

PRICE OF GOLD

Written by

Kip Azzoni Doyle

EXT. RUE DU RHONE GENEVA - ESTABLISHING

The water fountain at the center of Lake Geneva is... yawn... postcard-perfect, blasting up against the dying springtime light.

Evening commuters bustle up and down the Rue du Rhone in swanky Hermes, Gucci, and Louis V. The old gardener who has bent over these pristine flower beds all day, every day for most of his adult life, nods politely to the march of money, money, money. No one acknowledges him.

Sweeping down the luxury shops, the watch stores and jewelry shops display gold watches and high end gold jewelry studded with gems all shimmering in their windows.

Looming at the end of all these riches on parade, is a fortress-like building, towering granite in all it's glory.

EXT./INT. BUTLER BUILDING GENEVA - DAY

Up on the top floor, sweeping high above the Bentleys, the Mercedes limos, the Maybachs, a conference room is filled with BUSINESSMEN who wipe their feet on the world beneath.

And yet, there, seated at the head of the long table, is a refined old woman, GENEVIEVE BUTLER, late 70s, with ice blue eyes. She gavels her silver-capped cane on the floor to silence these cronies of capitalism. To her right, the chair is noticeably... vacant.

Around the table, the cast of characters are intently listening to one man's pitch: GLEN STILLMAN, late 50s, a steely-eyed, financial killer. His large college ring on his finger flashes in the light.

STILLMAN

Steel contracts for a fleet of new freighters for Israeli oil company ISRAX in the face of all the embargoes and sanctions against China, we have managed to boast profits while global markets are tanking.

(Beat)

And now we are doubling down. Buying the dip. Okapa's most recent acquisition - 500 hectares in Northern Brazil, confirmed to be rich in mineral deposits and that's not only gold.

(MORE)

STILLMAN (CONT'D)

Our manufacturing of the drilling
and mineral extraction equipment
ensures we control the entire
supply chain.

He's confident he's sealed the deal. He closes his folder and
drops it on the table.

STILLMAN (CONT'D)

(Concluding)

And so, I've walked you all through
our company ledger, you have
crunched our number. I'd say you've
all had ample time to review our
terms. I'd ask if you could kindly
submit an offer by the end of the
month. I can vouch that I am
legitimately entertaining several
other offers.

(Beat)

And, no, I'm not just saying that
as some novice leveraging ploy.

PIERRE ROCHIER, the old and overweight CFO of Butler Capital
is a nervous fat cat.

The old lady nods curtly to Stillman as he bids all good day,
crisply closing his briefcase with an exit.

As he leaves, Stillman locks his stare on Rochier, who
ruffles a bit. Stillman is gone, members settle down and
focus on the vote.

ROCHIER

Madame Chairwoman, I would like to
propose we put the purchase of
OKAPA Global to a vote once and for
all.

The empty chair beside Genevieve Butler is still achingly...
empty. She is not a woman who likes to be manhandled even
less so when it's disguised in some tailored suit that she
paid for.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER

Need I remind you, Monsieur
Rochier, of the term: hierarchy?

(Beat)

(MORE)

GENEVIEVE BUTLER (CONT'D)

I believe that my name graces the company placard, the company logo, the company jets, and even this corporate headquarters in this company-owned building or that of New York, or Paris, London, Shanghai, Panama, Buenos Aires... Need I go on?

(Eyebrow arching)

And my signature? Is it not on the company checks?

Rochier shifts uncomfortably.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER (CONT'D)

I'm fully aware your role as CFO affords you a rather rich life, paid in full by...

(Leering)

...me.

(Beat)

But, please make no mistake you are nothing more than **my** accountant.

Genevieve Butler is not a woman who likes to be at the mercy of anyone else. Especially her own grandson.

Speaking of whom: the bad boy, ASHER (Ash) JAMESON BUTLER II, 36, swings wide the double doors and sweeps into the room.

Ash is a confounding cross between James Bond and a Viking Chief all at the same time. He is simply the filthiest of rich and the baddest of asses.

Ash obediently kisses his grandmother on both cheeks. No one can ignore her displeasure, except of course her grandson whose smile is only a further affront to her.

ASH

(Stiffening at her cold demeanor)

Grandmother, aren't you looking sharp as ever.

He smiles as he shoots his double (barrel) entendre.

Rochier's jowls shake with rage for the whole lot of these Butlers. Insulted and insulting, he finally sits down.

Genevieve gavels the floor with her cane and a nod to Rochier sending a clear message to all that she decides when she decides.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER
However, Monsieur Rochier, you are
correct. We now have a quorum and
so let us vote.

Rochier nods at this little victory and begins the
formalities.

ASH
Wait... which company?

The boardroom all but erupts at the insolent grandson.

ROCHIER
O.K.A.P.A. You have heard of it,
no?

Ash pretends to look at the folder of company info.

ASH
(with a poorly-concealed
yawn)
Hmmm.

Now that there's a body in the formerly empty chair, no one
cares if there's a brain in that body. Hands all go up for
the vote of yes. All but that body.

His grandmother could cut him with her look.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER
Well? What is it?!

ASH
(Shakes his head
unconvinced)
Ya' know? I don't know...

With that Rochier's knuckles turn white, his jowls a deeper
red.

ROCHIER
(forced politeness and
just a dash of sarcasm)
Perhaps when you've had time to
review, or even find page one of
the company overview, we could
proceed?

Ash smiles at the insinuation then to his grandmother. Then
he gestures for a timeout.

ASH

What is the great rush to push this through, Monsieur Rochier? Are you late for your double martini lunch?

(then eyes up to Rochier)

Or perhaps your meeting with Mr. Stillman can't wait? Hmm?

(Beat)

Can't imagine the pressure you're under, what are we looking at? 180/97?

Ash kinda mimes pumping the blood pressure bulb and feeling for a wrist pulse with a look of doctorly concern.

Rochier looks angry enough to pop.

ROCHIER

OKAPA has just hit record sales topping their previous year end as Mr. Stillman reiterated in his meeting here today....

(To Ash)

Oh, I'm sorry, did you not know that was today, as in this morning, Mr. Butler?

Genevieve Butler gavels silence, but Ash skids his chair out and stands the fuck up.

ASH

Sit down, Monsieur Rochier.

Rochier doesn't sit, but stands slack-jawed at this outrage.

ASH (CONT'D)

OKAPA is not a good fit for the Butler portfolio. Though their year end numbers are up, as you stated, capping last's quarter by whatever percent Stillman wants you to believe, and their fleet of oil tankers for ISRAX is in production at about...

(hitting Rochier with granular details)

...74.6% completion.

There is just too much in question about certain practices by some of their subsidiary holdings... particularly those companies involved in the manufacture of mining and prospecting equipment with interests in South America.

Ash sighs then deadeyes Rochier who, though in shock at Ash's actual grasp of the granular details, he finally manages to lower himself into his chair. He tries to counter.

ROCHIER

I beg your pardon? Mr. Stillman has committed that OKAPA will spin off all subsidiary interests that don't align with the Butler ethos. But you would have heard him state this himself **if** you had chosen to join us.

Ash reverts to feigned indifference.

ASH

Yes...well.... I had a rather pressing engagement and I couldn't disappoint.

Pretty obvious Ash is referring to his sexcapades and Rochier looks disgusted.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER

(To her grandson)

Enough! How dare you....

She turns to Rochier.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER (CONT'D)

As for you, there will be no vote on this OKAPA company until **I** decide. If you pressure me any further...

ASH

(musing)

...if "pressure makes diamonds"
Grandmother...

(turning from his
grandmother to stare down
Rochier)

... what a rare and precious
diamond you would make.

Oh Ash, you've lit the fuse on her now.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER

A diamond is hardly the legacy I
care to leave behind.

(Gaveling the floor)

This meeting is adjourned.

The board members collect their things and hustle out. Ash stands to leave too. The doors close behind everyone echoing against the large empty room.

Genevieve Butler stabs her cane at Ash.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER (CONT'D)
You! Sit down.

Ash: deep breath, polite smile. Obey.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER (CONT'D)
Speaking of legacy, how much longer
do you suppose I have at this
table? Before they are all Rochiers
or the likes?

Ash shifts uncomfortably. Though he seems impenetrable to discomfort, the notion of this woman's life ever ending sends a crack in his easy smile.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER (CONT'D)
You are my only heir. Clearly you
don't give a damn'd.
(Near tears now)
What am I to do?

Ash leans in and clasps her hands.

ASH
First of all, you're not going
anywhere grandmother.
(Kissing her hand)
Don't be hasty. Give me to the end
of the month.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER
For what?

ASH
The vote.
(beat)
Letting them stew a bit will be
good for Rochier and Stillman.
Trust me, he's not going anywhere.
(Beat)
When I'm back from my trip, we can
vote.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER
(Pulls her hand away)
Where are you off to now?!

ASH

Grandmother, don't you remember I told you I'm leaving for Rio this evening for Mardi Gras.

She doesn't remember because he never told her. She stews in sarcasm until she boils over.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER

Ah, how could I forget?

(Beat)

You know what, Asher? Get out! Go! If I had known the complete futility in trying to teach you to actually care about anything, anything at all, outside of the partying and the women and the fleeting good times, I'd have never bothered taking you in. Grandson or not, after everything this family went through, perhaps you would have been better served raised in some boarding school then straight into the military.

Ash takes it like a champ. A little berating for his lifestyle, but still he gets to do exactly as he chooses. Nothing anyone can say will penetrate. Almost nothing.

ASH

Yes, poor, tragic us, imagine our silver spoon, grown tarnished.

(disgusted)

Please, just spare me. What this family has been through, this family deserved. Every last shred of it.

He has struck a wicked blow to the old woman.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER

How could you say such things? You of all people deserved none of it.

Ash is now seriously angry at his grandmother. He sweeps his hand around the glorious and rich room.

ASH

None of what? This? All of this? Do you even hear yourself? I can guarantee you, no one is *tsskking* the poor or tragic state of the Butler empire.

(MORE)

ASH (CONT'D)

Perhaps you are correct, I don't
deserve any of this.

He is referring to all the riches with a sweep of his hand,
while she was referring to all of the tragedy it took to get
here.

GENEVIEVE BUTLER

Don't you dare twist my words to
suit your derisions. You're not
smart enough.

Ash smirks and waves her off in a gesture as disrespectful as
it is dismissive.

ASH

You're right, Grandmother, I'm
neither smart enough nor do I care
for any of this.

Her barbs lock with his cynicism in yet another furious draw.
Ash smiles it off just like he always does. She does not.

ASH (CONT'D)

Promise to send you a postcard from
Rio, lots of pretty women and
parties.

Dutifully, he leans over and kisses his grandmother on the
head then exits the room. The large door slams hard behind
him. His grandmother suddenly seems so small and alone in her
kingdom on high.

EXT./INT. AIRPORT JETWAY - SUNSET

The sun dies in the west, dripping into Lake Geneva.

Ash leaps up the boarding steps of his recent purchase - a
\$70 million Bombardier Global Express private plane replete
with one, equal parts attentive and attractive, FLIGHT
ATTENDANT.

Ash eyes her then drops his gear on the seat next to him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Mardi Gras in Rio? That sounds
fun...

ASH

Why wait for Rio?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

How's your Portuguese?

ASH
 (In perfect Brazilian
 portuguese)
 Here, let me show you.

That worked. He moves in on her smile. Oh, the friendly
 skies: champagne, charcuterie and sex...

INT. ASH'S PRIVATE JET TRAVELING - NIGHT

Eventually he returns to settle into his leather recliner and
 digs in his bag. He pitches the OKAPA report on the desktop
 and just sits staring at it.

He should look happier for a guy who just got mile-highed up
 in his everything jet.

Ash takes his pen and circles aggressively a name in the
 report. He writes in bold the name in the margin.

NETO. He picks up his phone and records a voice note to
 himself.

ASH
 Okapa's subsidiary company NETO,
 operating in Roraima, the
 Northwestern-most territory of
 Brazil.

He pulls the dog-eared newspaper article about the massive
 slaughter by illegal *campesino garimpeiros* local goldminers
 of an indigenous tribe known as the Yanomami in the same
 region.

Ash presses play again continuing to record.

ASH (CONT'D)
 OKAPA's subsidiary NETO
 manufactures gold-mining and
 prospering equipment for its parent
 company's mining activities in the
 region of Roraima.
 (Beat)
 Their controversial practices
 against the local indigenous people
 in the region have brought scrutiny
 by human rights groups as well as
 international investigation.

In the darkness of the dimmed cabin, Ash sleeps with the
 OKAPA folder fallen over his chest. The flight attendant
 smiles, sweeps his hair back off his brow, fastens his
 seatbelt then turns off his reading light. Lights out.

INT. / EXT. PRIVATE JET TRAVELING - DAWN

Ash's private plane rips across the sky. Overhead the jet sleeks by. Remote *campesino* villagers stare up as the rumbling echo of the jet explodes.

The explosive sound rifles through the cabin. Ash is jarred awake. He rips the shade up and spots the jungle coming up fast.

The pilot fights to bring the plane down in the clearing of an abandoned airstrip. No such luck.

Ash watches as chaos engulfs him. Plates and glass crash, the flight attendant Ash just finished having again at 30,000 feet, has just flown through the cabin, smashed like the china against the front bulkhead, broken and motionless.

The jet tears a hole in the jungle trees as it crashes to the ground. The high canopy of the rain forest scrapes off speed.

None appear to survive this sky high fall.

The plane is scattered in burning pieces all around. Ash is still secured in his seat, but the seat is tangled high up in the jungle tree, he's dangling motionless upside down, the blood from his gashed forehead is streaming down his hair and eyes, mouth. Droplets of blood rain down on the jungle fauna below.

DAWN SPINS A GREY MIST. NO MAN'S LAND.

FADE TO:

INT. JUNGLE HUT - DAY

Long, silken hair tickles Ash's face coming off the beautiful face. MARIA, 17, a *campesino* village girl, looks at him wide-eyed like he's some sort of science project when Ash finally swats and scratches his nose.

Maria can't believe he's alive. She calls out.

MARIA

Pino! Come here. Hurry!

PINO, 8, runs in, dressed in hand-me-downs and a make-believe crown and sword of sticks.

Pino stands gawking at the science project. He pokes his sword at it.

PINO
Is he dead?

MARIA
Argh, Pino! No, he is not dead! Go
get some water.

Maria tends to Ash's gashed forehead and various and grave injuries. Ash is borderline conscious. His eyes flutter open.

ASH
Jesus, are you an angel?! How the
hell did I make it to heaven?

He reaches up to touch her perfect face.

