

Blood Diamonds

by
An Elephant

(c) 2018

FADE IN:

EXT. AFRICAN SAVANNA - DAY

The sun beats down mercilessly on the tall brown grass of the savanna. The few acacia trees offer little protection.

Two men trudge through the grass, not hindered by the dry, brittle blades. JOSHUA (50s, cowboy hat, short-sleeve shirt, denim jeans, cowboy boots, heavy pack) slings his rifle from one shoulder to the other.

JOSHUA

I need to stop.

Ahead of him, SEBASTIAN (40s, wide-brimmed safari hat, shirt with sleeves rolled up, long pants, hiking boots, light pack) scans the grass as he keeps walking.

SEBASTIAN

It's not safe here.

JOSHUA

Look around. There's nothing.
Gimme fifteen and I'll be good to go.

Joshua drinks from a canteen. Sebastian suddenly leaps and plunges his Bowie knife into a black mamba just before it can sink its fangs into Joshua's leg.

Joshua falls to the grass, stunned by how close he came to getting bitten. Sebastian cuts the head off the snake.

JOSHUA

Okay, hoss. It isn't safe.

Joshua spots a leather pouch on the ground. Rough diamonds dot the ground where it has opened. He reaches for them.

JOSHUA

Well, shoot. You get these from the cave?

Sebastian quickly scoops up the diamonds and the pouch.

JOSHUA

Man, I can't wait to see it. If it's half what you said, I'm going to make you very, very rich.

EXT. AFRICAN SAVANNAH - DUSK

The sun sits on the horizon, a deep red. Bats fill the sky.

Sebastian pushes through some tall brush--

And comes face to face with a line of elephants, shoulder to shoulder, barring the way, as if waiting for him.

Sebastian's face contorts in anguish. He swings his rifle up, points it at the largest elephant.

SEBASTIAN

Don't make me do this!

The elephant stares him down a moment longer. Then it backs away, opening a gap in the line.

Sebastian slings his rifle and marches purposefully through the gap. Joshua follows in stunned silence.

The elephant watches them go as the sun dips out of sight, plunging the brush into darkness.

EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT

The full moon seems larger than normal, filling much of the sky and untouched by cloud or treetop.

Joshua struggles up a ridge, fighting to keep his rifle slung.

JOSHUA

What the hell was that back there?

SEBASTIAN

We're almost there.

JOSHUA

They're not going to follow us or nothing, right?

SEBASTIAN

Not at night. Not here. Look.

Beneath the ridge, bathed in bright moonlight, stretches bare ground with mounds of overturned dirt. Elephant bones are scattered everywhere. Some poke out of the mounds as if they refuse to be laid to rest.

JOSHUA

You've got to be kidding me.

EXT. ELEPHANT GRAVEYARD - LATER

Sebastian and Joshua stand amongst a large pile of elephant bones that gleam in the moonlight, stripped bare and bleached in the African sun.

At their feet, a wide pit stretches open like a mouth.

JOSHUA

I thought you said it was a cave.

SEBASTIAN

Follow me, and watch your step.
It's said this pit has no bottom.

JOSHUA

Terrific.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Sebastian and Joshua navigate into a dark rock tunnel with flashlights, the pit at their backs. More elephant bones litter the ground.

Joshua looks at the bones uncertainly.

INT. CAVERN - NIGHT

Sebastian and Joshua stand at the tunnel entrance, their flashlights exploring the huge cavern. The walls and ceiling glitter like stars. Even the huge stalactites glitter.

JOSHUA

Are those all...?

SEBASTIAN

Diamonds.

Sebastian's flashlight illuminates a huge stalactite. It doesn't glitter. It *moves*.

The light follows a huge snake coil as it drops to the ground, easily as thick as he is tall.

JOSHUA

What the hell is that!?!?

Sebastian motions to remain still.

SEBASTIAN

It's a *grootslang*. This cave isn't mine. It's his.

The coils slither closer, but the head remains hidden in the dark.

GROOTSLANG (O.S.)

What have you brought me this time, fleshling?

SEBASTIAN

You've learned English.

GROOTSLANG (O.S.)

Show me.

Sebastian takes out the leather pouch, unties it, and tosses it to the ground. The diamonds spill out.

GROOTSLANG (O.S.)

My favorite.

Joshua dives for his rifle. He aims and FIRES!

An elephant trunk wraps around the rifle and snaps it in half. Joshua stares in horror as a huge, demonic-looking elephant head swings into his light, red eyes gleaming with malice. Its snake body surrounds him.

SEBASTIAN

You shouldn't have done that. It only makes him mad.

GROOTSLANG

You will suffer for your arrogance! I will grind your bones to powder and watch you flop on the ground like a fish! I will leave you to fester and rot and bloat with maggots, and still I will not grant you the peace of death!

Joshua's muffled scream echoes in the dark as the *grootslang's* tail wraps around him and yanks him deep into the cave.

Sebastian turns to leave. The head hovers over him menacingly.

GROOTSLANG

I require more.

SEBASTIAN

You asked for diamonds, and a
sacrifice, just like the old gods.
That's our agreement.

GROOTSLANG

The time has come for a new god.
Show me to the world and let them
come, that I might feast on their
bones like the elephants. Or
suffer his fate.

Reluctantly, Sebastian takes out his cell phone and snaps
a picture.

EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT

Sebastian sits on the ridge overlooking the elephant
graveyard. He deletes the photo of the *grootslang*.

The large elephant stands next to him.

SEBASTIAN

There might be no stopping it now.
I'm sorry.

Sebastian puts the rifle barrel in his mouth and BLAM!
Blows the back of his head off.

The elephant starts to bury him, its eyes wet.