

VIEQUES

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EXT. BEACH - DUSK

A pink, setting sun. It chases the endless horizon.
Isla de Vieques. 8 miles from mainland Puerto Rico.
An attractive AMERICAN WOMAN splashes in the ocean.
Her attentive AMERICAN HUSBAND pets the blue waves.
The water runs pure. Tropical fish swim in schools.
On soft, white sand, a fiddler crab walks. Fiddles.
Then stops. Ominously, a shoe steps into the frame.
A weathered, if not diseased arm picks up the crab.
CRUNCHING. A beat, until a piece falls to the sand.
A claw. It's dismembered, yet pinching in distress.
The shoe steps on it, and heads towards the couple.

SMASH TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME

A woman SCREAMS. Face covered in sweat, spit, snot.
A scene of torture? Sort of. A MOTHER giving birth.
Through the window, we view the beach we just left.
A NURSE cleans the CRYING BABY. Her face, troubled.
Hesitantly, she hands him off to the baby's FATHER.
His smile, erased. Confused, he looks to the Nurse.

FATHER
(in Spanish)
This is not my baby.

Nurse, eyes to the floor.

MOTHER
What's wrong?

FATHER
This is not my baby.

MOTHER

Nando?

FATHER

This is not my son. What is
this animal? Give me my son!

Father hits Nurse with one arm, cradles BABY with the other.

NURSE 2 hustles over and in one fell-swoop, relieves him of
the Baby, places it out of harm's way. Comes back to defend
her colleague from the attack. DOCTORS & ORDERLIES storm in.

Contain Father, best they can. Mother SCREAMS bloody murder.

A needle PLUNGES into her wrist.

Another is JAMMED into his neck.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Woman and Husband, in the ocean.

WOMAN

Did you hear that?

HUSBAND

Teenage girl. Getting her pigtails
pulled.

WOMAN

What?

HUSBAND

Teenagers... Being dramatic.

WOMAN

Hopefully.

She treads water for a bit.

Sees a FIGURE on the shore.

It is wearing a beige mask.

WOMAN

Sweetie.

Husband sees.

The beige mask simply stares.

WOMAN
 (echoing him)
 Teenagers... Being dramatic.

HUSBAND
 (echoing her)
 Hopefully.

A moment passes. Tension rises. Builds.

The Figure begins walking towards them.

The water to its ankles. To its thighs.

INT. HOSPITAL - DUSK

A morgue ATTENDANT now tends to the Baby.

Baby rests on a cart. Covered by a sheet.

The Attendant fills forms. Turns to Baby.

Under the sheet, its arms and legs spasm.

A moment. Attendant pulls the sheet back.

Baby, DEFORMED. Why its Father was angry.

Attendant places Baby in a morgue locker.

Seals it shut. A dial turns GREEN to RED.

Attendant turns off light. Leaves morgue.

Through steel, MUFFLED SCREAMS are heard.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

The creepy Figure, waist deep in water, standing in front of American Woman and American Husband. Standing in front of us.

HUSBAND
 We don't want any trouble.

Figure in the mask just stares at them, as it previously did.

HUSBAND
 Please.

He's visibly scared, while Woman is on the verge of tears. The Figure takes a final step closer. Slowly removes mask. The mask drops in the water, face-up. It bobs up and down. Unlike the Baby, we do not see the Figure's deformed face. The Woman breathes heavily, about to scream. Instead, the Figure lets out a blood-curdling and prolonged BATTLE CRY.

SMASH TO:

INT. APT - DAY

MARCO MALDONADO (17) awakens from a nightmare with a SHOUT. He catches his breath. Sees his dad, POPPY MALDONADO (45), sitting on the edge of the bed, looking scary as all hell. Marco lets out another SHOUT. This one draws our laughter.

POPPY
What are you doing?

MARCO
What am I doing? What are you doing? Freak.

POPPY
Marco... Listen to me. Carefully.
(beat)
I need to know if you're packing.

MARCO
... I don't mess with guns, Pop.

Poppy looks to a painting of Jesus and shakes his head.

MARCO
Oh, you mean packing-packing.
Like my suitcase for Vieques.

POPPY
(to Jesus)
Like his suitcase for Vieques.

Poppy finds, inspects the contents of Marco's suitcase.

POPPY
Swiss Army knife, pen light...

Poppy tosses them in front of Marco, who lies on his side.

POPPY

Condoms? What is all this?

MARCO

A knife, pen light and condoms;
I dunno.

POPPY

I do. What're three things Marco
Maldonado will not be needing on
Vieques Island?

MARCO

Poppy...

POPPY

Get up. You're late for baseball.

MARCO

I'm not going to baseball. I'll
go to Scouts, but I'm not going
to baseball.

POPPY

Suck it up; I'll meet you there.
(beat)
And take it easy with your girl.

MARCO

She's not my girl... She is a girl,
she is not my girl.

POPPY

Walk someone else home is what
I'm saying.

MARCO

She walks me home.

POPPY

... She's trouble.

MARCO

I'm trouble.

POPPY

She's a different kind of trouble.

Marco, unable to let go of their back-and-forth.

MARCO

She's pretty.

POPPY

I'm pretty.

Marco wins the battle with his dad's line:

MARCO

She's a different kind of pretty.

A moment. Poppy rises, heads for the door.

POPPY

You see those links I sent you
about Vieques?

MARCO

I'm on it.

POPPY

They'll make you think twice about
joining the Navy. Educate yourself.

MARCO

That's sort of the idea.

POPPY

Oh, you're a wise guy now? You're
not gonna learn squat in the Navy.

MARCO

It's not just the Navy, it's
Annapolis. It's the United States
Naval Academy at Annapolis. And you
don't join, you apply. Annapolis is
tougher to get into than Harvard.

POPPY

And it's part of the Navy, is it not?
(beat)
Do you know what the Navy stands for?

MARCO

Honesty. Integrity. The Navy stands
for honesty and integrity.

POPPY

The Navy stands for Never Again
Volunteer Yourself. Make a note.

Poppy leaves. Marco eyes a plastic frame on his night-table.

It features a picture of his family. He turns the frame 180.

The other side of the frame is hiding the photo of a lovely girl, the girl they debated. Marco's best friend, his crush.

Poppy re-enters. Tears one condom from the strip, takes off.

Marco turns the picture around, gets up.

Sits at his computer. Checks his e-mail.

Marco,

Are you packing? Here are some Vieques links. You should know about your heritage. What happened on the island is a tragedy.

Not to make fun of it, but DO NOT Google deformed babies. LOL.

Also, check out the toys your mom bought the dog. LOL LOL LOL.

Love,

Poppy

Marco hits REPLY. We then watch him respond, letter-by-letter.

Dear Mr. Maldonado,

Don't use LOL. It's out of date.

Sincerely,

1997

Marco sends it. We see one last CLOSE-UP of "deformed babies."

He was told not to Google it, but Marco goes right to Google.

He sits there with the empty search box. It awaits his input.

Marco types a D.

Will he type an E next, followed by F-O-R-M-E-D B-A-B-I-E-S?

No. He chickens out, types an A, then L-E E-A-R-N-H-A-R-D-T.

Marco examines at the search results for Dale Earnhardt, Jr.

Goes back to Google. Again types a D, but this time he does follow it with an E. No "deformed babies," but "Derek Jeter."

Goes back to Google. Types D-E, then delivers Deion Sanders.

Goes back to Google. Types in D-E-F-O-R.

"Deformed babies?" Nope. "Deforestation."

For the last time, Marco goes back to Google, then types in "deformed babies." The image results are graphic. Revolting.

He then opens one of Poppy's links from the e-mail.

A CNN feature story on Vieques. Marco skips around.

www.frequency.com/video/did-navy-poison-americans/44204361

"For nearly six decades beginning right after World War II, the American island of Vieques was one of the Navy's largest firing ranges and weapons testing sites." -- "After years of controversy and protests, the Navy left Vieques island in 2003." -- "In my experience in dealing with hazardous sites and toxic substances, Vieques is likely to be one of the most contaminated sites in the world." -- "Dr. John Wargo is a Yale professor who studies the effects of toxic exposures on human health. He believes people on the island are sick because of the Navy's bombing range." -- "This contamination results from the longevity of the bombing, the shelling, the strafing, and many different compounds were released, including lead and mercury and cadmium, as well as flame retardants, fuels, and many of these were released with great intensity." -- "The weapons used on the island included chemical insecticides, depleted uranium, napalm and agent orange."

Marco clicks back on the image results for "deformed babies."

A haunting photo of one baby stares back at him. We zoom in.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Marco, on the New York streets. Approaches a church, enters.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Marco changes from his street clothes to a Boy Scouts uniform.
Through the stall, he hears the voice of his good friend, DOM.

DOM
You embarrassed?

MARCO
Dom?

DOM
Don't be embarrassed.

MARCO
Your mother's embarrassed.

A LITTLE GIRL walks in. Stares at Dom with large, blank eyes.

DOM
You should wear the Boy Scout
uniform with pride... Are you
afraid of what Moose will say?

MARCO
Moose doesn't scare me.

Dom holds eye contact with Little Girl and responds to Marco.

DOM
Says the dude who gets dressed in
the girls' bathroom.

Little Girl turns around, walks on off without saying a word.

Dom grabs tampons from a dispensary and throws them over the
stall at Marco. They hit their target and land on the ground.

Marco sees the Tampax logo on the wrapper -- Sighs in defeat.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Marco and Dom work on individual Boy Scout projects, as do a
number of other SCOUTS. At the head of the class, a Scout is
delivering a prepared/instructional speech for a merit badge.

SCOUT
A Boy Scout trapped in the Arctic
should know the benefits of seals.

We see the craft Dom is working on -- a catapult.

SCOUT

Earless seal meat is some of the finest meat available. You need considerable skill, however, to get close enough to an earless seal to kill it. To approach a seal, do as the Eskimos do: Stay downwind from it, cautiously moving closer while it sleeps. If it moves, stop and imitate its movements by lying flat on the ice, raising your head up and down, and wriggling your body slightly.

Dom fires a bottle-cap at Marco with the catapult.

It smacks Marco in the face. He smiles sheepishly.

SCOUT

Approach the seal with your body parallel to it, and your arms close to your body so you resemble another seal. Keep in mind that where there are seals, there are usually polar bears, and polar bears have stalked and killed seal hunters.

We see what Marco is working on. Armed with PVC fittings, couplings and end caps, plus a glue gun and knife, Marco has made a "tampon shooter blowgun." (Google it.) Indeed, Marco has created a weapon out of the tampons Dom tossed.

SCOUT

They are the most dangerous of all bears. They are tireless, clever hunters with good sight and an extraordinary sense of smell. If you must kill one for food, approach it cautiously. Aim for the brain, as a bullet elsewhere will rarely kill one. Always cook polar bear meat before eating it. Do not eat polar bear liver as it contains a toxic concentration of Vitamin A.

Marco fires his blowgun at Dom's head. A tampon strikes Dom, then lands on his desk. Dom can only smile at Marco's skill.

Marco fires again. It accidentally hits a gangsta BLACK SCOUT in the neck. He stares at Marco with a blank face. Not amused.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Later, Marco is again in the stall, this time changing out of his Boy Scout uniform. He folds it crisply, puts in a gym bag.

Leaves the stall, the bathroom, and sees a PRIEST in the hall.

PRIEST

Marco.

MARCO

Yes, father?

Marco is familiar with Priest's spooky appearance. We are not.

PRIEST

There's someone here to see you.

MARCO

Who?

The Priest holds on Marco, then walks away without answering.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Marco nears the pews. Spots a Navy RECRUITER waiting for him.

Marco approaches. The Recruiter has an eye patch, and a face that has seen cigarettes, whiskey and war. Organ MUSIC plays.

RECRUITER

Mr. Maldonado -- I'm Lt. Young.

They shake hands.

MARCO

You got my letters?

RECRUITER

I did. Have a seat.

Marco sits in the pew. Recruiter stands, lording over Marco.

RECRUITER

Marco...we'd love to have you at
The Naval Academy come September.

MARCO

Well I would love to be at The Naval
Academy come September. What are you
doing here?

RECRUITER

Well, we just want a put a name to the face, and let you know that we appreciate your enthusiasm. I want you on our side. Your academic and athletic credentials speak volumes.

MARCO

Wow. Thank you. Thing is, my dad...

RECRUITER

He isn't on board?

MARCO

He thinks it's dangerous.

RECRUITER

Your father loves you.

MARCO

... Is it dangerous?

Recruiter smiles an intimidating smile.

MARCO

What about if I want to go to grad school? Do you guys help with that?

RECRUITER

The name Annapolis helps with that.

