

"A Mission in Paradise"

By

Julian Singleton

March 28, 2010
SECOND DRAFT

Song extract from "Det Sjunde
Inseglet" (c)1957, Svensk
Filmindustri.

Screenplay (c)2011 by Julian
Singleton.

This screenplay may not be
used or reproduced without the
express written permission of
the author.

EXT. FIELD (DREAM) - EVENING

An endless field of wheat. The sky is a beautiful twilight of purple and gold. A faint cart trail dissects the field. Suddenly, a black horse speeds down the path. Its helmeted rider, RICARDO (35), guides it along.

A small cabin-like hovel rests in the heart of the field. SANTI (7), chases a clucking chicken around the yard. He stops when he hears HOOFBEATS.

Ricardo comes to a stop at the end of the clearing. Ricardo dismounts and removes his helmet to reveal a weary smile. Santi leaps with joy and runs towards Ricardo. Ricardo picks him up with one arm in a single movement and kisses him on the cheek.

Ricardo and Santi look towards the front door of the homestead: it's LUCIA (late 20s), Ricardo's wife. Ricardo sets Santi down and they both race toward her. When Ricardo reaches her, he brings her into a passionate, romantic kiss.

LUCIA
Welcome home, *mi amor*.

INT. KITCHEN (DREAM) - NIGHT

In the tiny kitchen, Lucia washes dishes as Santi sits at the table, captivated as he watches Ricardo perform a magic trick. Ricardo holds a red ball in his hand. Three shakes and the ball is gone. Santi claps wildly as Ricardo laughs.

INT. BEDROOM (DREAM) - NIGHT

Ricardo and Lucia's bedroom. Ricardo and Lucia, naked, lie asleep in a large bed. Ricardo suddenly wakes and turns towards Lucia, smiling. He kisses her.

RICARDO
I told you I'd come back for you.

He smiles and turns away from her...

INT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

...and Ricardo, suited in armor, grimy, and with a grizzled beard, turns over in his sleep and hits the dirt beneath him. He groggily wakes up from the dream he's just had to greet a dark, vast, endless jungle. Two other soldiers, DIEGO (early 30s) and LUIS (27), are still asleep nearby. Another soldier (AMAYA), further away, is eerily still.

TITLE: CENTRAL AMERICA, 1530.

Luis rises and looks at Amaya before trudging over to Ricardo. Luis is a slender, gaunt figure with strangely kind eyes. He wears a long, slender crucifix. He crouches before Ricardo.

LUIS

Ricardo, Amaya's gone. Died in the night.

Ricardo rises. Gives this some thought.

LUIS (cont'd)

We need to bury him. It's the right thing for us to do.

Diego, a stocky, balding man with a thick black beard, is crouched over Amaya's body, studying his face.

DIEGO

(examining Amaya's body)
Shuffled off the mortal coil, I see. What was it now? Starvation? Sickness?

RICARDO

That's enough, Diego.

DIEGO

Sorry, Captain. At least there'll be more food, right? An extra third for all of us.

He turns away and begins collecting his meager belongings.

DIEGO (cont'd)

Well, what are we waiting for? We need to get out of here before Amaya starts to smell even worse.

LUIS

(closer to Ricardo, pleading)
He deserves a Christian burial like the others.

Ricardo begins to collect his things like Diego, then stops and leads Luis back to Amaya's body.

RICARDO

Time's too precious to spend it digging graves. Place a sheet over him, bless him, and be done with

(MORE)

RICARDO (cont'd)
it. You can remember him on the way
to Paraiso.

LUIS
Can't we at least take him with us
and bury him when we get there?

DIEGO
What, you're gonna carry a corpse
across even more mountains and
rivers?

Luis starts to respond, then cuts himself short. Diego's right. Luis kneels over Amaya's body and turns it face up. Amaya's face is slightly bloated. He makes the sign of the cross.

LUIS
(muttering)
*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et
Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*

EXT. JUNGLE HILLSIDE - DAY

The sky is filled with deep, gray thunderheads. Ricardo, Luis, and Diego, make their way in single file across a towering hillside overlooking the surrounding jungle landscape.

