

THE LAST HEIR

Written by

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FADE IN.

EXT. MEXICO - MAYAN RUINS OF EDZNA - NIGHT

A bloated full moon slices through the black rainforest canopy.

Deep within the acropolis plaza, a fire rages atop the main temple structure. The ancient limestone reflects the erratic, blood-orange flames.

Three figures move in a frenzied, rhythmic circle around the altar, their low, guttural chanting accelerating against the jungle pulse.

JAGUAR MAN wears a snarling black jaguar mask, its ivory fangs gleaming under the moon. A heavy crest of Quetzal feathers bounces against the dark pelts draped over his torso.

SERPENT MAN moves opposite him, his intricate reptile headpiece framed by a radiating breastplate of golden scales.

SKELETON MAN dance-steps through the smoke, his body painted in stark bone-white lines, aggressively shaking a carved skeletal scepter.

The moon locks into position directly behind a weathered stone statue of the Maya queen, IZTA. A sharp beam of silver moonlight crawls across the altar.

Jaguar Man flings a vial of liquid compound into the heart of the fire.

The flames flare aggressively, casting an orange glare into the treetops—momentarily illuminating the glowing golden eyes of a real black jaguar watching from the canopy.

Jaguar Man throws the remainder of the mixture into the blaze. The fire surges toward the sky, suffocating the moonlight, then...

Snaps completely out.

Absolute, vacuum-like silence drops over the jungle.

The men freeze in the sudden silver moonlight. Jaguar Man pulls back his pelt-lined sleeve, checking a heavy, diamond-encrusted watch. He scowls, shaking his head.

JAGUAR MAN
(thick Mexican accent)
She's not coming.

The wind suddenly howling across the stone plaza.

The shaft of moonlight piercing directly through the carved eye of the Izta statue, focusing into a laser-sharp point on the dead altar.

Serpent Man looks down as his digital watch blinks: 12:00 AM.

INSTANTANEOUSLY, the fire erupts back to life with a deafening roar, throwing the men backward onto the stone floor. The jungle explodes into a chorus of panicked animal wails; the jaguar in the tree lets out a low, defensive growl.

Dense, unnatural smoke swirls upward from the altar, coalescing into the translucent, winged silhouette of QUEEN IZTA.

She stretches her shimmering hands toward Jaguar Man. His eyes widen as the vaporous entity flows around him, invading his senses.

QUEEN IZTA
(ethereally)
Find my king to release me. Follow.

She rises fluidly, a streak of white mist shooting toward the North Star.

The men track her ascent, their jaws slack as the smoke dissipates into the night sky, leaving nothing but dead ash on the altar. They rip off their suffocating masks, drenched in sweat.

Jaguar Man stares blankly at the stone statue.

JAGUAR MAN
She's a sylph. An elemental spirit.

SKELETON MAN
(Mexican Spanish accent)
We need the remaining codex pages.

SERPENT MAN
(Argentinian accent)
She said to find her king? I
thought the records listed her as a
virgin queen.

JAGUAR MAN
History lied. We find the king.

Serpent Man pulls up a satellite grid on his phone, scrolling rapidly down the glowing terminal screen, calculating the trajectory of the mist.

SERPENT MAN

The trajectory from the North
Star... due north of Edzná is...

He lowers the phone, meeting Jaguar Man's cold stare.

SERPENT MAN

New Orleans.

EXT. ORLEANS UNIVERSITY - PARKING LOT - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

A chrome Jaguar hood ornament leaps to a stop, its reflection mirrored in the black car's bonnet.

DR. SERONJO steps out of the convertible. The stately Romanesque style of Gibbons Hall towers behind him. Seronjo is in his fifties, tall, and silver-haired, with cold glacier-blue eyes and a personality to match. He looks like a banker in his Caraceni suit, not the head of the history department—the human equivalent of a peacock.

Seronjo looks toward St. Charles Avenue.

A streetcar rumbles and sways down the avenue. The conductor clangs the bell, notifying passengers of a stop as it grinds to a halt in front of the university.

IZTALI "IZY" SMITH steps off the streetcar. He is a history professor in his late thirties—tall, with flowing black hair and a naturally muscular build from a South American Indian and Creole mix. He hides his natural good looks behind a vanilla facade. He is not naive, but he firmly believes academics is about knowledge, not capital.