MARCO

And job placement?

RECRUITER

We're like M.I.T. with weapons.

MARCO

And cute white sailor hats, right?

(beat)

Sorry. I'm a little nervous about competing for jobs.

RECRUITER

You won't compete for jobs. Jobs will compete for you.

MARCO

Also...

RECRUITER

You ask a lot of questions.

MARCO

Sorry.

(beat)

What about the Navy's involvement
with Vieques?

RECRUITER

You ask too many questions.

MARCO

I just wanna arm myself with info
so I can negotiate with my father.

RECRUITER

I understand. But the Navy is safe.
It's the safest place a man can be.

Nothing about the Recruiter appears safe. Marco isn't stupid.

He stares at the man's eye patch, then asks a final question.

MARCO

What happened to your eye?

RECRUITER

... Don't ask, don't tell.

He smiles a final, creepy smile. A moment. He then walks off.

Marco sits there, alone with his thoughts. Looks up to where
the organ MUSIC was coming from. Sees an DECREPIT WOMAN just
staring at him. Holds on him...then leaves our line of sight.

Again, the organ music PLAYS.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Marco now walks. The reason he changed from street clothes to
his Scout uniform, then from his Scout uniform to back to his
street clothes, is because his nemesis MOOSE lives right next
to the church, and can see Marco coming and going. As of this
moment, Marco is on his way to baseball practice as mentioned
earlier by Poppy, who also mentioned that he would stop on by.

As Marco continues his walk...

MOOSE

You're not gonna wait for me?

Marco's eyes close. A moment, until he turns around.

Sees Moose hanging out on the fire escape above him.

MOOSE

How come you're not in your Cub Scout uniform?

MARCO

It's Boy Scouts... I quit.

MOOSE

Why? Did your love affair with the Scoutmaster go bad?

Marco, quiet.

MOOSE

Did your love affair with the Scout masturbator go bad?

Marco walks away.

MOOSE

Hey, Puertorriqueña -- I better not get any of your shitty throws later.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Marco now wears his baseball uniform while playing shortstop.

Moose mans first, having just warned Marco about wild throws.

Their COACH hits standard ground balls to the SECOND BASEMAN.

Dom plays third base. And also plays tic-tac-toe in the dirt between 3B and SS with Marco. Dom draws an "X" with his foot.

DOM

You ready for Vieques?

MARCO

I'm packing.

DOM

Chance to get outta this rat hole.

MARCO

T-minus fourteen hours and counting.

(beat)

You know I've never been out of the city before?

DOM

You've been to Long Island.

MARCO

Not really the same thing, bro.

DOM

When we get down there, if the moment is right, you gonna try to kiss Jenny?

Marco looks to a nearby soccer field. Sees JENNY, playing.

MARCO

She doesn't even know I exist.

DOM

You're her best friend.

MARCO

Exactly...

Jenny spots Marco. She smiles, waves. Marco raises a hand.

MARCO

She doesn't even know I exist.

A sharply hit ball shoots past a distracted Marco and Dom.

COACH

Marco, get your head in the game!

Coach self-hits a ball to Marco's right. Marco ranges deep in the hole and fires to Moose at first. He misses by eight feet.

MONTAGE: We watch Marco move to his right, field tough ground balls, but he's unable to throw across his body with accuracy.

Coach stops, approaches Marco to deliver personal instruction.

COACH

Stop thinking -- You've gotta react, not think, cuz you're too smart for your own good... Where you applying to, anyway? Harvard?

MARCO

The Naval Academy. Annapolis.

COACH

Annapolis? The Naval Academy? Do you know what the Navy stands for?

MARCO

Never Again Volunteer Yourself.

Coach crinkles his nose as we watch Poppy nearing the dugout.

COACH

It stands for honesty. Integrity. The Navy stands for honesty and integrity... What the hell is wrong with you, Maldonado? Go and give me 20 laps you ungrateful shit.

Marco doesn't even put up an argument. He just begins to jog.

LATER

In the dugout, Coach talks w/ Poppy, who mentioned coming by.

COACH

Marco's a great athlete, but he can't make the play in the hole. He doesn't throw across his body well... I don't think he wants it badly enough.

POPPY

I'll talk to him.

COACH

It's the one flaw in his game.

(beat)

He's got no killer instinct.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Marco opens his gym bag. Rifles around. Something's missing.

Opens his locker, nothing is there. Hears a shower RUNNING.
Heads to the showers. Spots his Boy Scouts uniform, soaked.
Marco picks it up, wrings it out, walks back to his locker.
Dom notices, confronts Moose.

DOM
What's your problem?

MOOSE
What's *your* problem?

DOM
He's your teammate.

MOOSE
Why d'you stick up for him all the time? Y'all do Cub Scouts together, baseball together... Do you cuddle while watching Bravo together, too?

Moose stares down at tough, but smaller Dom, then smiles.

MOOSE
You like that Puerto Rican dick, don't you? I know I'm gonna see you two getting it on in Vieques.

DOM
Are you done?

MOOSE
Marco, those art fags your dad is friends with: You met them in Boy Scouts, right?

MARCO
Don't talk about my dad's friends.

MOOSE
No? What're you gonna do about it?

MARCO
Don't talk about my dad's friends.

MOOSE
Fag. You little Puerto Rican faggot.

Marco still looks down, intimidated. A beat. He looks up.

MARCO
Moose, you know who isn't obsessed
with whether or not people are gay?

MOOSE
Who?

MARCO
... Straight guys.

Moose's gears grind -- Knows Marco got the better of him.

He smacks Marco.

Before Moose can go on, Dom's fist lands on Moose's chin.

The two brawl, wrestling on the ground. Moose eventually gains the upper hand. Begins to pound away on Dom's face.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

Poppy cuts meat behind the counter.

FRIEND 1 and FRIEND 2, gay guys Moose made mention of last scene, hang out in the shop. FRIEND 1 holds a frozen steak against Dom's face as FRIEND 2 supervises. Marco sits back.

DOM
Yeah, I think frozen peas will be
just fine, actually.

FRIEND 2
Don't move, baby. Sit tight and look
beautiful.

DOM
I already have a black eye; I dunno
if we need to add E. coli to the mix.

FRIEND 1
Marco, who's this girl Poppy's
talking about?

MARCO
Jenny.

FRIEND 1
Jenny who? I need to have a
conversation with Miss Jenny.

DOM
Jenny McReynolds.

FRIEND 1
... Did he say McReynolds?

FRIEND 2
I know he did not say McReynolds.

FRIEND 1
What's the matter, Marco: You got
a problem with Puerto Rican girls?

MARCO
I'm seventeen. I got a problem with
all girls.

POPPY
Your problem is with this Moose.
You gotta stand up for yourself.

MARCO
Fighting doesn't solve anything.

DOM
It does not. It definitely does not.

MARCO
I'm not gonna resort to violence
because all it does is reinforce
the stereotype of a hot-tempered
Latino male... I don't want that.

FRIEND 1
He's an artist. He doesn't fight
and destroy, he creates.

POPPY
Pablo Picasso was an artist, but
Pablito knew when to a throw a punch.

MARCO
I'm not fighting to prove a point.
(beat)
I'm not fighting to prove a point.

Poppy notices someone outside, staring into the butcher shop.

Marco and the others look -- It's the Recruiter from earlier.

He enters the shop.

RECRUITER

Mr. Maldonado -- I'm Lt. Young.

POPPY

How are you?

RECRUITER

Great... I stopped by to talk to Marco earlier. I was hoping that you and I could sit down as well.

POPPY

With all due respect, Lieutenant, I know what the Navy has done down in Vieques, and I know what you do to the rest of the world.

Poppy chops meat with a cleaver. Recruiter approaches the counter, splay his fingers on the standard white Formica.

RECRUITER

With all due respect, the Navy left Vieques in 2003.

POPPY

Did they take all the unexploded ordnance with them? What about the napalm and depleted uranium -- Did that leave Vieques in 2003 as well?

RECRUITER

A son cannot apologize for the sins of his father. Course, your son can have a better life than, well, this.

FRIEND 1

... Oh, no she did not.

POPPY

Lemme explain something to you: My son is gonna be an artist. A great artist. Our friends here will pave the road to the New York art world for him... There won't be a cap on his pay like in the Navy. Marco is gonna use his brain to make money.

RECRUITER

As long as he's not using his hands like some blue collar stiff, right?

Without looking, just holding eye contact with Recruiter, Poppy pounds his butcher knife down on the white counter.

It lands right in-between Recruiter's splayed out fingers. Everyone -- Marco, Dom, Friend 1 and Friend 2, all frozen.

POPPY

Get out of my store.

Recruiter smiles.

POPPY

My store... Get out of it.

A beat. Recruiter heads for the exit. All is tense. Then...

FRIEND 1

And stay out ya big bitch!

Poppy watches the Recruiter leave, then wait for the light. Recruiter turns around a bit, makes eye contact with Poppy.

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

Later, night falls over the city.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

Now alone, Marco and Poppy close up. A somber Marco sweeps.

MARCO

I wanna go to Annapolis.

POPPY

I wanna date with Eva Mendes.
Neither is happening in this
lifetime.

MARCO

You don't like the Naval Academy
becuz you think of them as white.
(beat)
Same with Jenny. You don't like
Jenny cuz she's white.

POPPY

I don't like the Navy cuz they're
trying to take you away from me.
(beat)
But I do hate Jenny cuz she's white.
This is true.

MARCO

Poppy, I can be an artist whenever.

POPPY

Most kids would love to have a dad who encouraged them to pursue art.

MARCO

Most dads would love to have a kid get recruited by the Naval Academy.

POPPY

You got zero killer instinct, Marco. You don't have it on the field, you don't have it with this Moose kid...

MARCO

What does baseball have to do with anything? Are you serious?

POPPY

Are you serious? You say I hate white people? If Dom did for me what he did for you? I would kill for him. Ya got no Latin pride in you. That white boy took a beating for you... And you got the stones to say I hate white people?

MARCO

I was kidding.

POPPY

Well I'm not kidding. White people? I feed them. I feed their children.

(beat)

They put money in my pocket. They feed me... And then I feed you.

Marco, humbled. A moment passes, and Poppy calms down.

POPPY

Look, Marco: When you want something badly enough, whether it's Annapolis, making the throws from shortstop, or standing up to somebody, you'll rise to the occasion. But you are missing that killer instinct ... And it only comes by sheer desire. By sheer want.

(beat)

You ever want something so bad that if you didn't get it, you feel like you'd die?

SMASH TO:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Next day. Trip to Vieques. Marco looks out the window as Nina Simone immediately starts upon the scene transition.

NINA
Birds flying high; you know how I
feel...

Marco sees birds flying.

NINA
Sun in the sky; you know how I feel.

The sun shines brightly.

NINA
Breeze drifting on by; you know how
I feel... It's a new dawn, it's a
new day, it's a new life for me.
Yeah, it's a new dawn, it's a new
day, it's a new life for me... And
I'm feeling good.

BOOM -- As the trombone majestically SOUNDS OFF, Marco sees:

Jenny McReynolds walking in slow motion through the airport.

When Poppy told Marco, "You ever want something so bad that if you didn't get it, you feel like you'd die?" Well, hence our immediate transition from butcher shop to airport/Jenny.

As Nina Simone fades out, Jenny takes a seat with some KIDS.

Marco waits. Chaperone Poppy and Dom, at the ticket counter.

Artist Marco is finishing a pencil sketch portrait of Jenny.

When he looks to the sketch, best friend Jenny looks at him.

Of course, when he looks up at Jenny, she's in conversation.

Marco, engrossed in the pencil sketch. He's distracted, too.

JENNY
What are you drawing?

Marco looks up. Jenny and TISHA stand right in front of him.

Marco looks down at the sketch of Jenny, looks back up at the actual Jenny. He panics and flips the pages of the sketchbook.

JENNY
Whaddaya got there?

MARCO
Nothing. Just portfolio stuff.

JENNY
Show me.

MARCO
It's not ready yet.

Tisha grabs the sketchbook, Marco grabs it back.
The sketchbook lands on the ground, a page open.
It's a portrait of --

JENNY
Taylor Swift?

MARCO
Definitely -- Taylor Swift... I'm
drawing a picture of Taylor Swift.

TISHA
Are you into her?

MARCO
No, not at all.

JENNY
It's okay. Lots of guys are.

MARCO
Well, I'm not. Frankie Molinaro gave
me 50 bucks to draw a picture of her.

TISHA
Don't walk it back; own it.

MARCO
I don't like Taylor Swift.

JENNY
There's nothing inherently wrong with
having terrible taste in women, Marco.

Marco notices Poppy beckoning him from the ticket counter.
Saved -- He gets up and heads on over with his sketchbook.

