Secretary of State Security might not be so simple. Isn't that right, Torrello?

Torrello gives a slight nod but avoids eye contact. Müller stands at ease, still perusing Spade's cards.

Barbie fishes his razor from his pocket. It's still caked in dried blood. He plays with it. More casual than menacing.

Spade looks Barbie up and down. His balding head. His round, chubby frame.

SPADE

The years have caught up with you. I didn't recognize you at first. You two, on the other hand...

He smirks at Kammler and Müller.

SPADE (CONT'D)

... Care to tell me why you still  
look exactly the same as your  
photos on those cards?

Kammler CHUCKLES. Müller shakes his head, amused. Barbie's  
face darkens.

BARBIE

They'll let me down into their  
little clubhouse again soon. Once  
I've finished their... dirty work.

MÜLLER

Depends. Can you prove you won't go  
blood-crazy again like last time?

Barbie's breaths quicken. His grip on the razor tightens. He  
turns to Spade. Drags the dull edge along his cheek. His hand  
trembles with excitement.

BARBIE

No. I don't think I'll be able to  
prove that just yet.

His tongue flicks against his lips.

BARBIE (CONT'D)

Tell me, *Klappspaten*, do little  
French children still frighten each  
other at night with tales of the  
mad butcher of Lyon?

Spade doesn't flinch. He smiles.

SPADE

No one says your name at all. No  
one remembers you. Except me.

Barbie flips the blade. Drags it lightly across Spade's  
forehead. Blood trickles out. Spade clenches his fists.

BARBIE

We're going to have such a time  
together, you and I. Is that why  
you're smiling, too?

Spade meets his gaze. Relaxes his hands.

SPADE

No. It seems my journey ends here.  
But I still have work to do.

(MORE)

SPADE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Choices, choices...

He turns his head slowly. *Barbie. Müller. Kammler.*

Then again. *Barbie. Müller. Kammler.* Then...

... He snaps his left hand upward. Jerks his elbow.

A small, spring-loaded blade releases into Spade's palm.

Before anyone else can react, he lunges forward and drives the blade straight into Kammler's throat.

Blood spurts. Müller and Barbie drop down to the ground. Torrello stumbles backwards. Trips, falls.

MÜLLER

(in German)

Kill him!

Gunfire ERUPTS from a dozen of the surrounding rifles.

Spade and Kammler both collapse under the hail of bullets.

Silence. Smoke.

Müller, Barbie, and Torrello rise slowly. Shaken. They shake their heads to try to rid themselves of the ringing.

Barbie's nostrils flare. He glares at Spade's body. Then SNARLS. Hurls the razor to the ground.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

(in German, subtitled)

Take this dog away. See if **The Pit** wants his body.

Spade lies in the dirt. Blood pools. His breath is ragged.

Through blurred vision, he sees Kammler's lifeless form nearby. Several pairs of boots shuffle toward him.

Across the courtyard, between the wooden beams, he glimpses a stretcher carried by two soldiers. The blue man from the medical tent twists and writhes upon it.

BLUE-VEINED MAN

(shouting in German)

I am ready... My god, I'm ready to meet you again. I know you are hungry...

They descend a dark stairwell leading underground. A dim glow trails behind them. The blue man's frantic voice echoes.

BLUE-VEINED MAN (CONT'D)

(in German)

I hear your dreaming song beneath  
the stone... Let me awaken with  
you... Devour me, I beg you!...  
Open your mouth... I am yours...

Arms grab hold of Spade. They lift him up. His eyes flutter. He EXHALES.

Darkness.

EXT. SAMAIPATA, BOLIVIA - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A picturesque small town nestled in the Andean foothills. Colorful colonial-style buildings. Its narrow, cobbled streets bustle with activity as the sun begins to dip behind the hills and tourists start searching for dinner.

SUPER: "SAMAIPATA, BOLIVIA - PRESENT DAY"

EXT. HOSTEL PATIO - DAY

ANNIE CONWAY (23), lounges on a deck chair with a book in the small courtyard of the "Hostel Serena." She's petite, but her tank top reveals toned arms.

The fenced courtyard faces a busy street. A young couple naps in adjoining hammocks near the back. She's otherwise alone.

A low RUMBLE from the street makes her glance up. A large, flatbed, canvas-covered flatbed truck parks across the road.

She tucks her book into her day pack. Checks her phone: 6:25.

The lock screen shows a photo of Annie and a teenage girl in helmets and life jackets, arms around each other, grinning. Behind them: forested hills, a river, a tethered whitewater raft.

Across the street, the stocky Bolivian truck driver/tour guide, ALDO (30s), jumps out and ducks into a store.

Annie shoulders her pack and ambles toward the gate.

As she unlatches the front gate, a cacophony of LOUD, LAUGHING VOICES erupts behind her. She glances back-- four backpackers spill onto the patio from the dorms.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Annie crosses the street, stops near the truck, and turns to observe the group as they walk in her direction:

- LUTHER DOBBS, 28. Tall and blonde. Busy tattoos peek out from under his short-sleeve t-shirt. A sun-burnt neck.

- ELINE JANSSEN, 24. Striking and also blonde and tall. Wears a sundress. Has a faint Dutch accent.

- LABICHE, 23. Short, muscular, deeply tanned. French accent.

- HANA, 24. Small, but taller than Annie. Brunette, dark eyes. Heavy Eastern European accent.

They spot Annie as they cross the street. Eline and Hana wave at her. She smiles back.

LABICHE

Are you doing the Starlight Tour?

Annie has a strong southern accent.

ANNIE

I am. Hi, I'm Annie.

LABICHE

Labiche. From Sèvres, France. This is Hana, from Warsaw. We just started our fifth month of six.

Labiche throws an arm intimately around Hana. She kisses his cheek, then breaks free enough to extend her hand.

HANA

Warsaw and Prague. My mom is Czech. Nice to meet you.

ELINE

I'm Eline. From Utrecht. In Holland. A pleasure. Two months in.

Luther swings his backpack around, flashing a Canadian maple leaf patch.

LUTHER

Luther Dobbs. Toronto. I'm the loser. On a two-week vacation.

ELINE

The tourist.

Luther LAUGHS, but looks a bit sour.

LUTHER

Some of us have bills to pay.  
Someone has to keep the world  
humming along.

Eline pecks him on the cheek.

LABICHE

(to Annie)

Et toi?

ANNIE

What? Oh. I'm from the US.  
Maynardville, Tennessee. And uh, I  
flew in to Santa Cruz on Monday.  
Got here yesterday. Start of a year-  
long trip.

The others' eyes widen.

ELINE

A babe in the woods! Look how soft  
and fresh you are. Stick with us.  
We'll be sure you don't get eaten.

LABICHE

Why did you start in Bolivia?

ANNIE

Um. Family history, I guess. I...

Luther cuts in, pointing down the street.

LUTHER

Hey, isn't that...

The others turn to look and then grin.

ELINE

Mr. Whole World!

KIT FAVERSHAM (38) approaches. Older than the others, but  
lean, fit, and handsome. Sun-bleached, light brown curls and  
a beard. He puffs on a cigarette. Has a posh English accent.

LABICHE

You came.

KIT

I'm here against my will, but I  
accept my fate amiably.

Kit smiles. He spots Annie. Offers his hand.

KIT (CONT'D)  
Kit Faversham.

Annie returns his handshake firmly.

ANNIE  
Annie Conway. Have we met before?  
You seem familiar.

Kit's shoulders drop. The others LAUGH.

ELINE  
It will come to you soon enough.

Their guide Aldo emerges from the store, carrying a Fanta. He gives the group a once-over.

ALDO  
Good. You're all here. ¡Vámonos!

INT. TRUCK BED - CONTINUOUS

They pile into the truck's wooden bench seats. Another passenger is already there.

ILLI ALVAREZ, 26, Peruvian, skinny and short, around 5'3. He wears a brown lambskin leather jacket and satchel, khaki pants, and a beat-up Chicago Cubs cap.

He smiles eagerly as they board and GREET him. Luther looks Illi up and down and smirks.

LUTHER  
Look at *Indian*-a Sanchez over here.  
Indian Indy.

Annie's mouth drops. Eline GASPS. Slaps Luther's shoulder.

ELINE  
Asshole! You sound American.  
(to Annie)  
No offense.  
(to Illi)  
I'm sorry.

ILLI  
It's okay.

LUTHER  
Sorry, dude. Bad joke.

ILLI

That's not my name. But it's close.  
I'm Illi.

LUTHER

Seriously?

The driver door SHUTS and the truck RUMBLES to life.

ILLI

Nickname. I studied for a year in  
Illinois. Chicago. Northwestern.

He taps his Cubs cap.

LUTHER

(stifling another smirk)  
You gave yourself that name?

Eline pinches Luther's leg.

ILLI

My given name is even more... on  
the nose. *Inty*. It means "sun" in  
Quechua. I'm from Peru. Cuzco. And  
before you ask, yes, I'm an archeo-  
geography student.

Illi tugs his jacket and satchel strap.

ILLI (CONT'D)

Yes, yes, I know exactly how it  
looks. I'm working on my PhD at  
uni, studying the Tiwanakan  
culture. That's why I'm in Bolivia.

KIT

Brilliant, mate. I just came from  
Titicaca. Did the ruins.

ELINE

I was there, too. So magnificent.

KIT

You're our guide? I didn't know the  
Tiwanakans came this far east.

ILLI

(shakes head)  
No. I'm just here to see, like you.  
Most people say they didn't come  
this far. I think they did.

The truck rolls down the road.



EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - EVENING (ESTABLISHING)

At sunset, the truck crawls up a road atop a beautiful mountain ridge. The Andes surround them.

INT. TRUCK BED - EVENING

Annie turns to Eline and Luther.

ANNIE

So how about you two? How long have you been together?

ELINE

Oh, forever.

LUTHER

We met four days ago in Cochabamba. I had split off from the friends to check out the lithium mines down in the salt flats.

ELINE

Relationships are accelerated on the trail. You go from honeymoon infatuation to "you're smothering me" to break-up within a week.

LUTHER

So we've got what, three days left?

ELINE

You're not a real backpacker, babe. You're lucky if I last another day.

She laughs and pats his leg. Annie studies Kit.

ANNIE

Mr. Whole World? What does that mean? Wait... Ahh.

LABICHE

You got it now. "The Whole World or Nothing." That reality show. Kit and his two army buddies backpacking the world. Two seasons, right? We all watched it as kids. What, fifteen years ago?

KIT

(sighs)

Twelve years. Not a reality show. A documentary. Three series.

(MORE)

KIT (CONT'D)

I had been in the army, yes, but my friends were from uni.

ANNIE

You kept traveling after the cameras stopped?

Kit shrugs. Holds up his digital camera.

KIT

I still have this one. And no real reason not to. *Every* reason to keep going. The whole world or nothing.

ELINE

He's like the backpackers' mascot. A good luck charm if you run into him on the trail.

KIT

That's what they say, hmm?

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP PARKING LOT - EVENING

The truck pulls into an empty dirt lot near the mountain's peak. They pile out. Aldo points up the trail. They follow.

EXT. OBSERVATION PLATFORM - EVENING

The sun is gone, leaving only a faint glow over the eastern peaks. Stars begin to speckle the sky.

They stand on a wooden observation platform overlooking a mountaintop saddle shaped by an ancient, unknown civilization - *El Fuerte de Samaipata*. Geometric and animal carvings are etched into the rock, long walls, stone dwellings.

*(NOTE: This is a real Bolivian site, but can be adapted to a smaller or fictional site for budgetary/logistical reasons.)*

Aldo addresses the group.

ALDO

... So the Spanish built their fort atop an Incan outpost, which itself stood on a site crafted by an unknown people, possibly the Chané, thousands of years earlier. Enjoy the rare privilege of touring under the stars, free from the daytime crowds. I will be around to answer any questions.

## EXT. MOUNTAINTOP TRAIL - EVENING

The two couples have split off. Annie, Illi, and Kit stick together and stroll through the ceremonial center at the mountain's peak. They examine a circular area with nineteen carved niches.

KIT

You think the Tiwanakans made this?

Illi runs his fingers over one of the niches.

ILLI

No. This is too old. You've seen Tiwanaku. It's a marvel. This place is beautiful, but crude. I think the Tiwanakans moved into it later.

ANNIE

Is Tiwanaku worth a visit?

ILLI & KIT

Yes. Absolutely.

ANNIE

I don't know anything about it.

ILLI

Not many do. It's a puzzle, with most of the pieces missing. What we know comes from excavations at their capital near Titicaca. They absorbed cultures instead of conquering them. Their structures are so magnificently mysterious that some people claim Atlanteans or aliens built them. That's racist rubbish, of course.

They continue down the path. Kit tries to take a few photos, but it's too dark. Illi stops to examine another carving. Annie approaches him.

ANNIE

What made you decide to study this?

Illi presses his palm against a niche, eyes closed.

ILLI

My mother is Incan. Her people believe the Tiwanakans are the progenitors of all humans.

(MORE)

ILLI (CONT'D)

And it's impossible to grow up in Cuzco without feeling the pull of history. Unless you're my father.

ANNIE

He doesn't approve?

ILLI

He works for the Peruvian government. He says he believes in progress. But he believes some things should stay buried.

Kit squats down next to them.

KIT

The outfit's coincidental then?

Illi smirks.

ILLI

Not exactly. I watched the movies over and over as a kid. Helped that his name was close to mine. He was everything I wanted to be. Except, you know, the great white savior part.

(laughs)

I know it's cheesy. I don't care.

KIT

Had any adventures yet that are worth telling?

Illi stands up. Looks around at the landscape.

ILLI

I'm about to start.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - NIGHT

Hana and Labiche lay on a flat rock, holding hands, gazing at the stars. Thirty yards away, Luther and Eline sit on a high ledge, legs dangling. Eline whispers in Luther's ear.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A crescent moon has risen to the north. They all climb back into the truck bed. Aldo pokes his head inside.

ALDO

All ready? Let's go home.

He pats the bumper and disappears from view. His footsteps CRUNCH on the gravel.

Another distant VOICE calls out. Aldo and the other man exchange some MUFFLED WORDS IN SPANISH. Then a dull THUD against the truck.

Suddenly, they're blinded by bright headlights from a vehicle parked fifty feet away that they hadn't noticed.

Three men step into the light. Two hang back while the third, CHOQUE, moves closer, his details obscured by the glare.

CHOQUE  
(in Bolivian accent)  
I am Sergeant Choque with the  
provincial police. You're here  
after-hours. Please step out of the  
truck and show your papers.

They shield their eyes.

LUTHER  
Our guide has a permit. You should  
speak with him.

CHOQUE  
Please come out.

ILLI  
¿Podemos ver su identificación,  
señor?

CHOQUE  
Cállate. Step out of the truck.

They glance at each other, worried. Hana, nearest the exit, jumps down to the gravel. The others reluctantly follow.

CHOQUE (CONT'D)  
Good. Passports, please.

They rummage through pockets and backpacks. A FAT MAN with a baby face steps forward and collects the documents.

Only Annie and Luther have their actual passports. The others hand over folded photocopies. Annie notices Luther's-- **it's American**, not Canadian.

KIT  
Can we see *your* ID, sir?

Choque SNORTS and flashes a badge. An obvious fake. Plastic. Choque holds up the photocopies.

CHOQUE

These are a problem. Copies are no good.

Labiche and Hana stand nearest Choque. Labiche looks indignant, emboldened by the fake badge.

LABICHE

Bullshit. This is a scam.  
(to the others)  
Get back in the truck.

The Fat Man sneers and shoves Hana, sending her stumbling to the ground. Labiche turns...

The Fat Man drives a club into his gut. Labiche GRUNTS, doubles over.

Kit surges forward and attacks the fat man. He grabs the club and twists it out of his hands fairly effortlessly.

The third man, really a KID no more than 16 years old and barely taller than Illi, steps forward and SHOUTS.

KID

Hey!

The kid holds a pistol with both jittery, shaking hands. Kit drops the club, puts his hands up, and backs away.

KIT

No problem, no problem. Tranquilo.

Annie and Luther hang toward the back, near the truck. Annie trembles. Luther calmly watches the scene. Illi seems frozen by fear. Eline looks angry.

ELINE

What do you want?

The fat man picks up his club from the ground. Glares at Kit.

CHOQUE

Everyone calm. Since you have no passports, we will need to make collections for our wasted time.

ELINE

No. Take us to your police station.

The fat man turns and SLAPS her hard in the face. Luther does nothing. The kid keeps the shaky gun pointed at Kit.

CHOQUE

Turn out your pockets.

Choque and the fat man move through the group, collecting valuables, removing jewelry. When Choque gets to Kit, he reaches for his camera. Kit holds fast and fiddles with it.

KIT

Let me take out the card first.