Maria shushes him. His eyes close again and he's back out.

MONTAGE

Ash slowly heals up.

Maria day after day, cleaning his wounds, Pino poking him, Pino curious, then Pino just bored.

Maria breaking open an aloe plant making a paste in a bowl. Slathering it on the wounds.

Pino walking outside he throws up his hands and sword like "why won't this guy wake up!"

Ash finally awake as Maria cares for him. When Ash smiles at her, Pino is over in his hammock watching. He pops up and comes to Ash. Ash smiles at him, then fully back to Maria which makes Pino fully jealous.

EXT.VILLAGE - DAY

The locals live off the land. Buried deep in the Amazon Basin, remote and primitive and abject poverty. A baby wails, the young mother stares off despondently. An old man with one leg hobbles on his makeshift crutch. Other villagers work over their main staple, the *platano* (plantain), crushing, drying, and pounding it into a thin wafer like bread.

A mangey dog scavenges for some dried fish off the nets hanging on the side of the hut. No luck, he lifts his leg on the net. A monkey sits perched up on the roof of a village hut squawking.

Ash finally limps out of the hut into the bright daylight. He squints, Pino looks at him as in "Finally, it's about time, man!"

Ash shoots Pino a look.

ASH

Pretty sure it was your sword
poking me in the ribs that finally
got me moving. Thanks for that.

Pino looks at him mortified.

PINO

Cogno, you were awake for that?

ASH

Si, *Jefe*, I was awake for that.

PINO

Cogno, you speak spanish?

ASH

Si *Jefe*, I speak spanish. And you
curse in technicolor for such a
little man. Impressive...

Pino smiles proudly, but is mostly just excited this science
project is finally awake. Cool, someone new to hang out with.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

Outside the hut, Pino, Ash, and Maria sit around the
crackling fire. Maria leans in and removes the bandage off
Ash's forehead. She looks pleased. Ash is mesmerized. Pino
rolls his eyes.

Maria brings over some fruit. Ash looks down at it completely
baffled. Pino rolls his eyes again and shows Ash how to eat
the *nispero* fruit, a rather odd looking fruit.

MARIA

Nispero ... here, eat it for it's
healing properties.

Pino digs in to his, Maria nibbles, Ash is determined not to
starve so he figures it out.

Fire embers pop and snap up in to the endless night's sky.

Ash rises to clear the bowls. Maria looks surprised by the
gesture, moves to get up and help, but Ash rests his hand on
her shoulder, I've got this. Pino rolls his eyes again as if
who is this guy? And hey that's my sister we're talkin'
about.

INT. VILLAGE HUT - NIGHT

The moon shines in on Maria sleeping. As if the only comfort is her loved-to-death doll she still clings to, Maria sleeps peacefully. Ash just watches her sleep. He adjusts her tattered doll and brushes her hair off her face and leans over gently to kiss her forehead.

Pino sleeps, fetal position, mouth agape, his blanket is kicked off his hammock. Ash tucks everything back in and removes the little boy's crown. He smiles at Pino in the darkness.

INT. HUT - MORNING

Ash sleeps in his hammock, Pino stands over him timing his snores. He guides a big bug up towards Ash's intermittently open mouth. Pino is having a blast. The bug is about to enter Ash's gaping mouth when Maria comes in and swats Pino upside the head. The bug darts away. Ash adjusts a bit and sleeps on. Pino rubs his head.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Ash is at the old nets. Pino is watching him curiously.

ASH
(To pino)
Jefe, is anyone using these?

Pino shakes his head. No.

PINO
(To himself)
No gringo have at it.

Ash slings a couple of the nets over his shoulder then scoops up Pino under his arm with the same alacrity. Pino's little body looks stiff like a board under his arm. He cocks his head like what **are** you doing?

INT. HUT - DAY

Ash drops the boy and the nets. Scanning the hut for a place to tie off the net.

ASH
This outta work.

He strings the net over his hammock.

PINO
Cogno, what are you doing?

Ash smiles pleased with himself.

ASH
There we go.

Pino looks at the hammock and net combo.

PINO
You're gonna smell like rotten
fish.

ASH
Better that than...
(He shoots Pino a look)
Swallowing a bug the size of your
face.

PINO
Cogno, you were awake for that too?

Ash ties off one of the nets.

ASH
(shaking his head no- but
actually saying)
Si, Jefe...

Pino plows his head in his hands.

This little ritual of always getting caught is making Pino
stress out, Ash cracks a grin.

PINO
Ay Dios.

ASH
(Smiling, curious)
What about these nets?

PINO
They were my father's. He used to
fish up the Jurua Valley River.

Ash looks ready to ask him about his father, but
instinctively stops when he sees the boy's expression cloud
over.

ASH
Well Jefe, we should go fishing...

Pino looks ready explode with excitement.

PINO

Si!!!!

Suddenly, gunfire erupts out of nowhere.

Pino falls out of his hammock. Ash scoops him up instinctively to protect him.

Outside, Maria shrieks.

Ash plops Pino in the corner and throws the extra fish nets over the boy to hide him.

Ash charges outside.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Ash races to grab Maria as A BAND OF MARAUDERS fire randomly into the village. Their leader, DANTE, 50s, steps into the clearing, the mirrored sunglasses he wears perpetually conceals a massive scar and the socket that was his left eye.

The crippled, old man tries to hobble away. The leader, Dante, trains his gun and shoots out the old man's good leg. He goes down, his crutch falls to the ground with him.

DANTE

(Bragging)

Bulls eye. Even with one eye, I can always nail it.

Maria cries out. Ash tenses to hold her from running to the old man's aid. Dante's men all laugh and cheer. The old man is writhing in pain. Maria tugs, Ash holds her.

It is Pino who races out of the hut to the old man's side. He tries to help him, but Dante shoots the old man in the head, grazing Pino's arm with the headshot. The boy is suddenly covered in the old man's blood and brains. He looks to Maria and Ash awash in shock and brain matter.

Maria pulls away, Ash follows running to the little boy.

Dante watches on, isn't that sweet. Maria hugs Pino while Ash hurries to figure a way out of this mess.

DANTE (CONT'D)

What good fortune that you didn't die in that crash. Imagine our surprise when we saw signs of life. And here we are! And, that we got to you first!

Dante bends cupping his hand to light a cigarette.

ASH
(quietly to Maria)
Maria, they are not here for you.
You were not the only one to see my
plane crash. They will take me.
When they do, you and Pino need to
scatter, run...

Maria looks up at him so scared. Ash moves in front to shield Maria and Pino and cover for them.

ASH (CONT'D)
Vanish...

Dante doesn't look up but pulls his gun instinctively on them.

DANTE
Grab those two.
(He wags his gun at Maria)
I will have her for lunch. But
inside. It's too hot out here in
the sun.

He grabs himself and moans to Maria. Ash fights to break free. Pino tries to bite his captor and struggles to get loose.

DANTE (CONT'D)
(Off Maria)
Lunchtime now...
(To his men)
After we are done here, we can
begin clearing the way for the
larger equipment.

Dante pulls Maria to the hut.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Ah, where are my manners? Ladies
first...

Dante shoves Maria into the hut with such force she slams against the table and crashes to the ground, gasping and bleeding from the lip.

Pino is scraping to free himself, tears of rage stream his sweaty brow. Ash is fighting to reach her, but someone gut punches him. He struggles to stay on his feet.

They drag them into the hut to watch.

INT. VILLAGE HUT - DAY

Dante is fully focused on Maria. She is splayed on the ground, terrified and bleeding, crawling to get away.

Dante is enjoying this. With a maniacal twitch of his grin, he relishes his power and her pain as he unsheathes his knife and goes to her.

He hauls her up and slices across the front of her threadbare dress, the blade also reaches the delicate skin of her breasts. Her dress falls away. She cries out trying to cover herself. Blood from the slice to her breast and chest begins to seep through her hands.

Ash is still winded and crumpled but battles to help her. Pino is hauled in the air by his hair as he shrieks and flails to help his sister.

Dante seriously frustrated now, turns back and pulls his pistol, aiming it at Pino.

DANTE

Will you shut up, you are just
killing the mood in here.

Pino whimpers trying to be brave, but cries out.

Dante turns the gun back to Maria. He traces it down her breasts and swirls it over belly and down. Maria's terror reflected in Dante's mirrored sunglasses.

Dante then traces the barrel down on Maria and does some twisted gun play. Ash is shaking with rage as Dante shoves the barrel deep in her. She cries out. Then Dante pulls the barrel out and licks it.

DANTE (CONT'D)

She's still a virgin. I can tell.

Ash cannot watch, but one of the men force him to. Someone pops Pino with his rifle butt. The boy is gagging in pain but forcing himself to stay conscious.

ASH

(choking on the words)
And that is the only way you can
ever get a woman.

Dante wields his gun on Ash, training it on his head then glides his aim down to Ash's crotch. He cocks the barrel. Ash stares at him galvanized.

ASH (CONT'D)

You do not want to do that. I assure you I'm worth far more to you than all the gold you could ever scavenge here.

Dante drops the gun and spins back to Maria and lights a cigarette.

DANTE

He does smell of money.

Ash is cool, trying to bargain with this madman.

ASH

Millions more than most.

DANTE

In which case we should celebrate.

But, this Dante guy is crazy and unpredictable. He spins with that twitchy smile, he yanks Maria up to his side. He traces her beautiful arms then raises one up gently.

DANTE (CONT'D)

(Musing)

To heighten the agony of a virgin's first ecstasy.

He places her hands delicately on the table admiring her pure perfection. Ash tenses, he is helpless. He braces for what's to come and he can do nothing at all.

Dante suddenly raises his gun up and smashes it down breaking Maria's forearm clean in half. Bone protruding, Maria wails then nearly passes out in pain. Ash is completely rocked. Pino screams.

Dante throws Maria down on the table and rips her legs wide.

Dante unbuckles his belt and unzips, tearing into her virgin flesh. Beating, pounding into her, Maria convulses under his throes.

The men catcall eager for their turn. All but the man holding Ash, ACERO, who snaps his steel blue eyes shut against this violent rape.

It's over, Maria turns her head slowly to Ash. Her eyes are dead, a single tear rolls down her cheek.

Ash is sobbing in rage and helplessness now. His captor, Acero, stares on at Maria and his grip imperceptibly slackens on Ash as he too seems unable to fathom the violence.

Pino's cries are drowned out by the men's catcalls.

Dante rolls Maria off the table with a thud. She is nearly lifeless.

DANTE (CONT'D)
(Zipping up, cigarette
clenched in his teeth)
I do it to them every time.

He beats his chest like some twisted Tarzan then heads out of the hut.

Ash breaks from Dante's grip and collapses beside Maria. He cradles her in his arms and covers her with her dress.

She is so far gone, her eyes climb weakly up to his as he tries to bind her arm. She cries out but she seems more dead than alive.

The men are restlessly moving in for their turn. One kicks Ash in the back and side. He holds on to Maria.

One of Dante's men steps up, unzips. Another shoves him out of the way.

DANTE MAN #1
Take a number and get in line,
asshole, you went first last time.

Pino is hoarse now, crying and shaking his head hopelessly as he watches on.

Acero stands silently by. He lights a cigarette and hates his fucking life right now. He's trapped by Dante's power in the region to help him get the only thing that truly matters to him: gold.

Dante returns to see his men kick Ash out of the way to get at Maria.

DANTE
(to Ash)
So you want to fuck her too? Sorry,
not on my time. My pot of gold is
waiting for me out there.

Time slows as the men wrench Ash and Pino up and out of the hut. As Ash turns back to see Maria, her hollow gaze locks on Ash. Dante notices the parting exchange. He hauls his gun up and sighs.

DANTE (CONT'D)
 Call me jealous. No one else gets
 to have you.

With that, he shoots Maria between the eyes.

Ash wields back around, his entire body going limp.

Acero startles and releases Ash in reaction to the gun going off. Acero goes for his gun almost taking out Dante. But he stops himself barely able to contain his desire to kill this animal of a man.

Pino's face is swollen with rage, he races for his sister. Ash stops him and holds his so tight.

Dante goes over to Maria's bed and takes her cherished doll. He drops it in her dead arms. He smiles at his work. Blood seeps down on the doll.

As Pino is shoved out the hut, Ash recognizes it at once. In Pino's eyes, the look of a young boy's whose entire life was just ripped away from him.

FADE OUT:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Dante's men slash and cut their way through the jungle thicket. Dragging and shoving Pino and Ash in their wake. Ash overhears Dante and Acero talking.

DANTE
 We have to get back to the post up
 in Kumakary and radio the NETO
 offices.
 (off Ash)
 To see what this guy is worth.

ACERO
 That's all the way up in the Waiapi
 territory, a good 15 hour trek.
 (off Ash and Pino)
 With these two in tow even longer.
 What wrong with going for the gold
 right here?

DANTE
 (Off Ash)
 Because here's the real prize and
 we don't even have to dig or get
 our hands dirty.
 (MORE)

DANTE (CONT'D)

Consider it a Bonus.

(Beat)

As for mining this area, not to worry. As long as we stay above the Amazon River, up in the northern wedge, with our beautiful Senator Pena in place, we are untouchable.

He grins, pure evil.

DANTE (CONT'D)

With the legislation she just brought to the floor? Ha, she has just delivered us complete control of the area.

(Lighting up)

The Calha Norte Project not only secures free reign over the gold in that region, but we'll have all the support we need from the Brazilian military.

Acero is digesting this all, but so is Ash as he conceals his eavesdropping. Dante laughs at the good fortune: that the corruption infiltrates the highest levels of the Brazilian government.

The band of men weave their way through the maze of jungle headed north to the Kumakary Post. Up ahead is a swinging footbridge stretched high over the roaring river. The ropes are frayed and old, hanging down into the angry Orinoco River below.

Dante leads his men across. Midway across he stops short, pulls his gun and shoves the barrel deep into Pino's ear. Pino glares at him, go ahead.

DANTE (CONT'D)

I think this is where we must part ways. I fear you might live to kill me one day.

This guy's a psycho, in his rashness, he stuffs his gun back in his pants and hauls Pino high over his head.

Dante hurls Pino off the bridge, the motion sends the bridge swaying violently and deadens the momentum. Pino instead topples off the side of the bridge. He grabs on hanging by fingertips.

Dante peers over the edge to see little Pino. With his signature twitch of madness, Dante stomps his boot down on Pino's little fingers. Pino cries out and releases. He falls down into the roaring rapids below.

Dante's men scramble to steady themselves. Ash doesn't hesitate. He bucks his captor and hurls himself off the bridge.

The men pepper the river below with gunfire hoping to find their target.