TISHA
I can't believe he likes Taylor
Swift.

JENNY
Seriously... I have no chance.

Jenny likes Marco, Marco likes Jenny, but they're young, and therefore too scared to admit their feelings for one another.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Marco & Jenny sit together. Their hands touch on the armrest.

Sorry. MARCO Sorry. JENNY

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

The plane lands in Puerto Rico.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

A boat carries Marco, Dom, Poppy, Tisha, Jenny, Moose, MR. MOOSE, and assorted kids to Vieques. Tropical music PLAYS.

INT. CAR - DAY

Marco and Co., driven to a hotel. The scenery chews itself.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Marco and Dom unpack in their room.

DOM
You ticked your dad is chaperoning?

MARCO
Nah. He can run interference if
Moose's Dad is a domineering prick.

DOM
Like father, like son.

Marco, through a sliding door. A massive iguana awaits him. Marco, frozen as an oblivious Dom joins him outside. Marco pushes past him in the doorway and comically locks Dom out.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Polished seashells define the landscape of Sun Bay Beach.
 Marco & Dom, along with Jenny & Tisha, plus Moose & Kids.

JENNY

What are people doing tonight?

MARCO

Well when everyone who takes French went to France for their trip, they did tourist-y stuff. I'd rather not do typical Spanish class stuff with Señor Mullen.

MOOSE

(to Jenny)

My dad signed up for chaperone duty just so he could look at investment properties. You should come.

LATER

The Kids and Chaperones splash in the crystal clear water.
 The Figure from Page 1 watches them, hidden in the cliffs.

INT. VAN - DUSK

Marco & Co., on their way to assess investment properties.

EXT. VIEQUES - NIGHT

All are gathered, sizing up a vacation house with a GUIDE.

GUIDE

2,000 square feet of house, 2,000 square feet of backyard, and it's set a thousand feet from the water.

Marco leans in to Dom.

MARCO

Why are we here?

DOM

Stupid is as stupid does.

MARCO

What?

DOM
Marco is as Jenny does.

Moose and the various Kids kick the tires on the property.

MOOSE
Dad, this place is awesome.

MR. MOOSE
It is. But it's one of many.
(to Guide)
Is this a turn-key property?

GUIDE
Gut renovated and ready to go.

Dom turns to Marco, but his furrowed brow causes Marco to turn around and look at what his buddy is concerned about.

Marco sees not 1, but 3 Figures in masks. Staring at them.

TISHA
What is that?

GUIDE
The Natives.

DOM
Who?

GUIDE
The Natives.

JENNY
What's their deal?

MARCO
... They're restless.

One of the Figures takes a step forward. Moose sneers.

MOOSE
What the fuck are you looking at?

The Figure throws a fistful of sand into Moose's eyes.

He and the other Figures take off into the rainforest.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The group eats lunch. Guide explains the Natives' M.O.

As Guide speaks, Marco waits to pay at the register.

GUIDE

Since 1941, Vieques Island has been occupied by the U.S. Navy. They may have left, but an American presence is hardly appreciated by the native people. The tourism is great, don't get me wrong, but a lot of tourists want to buy our best properties. Do you know about the medical problems?

JENNY

There are higher rates of cancer.

Marco watches a LITTLE BOY maybe twenty feet away.

LITTLE BOY, like the Figures, sports a beige mask.

GUIDE

There are higher rates of everything. Cancer, heart failure, birth defects...

TISHA

But what's with the masks?

GUIDE

They're trying to scare you.

JENNY

It's working.

Marco, still waiting to pay. Little Boy jumps for a bowl of Reese's Pieces that is on the counter, but beyond his grasp.

GUIDE

The feeling is, America made them sick. The Navy did poison them, and the Navy poisoned their families. So they don't want to see Americans swoop in and buy up their very best beachfront property.

DOM

I wouldn't want to either.

GUIDE

Yeah. They're good people.

Marco smiles as Little Boy keeps jumping for Reese's Pieces.

At the table, Guide and Kids rise and get ready to take off.

GUIDE

At the same time... With the Natives,
there's an element that's aggressive.
Remember -- They do lack opportunity
because of their health. So, they're
angry. Very angry. Why do inner city
kids in America turn to street gangs?

JENNY

They lack opportunity.

GUIDE

Why do terrorists breed in the
Middle East?

DOM

They lack opportunity.

GUIDE

The Natives...they're good people.

Marco watches Little Boy jump and struggle for his Reese's.
He gives up, looks down in his little mask. Then heads off.
Back to his table. FATHER is also in a mask. MOTHER is not.
Marco studies them. Meanwhile, the Guide and Kids walk out.

TISHA

I'm sure they are good people, but
it's a little...

DOM

Unnerving.

JENNY

Well, like Tisha said: What's the
story with the masks?

GUIDE

I told you. They're sick.
(beat)
And it shows.

Marco pays/gets a receipt. He walks through the restaurant
to join the group outside. As he passes Little Boy's table,
Marco places his hand on the table, in front of Little Boy.

Marco keeps walking. Leaves behind two gold Reese's Pieces.

The Boy's beige, blank mask holds on them, entranced.
 He looks up to his Mother, who offers a loving smile.
 The Boy's masked Father stares at Marco as he leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Kids ride horses. Poppy is here, Moose's Dad is here, everyone. A warm, peaceful paradise as the sun goes down.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The Kids board a boat on a loading dock.

DOM
 Where are we going?

TISHA
 Bio Bay.

DOM
 What's Bio Bay?

POPPY
 Bioluminescent Bay. The 8th Wonder
 of the World.

EXT. BIO BAY - NIGHT

Where Kids splash and swim, the water is lit up, bright blue.
 As he speaks to Dom, Guide expounds upon Poppy's explanation.

GUIDE
 The luminescence, the neon blue you
 see, it's caused by micro-organisms
 called dinoflagellates.

MOOSE
 They're like plankton.

GUIDE
 They're actually not like plankton,
 but that's okay, too ... Basically,
 when they get disturbed, they glow.

DOM
 So does Marco.

Jenny and Poppy smile as they eye Marco on the boat's 2nd deck.

LATER

Jenny joins Marco, sitting down cross-legged.

JENNY
What are you doing?

MARCO
Just enjoying myself.

JENNY
How come you're not enjoying
yourself with the rest of us?

MARCO
Are they even having fun?

Jenny looks down, sees people smiling, happy.

JENNY
Aren't they?

MARCO
Maybe. They're taking a whole lot of
pictures, that's for sure. Sometimes
people get so caught up in trying to
capture a moment, that they don't
actually experience the moment.

JENNY
There's room for both, no?

MARCO
Definitely. Definitely. But it seems
to me that people spend about 10% of
their time experiencing moments, and
90% focusing the lens, framing their
shots, then pressing the button. And
then deleting the shot. I was at the
Yankee game when Derek Jeter got his
3,000th hit. People were watching it
through their phones only. It's like,
the human eye is a complex, gorgeous
creation that God gave us. Put it to
work. Build some memories on what you
witnessed with your own two eyes, not
a picture just to show you were there.

JENNY
The ticket stub proves that.

MARCO

Exactly. And look...maybe people want their own photo evidence. That's cool. I can get behind that... I just wanna create and store my memories upstairs.

JENNY

Wow.

MARCO

Shut up.

JENNY

You're such a rebel.

MARCO

Shut up!

JENNY

"I just wanna create and store my memories...upstairs."

MARCO

Stop it!

JENNY

"That's cool. I can get behind that."

MARCO

Jenny...

JENNY

Are you gonna talk like that to girls in college?

Marco smiles.

JENNY

Bad game flies with the chickenheads in New York, Marco -- Suburban girls in college do not stand for that shit.

Times passes. They study Bio Bay.

MARCO

I am having fun, by the way.

JENNY

I'm having fun, too.

Marco nods at Dom, swimming in the water.

MARCO

Don't get me wrong; I'll come down
and spend time with everyone. I
wanna hang out with my boy.

JENNY

Well hang out with your girl, too.

Smitten, a shy Marco bows his head. And sees Jenny's hand.
As she looks out on the bay, Marco thinks about taking it.
His hand rises a bit, hovers over Jenny's. Out of nowhere:

JENNY

Are you in Cub Scouts?

MARCO

What?

Marco doesn't know what to do with his hand. He scratches his
leg, hides it behind his head, sits on it. Jenny is oblivious.

JENNY

Are you in Cub Scouts? Dom was
talking about archery and I didn't
know you --

MARCO

-- I'm confused.

JENNY

You're in Cub Scouts with Dom.

MARCO

Boy Scouts, you mean? I'm not.

JENNY

Don't be embarrassed. Do you wear the
neckerchief? That blue and gold thing?

MARCO

I'm not in Cub Scouts.

JENNY

Aw. Poppy's little Cub Scout.

MARCO

I'm not in goddamn Cub Scouts, Jenny.
It's lame. Merit badges for soap box
derbies? Lame. Following bird tracks?
Lame. I'm not in the damn Cub Scouts.

JENNY

No, I know... You're in Boy Scouts.

A loud SCREAM is heard in the distance, back on shore.

Marco & Jenny wheel around, peering into the darkness.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Kids are now partying on the beach with LOCALS.

Marco and Dom, Tisha and Jenny, drinking beers.

DOM

This is like...genuine fun. We're all here, having a blast, letting loose... This is what we work for.

TISHA

Where's Moose?

MARCO

That's what I was thinking -- Island paradise, cold beer... Where's Moose?

JENNY

I saw him heading off with a local girl. I thought you all were tight.

DOM

It rhymes with tight... It also rhymes with tickhead.

TISHA

Well aren't you guys all on baseball together? Or is that just Cub Scouts?

Jenny makes a waving motion under her neck: Don't go there.

DOM

It's not Cub Scouts; it's Boy Scouts.

JENNY

Moose is a sweet guy.

MARCO

The sweetest. Great ballplayer, too.

(beat)

Makes all the throws.

LATER

Marco and Dom walk the beach together, beers in tow.
Hear NOISES. Concerned faces. They scale a sand bar.
Moose and a Local struggle below them. He rapes her.
Marco and Dom rush into the mess and tear Moose off.
Free, the Local girl runs away, SCREAMING & SOBBING.

INT. POLICE HQ - DAY

The next morning.

Kids, now joined by Poppy, wait in chairs. Look like ghosts.
All watch from afar as Mr. Moose sits with the POLICE CHIEF.
Moose sits in a cell. A COP unlocks the cell. Moose is free.
Kids, confused as they watch. See Mr. Moose slide cash over.

EXT. POLICE HQ - DAY

The Kids exit, looking dejected. Descend the steps.
After awhile, Moose and Mr. Moose exit the station.
Now 100 feet away, the Kids eye them with contempt.
Natives in masks, hiding in bushes, see everything.

EXT. ANCHOR REEF - DAY

Under the water, Kids SCUBA dive.
Fish swim in schools. Rays glide.
On the boat, Marco and Dom are quiet. Upset over the assault.
They peep Moose on the starboard side. Laughing, carrying on.

LATER

The sun is now setting. Marco and Poppy, fishing.
Marco eyes the shore. Sees a bonfire, a small ball of orange.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The bonfire rages. Natives are gathered around for a meeting. Some are masked and disfigured, some are unmasked and unseen.

NATIVE

(in Spanish)

For generations they raped us of our land, they raped us of our resources. Our water is so blue yet so polluted. Our food is so abundant yet so toxic. They come in small numbers but leave with large properties. They rape our land, our resources, and now, our humanity.

He removes his mask. We see his head from behind only, as he drops his mask onto the raging bonfire. Other Natives follow suit. Soon enough, the fire is a trash heap of melting masks.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Kids (plus Poppy and Mr. Moose) disembark, one-by-one.

A sweet-faced, innocent BOY, saddles up to Marco, Dom.

BOY

Marco, check out this shell.

Boy places his hand on Marco's shoulder. The moment he does, we see a Native's terrifying face. It flashes before us for the first time, just a moment before a machete slashes deep through the wrist of Boy's arm. He SCREAMS, and Marco YELLS.

The machete reloads and hacks away. Blood streams and flies.

Panic sets in as Kids notice. More Natives block a path towards dry land. They rush towards a crowd of Kids, so the only way to safety is through diving into the water.

Marco and Dom swim together. Poppy, Jenny and Tisha swim separately. Kids swim, as do Moose, Mr. Moose, and Guide.

A Native on the boat has captured a Kid who didn't get a chance to dive into the water. He repeatedly smashes the Kid's skull into the side of the boat until the Kid dies.

In the water, a Native attacks their teacher, MR. MULLEN.