The three soldiers carry large, heavy packs. Ricardo leads the group, with Diego and Luis behind him. Ricardo and Luis look downtrodden, concentrated on the path ahead. Diego, in the back, looks oddly upbeat.

DIEGO
(singing)
Between a strumpet's legs I lie,
that's the place for such as I, the
Lord is up aloft you know, but
Satan finds us here below.
(beat)
What? No noise from you, Captain?
Or you, Father?

RICARDO
Forgive us. We're not too fond of
singing today, Diego.

DIEGO
If you didn't speak, I'd think both
of you were the walking dead.

LUIS
We're remembering the dead.

DIEGO
Come now, Father. So a man's died.
We've seen all that before. Out of
everyone that made this voyage,
we're the only ones left. We're
alive and you spend your time
remembering the dead. When you're
dead, who will remember you?

LUIS
My parishioners. And hopefully God.

DIEGO
You follow God, I'll follow my
pockets.

LUIS
Your pockets are as empty as our
stomachs. And greed is a sin.

DIEGO
And what would I do with salvation
out here?

LUIS
You'd join your fellow crewmen in
God's Kingdom.

DIEGO
Our fellow crewmen are rotting
behind us in a prison of tree and
vine. Tell me, where's their
kingdom?

They continue forward in a strange silence. Diego looks up
at the ominous-looking clouds above.

DIEGO (cont'd)
(in awe)
The sky looks like death.

RICARDO
(not looking back)
It is. Tomorrow, maybe a little
longer, there'll be a gigantic
storm. We've got no shelter, almost
no water. If we manage to survive
the flooding, we'll undoubtedly
catch cold and die in a matter of
days.

(beat)

Paraiso is on the other side of those mountains. So's my next life. A new one for all of us. You have your money and Luis has his faith. I have nothing and nobody. I'll have whatever Paraiso's willing to give me.

DIEGO

The walking dead speaks. And just a moment ago you didn't feel like talking. But why choose now to break your grave silence, Captain?

RICARDO

Because I'm like you and Luis. I'm frightened.

After a moment, Diego goes back to singing, as if to drown out the growing feeling of dread.

EXT. CLEARING - EVENING

The three soldiers sit around a campfire in a small clearing. They all have a small biscuit before them. Ricardo grimly divides a fourth biscuit into three pieces and hands a piece to Diego and Luis.

Diego reaches for a canteen and tries to drink from it. He barely gulps down a hungry sip when Ricardo stops him.

RICARDO

That's enough. There's barely enough for tomorrow.

EXT. FIELD (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

A cacophonous thunderstorm. Rain pours down like bullets. Ricardo's homestead is in flames. Chicken and horses run around wildly. Ricardo, covered in ash, is on his knees, sobbing before the burning house. On either side of him are the lifeless bodies of Lucia and Santi, their skin and clothes equally charred. This is too real for dreams.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Ricardo is shaken awake to see Diego, seething with anger.

DIEGO
The water's gone! All of it!

RICARDO
(standing)
Diego? Calm down. It can't be gone.

DIEGO
Some pig's slobbered it all up and
left us all to shrivel up and die!

RICARDO
Peace, Diego. It can't be gone. We
wouldn't do that to each other, not
now. Not when we're so close to
home.

Diego turns to Luis, who's been watching the confrontation in fear. The light from the campfire causes his forehead to shine, revealing the sweat trickling down his face.

DIEGO
(brimming with rage)
Priest? Are you sweating?

Before Luis can respond, Diego knocks him to the ground and furiously starts hitting him.

DIEGO (cont'd)
(between punches)
The sweat on our backs has been dry
for days! You greedy bastard! I'll
drink your blood if I have to!

CRACK. Diego suddenly falls to the ground, unconscious. A very bloody Luis looks up to see Ricardo standing above him with a large tree branch.

LUIS
(tearfully)
Captain, I'm so sorry, I-

RICARDO
(quietly)
Answer me, Luis. Did you drink our
water?