Dante waves them off violently.

DANTE (CONT'D)
STOP! I want him alive! What the hell good is he dead?

Ash and Pino are swept down the river bouncing underwater.

They wash out of range and Pino finally pops up, gasping and flailing. Ash comes up hard against a tree, knocking the wind out of him, but there's a tangle of vines and rope caught around the tree. He struggles to secure one around him.

He pushes off back out into the rapids and roils down catching up to Pino.

He snags Pino and together they bounce down the rapids. Pino is barely conscious as the water drags him under.

They race down the rapids coming upon an earth-ending waterfall! Ash and Pino are both hauled over the lip and down, down, down when the rope finally catches and goes taut.

Ash and Pino are yanked to a stop under the waterfall. Pino is unable to fight anymore. He goes completely limp. Ash holds the boy under the full force of the waterfall.

Serious acrobats, Ash kicks and swings Pino and himself up under the waterfall behind the cascading curtain of water, gasping for air.

INT. WATERFALL - CONTINUOUS

Ash clings to the rock face, propping the limp body of Pino against him. It's all he's got to stay out of the raging waterfall and fasten Pino on his back and lash him with the frayed rope. Ash crawls them out along the side of the waterfall and rappels them down the rest of the way, they dangle on that strand of rope against the pounding waterfall.

Ash carries Pino out of the water and lays him down on the jungle floor. Pino is too weak only managing to half open his eyes. He looks up at Ash who smiles and brushes the hair off the boy's brow. Pino with his crushed fingers has also suffered a blow to the cheek. Ash puts him back together best he can. He smiles trying soothe the poor kid.

ASH
Jefe, we'll get you put back
together so we can finally go
fishing together!

EXT JUNGLE - DAY

Ash is still sleeping off the epic rescue. Pino has rallied like a typical 8 year old. He wakes up, eyes snap open. He inspects his hand but it's hunger that's really on his mind now. A worm inches up to his mouth. Lizard-like he gullets it.

He's on the hunt for more when Ash stirs. He's groggily watching Pino gather and eat worms. Pino turns excitedly, with one wriggling in his teeth, offers one to Ash.

ASH
(ugh)
No. Never. Ew.

Pino shrugs and munches on.

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Ash and Pino head down along the river keeping to the interior and out of sight.

Pino stops. Something familiar about this stretch of the river. It has jagged to the left and he knows this place so well. Pino adds almost nonchalantly.

PINO
This is near where you fell out of
the sky. I was out fishing that day
with the old man. We had on a huge
Payara.

He makes the face of a vampire-like huge toothed fish. Ash could give a shit about his fish as he stops dead in his tracks as in what the fuck did you just say?

ASH
'Scuse me?

Pino looks at him rather nonplused.

ASH (CONT'D)
My plane?! Please can you maybe
elaborate? ... my plane?!

PINO

(A bit incensed)

How rude. I was talking about my fish. It was the biggest payara I had ever caught!

Ash OMG ok.

ASH

Sorry! Good for you and your trophy fish.

PINO

(Ugh)

Fine! First, there was a big boom, then wham, and there you were hanging upside down in the tree.

Pino still pissy over Ash's dismissal of his massive payara. He continues very matter-of-fact. Ash looks at him stunned.

ASH

And you just sort of thought maybe you'd fill me in on this?

Pino shrugs and nips the head off the worm.

ASH (CONT'D)

And how could you even remember where my plane went down? It's all the same out here, jungle on jungle. That's just not possible.

PINO

Because it is.

(With a shrug)

What else do you need to know?

Ash is gobsmacked. Pino gestures off in the distance.

PINO (CONT'D)

Your plane fell over there, I'm pretty sure.

ASH

(mimicking the kid)

I'm pretty sure...

Ash picks up the pace and Pino traipses along behind him, still trying to gesture back to where he and the old man caught their biggest payara fish ever. He is gesturing the size of the fish. Ash is patting him on the head "how nice, squirt".

Ash pulls back the clearing. There is an airstrip deep in the middle of nowhere.

ASH (CONT'D)
Odd place for an airstrip...

PINO
(Waving him off with a
tssskkk)
You such a gringo. They're all over
the place out here. Just too bad
you missed this one. So close
but...

Pino traces the sky mimicking Ash's plane sailing past the airstrip and crashing up ahead into the trees.

Ash shoots him a seriously? look.

PINO (CONT'D)
(Faint smile and a bit of
a back peddle)
Too soon?

Ash looks at him wow.

Pino edges to change the subject.

PINO (CONT'D)
Men dressed all the same, they all
come out of the planes and then
they unload big machines. They look
like earth eaters.

Pino gestures like he is clawing the earth. Ash is perplexed but then.

ASH
Earth eaters...
(then connecting the dots)
Mining rigs and the military.
Exactly what Dante was talking
about. He has all the help he could
ever need, gets the military in
here thanks to his pretty puppet
Senator Pena who deems this a
military zone under the guise of
protecting the indigenous people
living here.

Pino laughs at him bitterly.

PINO

Protect?! What you talkin' about
gringo? Protect? My sister and I
would run and hide when we saw
these planes coming. These men...
they did awful things.

Pino stares off, the memories crashing over him.

ASH

Calha Norte Project as protection,
what a good business model for
everyone but the innocent. Kill
everything in their way and mine
their gold.

Pino looks at him exactly what I was saying. Ash shakes his
head bitterly.

Ash scoops up Pino and runs where Pino points up ahead
towards the plane crash area.

EXT. PLANE CRASH SITE - DAY

In the tangle of metal and trees, Pino spots the first piece
of wreckage.

PINO

There!

Ash puts the little boy down and moves slowly to the
remaining part of the fuselage, reliving the streaky memories
of his plane's final impact.

The fuselage is ripped open, debris scattered everywhere. Ash
finds the cockpit. Clearly, the site has been picked over by
scavengers, both human and animal. He doesn't find the
pilots' bodies, but the dried trail of blood where they were
dragged and ripped apart by something ferocious and hungry.

He finds only the upper torso and face of the flight
attendant with whom he had shared her final intimate moments.
He clearly struggles to look at her mangled body and try to
freeze the expression of pleasure and passion on her face
versus remembering her by this final expression frozen in
terror. He turns away violently.

He looks around the site nervously feeling that creeping
sense they are being watched or hunted.

SOMEONE IS WATCHING INVISIBLY FROM AFAR. THERE IS AN IMPERCEPTIBLE SOUND OF SOMEONE EXHALING.

Ash hurries and then spots his bag hanging from a branch. He grabs it then scours what's left of the plane's galley. He scrounges some nuts and crackers and other food stuff he jams in his bag as fast as he can.

CUT TO:

ASH COVERS THE LAST BRANCHES AND LEAVES OVER THE DEAD FLIGHT ATTENDANT'S BODY. HE IS TRYING TO GIVE HER SOME SEMBLANCE OF PEACE.

FADE TO:

EXT. PLANE CRASH SITE - CONTINUOUS

Pino has discovered something hurled in the brush. He steps closer to find a case of bottles. Most are shattered, but for one.

He lifts it up and Ash laughs in shock.

ASH
That is not possible!

Pino looks at him like what is this stuff anyway? Ash gestures him to bring it to him, gently. Pino shrugs and marches over with the bottle. Ash wraps the bottle in a shirt in his bag.

They both hear a twig snap and scurrying sounds. They stop and look at each other.

ASH (CONT'D)
(lowering voice)
Time to go!

He scoops up Pino and his bag and disappears off into the jungle.

FADE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING BY RIVER - EVENING

Ash and Pino all but collapse when they finally come to a clearing. They've been on the run all day and late into the night.

ASH
I think we can stop and rest now.

PINO
(Rolling his eyes like "no
kiddin")
We could have done that hours ago.

ASH
Jefe, how can you be so sure?

PINO
Ay gringo, don't you know anything?

Ash shoots a kinda defensive / offensive look at this pipsqueak.

PINO (CONT'D)
Because once the sun goes down,
anyone worth running from is drunk
and passed out in some hole.

ASH
It's 5 o'clock somewhere...

He hauls into his bag and pulls out the bottle.

Pino sets out to make a fire. Ash treks down to the river's edge for a quick rinse. He is stripping off his clothes ...

PINO
Be careful of the candiru!

ASH
With that warning, I'm betting the
nicer something sounds down here,
like candy, the more lethal it is.

Pino shoots him a dead eye then gestures like a little fish swimming up into your man plumbing. He finishes off with a pretty clear swoosh of his arm all the way up and in! Then gestures like pulling his arms out like an umbrella and for added effect grips his fingers into claws.

It's barbaric what this fish can do to a man's plumbing.

PINO
The candiru swim up, then they open
their spikes and latch on inside.

ASH
(Cries out like a bitch)
Ahhh?! Jesus!

Ash jumps back from the water gingerly crosses his legs and holds onto his privates for dear life.

PINO
At least piranhas are quick about it.

Ash opts for a very delicate spritzing instead.

Pino laughs and shakes his head.

PINO (CONT'D)
Ay, senorita.

Ash doesn't give a shit what he looks like.

ASH
(Grumbling to himself)
No fish's gonna get all amazon on my...

He crosses his legs tighter as he stands stretching way away from the water's edge.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

The fire crackles when Pino finally flops down and Ash follows suit.

Ash has "cleaned up nice", sporting his change of clothes. Pino looks at him and then leans over and starts picking at a little spot on the front of his shirt. Ash stares at him "do you mind?"

PINO
What? Nice shirt, but you got a spot or something.

ASH
It's called a monogram. And these are my initials. A. J. B for my name Asher Jamison Butler, III.

Pino looks at him completely confused.

PINO
Wait, why the hell do you need to put your name on your own shirt? Can't you remember which shirt is yours? What, too many shirts?

Ash actually laughs at himself and the true absurdity of a monogram.

PINO (CONT'D)
(Laying it on now)
I know, right? Me too... same
problem, I mean, all the time.

Ash chuckles now at this kid.

Pino pokes at the fire while Ash takes out the bottle and some crackers and a tin of something.

Ceremoniously, Ash unwinds the champagne ring. The cork sails off with a loud pop, Pino dives for cover. Ash slurps the champagne and delights in the taste. He gives some to Pino who drinks it like water. When Ash tries to pull back, easy killer, Pino slurps more. Ash rolls his eyes, oh boy.

Then Ash pulls out the cracker and smashes some paste on it. Pino watches him, a little buzzed but really hungry.

He preps a cracker for Pino who takes a bite. It's grimace meets dry heave.

PINO (CONT'D)
Cogno, what is that?

ASH
It's fois gras. Jefe.

ASH (CONT'D)
The liver of a stuffed goose.

Ash makes one for himself and savors it.

PINO
(Going for the bottle)
I'll drink my dinner thank you.

Ash tugs back the bottle from the 8 year old drunkard. Ash opens another tin. He laughs.

ASH
Jesus, my grandmother must have
been on the plane. This is so her.

Ash prepares the delicacy for Pino first.

PINO
No way, you go first. I think
you're trying to poison me.

Ash plops the delicacy in his mouth. Pino watches in horror. It is a pickled frog's leg.

Pino cringes but then lightening fast he shoots his hand out and grabs the tree immediately behind Ash's head.

He plucks the frog from the branch, then smashes it on the rock and eats it, body, leg, head and all.

Pino smiles. The frog leg sticking his cheek out. Ash actually gags.

Pino swigs the champagne to wash it down, smiles, then blasts off a 7.8 on the richter scale burp.

Ash blinks speechless.

ASH

How is that even humanly possible?

Ash looks around.

ASH (CONT'D)

Yo Master Blaster, pretty sure they heard you in New York.

PINO

(looking a bit sick now)

Ugh.

Ash stands out of blast rang.

ASH

I'm not getting taken out by some Amazon penis fish, not by piranhas, and certainly not by you, Jefe.

Pino projectile vomits with some impressive force.

ASH (CONT'D)

What a waste of fine champagne.

Pino moans. Ash steps around the vomit and gingerly throws an arm around the kid.

EXT. DANTE CAMP - DAY

Dante and Acero sit with SEVERAL MEN. Military leader, OFFICER FIGUEIRO, in his full uniform, the chief of the mining operation just up river, his shirt logo emblazoned with NETO Mining, and the SUPPLY CHIEF who owns the supply shop. Acero has been granted the role as chief mining operator on this dig.

Dante sucks on his cigarette.

OFFICER FIGUEIRO

It won't take us long. We can have the area cleared for the miners without a problem. Just don't forget who your friends are.

DANTE

Of course, the lovely Senator will receive her fair share in thanks for her help...

(Pure sarcasm)

... "protecting" these sacred Yanomami lands. Not to worry, I will take good care of our dear senator.

Dante moans thinking about taking care of that sexy bitch. Officer Figueiro leers.

OFFICER FIGUEIRO

(Smiling)

Mmm, only I'm not talking about her...

Dante smiles back at this motherfucker. Acero, whose the chief of the mining operations, interrupts to break the tension.

ACERO

The NETO equipment is in transit as we speak. The men have already begun staging the area. We will work the pumps for underwater mining along with the larger separators while the men clear the river banks and hand pan as well.

(Beat)

We ought to have a few hundred men in here as soon as you give us the go ahead.

Supply Shop Owner waves his finger don't forget about me.

SUPPLY CHIEF

NETO Mining can handle the bigger equipment pieces, but provisions from my supply chain are also en route. Manual mining, pans, shovels, strainers, sieves, mercury, food and water. The works.

(Beat)

And you, my friends, will have exclusive use of all my top quality supplies.

ACERO
 (Choking on his bullshit)
 That's you raping us and us saying
 thank you afterwards.

Shop owner smiles.

SUPPLY CHIEF
 Speaking of which, I do supply the
 whores and the liquor...

ACERO
 (Coughs)
 ...STDs and piss water for days.

The Shop owner could give a shit about the calibre of his
 women or his liquor.

SUPPLY CHIEF
 Bottom line: the men get paid, but
 we all know instead of sending
 their earnings home to their poor
 wives and children, they blow it
 all on my liquor and my whores.

ACERO
 The VD is free of charge.

SHOP OWNER
 (everything is
 transactional)
 Yes, but the medicine to cure it is
 not.
 (In conclusion)
 So, maybe you want to ask me again
 nicely if I will share my profits
 with you.

DANTE
 (cleaning his nails with
 his knife)
 Pretty fucking please.

No love among thieves.

OFFICER FIGUEIRO
 I will let the Senator know we were
 forced to exercise the conditions
 of her Calha Norte Project and were
 under extreme pressure to instate a
 Military Zone when we saw the
 atrocities that had befallen her
 precious Yanomami tribe.