Mr. Mullen's hand breaks the surface. Drowns & Submerges.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Kids wash up on the shore. Marco makes eye contact with Poppy, then with Jenny. Tired, he collapses on the sand.

EXT. SUGARCANE FIELD - DAWN

Marco and Poppy, hiding. Marco's Boy Scout instincts inform his reaction to trauma. As such, he is calm, awake and alert.

Poppy sleeps, though not deeply, given the circumstances.

Dom, his fellow Boy Scout with an even more Gung Ho, football mentality, is also alert and awake. He hides elsewhere in the field with Tisha and Mr. Moose.

It's been awhile since they washed up, so Dom presumes it's safe to rally the survivors and figure out what to do.

He slowly rises, aware that there could be a Native lurking anywhere. Doubtful, but possible. His head meets the horizon, just above the sugarcane. Softly asks:

DOM

Hello?

No response.

He dips back below the horizon.

Waits, then rises back up.

DOM

Who's here?

No response.

He dips down.

Back with Marco, who rises above the sugarcane.

MARCO

Dom... It's Marco. Poppy's with me.

Poppy, now awake.

Marco dips back down.

Dom rises up.

DOM

Gather the others and move out.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

All are hidden under cover. Many confused, dirty and scared.

We have KID 1 to KID 6, plus VICTIM 1, VICTIM 2, along with Marco, Dom, Poppy, Jenny, Tisha, Moose, Mr. Moose and Guide.

TISHA

What... What was that?

DOM

An eye for an eye.

VICTIM 1

What are we gonna do? What are we gonna do; did you see their faces?

POPPY

How many of them are there?

GUIDE

Enough.

MOOSE

It's not my fault. They wouldn't have let me go if I did anything.

(beat)

It's not on me; they're monsters.

DOM

Your piece of shit father paid them off and now people are fucking dead.

GUIDE

Stop. Okay? They're not monsters, they're people. And most of them aren't trying to scare Americans off the island, that's a smaller subset of the disfigured men and women that are out there. And it stands to reason that these guys after us now, that's gotta be an even smaller subset of the folks who are trying to scare you away.

JENNY

Will they come back?

GUIDE

I don't know. They did let us swim to safety rather than following us and then attacking us on the beach.

POPPY

Those guys let us swim to safety.
Doesn't mean all the Natives are
operating from the same playbook.

Marco pulls out his phone: Blank screen, water-logged.

DOM

We gotta get to a better hiding spot.
And we have to keep moving to better
hiding spots, until we're eventually
back to civilization.

KID 1

Why can't we swim back? How we came?

TISHA

They could be waiting for us.

Dom nods as he holds on Kid 1.

DOM

I don't know about you, but if I'm
gonna die, someone's gonna have to
put a bullet in me. I cannot drown
to death; that's a horrible way to
go out.

VICTIM 1

I wanna walk back now. I'm scared.

JENNY

We have to get to the police.

GUIDE

This isn't the U.S., and it isn't
mainland Puerto Rico. It's Vieques.

MOOSE

Meaning what?

GUIDE

If you can get away with rape, they
can get away with murder. You think
the police are gonna prosecute them?

MR. MOOSE

Dead Americans? It'll crush tourism.

MARCO

Not if there's no one left to
complain.

Poppy empties pockets. Phone, pen, white card. He flips it. It's the Annapolis Recruiter's impressive and stately card. He flips it again. Writes on the white: "Maria, I love you." Writes the date, then signs it. Puts it back in his pocket.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - DAY

All hide in a safer place. Victim 1, still full of anxiety.

VICTIM 1
What are we gonna do?

MR. MOOSE
We should walk back to town.

VICTIM 2
We should.

DOM
That is a bad idea.

POPPY
That is a terrible idea.

VICTIM 1
I'm scared. What can we do?

POPPY
Maybe we can shut the fuck up, Louis.
I love you, boss, but shut the fuck up.

VICTIM 1
You're a chaperone... You're not
allowed to curse at me like that.

Poppy smacks him on the head.

POPPY
Oh, no? How 'bout that, dipshit?

DOM
Everyone relax. Calm down.

Marco, a stand up guy, but largely silent due to his timid nature, sincerely extends an olive branch to Victim 1/Louis.

MARCO
It's cool, Louis. I got your back.
We're all scared. I'm scared, too.

DOM

Everyone make sure their wet money is okay. It'll dry out fast. We'll need money, though. If we're lucky.

MR. MOOSE

I still think we should walk back.

VICTIM 2

Exactly. They didn't chase us down.

DOM

They aren't the only disfigured people in the Native population. They aren't the only ones who've been marginalized and brutalized their whole lives because of the physical appearance our Navy hit them with. They are pretty angry people, becuz that piece of shit raped their daughter.

MR. MOOSE

I don't appreciate your tone.

DOM

Fuck you. Dad.

GUIDE

Guys, stop.

POPPY

Listen to the man. Work together.

GUIDE

I'm concerned that... What if there's a bounty?

DOM

Do you have reason to think there is one, or are you speculating?

GUIDE

Just speculating. But you don't kill someone in public unless you know the cops aren't gonna do anything about it... Sometimes the Natives, the bad apples who are ruthless and would be ruthless if they were deformed or not ... Sometimes they do hold tourists for ransom, but they clearly weren't trying to last night. And those guys love attaching money to everything.

(MORE)

GUIDE (CONT'D)

Disenfranchised people all over the world, they're the ones who gamble the most. And these guys gamble on everything. When the light's gonna change, when the mail comes...

JENNY

A thousand bucks each murder, five thousand for Moose himself. Cops are probably financing it themselves.

GUIDE

I wouldn't go that far... Probably just gonna look the other way. But the reason it's important is becuz if there's a bounty, it means these guys are gonna keep coming back. Starting six hours ago.

VICTIM 1

Oh, my God... Let's walk back now. I just want to know... Oh, my God.

Dom has tuned him out, finishes up conversation with Guide.

DOM

What do we need to do first?
Upgrade shelter, right?

TISHA

Let's go.

DOM

That's first. What's second?
(beat)
What do we need to do next?

VICTIM 1

I wanna go home.

POPPY

Louis needs to shut the fuck up.

A few people CHUCKLE.

Louis/Victim 1 stands up, starts walking in plain sight.

Dom sees this, gets up to stop him. Mr. Moose grabs him.

MR. MOOSE

Stop. Stop. You grab him, I'll jump out and yell, or go with him...
(MORE)

MR. MOOSE (CONT'D)

If he dies, he dies. But if he gets back to town, we all get back to town.

Dom relents. They all see Victim 1 marching towards his fate.

LATER

Dusk settles in. Everyone, acclimating with nature and earth.

LATER

Night falls. Calm, until Victim 1's PIERCING SCREAM is heard.

Everyone perks up, hears the GUTTURAL CRIES of his slaughter.

MONTAGE

Night turns to Day. All see Victim 2, who wanted to go out as well, leave the safety of the group. Day turns to Night.

It's now been 48 hours. Night turns to Day. Mr. Moose goes out. Explores. Finds the mangled corpse of Victim 2, so he heads back to the others. We see him arrive and inform the rest that now, two "walkers" are dead. Desperation is near.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Marco & Co. cut through greenery. Flora and Fauna, unlike any seen in New York, surround them. Butterflies, flowers, plants.

Dom, a natural leader because of Boy Scouts, tells the crew about their survival needs. Marco, not at a leader in spite of Boy Scouts, remains timid as we have previously seen him.

DOM

Survival. That's what we gotta focus on. I'm closing in on being an Eagle Scout, so unless anyone here did 12 months in downtown Fallujah, follow my lead. S-U-R, V-I, V-A-L. S: Size up the situation. U: Utilize your senses. R: Remember where you are. V: Vanquish alarm, vanquish panic. I: Innovate. V: Value living. A...

TISHA

What's A?

DOM

Act like the natives.

KID 2

Great.

JENNY

And what's L?

DOM

... Live by your wits.

SMASH TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Dom makes a fire-plow. A long, straight groove is cut into a soft, wood base with the help of a sharp-edged clamshell.

Dom rubs a stick against the wood base. The dull tip of the stick goes back and forth in the groove. The plowing action of the stick pushes out small particles of wood fibers. And as Dom increases his force, the friction ignites the fibers.

DOM

I spit hot fire.

POPPY

Way to be, Dom.

MOOSE

Okay...that's great and all, but we don't need fire, we need food.

DOM

Tonight is 72 hours since the attack. We don't need food, we need water. We don't get water soon, we're gonna die.

MOOSE

Asshole: We are surrounded by water.

Marco, eyes on the ocean, again chimes in with quiet wisdom.

MARCO

We're surrounded by salt.

LATER

The fire burns well. Next to it, a hole has been dug.

Jenny and Kid 3 pour ocean water into it, via shells.

Tisha and Kid 4 dump rocks into a larger pile of rocks that sits next to the fire. Dom takes some rocks, puts them into the flame. Takes them out, and drops them in the water hole.

GUIDE

What are you doing?

DOM

Purifying water. If you dig a small hole, fill it with water, then drop hot rocks into it, what happens?

KID 3

You get steam rising up.

Dom takes off his shirt holds it over the hole.

TISHA

And then you collect it.

After a bit, he wrings the shirt over one of the large clam shells they used to collect seawater. Steam water drips out.

MONTAGE:

Rocks are put in the fire, then in the water hole.

Steam rises, gathers in shirt. Shirt is wrung out.

Lastly, everyone gets their own clamshot of water.

LATER

DOM

Put that fire out.

Kid 3 steps on it.

MR. MOOSE

It's not out.

JENNY

Maybe pour some water it.

KID 3

It's out.

DOM

It's not... And if the smoke rises up and the Natives see it, they'll know where we are.

Kid 3 spills sand on it. The fire is finally out.

Everyone walks to cover. Fades out in the forest.

The fire slowly comes back to life. Smoke to sky.

INT. FOREST - DAY

Kids, Poppy, Mr. Moose plus Guide. Walk the woods.

Poppy, Dom, Guide and Kid 1 are behind the others.

POPPY

You know, when Hurricane Sandy hit, ya got a real understanding of who was worth what.

GUIDE

In what sense? Rich man/Poor man?

POPPY

Nah. In an every man for himself kinda way. Like, Hurricane Irene, people lost power and it was bad. After a few hours, you felt like you were going to die of boredom.

KID 1

I can think of worse ways to die.

POPPY

Hurricane Irene was bad. Real bad. But Hurricane Sandy was something different. Sure, if you got money, you can afford twenty dollars per gallon if it came to that... What I'm talking about though, is what people were worth as human beings. If you're a doctor, you're an EMT, police officer, electrician, some sort of manual labor, you see how your value increases in a tragedy. In an emergency. If you're like a musician or a lawyer or a painter? Those people are only valuable if we're living in civilized society.

GUIDE

I'm a tour guide.

POPPY

I'm a butcher.

DOM

Boy Scouts of America.

POPPY

That's what's up.

They fist bump as they continue to navigate the underbrush.

POPPY

Power goes out for three hours, you do not know what to do... Hurricane Sandy, that was something different. I mean... Look at the phrase itself: I got no power. I literally have no power. It is a scary thing, brother.

GUIDE

You mention civilized society.

POPPY

Or lack thereof.

GUIDE

Or lack thereof.

(beat)

You mention what people are worth, and you mention civilized society.

(beat)

What's the boy worth to us? Moose.

KID 1

He's not worth shit.

GUIDE

No? I think he's our best asset.

POPPY

I say Dom here is our best asset.

Guide, leading the way, abruptly stop and turns, facing them.

GUIDE

What if we tie him up? What if we tie the kid up, tie his father up? They're the only reasons we're in this right now, so if we tie them up and walk 'em out of the forest, and do run into the Natives, then they're perfect sacrificial lambs.

POPPY

What are you saying?

KID 1

Fuck 'em is what he's saying.

POPPY

You want use them as bait?

KID 1

Tie them up. I'm not even fucking around at all. We can use my belt.

GUIDE

Think of it as insurance. You said that Hurricane Sandy was something different, right? Well this has to be something unlike anything we've ever seen. Any of us. Kids getting murdered? We walk with them as our captives, then we run into Natives, they do them in and leave us alone.

DOM

No.

GUIDE

If we maybe...

DOM

No.

GUIDE

Who decided you'd call the shots?

DOM

They did.

GUIDE

You boiled some water. Thank you.

DOM

The group didn't decide, they did.

GUIDE

The Natives.

DOM

They decided. When they slashed my friend's wrist, bashed my friend's skull, and then drowned my fucking Spanish teacher, and your bonafide tour guide presence didn't exactly appease them...they decided for us that I'd be calling the shots.

POPPY

Boy Scouts of America.