Luis nods. Ricardo walks towards him, causing Luis to wince, expecting another blow. Instead, Ricardo drops the branch and walks past him towards his pack. He rummages through it and produces a long cord of rope.

RICARDO (cont'd)
 Help me tie him up. We're not
 leaving him here. Enough have died
 already.

EXT. JUNGLE MOUNTAIN - DAY

Diego is bound with two pieces of rope, the ends held by Ricardo in front and Luis behind him. They make their way up a very rocky mountain path, stumbling due to the terrain and their own exhaustion. Dried blood trails down Diego's forehead. Luis' face is riddled with purple bruises.

Ricardo tries his best to maneuver up the path, but constantly stops to shake his head and clear his vision.

LUIS
 Ricardo.
 (calling)
 Ricardo!

RICARDO
 (eyes front)
 What?

LUIS
 Can we stop for rations?

RICARDO
 No. We need to keep going. Storm's
 almost here. And I don't think
 you're enough in my favor to ask
 for even more rations, Luis.

LUIS
 Then check your map. At least tell
 us how much farther.

RICARDO
 An hour. Two at most.

LUIS
 That was three hours ago, Captain.

He stops moving. Ricardo and Diego jerk to a stop. Ricardo sighs and fumbles with his pack, never letting go of Diego. He pulls out a map on parchment and studies it.

It's riddled with mountain ranges on every side, with a three-diamond symbol in the middle marked "Paraiso." The map's clearly indecipherable.

Suddenly, a movement in the brush. Santi's red ball rolls to a stop at his feet. Ricardo jumps up and collects himself, picking up the ball, pocketing it. To Luis and Diego, however, he is pocketing air.

Ricardo suddenly begins to move in the direction the ball came from, pulling Diego and Luis reluctantly forward.

RICARDO
(muttering)
It's this way.

As they continue forward, Diego notices something. The rope binding his wrists has loosened. He can move his hands. Diego inconspicuously looks forward, smiling.

EXT. ROCKY CLEARING - DAY

The group comes to rest on an outcropping of rocks surrounded by trees. It could be day, but the jet-black clouds have literally blocked out the sun. The sky has begun to quietly rumble.

Luis dolefully ties Diego to a rock. Ricardo takes out the bag of bread: it's empty. Ricardo throws it aside and looks around him. Luis looks heartbroken. Diego is quietly seething.

Ricardo suddenly gets up and calmly walks towards a tree.

LUIS
Captain? Captain, what are you
doing?

Ricardo kneels in front of the tree and unsheathes his sword. He presses the blade against the tree and begins to peel away three long strips of bark. Diego and Luis watch him, perplexed.

Without a word, Ricardo walks back and hands Luis a piece of bark. Luis looks down at the bark, then back at Ricardo. He is biting away at the bark, bit by bit. He painfully swallows each bite. Luis slowly begins to eat his bark.

After Ricardo finishes, he picks up the third strip and walks towards Diego and holds the strip in front of him. Diego begins to pull away at the bark with his mouth like a tamed pet.

A sharp thunderclap roars overhead.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Ricardo, Luis, and Diego stumble through the muck of the jungle, barely visible through the sheets of pouring rain. Diego's eyes roll back and he falls to the muddy ground. Ricardo and Luis run to his aid.

As Luis checks his pulse, Diego's unseen hands pull out of his restraints. Diego shoots upright and pulls out Ricardo's sword. He holds it to the unarmed Luis' throat as he wildly backs away.

DIEGO

Keep away, Captain! Give them to me! All the rations.

RICARDO

Diego, what are you doing? There's nothing left! The bag's empty! You saw the bag-

DIEGO

(deranged)

Just give them to me! I'll survive on my own! I'll slice him open right here!

Luis whimpers pathetically. Diego makes a disgusted face.

DIEGO (cont'd)

Soiled yourself? What a martyr.

Ricardo slowly takes off his pack. Diego holds the sword closer to Luis' throat. He takes out the small bag of biscuits: mere crumbs.

RICARDO

(desperate)

I'll do it. Just let him go.

As soon as Ricardo hands the bag to him, Diego slices Luis' throat and takes off running through the jungle. A jet of crimson mist. Luis crumbles to the ground, dead.

