

Doña Marina: Origins

by

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EXT. YUCATAN SEASHORE - DAY MONTAGE

SFX Daytime crickets/insects chirping/singing continue

TIDAL POOL: Sea plants wave about urchins, starfish and anemone.

JUST OFFSHORE: Pelicans bob.

SHALLOW SHORE WATER: Flamingos wade.

ON THE SAND: Male fiddler crabs battle fiercely under the palms.

IN THE SHORE JUNGLE: Spider monkey family picks and preens.

Male tropical frogs sing.

A tropical snake loiters in the mangroves.

Yucatan Jays sing in the mangroves.

Bees crawl in and out of tropical flowers.

Male frogs jockey for mating position.

Howler monkeys hoot and call. A snake gorges down a frog.

EXT. SEAWARD BLUFF - DAY

A Northern Caracara (eagle) stares out over the ocean, turns its head as it spots something moving on the open sand.

EXT. BEACH - DAY - CLOSE UP

Several pair of dark skinned, bare feet run and splash in shallow sea foam.

EXT. BEACH - DAY - WIDE SHOT

Shorebirds tending their hatchings screech, run and fly away as several teen males and a few teen female Nahua Natives play along the shore.

SUPERIMPOSITION: GULF OF MEXICO, YUCATAN PENINSULA, 1519 CE

Younger siblings and dogs trail behind.

A pair of teens lag still even further behind, holding hands.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The teen couple stop.

The beautiful Nahua girl, MARINA, (16) giggles and smiles as she flips over a horseshoe crab with her bare toe.

The smaller children rush back to inspect the crustacean's wiggly legs.

Marina squats to point out and discuss parts of the horseshoe crab to the smaller children.

Dogs paw and bark, children giggle and laugh at the silly dogs.

EXT. JUNGLE EDGE ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Parents and elders watch from the jungle treeline.

Nahua elders host a trade conference with Chontal elders and traders.

Men talk to men while oldest sons and dogs quietly observe.

NAHUA OLDEST SON (18) looks attentive, athletic.

CHONTAL OLDEST SON (20) looks disinterested, effeminate.

In a nearby, separate gathering at the encampment tents, women talk to women while swaddled babes nap.

Barefoot toddlers chew tree bark amongst dog puppies wrestling in the grass nearby.

Male conversation and story telling are marked with spirited outbursts as well as laughter.

Directions are pointed, landmarks gestured.

Arrow points, obsidian blade knives, clothing, etc. are compared and appreciated.

Small items are bartered and exchanged.

Female conversation is marked by quarrelsome bickering and curt hand gestures.

The women look to the men and sons nearby then toward the children along the shore, pause, then appear to agree on something.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Marina looks over her shoulder towards the adults far away at the encampment

Her demeanor immediately begins to express worry.

EXT. JUNGLE EDGE ENCAMPMENT - DAY

The parties go their separate ways amicably.

The men wave with laughs and parting ripostes.

The oldest sons non-verbally nod acknowledgment to each other.

The Chontal move along the jungle's edge toward home. The Nahua remain at the encampment.

The CHIEFTAIN, (50) robust, good looking, charismatic, confident, smiling, strides over to his wife.

CHIEFTAIN

Woman, where is my supper?!

The NAHUA CHIEFTESS, (35) worn beauty, hair pulled back, late pregnancy, disapproves and ignores his jest as she begins to direct subordinate females to break down the encampment.

CHIEFTESS

What have you gained our village, wise husband?

CHIEFTAIN

For a day's fishing I have traded a fine cotton vest and a pair of Aztec olli for our son!

He proudly holds out two large rubber balls and smiles.

CHIEFTESS

Your son.

Chieftess herself begins to pull tarp-skins off of the lashed-stick frame of their hut. SUBORDINATE ADULT FEMALE silently works with Chieftess.

Chieftain continues, oblivious toward any work to be done.

CHIEFTAIN

My son.

CHIEFTESS

Our people are near starving and you trade a day's fish for clothes and toys?

CHIEFTAIN

Hmph. You don't even like fish, woman, (beat) And it was a 'short' fishing day.

He smiles cleverly at himself.

CHIEFTAIN (cont'd)

What have 'you' gained for our village, you miserable witch?

CHIEFTESS

For today (beat) 400 cacao.

CHIEFTAIN

Hmph. 400 cacao beans won't feed our village for long.

CHIEFTESS

400 cacao will trade us food longer than your vest will, wise husband.

Chieftain begins intensive examination of his vest.

CHIEFTAIN

Hmph. What did you trade in return?

Chieftess pauses her for a heavy breath then resumes pulling skin tarps and folding them.

CHIEFTESS

Marina.

Nahua subordinate female looks up from her work toward the Chieftess, grimacing silent despair.

Chieftain looks up from admiring his pretty new vest with brief concern. He turns his shoulder, looks back at the children along the shore.

EXT. LONG SHOT OF SHORE - DAY

M.O.S., A few Chontal warriors walk straight toward Marina and the boy.