DOM

That's what's up.

They exchange Fist Bump Two after reversing earlier lines.

UP AHEAD

Marco sits on a log with Jenny, Tisha and additional Kids.

TISHA

If we weren't in this mess, I'd say
this was a pretty wonderful setting.

KID 4

It's beautiful.

MARCO

The sun feels different. Like, present.

JENNY

It does feel different.

(beat)

Don't move. The way the sun's striking
your face, it looks like an Eve Arnold
photograph.

MARCO

Is that a good thing?

JENNY

Don't move. The sun hits your face
and there's a shade of red that...

Jenny spoke while staring Marco dead in the eye. He blushes.

MARCO

Quit playing.

JENNY

Don't move.

MARCO

50 Shades of Red?

JENNY

... Don't move.

Marco's smile, erased at the sound of Jenny's serious tone.

He doesn't move. After awhile, Jenny extends a hand to him.

Her hand slowly arrives at his opposite, obscured shoulder.

Marco turns at looks. Sitting there is a Vieques tarantula.

Common to the island, quite uncommon to Marco's experience.

It crawls from Marco's shoulder to Jenny's hand. To ground.
The tarantula crawls... Mr. Moose stomps it. Guts splatter.

BACK WITH

Poppy, Dom, Guide, Kid 1. Still walking, about to catch up.

GUIDE

We should tie them up.

KID 1

Say the word and I'm on it.

POPPY

What's your reason for saying no, Dom? I'm not saying you're wrong, just curious about the rationale.

DOM

You talked about survival of the fittest, yeah? Civilized society? Okay, so maybe Moose and Moose's dad are expendable. A bargaining chip, right?

GUIDE

Exactly. And when the Natives show up again, we can cash in our chips.

KID 1

We can use my belt. Did I mention we can use my belt?

GUIDE

The Natives aren't savages. It's your country that is responsible for their appearance... I say we give 'em Moose.

DOM

If they wanted to kill just Moose, they wouldn't have killed my boys on the dock. Fine, it may well be that those Natives were the first wave, killing Americans right and left, not concerned with Moose as the target. But the odds are that they're not gonna kill only those four kids and one Spanish teacher, then call it a day...

(MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)

Like, Marco was joking earlier, but Marco was right: If they kill all of us, it means that no one will be left to complain. Yeah, our families will, but there won't be a witness left to point out who killed me or who killed you. They aren't gonna let anyone give specifics, you get it?

Poppy nods in agreement.

Guide, not moved by this.

GUIDE

What's your point?

DOM

They're gonna keep coming for us. But the longer Moose is alive, the better my chances/your chances/our chances. See, if there're 20 of us left, they'll be gunning for Moose first, so I like my odds. If Moose and I are the only ones left, then I still like my chances, which are better than 50/50. But if Moose is sacrificed early and it's just you and me? The odds aren't much, much better than 50/50...they are 50/50.

POPPY

Longer he stays alive...the less focus there is on the rest of us.

They catch up to the Marco/Jenny group, sitting on the logs.

As he did before, Marco checks his cell. Screen still blank.

MOOSE

What are you guys talking about?

POPPY

Flavio here says to offer you to the Natives as a human sacrifice.

MR. MOOSE

Cut the shit. That's not funny.

POPPY

It's not funny, but it's true. He wants to tie both of you up, then herd you along like cattle.

KID 1
He's not kidding.

POPPY
And Joe says we can use his belt.

KID 1
Hey!

DOM
Guys, listen: If we keep walking at
this pace, this slow, we're exposed.

MARCO
Dense forest or not, they know the
land... They'll eventually find us.

JENNY
I say we split into groups.

DOM
Exactly. Group 1 stays here, Group 2
tries to get into town and send help.

GUIDE
How long will that take?

DOM
48 hours? More? Less?

GUIDE
What does Group 1 do in the meantime?

DOM
You wanted to be our fearless leader,
how bout you and the resident rapist
figure it out?

MOOSE
Fuck you.

JENNY
You've done enough of that already.
You know I'm turning you in, right?

POPPY
Dom, I assume you'll be with Group 2
trying to get to town... What do the
rest of us do for food and for water?

KID 3
Do we go back to the beach?

Marco looks like he's going to speak. He doesn't. As Poppy said, he can't step to Moose, can't make the throws, can't move on Jenny. Not a man of action. Doesn't want it enough.

JENNY

Beach is too far; we already doubled back once, but now we're much farther.

DOM

There are other ways... Aborigines in Australia, they get water from dew on the grass. In the morning, tie shirts on your ankles and walk through grass. After the shirts collect water, wring them out. Like you did with the steam. Aborigines get almost a liter an hour.

JENNY

A liter?

DOM

Yeah.

JENNY

Cool. Thanks for the metric system shout out.

MR. MOOSE

What about food?

KID 4

I'm starving.

Dom walks to a log that the Kids were sitting on earlier.

He rolls it over with his foot. Rolly pollies run around.

DOM

Insects are your friends. Stay clear of everything with 8 legs: Arachnids. But anything with 6 legs? Fair game.

TISHA

No pun intended.

DOM

Six legs are where it's at.

GUIDE

I'd prefer my food to have four legs.

POPPY

A lamb would be nice.

KID 1

A pig would be better.

MR. MOOSE

A cow would be best.

MARCO

Dom's right: We start getting picky about food, it's not gonna be about 8 legs or 6 legs or 4 legs. We get picky, and soon we're only gonna be able to eat things with two legs.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

A machete, gripped by a Native. We do not see his face.

Other Natives walk beside him. One sees smoke from the re-ignited beach fire. That Native points to the plume.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Group 1 is Dom, Marco, Jenny, Moose, Mr. Moose, Assorted Kids.

Jenny, scratching. Finds a bug. Considers eating it. Declines.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Group 2 is Poppy, Tisha, Guide, Kid 1, Kid 2, Assorted Kids.

They sit and wait, bored and scared. Kid 1 gets to his feet.

KID 1

I'm not sitting around anymore. I'm hungry, and I'm not eating any bugs.

POPPY

Take it easy, guy.

TISHA

Let's go back to the beach. It's a hike but it'll kill time till they come back. Well, if they come back.

POPPY

I don't think that's a good idea.

KID 1

I do. 48 hours is a long time to sit and wait. Why do they get to take matter sinto their own hands?

TISHA

There are clams and mussels on the beach we can eat.

GUIDE

Are they safe? There might be a reason why Dom didn't grab them.

KID 1

I'm out. Anyone hungry, follow me.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Group 1 treks on.

Dom suddenly stops. Waits. Others in Group 1 stop as well.

After a moment a horse with no saddle appears. They relax.

JENNY

Wild horses.

MARCO

Couldn't drag me away.

Dom approaches.

DOM

Hey, buddy. Can I hitch a ride?

Dom climbs aboard.

MR. MOOSE

Maybe you should try riding in?

DOM

Nah. The horse would have to take the trail, and the trail might be watched.

MOOSE

Then let's kill it. We can eat.

JENNY

You have issues... Address them.

The horse gallops away. The Group stares as it disappears.

A moment, and they chase after it, as Dom is still up top.
 It finds a trail, and Group 1 is soon far in the distance.
 The horse and Dom soon reach a group of wild horses. Also,
 horses with saddles. Horses with saddles, Natives astride.
 Dom's face, full of terror as he realizes his predicament.
 He jumps from the horse, rolls in the dirt. Soon, Natives
 converge, get him on his feet. Punch him. Group 1, out of
 sight, arrives on the path. They crouch, hidden from view.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Back on the beach, Group 2 digs up shellfish. Smiles abound.
 The ringleader, Kid 1, is joined by Tisha and Assorted Kids.
 Kid 1 smashes an oyster with a rock. Devours the tasty meat.
 Tisha smiles at him. Sees the fire burning. Loses her smile.
 Kid 1 sees her concern, also sees the fire. The smoke rises.

TISHA

We were supposed to put that out.

KID 1

I got it.

Kid 1 heads to the fire, the beach at his back. As he nears
 the fire, Natives appear from the woods. They saw the smoke.

TISHA

Tommy! The driftwood!

Kid 1 (Tommy) grabs a piece of driftwood/runs to the fire.
 Places it in the fire, removes it out to see if it caught.
 It didn't.

He puts it in again, sees the Natives running towards him.
 Removes it. On fire. Some Kids run, Tisha and others stay.
 The Natives stop running. Approach slowly as Kid is armed.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Dom is now a prisoner of the Natives. He is dragged on the ground by a noose tied to his neck. The horses walk slowly.

Group 1 follows from a distance. Marco's eyes, laser sharp.

Dom in pain. Choking. Bad shape. Dust and dirt in his face.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Kid 1 with fire. The Natives standing 20 feet away.

They charge, and Kid 1 swings his firewood at them.

Kid 1 is no match for them. They hit him with their machetes.

The firewood falls to the sand. Goes out. Two of the Natives pick him up and punch him. Their disfigured faces have Tisha and the Kids who didn't run, their faces have them paralyzed.

Finally, Tisha and some Kids run to help, machetes be damned. Tisha is first to arrive at the fight. Four Natives involved.

One intercepts her/tackles her like a linebacker. Brings her to her feet, puts the machete to her throat. The Kids trying to help, they stop dead in their tracks at the sight of this.

Except for one Kid. He gets captured, too. Machete to throat.

Natives who slashed Kid 1, but dropped their knives in favor of punches, they now pick up a whipped Kid 1. One Native has Kid 1 by the arms, the other by the legs. Kid 1 kicks, Kid 1 SCREAMS, as they carry him to the fire nearby. Tisha SCREAMS.

The Natives position a kicking Kid 1 directly over the flame. Put him in the fire. Assorted Kids cannot believe their eyes.

Kid 1 struggles and SCREAMS even louder, but eventually dies. The Natives drop him. His charred body is engulfed in flames.

The Native who holds a machete to a Kid's throat, he lets go of the Kid, then pushes him forward. Kid tumbles to the sand, but gets to his feet, then runs to safety with Assorted Kids.

The Native who holds a machete to Tisha's throat, it figures that he will do the same: Push Tisha forward, so she can run to safety as well. But the Native doesn't do this. He smiles.

He then slashes Tisha's throat. Dark blood leaks out. As her heart beats, blood pours forth in heavy amounts. Tisha drops.

The Kids who did not run with initial group, but who instead huddled together in fear and solidarity with Tisha and Kid 1, only now do they finally scatter down the length of the surf.

Two Natives watch them. The third crouches down and examines the footprints of the first group. He looks up to the forest.

NATIVE

(in Spanish)

The cowards who just ran? Here are their footprints. We follow their tracks, they lead us to the other kids. We hunt them and we kill them.

Tisha COUGHS blood. It splatters on the white sand. She dies.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Back to Dom, with Group 1 following safely from a distance.

Natives undo the noose around Dom's neck. Get him to stand.

They then push him forward. Dom tumbles down a ravine into a large circular pit of sorts. The other Natives on horses disembark, then line the perimeter of the circular pit. As they assume their positions, they each pick up large rocks.

Dom is now in the pit, getting his legs under him. He runs to one side so as to escape, to attempt to scale the sides.

The pit is wide, about half the size of a basketball court.

As Dom scales the incline, he's hit by a rock in the thigh.

He looks up, sees a Native's mangled face keying in on him.

Another Native winds up and throws a rock. Dom ducks aside.

Another rock is thrown. For the next few minutes, Dom must evade stones as if playing a high-stakes game of dodgeball.

Most miss, but some hit their mark. Initially they hit his legs, then his arms, then his body, but finally, the rocks begin to hit his face. He runs left and right, but finally falls to the ground. The rocks grow larger, until his face is bruised, bloodied. After awhile, Dom is stoned to death.

From a safe distance, the members Group 1 watch in disgust.

Two Kids hold Marco down, with hands cupped over his mouth.

Dom's corpse rests on its side. A tooth falls to the earth.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Group 1 walks in silence. Marco is expressionless and lost.

EXT. CLEARING - DUSK

Later, Group 1 arrives at the area where they left Group 2.

Jenny's mouth drops, as the scene is one of mass slaughter.

Marco, Jenny, Moose and Mr. Moose fan out, check on the dead.

They are all cut up, massacred. Most, far beyond recognition.

Arms are missing. Legs are scattered. Heads are missing, too.

MARCO

Dad?

No answer. Not from Poppy, not from anybody. Moose throws up.

MARCO

Dad!

Marco runs, corpse to corpse -- Poppy is nowhere to be found.

Jenny finds Guide's body, while Marco finds only Kid 2 alive.

MARCO

You're gonna be okay.

He's not gonna be okay. Marco grips his hand -- Comforts him.

MARCO

What happened?