Choque yanks it. Kit holds firm, prying open the SD slot.

Meanwhile, the fat man reaches Annie. Her pockets hold only a few coins. He lingers, leering at her lasciviously.

FAT MAN

Debería buscar debajo de tu camisa.

He grabs hold of the bottom of her t-shirt.

Luther finally moves. He shoves the fat man. He stumbles back a few feet and then raises his club.

The kid panics and drops the gun. It CLATTERS to the gravel. He scrambles, scoops it up, and wildly waves it. Panicked.

Kit stares him down.

KIT

I don't think you've got any  
bullets in there.

*(NOTE: The preceding action partially echoes what happened in the first years of World War Two.)*

A groggy Aldo stumbles forward, pressing a rag to a wound on his head. He waves an arm, MUMBLING incomprehensibly. Illi turns to Choque.

ILLI

You got all you'll get. Deberías  
irte ahora.

Choque stares at Illi for a moment. Then his face softens. He looks genuinely sad.

CHOQUE

This could have been without  
violence.  
(to his men)  
¡Vámonos!

The kid scurries away. The fat man glares at Luther before backing off. The three robbers retreat to their vehicle.

The backpackers exhale.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

The truck descends the mountain road. Illi drives, biting his lip. Aldo sits in the passenger seat holding a rag to his head.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The truck pulls up to the small Samaipata police station. They climb out of the truck and trudge into the station.

INT. HOSTEL COMMUNAL BATHROOM - NIGHT

2 AM. Annie stands under the shower. She trembles. The water obscures whether or not she's crying. A long, jagged scar is visible across her upper back.

INT. HOSTEL DORM ROOM - DAY

Morning. Annie methodically packs her backpack. Eline slips in, quiet, past sleeping dorm mates. She eyes Annie's pack.

ELINE

(whispers)

We've made breakfast. Would you  
like to join us?

Annie glances at Eline, then back at her bag.

ANNIE

Sure. Give me a minute.

EXT. HOSTEL DINING PATIO - DAY

Illi, Luther, Eline, and Annie sit at a table on the tranquil back patio, finishing breakfast. Overhanging branches cast dappled shade. Birds CHIRP in the cool morning air.

Kit enters from the semi-outdoor communal kitchen, carrying a tray of coffee mugs. He distributes them.

ELINE

The key to sticking to your budget  
is to make your own food whenever  
possible. Pasta. Stir fry. When you  
get sick of that, street vendors  
have the best food for cheap.



Annie accepts a coffee from Kit.

ANNIE

Where are Hana and Labiche?

Illi and Luther avert eye contact. Stare at their coffees.

KIT

They got spooked after last night.  
They left a couple days early. Took  
the morning bus. Going up to  
Titicaca and then on to Peru.

ELINE

(to Annie)

We wanted to make sure you weren't  
thinking of doing the same. I saw  
that you might be.

Annie shrugs. Kit sits across from her.

ANNIE

This place doesn't seem as magical  
as people say it is anymore.

KIT

Listen. What happened is rare,  
especially in Bolivia. But if it  
does, you roll with it. Think of it  
like this: almost everyone gets  
mugged once on a long-haul trip.  
Almost no one gets mugged twice. So  
the worst has happened. Be happy  
it's over. Now you're free.

Annie sips her coffee, considering.

ANNIE

Then why did Labiche and Hana  
leave?

Everyone is silent for a moment.

ILLI

It was their third robbery.

ANNIE

Then what the hell are you guys  
talking about?

KIT

Hey, hey. It proves my point. No  
one gets mugged three times. They  
had bad ju-ju.

(MORE)

KIT (CONT'D)

They were smart to leave. But you should think of it as a solemn occasion. A memory was born last night. One that will stay with you forever. A story you'll tell at fancy dinners or drunken bar nights or Christmas parties or whatever the hell you people do once you go back to normal life.

Annie smiles.

KIT (CONT'D)

Just make passport copies. Keep the real thing locked up.  
(looks at Luther)  
Both of you idiots.

Eline smacks Luther's shoulder. He winces more than expected.

LUTHER

Ah, my fucking sunburn! Jesus.

ELINE

Sorry, baby. I mean-- sorry, you lying, sneaky Americunt.  
(turns to Annie)  
No offense, my darling. Cover your ears. You're wonderful.  
(back to Luther)  
Yankee Doodle Dickhead. Chopper.

She erupts into a fit of GIGGLES, then kisses Luther on the cheek. Annie raises her eyebrow, perhaps surprised how small of a deal it is. Eline notices.

ELINE (CONT'D)

There are far too many Canadians in hostels. Most are Americans. They think they're clever. We always know.

ANNIE

What do you do about a stolen passport, anyway? How screwed am I?

LUTHER

I'll check in at the police station to see if they've heard from the embassy before we head off to the waterfalls. You should come.

Eline brighten.

ELINE

Yes! Spend the day with us at Las Cuevas. Then decide. No hard feelings. You've got all the time in the world.

EXT. LAS CUEVAS WATERFALL - DAY

A picturesque, 50-foot waterfall, surrounded by rocks and cloud forest. A crescent-shaped sandy beach and a wide pool below the falls. A slice of paradise.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Annie, Kit, Illi, Luther, and Eline emerge from the forest and see the falls for the first time.
- Setting up a spot on the beach.
- Stripping down and plunging into the cold water. Illi remains on the beach, smiling at them. Tattoos cover Luther's chest and shoulders. He catches Annie staring.

LUTHER

I used to be in a band.

- Eline swings on a thick rope swing and plops into the water. The others CHEER.
- Illi shows Kit how to use a waraka-- an Incan sling. They fling rocks into the jungle and laugh.
- Luther takes photos of Eline, posing in her bikini beneath the waterfall in a series of sexy/ridiculous poses.
- Annie steels herself, then leaps from a tall boulder into the pool.

EXT. LAS CUEVAS WATERFALL - DAY

Eline and Luther goof off on the rope swing. Luther tries to pull off some tricks. Eline eggs him on.

Annie and Kit sit a couple feet apart, mostly submerged. Illi perches on a rock, still clothed in his standard uniform.

More people have arrived-- both locals and other backpackers. Some picnic, others swim and drink.

KIT

Anyway, you should be honored.  
You're now part of Bolivia's long  
history of violence and foreigners  
mixing together.

ANNIE

Oh?

KIT

Yeah. Che Guevara was captured and  
executed in the Bolivian jungle.

ILLI

His body was put on display not  
fifty kilometers from here.

KIT

Then let's see. There was Klaus  
Barbie. The Nazi Butcher of Lyon.  
Tortured hundreds of prisoners to  
death. Then came to Bolivia after  
the war and worked for the junta's  
secret police for decades before he  
was finally nabbed in Cochabamba.

ILLI

He wasn't the only one.

KIT

Who else? Oh, how could I forget.  
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.  
Went out on a blaze of glory in the  
desert down south.

Annie raises her eyebrows.

ANNIE

So you saw the movie. You believe  
that's what happened?

KIT

Why wouldn't I?  
(turns to Illi)  
Sure you don't want to get in? It's  
hot as hell. I see you sweating.

Illi smiles and shakes his head.

ILLI

I'm fine. I'm not fond of water.

KIT

So that's your weakness then? Not snakes?

ILLI

I had a pet tree boa as a kid. I have to leave soon, anyway.

ANNIE

Where ya off to?

ILLI

I told you my adventures were about to begin. I heard of some ruins several kilometers down in the jungle. Not undiscovered, but unexcavated. Rarely seen. I want to see if they're Tiwanakan. The only way to get there is by river. I'm going to try to hire a raft and a guide. Which, given my distaste for water, makes me a bit nervous.

Annie's eyes widen and she blurts out without thinking.

ANNIE

You know, I was a rafting guide back home in the Smokies.

ILLI

Really? What are these Smokies?

ANNIE

Mountains where I live. And yeah. Five summers in a row.

Kit turns to Illie and grins.

KIT

You smell that? Think I'm catching a whiff of, what is that, fate? What do you say? Care for some company? We could all do with a little adventure. Rub off last night's stink. Purify our souls. All that.

Annie hesitates. Looks down at the water. Somber. Illi beams.

ILLI

Why not?

Kit stands up and calls out to Luther and Eline.

KIT  
Hey, kids! Want an adventure?

Luther, halfway up the rope, shouts back.

LUTHER  
Fuck yeah!

Eline gives a thumbs up. Kit turns back to Annie.

KIT  
What about you? Ready to guide us  
into the unknown? To fortune and  
glory?

ANNIE  
I don't know. I'll have to think  
about it.

ILLI  
Could I at least trouble you to  
come with me to the tour company to  
ensure I ask the right questions?

ANNIE  
That I can do.

EXT. HOSTEL PATIO - DAY

Returning from their errand to the tour company, Illi and Annie unlatch the gate and enter the hostel patio. Illi carries a couple maps. They walk across the patio together.

ILLI  
So? What do you think?

ANNIE  
Honestly, it sounds doable with a  
competent guide. This time of year  
it should be mostly Class Two,  
maybe a couple Class Three rapids.

ILLI  
I don't know what that means, but  
it sounds good?

As they near the dorms, the hostel PROPRIETRESS emerges from her shaded station and waves at them.

PROPRIETRESS  
Miss Annie Conway, is it? Someone  
dropped these off for you.

She hands Annie two passports. Hers and Luther's.

PROPRIETRESS (CONT'D)

Very lucky.

A piece of paper sticks out of her passport. Annie pulls it out. A handwritten note in Spanish. Illi translates.

ILLI

It says, "We only meant to extract a small tax. We didn't want to hurt you. Please understand and enjoy our beautiful country in peace."

EXT. STREET MARKET - EVENING

Samaipata's main street buzzes with the dinner crowd. The group waits at a vendor's cart, where sausages SIZZLE on the grill. The sign above reads: "Authentic German Knackwurst."

Storm clouds roll in over the mountains.

KIT

I envy you.

ANNIE

Why's that?

KIT

All the big feelings happen at the start of a trip. Overwhelming, sure, but that's what you should enjoy. Before you get numb to it. A year is a long time to travel, but too short to build a life. You're never in the same place long. You latch onto people fast.

ELINE

The beauty and the curse. You experience so much so quickly. So intensely. You're always leaving people behind. You make good friends and then split. You hope to see them again, but of course you rarely do. For a short while you were best friends, and then time makes you strangers again.

ANNIE

For what it's worth, I'm glad I ran into you guys first.

The elderly white woman behind the grill hands out their sausages. Annie takes hers and nods at the woman.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Not the local fare I expected.

KIT

They don't call Samaipata "Little Switzerland" just for the scenery.

Annie bites into her sausage. Her eyes roll in pleasure.

ANNIE

Damn, that's good. Explain.

KIT

Like Illi said, Klaus Barbie wasn't alone. Argentina and Chile were far worse, but Bolivia allowed many... dubious foreigners to emigrate here after World War Two. More than a few settled here in Samaipata.

Eline pauses furiously blowing on her sausage.

ELINE

Just what we need. Jungle Nazis.

KIT

(laughs)

If they're still alive, they're older than the Frau here. In their hundreds. I'm fairly certain we can handle even a dozen centenarians.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

Rain pours. A neon sign above a bar glows: "La Boheme." Music THUMPS inside.

INT. "LA BOHEME" BAR - NIGHT

Kit and Luther stand at the busy bar, waiting for their drinks. They SHOUT over the din in order to be heard.

KIT

Are the salt flats worth seeing?

LUTHER

If you're into endless, empty desolation, then absolutely.

(MORE)



LUTHER (CONT'D)

Or if you're looking to get into the lithium business.

KIT

That's why you went?

LUTHER

Yeah. A bit of both.

KIT

Lithium's booming, huh?

LUTHER

You have no idea, man. Demand grows 5x every year. Bolivia's sitting on top of the biggest reserve in the world, but only mining a fraction. All you need is a fast tongue and a clever idea on how to get it out of the ground more efficiently.

The bartender slides them six drinks. They carefully balance them as they cross the bar.

KIT

You've got an idea then?

LUTHER

Working on it.

At their table, Illi, Annie, and Eline hover over Illi's maps. Annie gestures as she talks, pausing only to acknowledge Kit and Luther's return before continuing.

ANNIE

These are the only trouble spots. Otherwise, it's easy. We cut in to Amboró National Park-- technically illegal without a native guide, so we need to be careful.

ELINE

How long will it take?

ANNIE

(whistles)

Hard to say. Depends on the flow. Maybe two hours to the ruins. The takeout is marked by two big white rocks. Then another three or four hours to get down to Claranta where we can catch a bus back up here.

ILLI

You don't think it's too dangerous?

ANNIE

The guy at the shop said a few groups go down there every season. Most don't have any trouble. But five years ago, one group supposedly drowned and ten years back, another vanished. It's not without risk. But sounds like they were-- not to speak ill of the dead-- idiots. No guide. No experience. In the rainy season.

Luther indicates the POUNDING rain on the tin roof above.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

It just started. Shouldn't be an issue.

Annie studies Illi.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You said you don't like water. What does that mean exactly? It's unlikely, but if we flip, how worried should I be about you?

ILLI

I won't be happy about it, but I'll be okay. I can swim.

She nods.

KIT

(excitedly)

Wait. I just caught your pronouns there. Does that mean you're in?

Annie take a deep gulp of her beer and cracks a smile.

ANNIE

I reckon it does. I am.

They all CHEER and CLINK glasses.

KIT

To finding a lost city!

ILLI

Or at least a previously catalogued, minor outpost.

ELINE  
Spoil sport.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

A pickup truck rattles down a rutted, muddy road through the cloud forest. Illi is in the cab. Luther, Eline, Annie, and Kit sit in the back, holding a large raft above their heads.

The raft bounces hard on their heads with every bump. They wear loose life jackets. Luther and Eline wear helmets; Annie and Kit don't. They alternate between LAUGHTER and GROANS.

ANNIE  
If you can handle this, the river  
will be a piece of cake.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

The truck stops. The DRIVER and Illi climb out and CONVERSE INDISTINCTLY in Spanish while the others struggle to unload the raft. Then Illi jogs over to help.

ILLI  
He says the road is too bad to  
continue. But we're close. We walk  
the next half-mile until we see a  
black tree burnt by lightning. We  
should hear the river. We'll see a  
path. Another quarter mile to the  
launch spot.

The driver calls out in Spanish.

DRIVER  
El río será más grande debido a la  
lluvia de anoche. Más amplio. Más  
adentro. Cuidado con los árboles.

ILLI  
He says the river will be...  
swollen from the rain last night.  
To be careful.

ANNIE  
I'm sure we'll be fine. But tell  
him enough helmets for everyone  
would have been nice.

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - DAY

Caked and slathered in mud, the group emerges from the forest onto a small rocky beach. They gaze upon the river.

LUTHER  
Doesn't look too bad.

Indeed, the river is flat and wide here. Quite beautiful. Patches of morning mist still linger in the shaded places where the sun hasn't yet burned it off.

They set the raft down and wade into the water to wash off. Annie starts to drag the raft in.

ANNIE  
Pop quiz. Most important rule?

Eline buckles her life jacket.

ELINE  
Keep this buckled.

ANNIE  
Good. What does "left back" mean?

ILLI  
Left side people paddle backward.

ANNIE  
What happens if you fall out?

KIT  
Try to hold onto the raft or get to shore. If not, float on your back, feet downriver.

ANNIE  
Good. But the first one was wrong. Most important rule is to listen to me, no matter what, while we're on water. Don't try to use your own judgment. Defer to mine.

LUTHER  
Yes, ma'am.

He starts towing the raft.

LUTHER (CONT'D)  
Which way?

ANNIE  
 (smirks)  
 Downstream's probably best, right?

KIT  
 Wise judgement indeed.

They toss in their paddles, climb aboard. Annie pushes them off. She doesn't notice the half-submerged, hand-carved sign: "¡Cuidado, Aventureros!"

EXT. RIVER - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Paddling down the calm, placid river.
- A dramatic view of the breathtaking, distinctive rounded peaks of Amboró National Park
- The group points and laughs at a troop of monkeys HOWLING angrily at them from the overhanging trees.
- The river widens and starts to speed up.

EXT. RAFT ON RIVER - DAY

They approach a bend. White water churns ahead. Boulders.

ANNIE  
 Stay steady and calm. Left paddle!

She dips her oar and steers them expertly around one of the rocks. They float safely along the right bank.

When they pass the rapids, they CHEER exultantly.

EXT. RAFT ON RIVER - DAY

The river is calm again. Eline trails her hand in the water. Luther sprawls against one side. Kit stares at the mountains. Even Annie is relaxed. All listen to Illi.