DIEGO

(echoing in the jungle)

And tomorrow lies in Paradise!

Before he takes off after Diego, he kneels at Luis' side and makes the sign of the cross.

RICARDO
(quickly)
*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et
Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

No matter the direction Ricardo takes, it's all the same: endless vine-ridden trees illuminated by sudden lightning strikes. He tries to call out for Diego, but his cries are inaudible in the deafening thunderclaps.

Suddenly, a figure amidst the darkness: Santi. As soon as Ricardo sees him, he takes off into the jungle. Ricardo gives a desperate chase, sometimes seeing him, other times losing him completely.

EXT. MISSION CLEARING - NIGHT

Ricardo breaks through the last few vines separating him from a large clearing. Diego lies sprawled out on the mud before him, unconscious. Ricardo looks up to see the large wooden doors several feet away, part of a towering stone wall that seems to blend into the jungle.

The doors are emblazoned with a large iron cross with tips that curve upwards at each end. The doors creak open to reveal a wizened, aged Franciscan monk: FATHER CHRISTOBAL. As Ricardo tries to catch his breath, Christobal opens his thin lips to speak.

CHRISTOBAL
I am Father Christobal. Welcome to
the last refuge of God.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Three MONKS tend to a delirious Diego as he lays in an iron-frame bed.

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

A warm fire crackles in the hearth at the end of the hall. Ricardo sits at the long lone table in the center, fiercely devouring bowls of soup and bread. Christobal patiently sits opposite him, waiting. Two MONKS stand guard at the hall's entrance.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

The mission's chapel is an elegant place of stone, wood, and gold. Ricardo and Christobal sit in the pew before the marble altar, praying intently. Several other monks are scattered about the other pews, sitting quietly.

Ricardo notices that in front of the altar is a large wooden trapdoor blocked by a large wooden barricade. When Christobal notices his staring, Ricardo quickly looks back up at the altar's large golden cross.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

A fed and rested Ricardo is escorted by Christobal and a group of monks to his bed in the barracks. Ricardo freezes when he sees Diego in the opposite bed.

CHRISTOBAL

Is something wrong?

RICARDO

I'm not sleeping here.

CHRISTOBAL

It's the only quarters we have.

RICARDO

Not unless you restrain him.

CHRISTOBAL

This man lies before you in a dreamless sleep. He'll pose no threat to you tonight.

RICARDO

He killed a man tonight. Slaughtered him. Slit his throat and ran into the jungle and left him to die like a pig. I won't let him do it in my sleep. Tie. Him. Down.

Beat.

CHRISTOBAL

As you wish.

Ricardo watches from his bed as the monks begin tying down Diego with several bedsheets. A tall, white candle idly flickers on Ricardo's bedside table.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Diego gargles in his sleep, heavily restrained by linen sheets folded into ropes. The candle on Ricardo's bedside table is now a small stub of wax, the flame ready to go out.

Ricardo, fighting off sleep, continues to watch Diego, his sword at the ready. The candle flickers and dies, plunging the room into darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BARRACKS - MORNING

Ricardo wakes up in his bed, still wearing his clothes from the previous night. The monsoon continues to rage outside. Ricardo looks to his left to Diego's bed. Diego lethargically groans in his sleep, still restrained. He's clutching something in his fist.

Ricardo, puzzled, scoots towards him and gently pries his fist open. He's clutching Luis' crucifix so tight that his palms have started to bleed.

Ricardo gets up and walks to the door at the end of the hall. When he tries to open it, it doesn't budge. He pounds on the door and it suddenly opens, revealing a rain-soaked Christobal.

CHRISTOBAL

Good morning, Ricardo. Did you have a pleasant night?

RICARDO

Feverish dreams, nothing more.

CHRISTOBAL

Are you troubled?

RICARDO

Last night, the man Diego killed was a priest. And my friend. I was wondering if I could find his body and bring him here.

CHRISTOBAL

You can't possibly search for him in this. Perhaps it's best to leave him to the Earth.