KID 2

We went to the beach. To get oysters.

MARCO

Did you get any?

KID 2

Yeah. Yeah, Marco we did. You woulda liked 'em; they were good. They were great. We got mussels and clams, too.

MARCO

What happened? Did you see my father?

KID 2

They burned Joe up. Then they killed Tisha. They cut her throat. I saw it. I saw them cut her throat. Most kids ran away, but we stayed ... I stayed.

MARCO

You did good.

KID 2

We came back to meet your dad, and the kids who ditched us, they came back, too. Natives, they must have followed our tracks from the beach. They killed people. Slaughtered us.

MARCO

Where's my dad?

KID 2

They took him.

MARCO

Where? Where did they take him?

KID 2

They killed people. But not me.

MARCO

Where's my dad?

KID 2

... They didn't kill me.

Color drains from his eye.

KID 2

They didn't kill me.

He passes, eyes wide open.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Poppy is alive. Natives push him up steps. He trips and falls. He gets up, is pushed again. Beaten. Thrown into an apartment. It's a studio, more akin to a jail cell. Door is shut. Locked.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Jenny, Moose, Mr. Moose, Assorted Kids sleep.
 Marco is wide awake. Stares at the full moon.

EXT. ISLAND - DAY

The sun rises on Vieques. Exotic birds waken.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jenny, Moose, Mr. Moose, Assorted Kids rise.
 Marco's awake, by himself. Fashioning tools.

JENNY
 What are you doing?

MARCO
 Making a tomahawk.

JENNY
 Oh, okay. Me too.

Jenny picks up another weapon.

JENNY
 What's this?

MARCO
 Weighted club. You find an hourglass shaped stone, tie it to a stick with vines.

KID 3
 How did you learn to do that?

MARCO
 How do you learn to do anything?

MR. MOOSE
 Let's go to town and steal a phone.
 Or maybe capture one of those guys.

JENNY
 Our phones will dry -- I've dropped mine in the tub twice and it worked.

KID 4

Was your tub filled with salt water?
Cuz salt will degrade the components.

MOOSE

Mine's dead.

MARCO

Mine is too.

We showed Marco look at his phone on Page 37. He looks again.

MARCO

Oh, shit; it's on.

The screen fades.

MARCO

And now it's not on.

JENNY

Keep checking. If it works now
it'll work later.

Jenny picks up a third weapon, examines it. Looks to Marco.

MARCO

Spear blade... You take a piece of
bamboo, 3 or 4 feet long. Starting
a few inches back from the end you
use as a point, shave down the end
at a 45-degree angle.

JENNY

Seriously -- Where'd you learn all
of this? From art stuff? Wood shop?

MARCO

(lying)
Exactly. Wood shop.

Jenny checks out the blade. It cuts her, drawing some blood.

JENNY

It works... Marco, honestly now...
Where did you learn how to do this?

MARCO

... Cub Scouts.

Jenny smiles. Marco returns one. Their stare is soon broken.

KID 3

How come they're torturing us? Why did they kill Dom the way they did?

MARCO

Because she suffered.

(beat)

The girl Moose raped, she --

MOOSE

I didn't do shit.

Marco just stares at him, then continues what he was saying.

MARCO

Speak softer. The girl you raped suffered. So it stands to reason that they want us to suffer, too.

MR. MOOSE

We need to hide.

MARCO

We are hiding.

MR. MOOSE

We need to really hide. Right now.

Marco looks up. The tree canopy looks down.

MARCO

The best place to hide is in a tree. It helps you survey the land and to stay above sight lines. You want to hide, climb a tree... I'm not gonna hide anymore, I'm gonna fight.

Marco examines the now-finished tomahawk.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - DAY

A tree falls in the woods. Marco and Co. have cut it down.

After it falls, Marco walks to the stump. Instructs Kid 3.

MARCO

You're going to dig this stump out. Make it into a bowl.

KID 3

What does that do?

MARCO

When we come back later on, the roots that woulda sent water up to the branches have nothing to feed. So the water will fill up the bowl you dig out.

KID 3

Why didn't we do this yesterday?

MARCO

I was scared.

KID 4

You were scared.

MARCO

And distracted. We needed water, and the first option I thought of was to find a river... If you track animals, they lead you to their water sources.

MR. MOOSE

So why didn't we do that?

MARCO

Cuz that's how animals die in the wild -- while drinking water. You see nature videos: Crocodiles get wildebeests from the water's edge. Tigers stalk deer in the mangrove swamps. Majority of animal deaths? Right at the water's edge. Us too.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

A cell phone sits unattended on a desk. A captive Poppy looks at it as the Guard who owns it watches television.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

An animal trap is set. A cage was made with wooden bars. Marco & Co. watch from a distance as a squirrel surveys. The squirrel enters the trap, and it closes on its prey. Marco & Co. quietly celebrate and then head to the trap. Kid 3 drives sharpened branches between the wooden bars.

With each spear giving the squirrel less room to escape, the end is near. Kid 3 goes for the kill, but the point of the spear misses and Kid 3's hand collapses the trap.

Squirrel escapes and hurries off. Marco & Co., dejected.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - DAY

Next, Marco and Co. quietly stalk a rabbit eating seeds.

MARCO

The spear blade is a good weapon.
It's used best with animals that
stop and freeze as their defense.

Jenny's outstretched hand calls for it.

JENNY

Put 'er there.

Marco hands it over, but Kid 4 objects.

KID 4

Jenny doesn't have the upper body
strength to do it. Let me have it.

He takes it from her. Jenny is ticked.

Kid 4 lines up his toss. Rabbit feeds.

The tension builds. He throws. Misses.

MONTAGE:

Shots of the spear blade as it misses attempts at prey.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Marco & Co. move on. Hungry and tired.

They sit down in Silence. A Kid cries.

After awhile, Kid 3 looks up. Curious.

A faint BUZZ is heard. Moose looks up.

Jenny looks up. Marco stands and runs.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Now everyone is running, some 20 feet behind Marco. The BUZZ grows louder, and we see it's an airplane. Kid 4 removes his shirt and waves it like a madman. Everyone side-steps the trees and thorns and roots. The plane is too far ahead. Kids collapse and fall.

Kids breathe heavily. Marco stands up first.

MARCO

Let's go.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Spirits down. Marco checks his phone: Blank. Kid 3 studies the earth as he sits on a log. He sees a beetle. It walks along, care-free. Desperate, Kid 3 grabs the beetle, quick as lightning. He stuffs it into his mouth. Everyone quietly watches.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - DAY

They all trudge on. Marco and Jenny walk side-by-side.

JENNY

Penny for your thoughts.

MARCO

I don't know what I'm gonna tell Dom's parents.

JENNY

Tell them the truth. He made us fire, he made water... Probably saved Kevin's life on the docks.

MARCO

And I wasn't there to save his.

(beat)

Do you know who Pat Tillman is?

JENNY

Arizona Cardinals/Army Rangers.
Do you know who Pat Tillman is?

MARCO

Sorry... When he died, people who spoke at the funeral, they talked about God obviously: "Pat is in a better place, he's with God," and that sorta thing... Pat's brother then spoke. You know what he said?

JENNY

What?

MARCO

His brother stands up at the podium and says, "Pat's not with God, he's fucking dead... He is not religious. Thanks for your thoughts...but he's fucking dead."

JENNY

Wow.

MARCO

Direct quote... And Dom's the same way, not in terms of God, but like, maybe Dom's not with God, or maybe he is. Either way, he sure as shit isn't here. Kid did everything for me, and I never told him thank you.

JENNY

Get us out of here... The best you can do to honor Dom's memory is to get us outta here... He'd be proud.

They march in silence through the dense underbrush. Then...

MARCO

Penny for my thoughts?

JENNY

What?

MARCO

You offered a penny for my thoughts and I saw a bunch of change in your hand earlier. Let's have it.

Jenny goes through her pockets.

Then shows a penny in her palm.

Marco takes it. They trudge on.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - DAY

The tree stump they cut into a bowl is now filled with water.

Jenny and Kid 3 pour water into a cup of sorts. Kid 4 drinks.

Everyone is more upbeat. Moose & Marco lock eyes. Moose nods.

Marco does not, but we see that they're all in this together.

A moment passes. Calm sets in. Until Jenny's eyes grow wider.

Kid 3 sees what she's looking at. Then Kid 4, then Mr. Moose.

A rattlesnake is maybe a foot from Kid 3's ankle. He freezes.

The rattlesnake's forked tongue darts in and out. About to...

Right as the snake rears up to strike Kid 3, Jenny stands and fires the tomahawk. The blade tears the snake into two pieces.

KID 3
... She killed it.

JENNY
Don't act so surprised.

Kid 3 inspects the snake. Half of it rears up and bites him.

Jenny jumps up, rushes over and grabs the snake by the tail.

Kid 3 SCREAMS. Jenny throws the snake. Kid 4 rushes to help.

MARCO
Don't suck the venom out!

KID 3
It might be too poisonous!

He rushes to the tomahawk, pulls it from the ground, rushes over to Jenny and Kid 3. He kneels down, then begins to cut.

A piece of Kid 3's flesh, getting sliced like a slab of ham.

He SCREAMS in pain. Begins to convulse as the venom spreads.
 Kid 3 has a seizure. Foams at the mouth, and then he passes.
 Everyone is quiet for a while. Marco takes the snake, slits it open with a tool. Gets halves. Tosses the wet spine away.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Poppy is slumped against a wall.
 The Guard stares out the window at PEOPLE passing by.
 A PRETTY WOMAN catches his attention. He studies her.
 Guard's foot taps and bounces. He continues to watch.
 He then smiles mischievously, bounds up and runs out.
 Locks the door behind him. We see/hear the door lock.
 Poppy turns: Left behind is the phone he saw earlier.
 He jumps to his feet, grabs the phone, then dials it.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mr. Moose and Kid 4 stamp out a fire.
 The split rattlesnake is being eaten.
 Grim survivors have a few bites each.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

A frantic Poppy is on the cell. Sweat beads.
 He looks out the window, scanning for Guard.
 Guard hits on Pretty Woman.
 Poppy waits for voice mail.

POPPY

Maria, it's me -- Listen...we're in trouble. Marco is in the forest and people are trying to kill our group. I'm being held in a small apartment. I don't see any signs but there's a blue building across the street.

(MORE)

POPPY (CONT'D)

No stores, but lots of people...
Don't call this number; I stole it
from a guard that's got me... Get the
NYPD, but don't call police here. I
don't know if they can help us or
hurt us.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Marco and Co. bury Kid 3. A cross marks his resting place.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Poppy on the phone, this time with the police in New York.

OPERATOR

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

POPPY

I'm calling from Vieques Island.
I need help; they've got my son.

OPERATOR

Sir, who has your son?

POPPY

He's in the forest. We're in
Vieques, Puerto Rico. Please.

OPERATOR

You're calling from Puerto Rico?

POPPY

I can't call the cops here! Ma'am!

OPERATOR

Sir, you have a nice day.

POPPY

I'm not lying; look at my number!

OPERATOR

If you call 3-1-1, they'd be
happy to look at your number.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Marco & Co. trudge their way through the greenery.

They reach a curiosity: The Navy military bunkers.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Poppy on the phone. Holds the business card from Page 37. It says, "Maria, I love you." In case Poppy doesn't live. He flips it over and over. The Annapolis emblem glistens.

POPPY

Lt. Young: This is Marco Maldonado's dad... We're in Vieques, Puerto Rico and we need help. We can't call cops here and I tried calling New York. I know you can't send Seal Team 6, but maybe Seal Team 7, okay? I'm kidding.

(beat)

Well, I'm not, cuz we need your help. Maybe call the Coast Guard, the Navy, anyone you can... Please help my son.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The Recruiter enters his office. Telephone light flashes. He places his coffee down. Sits. Not a care in the world.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

One final call. The Guard is done flirting.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

In Poppy's shop, a phone in the back RINGS. At the front of the house, the STAFF works. Deli tickets are ripped. Orders are filled. The phone, RINGING. Staff cleans off hands.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Poppy watches Guard enter the building below him. 20 feet down, Guard looks up -- Poppy pulls back.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

The phone in the back still rings.

Staff member arrives, picks it up.

STAFF
Brooklyn Beef...

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Poppy hangs up the cell, just before Staff spoke.

He places it back where it was, slumps back down.

Moment he does, Guard enters. Just as he left it.

INT. FOREST - DAY

Marco & Co. approach the Navy's military bunkers.

KID 4
What are these?

MR. MOOSE
Abandoned warehouses.

JENNY
They're called magazines; I read about them. They were used by the Navy for storing weapons and ammo.