ILLI  
 My mom's people call their  
 Tiwanakan ancestors "the people of  
 the rocks." The Spanish suppressed  
 Incan myths, so there now remain  
 several disparate creation myths.  
 (MORE)

ILLI (CONT'D)

But all feature a magical cave named *Pagariq Tampu* from which the gods first emerged. Some say it was near Cuzco. Others claim it's east of Lake Titicaca. A flooded underground river forced them to flee *Uku Pacha*-- the lower world-- for our surface world before eventually ascending to the sky. While in our world, they built Tiwanaku and taught humans agriculture, mathematics, those wondrous building techniques, and a code of ethics. Civilization.

KIT

You think the magical cave is real? And it's where these ruins are?

ILLI

(shakes his head)

No. Maybe a cave existed once, maybe not. But if these ruins this far east are Tiwanakan, then their sphere of influence was much larger than we thought...

Eline, lulled by the CHIRPING birds and Illi's voice, drifts toward sleep.

ILLI (CONT'D)

Once a question forms in a human's mind, it must be answered, even if it takes three thousand years...

EXT. RAFT ON RIVER - DAY

The landscape shifts. They have descended a mile in elevation. The forest has thickened to jungle. It's hotter, too. They sweat.

When Eline opens her eyes, Illi's narrative has been replaced by Luther's over-enthusiastic proclamations.

LUTHER

They call it white gold. You all know lithium powers batteries because it transfers energy with minimal loss. Electric cars are driving demand through the roof. But it's fucking everywhere, man.

(MORE)

LUTHER (CONT'D)

It makes airplanes and bicycles lighter. Ceramics and even nuclear bombs. Not to mention this...

He digs around in his pack until he pulls out a prescription bottle. He SHAKES it, a bit manically.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Mood stabilizer. Fuck it, yeah, I take it. Since I was little. Maybe it's my destiny. Lithium's even naturally present in the human body, though no one knows why.

ELINE

If it's so great, why do batteries catch on fire all the time?

LUTHER

How the fuck should I know? It's not "all the time." If it was--

ANNIE

It's the energy density. Damage can cause a thermal runaway event. If water gets in, it forms hydrogen gas which is explosively flammable.

The others look at her, puzzled.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I studied Chem for two years in college before taking a break.

She stands up and points.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Look alive.

Whitewater and some sharp twists and turns up ahead. Large, imposing rocks along both banks. They get back into position.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Okay, this time take it easy. Straight down the middle. Ride right through it.

KIT

Are you sure? It looks--

ANNIE

Remember rule number one. Both sides paddle hard and straight.

They shoot down the narrow channel between the rocks. Halfway through, she pushes her paddle hard against a rock to keep them on track.

They slide over a submerged rock just before exiting the chute. Then SPLASH down. They WHOOP in exhilaration.

Kit cocks his head to the right.

KIT  
Shit, is that--

Annie looks, too. Two tall, narrow, white rocks.

ANNIE  
Yeah, fuck. We missed it. We have to turn around. Right back, hard!

She drops her paddle to start to turn them around. Those on the right side paddle backward; the left keeps going forward.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Now, both paddle forward. Hard!

The boat struggles against the current, but inches back toward the rocks.

Finally, with great effort, they get to a calm section and ease in between the rocks to a sandy shore.

They haul the boat onto shore and tie it to a tree. Most try to catch their breaths. Illi, however, is raring to go.

He finds what could liberally be called a path-- some flattened plants through the dense jungle. Motions for them.

ILLI  
Let's go, lazy bones! They say it's only a few hundred meters. Keep your eyes open. Your horizons are about to be broadened.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

They emerge from the path into a semi-clearing, about two hundred yards across. It looks like someone cleared the space some time ago, but the jungle has crept relentlessly back.

At first they don't notice anything particularly remarkable, but then the odd shapes and incongruities scattered throughout begin to reveal their true natures.



Raised artificial mounds strewn with rubble. The remains of walls. Dwellings. Most covered in flora. Two monoliths nearly ten feet tall.

Illi darts toward a pile of rocks the others overlooked.

ILLI  
(excitedly)  
See their shape? Look. This was a  
small pyramid of some kind. Wow.

Then he darts off to a relatively in-tact section of wall.  
Pauses. Closes his eyes. Touches the stone.

ILLI (CONT'D)  
Wow. Wow. Wow.

Annie watches him and can't help but smile at his infectious enthusiasm. Kit walks up behind her.

KIT  
Congratulations.

ANNIE  
For what?

KIT  
You got us here. Something tells me  
that was a big deal for you.

ANNIE  
We met two days ago, Kit. This is  
at least a Day Six conversation.  
How about you guess my middle name,  
or favorite color, instead.

He throws up his hands in surrender, but smiles.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Besides, we haven't gotten to the  
tough part yet.

Kit looks at Illi as he rushes over to one of the monoliths.  
He snaps photos with his phone and takes notes.

KIT  
It would be nice to be able to  
muster such enthusiasm.

ANNIE  
You're sick of life already?

KIT

The problem with living inside one long, eternal Saturday is that tomorrow will be exactly like today and the day before.

ANNIE

Oh, poor you. Traveling the world. Seeing wonders. Being welcomed everywhere. Must be hell.

Kit kneels by the wall Illi examined. Somewhat surprisingly, Annie follows.

KIT

I got my fifteen minutes. Sailed into the sunset. But the sun does rise again, you know. And that's the thing. You can keep chasing that sun. No one tells you that you can do that. Or how addictive that can be. What about you?

ANNIE

What *about* me?

KIT

What are you chasing? What made you decide to see the world for a year by running away from it?

Annie scowls. Kit continues before she responds.

KIT (CONT'D)

Before you answer, I want to disabuse you of a notion you'd be wise to hold. I don't hope this banter will lead to flirtation which will turn to something else. I'm aware I'm old enough to be your rakishly charming uncle. I have no nefarious intentions. I'm genuinely interested, but I'm English, so I can't say it outright.

A ghost of a smile forms on Annie's face.

ANNIE

Your heart is starting to show. Cover it up.

KIT

You said you came to Bolivia on family business. You don't look Bolivian.

She studies him a moment, then SIGHS.

ANNIE

Before I start, I'm gonna disabuse you of a notion, too-- I don't give a shit if you believe me or not.

KIT

I like where this is heading.

ANNIE

You ever heard of Etta Place?

Kit shakes his head.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Of course not. Well, I know you know her husband. Harry Longabaugh.

Kit still looks clueless.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Jesus. Harry Alonzo Longabaugh. The Sundance Kid. Supposedly, Etta and Harry, they're my great-great-grandparents.

KIT

They had a kid down here?

ANNIE

No. After they got back from here they had three. She came back first. He followed a year later. They moved East where no one knew them. Tennessee. I came here to see where they were, by all accounts, happiest.

KIT

(jovially)

Bullshit. I saw the movie. He and Butch Cassidy died in a gunfight.

ANNIE

I told you I don't care if you believe me. But maybe Google it when you get back to Wifi.

Now Kit studies her, unsure if she's screwing with him.

KIT  
Etta then, obviously.

ANNIE  
What?

KIT  
Your middle name. And... orange.

ILLI (O.S.)  
Come look at this!

They stroll over. Illi has cleared vines from the monolith, revealing intricately carved faces. Luther and Eline join.

The carvings depict four bearded figures-- one grimacing, another baring fangs, a third with a single eye, the last devouring a snake.

ILLI (CONT'D)  
These are exactly like the ones at  
the sunken court at Tiwanaku.  
(turns to Kit)  
You've seen them. Same, right?

KIT  
Definitely similar.

ILLI  
But these, oh my God, they're all  
bearded. The myths talk about the  
Ayer siblings-- four brothers and  
four sisters who emerged from the  
cave at Paqariq Tampu. One of them  
was *Viracocha*, the Incan creator  
god. Some left, some stayed to  
guard the cave and were turned to  
stone. The men were all bearded.

LUTHER  
Isn't that where the Atlantis thing  
comes in? You don't see many people  
like you with beards.

Illi scowls but doesn't let it dampen his enthusiasm.

ILLI  
True. Indigenous people rarely have  
beards. But that's the point. These  
carvings refer to the people from  
Paqariq Tampu.  
(MORE)

ILLI (CONT'D)

And these are undeniably Tiwanakan.  
This changes everything.

He trembles with excitement, near tears. Eline squeezes his shoulder. They all move in for a closer look.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Illi still looks around excitedly while the others sit on a blanket amidst the ruins, eating lunch.

They are seen from an odd angle. From within the trees. Some branches rustle. A flash of clothing. **They're being watched.**

EXT. RIVER SHORE - DAY

They finish loading everything back into the boat.

ANNIE

(to Illi)

Did you get everything you needed?

ILLI

I could spend weeks there. I'll be back. But I'm good.

ANNIE

There's more rapids ahead. The next bit will be hardest. Stay sharp.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

They successfully navigate another series of modest rapids.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Annie looks nervous. No white water, but the river's flow is intense. Faster, narrower.

The river bends sharply but remains navigable.

And then, up ahead... she can't believe her eyes...

... An enormous mahogany tree, 150-feet tall, sways and then leans over the river. And then it falls...

She starts to raise her finger and almost shouts, but they all see it. She WHISPERS instead.

ANNIE

Oh no.

The massive tree SMASHES down with incredible force, CRASHING into the river and stretching almost all the way across it.

Annie stands up. Tries to locate a safe route.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Hard to the left!

She plunges her oar into the water. Illi and Kit, on the left, paddle furiously. Luther and Eline look petrified.

The current's too swift, the banks too steep. Their only chance-- a narrow passage between the tree top and shore.

They over-compensate, and get spun around. They flow toward the tree backward. Annie tries to fix it, but the others are inadvertently fighting against her.

A huge wave from the tree's impact surges upstream. It lifts the raft up out of the water and on top of a rock. Illi and Kit are thrown into the surging water.

Annie SHOUTS while she works to free them from the rock.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Swim to shore if you can!

She shoves the raft free with her oar. She glances over at Illi and Kit. They appear to be making progress toward shore.

The raft slams into another rock and they're spun around again. Then they CRASH into the tree's upper branches.

The sharp branches puncture the raft in several places. Luther and Eline panic, trying to swat the branches away, but they only become more entangled.

Luther leaps out. SPLASHES. Swims furiously toward shore.

The punctured raft starts to sink beneath the branches. Eline is caught in the mass of rubber and ropes. She SCREAMS and then gets pulled under by the surging current.

Annie rips off her life jacket. Grabs a knife from her bag. She allows the current to suck her into the swirling vortex where Eline disappeared.

## EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Underwater, the sinking boat wraps around her. She tries to wriggle free against it. Slashes at it.

She sees Eline-- thrashing. Her leg caught in a rope.

Annie dives, knife extended. Grabs Eline's leg. Eline panics and kicks wildly. Annie holds fast. She slices at a section of the rope. Then another. Until Eline is able to kick free.

Eline shoots to the surface and Annie follows behind her.

## EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Annie breaks the surface and comes up too hard and too fast. She SLAMS her head against one of the branches. Her face drops back to the water, momentarily stunned.

Eline maneuvers around the branches toward the shore.

Annie comes to. She GASPS, and swallows a mouthful of water in the process. But it's enough to shake her awake.

Annie claws wildly for something to hold. Thin branches break off in her hands. Finally, she grabs hold of a solid one.

She uses the last of her strength to pull herself up. She crawls through the nest of branches along the trunk.

She CHOKES and SPUTTERS up a mouth full of water. But she keeps going. Stumbling on hands and knees through the nest of branches as the trunk widens, toward the opposite shore.

She almost makes it to the other side when she gets suddenly dizzy and collapses onto the thickest part of the trunk.

She tries to pull herself forward but only manages to move a few inches. She hears distant SHOUTS from her friends.

Just before she loses consciousness, she sees the remaining base of the tree's trunk on the shore...

... It has been **cleanly cut** through with a saw.

## INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Annie's eyes flutter open. Stares blankly for a moment before throbbing pain pulls her into focus. She touches her head. Winces. It's bandaged.

She's in a four-poster, canopied bed. The room is antique, tastefully furnished, dimly lit by a bedside lamp.

She's wearing only her swimsuit. Her shorts and t-shirt, neatly folded, rest on a chair by the window. Her river shoes beneath them. Laundered.

She rises cautiously. Crosses to the window. Peers out. It's dark. She can't see much. But she hears HOOTING birds, BUBBLING water, and MUTED VOICES.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fully re-dressed, Annie descends a curved wooden staircase into a large living room. It's empty and dark. But a light glows outside and the VOICES are louder. She walks toward it.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

The Spanish-style villa is built around an open-air courtyard, meticulously landscaped, with a central stone fountain, and a large dining table, at which eight people presently sit. It's lit by several tiki torches.

The door opens and Annie emerges, still looking confused. She relaxes at the sight of her four friends-- Illi, Eline, Luther, and Kit-- seated at the table, uninjured.

They brighten as she enters.

KIT

Our hero awakens!

The four other men at the table rise to greet her.

ELINE

How do you feel?

Annie's eyes dart back and forth between her friends and the strangers. Her friends appear relaxed, so she tries to also.

ANNIE

My head hurts, but I'm okay.

COLONEL JORGE TORRELLO BUSCH, at the head of the table, appears to be about 60. A large beer belly, sharp nose, and Spanish complexion. He wears khakis and a white shirt. A military jacket is draped over his chair.

Torrello stands and rounds the table to approach her. He speaks with a Bolivian accent.



TORRELLO

My name is Colonel Jorge Torrello  
Busch. Welcome to my humble home.

He kisses her cheeks. Annie receives it awkwardly.

ANNIE

Thank you. Where exactly are we?  
(turns to her friends)  
You guys are okay?

ELINE

Thanks to you. You saved my life.

LUTHER

And to these men. They fished us  
from the water. This house is just  
a quarter mile from the river.

KIT

We picked the right spot to  
shipwreck, huh?

TORRELLO

Indeed. There's nothing but jungle  
for many miles. Please allow me to  
introduce my associates.

He first gestures to a short man with round glasses and a  
haphazard comb-over. BRUNO bows curtly.

TORRELLO (CONT'D)

Bruno is my Swiss business  
associate. He facilitates my and my  
European partners' lithium mine  
interests in the south.

Annie notices Luther's eager nodding. Torrello does, too.

TORRELLO (CONT'D)

Yes, yes, I will soon answer all  
lithium questions you can muster.

Luther reddens. Torrello faces the other two men. First,  
ERIKKSON (late 30s). Tall, blonde.

TORRELLO (CONT'D)

This is Dr. Matteo Eriksson, from  
Göteborg University in Sweden. And  
his Finnish assistant Heinrich.

Eriksson approaches Annie and shakes her hand, perhaps  
noticing her discomfort with Torrello's kisses.

HEINRICH (40s), dark-haired, stays seated. He nods curtly at Annie with piercing blue-gray eyes.

ILLI

(excitedly)

Dr. Eriksson is an archaeologist. He's staying here while studying the ruins we saw. They're six miles upriver, but he's been maintaining them. He said he'll show me more sites tomorrow that haven't been catalogued.

ERIKKSON

Always good to meet a fellow enthusiast.

TORRELLO

Where are my manners? Please, sit. Oh, we don't have a chair.

A servant already approaches, carrying an extra chair.

TORRELLO (CONT'D)

Such efficiency.

The servant, who also looks European, wedges the chair between Torrello and Eline. The men return to their seats. Annie sits, too. Eline leans in and WHISPERS.

ELINE

You were a goddess. I owe you my life.

ANNIE

I'm the one who endangered it.

ELINE

Did you make a tree fall?

TORRELLO

Are you hungry?

ANNIE

Honestly, I'm starving.

Torrello turns back toward the open door.

TORRELLO

Well then, we shall--

Before he finishes, two more servants arrive. One, arm in a sling, carries a water pitcher. The other, a steaming plate of rice, beans, and beef.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Annie scrapes her plate clean and takes a big gulp of water.

ANNIE

So what's the plan?

LUTHER

The Colonel radioed in a request for a helicopter pickup, but it's tied up in Santa Cruz.

ANNIE

(frowns)

There's no road here?

TORRELLO

It hasn't been used for years. Grown over. The helicopter service has made me complacent. If they can't come by tomorrow, you may ride with Bruno on his scheduled pickup the day after.

KIT

It's not like we're on a tight schedule. Every day is Saturday.

Torrello furrows his brow, not understanding. Then he smiles and stands.

TORRELLO

Regardless, I'm delighted to have visitors, however unexpected. My home is yours. I will give you an tour of the grounds tomorrow. I think you can all do with rest now.

They all nod their assent.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The five backpackers WHISPER in the living room.

ANNIE

What else did I miss? Is it safe? Can we trust them?

LUTHER

Why shouldn't we? They rescued us.

ILLI

Well...

ANNIE

What?