EXT. JUNGLE EDGE ENCAMPMENT - DAY

CHIEFTAIN  
Tezcatlipoca sacrifice are worth  
700 beans, foolish woman.

EXT. LONG SHOT OF SHORE - DAY

M.O.S., Marina futilely resists the men, her young male friend grabs a Chontal warrior but is shoved hard to the ground where the other children have gathered with caution.

The boy gets up immediately, fists clenched. Long obsidian blades are pointed toward the boy.

The turn men escort Marina at a march pace across the sand toward the jungle tree line.

EXT. JUNGLE EDGE ENCAMPMENT - DAY

CHIEFTESS  
She is young, fertile, and clever.  
Very clever.

CHIEFTAIN  
Like her mother.

CHIEFTESS  
Like her mother. The Chontal Queen  
and I agreed on 800 cacao.

Chieftain's eyebrows pop as he looks back at Chieftess.

CHIEFTESS (cont'd)  
But to spare her life we made  
marriage arrangements for my  
daughter to the Chontal Prince and  
argued down to 600.

EXT. LONG SHOT OF SHORE - DAY

M.O.S., The Chontal warriors, escorting Marina, join with the remainder of their party then disappear into the forest.

Back at the beach, her young male friend weeps on his knees in the sand, village children semi-circled around.

CHIEFTAIN

Hmph. I don't think the Chontal Prince will father any children.

Chieftess' eyes glance up at husband expressing "Duh!"

Chieftain grimaces.

CHIEFTAIN (cont'd)

(Counting fingers as hundreds)  
800, 600, 400. And what of the remaining 200 cacao?

CHIEFTESS

To be delivered in three moons, when the growing season begins. In years to come a quarter of the yield go back to the Chontal King until Marina's first son to the Prince lives a year. The rest we keep for trade. Wise trade. I'll not stand in peace while our family and village wash away like mud into the sea. (beat) Today we gain currency, the girlish Chontal prince gains a wife, our family will have gained a strong ally through marriage and continued trade, our village will have one less mouth to feed, 'my' daughter will not only live but gain social status, in a few moons I will see her again and 'if' she remains without child, maybe for years, (beat) all while 'your' son plays with his olli.

Chieftess nods towards the rubber balls her husband still holds in his hands, not missing a beat of her own work, folding skin tarps.

She wipes away a hard tear from the corner of her eye with a glance. She continues working.

Chieftain looks at the balls then stares at his wife while she works.

Chieftain expresses that he knows he is completely outmatched by his wife.

EXT. SEAWARD BLUFF - DAY

The Northern Caracara returns its gaze out over the ocean, its pupils narrow as it spots something out at sea.

EXT. SEAWARD - DAY

A speck on the horizon becomes several Spanish Galleons

EXT. ABOARD THE SHIP - DAY

Spanish soldiers noisily ready smaller landing boats, cavalry horses & armor for landfall.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Nahua children watch intently, quietly yet excitedly, discussing amongst themselves these curious events they see.

TEEN ONE (15)

Your eyes are of the eagle. What do you see?

TEEN TWO (14) looks out to the ships. Eyes narrow.

EXT. SEAWARD TOWARD SHIPS - DAY

The Spanish galleon's sails become apparent.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

TEEN TWO

Wings. I see many giant wings. Feathers.

TEEN ONE

A winged... God?

EXT. SHORE - DAY

Spanish sailors assist several armored, mounted cavalry from a pair of large landing boats.

EXT. ARMORED CAVALRY SOLDIER - DAY

The rear of the soldier's shining metal armor gleams in the sun atop the horse.

The soldier turns his horse about, face exposed beneath the helmet, fierce expression, looks about the coast line.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

TEEN TWO

And I see a serpents head with a  
man's head in its mouth. A  
warrior's head.

TEEN ONE

(alarmed! whispers)  
Kukulcan.

EXT. DOWN THE SHORELINE -DAY

Armored mounted cavalry gallop like a storm through the shallow shore water. Spears and swords drawn.

Shore birds squawk as they take flight. Alarmed monkeys disappear into the forest.

TEEN ONE

(yelling)  
Kukulcan! Kukulcan!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Frightened children turn and run across the sand towards the jungle edge encampment.

The mounted cavalry rapidly close the gap between them and the children then continue toward the encampment.

Behind them small bodies lay in the bright sand.

EXT. JUNGLE EDGE ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Panicked YOUNG MAN runs to the elders, a few children stringing behind.

YOUNG MAN  
Kukulcan! Kukulcan! The winged God  
Kukulcan has come for us!

Chieftain, Chieftess and Nahua people lower themselves for prayer. The mounted cavalry raise their swords, shining steel glints in a sunny arc, for fatal blows.

EXT. JUNGLE INTERIOR - DAY

Distant screams echo through the palms and brush.

Marina, wrists bound by fibrous rope, looks over her shoulder horrified.

The Chontal Queen looks at Marina.

CHONTAL QUEEN  
Your fate, young Princess, travels  
a snake's path.

THE END