MR. MOOSE
We shouldn't be on a paved road. They see us from a car they can run us over... Let's take cover.

KID 4
The door's open.

MR. MOOSE
Why don't you check it out? Tell us what you find. I'm sure it's lovely this time of year.

MOOSE
I want to get out of here.

JENNY
That's what she said.

JENNY

See how the roof's covered by grass?
That's not from years of growth; the
Navy designed it that way. A pilot
flying above thinks it's a hillside.

KID 4

We should go in.

MARCO

I'll go.

JENNY

I'll go with you.

MR. MOOSE

I don't know if it's a good idea.

MARCO

It was for weapons and ammo; we
should see if there's anything left.

MR. MOOSE

Don't you think if there was a gun
in there, someone would've grabbed
it a long time ago?

MARCO

Maybe there's gunpowder. Anything
that's not useful day-to-day, but
something that's flammable or can
be helpful. Tar or oil...kerosene.

MOOSE

Well all those things are helpful
day-to-day. Tar, oil and kerosene?
If there was ever oil or kerosene
inside, it's long gone, I promise.

MARCO

That's not my point...dick. If
there's enriched uranium in 40
gallon drums, no one's wheeled
'em outta here, becuz wheeling
'em out alone is deadly... But
if there's ever a time to take
the crazy stuff out, now is it.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Jenny in one section of the bunker, Marco in another.

Jenny turns. The entrance is a tiny square in the distance. Marco turns around. His square is small, not quite as tiny. In general, however, it's tough to see. Both are terrified. Jenny dusts off boxes, crates and containers... More boxes. Marco finds a shovel. Not the stick, just the shovel alone. Jenny hears something. Perks her head up. Calls out loudly.

JENNY
Did you hear that?

MARCO
You okay?

JENNY
I'm fine.

MARCO
We'll go in a minute.

Marco uses the shovel to test the soft ground below crates. Finds nothing. Tries again. Digs under each table. Nothing. Jenny at a file cabinet. Scared to open it. Discovers nada. Marco's shovel knocks something solid. He strikes it again. Jenny again hears something. Scurrying. She turns. Silence.

JENNY
Marco?

Marco outlines a buried chest. Raises it. Smashes the lock. Jenny finds animal bones. She jumps back. Collects herself. That's what the scurrying was: Harmless rodents. Squirrels. Marco breaks the lock. Opens the chest. Grey Navy uniforms. Marco sighs. They don't need these. He digs near the first container, finds a second. He looks up, calls out to Jenny.

MARCO
I got boxes here.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

Moose, Mr. Moose, Kid 4 & Assorted Kids hide in the bushes. They stay off the road/stare at the bunker in anticipation.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Marco is now joined by Jenny. He has again broken the lock. Jenny lifts the lid open. They stare, in awe of their find.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

The rest, still in hiding. Kid 4 sees an insect skittering. Like Kid 3 did earlier, Kid 4 picks up the bug and eats it.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Having picked up whatever they found, Marco and Jenny exit. They move slowly, weaving in-between all the junk and bunk. The white square to freedom is just not getting any bigger. They feel they're being watched. Stop and start many times. Finally, the door to sunlight does grow. They pass through.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

MARCO AND JENNY APPEAR. A DOUBTING MR. MOOSE RECEIVES THEM:

MR. MOOSE

No guns?

JENNY

No guns.

A piggish Mr. Moose shakes his head.

Marco digs through his cargo shorts.

MARCO

No guns, but lots of grenades.

His two palms display three grenades.

KID 4
Holy shit. Do they work?

MARCO
Probably not, but maybe.

Everyone quietly celebrates as they begin walking for cover in the forest. But just as they're all smiling and carrying on (quietly, of course), a baseball bat appear from nowhere and bashes Kid 4 in the neck. Marco and Co. run as a Native bashes Kid 4 until his face resembles bloody hamburger meat.

Four more Natives chase the Kids. Disappear into the forest.

Note: Something like this doesn't appear scary on the page, but I heard the Friday the 13th director say that when you play Jaws-type music right before a scary part, you end up telling the audience that something terrifying is about to happen. It raises up their defenses and lessens the impact.

If you play scary music in the bunker when we think things will go wrong for Marco and Jenny, it works out well since the viewer's defenses are raised, but things turn out fine.

After Marco and Jenny exit the bunker, show their grenades, people's spirits are up for the first time in awhile. Only then does a kid get his head struck by a bat. The audience relaxed from the bunker scene, and this attack scares them.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - DAY

Marco and Company are being chased by the additional Natives.

The people now alive are Marco, Jenny, Moose, Mr. Moose, and Assorted Kids. Kids 1-4 are dead, along with Dom, Tisha, etc.

Marco and Jenny run off together.

Mr. Moose and Kid 5 run together.

And Moose and Kid 6 run together.

Marco jumps over a 3 foot drop, keeps running. Turns back to see how far Jenny is. Sees she's no more than 20 feet behind.

As he waits for Jenny, Marco notices that the 3-foot drop is covered with brush. As Jenny nears, Marco indicates the drop.

MARCO
Let's hide.

JENNY

Where?

MARCO

It's better if we hide.

Marco runs to the rock ledge, Jenny follows. They take cover.

Roughly ten seconds after they hide, two pairs of legs vault over the 3-foot ledge, just like Marco and Jenny did earlier.

It's Mr. Moose and Kid 5. They keep running.

Silence, then Moose and Kid 6 also jump off.

Marco and Jenny: Their breathing is labored.

In pursuit, soon Native legs jump the ledge.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mr. Moose and Kid 5, weave in-between trees.

Mr. Moose slows his sprint. Kid 5 stops, returns to help.

MR. MOOSE

I can't run... Pain in my side.

KID 5

Let's go.

MR. MOOSE

I can't.

KID 5

Come on!

MR. MOOSE

Let's hide.

KID 5

Come on!

MR. MOOSE

We'll climb a tree. He said the best place to hide is in a tree.

KID 5

Hide later!

Mr. Moose ignores him, begins sizing up the trees nearby.

He approaches one, and begins to climb. A perfect choice.
 Kid 5 recognizes this, and climbs up the tree behind him.
 Kid 5's sneaker is loose. Pine cones fall, then his shoe.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - DAY

Natives, about to catch up to Mr. Moose and Kid 5's area.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The Natives reach the area of Mr. Moose and Kid 5's tree.
 The Natives eventually tire as well. Stop their chase.

NATIVE 1
 (in Spanish)
 Let's go back.

NATIVE 2
 The truck is just past the hill.

They catch their breath, then turn around and retreat.
 Mr. Moose and Kid 5, watching in fear from high above.
 Native 1, walking slowly, quickly stops in his tracks.
 Sees Kid's 5's shoe, the one that fell while climbing.
 He closes on it, picks it up. Looks around at nothing.
 Gives up, drops it down. Places his hands on his hips.
 About to begin walking back...until a pine cone DROPS.
 It lands right behind him and the world stops turning.
 Native 1 and 2 look at it. Then look up and see Kid 5.

KID 5
 Oh, my god.

MR. MOOSE
 No-no-no!

Native 1 smiles at Native 2. Instructs him in Spanish.

NATIVE 1
 The back of the truck.

Native 2 returns a knowing smile and leaves the scene.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Moose and Kid 6 hide. Natives run past them.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - DAY

Marco and Jenny remain in their hiding spot.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mr. Moose and Kid 5, up in the tree.

Native 1 is ominously watching them.

Native 2 now returns from the truck.

He is carrying a red Toro chain saw.

MR. MOOSE
Oh, my God.

KID 5
What are we gonna do?

MR. MOOSE
Oh, no.

KID 5
Should we go back down.

MR. MOOSE
No-no-no.

KID 5
Should we talk to them?

Native 2 pulls the chain saw.

The red Toro roars with life.

KID 5
Should we talk to them?!

It eats into the tree's bark.

KID 5
Stop!

MR. MOOSE

Oh, my God.

KID 5

What are you doing?!

The tree, cut like butter.

Mr. Moose begins a prayer.

MR. MOOSE

Hail Mary, full of grace. The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

After he finishes, the chain saw cuts through.

A beat, and the large tree falls to the earth.

Mr. Moose and Kid 5, too terrified to cry out.

The tree lands with a thud. All remains quiet.

Mr. Moose's eyes, wide open -- Alert and calm.

Kid 5, his eyes stay closed. Hurt, maybe dead.

MR. MOOSE

Are you okay?

Silence.

MR. MOOSE

Rob?

Nothing.

MR. MOOSE

Can you hear me?

Silence.

MR. MOOSE

Rob...

The Natives watch them, emotionless.

MR. MOOSE

Listen to me. Focus on my voice.

Kid 5 wake up. Eyes fluttering open.

MR. MOOSE
You're okay.

Awake, now Kid 5 begins to feel pain.

KID 5
My leg hurts.

MR. MOOSE
You're okay.

KID 5
My leg's broken.

The Natives turn around to walk away.

MR. MOOSE
Look, they're leaving.

KID 5
Am I gonna die?

MR. MOOSE
Look!

KID 5
It hurts so much.

MR. MOOSE
You're alive.

KID 5
It's broken.

MR. MOOSE
It's okay. You're gonna be okay.

Ever so slightly, Kid 5 alters his sight line. Goes pale.

KID 5
Oh, my God.

MR. MOOSE
Calm down.

Mr. Moose looks, sees what Kid 5 is being freaked out by.

KID 5
Oh, my God.

The color drains from Mr. Moose's face.

Sees his legs, separated from his body.

MR. MOOSE
My legs!

KID 5
Oh, God.

MR. MOOSE
Help me!

The tree broke Kid 5's legs, but severed Mr. Moose's legs.

MR. MOOSE
Someone help me!

The Natives turn around. Double back, stand over the pair.

MR. MOOSE
Please. My legs. Get my legs!

Native 2 STARTS UP the chain saw. It BUZZES to angry life.

Native 2 throws a curveball. Calmly saws Kid 5's head off.

Mr. Moose SCREAMS.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - DAY

Marco and Jenny still hiding.

Mr. Moose's SCREAM cries out.

A moment, until Marco sees Moose's and Kid 6's heads rise from their own hiding spot, about 50 yards away.

Marco turns to Jenny, stands.

MARCO
Follow me.

He quickly runs to Moose and Kid 6, Jenny behind him.

The four huddle together, now the last of the living.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Night sets in. Marco & Co. sleep. Moose has left.

He stands near his father. Grieves over the loss.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The next morning. Poppy wakes up. Sees the phone.
Then sees that once again, no one's guarding him.
He races to the phone. This time, he calls Marco.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Marco & Co., fast asleep.
Marco's phone previously flickered.
Now, it RINGS. It RINGS once again.
Marco's eyes open. Doesn't realize.
Then, he springs awake. Answers it.

MARCO

Hello?

POPPY

Marco?

MARCO

Dad? Where are you?

POPPY

I dunno -- I'm in a tiny apartment
across from a blue office building.

MARCO

We're still in the forest.

The other three, now awake and listening.

MARCO

Poppy, listen to me. We found some
grenades. I dunno if they work but
we have grenades... I can find you.

POPPY

There are guards here.

MARCO

You're near a blue office building?

POPPY

They're holding me for ransom. They have a bounty on all of us: 10K per head. 10 grand. If you find me, put a grenade in the stairwell. If they go to check it out, then I can jump.

MARCO

From the window? Can't you jump now?

POPPY

They leave sometimes, but they're always right outside the building.

Poppy sees a Guard talking with LOCALS.

POPPY

Throw one in the stairwell.

MARCO

What if the door's locked? What if the door to the building is locked?

POPPY

Marco, I love you.

MARCO

I love you, too, but if you hear a grenade, you gotta get outta there.

POPPY

Be careful.

MARCO

Poppy, listen: You hear a clinking noise, a metallic noise, those are grenades. You hear a clink, you go.

The phone's reception wavers.

POPPY

Marco?

MARCO

Hello?

POPPY

Marco?

The phone gives out. Marco & Co. consider their fate.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - DAY

Marco & Co. move with stealth precision. Travel parallel to a main path, careful not to appear on it and show themselves.

MOOSE

It's about 100 feet to town. From there, only Marco and Alberto can blend in.

KID 6

Assuming Natives don't recognize us.

MOOSE

Fuck this. They kill my father and I'm supposed to pretend I'm guilty?

MARCO

You are guilty.

MOOSE

You don't know what you saw.

MARCO

I don't know what I saw?

MOOSE

Eyewitnesses mis-report things all the time. You ask 10 witnesses what happened in any given situation, you can get 10 different answers.

MARCO

I don't know what I saw?

MOOSE

Girls lie about rape all the time.