ILLI

I know of Torrello. We learned about him in school. He was not ... nice. Helped lead the Cocaine Coup of 1980. The right-wing military overthrew the government with the help of cocaine traffickers and European mercenaries recruited by Klaus Barbie. Torrello led campaigns of torture and execution of hundreds of dissidents. Looks younger than I thought he would, though.

The others seem to have heard this already.

ANNIE

And he's our host?

ILLI

(shrugs)

He knows I know him. He says he's mellowed. Changed. But what he did requires much penance.

KIT

Fishing out some drowning foreign idiots would be a good start.

ANNIE

Hmmm.

EXT. VILLA PATIO - NIGHT

Annie steps onto the tiled patio. She tentatively touches her bandaged head. She walks a few paces and looks up at the brilliantly bright stars. Frogs and insects CHIRP in the surrounding jungle.

The door opens behind her. Kit steps out. She give him a small, fleeting smile.

ANNIE

I failed.

Kit stands by her side. Lights up a cigarette.

KIT

One does occasionally. Even the best of us. Especially the best.

ANNIE

If I study that a while, it might  
turn out to be a compliment.

They stroll along the perimeter, listening to the JUNGLE  
SOUNDS. Kit catches sight of a servant watching them from a  
second-story window. He waits a moment before speaking.

KIT

If I didn't know better, I'd say  
we're under guard. Earlier, I saw  
men with rifles patrolling the  
entrance. I wonder if they're--

He turns, but Annie is no longer beside him. She's sitting on  
a small stone wall, SOBBING.

He goes over to her.

KIT (CONT'D)

What's wrong? Are you in pain?

He shakes her head, SNIFFLES, and wipes her face.

ANNIE

No. Yes. But that's not it. I'm a  
selfish idiot. I almost killed us.

Kit sits beside her.

KIT

You're not hearing us. It wasn't  
your fault. You saved Eline.

Another flood of tears.

ANNIE

No. You don't understand. I... I  
don't want to talk about it.

KIT

It sounds like you might.

Annie wipes at her tears again. A pause. Then...

ANNIE

Last summer I took my sister  
kayaking in the Nantahala Gorge. It  
should've been easy. A freak  
current trapped her. I couldn't get  
to her in time. She drowned.

KIT

Oh. Shit. I--

ANNIE

I had to get far away. Then, as soon as I got here, Illi mentioned the raft trip. I thought it was a sign. Fate. Thought I could prove myself. Idiot. Then this happened. Fucked all over again.

Kit starts to move his arm. Hesitates. Then commits. Drapes it around her. She resists for a moment. Then relaxes.

KIT

That's awful. I'm so sorry. But how many ways can we say it? You were amazing. You kept us alive.

ANNIE

I was selfish. Narcissistic. Y'all are living, breathing human beings and I treated you like I was the main character and you were just... stand-ins for my own redemption.

KIT

(smiles)

Go easy, Annie. I'm trying to like you. Who cares. We're all alive. If you weren't guiding us, we might not be. Your sister would be proud.

ANNIE

You don't know anything about her.

KIT

I know we all have regrets. Even redemption aids like me.

ANNIE

Yeah, like what? You owe me one. I can't be the only one this exposed.

Kit removes his arm. Leans back. Considers before speaking.

KIT

Nothing as tragic. But I was a shitty husband. A worse father. Married too young. My wife gave birth while I was deployed. I told her I'd be home soon. Then I re-enlisted. When I came back, my mate James pitched me a TV show idea. So I did a series. Went around the world. I told her I'd be home soon. Then two more series.

(MORE)

KIT (CONT'D)

Two more trips. But there was so much more I wanted to see. I got bored. Mean. I left again. Asked her to come. Knew she couldn't. Not with our son. I barely registered the divorce. Kept moving. Couldn't stop. Until I became a parody. A good luck charm for others. I see him once a year, at Christmas. So many compounding regrets. But I keep going. Always outweighed by my selfishness. I could stop at any time. But I haven't. I won't. Can't.

He braces for her to scoot away. She doesn't.

ANNIE

You're haunted by the living. Me by the dead. I wonder who's worse off.

KIT

I kept sailing after the sun set. Everything stayed the same. But harder. Less idyllic. Less meaningful. Meaner.

ANNIE

Real happy endings don't exist. They say everything ends up a tragedy eventually. The best you can do is tie it off. **Stop following a story at the right time.** A moment when everything feels good and nothing hurts.

She allows her head to rest on his shoulder while he tries to dab at his eyes with his other hand.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (DREAM)

Annie walks through a forest, staring up at the treetops. When she looks down, all the trees have been cut down to their stumps. Their exposed inner cores faintly glow.

She bends down to examine a strange marking on a stump. It *almost* coalesces into a recognizable symbol, and then...

... She hears a loud THUMP behind her. She spins around. Eyes wide with fear. An even louder CLUNK...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

... She wakes up. Hears a distant THUNK. She sits up in bed. Reaches over and turns on the lamp.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

She slowly opens the bedroom door. Peeks out. The hallway is dark and empty. But she hears SHUFFLING and SCRAPING and WHISPERS. A foreign language. Swedish?

Another door CREAKS open. She tenses. But it's Illi. He flashes her a quizzical look. She points downstairs.

They creep to the railing and look over the edge of the landing. The living room is empty, but light spills from the adjoining kitchen.

They descend a few steps. Then a few more. Crane their heads.

They see people in the kitchen. They recognize Dr. Eriksson and Bruno. Three others-- perhaps guards-- stand nearby.

More importantly, a rug has been peeled back, revealing a trapdoor and hidden stairwell leading to a basement.

Bruno stands on the top step, nods at Eriksson, and descends.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

The group sits at the courtyard table, finishing breakfast. Torrello, Eriksson, and Heinrich are there. Bruno is not.

TORRELLO

(to Illi)

I understand your suspicion. Our countries have not always been good neighbors to each other.

ILLI

You disappeared when the new administration took power. Before your junta comrades were arrested. There were rumors you made a deal--

TORRELLO

Honor is sacred. Those who defile it should expect no mercy. Yet here I am. Free, more or less. I was given this estate and allowed to live in peace. That's all I care to say about this subject.



ILLI

Someone must know you're here.

LUTHER

Jesus, man. Let it go.

Torrello raises his hand. Smiles. A servant refills mugs.

TORRELLO

It's fine. The current government must honor past accords. No one else knows. So while you're here I must rely on your caution, and on your silence when you leave.

ILLI

I noticed your servants are all *criollos*. That's unusual.

Torrello's smile thins.

TORRELLO

I've learned many lessons in my ample years. One is that Bolivians can't be trusted to serve me, as many feel *I* didn't serve *them* well.

Eriksson stands up. Tugs at his shirt.

ERIKKSON

Are you ready to see the ruins?

Illi finally breaks eye contact with Torrello and allows his enthusiasm to return.

ILLI

Yes, please.

A guard carrying a rifle crosses the courtyard wordlessly and enters the wooden door behind Torrello.

TORRELLO

Can't be too careful.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

Illi and Eriksson pass by an armed guard as they step off the stone pathway and onto a well-kept jungle path. Heinrich follows a few paces behind, a rifle slung over his shoulder.

EXT. VILLA PATIO - DAY

Eline lounges on a chair, soaking up some sun in her bikini top and shorts. She watches, through binoculars, a pair of monkeys tussling in a nearby tree. Annie approaches.

Eline pulls her eyes away from the lenses for a moment.

ELINE

Hoi. Hallo. I can't tell if they're getting ready to fight or fuck.

ANNIE

Why not both?

ELINE

(laughs)

Ah, so you also appreciate the more spirited side of life.

ANNIE

Want to join me on a walk?

ELINE

Where to?

ANNIE

Down to the river. You can show me the way. I want to check out the scene of the accident. See if there's anything to salvage.

ELINE

I'm in.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Luther, Kit, and Torrello sit at the table, sipping coffee.

TORRELLO

There are lithium deposits on this very mountainside. Not enough to be worth the effort to mine.

Kit's soaked cigarettes are spread out on the table, drying in the sun. He rolls one around, bored by more lithium talk.

TORRELLO (CONT'D)

But the cosmological aspect of lithium is more interesting. Have you heard of The Lithium Thief?

Luther shakes his head.

TORRELLO (CONT'D)

The Big Bang Theory suggests that three times more primordial lithium should exist than actually does. No one has yet solved this problem, nor found the missing lithium...

Kit's boredom gets the better of him. He gets up and wanders toward the front entry of the courtyard.

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

... Some scientists joke that some ancient, ravenous beast must have gobbled it all up.

Luther's LAUGH fades as Kit turns for the jungle path Illi and the Scandinavians took earlier.

EXT. JUNGLE TRACK - DAY

Eline and Annie descend the steep gravel track leading down the mountainside toward the river.

ELINE

What's Tennessee like?

ANNIE

It's pretty. And poor. Some very good people. Some awful ones. Same as much of the US I guess. How's Holland? Should I visit?

ELINE

It's inevitable. All American travelers do eventually. You simply *must* photograph our windmills and sample our drugs.

They both LAUGH.

ANNIE

Americans don't have to go so far for the drugs these days. Are you in... university... there?

ELINE

Last year I graduated with a degree in advertising. Like my parents. They're against this trip, of course. They think it's a dangerous waste of time. Ripe for synagogue gossip. They refused to loan me money to travel.

ANNIE

How do you afford it then?

Eline pulls out her phone. Shakes it.

ELINE

I'm sure you found my pictures at the waterfall ridiculous. Horny teens and sad old men on Instagram and the brands who cater to them. I take a few pictures, mention a product or two, make a bit of money. See, I *am* using my degree. Advertising myself. Promise the fulfillment of dreams and desire. Deliver nothing.

ANNIE

No judgment, girl. It's genius.

ELINE

I travel because I'm interested to find beautiful things in strange surroundings. It's my obsession. To see all the beauty in the world. The more hidden, the more rare, the better. It's preposterous, I know.

ANNIE

I think that's a wonderful philosophy, actually.

ELINE

But I must return soon. I'll fall in line. I'll be the best little marketer they've ever had. Because I don't have the nerve to be anything else. Not for long.

EXT. SMALL JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Illi, Dr. Eriksson, and Heinrich stand in another well-maintained clearing. The ruins here are free of overgrowth. Eight miniature monoliths, each about three feet tall, stand in a circle, weathered but intact. Illi is ecstatic.

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - DAY

Eline and Annie near the ROARING river. They leave the main gravel track and follow a smaller path along the river. They pass a massive tree stump, long covered in moss. Further down, a fresher stump catches Annie's eye.

She gestures to a neatly stacked firewood pile deeper in the trees.

ANNIE

How did they hear us from this distance? Or were they already here when we wrecked? What are the odds?

EXT. SMALL JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Illi and Dr. Eriksson stand before a monolith.

ILLI

This place was sacred. Still is. I wonder if the spirits remain.

ERIKKSON

Gods and ghosts tend to vanish once white men show up with cameras and measuring tape.

Illi kneels to trace the carvings. Eriksson subtly nods at Heinrich.

Heinrich steps forward. He begins to un-shoulder his rifle.

Then, Eriksson casually swats his back and nods toward the path. Kit has appeared, waving at them. Heinrich re-positions his rifle, turns, and smiles at Kit.

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - DAY

Annie and Eline reach the fallen tree. A lot of driftwood has piled against it. The shredded remains of their raft dangle in the branches near the opposite bank.

They walk up to the stump. They see the **clean cut**. Fresh wood shavings around its base. They exchange an alarmed look.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Illi, Kit, and Luther sit tensely in the living room. In the kitchen, the rug is peeled back again, exposing the outline of the shut trapdoor.

KIT

I didn't like the way he stood over you, Illi. He didn't look friendly.

LUTHER

What does that mean? Don't be vague. Specifics, dude.

The courtyard door flies open. Eline and Annie burst in. Breathless, panicked. Annie WHISPERS harshly.

ANNIE

Where are Torrello and the others?

KIT

No idea about the Colonel. The archaeologists came inside ahead of us, but we haven't seen them since. The rug was moved.

(points to the kitchen)

I guess they're... downstairs.

ELINE

So there's a creepy, hidden trapdoor, too? Great.

Annie moves in close. Eline grabs Luther's hand.

ANNIE

We're in trouble. Our wreck wasn't an accident. They did it.

KIT

How do you know?

ANNIE

We went to the river. Saw some old stumps. A firewood pile. Then we saw our tree. Its stump was cut. Fresh. Chainsaw marks. Shavings.

KIT

Fuck.

LUTHER

I don't buy it. Maybe they were cutting firewood and screwed up. Maybe that's why they were down there when we wrecked. Maybe they're embarrassed.

KIT

That's too many maybes.

ILLI

Torrello is a war criminal.

LUTHER

Even if it's true, what can we do?  
Where can we go? We're literally up  
a creek without a paddle.

KIT

I don't believe a helicopter is the  
only way out. I saw a road behind  
the house. Looks maintained.

ANNIE

But a connection to a main road may  
be ten or more miles away.

KIT

They must have a truck. Or an ATV.  
We should check the sheds.

LUTHER

This is fucking dumb. You're all  
overreacting. Fuck it. Let's just  
go ask them.

He gestur es at the trapdoor in the kitchen.

KIT

Great idea. Let's go down into the  
secret basement of a self-confessed  
war criminal.

Illi looks at the trapdoor, too.

ILLI

I hate myself for these words as  
they leave my mouth. But... aren't  
you a little curious? How could you  
not be?

They all eye the trapdoor now.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - DAY

Darkness. A mechanical WHIR, as the not-so-secret trapdoor  
slides open. The five of them peer down. Then descend.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The stairs stretch deeper than they expect. At least forty  
feet deep. They finally reach the bottom.

The floor is crumbling concrete, the walls lined with plywood. Roots push through the wood in many places. It's lit by a series of dim bulbs hanging from the ceiling high above.

There's a rear wall behind them, but ahead, it stretches out further than they can see-- further, it would seem, than the house's foundation.

LUTHER  
(shouts)  
Colonel Torrello?

His voice ECHOES, unanswered.

KIT  
So what now?

ELINE  
Let's go back. They're not here.

ILLI  
We're here. Let's see it through.

He moves forward. Reluctantly, they follow.

The floor seems to slope slightly uphill. They see crates and barrels on pallets. A small forklift parked to one side.

LUTHER  
How'd they get that down here?

KIT  
Must be another entrance. The kitchen was near the back of the house. This basement extends into the mountainside.

They reach the last hanging bulb. Beyond it, darkness.

ILLI  
(shouts)  
Colonel?

No response again. But this time, instead of echoing distantly, his voice bounces off something close.

Illi pulls out his phone and switches on the flashlight. The others do the same. Eline's phone dies right away.

ELINE  
Pleur op! Idioot.

Illi is about ten feet ahead of the others. He GASPS.



ILLI  
No! I don't believe it.

He rushes forward. The others scramble after him.

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

They stand before the entrance to a cave.

Two towering, bearded statues-- at least twenty feet tall-- flank the ten-by-ten foot entrance. They're carved in flawless Tiwanakan style and show no signs of decay.

Illi stands perfectly still, mouth agape. Annie steps up next to him. After a moment, he registers her presence.

ILLI  
It's hard to recognize one of your own dreams when you finally see it.

ANNIE  
Is it...

ILLI  
*Paqariq Tampu.* It's real.

The others join them, staring in awe. Then Illi steps forward. This time, no one hesitates to follow.

EXT. CAVE PASSAGE - DAY

They walk through the cave, lighting the way with their phones. The tunnel remains somewhat narrow-- still about ten feet wide. It winds left and then right. Slowly descending.

KIT  
I can't keep track of what direction we're going.

ILLI  
Onward is all that matters.

Annie squints at the cave wall.

ANNIE  
Hold up. Turn off your flashlights.

LUTHER  
What? Why?

ANNIE

Do it. Just for a second.

They stop walking and switch their lights off.

The cave walls seem to emanate a faint **blue glow**. Coming from what looks like a network of veins and arteries.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

Luther touches one of the veins.

ELINE

What is it? Some kind of mineral?

LUTHER

No. It's soft. Spongy. Like a growth.

KIT

A sort of bioluminescent fungus?

ANNIE

I don't think we need the lights anymore.

The veins are denser and brighter ahead. They press on.

INT. ART CHAMBER - DAY

The blue veins glow brighter than their phones did. The passage opens up. The ceiling is still relatively low-- maybe fifteen feet high-- but they are now in a wide chamber.

Something else is on the walls. They step closer...

Paintings. Framed. At least two dozen, spaced fairly evenly and mounted somehow against the cave walls.

They approach the nearest one. It's unmistakably a Van Gogh. A bearded man in a straw hat, carrying an easel in a country courtyard ("The Painter on His Way To Work").

Silent, they wander around the chamber's perimeter in different directions. A pair of Renoirs. A Monet. Raphael's "Portrait of a Young Man." Rembrandt's "An Angel with Titus' Features." "Five Dancing Women" by Degas.