RICARDO

He wanted a proper burial. A Christian burial. He needs to be laid to rest. To leave him out here seems...blasphemous.

CHRISTOBAL

Why don't you join us in the chapel? You and your friend? You can pray for his soul there. Your friend could pray for his own.

Ricardo opens his mouth to refuse. Christobal turns to leave before Ricardo stops him.

RICARDO

Excuse me, Father, I've one last question. How far is it to Paraiso?

CHRISTOBAL

Paraiso? A village?

(beat)

There's nothing here but ourselves and our Lord. Good morning.

And he walks off into the storm towards the chapel. Ricardo remains in the doorway, looking up at the inky gray sky.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

A church bell tolls as the hooded monks enter the chapel, heads bowed. The heavy rain continues, unabated. Ricardo, at the end of the procession, watches Christobal head towards a small building next to the barracks.

Taking this cue, Ricardo slowly backs away from the procession and starts quietly sprinting towards the mission gates.

Before he can pull open the large doors, Ricardo is pulled away by two towering monks and is pressed hard against the stone wall. One of the monks examines an object hanging around Ricardo's neck- it's Luis' crucifix.

They suddenly force Ricardo forward, towards the small building next to the barracks.

RICARDO

Are you taking me to Christobal?

The monks don't answer him. The last of the monks file into the chapel, the large wooden door closing behind them. It has the same cross as the mission gates emblazoned on it: a cross with curving tips at each end.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Christobal's study is opulent yet tiny. Christobal sits at his large desk surrounded by gigantic bookshelves. He is poring over the Bible when Ricardo, soaking wet, is thrust inside by the two monks. The monks leave, shutting the door behind them.

CHRISTOBAL

I trust you enjoyed the service?

RICARDO

(ignoring him)

Father, with all due respect, I need to bring back Father Luis' body. I couldn't go on if I left him to rot in unconsecrated ground.

CHRISTOBAL

This storm has been raging all day and night. What's left of his physical self has probably been washed away in the floods. The same might happen to you if you go looking for him now.

RICARDO

(pleading)

I was able to follow his killer here in the middle of this storm and I know I can retrace my steps back to his body, storm or not. Too many of my men have been left unburied on this hellish quest. I won't let one of God's own be damned like all the others. And if I suffer the same fate as you suggest, then so be it. I'll go with God rather than sit here and do nothing.

Christobal sits back in his chair, pondering.

CHRISTOBAL

If you wish to leave, it's God's will. I have no earthly power to try and stop you.

Ricardo turns to leave.

CHRISTOBAL (cont'd)

Ricardo?

(Ricardo stops.)

We've built a blessed place here in the middle of Eden. We shelter the sick, the poor, and the travel-weary wherever they find us. You could join us here, you and your priest, and devote your life to God and peace.

RICARDO

I'm no monk, Father. Luis' journey ends here, but when I come back, both Diego and I will continue to Paraiso.

CHRISTOBAL

Be careful, *conquistador*. When we began, there were over one hundred of us and you told us you arrived here with a crew of forty. Now there are twelve of us and two of you.

(beat)

This jungle does not spare the good or noble. All this jungle can do is take. It took your crew and it took my brothers. It took your priest. Your friend. Why do you think your village is spared?

RICARDO

Your faith brought you here. Mine is leading me there.

CHRISTOBAL

We will pray for you, Ricardo, but we won't expect you to come back. Be sure you're on the right path that will lead you to what you seek...and that what lies at its end is what you meant to find.

EXT. MISSION CLEARING - DAY

Ricardo exits the mission and plunges into the jungle, armed with a sword and dagger and carrying a fiery torch that seems to keep the storm surrounding him at bay.

EXT. JUNGLE - EVENING

The elements rage around Ricardo as he struggles to navigate the jungle's quickly changing terrain. His torch has been extinguished. He covers his brow with his arm to see through the rain. With no map and limited visibility, he is flying blind.

He passes a grove of trees before he finds it: their old camp. Luis' body is nowhere to be found. Just burnt logs and ruined clothes. A faint pool of blood and rainwater has collected nearby, a faint trail of crimson leading off into the jungle.