MARCO

Girls lie about rape a fraction of the time. Guys lie about rape in epidemic proportions. In global, epidemic proportions you dumb fuck.

MOOSE

I'll kill you. I didn't touch that girl, but before we get outta here, I will fucking kill you.

Moose's face gets cracked by the butt end of a rifle.

The barrel of a different rifle appears to the right of Marco's head. The head smash rifle aims itself on Jenny's head. All three, plus Kid 6, stand. Hands up.

EXT. PATH - DAY

The four were hidden at the edge of the path, right by town. Now they approach, single file, with their hands above head.

JENNY

We reach town, we're gonna die.

MOOSE

I'm already dead... You're next.

MARCO

Shut up.

Moose's face, bloodied from the rifle punch. He's losing it.

MOOSE

We're gonna die.

MARCO

Shut your mouth.

MOOSE

No, we're gonna die!

MARCO

Shut the fuck up, Moose!

MOOSE

We're gonna die! What the fuck?!

MARCO

Shut your fucking mouth!

MOOSE

What the fuck?! We're gonna die!

Hysterical, Moose turns, then attacks Native 3, despite the gun the latter aims at Moose. Native 3 is taken by surprise.

Moose has the upper hand. Native 4 helps Native 3, so free of Native 4's gun on them, Marco, Jenny and Kid 6 take off.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Marco, Jenny and Kid 6 run for their lives.

A GUNSHOT rings out.
The three stop. Consider it as they breathe.
Marco produces a grenade. Pulls out the pin.
Throws it half-way between them and the path.
Starts running again. Jenny and Kid 6 follow.
After a bit, the grenade harmlessly BLOWS UP.

EXT. PATH - DAY

Moose on one knee, blood spreading from a gun shot.
He looks to the forest, where the grenade exploded.
He is lost. Confused. Native 3 and 4 drag him away.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Marco, Jenny and Kid 6, now hidden away.

KID 6

I'm hungry.

MARCO

I'm hungry too, my man.

KID 6

You wasted one of our grenades.

JENNY

He didn't waste it.

KID 6

You threw it away. You didn't come
anywhere close to the path.

JENNY

He wasn't trying to.

MARCO

I was testing it. Now I know they
work. I couldn't throw it earlier
cuz if Natives heard an explosion,
they would've known where we were.
Didn't matter if they heard it 20
seconds ago cuz they already knew
where we were.

KID 6

Oh.

JENNY
(sarcastically)

Oh.

KID 6

I guess that's good then.

MARCO

Sort of. Did you notice how long it took from when I threw it till when it went off.

KID 6

You said 20 seconds.

JENNY

More like 30 seconds.

MARCO

She's right. It should be 4-5 seconds, not 25-30. Means these other ones my not work.

KID 6

... What do you guys think will happen with Moose?

JENNY

Moose? What'll happen with Moose?

Jenny smiles, echoes his earlier lament.

JENNY

Moose is already dead.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Several Natives at the water's edge, watching a boat.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

Moose, bloody and lost as Natives handle him roughly. They attach his body, Christ-like, to a wooden cross. A Native hammers nails into his wrists, attaches him. Moose HOWLS in pain as four nails are driven through.

His cross is lifted into the water. Perfectly floats.
 A Native gets into the water with him. Treads nearby.
 Native tows Moose (and his cross) away from the boat.

MOOSE
 They're gonna drown me.

NATIVE
 (in Spanish)
 They won't drown you.

MOOSE
 They're gonna drown me.

NATIVE
 (in English)
 I won't drown you.

MOOSE
 I don't wanna die.

NATIVE
 Tiburón will save you.

MOOSE
 Help me.

NATIVE
 Tiburón will save your soul.

MOOSE
 Please help me; I'm sorry.

NATIVE
 Tiburón forgives everyone.

The Native slashes each of Moose's wrists with a knife.
 The salt-water mixes with blood. Moose SCREAMS forever.

MOOSE
 What are you doing?!

NATIVE
 Tiburón will save you.

MOOSE
 What are you doing?!

The Native swims back to the boat.

As Moose SCREAMS, he sees Tiburón.
 A dorsal fin rises from the water.
 Tiburón: Means "shark" in Spanish.
 Moves with speed. About to strike.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on a goldfish.
 It sits there, as if a miniature shark.
 Suddenly, it gets devoured by a bullfrog.
 A fish tank, in the apartment where Poppy is held.
 Poppy's face, a crushed expression of resignation.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Marco, Jenny and Kid 6. At the edge of the forest.
 At the edge of the forest and at the edge of town.
 They crouch. See civilization moving without them.
 Marco then rises, crosses the forest/town barrier.
 He walks, openly carrying the grenade in his hand.
 Jenny follows him. In her hand, the other grenade.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Marco, Jenny, Kid 6. Study a playground. Watch a BOY.
 Marco and Kid 6 stand against the side of a building.
 Let Jenny approach him.

JENNY

Hi, I'm Jenny. What's your name?

No answer.

JENNY

(in Spanish)

I'm Jenny. What's your name?

Boy smiles.

BOY

Enrique.

Jenny returns his smile. Continues to speak Spanish.

JENNY

Enrique, tell me something: Are you a smart boy?

He nods.

JENNY

I live in a blue building, but I'm lost. Can you help me find my blue building?

He considers this.

BOY

Edificio azul?

JENNY

Si, si. Edificio azul.

Boy smiles.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Marco & Co. are now with the Boy.

Next to a gas station, they hide.

A car pulls up. Parks. Turns off his engine. Heads inside.

Another car pulls up. Parks. Engine left on. Heads inside.

Marco & Co. run towards the car. Hop inside and speed off.

INT. CAR - DAY

Our team cruises the island with the Boy.

Boy gets excited, indicates a right turn.

They make the right, see a blue building.

It's not an office building, but a pool cleaning service.

MONTAGE:

Several blue buildings, except they're restaurants homes.

LATER:

They slowly drive past an OFFICER on foot. All are terrified. Marco watches the Officer, now in his rear view. Sure enough, Officer turns, speaks into his walkie, and chases after them.

Marco SLAMS the gas and jets off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The car weaves and darts through small back alleys.

Left and right, back and forth, forward and reverse.

A CROWD, some Natives, some regular CITIZENS without disfigurement, notice the car stuck in traffic.

CITIZEN
(in Spanish)

There!

The Crowd begins to BUZZ. Anger grows. Crowd runs after the car. Marco is still stuck, but as the Crowd closes in on them, traffic opens up and Marco jets through.

Marco drives like a madman, but only gets two blocks before he crashes into a wall. His crew is banged up, but alive.

JENNY
They're coming.

Marco gets out of the car. Stumbles about twenty feet.

Hobbles around the corner. Trying to get his bearings.

He notices something...

A blue office building.

Marco's looks across the street from the blue building.

He sees the apt. building that should be holding Poppy.

MARCO
Jenny...

JENNY
I'm here.

Jenny and Kid 6 run over, see the blue building.

JENNY
Edificio azul.

KID 6
Más o menos.

The raging CROWD appears at the end of the street.
They're 200 yards away. They see the three. Are BUZZING.

MARCO
The stairwell.

They race to Poppy's apartment building, enter the gate.
The door is locked. Jenny tries the door. It won't open.
Marco KICKS it down.

The Crowd's fury rises. They begin to run the 200 yards.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STUDIO - SAME

Poppy and the Guard vaguely hear the door being broken open.

Jenny throws the grenade into the stairwell, then they hurry away. Poppy doesn't hear it. The crowd is now 150 yards from Marco & Co. by the time the kids take cover from the grenade.

The explosion never comes.

MARCO
Doesn't work. Fuck. Fuck!

The Crowd, now 125 yards away.

Marco & Co. watch them approach. They have 20 seconds.

MARCO
Let's go!

If the Crowd is at Point A, Marco & Co. are at Point B, and Poppy is at Point C, our three crashed at Point B, wandered to Point C, then went back to Point B to check on the crowd.

So now, they have to hurry from Point B, past the stairwell and Poppy at Point C, which they do. As they pass Poppy and Point C, however, Marco produces the last remaining grenade.

As Marco nears Point C, running in the middle of the street, he sees the back of Poppy's head in the 3rd floor apartment.

Across the street from Marco and Co., a LONE NATIVE appears.

As Marco runs past the building, we see a FLASH from Page 15:

MONTAGE: We watch Marco move to his right, field tough ground balls, but he's unable to throw across his body with accuracy.

Now in his moment of truth, Marco is past the building, past the point where he can be expected to save his father's life.

But he throws the grenade across his body like a shortstop throwing from the hole. The grenade sails through the window.

Poppy squats in the corner as the grenade LANDS square in the middle of the room, then RATTLES and CLINKS around.

Poppy jumps up before it stops rolling, heads to the window.

Late, the Guard moves for his rifle. Poppy readies his jump.

Guard locks and loads: Click, Click, BOOM. The boom isn't the gun firing, but the room EXPLODING as Poppy leaps to freedom.

He lands with difficulty, hurting his leg. Jenny runs back to help him, as Marco is tackled by the Lone Native who appeared from a building across the street.

Jenny and Kid 6 are slowed by helping Poppy...

... And the Crowd converges upon them and swallows them up.

Lone Native puts Marco against a wall, bashing his back into it. After Marco has had enough, the Native is handed a rifle.

The Crowd throws Jenny/Poppy/Kid 6 against the wall as well, points rifles at them. A mob scene plus firing squad in one.

A masked, GIGANTIC NATIVE relieves Lone Native of his duties.

YELLS at Marco, slaps and punches him. Marco slumps, bruised.

Gigantic Native brings Marco to his feet. So he can beat him.

Marco again slumps down, but he's a warrior. He stands again.

The rifles are now pointed at the other three. Gigantic Native lifts Marco up by the shirt around his chest area.

Marco's feet dangle off the ground. This is it for him.

Gigantic Native moves one "lifting" hand to Marco's throat, so Marco touches earth again. But one hand to a throat and a forearm to Marco's chest so he's pinned against the wall, it's not promising. He's being choked to death.

Marco can't breathe. The hand tightens around his throat.

The forearm pushes deeper against his diaphragm.

Then, the forearm, bunches up again Marco's shirt pocket, until something gold and metallic squeezes out of it.

Marco and Gigantic Native, though struggling, their eyes both see the gold object pop out of Marco's shirt pocket. They follow it as it hits the floor.

It's a Reece's Pieces. Gigantic Native loosens his grasp.

He is the father of the Native boy Marco was gracious to.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Marco recovers in the hospital, as do the others.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Marco, Jenny, Poppy and Kid 6, all smiles, about to board a boat to get off of Vieques and back to mainland Puerto Rico.

They see the dock where the nightmare began. Admire the boat that awaits them. It looks majestic. The water looks pure.

Marco and Poppy hug. Jenny and Kid 6 hug.

The forest is right behind them. The dock is 100 feet away. They are about to make their transition from green to blue.

Before they can do that...still more Natives appear, their faces deformed, snarling. They're out for bounty and blood.

One of them breaks the calm send-off we thought we would have, as we immediately transition from calm tranquility to Kid 6 getting his throat slashed, life extinguished.

Kid 6 is murdered, and Marco, Jenny and Poppy run back into the woods, the Natives chasing after them.

Soon enough, however, the Natives catch up, tackle them.

Marco gets punched in the face while being held down.

Poppy is straddled by a Native, who whales on his face.

Jenny tries to struggle out of her tackle, cannot.

The Native who has her, raises his knife to finish her off.

Just as the knife reaches it's apex, three red dots appear on the Native's forehead. He looks at their source.

It's a semi-automatic weapon with a scope. And it's attached to a Navy SEAL. Five other Seals appear, guns drawn.

SEAL

I'm sorry. Please let them go.

(beat)

We don't want to make the same mistake twice... We're sorry.

It seems that after Poppy made his calls, the Navy Recruiter who Poppy left a message for was up to the challenge. He had a Seal Team dispatched to Isla de Vieques. Fitting, as Poppy didn't trust the Navy, given their bombing of the island for so those years. But Annapolis wants Marco, and the Recruiter and Navy came through. A long national nightmare is now over.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

Poppy rides with the Seals in the middle. Marco and Jenny ride together in the back.

Watch the Island become smaller as the Navy takes them home.

Marco and Jenny look at each other in the eye: Best friends who like each other, but were too scared to say anything.

Marco takes Jenny's wrist. Puts something in her palm.

She looks, we look, and see the penny she gave Marco for his thoughts. He has now given it back to her. She smiles bright.

And finally, after a few near misses, after a few attempts where he didn't have the confidence to try...

Marco takes Jenny's hand in his.

They hold hands, tightly, as the pink sun sets on Paradise.

FADE OUT.

THE END