Blue fungal veins twist around the edges of the paintings.

They are thunderstruck. Confused. Awed.

They meet at the far end of the chamber. They face a thick metal door with a submarine-style wheel lock. This one, however, is ajar. Illi pulls it open.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

They enter a long, narrow room. The cave walls remain, but the floor is linoleum. The ceiling is far higher in here-- they can't make out its upper border, because the blue veins are concentrated down low.

Electric lights hang above them, but they are turned off.

The lab is filled with several rows of long tables. Crates line the walls. Confused and mesmerized, they pick their way through the lab, examining its contents:

- Glass tanks full of cultures of the glowing fungus, with glass tubes connected to some sort of air pump.
- A large aquarium full of blue liquid.
- Typical racks of test tubes and beakers. Some labeled and full of liquid or powders. Bunsen burners.
- A large oven and stove. A big metal container sits cooking on one of the stove burners. Someone has been here recently.
- One table covered entirely in chunks of rocks-- some light purple/pink, others yellowish and chalky.

Luther picks up a few stones, examines them, and glances at an open crate filled with more.

LUTHER  
Spudomene and trilithionite.

The others look at him, baffled.

LUTHER (CONT'D)  
They're extracting deposits. This  
all contains lithium.

KIT  
(exasperated)  
Fucking of course it does.

They approach the far end of the lab, where another large airlock-style metal door is fully shut.

Luther rifles through scattered papers and notebooks. He picks up one, written in a foreign language. An odd smile forms on his face.

A THUMP on the other side of the door.

The wheel-lock starts to SQUEAK and turn. They freeze.

The door swings open.

Dr. Eriksson, wearing a lab coat and smiling widely, steps through.

ERIKSSON

Welcome to *Paqariq Tampu*.

More people emerge behind him and squeeze through the door.

ERIKSSON (CONT'D)

Let's finally see each other properly.

He flips a wall switch. Harsh overhead lights flick on. The visitors blink against the light. They look up, and GASP...

... Hanging above the door is a massive **Nazi flag**. Red with a white circle surrounding a black swastika.

The others come into view. Bruno, in a crisp suit. Heinrich, wearing an SS uniform and an icy smile, aims a pistol at them. Four other younger, armed Nazi soldiers flank him.

KIT

Oh, absolutely not.

ERIKSSON/VON POHL

Or should I say, welcome to the central headquarters of the Fourth Reich. Let's re-acquaint ourselves. You've already met BRUNO SCHELLER, the rightful *Bundeskanzler* of the Reich Chancellery. And SS-*Gruppenführer* and Gestapo chief HEINRICH MÜLLER. I am DR. DIETRICH VON POHL, overseer of the Thulean Scientific Department.

BRUNO

Please come with us for inspection and debrief.

The other Nazis join Müller in aiming their weapons at them.

## INT. CAVE PASSAGE - DAY

They're ushered down another narrow passage. Bruno and Von Pohl lead. The backpackers trail a few feet behind. Müller and the other soldiers are in the rear, guns trained on them.

Von Pohl falls back to speak to Illi.

VON POHL

You should have known-- there are no undiscovered wonders left in the world. If you stumble upon a hidden place, you should assume it's claimed, guarded, and concealed for a reason. And that you are a trespasser.

ILLI

But you brought us here. And lured us down below.

VON POHL

We have certain... requirements.

## INT. MAIN CAVERN - DAY

The group emerges into an impossibly vast cavern.

VON POHL

Witness.

The blue light is even brighter here. Its networks twist up to the rock ceiling, converging at the chamber's center.

A few hundred feet ahead, a large subterranean creek bisects the cavern. A pair of motorized dinghies are moored at a small wooden dock near a footbridge.

Scattered throughout are at least twenty small structures-- some ancient stone, others more recent wooden huts.

Several fires burn near the dwellings. , smoke drifting along the ceiling. The smoke trails along the ceiling, in the creek's general downstream direction.

Von Pohl speaks as they walk toward the creek.

VON POHL (CONT'D)

Edmund Kiss traveled to Tiwanaku in 1927. He theorized that its wonders were not the work of indigenous peoples but an Aryan-Atlantean colony.

(MORE)

VON POHL (CONT'D)

Himmler later gifted Kiss's book to the Führer for Christmas. Though a biologist by training, I too was fascinated. After the war broke out, a curious report came across my desk at the Thulean Institute about the discovery of a strange cave in the Cordillera Real, west of Tiwanaku. The war had taken its toll on me....

Müller SCOFFS.

VON POHL (CONT'D)

...so I had Himmler authorize a secret expedition to Bolivia to explore the cave.

Figures emerge from the dwellings, watching them walk through the cavern. All European. Some in uniform.

KIT

(quietly, seething)  
Absolutely not.

Von Pohl waves his arms around the chamber.

VON POHL

The blue veins that stretch across this cave system are the mycelial network of a unique fungus. Their source is beneath the main chamber.

He points at a circular stone structure a hundred yards away that looks like a large wishing well. A metal platform built up above it with stairs leading up to its deck. An even more intensely bright blue light emanates from the well.

VON POHL (CONT'D)

The fungi penetrates the rock and "translocates" minerals down to their source. It absorbs, purifies, and processes many different elements, but the majority is lithium. Energy transfers back up as well. In a way, the entire cave system is a huge lithium battery.

LUTHER

What does it power?

They approach the creek. It's deep, but the current is slow.

VON POHL

That's not even the astonishing part that has kept us here all this time. It's the side effects of all these tangled, complex chemical interactions. Within every living cell is a "wrapper," which protects the DNA when the cell divides. Over time, this wrapper decays. This causes aging. But within the cave, and to a lesser extent the surrounding area, cells replicate perfectly. **No one ages here.**

They cross the footbridge. Müller angrily speaks to Von Pohl.

MÜLLER

*(in German, subtitled)*

*Why must you always tell them this?*

VON POHL

*(in German, subtitled)*

*Don't you want your enemies to tremble before the true power of their superiors before making their choice? Before the sacrifice?*

Müller SPITS into the water below. They cross to the other side. The opposite wall begins to take shape. It's pockmarked with multiple chambers, doors and ladders.

ILLI

How did you discover this... side effect? You wouldn't have noticed a slowdown in the aging process for years. Unless the caves weren't empty when you arrived.

Von Pohl stares daggers at Illi.

MÜLLER

Yes. The original occupants were evacuated efficiently.

ILLI

And they weren't Aryans, were they?

Von Pohl still glares at Illi. Then he turns to the group.

VON POHL

The savages were lucky to have stumbled into this place. They didn't deserve it.

(MORE)

VON POHL (CONT'D)

I'm done speaking with this Indian.  
I would prefer a different  
spokesperson.

ANNIE

We'd prefer you drop dead. Eighty  
years ago, you piece of shit.

Kit smirks approvingly. Müller moves aggressively toward her.

LUTHER

How did you move an entire regiment  
here?

Von Pohl gestures to Müller, who backs down. They resume  
walking.

VON POHL

I sent periodic reports back to the  
high command. The Führer wouldn't  
entertain the possibility of defeat  
until his final days in the bunker.  
He finally ordered Müller and  
Scheller and Klaus Barbie to round  
up the most loyal remaining  
soldiers and party leaders, scoop  
up as much treasure as possible,  
commandeer a U-boat, and get to  
Bolivia. Barbie and Müller were in  
charge of security and established  
relations with the local military.  
Barbie built an estate atop the  
original entrance. After Barbie's  
capture, Torrello proved his  
devotion and took over the estate  
and supply flow. Then we waited.

LUTHER

For what purpose?

BRUNO

To keep the faith. To wait until  
the world inevitably descends deep  
enough into chaos and decadence for  
a Fourth Reich to be welcomed to  
guide them back to the light. We  
have always staged history, as  
lessers stage plays.

They stop before a smaller metal door embedded in rock.  
Müller unlocks it. It's dimmer inside the small alcove. Only  
a few small blue veins.



BRUNO (CONT'D)

You'll wait here until we assess  
you individually. Won't take long.

The five are forced into the dark cell. Bruno surveys each of them. Then points at Eline. She trembles and begins to cry.

ELINE

No, no. I won't go.

Two GUARDS peel her away from Luther. He stands motionless. Does nothing to stop them. The Nazis leave with Eline. The door CLANKS shut and the remaining four are in darkness.

INT. OFFICE CHAMBER - DAY

Another chamber. Several chairs and a long desk, behind which Von Pohl and Bruno sit. Bruno writes furiously in a notebook.

A Nazi flag hangs behind them. A bust of Hitler on one side of the desk, a golden eagle on the other. Stacks of papers.

Dim blue veins run along the walls, mixed with artificial light from bare bulbs.

Müller enters with Eline. He shoves her roughly into a chair, then joins the others. She is SOBBING. Bruno stops writing.

BRUNO

Tell us.

ELINE

(between sobs)

Tell you what?

BRUNO

Everything. What is your accent?  
Dutch? We've dealt with your people  
before. Didn't put up much of a  
fight. Let's begin with your  
parents. Your upbringing. Speak.

INT. GROUP CELL - DAY

Illi crouches by the door, examining the lock with his phone flashlight. Kit and Annie pace. Luther leans against a wall.

KIT

Nazis. Why is it always fucking  
Nazis? Why won't they stay down?

ANNIE

You said they'd be centenarians.  
Unfortunately, they don't look it.  
Still think we can kill a dozen?

KIT

(smiles)

I don't see why not.

Luther SCOFFS.

LUTHER

There's a lot more than twelve.

ANNIE

Yeah. I'd guess fifty. Maybe sixty.

She squats down next to Illi.

ILLI

It's a simple lock. I can do it.

ANNIE

Good.

LUTHER

Yeah, and then what?

KIT

We'll improvise.

LUTHER

No. You'll be shot the moment you  
poke your head out. You all need to  
calm the fuck down.

KIT

We've been kidnapped by immortal  
jungle Nazis. There's no calming  
down.

INT. INDIVIDUAL CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

A GUARD shoves Eline down an even narrower passage. They pass  
several empty cells before stopping at one. The guard shoves  
her in the tinier individual cell. SLAMS the door.

INT. GROUP CELL - CONTINUOUS

LUTHER

We need to play nice. Take a  
breath. Think about it.

KIT

What's there to think about?

LUTHER

They've found the secret to immortality. The fountain of youth. Why aren't you amazed? Compared to that, the other stuff doesn't matter. We should listen.

ILLI

The "other stuff"? Do you mean the fascism or the genocide?

Kit's eyes narrow. He breathes heavily. Stares at Luther.

KIT

What a dirty, filthy mind you have.

Luther turns to Annie.

LUTHER

Listen to me. You get it. You're from the South. Your accent doesn't exactly scream refinement. You can't be that shocked. You don't have to die with the others.

Annie stops pacing. Looks Luther up and down.

ANNIE

Something's wrong with you. Something's missing. You're just an outline of a person.

LUTHER

(snickers)

Look, stupid--

Kit steps menacingly toward Luther. His eyes burn.

KIT

You shitworm.

FOOTSTEPS outside. Keys JANGLE. Luther smirks at Kit.

LUTHER

The whole world or nothing, right?

The cell door opens. Müller and two guards appear in the doorway. Müller steps inside, holding a Luger. He scans the group. Deciding who's next. His gaze lands on Kit.

MÜLLER

You.

Luther strides over. Müller aims the gun at him. Luther smiles and holds out his hands. Then he speaks to Müller IN GERMAN.

LUTHER

*(in German, subtitled)*

*You should talk to me first. Alone.*

Luther pulls up his sleeve and shows something to Müller on his tattooed upper arm. Müller's eyes widen. He smiles.

INT. OFFICE CHAMBER - DAY

Luther enters, followed by Müller, whose gun is holstered. Bruno looks irritated.

BRUNO

*(in German, subtitled)*

*I thought we agreed on the  
Englander next. The troublemaker.*

MÜLLER

*(to Luther, in German)*

*Show them.*

Luther strides confidently to the desk. Rolls up his sleeve again. Bruno and Von Pohl lean in and then look delighted.

The central tattoo on Luther's upper right arm is the esoteric Nazi symbol of the Black Sun.

Bruno and Von Pohl stand. Extend their hands.

BRUNO

*(in German, subtitled)*

*Welcome, brother.*

LUTHER

*(in German, subtitled)*

*I fear my German is not good as  
your English. Yes to switch?*

VON POHL

*Certainly. You must have quite the  
story. Tell us.*

Luther sits down.

LUTHER

The short version, yeah? My grandfather was a guard at Dachau. Devoted, but low-level. He got the "fellow traveler" designation at Nuremberg, paid his fine, emigrated to America. Started a business. Married when he was older. Passed the faith on to my father. I was in a skinhead band for a while. But I realized that was an unwise plea for attention. Better ways to keep the faith alive. I got into finance, where our enemies thrive. So I could keep an eye on them.

BRUNO

Wise. We understand keeping to the shadows until the right time.

LUTHER

About that. I want to hear what you've been cooking down here.

INT. GROUP CELL - CONTINUOUS

KIT

I should have known. The evil ones are the most boring. Lithium Lad.

ANNIE

He was right about one thing. There's too many of them. We'd have to pass by all of them to get to the exit. We need a plan.

ILLI

There should be another entrance. You saw the campfire smoke, right? It drifted downriver. Opposite direction.

KIT

Right. That's a start.

INT. OFFICE CHAMBER - DAY

Bruno pours some liquor from a carafe behind the desk. He reaches over the table and hands it to Luther. He nods gratefully and sips the amber liquid.

VON POHL

We lead with three heads. I of course oversee scientific progress and policies. Müller, whom I'm sure you've heard of even before now, commands the soldiers. Bruno handles strategy and supply chains.

BRUNO

We almost got caught back in the 80s. I'm the only one who leaves the area to help Torrello run the business end of things. I make my trips brief and keep my head down. So my knowledge of the outer world is limited.

He pours three more glasses.

VON POHL

That's why every five years, we bring in a group of outsiders--

LUTHER

The other missing rafters. I heard.

VON POHL

Yes. Among others. We interrogate them to gauge civilization's state. To assess if the world is ready to accept our return. If any are willing to convert, we allow them to stay. The others are sacrificed--

LUTHER

Let me stop you there. You can try, but the others won't convert. You wouldn't want them anyway. They'll feed you a bunch of airy, naive bullshit about the state of things. They'll lie. There will never be a better time for you to emerge. Now is your chance.

The three Nazis snap fully to attention.

MÜLLER

Go on.

LUTHER

It's not just my country. Not just Germany. It's the Weimar Republic all over. A plague ravaged the entire world.

(MORE)

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Instead of uniting people, it exposed divisions and long-simmering hatreds. People turn to conspiracies and superstition, and turn on each other. Technology allows the movement to communicate instantly all over the world. The right-wing has become suitably extreme. *And they are in power.* More people come to our side every day, disgusted by the failed the liberal new world order's failed promises. Training. Waiting for The Storm. For Day X. Your beliefs-- our beliefs-- never went away. They were simply put away in the dark corners, attics, and basements for a while. But they've crawled back to the surface. We don't even have to hide anymore. When they find out that the original, true leaders have been waiting in a literal basement, and have become immortal... my God. This is the time. Trust me. You must emerge. You will be welcomed by the right people. It's time.

The three leaders exchange grins. They clink their glasses. Then they stand and raise them to Luther.

VON POHL

You are certain?

LUTHER

I can show you. And I am not a lucky coincidence. There's at least one of me in any group of five.

Luther leans over the table and accepts their toast.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Oh, by the way, in case you didn't get it out of her, the Dutch bitch is a Jew. And the savage... well, that's an interesting one...

INT. GROUP CELL - NIGHT

The cell door opens again. Kit, Annie, and Illi sit on the floor. A TALL GUARD points at Kit.

Kit glances at the others. Annie shakes her head. She sees at least three more guards out in the hall. Kit SIGHS.

KIT  
(to Annie)  
Are you sure? They're separating  
us. Might be our last chance.

ANNIE  
Won't work. They're ready for you.

ILLI  
We'll see each other again.

TALL GUARD  
(in German, subtitled)  
Come! Now!

Kit stands slowly.

KIT  
Yeah, yeah. Hold your horses, Hans.

He looks back as he's led out. Only Annie and Illi remain.

INT. OFFICE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Kit slouches in the chair in front of the desk, arms crossed.

KIT  
Absolutely not.

VON POHL  
So you've said. Care to elaborate?

KIT  
It's absolutely not acceptable that  
you're breathing the same stale air  
as me. That you breathe at all.

Müller leans forward menacingly.

MÜLLER  
You'd do well not to speak to us in  
this manner.

KIT  
I speak to civilized people. To  
gentlemen. I'm speaking at you. Am  
I supposed to look upon this  
rotting-on-the-shelf, probably cave-  
blind army of yours and cower?