DANTE
Kill them all.

The Military Officer Figueiro nods perfunctorily.

FADE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Ash and Pino slash their way through the jungle.

ASH
That radio station Dante and his
guy were talking about, do you know
how far it is to the north? I've
got to try to get word out.

PINO
A few days walk from our village.
It's way up north at the health
post in the Waiapi Territory at the
mission post where Maria and I took
our mother once...

The boy goes quiet. Ash looks over at him trying to change
the subject.

ASH
So the Missionaries, they're who
taught you such good english?

Pino is taking the bait. He continues on somberly.

PINO
(Bitterly)
We waited for days but the doctor
was too busy. The missionaries with
all their prayers, what good did
that do?
(Beat)
The OKAPAS carried my mother away
before the doctor could even bother
to see her.

Ash recognizes the boy's bitter pain.

ASH
We are not so different you and I,
little man.

Pino looks up curiously. Ash tousles his hair changes the
subject.

ASH (CONT'D)
OKAPAs? I've heard that word
before.

PINO
Okapas are the evil spirits.

ASH
Okapa... Yes. A fitting name for
that company...

Pino looks up at him, huh? Ash scoops the boy up and they
continue heading north to find the Radio Station.

FADE TO:

INT. BUTLER MANSION GENEVA - DAY

Genevieve Butler sits alone in her floor to ceiling leather
bound library watching the fire crackle. She sits in shock.
The paper folded on the table beside her reports "Heir to the
Butler Fortune, missing, presumed dead".

She tosses the paper into the fire, her eyes locked on the
burning embers which bleed into:

FADE BACK TO:

EXT. ASH AND PINO'S CAMP - NIGHT

THE FIRE AT ASH AND PINO'S CAMP FLARES.

The sound of someone exhaling and blowing a powder. An eery
mist creeps over the area.

The fire has gone out, Ash and Pino sleep in the hammocks
they've strung up.

Ash writhes in a nightmare that is way too real.

FADE TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Ash, at 6, races into the room tugging at his dumb tie and
unfastening his top button of his little school uniform. He
flounces on the bed.

He's about to call to his mother when he hears her laugh in
the adjoining sitting room.

Then he hears what must be his father's throaty groan.
Something like a lamp crashes to the ground.

ASH'S MOTHER
(Laughing)
Ssshhh, be careful!

INT. / EXT. BEDROOM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Little Ash dives behind the closet door. He presses his eye to the crack in the door to watch his mother enter in a sheer slip.

She walks inches from him and swings the bedroom door shut. She turns back half halting like she detects her young son or someone watching her.

But, she is pulled feverishly onto the bed.

ASH'S MOTHER
You're sure he's not expecting you
to join them?

The broad back towers over his mother throbbing over her.

UNCLE
Let's let him enjoy his latest
conquest alone. It's his company
and his kingdom. I am only his
younger brother.

Ash's eyes blast wide open forcing himself to watch.

UNCLE (CONT'D)
Besides, never will I inherit the
throne, but why should I care when
I can have his Queen?

His uncle rips into her. She tears at him wanting more.

As they writhe in passion, Ash's mother now rides her lover.

The bedroom door swings open.

In a slow, death-like spiral: Ash's mother turns back around as she writhes on her lover in her full nakedness. Is she looking back at the bedroom door? Is she looking to the closet? Do her eyes connect with little Ash? Does her smile beg her little son's forgiveness?

FROM BEHIND A MAN STANDS THERE WATCHING ON. IT'S ASH'S FATHER. THE SHOT GUN IN HIS HAND HANGS LIMP. THEN COMES THE RAGE.

With a quick one-handed shot gun pump, he shoots his wife in the back. She falls forward on her lover. When Ash's father re-cocks the shotgun aiming it at his own brother, the brother tries to use her dead body to protect himself.

ASH'S FATHER
You fucking coward.

He kicks the dead woman off his brother and presses the shot gun barrel against his brother's chest and fires.

A blood bath and Ash keeps recoiling with each blast.

When his father finally turns around and sits at the foot of the bed, he cocks the gun one last time. He looks up through the splatter of blood on his face and smiles to Ash as if he sees him there hiding in the closet.

Ash watches his father place the barrel of the gun in his mouth and pull.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. ASH AND PINO CAMP - CONTINUOUS

There it is again. The sound of someone exhaling fades as Ash bolts upright and upsets his hammock.

He is gasping on the ground at the violent and vivid dream. Pino comes to his side.

PINO
What is it? What happened?

Ash can't shake the nightmare.

ASH
I haven't dreamt about it in years.

Just then they emerge from the darkness through the mist. The invisible people, the Yanomami.

The chieftan / elder shaman DAVI beckons his YANOMAMI TRIBE OF PEOPLE closer. They are naked but for their loin cloth. Their faces are painted in streaks of red, their noses pierced with large reeds. In their lower lip, wads of tobacco leaves are used to make them hyper vigilant.

Davi reaches down and places his hand gently on Ash's shoulder. Ash looks up completely stunned.

From out of nowhere, Pino and Ash never even heard them coming and now they are surrounded.

Davi speaks gesturing with his hand streaking the sky.

DAVI

We have been waiting for you.

Ash looks at him. How?

Pino pats his hand on Ash's arm.

PINO

Don't bother trying to figure it out. The Yanomami, they are called the Invisible People, they know everything, see everything, feel everything.

(Beat)

Pretty sure they've been tracking us for days now.

Davi smiles with an imperceptible nod at the wise little boy. Ash and Pino are enveloped into their mist and all seem to vanish into the jungle.

EXT. MINING SITE - DAY

FROM FAR OFF, IT LOOKS LIKE ANTS IN AN ANT HILL. ZOOMING IN, WHAT IT REALLY IS: HUNDREDS, THOUSANDS OF MINERS WORKING TO CLEAR A MINING SITE.

Dante and Acero stand beside the NETO mining equipment, Dante drapes his arm over the NETO Company Rep. They all smile at the MILITARY MEN establishing the perimeter of what promises to be a massive haul for them.

NETO COMPANY REP

According to our soil tests and sub strata geo imaging, this will be a very prosperous dig.

DANTE

My father mined the Serra Pelada back in 1981. Thousands of men. Now that was a Bombua de fococo, gold rush if ever there was.

NETO COMPANY REP

(nods)

We could see a serious haul out of here. The fact that it has never been touched or even probed, we owe it all to those Yanomami. Thank god their lands have been off limits.

All share a knowing grin.

As they speak, the MINERS, hundreds and hundreds of them, all work the site beyond. The mining site is in full swing now.

The camps are filthy and the red earth runs into a bloody red mud. WHORES are slung around waiting for the miners to finish their day's work so their night work may begin. Supplies are loaded and liquor to stock cantinas. The Supply manager works it like a well-oiled machine as he barks out commands.

SOME MEN work out on the raft. Their old diving masks are cobbled together and they work from the makeshift raft with air hoses that one miner tapes with duct tape. The equipment is old and gerry-rigged all the way. Their lives are highly expendable as they dive down underwater to work along the river banks.

OTHER MINERS slip and slide on the blood mud shores while others maneuver the large equipment that they feed soil and out it spits the separated soil, rock, and, yes, gold. Men inspect the rocks and pitch the gold nuggets into another area.

Men are wading along the river bank digging and prepping the site, pure destruction leveling the lush jungle. In their wake, moon-like craters pock the once pristine jungle.

Men open the plastic jugs of mercury and strain and separate the gold from the soil. The mercury spills down into the river and runs downstream. They pitch the containers into the river. No one cares.

DANTE

And what a terrible thing the massacre that has occurred up at the Haximu Territory. How many of those indians were killed? Thank God the Military moved in to protect them.

As they speak, the men all smile watching as the NATIONAL GUARD MILITARY wield their weapons and scatter off into the jungle. They are the most menacing and aggressive branch of the military: young thugs with no mercy and too much ammo.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Davi and the Yanomami move swiftly through the jungle with Pino and Ash. They break camp when Davi spots the sunlight dying.

Davi stops, he is unsettled by something beyond what Ash or Pino can discern.

Davi and his men suddenly prepare their quivers and arrows.

Pino taps Ash on the shoulder speaking in a whisper.

PINO

Something is wrong. Davi and the men are preparing their curare arrows. Poison from the tree frog. It paralyzes at once.

Davi waves them on quickening their run through the jungle.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE AT HAXIMU TERRITORY - DAY

The village is nothing more than 'lean to' huts and a communal area cleared in the central pavilion and the large communal *Shabono* structure.

Situated along the river bank of the Toototobi River, it is of the barest necessities.

Large wooden beams hold up the *Shabono*, the large circular structure where the Yanomami live communally.

One YOUNG YANOMAMI WOMAN tends to a large pot over the fire. Her baby is slung on her in the customary sling that enables her to keep her hands free to work.

Other WOMEN are preparing food and others are down by the river's edge fishing.

The YANOMAMI CHILDREN run and play waiting for the OLD YANOMAMI to blow up the aardvark bladder and tie it off with a strand. It looks like a large balloon. The children cheer and carry their sticks to bat the balloon and play with each other.

The Yanomami men are not present since they have all left for the hunting party so it is only women, children and old men.

The encampment is suddenly besieged by the gun wielding young National Guardsmen. With their guns and machetes drawn, they devastate the Yanomami *malocas* (dugout skiffs), they burn and raze everything.

The young Yanomami mother and her infant are slashed mercilessly. Both are felled by the hacking of the *militario's* machete.

Down in the old garden plot on the lower reaches of the river, they attack the Yanomami women who are out gathering fruit.

They rape the women. One woman down by the water's edge who is noticeably pregnant, tries to fight off her attackers. One of the Guardsmen opens up her cheek with an angry swoosh of his machete. He rapes her then the others. They dump her for dead.

Such violent atrocities, nothing these women and children can combat. They are easy prey for the armed marauders. The children playing with their sticks and the balloon-like bladder, are stunned when the men come in and rake the area with their guns. The bladder balloon is splattered by the blood of one of the young Yanomami children, then it bursts instantly as the bullets pierce it and the other children.

FADE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Davi moving swiftly through the jungle with his men. Pino and Ash trying to keep up.

Davi recounting everything trance-like, clearly seeing all that his spirit guide is showing him. He looks up to the sky, fire billows up ahead.

DAVI

They have come like the silent jaguar, while we men are out hunting. With machetes, they have cut them down, our women, our children, our elders...

Davi's men are startled by their leader's premonition.

KAPU

It cannot be. We must hurry then.

DAVI

It is too late.

He runs on a few more paces then peels back the jungle to reveal the encampment.

Davi steps out into open encampment. The fires burn, the large pot that had been set on the fire to cook, is toppled and smashed. The young woman and her baby lie slashed and killed. Along with the other villagers, their bodies strewn and slaughtered.

The one pregnant Yanomami woman who had been slashed across the face and left for dead after they gang raped her is lying face down by the river's edge.

Radi runs to her. He is beyond despair. He reaches for her and lifts her to him. Tears stream his face. She stirs. She is not dead, but badly injured and the gash on her face is a bloody and fierce open wound. She is bleeding out from between her legs. Clearly the rape and trauma, she has lost the baby. Radi screams in rage.

Ash and Pino come to Radi's aid while Davi and the other men run to check their families and to put out the fires.

Ash instinctively scans the perimeter worried the men who did this will be back.

FADE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE MINING SITE - NIGHT

The whores work, the liquor pours, the men are sloppy until their money is gone.

The Supply Chief tallies his earnings over in his tented area. Acero and Officer Figueiro enter followed by Dante who slings a bottle of liquor in his hand.

SUPPLY CHIEF
(Off his liquor that Dante
is drinking)
On the house.

DANTE
... It's my house.

Supply Chief defers to Dante, not wanting to make waves.

SUPPLY CHIEF
They've begun pulling some more
significant caches. We've
established a secure staging area
for the gold weighing and
processing. The scales are in place
and the men have begun weighing
their take.

(MORE)

SUPPLY CHIEF (CONT'D)

Naturally, our scales will always be tipped ever so slightly in favor of the house.

DANTE

My house. My scales, My favor.

SUPPLY CHIEF

Yes, Chief.

DANTE

How long before we can move into the Haximu Territory? I want it cleared as soon as possible. We have more men coming to mine. This area is fully manned. I don't need any more bodies down here. Miners tend to take advantage of the chaos when too many men are concentrated at one site.

(Beat)

We need to send them straight to the northern wedge. Establishing the Military Zone is only the first step, now we need to work it and fast before the fucking Human Rights Activists and media start buzzing around. I want to get as much out of that place as we can before anyone catches on. I know it's loaded with gold.

No question in anyone's mind. There's a race to get moving. Acero nods and peels off with the military leader.

EXT. YANOMAMI ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Davi and his men, aided by Pino and Ash, are stacking the bodies. One YANOMAMI locates one of the long wooden troughs to mash the meat of the plantain fruit. The plantain boils down over the fire.

One of the HUNTERS, skins and prepares the aardvark.

Davi is joined by Kapu and a few other men to help wrap the bodies of the dead.

Rani is trying to care for his wife, he is too distraught. Ash lays a hand on his shoulder and leads him away to help Davi. All seem to be moving in shock.

Ash sets to work on the young woman tending to her gashed face and her fragile state.

Davi and his men pile the funeral pyres high with wood. While the bodies are laid upon them to burn.

Sparks fly high into the night sky. Davi nods.

DAVI
These men will return soon, but we
must honor our dead.

Ash and Pino scan the line of bodies as they are placed in the fires.

ASH
So many killed, so much
destruction.

Somehow Davi seems to hear him from over the din of the raging fire.

DAVI
Yes, we have only two numbers in
Yanomami. They are "One and Many".
(Sadness and rage fill his
expression)
We have lost many.

DAVI (CONT'D)
Come, we will rest now.

Davi gestures Ash and Pino to follow.

Pino tucks his hand in Ash's, an unfamiliar gesture for both, yet somehow so natural in this harrowing moment. Ash looks down and Pino looks up.

DAVI (CONT'D)
In the morning we will prepare the
ritual.

FADE TO:

INT. BUTLER ENTERPRISES, GENEVA - DAY

Laid across Rochier's desk is the newspaper headline reads:
**Young Heir Presumed Dead in Fatal Plane Crash in Brazil's
Amazon Rainforest.**

Rochier stares at the headline. There is no sadness, no remorse, no emotion at all. He simply pushes the paper aside and moves to answer his ringing phone.

ROCHIER
Yes. We now have a quorum.

And with that, he hangs up.

THE HAND ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE HANGS UP. THE SAME COLLEGE RING ON THE FINGER. IT'S STILLMAN WHO HANGS UP, HIS SMILE SIMMERS.