Ricardo runs through the site, desperately searching in vain for his friend. He eventually falls to his knees, exhausted and sobbing at his utter failure. He rips off Luis' crucifix and throws it into the pool of blood, where it quietly sinks into the mud.

Ricardo's cries are interrupted by a deafening thunderclap. He instinctively looks up-

It's Lucia, briefly standing before him before she runs off into the jungle.

RICARDO
(yelling)
Lucia!

Ricardo drops his torch and gives chase. The crucifix is slowly buried into the mud until it vanishes from view.

EXT. RUINS - EVENING

Ricardo passes through a range of vines and bursts into a vast clearing. Dozens of crumbled foundations. Piles of lumber where houses once stood. A crest of three layered diamonds is marked above the doorways of each house. The same as on Ricardo's map.

As Ricardo walks through the ruins, it slowly becomes clear what this place is.

Paraiso.

INT. CHAPEL - EVENING

The twelve monks kneel in the pews of the chapel, staring at the golden crucifix as they make the sign of the cross. Christobal, standing at the altar, waves two monks forward. The monks walk up to the trapdoor at the base of the altar and remove the wooden barricade.

EXT. RUINED HOUSE - EVENING

Ricardo wanders among the ruined houses, all devoid of life. He comes to a stop in front of a house whose crest is different from the others- instead of diamonds, the symbol above the doorway is of a crucifix with curved tips.

INT. RUINED HOUSE - EVENING

The inside of the stone house is like a grimy cave. Its surviving furniture is littered around the single room in broken, soaked pieces. And then Ricardo sees it: a splintering cellar door.

Ricardo carefully lifts it to find a cavernous stone stairway. Rainwater slowly cascades down the steps like a miniature waterfall.

As Ricardo makes his way down the steps, his boot crunches against something underfoot. He lifts his foot to see something glistening white beneath him, embedded in the stairs. Ricardo picks it up and examines it.

It's a bone-white fingernail.

INT. FLOODED CELLAR - EVENING

The cellar has flooded, the brown water up to Ricardo's knees. Ricardo wades through the cellar, stumbling in the darkness. His breath echoes against the unseen walls. A faint CLANGING is heard.

Suddenly, a flash of lightening illuminates the cellar:

It's riddled with bones. Dried chunks of meat still cling to them. Rusted, moldy knives hang from the ceiling, clanging against each other in the wind.

A series of skulls stare back at Ricardo, set into the wall in front of him. They're arranged in the same curved crucifix pattern that adorns the mission gates.

Ricardo screams and he stumbles back up the steps, occasionally slipping and hitting his knees against the stone.

INT. BARRACKS - EVENING

Diego lies asleep in his bed. Suddenly, a CREAK. He slowly wakes up. Four monks surround his bed. As he starts to SCREAM, a bag quickly covers his head, shrouding the world in darkness.

INT. CHAPEL CELLAR - EVENING

One by one, the monks climb down the small steps of the trapdoor into the dark chapel cellar, each one holding a small, white candle.

The walls of the pit are made of human bones, arranged in elaborate patterns like the Paris Catacombs. In the center of the cellar is Christobal, still in his priestly robes, holding a golden knife. Crumpled in front of him is a battered and bruised Diego.

Christobal grins as the candlelight glints off his knife, revealing his wide, manic eyes.

EXT. PARAISO PITS - EVENING

Ricardo runs as fast as he can through the ruins, fueled by pure terror. He reaches the end of the village, falling to his knees in front of three giant rectangular pits. The pits are flooded with muddy rainwater, obscuring their contents.

Ricardo peers over the edge of one...as a half-devoured skull bobs to the surface. Ricardo reels back in horror, then turns towards the direction of the mission, eyes wide with fear.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

One by one, the monks file out of the pit and take their place in the pews. Christobal, his face streaked with blood, takes a seat and joins the monks in making the sign of the cross.

EXT. MISSION CLEARING - NIGHT

Ricardo runs at full speed through the open mission gates.

EXT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

A monk stands guard to the side of the barracks entrance, looking miserable in the storm. Ricardo creeps out from the corner, sword at the ready.