BRUNO

It does not have to go this way.  
The Fuhrer respected Englishers as  
fellow Aryans. But you stubbornly  
refused. Stuck to your puny, rock-  
bound island that's as old and  
decrepit as your queen.

KIT

I don't give a fuck about your  
respect, mate. I'm not gonna answer  
anything you ask me, except we have  
a decrepit king now. There's only  
one thing I care about right now.  
One thing I'm focused on.

MÜLLER

And that is?

KIT

Which of you I can kill. And when.  
I'm sat here so politely only  
because there are three of you. If  
I was alone with one of you in this  
room, I promise I wouldn't be in  
this chair. If there were two of  
you, I'd say fuck it, worth a try.  
But with three...

(whistles)

...Hard to say. It's been a minute.  
I'm out of practice. Most likely,  
I'd be dead and the three of you'd  
still be breathing. I can't have  
that. I'm unlikely to get out of  
this cave alive. I accept that. I'm  
focused only on making sure I kill  
at least one fucking Nazi before I  
go. Because that's *absolutely* a win  
in my book.

Müller turns to the others.

MÜLLER

I told you it's a waste of time.

KIT

Don't leave any fewer than three  
people covering me. I've warned  
you. I've done the maths. It will  
happen. For hate's sake, I'll spit  
my last breath at you.

VON POHL

Take him away.

KIT  
Best bring more guards in first.

INT. GROUP CELL - NIGHT

Four guards file into the cell, followed by Müller. Illi maneuvers in front of Annie to protect her. The guards LAUGH.

MÜLLER  
*(in German, subtitled)*  
*We're more interested in you. We  
want to see if what your friend  
told us is true.*

Müller knocks Illi's hat off. Illi's dark hair is more voluminous than expected, tied in a tight top-knot.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)  
*(in English)*  
Strip.

Illi shakes his head. The tall rams a rifle butt into Illi's stomach. He doubles over. Annie steps forward. Another guard pulls out a pistol and rests it against Annie's temple.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)  
Strip.

Illi stands up. Shakes his head again. Another rifle to the gut. He GROANS and collapses. He turns and looks at Annie with wet eyes. Then he lowers his head and stands once more.

He slowly peels off the leather jacket. Drops it. Then unbuttons his shirt. Drops it, too. White bandages are wrapped around Illi's chest.

The guards CACKLE and speak IN GERMAN.

TALL GUARD  
He was right. It's a girl. Why  
would a girl dress like that?

GUARD 2  
Look at the freak.

Müller steps close. Stares at Illi's face. Then suddenly grabs his crotch. He makes a disgusted look.

MÜLLER  
Confirmed.

He slaps Illi hard, sending him crumpling to the floor. Kicks him. Yanks out his hair tie, letting his hair tumble free.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

We'll finish the assessments.  
Protocol. But it's obvious-- you  
will be first. Sleep well. You'll  
be sacrificed in the morning to  
your forgotten god.

Annie drops to Illi's side, ignoring the gun at her head. She  
grabs his hand. Müller yanks her upright.

ANNIE

*(mouthing silently)*  
*I'm sorry.*

Illi starts to cry. Müller drags Annie out.

INT. OUTSIDE THE PIT - NIGHT

Müller and two guards march Annie toward The Pit, where Von  
Pohl waits alone.

The Pit is a twenty-foot-wide circular hole in the ground,  
surrounded by a low stone wall, atop a low hill. Thick fungal  
veins feed into it beneath the wall from all directions,  
making it the brightest spot in the chamber.

Metal scaffolding has been erected on one side of it, near  
where Von Pohl stands. Fifteen stairs lead up to a platform  
that holds a cage built to hold a human. One end of a chain  
is attached to the cage; the other wrapped around a winch.

Müller shoves Annie forward.

MÜLLER

She's all yours. I'm off to conduct  
nighttime inspection.

He turns to the guards and speaks IN GERMAN.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

*Stay here until he's done with her.*

Müller heads toward the dwellings across the creek. Annie  
sees uniformed men emerge from their huts in pairs. At least  
two pairs briefly hold hands before lining up.

Von Pohl smiles at Annie. She obviously doesn't return it.

VON POHL

The *Gruppenführer* thinks this is a  
waste of time. But it would be  
uncivilized not to try.

ANNIE

Try what?

VON POHL

To convince you to join us.  
Debriefs usually take much longer.  
But thanks to your friend Luther,  
we have all the information we  
need. This is merely a courtesy.

ANNIE

I saw how courteous you are. You  
assaulted and humiliated my friend.  
Brutal, callous, inhuman creatures.

VON POHL

What my *Kameraden* do with lesser  
races and sexual deviants is no  
concern of mine. Science is my  
chief focus. I'm no more guilty  
than the rest of the world.

ANNIE

That makes you guilty enough.

She looks at him only occasionally. She mostly watches  
Müller's evening inspection of at least forty Nazis.

VON POHL

I've spent more decades in this  
cave than any scientist before me  
has been able to study a subject.  
To understand the precise chemical  
reactions and to duplicate them so  
that the power coursing through  
this cave can be brought to the  
outside. But so far I've failed.

Annie looks away from the inspection, back at Von Pohl.

ANNIE

Why are you telling me this?

VON POHL

Your friend said you study  
chemistry. You're interested.

ANNIE

I dropped out. I guide tourists  
down rivers.

VON POHL

Which you did expertly.

ANNIE

Hurry up. I've got places to be.

VON POHL

We are not the master race. Not compared to what's in here. Down there. Come and see.

He points to the pit. Climbs the first few platform steps. Motions for her to follow. She shakes her head.

VON POHL (CONT'D)

For years, I despaired that science wasn't enough, that there was something beyond its edge. There's an unbelievable power here behind the curtain. Perhaps even a sort of intelligence. It requires faith. Sacrifice. The natives here before us knew this. But they didn't understand why. The cave begins to lose potency if enough time passes between offerings. Is its god displeased? No, it is *hungry*. The offerings are fuel. An additional ingredient. It's why the cave reacts specifically to human cells. *It is made of them.*

He ascends the final steps and leans over the railing. He gazes down at the blue light emanating from the pit.

VON POHL (CONT'D)

I never should have doubted science. I am ready now to observe what happens when your friends are sacrificed to the pit.

He indicates equipment stacked on the platform next to the cave. An old computer. Wires connect to the cage, and descend down one of the pit's walls.

VON POHL (CONT'D)

They will be weighed. Measured. Devoured. Do you want to be food, as well? Or would you stand on the other side with us as we become true masters of the universe?

Annie crosses her arms. Plants her feet.

ANNIE

Nah, I'm good. Take me back to my cell.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I'm not interested in faith,  
science, or piece of shit Nazis.  
They were right. Waste of time.

Von Pohl's face finally, permanently hardens.

VON POHL

The abyss doesn't care if you  
believe in it or not. It will  
consume you regardless.

INT. INDIVIDUAL CELL BLOCK / GUARD ROOM - NIGHT

A stout, pockmarked, BABY-FACED guard veers off of the main chamber, an MP38 submachine gun slung over his shoulder. He walks down the corridor and passes several small metal doors, behind which members of the group are individually detained.

He nods curtly at two other hall guards stationed in the corridor. He passes the larger cell where they had first been stashed as a group. Kicks some rocks down the corridor.

He enters a room at the end of the hall, where two more guards sit. Shelves hold German books, a desk is stocked with ammunition, and five guns hang on the wall.

A BALD GUARD stands as the baby-faced guard enters. Frowns.

BALD GUARD

*(in German, subtitled)*

*You're late. I promised Gunther I'd  
be home before he went to sleep.*

BABY-FACED GUARD

*(in German, subtitled)*

*The Gruppenführer had additional  
orders for tomorrow's events.*

The bald guard, relieved of duty, exits. The remaining big, MUSCULAR GUARD holds up a deck of cards. The baby-face nods, shrugs, and sits at the other side of the desk.

INT. GROUP CELL - NIGHT

Illi lies alone on the floor of the once-crowded cell. Still CRYING. Humiliated. Pants unbuttoned. Ripped shirt, hat, and empty satchel nearby. His hair spills past his shoulders.

He SNIFFLES, wipes his face, then sits up, facing the door. Only his bandaged back is visible.

A DRUMBEAT begins. Just a kick drum at first, softly.

*(SOUNDTRACK NOTE: I realize this is unusual, but I feel a particular song could turn this sequence into something special, if rights can be secured. Throughout the following scenes, the song builds in intensity and reveal itself to be "That's Not My Name" by the Ting Tings. Originally a novelty hit, it could be re-interpreted as a powerful Trans anthem, and an effective and unexpected accompaniment to the action. Throughout, I will insert brief notes about song cues.)*

Illi reaches behind his back and unfastens two large safety pins. He then begins to unwrap the bandages.

Two objects, concealed in the wrappings, fall to the floor. One is a braided cord-- his waraka (Incan sling). The other is a small, sharp knife.

*("That's Not My Name" is now louder, at the ~2:05 mark)*

Illi kneels, peers into the keyhole, and jams the knife into the narrow gap between the lock and the door. Then picks up one of the safety pins. Begins to probe the lock.

After about ten seconds, a CLICK. The lock releases. He rests his ear against the door to listen for footsteps. Silence.

He leans back. Grabs the bandages. Hurriedly rewraps them with the remaining pin.

*(~2:58. Song is building. "They call me Stacy / They call me Her / They call me Jane / That's not my name...")*

Picks up the shirt and slips his arms into it. Fastens a couple crucial buttons. Grabs his jacket and hat.

Stands up. Buttons his pants. Tucks in his shirt. Ties his hair back in a knot. Puts the cap back on. Then the jacket. Picks up the sling and removes the knife from the door. Straightens and adjusts his uniform.

He lifts his chin, his face illuminated heroically.

*("They call me Her / They call me Jane / That's not my name / That's not my name...")*

He carefully pulls the door open. Luckily, it doesn't squeak.

INT. INDIVIDUAL CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

*(Song continues)*

GUARD ONE stands just in front of the door, his back turned to Illi. Illi looks surprised, but he doesn't hesitate.

He grips the knife and jams his arm upward, lightning quick. The blade plunges deep into the side of the man's neck. Illi removes it immediately. Takes a step back to gauge.

Blood spurts. The man GARGLES. Clutches at the wound. His knees buckle. Illi takes advantage, reaches up again and tugs his shoulders. Drags him to the ground. The guard convulses.

Illi grabs the guard's keys. He steps quickly over the body. Crosses the hall. Slides a key into a door. Unlocks it.

He scoops up a rock. Places it in the sling's cradle.

GUARD TWO, fifteen feet away, begins to turn toward him. Illi crouches starts spinning the sling. It WHIRS.

The guard sees him. Opens his mouth. Illi lets loose the rock. Flies through the air. THUDS against the guard's forehead. The guard immediately drops to the floor.

Illi proceeds down the hall, unlocking doors as he goes. Loads another rock into the sling.

He comes to the break room. Stands in the doorway. The muscular guard and baby-faced guard play cards at the desk.

*(~3:55. Guitar riff dominant. Driving beat. A male voice now comes in, competing with the female one.)*

The guards look up. A moment of hesitant surprise. Illi takes advantage. Lets loose another rock. It CRACKS against the baby-faced guard's jaw, who falls out of the chair.

The muscular guard stands. Illi hurls the knife—it sinks into his chest, but not deep enough. Blood trickles as the guard yanks it out.

The guard starts to round the desk. Illi bolts inside and grabs the metal chair. The guard raises his pistol. Illi swings the chair. Knocks the gun from his hands.

Illi raises the chair again and connects with the guard's side. He GRUNTS in pain. Illi prepares to swing again, but the guard lunges forward. Tackles Illi. They both fall.

Illi wriggles free. Tries to crawl away. The guard grabs his leg. Illi kicks him in the face and gets free.

The guard starts to stand up. Illi jumps on his back. Pulls the sling over the his neck and tugs with all his strength.

The guard rises. Illi clings to his back, hanging in the air from the sling. The guard tries to swat at him. CRASHES into the desk. Falls over it. They tumble together.



A few seconds later, Illi stands up. Alone. Breathing heavily. Blood-stained shirt and hands.

He grabs one of the machine guns.

*(Only the driving riff, drums, and the male voice, which has now completely displaced the original female.)*

Illi stumbles into the hallway. Annie and Kit stand over the dead guards in disbelief. Kit holds an MP38 he pulled from one of the bodies. Another is slung over his shoulder.

They stare at Illi in shock as he emerges. *The SONG fades.*

ILLI

What are you standing around for?  
Let's go!

Kit smiles. WHISTLES the first four notes of a familiar tune.

INT. MAIN CAVERN - NIGHT

Though imperceptible inside the cavern, it's close to dawn. Annie, Illi, and Kit crouch behind a formation of large stalagmites in the main cavern, about twenty yards from the creek and the dock. They WHISPER.

ILLI

What about Eline?

KIT

She's not in the cells. Her best chance is if we bring back help.

Annie FROWNS but nods along. No one asks about Luther.

ANNIE

Are we sure there's another exit downstream?

KIT

No. But a guard said Torrello locks up from the outside at night. The smoke drifts downstream.

ANNIE

I saw most of them go back into their huts. Probably asleep.

KIT

Good. Let's do it then.

He hands her a Luger pistol. She looks at it. Opens her mouth. Decides against it. Accepts the small gun.

INT. DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

The wooden dock CREAKS as they step down on to it. They wince. Freeze. Look around. Listen. Nothing.

They climb into the first dinghy. Kit sets both of his machine guns into the keel. He remembers something.

KIT  
(whispering)  
Wait. One second.

He climbs back onto the dock and hops down into the second boat. Lifts the engine out of the water. Disconnects several cords. Makes his way back to theirs.

He positions himself at the rear near the engine. Illi and Annie crouch down in the middle. Kit takes a deep breath.

KIT (CONT'D)  
Well, we probably won't all live,  
but we might not all die.

ANNIE  
You're not ready for quips.

Kit smirks and then yanks the engine's rip cord hard. The engine SPUTTERS and dies.

He tries again. Same thing, but LOUDER. Then a SHOUT in the distance. Someone has heard them. Then two ANSWERING CALLS.

GUARD (O.S.)  
Halt! Sie sind im Boot!

They're spotted. More SHOUTS and the SOUNDS OF APPROACH. Illi takes over while Kit goes for the guns. He picks up one of the MP38s. Annie points at it and SNAPS.

ANNIE  
You better give that to me.

Kit looks skeptical. Hesitates.

KIT  
You know how to handle it?

ANNIE  
I'm the Sundance Kid's kin, and I'm  
from the South. What do you think?

He hands it over. She slides the magazine out, checks it, SLAMS it back into place and COCKS it.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I'll take aft.

KIT

Yes, ma'am.

Illi tugs the rip cord again. The engine ROARS to life. Stays alive. Kit scrambles to the front of the boat. Annie braces her foot on the edge of the stern and nods at Illi. He squeezes the throttle. The boat TEARS down the creek.

The Nazis come into view, running after them. At least three to the side and five from behind. Bruno is among them.

**Annie grips the machine gun with two hands, braces it against her hip and FIRES methodically, back and forth. All five of the Nazis go down.** Bruno is shot through the throat.

Kit FIRES from his shoulder off to the side from the front of the boat. Two of his three targets also fall.

The boat ZIPS down the river, around a bend, out of sight.

INT. MAIN CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

An alarm BLARES throughout the cavern. Men pour out of the huts, some with guns and some still getting dressed. Müller stands in the middle of the living area, shouting.

MÜLLER

Schnell! Folge ihnen! Stoppe sie!  
Schnell!

INT. VEHICLE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Two Nazis jump on a pair of motorcycles inside a small alcove, start the engines, and ROAR out into the main cavern.

INT. UNDERGROUND CREEK - CONTINUOUS

The cave begins to shrink around them as they cruise down the river in the dinghy. The walls narrow, and the ceiling lowers. Kit, in the bow, turns and SHOUTS.

KIT

Cut the engine!

The ceiling drops dramatically and an iron grate appears in front of them, blocking further passage. Illi CUTS the engine, but their momentum still carries them into the grate. They SMASH into it and are tossed about the boat.

They jump out into the waist-deep water. They look around. There's a path winding up and around the grate. It looks brighter up the path-- not blue. *Daylight*. They run up it.

INT. CREEK BANK - CONTINUOUS

Ten Nazis pursue, the motorcycles leading the charge.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Kit, Illi, and Annie emerge into a tiny clearing surrounded by dense jungle. The cave opening is only two feet wide. A tall cliff, tangled in vines, towers above.

Sunlight burns their eyes. They stand in the clearing for a moment, rubbing their eyelids and squinting. JUNGLE SOUNDS all around, as well as distant SHOUTS and ENGINE NOISES from within the cave behind them.