EXT. YANOMAMI ENCAMPMENT - DAY

The fires have died down. Davi and others work over the ashes. Others continue cooking down and stirring the thick plantain porridge in the large trough.

The other men sear the aardvark meat.

Ash tends to the young mother who is awake now, but lies in a state of deep shock as the reality settles in that she has lost her child. As most shock does, it comes down in waves. She suddenly looks to touch her belly and remembers and wails at her loss.

Pino brings water for her.

FADE TO:

EXT. MINING SITE - DAY

The HANDLERS working the raft along the river bank help with the underwater equipment for SEVERAL MINERS who slide into the water. As they go under, one handler uncoils the air tube for the underwater miners.

Up on the river bed, MINERS traipse and slip in the red mud. Acero studies the path and the foot traffic along the river bank to the ridge. It is clearly growing more precarious, the more it is traversed.

Just then one of the larger pieces of NETO equipment moans and strains. The belt snaps and catches one of the miner's in the chest sending him sailing. The machine groans to a halt.

As one of the workers slips and scrapes to climb up to the machine, the whole river bank starts to collapse. The equipment and the river bank slowly disappear into the river.

In close proximity is the raft with the underwater miners. As the river bank collapses on them, they are crushed by the weight of the earth. One tries to swim free only to have the large equipment slam into him and take him under. The logo NETO slides under the water as the machinery is pulled down and under by the river current.

In the chaos of the moment, Acero hustles into action trying to control the situation. MINERS try to scramble free of the danger.

The Supply Chief locks down the gold stores, establishing an instant perimeter of guards to protect the gold.

Dante looks on, steps out into the sunlight and calmly walks over to the collapsed river bed. He nods, but not to the loss of life, instead to the Supply Chief from Neto, referring to the loss of the large piece of equipment.

DANTE

Hazards of doing business.

As for the raft handler who pulls up the severed air tubes, Dante shrugs. Dead men don't matter to him.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Plenty more where they came from.

Acero glares at Dante's complete lack of humanity. But Acero is a seasoned miner himself. He knows how dangerous this work is and what kind of men mine.

Still, human life is worth something to Acero and Dante's complete disregard for it pisses him off.

Acero turns abruptly and stalks down the banks of the river where the men stand stunned and still frightened.

Dante inspects their expressions. Some are genuinely shaken. Dante pushes through to one miner in particular who had been up on the river bank. His hat was pulled down, the brim covering his eyes.

The men make way for Dante who faces the miner.

The smile stretches across his scarred face. His sunglasses reflecting the miner's nervous expression as he sees Dante approaching.

Dante steps right up to the miner's face. His brimmed hat touches Dante's forehead. Dante flips the hat off with his gun.

DANTE (CONT'D)

(loudly to Acero)

Like I said, too many men. Chaos
can make such a tempting diversion.

Acero halts and watches on with the others. All is silent.

Dante tips the miner's hat into the palm of his hand. He flips down the inner lining and there it is. A gold nugget the size of a man's back molar.

Dante looks at the nugget impressed.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Yes. That is always the first place
to check.

The miner is sweating and his expression collapsing in fear of the consequences.

All watch on as Dante unbuttons the miner's pants.

DANTE (CONT'D)
It's the other places that take a
bit more...
(Ripping the miner's pants
down)
... imagination.

The miner stands facing Dante.

Dante barks to the miner who is sobbing now.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Turn around!

The miner is quivering in fear. Dante is clearly getting off on this as he holds the miner's shoulders like he's about to rape the man, but he then shoves the barrel of his gun up the miner's ass and pulls the trigger.

Acero turns his head, others recoil in shock.

Dante wipes the gun barrel on another miner's shirt sending a clear fucking message.

DANTE (CONT'D)
(pseudo philosophic)
In the end, it is always just
fool's gold.

FADE BACK TO:

EXT. YANOMAMI ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

The ceremony has begun. Davi and his men all wear the red war face paint of the rocoucous berry.

Radi grinds and mixes in the ashes collected from the fires into the plantain soup.

Kapu and another hunter prepare the meats of the aardvark.

The ceremony consists of the thrumming of drumbeats. The dance of the warriors to protect the Yanomami from the evil OKAPA spirits.

Davi oversees the ceremony. Rani's young wife, still so weak and pained, is seated by Rani and Ash is beside her. Pino sits on Ash's other side.

DAVI
Holding up the bowl of plantain
take a drink.

Davi then passes it to other of his men who weep and drink it down.

On the other side of the fire, the other men prepare the meat. It is separated by the large fire in the central pavilion of their village.

Davi stops the drums with a wave of his hand.

DAVI (CONT'D)
We drink the plantain, mixed with
the ashes of our dead. We carry
them with us now. May their spirit
strengthen and protects us.

He passes the bowl.

Then to the other side of the campfire, he gestures to the men who are carrying the meat of the aardvark.

DAVI (CONT'D)
To all else who come here to help
us celebrate our dead, feast on the
meat of the great aardvark, help us
return our brothers and sisters to
our Mother.

Davi gestures to the Earth.

Across the fire, the men carry the meat to Rani, his young wife, and other Yanomami. Ash and Pino are also there to take of the meat. Ash and Pino are hesitant not to intrude on this sacred ritual. Rani insists. Ash receives a somber nod from Davi.

DAVI (CONT'D)
Only you who have not lost a soul
on this day, may eat the meat.

Rani explains to Ash quietly.

RANI

It is forbidden to eat the meat of the sacred aardvark and drink the ashes of our dead. It would be considered cannibalism.

(Beat)

We never mix nor even dare cross from our side of the fire to the others as they partake of the ashes of their dead. This is our custom, our ceremony for the dead.

Big moment letting Ash and Pino participate in this most sacred ceremony. It is not lost on Ash nor Pino.

Davi rests his hand on Ash's shoulder as he looks to Rani's young wife who is alive thanks to Ash. Rani nods his gratitude to Ash who is humbled and heartbroken for so much loss.

DAVI

(somerly)

They will be back soon. We must keep moving. They come to take our gold. Our protected lands are now in the hands of corrupt politicians doing their deals with these *garimpeiros*.

(Beat)

They will slaughter everyone who gets in their way.

CUT TO:

INTERCUT:

A SHOT OF FEMALE BUSINESS ANCHOR ON CNBC ANNOUNCING THE JUMP IN THE PRICE OF GOLD. QUEEN OF CAPITALISM, WITH HER BUFF GUNS AND SEXY GAMBS TO MATCH.

FEMALE BUSINESS ANCHOR

Investors are turning to commodities to offset the market dips. Top gainer of the day in the commodity sector is gold. It added nearly 32% to its value in the first 8 months of 2020 alone! And today, the price of gold is just killing it!

The anchor banters with her other CNBC male counterpart anchor who adds:

MALE ANCHOR

What we always want to point out is when such spikes take place, there is also opportunity in the "pick and shovel" companies that benefit off the surge in commodities like gold excavation.

Male anchor interjects for clarity to the audience.

MALE ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Pick and shovel refers to the companies making the equipment that serves the boom not to be confused with "brick and mortar" companies which refer to the companies with actual physical storefronts.

FEMALE ANCHOR

Exactly. Now, some of these pick and shovel companies benefitting from the gold surge are, for example, mining equipment companies which are poised to soar in value from the demand for their equipment.

(Beat)

Folks, let's just call it what it really is, "a gold rush".

MALE ANCHOR

(Furthering her point)

To mine gold, you need resources like workers, equipment, and fuel to dig the gold out of the ground. These costs are called the all-in sustaining costs (AISC). And the lower your AISC, the higher your operating profit.

Intercut:

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Two miners, JOSE and RAFA, are down by the river, mixing the mercury in their gold sieves, separating the gold from the soil. They rinse their hands through it. The men are deeply suntanned and yet they look sickly thin. They cough and spit phlegm like they are literally choking to death on the intoxicating lure of gold.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Large NETO equipment rips into the earth, tears trees out of the rich red soil snapping them like toothpicks. MINERS fill in and around clearing the wide swathes of jungle leaving destruction and garbage in their wake.

FEMALE ANCHOR (V.O.)

Rumors abound that the parent company for one of these larger excavation companies down in South America may be in play, but it's too early to speculate on this.

(shuffling and collecting her pages)

We will report out on that when we know more.

The two miners, Jose and Rafa, continue mixing the mercury in their gold sieves, punctuating each effort with a hacking cough.

They stand achingly and pitch the empty mercury and fuel containers and jerry cans into the once pristine river.

Rafa coughs an unnatural and unrelenting hack. He doesn't have the strength for many more bouts like this one. Jose comments, unemotionally and unaffected.

JOSE

It will kill me too soon enough. My wife has lost three children in childbirth. My son is not right.

(He taps his head like he's not right in the head)

Slow.

Rafa stops coughing and wipes away the sweat.

RAFA

It will kill us all.

With that, he rinses the sieve and its mercury laced water at the river's edge. The current carries it down river.

Behind them another old growth *babacu* nut tree is felled as the buzz saws devour and destroy.

As the sun sets on another day. It's quitting time. Rafa hurls one last yellow jerry can of mercury into the river.

It's sucked under. They move off back towards the camp to deliver the pittance of gold they have prospected by hand.

FEMALE ANCHOR (V.O.)
 Another factor in gold mining is
 the amount of gold mined can
 fluctuate. That can be due to
 different ore grades, different
 mine types, or various other
 reasons. To be a successful miner,
 you need to keep your AISC low and
 account for fluctuating mining
 rates.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CNBC NEWS ROOM STUDIO

The female anchor leans in on her sexy ass in her form
 fitting dress and jokes with her male cohort. She has no
 fucking clue the price of gold.

FEMALE ANCHOR
 Sounds like good work if you can
 get it! Cashing in on the rocketing
 price of gold!
 (joking, not really)
 Don't I just love me some Tiffany
 gold earrings.

The male anchor smiles at and with her. If he had a gold
 tooth it would gleam right now. These people are sickening.

FADE TO:

RAINFOREST IN TOTAL DESTRUCTION.

FEMALE ANCHOR (V.O.)
 Gold is a mooner for sure.

THE IMAGE APPEARS MORE LIKE CRATERS ON THE MOON THAN THE LUSH
 JUNGLE. PULLING BACK REVEALS THE DELINEATION BETWEEN THAT
 WHICH THE MINERS HAVE YET TO DESTROY AND THE WAKE OF COMPLETE
 DESTRUCTION IN THEIR PATH.

FADE OUT:

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE NYC IN FRONT OF TIFFANY'S FLAGSHIP STORE -
 NIGHT

The female anchor woman struts down the street like she owns
 the place.

Her long sexy legs, heels, coat playing in the wind as she leans in to inspect the signature Tiffany gold necklace.

She smiles to herself, why not. She enters the store for an impulse purchases. For most, an impulse purchase consists of a candy bar at the supermarket check out, but for her it's a \$5,000 solid 18 karat vintage gold weave Tiffany necklace. Ah, the good life.

EXT. MINING SITE CAMP - NIGHT

It's raucous and out of control, men and whores, booze and somehow a sense of suffocatingly close quarters as the jungle encroaches on them all. It seems paradise is pissed off.

Black spill of night, sparked by the fires, flashes of men fucking whores, sucking on bottles of bad liquor. Like drunken dreams painted on dead canvases, the miners carry on to anyone who will listen.

Mostly only the whores who are keen to hitch their hopes to these men, pretend to listen. One of these sex slaves, YASMINA, is a young girl/woman. So beautiful that if she lived anywhere else but this godforsaken Brazilian jungle, she would bless the cover of any one of the top magazines like Vogue.

A particularly comely miner, ZOCO, has paid for, fucked, and now fallen in love with Yasmina. He grabs her extraordinary face. He squeezes her cheeks so she will smile.

She is on something so strong that she is feeling no pain. He squeezes and her beautiful face distorts as her lips part. The mouth is bloody, the gums are mangled, but there it is, the golden tooth. She smiles, stoned and willing to endure any pain for this tooth.

He is proud.

ZOCO

You see, now she is mine. My first
gold strike. I want my woman
wearing my gold.

Zoco grabs Yasmina by the hair and all but drags her off. She twists and writhes only sparking her curves to excite other miners as she goes, one handsome miner in particular whose piercing green eyes (a signature Venezuelan characteristic) never leave her, but Zoco is not the sharing type.

FADE TO:

EXT. YANOMAMI ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Pino sleeps against Ash outside by the fire. Ash watches the sparks sail up to the sky.

Infinite stars shower him. The sparks shoot high and disappear. His eyes follow nothing in particular. He is caught between sleep and wake in a lucid dream.

He tracks the sparks off the fire.

FADE TO:

INT. BUTLER MANSION GENEVA - NIGHT

The fire crackles in the massive fireplace. The frail shoulders sag one last time as her eyes watch the last embers spark and die.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. YANOMAMI ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Ash stirs and sits up. Pino slips down but readjusts sleepily on the blanket.

Ash has seen it. A tear seeps from his eye, his grandmother has said goodbye in the unspoken language of the fire's embers.

ASH
No! Grandmother!

Ash is clawing for the sparks trying to get to her.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVI'S HUT - NIGHT

Davi lies in his hammock. He senses Ash's loss. He draws a deep breath, willing Ash to rest now. It's as if Davi is guiding Ash who releases and relaxes in surrender to the certainty.

Davi blows out ritualistically and Ash is overcome with sleep.

Davi lies in the stillness and dark. Sleep is not so easy for him.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BUTLER MANSION GENEVA - NIGHT

The old white-haired, white-gloved, BUTLER comes in to retrieve the silver dinner tray. The meal is untouched.

Genevieve Butler is motionless in front of the dying fire. The butler tries to rouse her, but instinctively bows his head, witness to Genevieve Butler's dying of a broken heart.

An entire lifetime this old butler has served this family. Seen all the tragedy and all the ruthless successes. He turns to walk away, his bones are old, his soul is older.

CUT TO:

EXT. YANOMAMI ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Ash and Pino are at the river with Davi and the men. Davi places a hand on Ash's arm.

DAVI

We will get word out for you and alert them that you are alive.

Ash shakes his head to Davi with a sad smile. Somehow he senses Davi is aware that Ash's grandmother has died.

ASH

She is gone. There is no one else I need to alert.

(Strategizing)

In fact, let them all think I am dead. Let them think they have succeeded in eliminating me.

DAVI

We must move quickly. They will be closing in on this area. I will get word out to FUNAI and our Amanaka'a friends. They need to help stop this slaughter before more are taken.

ASH

FUNAI? Amanaka'a? What is that?