The monk is dead before he can even react to Ricardo's attack. Ricardo looks around to see if anyone's noticed his quick kill. The mission courtyard is empty.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Ricardo bursts through the doors of the barracks, searching.

RICARDO

Diego! Diego, we need to leave!

No answer. Ricardo finally sees it- Diego's linen bindings are cast about the room. Faint, crooked lines lead from his bed to the barracks entrance, ending at the points where Diego's fingernails finally broke off.

EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Ricardo runs to the chapel, its lights aglow. Ricardo peers through a window to see the rest of the monks still at prayer. Christobal is not among them. They begin to file one by one back into the cellar, carrying bowls.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

As the last monk disappears into the cellar, Ricardo quietly opens the front door and tiptoes to the cellar. When he reaches it, he slams the trapdoor shut and barricades it with the wooden plank, trapping all the monks inside. They try and force the trapdoor open, but their efforts are in vain.

As the screams of the monks flood the chapel, Ricardo walks through the nave towards the entrance. He flings the doors open and walks towards Christobal's study. The floodwater from the storm slowly begins to creep into the church, headed directly for the trapdoor.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Ricardo kicks down the doors to the study to find Christobal waiting for him behind his desk. Christobal's eyes quickly search for anyone in pursuit.

RICARDO

They're trapped like rats on a sinking ship.

Whatever look of fear present on Christobal's face is quickly masked by calm resolve.

CHRISTOBAL

And you've come for my life, too. I expected as much from you.

RICARDO

(fiercely)

Not before I get some answers. What was that in the jungle? Who were all those people?

CHRISTOBAL

Do you want to hear it? Or do you already know? You've seen it yourself, Captain, what can happen when men are driven beyond their means.

RICARDO

You are heathens. All of you. You don't serve God here. You're specks of ash in his eye.

CHRISTOBAL

When they died, all those men and women and children, they gave their lives in the name of a God that had abandoned them long ago. No man is immune, Captain. Not even yourself.

SLICE. Christobal looks down- Ricardo's sword is plunged into his body down to the hilt. He touches a wrinkled hand to his wound and brings the bloody fingers to his lips.

CHRISTOBAL (cont'd)

Interesting. Different from what I imagined.

And he collapses, finally lifeless.

EXT. MISSION COURTYARD - NIGHT

The storm has grown exponentially worse. Thunderclaps drown out the sound of falling rain. Lightning wildly lights up the sky. Ricardo runs out of the study, bloody sword in hand, and sprints for the mission gate.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Ricardo runs aimlessly into the jungle, thunderclaps at every turn. With every lightning strike, the memories come flooding back to him...

EXT. FIELD (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

As his homestead burns around him in the midst of the lightning storm, the sobbing Ricardo frantically tries to wipe the mud and ash from Lucia and Santi's lifeless faces.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

As Ricardo recesses deeper and deeper into the darkness, his running grows increasingly frantic and disoriented.

RICARDO
(pleading)
I want to go home. Please, God. Let
me go home. I want to go home.

EXT. GALLEON (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Ricardo rests on the railing of a large Spanish Galleon, staring out to sea. He pulls something from his pocket-Santi's red ball. He hesitates before throwing it into the ocean.

EXT. PARAISO PITS - NIGHT

Ricardo hasn't noticed he's run through the ruins of Paraiso and is heading straight for the pits. He unintentionally runs headlong into a pit and crashes into the water.

He eventually bobs to the top, screaming. Dozens of skulls and bones join him at the surface, kicked up by his flailing attempts to get out of the water.

Ricardo makes it out of the pit and crumples to the ground, screaming. He brings his hands to his ears, trying to stifle the deafening sounds of thunder and lightning.

And suddenly, it all stops. The rain slows and starts to thin. Ricardo gasps and looks up. Lucia and Santi wait for him at the edge of the jungle. Ricardo begins to walk toward them, the storm silently ending around him. He takes their hands and disappears into the jungle.

Ricardo runs for an eternity through a prison of tree and vine...

FADE OUT.