The ground slopes downward. Several narrow paths snake through the overgrowth. They pick one and charge down it.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

A RUMBLE from inside the cave turns into a deafening ROAR.

A motorcycle flies out of the cave-- airborne, intimidating. Lands hard. The driver miscalculates and tries to brake and turn. He's thrown over the handlebars. The bike CRASHES into brambles.

The second motorcycle follows. It clips a handlebar on the cave wall. Loses control. It SLAMS into the first.

The drivers GROAN and try to stand. One bike's wheels still spin. The other spews smoke.

Not ideal pursuit vehicles for a jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - CONTINUOUS

The backpackers charge down the mountainside as best as they can. The underbrush gets thicker. They come to yet another fork in the path. They veer left.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A dozen armed Nazis, some uniformed, climb out of the cave. Luther is among them, pistol in hand. They head down the same jungle path as the backpackers.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - CONTINUOUS

Annie lags behind Illi and Kit. She catches a flash of in the trees to her left. There's no path there. It's fleeting.

Then she SHRIEKS in pain. Reaches for the back of her head. Comes to a sudden halt.

Her hair is tangled in a thorn bush.

ANNIE  
(whispering harshly)  
Hey! Help!

Illi hears her. Sees her problem. Runs back to her. Pulls out his knife and begins chopping at the tangled strangs.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - CONTINUOUS

A group of Nazis barrel down the path.

Something WHISTLES through the air. A Nazi SCREAMS, clutches at his neck, and falls to the ground.

The nearest Nazi halts, turning back. His comrade's legs vanish-- dragged into the thick brush.

A FACE emerges from the vines, perfectly still. Coated in blue paint, bearded, indigenous features.

The second Nazi SCREAMS as a blade is pulled from his belly and disappears into the foliage.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - CONTINUOUS

Kit, in the lead, skids to a halt. The path ends. Blocked by thorn bushes and brambles.

KIT  
We have to backtrack.

They turn back up the path they had descended.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH CROSSROADS - CONTINUOUS

Twenty yards to a small clearing with several branching paths. Kit holds up his hand. Motions for them to get down. They all kneel. Aim their guns.

Three Nazis stumble into the clearing. Illi, Annie, and Kit all FIRE their weapons. The Nazis drop in a hail of bullets.

KIT  
Okay. Come on.

Then, a VOICE from a path to their right.

LUTHER (O.S.)  
Not so fast. Don't move.

Luther walks toward them, pistol raised. Kit observes the brown military uniform Luther wears.

KIT  
Well, that was repulsively fast.

ANNIE  
Where's Eline?

Luther smirks. Advances. His foot catches a taut vine...

SNAP. THWACK.

A rigged, booby-trapped palm tree-- bent backward to near its breaking point-- snaps forward and WHIPS through the air. It SMACKS into Luther's face. Bones CRACK.

Luther drops the gun and crumples, half-SCREAMING, half-GURLING.

They approach. He writhes. His face is ruined. Bleeding.

Kit points his gun at him and turns to his companions.

KIT  
Any objections?

ANNIE  
He's writhing in the bed he made.

Kit pulls the trigger. A single SHOT.

They hear nearby VOICES again. They start down another path.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - CONTINUOUS

Another vine SNAPS. Another young palm tree WHIPS across a path, striking two Nazis in the chests. They're tossed through the air. One slams into a thick magnolia trunk.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - CONTINUOUS

Illi yells out to Kit, who's a few feet ahead of him.

ILLI

Stop!

Kit skids to a halt. Illi creeps up to him. Points down. Another tripwire. They carefully step over it.

They begin to jog down the path again. All three are close together now. A sharp turn...

... The soft ground gives out beneath their feet. The earth CRUMBLES and they tumble down a clay-caked hillside.

EXT. MUDDY HILL - CONTINUOUS

The hill is steep and muddy from recent rain. As they slide, bigger chunks of rock and mud come free and fall after them.

They try their best to avoid trees, but glance off a couple of them. They dodge the biggest tumbling rocks. They're unable to stop themselves. Have to ride out the mudslide.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - CONTINUOUS

Four Nazis step onto a pile of palm leaves, which instantly give way. Another trap! Three of them plunge into a pit and are impaled on wooden spikes.

The fourth teeters on the edge. Regains his balance. Peers down at his comrades.

An arrow WHIZZES out of the forest and embeds itself into his neck. He falls, too.

EXT. CREEK BED - CONTINUOUS

A stream joins the mudslide, speeding their descent until the ground finally begins to level out.

They SPLASH into a shallow pool adjoining a creek.

Dazed and dizzy, they gradually stand.

ANNIE  
Everyone okay?

They check themselves.

KIT  
I think so? Somehow.

An INDIGENOUS MAN emerges from the jungle, bow drawn. Steps into the creek bed. He's old. And bearded.

Kit instinctively begins to raise his gun. Illi slams his hand on the barrel.

ILLI  
No. Drop your weapons.

Kit looks pissed. Strains against Illi.

ILLI (CONT'D)  
Do it.

Kit relents. Drops his gun to the ground. As does Annie. Illi walks slowly forward, arms outstretched, palms up.

ILLI (CONT'D)  
(in Quechua)  
Allianchu. Turay. Kawsaypac.

The indigenous man doesn't seem to understand. Keeps the bow taut. Illi frowns. Tries again in a different language.

ILLI (CONT'D)  
(in Aymara)  
Aski urükipana. Sutijara Illi. Uru.

Still nothing. Illi thinks for a moment. Tries once more.

ILLI (CONT'D)  
(in Puquina)  
Kapak kupi.

The man looks surprised. Then he smiles. Lowers his bow. Motions for them to follow him.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

A large clearing with a brook that flows through the center. Bluish fungal veins trace the banks, faded in the daylight.



There are five huts, spaced equally in a diamond shape, with a larger one in the center. Stone bases and thatch roofs.

The old man leads them in from a path to the east.

ILLI

(excitedly)

He speaks Puquina, a language once reserved for Incan royalty. Their legends say it was inherited from Tiwanaku. We may have met their predecessors.

Three warriors emerge from the jungle. Two women exit the huts to greet the visitors. All appear to be in their 60s.

INT. HUT - DAY

The trio sits across from two men and one woman inside the largest hut. Hot coals simmer in a small pit between them.

ILLI

I can't make out all of it, but I'll do my best.

One of the Tiwanakan men SPEAKS rapidly in his native tongue. Illi cocks his head and listens.

ILLI (CONT'D)

They're the survivors of Paqariq Tampu's original inhabitants. They lived there for centuries. They were just kids when they escaped. They should be even much older. Their proximity to the cave allows them to still partially benefit from its effects.

KIT

Why did they live in the cave for so long? Besides, you know, the obvious?

Illi thinks a moment, then ASKS IN PUQUINA. The man doesn't seem to understand. The woman SPEAKS. Illi listens.

ILLI

To be closer to their loving... I assume the word must mean "god." She says the Nazis misunderstood many things. They didn't sacrifice the unwilling. It was the highest honor to... become one with the...

(MORE)

ILLI (CONT'D)  
 power, the entity, in the pit. The  
 Nazis have... perverted that power.

The woman continues to SPEAK.

ILLI (CONT'D)  
 Long ago, her distant ancestors  
 moved to the cave from their great  
 city to escape a calamity. They  
 later sent out a group of siblings  
 to see if the world had recovered.  
 They were gone many years and  
 helped the outsiders rebuild  
 civilization. Tiwanaku. But  
 ultimately they were disappointed  
 and returned to the cave.

Another warrior enters. He carries a bundle of Nazi loot--  
 guns, ammo, grenades. He drops it atop a large pile of  
 similar items against one wall. Kit eyes the pile hungrily.

The woman nods at the newcomer and continues SPEAKING.

ILLI (CONT'D)  
 They've been harassing the Nazis  
 for sixty years. Killing them when  
 they venture too far from the cave.  
 They've been waiting for the  
 opportunity to destroy them and  
 drive them out once and for all.

KIT  
 Oh, have they now?

EXT. OVERLOOK - DAY

The trio stands on a rocky ridge two hundred feet above the  
 river. They see the fallen tree, the Andes to the west, and  
 Torrello's mansion poking out of the canopy to the east.

ILLI  
 They said they can guide out of  
 here. The road meets up with a  
 larger one only five miles away.

Silence.

ILLI (CONT'D)  
 But we're not leaving, are we?

Annie and Kit both shake their heads.

KIT

We have to kill them all. It'll be days or weeks before we can convince the authorities to come here. They could evacuate by then.

ANNIE

I think you meant to say that we need to rescue Eline.

KIT

(smiles softly)  
You're right. I did.

Another pause.

KIT (CONT'D)

There's a lot of Nazi rats in that fucking nest.

Annie glances back toward the village.

ANNIE

We won't be just three anymore.

EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - DAY

Illi, Annie, and Kit crouch in the foliage near the jungle's edge. Two Tiwanakans are with them. The backpackers are loaded with weapons. Kit has grenades attached to his belt.

They wear Nazi-looted backpacks. Annie has a long rifle strapped to her back beneath her pack.

They watch the mansion's perimeter, timing the guards' movements. Kit WHISPERS to Illi, nodding at the Tiwanakans.

KIT

Are you sure they know the plan?

ILLI

(nods)  
Do you think warfare is an English invention?

KIT

No. But I think we were the first to make killing Nazis noble. And maybe a little fun.

ILLI

(somberly)  
I think we're probably gonna die.

Kit shrugs and turns to Annie.

KIT

That's not my plan. How about yours?

ANNIE

I'd rather not.

KIT

And those Tiwanakans? They've been around so long they probably forgot how to die. See? We're agree. Let's not do the dying thing. The hall has been rented and the band hired. Time to see if we can dance.

Illi grins.

ANNIE

What did I tell you about quips?

Illi WHISPERS to the Tiwanakans in their language. They nod, and then creep off through the jungle in opposite directions.

EXT. VILLA MAIN ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The gravel road leads to a stone archway, opening onto a wide patio bisected by walkways, fountains, and sculptures.

Two guards patrol each side of the entrance. Near villa's front door, four more hang around CHATTING.

RUSTLES in the foliage near each outer guard. Then...

Two arrows WHISTLE through the air. One guard drops instantly, an arrow in his chest. The other, hit in the neck, YELPS, GURGLES, and writhes. A Tiwanakan warrior rushes from the jungle, slashes his throat. Blood spurts. Then silence.

The central guards hear the yelps. Two move to investigate.

Annie and Illi creep up on one side of the arched entrance; Kit on the other. Once the guards get close enough, Annie and Kit both OPEN FIRE.

The guards collapse in a hail of bullets.

Then they step out from behind cover and aim at the remaining two, further off. They FIRE again. But the guards spot them soon enough to take cover behind a stone fountain.

Chunks of the stone fountain fly in the air. One Nazis peeks  
RETURNS FIRE. They duck back behind the archway.

Kit pulls a grenade from his belt, nods to the others, pulls  
the pin, and hurls it. They duck back behind the archway.

An EXPLOSION shakes the ground.

KIT

Quick. Before reinforcements come.

They sprint onto the patio, guns drawn. One Nazi, his flesh  
shredded, crawls from the fountain wreckage. Kit FIRES once.

They jog past the other body, pause at the heavy wooden door.

KIT (CONT'D)

Ready?

Illi and Annie nod. Annie pulls the door open. Kit steps in,  
gun first.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clear. Kit points at Illi and then at the kitchen-- the trap  
door is open. Illi nods. Stays here. Kit and Annie hurry  
through the living room and to the central courtyard door.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Kit peeks out. Sees nothing. He rushes forward...

A mistake. The dining table to his left is overturned. Gun  
barrels poke out from it.

In a reversal, he dives behind the courtyard fountain while  
the Nazis behind the table stand up and FIRE.

Annie lays down covering fire from the doorway but ducks back  
when bullets rip through the wood.

Kit peeks out in time to see Torrello flee into the kitchen.  
He GRUNTS in frustration. Then...

Another door behind the Nazis opens. The two Tiwanakans step  
into the courtyard. Now that stealth is no longer required,  
they wield machine guns as well.

They SPRAY the Nazis from behind. Kit and Annie join in.

The Nazis are all dead or dying. They check out the carnage  
behind the battered table. They BREATHE heavily.

KIT  
(to Tiwanakans)  
You're lifesavers.

Annie swaps magazines. She catches a flash of movement...

Another guard in the kitchen doorway. Raising his gun.

In one deft movement, she drops her machine gun and pulls the Luger pistol from her waistband. Fires FOUR SHOTS in such quick succession that the others barely register it.

The guard drops his weapon, clutches his chest, and falls.

Kit WHISTLES as she tucks the pistol back away.

KIT (CONT'D)  
Okay, I believe you now.

ANNIE  
And I still don't give a shit.

A vehicle ENGINE jumps to life from the far side of the courtyard. Then REVVING and CRUNCHING GRAVEL.

KIT  
That cockroach Torrello got away.

ANNIE  
Can't worry about him now.

KIT  
I knew the fucker had a car.

Kit spots a few cigarettes on the ground that he'd left the out here to dry. He picks one up. Lights up. Inhales.

KIT (CONT'D)  
Ah, much better. Okay, let's go underground. These guys...

The Tiwanakans are already gone.

KIT (CONT'D)  
... *Those* guys I hope are clearing the house and covering our backs.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Illi, Kit, and Annie creep quietly down the basement stairs.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

They walk along the impossibly long basement. They hear distant VOICES, SCRAPING, and a THUD.

A pair of Nazis come into view. They're opening one of the supply crates near the cave entrance.

The trio raise their guns in unison. Silent. Closing the gap.

One Nazi looks up. SHOUTS. A HAIL OF GUNFIRE silences him. It looks effortless.

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

They approach the cave mouth. Illi looks reverently at the statues.

ANNIE

You sure your friends are okay with  
what we're about to do?

ILLI

They say nothing we do can harm it.  
It's was here before mankind and  
will remain long after we're gone.

They walk together back into the cave.

INT. ART CHAMBER - DAY

Kit takes a moment to study the Rembrandt.

KIT

It's a shame we can't save these.

ILLI

At least someone other than those  
fascist pigs got to gaze upon them  
one last time.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

They load up a wheeled cart with big chunks of lithium.

Kit reaches into his pack. Pulls out a bundle of dynamite sticks with wires protruding from both ends. He sets it gently down atop the rocks.

KIT

Let's hope this cave works its  
magic on nitroglycerine as well as  
it does on people.

Kit and Illi push the heavy cart forward. At the door, Kit rounds the cart to fiddle with the wheel-lock.

Annie glances down at the table filled with papers and folders that had captured Luther's attention yesterday. Something catches her eye as well.

She moves a few papers aside and looks at a folder. Frowns. Picks it up and puts it into her backpack.

Kit pulls the door open.

INT. CAVE PASSAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Kit and Illi push the cart. Annie walks ahead, on point.

INT. MAIN CAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Leaving the cart behind them, they crawl up to the entrance. Peek out into the vast blue. No Nazis nearby.

KIT

Glad we're not fucked from the  
start.

He indicates the emptiness before them, and then the large group of Nazis gathered near the pit across the creek.

ANNIE

I don't like the look of that.

INT. CREEK BANK - MOMENTS LATER

They wheel the cart near the creek's edge, far upstream. Lock its wheels and rest it against a small stalagmite.

KIT

You good to do this alone?

ILLI

Yes. I've used explosives on  
excavation sites before. But will  
the blast be big enough?

Kit turns to Annie expectantly.



ANNIE

I keep telling you-- I dropped out.

KIT

Sucks for us then that you're the closest to an expert we've got.

ANNIE

(sighs)

I *think* it'll be enough? Even if not, that lithium compound is probably coursing through all their bodies. They're full of it.

Kit hands Illi an extra magazine.

KIT

If we're not back in twenty minutes, blow it. If you encounter something you can't handle, blow it. Get mad-dog mean.

Kit turns to Annie. Points at her sniper rifle.

KIT (CONT'D)

I hope you're as good with that thing. Don't leave me hanging.

Kit and Annie head off in different directions. Illi reaches into the cart and pulls out a chunk of lithium.

INT. OUTSIDE THE PIT - DAY

Kit crawls up the hillside toward the pit's opening.

At least twenty Nazis stand in a semi-circle at the pit's edge. All uniformed, all armed. A HUM fills the air. They are CHANTING. A long, low monotone.

**Eline is in the cage**, positioned vertically atop the edge of the metal platform over the pit. She's gagged. Her wrists and ankles restrained.

Von Pohl stands beside the cage, fiddling with equipment. He walks over to the edge. His face glows blue. He HUMS, too.

Kit scoots back down a couple feet, out of sight. Checks his machine gun. Pulls out his phone.