DAVI

FUNAI is the Pro-Yanomami Commission and the National Indian Foundation, Amanaka'a is a group of indigenous rights activists dedicated to helping us inform people of what is happening to our people and our lands.

Davi beckons his top scout Rani who obediently gathers his quiver and bow and small satchel of supplies, slips into the dugout canoe and disappears like mist up river. He sets off for the outpost.

Davi instructs remaining his men to prepare their supplies, their quivers and curare-tipped arrows, that will pierce the skin and paralyze immediately. It is their most effective weapon. As they scatter to gather and prepare, Ash and Pino set off to help when...

Davi senses the motion coming from down river. Davi and his Yanomami seem to vanish against the jungle cover. It all happens so fast that Ash and Pino are stranded, vulnerable and exposed, unable to reach Davi.

As the National Guardsmen blast up river on the high speed Piranha military zodiac with dual high speed outboard engines thrumming, they are so close it's a miracle they don't see Davi and his men slide into the shadows.

Davi peers out to see who is onboard. Dante and his men are catching a ride with the military official Figueiro, NETO equipment is lashed down on the boat's deck. The Neto rep is also onboard.

Davi breathes deep and focuses as if mustering the help of his shamanic powers.

As if by magic, Ash and Pino who stand completely exposed on the river bed are suddenly consumed by the swarm of white butterflies that surround, engulf and conceal them completely. Ash and Pino are transfixed by their beauty and protected by their swarm.

The piranha boat blasts past them without hesitation. Ash and Pino can hear the armed men, raucous and laughing, gunned to the gills, as they race up river.

After they pass, Davi and the others reemerge. The butterflies scatter and Ash and Pino are safe.

Davi nods to Ash who just smiles and shakes his head, still trying to figure this guy out.

DAVI (CONT'D)
With all this activity on the river, it is clear that they are closing in and we are in grave danger.

ASH
Tell me what you saw?

Davi gestures as if in their wake is pure chaos and destruction.

ASH (CONT'D)
(Speaking to no one in particular)
Neto. Okapa.

Davi looks at Ash surprised.

DAVI
What do you know of these names?

ASH
More than I thought. Neto is responsible for the mining equipment and...

DAVI
... and the massacre of our villagers. Yes.

Ash looks struck by the mystical reference to these ancient indigenous forces and spirits versus the very real and evil forces at work in Ash's own boardroom.

Davi looks to the ground solemnly.

DAVI (CONT'D)
Okapa. The evil spirits are near.

ASH
(Ethereal)
They are near, but they have not won.

Ash replays the memory, more and more pieces coming together. He is lost in the memory of something he heard just as the plane fell from the sky and scraped through the jungle canopy. It was a sound like a *click*, *blam* that snapped Ash awake.

CUT TO:

INT. ASH'S PLANE - DAY

The flight attendant sweeps the hair off Ash's forehead. She fastens his seatbelt and turns off his reading light. He sleeps on.

Suddenly as she passes by, there it is the sound: click, blam...

Ash's eyes fly open and he is engulfed in the loud blast of the plane exploding. The flight attendant thrown and smashed against the cabin.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. RIVERBED -DAY

Davi watches Ash return from wherever his mind had gone.

Ash nods, smiles.

ASH
Yes, let them think they have
killed me.

FADE OUT:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Rani slips up river following the current. The water around his *maloca* dugout canoe erupts. The rare pink dolphins indigenous to the Amazon rivers surface, their blow holes spraying Rani who laughs as they frolic and play with Rani's *maloca*.

The signature calls of the exotic birds of the Amazon Basin: the Macaw, the Toucan, the Hoatzin, all reverberate against the intoxicating jungle life.

The pink dolphins vanish, Rani freezes as all sense the vibration off the Piranha boat coming from far off downriver.

Rani slides his dugout up under the vines and branches well concealed from the passing dangers. He studies the ak-armed men cautiously as they pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENEVA AIRPORT PRIVATE BUTLER ENTERPRISES JET HANGER -
DAY

A BLACK MAYBACH STOPS AT THE GENEVA AIRPORT. A BODYGUARD TYPE STEPS OUT AND DELIVERS A BAG TO THE REAR DOOR OF THE HANGER. THE MECHANIC RECEIVES THE BAG, PEELS IT OPEN TO REVEAL CASH. LOTS OF CASH.

The MECHANIC smiles slyly at his take. He stops outside the hanger door. He looks at the cash and unzips his mechanic suit. Fuck this, I never have to work another day in my life. He throws the gloves and steps out of his suit, pitches it in the large garbage drum. He walks towards his car with his cash.

INT. MASSIVE CATHEDRAL CHURCH GENEVA - DAY

Throngs of mourners, limos, the "whose who" of high society all gather to lay to rest Genevieve Butler. It's lots of black on black, but a stab of gold here and there is good for the soul as the ladies showcase their 18 karat sorrow.

In a break from tradition, but given the magnitude of loss of both Genevieve Butler and her beloved grandson, the service also marks the assumed loss of life to the young heir to the Butler family fortune, Asher Jameson Butler III. The side by side coffins are almost too much to bear set against the stained glass, the organ playing something righteous and flower arrangements sent straight down from heaven.

A gorgeous MODEL collapses in devastation. She crumbles against another woman friend. Her sobs actually seem very real. Her friend tries to comfort her. Notedly, there are a few other female STUNNERS collected at the service also feeling the pain of Ash's death. Woman-slayer, that Ash left quite a wake of exotic women behind.

For the women mourning it is slowly uncomfortable when they finally come to see their stiff competition of other female mourners. On the other hand, it's actually rather tasty eye candy for the men gathered there that day. Sloppy seconds? Sure. Why not.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

RANI TURNS TO LEAVE AND RETURN TO HIS MALOCA CANOE.

He leaves a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN standing contemplative of the news she has just learned from Rani. Concern etched on her face, a face already fraught with the lines drawn in a lifetime of losing battles to protect and defend the Yanomami.

Her shirt and clip board are tagged with various logos: FUNAI and AMANAKA'A the symbols of protection for this dying tribe.

FADE BACK TO:

INT. MASSIVE CATHEDRAL CHURCH GENEVA - DAY

Down the long pew-filled cathedral crowd, we come to the business crowd, the Board of Butler Enterprises. A most somber mood. Rochier and the men who graced the boardroom meeting are all bowed head.

The long time assistants and various employees are all just devolved into tears and deep sadness at such a grave blow to the Butler Family. The end of a dynasty...

The ARCHBISHOP in his elaborate cleric robes concludes the service from his pulpit on high while the church servants sweep of frankincense and perform the rituals of holy deliverance. Prayers on bended knee and all that.

Amen.

It's over and the congregation of mourners files out.

Off in the back, standing room only, and in his show of respect, Glen Stillman breathes deep as a smile slides across his face. He has managed to catch the eye of one of Ash's mourning centerfolds. Like I said, sloppy seconds and he hardly cares.

The gleam in his eye grows steely and calculating as he locks eyes with Rochier. They exchange a subtle nod as Rochier stands to leave. He leads his equally portly wife out of the pew.

CUT TO:

FADE BACK TO:

INT. BRAZILIAN MILITARY HELICOPTER - DAY

The high ranking Officer Figueiro, who had been seen with Dante and others at the mining site, now sits beside the beautiful Senator Pena. He points out the helicopter window to the Yanomami territory below.

OFFICER FIGUEIRO

(In his David Clark
headset)

This entire region is Yanomami
protected indigenous territory.

(MORE)

OFFICER FIGUEIRO (CONT'D)

Up further ahead is where the slaughter of the Yanomami occurred. We have rounded up a group of local campesinos whom we are confident were responsible for orchestrating the killing. The motive isn't clear yet though we expect it has to do with retribution over disputed boundaries.

She nods and looks out, grimacing in concern. But in reality, she is trying to hide her pleasure. It's working.

Joining them are: The LOCAL REPORTER, a young ambitious truth seeking man, his CAMERAMAN, and the same AMANAKA'A ORGANIZATION REPRESENTATIVE, who we saw met with Rani. She is a middle-age, grey and frayed looking woman whose shelf life in the nonprofit space is way past due leaving her deeply cynical and enraged by the abuses to the indigenous people she fights so hard for.

She tries to ask questions over the loud din of the helicopter rotars.

The senator feigns she can't hear the question. Her perfect gloss lipstick and makeup only further piss off the Amanaka'a agent.

Officer Figueiro taps his headset and gestures, wait til we land. The Amanaka'a representative is frustrated and distraught.

Officer Figueiro and the senator swap an imperceptible smile.

OFFICER FIGUEIRO (CONT'D)

(barks a command to the pilot)

Let's bring us in low from the southwest. I want the senator to see the full scale of her Military Zone and our military presence.

PILOT

Yessir.

But the Cameraman and the Amanaka'a agent wanted to see what was that over there? They are too low to get a bird's eye view of the region. Exactly how Figueiro planned it.

OFFICER FIGUEIRO

We don't have time to sightsee for you. We have important work ahead of us.

Media coverage ensues of the beautiful Senator Pena touching down in the military helicopter. She is escorted briefly through the jungle to the area north of Dante and his active mining site.

Senator Pena's faux military outfit fits every sway and every curve. The military men enjoy her presence. She enjoys knowing what she does to men.

OFFICER FIGUIERO

(To the senator)

We won't take you to see the massacre. It is very disturbing. What is important is that we have taken every precaution and established the military zone to ensure the protection of the Yanomami. There will be no further violence against them. These campesinos will not be able to harm them any further, thanks to Senator Pena's Calha Norte Project. With that legislation, we are able to lock this territory down and establish a military presence and secure the boundaries and prosecute any who try to continue this violence and destruction of the sacred Indigenous lands and their people.

The reporter is waving the microphone while his cameraman films the scene. The red light off his camera indicates they are filming. But, it's all fucking staged and the Amanaka'a agent knows it. These abuses to the indigenous people happen all the time down here.

Something in the background has caught the cameraman's attention. He moves his camera slightly off the Senator to zoom in, but is rebuked immediately.

OFFICER FIGUEIRO

What the Senator is referring to, her Calha Norte Project, is perhaps one of the most important pieces of actionable legislation in the history of this region. I suggest you pay attention.

The Amanaka'a agent catches the exchange and follows the gaze of the cameraman. Something is not quite right.

The disposed mercury jerry can bumps along the river's current. A felled tree swirls and sweeps past, but the cameraman is forced to see what is only in front of him.

Amanaka'a agent zooms and snaps a surreptitious photo of whatever the hell is out beyond this staged site.

The beautiful Senator sheds her crocodile tears then frowns on cue then finally smiles for the crescendo. She wraps up her speech about...

SENATOR PENA

The invaluable lessons we can and must protect from our ancestral tribe of the Yanomami, demands full attention and protection by whatever force necessary to defend these sacred lands and their people.

The Amanaka'a agent nods to the cameraman imperceptibly who finishes the speech and then feigns "battery change out". He dexterously slips a piece of duct tape over the recorder button's red light to hide that he is still recording.

CAMERAMAN

I just need to get some B roll footage for the segment on you, Senator Pena, and your men.

Officer Figueiro moves in a bit too close to the lovely senator. She doesn't seem to mind.

The cameraman calls out to the group.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)

That's a wrap...

He rests his camera down, but it is still on, continuing to roll and record. The cameraman hopes when he can inspect the footage later that it might reveal some proof of mining from up river - the jerry cans and the felled trees, the debris continue to bump down the river. The camera rolls and records everything.

And it doesn't stop filming even after the Amanaka'a agent and cameraman swap a suspicious look while Officer Figueiro escorts the lovely senator off towards the helicopter, his hand enjoying a low ride in the small of the senator's back.

The camera keeps rolling to film the senator and her escorts pass through the crowds.

Off and alone stands a WOMAN severely deformed and blinded by *Leishmaniasis*, caused by the jungle parasite that lays eggs under the skin and upon their hatching causes flesh devouring deformity equal to leprosy.

The senator catches sight of her and startles.

EXT./INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

As Senator Pena walks towards the helicopter, the rotars kick up dust and the wind whips the deformed woman's hair and face. Flecks of her seem to be blown off her mixing with the dirt and debris all in the rotar wash. The senator is horrified and rushes to get past the woman as if she were infectious.

The senator grips Officer Figueiro's arm and shoves the Amanaka's agent ahead of her out of the way to hurry herself aboard the helicopter first. In her rush to get onboard first, she takes the strongest blast of rotar wash and all that it carried.

Once inside, the crew is buckled in and ready for lift off.

SENATOR

What was wrong with that person?

ATTENDING LOCAL OFFICIAL

Leishmaniasis. Can be quite common among the goldminers and local campesinos living down here in the jungle.

(Off the poor victim)

She has lived longer than most. The parasite lays its eggs under the skin and when they hatch they multiply. The flesh is eaten away through to the organs at which time the victim finally dies. At that time, it is a blessing. A more painful and grotesque death cannot be imagined.

The senator has gone ghost white - clear terror registering on her beautiful face.

Officer Figueiro pats her hand.

OFFICER FIGUIERO

Not to worry. You are far more likely to crash in a... heli...

(MORE)

OFFICER FIGUIERO (CONT'D)

(Beat, you idiot we are in
a helicopter)

... plane.

Senator dead eyes Figuiero cuz they both know all about how to cause a plane to crash. For her, Figuiero lacks the brains, but is built like a bull and easy to ride.

The senator tries to sweep her face and pants of dirt and any flecks that might have landed on her. After an exhaustive and thorough job, she relaxes back against the seat, but it's impossible to say if any of the *Leishmaniasis* eggs might have blown into her gorgeous flowing hair, her low-slung cleavage, her beautiful mouth when she gasped at the poor woman's condition.

Outside the helicopter the poor deformed woman braces against the fence. She is weak and her face seems to be sliding off itself. Senator Pena has clearly seen a ghost.

FADE TO:

EXT. MINING CANTEEN - NIGHT

The mining site has deteriorated, even more filthy with debris scattered everywhere. Even the women look overworked. The men seem to have grown tired of the same menu of whores. The lure of the gold is giving way to the reality that no one actually doing the hard labor of digging and mining ever wins.

The miners' mood is also deteriorating. The men are dirty, horny, raucous, and restless. They have been digging for weeks now months and still they have nothing to show for it. Paolo and Zoco and a few other miners are sitting around.

PAOLO

Even if I don't drink and fuck like the rest of you, I still can't afford to live on this shit. Every piece of equipment, food, shovel, fucking water bottle I have to buy from the canteen, I pay the pumped up price. The Supply Chief is a thief, worse than all the rest of us.