He turns the flashlight on and off three times. A signal.

He tucks it away. Crawls back up.

INT. SNIPER'S NEST - CONTINUOUS

Two hundred yards away, on the other side of the creek, Annie sees the signal flash in her rifle's scope.

She's positioned high in a large cluster of stalagmites, so that she's level with the hill above the pit.

She repositions. Blinks. Looks back into the scope. Steadies her rifle. Takes aim at the back of a Nazi's head.

INT. OUTSIDE THE PIT - CONTINUOUS

On the platform, Von Pohl opens his eyes. Speaks LOUDLY.

VON POHL  
(in German, subtitled)  
*The pit yawns for her. Hungers.*

Suddenly, a Nazi's head jerks forward and a great spray of blood erupts from the back of his neck. He pitches over and collapses, his arms dangling over the pit's edge.

A split-second later, the sound of a THUNDEROUS GUNSHOT. It ECHOES off the walls.

Another Nazi's head EXPLODES in a burst of crimson. BLAM.

Then another. BLAM.

The Nazis SHOUT and CURSE. Spin around, panicked. Guns raised, searching for the shooter.

Von Pohl squats. A bullet WHISTLES over his head, followed by an ECHOING BLAM.

He scurries down the stairs and hides among the panicked men.

BLAM. Another miss.

Müller emerges from the crowd as Von Pohl enters it. Clambers the first few platform steps. Looks around. Sees a flash. Another Nazi falls. BLAM. He points in Annie's direction.

MÜLLER  
(in German, subtitled)  
There! Near the east wall. Go!

Most of the men rush off in the direction he points. He grabs a man's shoulder.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

You. Take three men in the other  
boat. Guard the rear entrance.  
History won't repeat.

INT. SNIPER'S NEST - CONTINUOUS

Annie reloads. She breathes calmly. Steady.

INT. OUTSIDE THE PIT - CONTINUOUS

Only two Nazi guards remain on the hilltop.

Kit rises. Surges forward. FIRES. Drops them both.

Another ECHOING BLAM from Annie's rifle.

He rushes around the pit. Scrambles up the platform stairs.  
Eline turns toward him. Her eyes are wide with terror and  
relief. He fiddles around, looking for a way to release her.

INT. CREEK BANK - CONTINUOUS

The cart is half-empty. Illi GRUNTS, lifting another large  
chunk of lithium. He duck-walks it over to the creek bank.  
Drops it in. Two surprising things happen...

After PLOPPING into the water, it sinks a few inches and then  
bobs back up to the surface. It floats! And then it begins to  
HISS and SIZZLE. The water boils around it. Steam rises as it  
floats downriver.

Illi heads back to the cart for another load.

INT. OUTSIDE THE PIT - CONTINUOUS

Still gagged and locked in the cage, Eline spots something.

Her eyes widen again. She tries to speak. MUFFLED.

Kit reaches her. Removes the gag. She tries again. Her voice  
is CROAKY. She shakes her head furiously. Then...

GUNSHOTS. Bullets spark against the metal platform.

Kit spasms.

KIT

Fuck!

Hit in the shoulder. He stumbles. More shots. He dives off the platform's rear side.

He GRUNTS as he hits the ground twelve feet below.

Müller steps into view, on the front side of the platform.

Kit, bleeding, forces himself to stand.

MÜLLER

That's quite enough of your cheap  
heroics. What an obvious ploy.

Kit's rifle is on the ground, but he has a pistol. He FIRES.

A lucky shot. It strikes Müller's forearm. His gun flies out of his hand and over the pit's edge.

Müller dives behind the platform as Kit FIRES five more times until his clip is empty.

KIT

(shouting)

Show me your crooked jaw! Rise!

Müller remains hidden behind the platform.

MÜLLER (O.S.)

Your luck has run out.

KIT

Repeated luck isn't luck. This  
happens when you lock your enemy up  
like a criminal instead of lopping  
his head off like a gentleman.

Silence from Müller. Kit creeps around the platform. One last distant ECHOING BLAM.

INT. SNIPER'S NEST - CONTINUOUS

Annie pulls the trigger once more. CLICK. Out of ammo.

She looks up. Eight or nine Nazis are heading her way.

She leans her rifle against the crook of a stalagmite, grabs her backpack, and starts to climb down.

INT. OUTSIDE THE PIT - CONTINUOUS

KIT

Come out, Müller. I'm out of ammo.  
You're unarmed. We're both shot.

Keeps creeping.

KIT (CONT'D)

I've already surpassed my Nazi-  
killing quota. Thanks for that. So  
if you get me now, I still win.

Müller CLANGS up the platform steps. He looks down at Kit.

MÜLLER

One less Jew in the world is  
*absolutely* a win in my book.

Then he disappears from view.

KIT

No!

Up on the platform, Eline turns to look at Müller.

ELINE

(quietly)

Small words from a small man.

Müller smiles wolfishly. Then pulls a lever. Metal SQUEALS  
and the ankle and wrist restraints release...

She slides from the cage. Plummets into the pit...

A second or two later, a distant THUD.

Kit runs to the edge. Looks down.

A hundred feet below, Eline's twisted, broken body lies upon  
glowing blue stone. Blood pools from the back of her head.

Kit turns and glares at Müller, who stands at the top of the  
stairs. Müller nods at him. Kit charges.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - EVENING

The four Nazis Müller had ordered to guard the rear entrance  
slip out one at a time into the small jungle clearing.

The sun has begun to set, but they still have to squint and  
try to adjust their eyesight.

## EXT. CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

Two hundred feet above them, a Tiwanakan woman peers down.

She signals her companion, a Tiwanakan man beside a wooden fulcrum wedged beneath a massive boulder.

He sticks a wooden pole into the contraption and pulls down. He GRUNTS and strains. The boulder moves slowly and then when it crosses the lip of the incline, starts to roll on its own.

The boulder SMASHES into two other rocks, which also start tumble down the slope. They gather more rocks as they roll.

## EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The Nazis hear a loud RUMBLE above. They look up. SCREAM.

The rocks CRASH, bury them, and seal the cave's entrance.

## INT. CREEK BANK - CONTINUOUS

Illi carries two smaller rocks toward the creek.

A bullet SMACKS into the ground near his feet and another WHIZZES by his ear.

He drops the rocks and dives behind the cart. He crouches behind it as bullets PING off its thick metal sides.

He peers underneath the cart to see two pairs of legs approaching from about twenty yards away.

His gun is down by the creek. Too far. He eyes the detonator, sitting near him. Hesitates. Changes his mind. Reaches into his jacket. Pulls out his sling.

He risks standing to grab a small rock from the cart. More bullets ZIP by. He ducks down. Loads it into the sling.

Waits a beat until a pause in firing. He hopes they're reloading. He scoots over to the side and then stands.

He spins the sling rapidly several times and releases it. A perfect shot. Connects into a man's face with a sick CRACK.

The other man raises his gun. Illi ducks again.

Illi looks under the cart again. Sees the man approaching. Ten feet now. Too close to get another good sling-shot off.

Illi whips off his jacket. Flattens himself. Squeezes the top half of his small body beneath the cart. The man gets closer.

Five feet.... Two...

Illi can only see the Nazi's lower legs and feet.

The man rounds one corner. Illi shoots his arms out from beneath the cart, grabs the man's ankles, and yanks hard.

The Nazi YELPS and falls flat on his back. His head strikes the ground with a THUD.

Illi jumps out of his hiding place and leaps on the Nazi's chest. He swings his arm and punches the Nazi in the jaw.

Then Illi sees a rock he dropped earlier, picks it up, and smashes it against the man's temple from the other side.

The Nazi slowly tries to raise his arm, which holds a pistol, but he's weak. Illi twists the gun out of his hand, turns it around, and FIRES four times into the Nazi's chest.

He jumps up and runs for his own gun. He skids to a stop near the water, grabs the gun and spins around.

There's movement. Someone coming toward him. He raises the gun. Finger hovers over the trigger.

The indistinct approaching figure has their hands up.

ANNIE (O.S.)  
(whispering harshly)  
Hey, it's me.

Illi SIGHS. Lowers the gun. Annie reveals herself.

ILLI  
Good. I'm getting really tired of  
being shot at.

INT. OUTSIDE THE PIT - CONTINUOUS

Kit and Müller are both atop the platform now, trading BLOWS in an old-fashioned, classic fist-fight.

A punch to one's stomach. The next to the other's chin. Back and forth.

Kit kicks. His foot glances off Müller's bleeding arm. Müller YELPS in pain, but then grimaces and swings his other arm, connecting with Kit's own injured shoulder.

Kit cartwheels. He SLAMS into the railing. CRIES OUT.

Müller rushes into him. He presses his body against Kit, grinding his back further into the metal. Kit GROANS again.

Müller keeps punching Kit, but they're so close that he can't get enough momentum to cause damage. Müller gets an idea.

Müller squats down and starts to lift Kit up off the ground--trying to flip him over the railing and into the pit.

Kit flails, but then grabs the railing with his good arm. Pushes back, both of his feet now off the ground. He connects solid kick to Müller's face. Müller topples backward.

Kit stands up. Sees the chain. Grabs it. It pulls free.

Müller rises. Kit kicks him again, this time hitting Müller's temple. Müller is dazed. Back on the platform floor.

Kit lunges forward. Wraps the loop of chain around Müller's neck. Bends down and shoves him across the floor. Müller raises his hands in a defensive posture, but it's no use.

Kit starts to kick again. Then bends and grabs Müller by the shoulders. Shoves him hard. Müller rolls under the platform and over the edge, under the rail, facing away from the pit.

As he tumbles over, Kit STOMPS on the chain. Müller falls, and the chain tightens around his neck. Then a SNAP.

Müller dangles lifelessly from the chain. Kit looks down.

KIT

Didn't escape Nuremberg after all,  
did you.

He steps off the chain. Müller's body THUMPS to the ground.

KIT (CONT'D)

(under his breath)  
Not ready for quips, my arse.

Breathing raggedly and clutching his shoulder, Kit stumbles down the stairs. Walks to the edge of the pit. Looks down again. GASPS.

INT. THE PIT - CONTINUOUS

A surreal glow. Everything is bathed in bright blue light.

Eline, impossibly, stands up. Her broken bones CREAK and SNAP back into position.



A HUM fills the air, which the Nazis had tried to mimic.

Eline doesn't appear to be in pain or distress. She looks serene. She turns her head to the left. Sees something Kit can't. Her face glows even brighter.

The HUM increases in volume and pitch. She hears SOMETHING. Perhaps a question posed. Which she answers.

ELINE  
(calmly, serenely)  
No. But I think I will be soon.

KIT (O.S.)  
(distant)  
Eline? Are you... okay? *How* are you  
okay?

She looks up. Sees Kit's head poking over the edge far above.

ELINE  
She's so beautiful.

KIT  
What?

Eine turns back to face the light. She speaks to it.

ELINE  
I'm not me anymore.

She looks down at her arms. Her body. Then back at the light.

ELINE (CONT'D)  
I thought I was someone. A woman. I  
had a life. People called me Eline.  
But I wasn't, was I? I didn't. So  
who am I then? *What* am I?

The hum CHANGES PITCH again. She cocks her head.

ELINE (CONT'D)  
Ah. Wow. Okay.

KIT (O.S.)  
What's going on down there?

After another moment, she breaks free and calls up to him.

ELINE  
You can go on living. I've had my  
fill. I've found the beauty I've  
been searching for.

KIT

(after a beat)

You hit your head. Stay with me.  
I'll figure out how to rig the  
chain to pull you up. Hold on.

ELINE

Thank you for coming back to save  
me. But I think I'll stay.

KIT

This whole cave is gonna blow up.

Eline glances back at the light briefly. Then calls back up.

ELINE

I'm quite sure we'll be fine. Thank  
you. Go. There's majesty down here.  
Don't look. I'll see for you.

Then she turns, steps into the light, and is enveloped by it.

INT. CREEK BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Illi and Annie drop the last rocks into the creek. Illi sets  
the dynamite down on the bank and unspools the wire around  
the detonator. They start to walk back to the empty cart.

ILLI

That's it then?

ANNIE

I guess we'll see if the aloof  
professors of Great Smokies  
Community College managed to teach  
me anything about chemistry.

ILLI

Wait. A community college?

Annie grins.

They hear distant GUNSHOTS. They look in that direction.

Kit barrels down the slope toward them. The remaining Nazis--  
still far too many-- trail behind him at a bit of a distance.

Illi unspools more wire. Checks the length.

Kit skids to a stop in front of the cart.

KIT  
(breathless)  
Ready?

ILLI  
You're bleeding.

KIT  
It's a scratch.

ANNIE  
What about Eline?

Kit tries to catch his breath. And figure out the words.

KIT  
She's... fine. She decided to stay.  
Not like Luther. She's in the pit.  
With... whatever it is that's down  
there. She was peaceful. She wanted  
to stay. It... I don't know how to  
explain it... absorbed her.

Annie studies him, trying to interpret what he said. But the  
Nazis are closing in.

ANNIE  
Okay, let's go.

They start to make their way back toward the passage leading  
to the main cave entrance, unspooling the wire as they go.

After forty feet, the wire goes taut.

A VOICE calls out.

VON POHL (O.S.)  
Stop! Wait. Please. Think.

Von Pohl walks into view, ahead of the other Nazis. His hands  
are raised. Illi and Annie aim their guns at him.

VON POHL (CONT'D)  
You'll deprive the world of the  
greatest gift ever discovered.

ANNIE  
No. We're ridding the world of  
something that should have already  
died. Should have stayed buried.

VON POHL  
Listen to me. You can--

KIT  
(to Annie)  
Killing Nazis might just become a  
hobby. It's in my bones.

Von Pohl lowers his arms, pleading.

VON POHL  
What do you think will--

ILLI  
Fuck this. Finding something hidden  
is what matters. No need to hold it  
forever.  
(to Annie and Kit)  
Run.

He presses the detonator. The three of them sprint away.

INT. CREEK BANK - CONTINUOUS

A spark at the end of the wire, then... T

The sticks of dynamite EXPLODE. The whole chamber SHAKES.

The creek catches fire. Flames rush downstream, following the  
invisible trail of hydrogen gas released by the lithium.

Then the air surrounding the creek begins to ignite as well.

A ball of flame rushes through the air and one Nazi after  
another catches fire. They SCREAM in agony.

The fire then jumps to Von Pohl. He, too, SCREAMS. Catches  
fire from the inside, his body full of lithium.

As the trio races back into the tunnel, the flame spreads.

EXT. VILLA PATIO - EVENING

All seems peaceful outside, on the surface. Birds CHIRP,  
monkeys CHATTER, and frogs CROAK. Then...

The front patio door flies open.

The two Tiwanakans emerge from the shadows. One aims a bow  
and the other a gun at the door.

Illi, Annie, and Kit stumble out onto the patio.

The Tiwanakans relax and lower their weapons.

More Nazi bodies are scattered about then there were before they descended. They survey the signs of carnage. Kit speaks breathlessly to the Tiwanakans.

KIT  
Outstanding workm guys. I met your  
god. Seemed like a nice chap.  
Helped our friend out.

Illi speaks to the Tiwanakans.

ILLI  
(in Puquina, subtitled)  
It is finished. Thank you.

The Tiwanakans nod, raise their hands, and then slink back into the forest.

Illi turns back to look at the house.

ILLI (CONT'D)  
I'm surprised it didn't blow up.

ANNIE  
We can light it on fire if you  
want.

Kit grins at her.

ILLI  
(shrugs)  
Maybe? No. Let's don't look back.

KIT  
Well, that was... something, wasn't  
it? Did we just wipe out an entire  
secret base full of immortal Nazis?  
I'm fairly certain I dreamed of  
this when I was ten or twelve.

Annie kneels. Pulls the folder from the lab out of her backpack. Shows it to Kit and Illi. They read the words on the cover.

INSERT: "Kimmmler Antarktıs AuÄŸenposten Bericht."

SUBTTLED: "Kimmmler Antarctic Outpost Update."

ANNIE  
(a bit frantically)  
Kimmmler supposedly created an anti-  
gravity device called The Bell.  
There were rumors of a Nazi base in  
Antarctica and--

She starts to open the folder. Kit places his hand on top of hers. She looks into his eyes. He is calm. He speaks softly.

KIT

Don't you remember? Happy endings  
only exist if you stop following a  
story at the right time.

She nods.

KIT (CONT'D)

Shouldn't we call it here then?

She removes her fingers from the edge of the folder. Relaxes.  
Drops it back into the backpack.

ANNIE

Okay.

EXT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

The trio walks toward the dirt road behind the villa. Behind them, several windows SHATTER. Flames and smoke finally begin to billow out. They disappear beneath the canopy.

*(Perhaps "1933" by Frank Turner?)*

FADE OUT