(Beat)

I'm done here. There's nothing I get out of this except sick from the mercury poisoning.

Paolo pitches the shovel then, in a rage, hurls the pick ax into the wall. It sticks.

Zoco is drunk and roughing up his woman, Yasmina. Once she was pretty, now she's looking haggard and over-fucked.

When Zoco isn't paying attention, Yasmina tries to secret a sloppy look to one of the other miners. Somehow, in their brief exchange, there is something between them, barely discernible and buried deep in her dopey gaze.

Zoco sucks down his drink then yanks Yasmina and smacks her face.

ZOCO

Smile bitch! You don't smile, I
can't see my gold.

He grabs and rips her face up. She smiles forcedly. Her tooth is gone. Shock builds to rage as Zoco shoves her off.

ZOCO (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is my gold?

He goes at her and she cowers. She is shaking. The other green-eyed miner comes forward to protect her. He tries to stop Zoco.

GREEN-EYED MINER

Wait! Stop! Here! Here, take it!

Zoco looks ready to explode. He grabs the tooth of gold, he smashes the miner in the face then he lifts Yasmina clear off the ground and just throws her, spearing her on the pick ax stuck in the wall. Zoco love lost. But for the miner who stands stunned by her destroyed body, his lips quiver in shock and horror. Yasmina bleeds out in front of him. He cries as he watches her fade out.

Zoco inspects the tooth with his gold embedded in it then stuffs it in his breast pocket and leaves for good.

ZOCO

Come on Paolito, let's get the fuck
out of here. I'll happily kill
anyone else who tries to stop me.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

THE PERIMETER IS SECURED, MILITARY MEN ARMED TO THE TEETH ARE POSTED ALL AROUND THE FESTERING MINING SITE THAT SEEMS TO GROW AND OOZE EACH DAY. CARVED OUT, RIPPED UP, DUG DRY AND SUCKED DEAD, THEY MOVE ON AND DESTROY EVERYTHING IN THEIR WAY LEAVING IT LOOKING LIKE **CRATERS ON THE MOON**.

FADE BACK TO:

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO DARK ROOM - NIGHT

An amber safelight glows in the darkness of the rundown photographer's dark room. Slowly, the image above of the jungle forest looking more like **craters on the moon** bleeds to the black and white photo washing in the developer pan and coming into full exposure.

As the shot comes into focus and exposure, there is destruction and debris littering the river's edge. The jerry cans, the trees, a body floats tangled in the brush along the river's edge, tugged by the current.

The image is from the cameraman and Amanaka's agent's phone.

Working with the video editing equipment, they are blowing up the other footage captured. The cameraman zooms, zooms again and zooms one last time to capture the image of a body of a young woman stripped naked from the waist up. Her flimsy skirt is twisted around her. Her face is swollen and lifeless. Her eyes staring dead up into the sky. Her mouth is mangled. It's the destroyed face of Yasmina floating dead adrift down the river's current. Debris from the upriver mining site.

Cameraman and Amanaka's agent strain forward over the pan of developer liquid and inspect closely what they had already feared and suspected.

EXT. YANOMAMI ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Rani's wife, now recovered well enough, takes Pino to collect the red *urucu* berries for face painting as they prepare for their war on the *garimpeiros*.

Rani and Ash set about to build the fires to cook down the poison curare for the arrow tips that Davi and other men crush and prepare for the arrow tips.

Rani is cracking two rocks together to ignite a spark. Ash reaches into his pocket.

Like a bag of tricks, he pulls out a gold lighter and lights the fire. Rani stops and looks at the magic of instant fire.

Davi's quivers are set. Curare tipped arrows are drying by the fire. Death to those who come to steal the gold and kill the Yanomami.

Ash hands Rani the lighter and he fumbles it. Ash smiles. Rani shrugs at Ash as Rani inspects and taps at the gold lighter. Gold.

The irony of it all is not lost of Ash.

INT./EXT. CANTEEN - NIGHT

Dante and Acero and the Supply Chief drink the shit liquor in a canteen at the edge of a jungle community when the caravan of heavily armored vehicles power to a halt outside.

BARTENDER

Boss, should I pour you all another round while you wait?

SUPPLY CHIEF

Yes, just as long as you keep their tab running.

(Beat)

This is not a free-for-all. Moving products along this impossible terrain to set up establishments like this canteen or the mining site I ought to charge more!

ACERO

(Hitting the wall)

Can you shut up? For once just stop being such a fucking merchant. Every word is a transaction with you.

DANTE

(In a particularly good mood)

You are well-compensated and we all know you tip the scales. It's to be expected. But, if you make me pay for this shit liquor, I will shoot you...

The Supply Chief knows he has pushed as far as he can. He gestures "ok, ok".

INT. CANTEEN - NIGHT

Figueiro steps out and Senator Pena follows protected by a set of massive BODYGUARDS. It is highly clandestine and an off limits location far from the miners. Here the caches of gold are locked down in the supply chief's fortress-like office off behind the canteen bar where armed men ring the perimeter.

When the Senator and Figueiro enter, Dante, Acero, and the Supply Chief greet them.

Supply Chief gestures for all to come sit.

Shots are poured out all around. Supply chief sends his men for the caches of gold off the mining operation. Impenetrable and just how they like it, the stores of gold are brought out and transferred off.

Dante snakes a smiles as the deal is done.

Acero locks on every move, his eyes fixated to the gold. It is all that matters in his world.

Officer Figueiro caresses Senator Pena's lovely back as he arranges for her cut first and then his own.

As the deal is sealed and they all toast, Dante speaks.

DANTE

Confirming that NETO will
facilitate the contract for the
sale on the gold?

(Beat)

I'm certain we can keep pulling
gold out but we need to know how
much more time you can guarantee us
your military presence and
protection?

SENATOR PENA

The usual suspects, the FUNAI
agency and some others like
AMANAKA'A have been poking around.
There are rumblings about human
rights investigations. I can handle
my end of things, you just keep
your men mining.

OFFICER FIGUIERO

We will move in tomorrow and secure
the final area.

DANTE

Good. We only have a few more good weeks before the men start tearing themselves apart out there. The lifespan of any mining operation is directly correlated to...

(Shooting a look at the supply chief)

... the quality of liquor and the woman you ply them with. Once they wear them out, they become more of a problem than they are worth.

Officer Figuiero tries to lighten the mood.

FIGUIERO

Come on, enough of that. Let's toast to our massive success and this legendary gold rush!

It's true. They have just raked it in. But, for someone who has just made a killing on this deal, the lovely Senator Pena seems annoyed. Officer Figueiro subtly rubs her back still trying to lighten her mood.

Senator Pena removes her lover's hand off her lower back. As she does, her shirt pulls up just enough to reveal a slight rash.

Officer Figueiro brushes off her rebuke. He is far more interested in the gold anyway. Everyone is.

EXT. CANTEEN - NIGHT

Acero steps outside for a smoke. He smiles bitterly at his fate. Gold is all that matters to him. He stares down at his cut of the mining take scratched on a paper. He looks at it then wads the paper into his pocket just as his phone rings interrupting his thought. The caller is distraught. He clamps the cigarette in his teeth trying to listen.

ACERO

What are they saying? When?

He sucks deep on his cigarette and listens to the conversation occurring on the other ends the call. He simply clicks off ending the call, utterly resigned.

It's hard to imagine this man has a soul, but when he hangs his head, the weight on him is clearly unbearable.

INT. BUTLER MANSION GENEVA -DAY

At the Butler Mansion, the old butler reaches his white glove for the silver picture frame of Genevieve and her grandson, Ash, in earlier days. Ash beams broadly and Genevieve bathes in his happiness.

The old butler sits down clasping the picture on his lap. He folds his hands over the photo, drops his head and allows himself to finally weep.

INT. BUTLER BOARDROOM GENEVA - DAY

Rochier stands from the head of the long table, signaling his new role replacing Genevieve Butler.

ROCHIER

We at Butler Enterprises welcome
OKAPA into our family.

He smiles and shakes hands closing the deal with Mr. Stillman. The boardroom erupts in applause. Congratulations all around.

There is really no one present who cares that the Butler Dynasty is over nor that any Butler heir is left in the Butler Corporate Enterprises. All that remains is the long line of Butler portraits staring on.

FADE BACK TO:

EXT. JUNGLE MINING SITE - DAY

The Amanaka'a agent and cameraman, reporter and a FUNAI team are slamming over the jungle canopy in a rickety plane, but as they approach the area that had been concealed from them by the Senator and her goons, they come upon what they had already known. The complete destruction of indian lands. A massive mining site. Large excavation equipment with NETO logo and name on the side, peppers the area.

AMANAKA'A AGENT

(Bitterly unsurprised)

And there it is. Craters on the moon.

(To the cameraman)

Shoot this footage. Proof of the demarcated Military Zone established by Senator Pena.

(MORE)

AMANAKA'A AGENT (CONT'D)

Killing and stealing the gold on
the indigenous lands, their own
lands, all in the name of the
Yanomami themselves!

The camera rolls. The plane bangs along. Some of the military men below look up suspiciously at the plane flying overhead.

Officer Figueiro runs out of the canteen in time for the camera to capture him like an idiot looking straight up at the plane.

The cameraman smiles as he films him, gotcha.

Other military men are smart enough to turn and conceal their faces as the camera rolls on capturing the destruction and the military presence.

As the plane peels away, the distance from the ever-sprawling mining site up to Davi's encampment is now very close. The plane flies straight north and crosses over Davi's clearing.

The cameraman shuts off the camera not wanting to film nor give up Davi's encampment or location. These are sacred lands. He caps his camera.

They fly low enough that the Amanaka'a agent and Davi exchange a knowing look. She gestures they are close. Davi nods he is ready.

The Amanaka'a agent turns to the cameraman and reporter as the plane banks and pulls away.

AMANAKA'A AGENT (CONT'D)

How quickly can we piece together
this story? This footage, along
with the yanomami scout Rani's
account of the slaughter up at
Hamixu Outpost.

(Beat)

Who knows how high up this
corruption actually goes. And can
we be sure it doesn't go all the
way to the very rotten head of the
fish?

FUNAI HEAD

If the President of Brazil has
agreed to such atrocities then we
will go all the way to The Hague
with this.

Everyone on this plane knows the importance of this story and also the huge undertaking to take down the entire government.

They also know that these kinds of injustices continue to occur and rarely make the news.

CAMERAMAN

We will turn this back around to you quickly and no one is going to be spared.

FADE TO:

INT. JUNGLE VILLAGE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

In the crowded dismal "clinic" deep in the jungle where the poorest campesino locals try to survive, Rafa the goldminer with the horrific cough, has hacked his last breath. He lies prone on the tattered cot, his eyes glazed over. His young son who is clearly not right in the head, sits beside his father smiling and trying to pry a smile off the dead man's lips. He laughs and drools and can't understand that the mercury that has made him slow, is the same poison to kill his father. He keeps trying to awaken his dead father.

Down the crowded hall, a little girl with sapphire blue eyes is lying soaked in sweat. Flies land on her crusty lips. She is burning up. Her beautiful campesino mother, clearly distraught, is trying to comfort her little daughter. She is sobbing as she fumbles to dial her cell phone.

On the other end is a man's voice. It's Acero.

ACERO (O.S.)

What are they saying? When?

The woman is interrupted by the doctor. The woman holds the phone as she takes the news and Acero hears on the other end.

DOCTOR

Senora, there is nothing more we can do. Her mercury levels are too high. This time I'm afraid organ failure has already set in.

The young mother collapses on her beautiful girl whose blue eyes stare out, fixed on death.

Behind her, a smattering of MISSIONARIES pray and carry on. But to what good?

FADE BACK TO:

EXT. CANTEEN JUNGLE - NIGHT

Acero stares at the crumpled paper with the number scratched on it representing his take from this gold mining exploit.

What does it matter, he looks up to the sky, his blue eyes burn against his cigarette smoke. He coughs / sobs.

FADE OUT:

EXT. YANOMAMI ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Dante and his men are flanked by Officer Figuero and his men. They step into Davi's encampment. Acero brings up the back, but he is angry and uninterested in Dante's flex and power play.

DANTE

Burn everything. Smoke these
fucking indians out of here once
and for all.

Pino and Ash stumble out into the opening. It looks like a clumsy and lethal mistake. They see and are seen by this same set of marauders who had captured them early on and mercilessly killed Maria, Pino's sister.

And then the sunglass wearing leader Dante smiles at his good fortune. The scar across his eye and cheek leer when he recognizes the bonus prize he had let slip away.

DANTE (CONT'D)

It is you! My Bonus! My lucky
charm!

Dante barks at Acero and another one of his big brutes to seize them. Ash and Acero seem to lock eyes when Pino grabs Ash by the arm and leads him off.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Get them! Hurry Up!

Dante's thug moves towards Ash and Pino when suddenly he drops like a rock.

Dante looks perplexed. A machete has cleaved the man's forehead.

All scatter for cover except Acero doesn't seem to care anymore what his fate.

Pino and Ash lure a group of the marauders down to the river. Pino is hurrying Ash up. Ash is hustling along behind him, but has a few choice words for Pino.

ASH
Jefe, you sure this is gonna work?

PINO
Cogno, gringo! Hurry up man!

ASH
How do we know this will work?

Pino rolls his eyes back at Ash.

PINO
Whatever you do, stay clear.

ASH
Oh, you know I will!

With that Pino and Ash leap over a downed log and take cover down by the river's edge. Davi's scout Rani is up in the tree overhead.

A net has been stretched along the river's edge beside them. Pino inspects it and the waters are all roiling. Ash looks terrified.

Ash can't help but let out another little bitch cry when he sees the waters all churning up.

ASH (CONT'D)
Argh!

Pino holds his hand on Ash's arm.

PINO
Wait for it...

Just then, the group of men watch as one of their men is hit by Rani's bow from above. They all are corralled to the edge of the water.

Davi sends his men to chase them forward. They turn but with lightening speed they are stripped of their guns as the Yanomami move almost like shadows.

The men are spooked and stand at the edge of the water and some up on the log that reaches out into the river.

Pino and Ash jump out joining the Yanomami to surround and corner the men. They are forced off the beach and the others fall off the log into the roiling water.

Blood curdling shrieks as the men are devoured by the water full of Piranhas.

The water boils red with what's left of the men. Ash is slack-jawed just watching the carnage.

Davi and Rani and the others move invisibly. There is still Dante and Officer Figuiero and his band of men to contend with.

Dante strolls down to the edge of the river hollering to his men to:

DANTE

Bring me my Bonus! We don't need to
go over this again but I will need
him alive.

Imagine Dante's surprise to get hit in the face by one of his men's hands flung up and out of the piranha pit.

Dante goes for his gun, but Davi steps forward at the same time a helicopter swoops in from above. Military officials and FUNAI representatives shout out to the men below.

Acero steps up beside Dante. He draws his gun ready to fight.

Davi meets Dante out in the clearing and stands boldly facing him.

But in a strange twist, as Dante goes for his gun to shoot Davi, Acero hauls out his pistol and just shoots Dante in the good eye.

Dante grips his face and falls forward half way into the river. His torso is instantly chewed by the piranhas.

Davi, Ash and Pino exchange a look with Acero who drops his gun in the dirt and turns to leave. Judging by the sag of his shoulders, this is a broken man.

Whose left? Officer Figuiero and some of his men.

When the helicopter booms from above, his men run off and surrender their weapons. Officer Figuiero does the same stupid thing he had done in the jungle clearing, looks straight up to the helicopter.

He runs to the river to try to hide among the dugouts, but Pino and Ash meet him there. They swap a devious look.

Ash steps out and Figuiero whose options are closing in as the helicopter hovers overhead announcing his arrest and the immediate end to this illegal operation.

He looks up. Again. Ash is counting on him to take the bait. He slips by the water's edge then, with a slight of hand, Ash manages to feign that the gold lighter and satchel of gold falls into the water. There is no end to Officer Figuiero's greed.

Ash throws his hands up at Officer Figuiero's gun and steps away from the water while Figuiero goes in after the lighter and satchel.

Within seconds, Ash braces for the thrashing of piranhas but is a bit discomfited when it doesn't come. Pino stands arm cross armed watching as Figueiro is feeling around in the mud for the lighter and gold.

They stand watching him with his gun all flailing.

Pino places a hand on Ash's arm.

PINO
Wait for it...

With that, Officer Figuiero stands bolt upright and drops everything like a man possessed.

PINO (CONT'D)
Let's all say it together.

Ash looks sideways to Pino curiously.

PINO (CONT'D)
Come on, you too Gringo.
(Beat)
Candiruuuuu.....

With that Officer Figuiero who knows full well what candiru can do, his eyes fly wide as the first candiru latches its claws inside his male plumbing. Excruciating twists and turns.

Pino and Ash turn and wave up to the helicopter with a thumbs up.

ASH
(A bit ashen imagining the
candiru playground)
Whew, All good!

CUT TO:

INT. JUNGLE CANTEEN - NIGHT

The TV coverage breaks to the story of the massive illegal gold mining operations on the indigenous lands of the Yanomami. The massacre of the Yanomami tribe up at the Haximu Territory by the corrupt Officer Figuero in connection with the sweeping orders established by Senator Pena. All of whom have been arrested for illegal actions associated with the Calha Norte Project. The instatement of a Military Zone executed for the sole purpose of using military force to help secure the sacred indigenous territory of the Yanomami for the mining their gold.

The footage of Senator Pena and Officer Figuero flying in the helicopter the day she announced her Military Zone protections. Then the jungle destruction. The river current pulling trees and debris, mercury and waste. The NETO equipment being confiscated by military officials.

Images of the Amanaka's agent and the reporter, the cameraman's capture of the staged event that day in the jungle.

FADE TO:

EXT. YANOMAMI CLEARING - DAY

Pino and Ash sit down by the river bank.

ASH
(Nervous about the
piranhas and candiru)
Jefe, we good this far back?

PINO
We good boss.

They are finally fishing. Davi and Rani are with them. The Yanomami are gathering food and life seems to be returning to their best version of normal.

All but for Rani who is supposed to be lighting the fire by sparking two rocks and turns to surreptitiously light the fire with Ash's gold lighter.

All of a sudden Ash's line goes taut and starts running out fast, burning his hands.

Pino dives to help him haul in the largest vampire looking Payara fish any of them had ever seen.

Ash is just freaked out by the shit that comes out of this river!

When they haul it up, the teeth alone send a bitch cry reaction by Ash. Pino looks askance at Ash, what is with this gringo. They all laugh and hold up the massive Payara. A photo is snapped of them all together.

MONTAGE:

THE SENATOR PENA HANDCUFFED AND ESCORTED TO A TYPICALLY TERRIFYING THIRD WORLD PRISON; SQUALOR IN A MURDEROUS ENVIRONMENT

ACERO STANDING OVER HIS DEAD DAUGHTER IN THE CRAPPY JUNGLE CLINIC ENRAGED BY THE DEATH OF HIS POOR CHILD.

All the gold in the world couldn't help save her life. Mercury the most lethal byproduct of gold extraction itself had worked its way into her system. Acero and his wife are not far behind her in days. Sickly and tired, Acero balls the page with his take from the gold mining operation and wads it up in his white knuckle fist.

THE WOMAN WITH *LEISHMANIASIS* WHO HAS BEEN PROPPED AGAINST THE FENCE FALLS SLOW MOTION TO HER DEATH. FINALLY.

THE LOCAL OFFICIAL WHO HAD EXPLAINED HER DISEASE TO SENATOR PENA THAT DAY ON THE HELICOPTER BRINGS A SHEET TO COVER HER OVER IN ONE FINAL SHOW OF COMPASSION AND HUMANITY.

FADE TO:

INT. ASH'S PLANE - DAY

Ash climbs up the stairs to a new Butler Bombadier everything Jet. He takes a deep breath; no doubt it's gotta be a bit daunting and maybe he's none too keen to fly again no matter how nice the jet or how friendly the skies.

This flight attendant is again equal parts attractive and attentive. She smiles. Ash smiles back, but that's all it is. A weary smile. No banter, no sexual innuendo. Ash looks out the plane window like what the hell just happened to me.

Suddenly the bathroom door on the plane opens rather exuberantly. Pino is in da house!

PINO
I didn't even have one of these on
the ground, now you're telling me
we are going to fly this bathroom
in the air?

Ash just smiles.

Pino insists.

PINO (CONT'D)
Jefe, answer me, please!

Ash opens the cupboard and finds some snacks. He turns to
offer Pino who instantly holds his arms up in protection.

PINO (CONT'D)
I will drink The Bubbly instead.

The flight attendant raises an eyebrow. Ash smiles.

ASH
He means ginger ale.

PINO
No, I mean champagne.

Ash shoots him a look. This is gonna be a long journey.

FADE OUT:

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

A woman is crumpled against the cell wall. Her faux military
outfit is stained with ooze and puss. Her once flowing hair,
matted with flecks of skin and scabs and bug larva and waste.
Her once beautiful face is sliding off itself. Her mouth is
encrusted with *Leishmaniasis* eggs.

There could be no more excruciating and horrifying death. And
death is what Senator Pena is moaning and praying for now.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The same attractive FEMALE BUSINESS ANCHOR from CNBC is set
to ask questions of Ash who has Pino sitting by his side for
the interview.

FEMALE BUSINESS ANCHOR

(She's fiddling her
vintage Tiffany gold
weave necklace she window-
shopped)

Mr. Butler of course we are so
pleased you are back home and safe.
The things you have witnessed down
in the Amazon jungle, if you could
tell me has it changed you? Your
business mission?

Ash gathers his thoughts and strikes.

ASH

I'm changed, yes. But I'm not
interested in climbing up on some
soapbox.

(Beat)

Let me just state that Butler
Enterprises has severed all ties
with those involved in the illegal
activities of OKAPA and its South
American subsidiary, NETO.
Therefore the OKAPA deal is off.

(Beat)

In fact, the implications run as
far up the chain of command to
chief government and military
officials in the northern region of
Brazil and reach all the way back
to certain chief officers within
Butler Enterprises. We are washing
our hands of them because they have
blood on theirs.

Ash grows impassioned.

ASH (CONT'D)

(Holding the nugget up for
inspection)

The atrocities committed over this
little nugget are by the bloody
hands of leaders, kings, presidents
And to all those who think
themselves Gods. Well...

(Studying the nugget)

Midas once dreamed of gold too. He
touched and gilded the world with
it.

(A shrug)

We all know how that ended for the
mighty King Midas...

He turns and the screen behind him rolls the Amanaka'a and reporter's footage and coverage.

ASH (CONT'D)

Thanks to some serious and steadfast reporting of the corruption **all the way** to the top, we, **ALL OF US**, can see what is happening to the land, the people, the gold and other minerals.

(Beat)

The price of gold has forced the death of over 40 Yanomami just in this massacre alone in the Haximu Territory.

His eyes gleam as he holds up a large gold nugget.

ASH (CONT'D)

(To the female anchor)

Power, wealth, beauty, what is your desire?

The female anchor can't help but be transfixed, her gold necklace glimmering in the light. Seriously, her jaw on the floor, get a hold of yourself, woman.

Ash turns to Pino to casually toss him the gold nugget to stick in his pocket.

ASH (CONT'D)

Here, can you hold onto this for me.

Pino shrugs and then waves him off.

PINO

That has killed everything. I don't want it.

(He counts off on his little fingers)

... my sister, my mother, my father, my home in the Amazon, Davi's people, I don't want it.

ASH

(holding Pino's small hand he holds hard at the female anchor)

The death of the indigenous people occurred on their own sacred and supposedly "protected" lands all to get at their gold.

(MORE)

ASH (CONT'D)

But, this recording of the murder and devastation doesn't even account for lives of local people living in the Amazon, forced to find work, yes, mining being one of the leading opportunities along with logging and clear-cutting the jungle destroying the ecosystem so a few pigs can get rich. Their life and death isn't recorded or written down. It is simply dust.

Ash concludes with a smiles that musters up all sorts of sexcapades and promises or so the anchor woman hopes.

ASH (CONT'D)

(To the pretty female anchor)

Tell me, how are you with a dusting wand?

The female anchor blushes curiously.

ASH (CONT'D)

Bit of housecleaning ahead of us. Thought you might like to join.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTLER ENTERPRISES GENEVA - DAY

Ash skips up the stairs two at a time entering the massive building and up to the top boardroom where little has changed, the same business men still wipe their feet on the world below.

INT. BUTLER HEADQUARTERS GENEVA - DAY

Ash swings open the door and interrupts the board meeting. Ash announces with little ado.

ASH

Hate to break up all the fun, I'm back.

Ash strolls over to the portrait wall. He stops in front of the picture of his father.

ASH (CONT'D)

(conversing with his father's portrait)

(MORE)

ASH (CONT'D)
 A bit premature of them to count me
 out...
 (turning back around to
 the board members)
 Quorum?

Ash swings back around and shakes his head, nay, or rather,
 no fucking way.

With that a team of POLICE OFFICERS file in.

ASH (CONT'D)
 (To the police officers)
 The room? Clear it.

Ash claps his hands to announce the conclusion of the Butler
 OKAPA NETO agreement. Rouchier and Stillman are both escorted
 off, a bit harshly.

The rest of the suits file out of their own freaked-out
 volition.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

As the reporter leans in for one final question for Ash.

FEMALE BUSINESS ANCHOR
 So, you are telling us that Butler
 Enterprises will no longer support
 those commodities dependent upon
 mining and extraction?
 (Beat)
 What will be left for your mining
 division?

ASH
 (smiles and shrugs)
 The only mining we might look into
 is the mining of Bitcoin. I hear
 it's outpacing gold as we speak.

FADE TO:

MONTAGE:

INT. COURTHOUSE IN THE HAGUE - DAY

A procession of TOP OFFICIALS are seated in a heated exchange over the activities of a series of top Brazilian government officials.

Questions are asked of and not answered by top government officials standing trial for the human rights atrocities to these indigenous tribes.

The gavel goes down on noting at all.

There it is. The sly grin that slides off the top Brazilian government official's mouth as his lawyers do their magic and the corruption and murderous politics move off the international stage and fade away.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE - DAY

The lush jungle fauna gives way to the craters on the moon image of the Amazon Jungle destruction by the seemingly legal and equally destructive gold mining activities.

Nothing changes... no one is held accountable.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BROADCAST BUILDING EXIT- DAY

As Ash and Pino are leaving the building after the interview, Ash notices Pino fidgeting with his uniform.

With a smile, he turns to Pino who keeps tugging at his school uniform. Ash looks at him sternly.

ASH

Jefe, what's with all the
fidgeting?

Pino dead eyes him.

ASH (CONT'D)

Wait, sit still.

Ash smacks Pino's hands and fusses over him like a mother hen as he leans in closer.

PINO

What?

ASH
You've got something on your shirt.

Pino looks down at the little monogram on his pocket. PMB
Pino flicks it then rolls his eyes.

PINO
So, who am I supposed to be today?

ASH
(Smiles)
Pino Maria Butler.

Pino's eyes get wide and tear up.

ASH (CONT'D)
You are my family now. I am yours.

He throws himself at Ash and hugs him with all he's got. And
Ash hugs him back cuz he's all he's got.

ASh scoops up little Pino in his arms.

ASH (CONT'D)
C'mon Jefe, let's go home.

Ash walks out with little Pino clinging to his neck and
crying / laughing.

They walk out into the sunlight.

The old white haired butler smiles and opens the door to the
Butler Maybach limo. He smiles that Ash has finally come
home.

FADE OUT:

Credits roll and a slideshow of the black and white images by
Sebastiao Salgado: Gold Mine, Serra Pelada, 1986.

The Afterword reads:

Gold has become a significant export from Brazil's
northernmost state of Roraima, according to government data.

... Almost all the gold mining in the state is on indigenous land, such as the Yanomami's, and therefore being extracted illegally, a source at the government's mining agency said.

Illegal gold mining activity has risen sharply over the last five years in Brazil's indigenous Yanomami reservation in the heart of the Amazon rainforest, a Reuters review of exclusive data from satellite images shows.

Images roll of: A Yanomami indian follows agents of Brazil's environmental agency in a gold mine during an operation against illegal gold mining on indigenous land, in the heart of the Amazon rainforest, in Roraima state, Brazil April 17, 2016. Picture taken April 17, 2016. REUTERS/Bruno Kelly/File Photo

The Yanomami are the largest of South America's tribes that remain relatively isolated from the outside world. More than 26,700 people live within a protected reservation the size of Portugal, near the Venezuelan border.

However, the land beneath the pristine forest they have inhabited for centuries contains valuable minerals - including gold.

The lust for gold has attracted wildcat prospectors in recent decades, who have destroyed forests, poisoned rivers and brought fatal diseases to the tribe.

Today, the Yanomami and local officials estimate there are more than 20,000 illegal miners on their land. They say the numbers have increased since the 2018 election of far-right President Jair Bolsonaro, who has vowed to develop the Amazon economically and tap its mineral riches.

To learn more or to help:
<https://www.survivalinternational.org/tribes/yanomami>