Izy pushes up his unstylish glasses. His pants and shirt are deeply wrinkled from the humidity; he is not styleless, nor is he pretentious. He presses the wrinkles out of his shirt with his hand, wipes sweat from his brow, and stuffs loose papers into a cheap attaché case.

Looking up, he spots Seronjo.

IZY

(mild New Orleans accent)

Dr. Seronjo.

Izy races across the street, darting between oncoming traffic.

Seronjo rolls his eyes and immediately starts walking toward Gibbons Hall. Izy catches up, trailing a step behind Seronjo while still stuffing rogue papers into his attaché.

IZY
Good morning.

Seronjo grunts, shrugging his shoulders without looking back.

DR. SERONJO
I'm in a hurry, what's up?

IZY
The Maya codex I've been studying,
I've found something interesting.

DR. SERONJO
To you perhaps.

IZY
Perhaps to the world.

Seronjo glances over his shoulder, deliberately picking up his pace.

DR. SERONJO
No.

IZY
Yes, I think there's --

DR. SERONJO
No, the answer is no.

IZY
But other codices may have
survived, the clues mention a codex
of spells and --

Seronjo stops short. Izy nearly collides with him. Seronjo pivots sharply to face his subordinate.

DR. SERONJO
No. I've told you with cutbacks and
grants scarce there's no money --

IZY
But if I had three months in the
Yucatan to see if the clues lead to
lost codices.

Seronjo starts walking again, shaking his head in disgust.
Izy tracks his footsteps.

IZY

This could be the biggest disc --

Seronjo cuts him off, spinning around. His blue eyes glare with absolute hostility.

DR. SERONJO

Professor Smith, let me make this clear to you.

(a beat)

Academics is about money. Period.
Money. No. No money. No.

IZY

I thought academics was about gaining and sharing knowledge.

Seronjo shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head, and lets out a silent laugh. He looks at Izy with pure pity.

DR. SERONJO

Silly you.

Seronjo turns on his heel and walks away.

Izy watches him retreat. He stares at the ground, calculating his leverage. The bureaucrat needs an incentive he cannot ignore.

Izy looks up, calling out to the retreating figure.

IZY

The clues lead to gold.

Seronjo freezes. He slowly stops, pivots, and walks all the way back to Izy. He glares in complete silence.

IZY

The clues mention gold and spells,
they --

DR. SERONJO

My office, three o'clock.

Seronjo turns sharply, walking away for good.

Izy pushes up his glasses. The hook is set. He smiles.

INT. ORLEANS UNIVERSITY - GIBBONS HALL - IZY'S OFFICE - DAY

Cluttered, cramped. Maya documents cover every surface from floor to ceiling. A heavy library table sits dead center in the room.

IZY looks out a window toward Audubon Park.

IZY

Jeevan, please bring coffee -- with
chicory.

His assistant, JEEVAN, enters. He is a graduate student from India--thin, with large dark eyes and short black hair. He looks like a man who calculates chances for a living, always hunting for the hidden humor in a bad situation. He carries two steaming cups of coffee.

JEEVAN

(Hindi accent)

I have your coffee already, I saw
you walking with Seronjo.

IZY

Yeah, I have an audience with his
highness today.

Jeevan hands Izy a cup. He scans the tabletop to set the second cup down, but the suffocating clutter leaves no open space. He keeps his grip on it.

Izy aggressively shuffles through a stack of archaeological maps.

JEEVAN

How did you do that?

IZY

I told him about the gold.

Jeevan opens his eyes wide, throwing his head back in sudden surprise.

JEEVAN

What gold?

Izy looks up from the mess, a cold smile forming.

IZY

The fools gold.

JEEVAN

I will never understand how you
drink that Louisiana mud.

IZY

(adjusting his glasses)
Native blood. You get used to the
grit.

JEEVAN

Man, speaking of native—you have
got to get cooler glasses. Modern
frames. It might actually help you
land a date.

IZY

No time for dates. Besides, I
prefer women who make the first
move.

JEEVAN

That explains a lot. Because the
undergrads keep asking me
questions.

Izy looks over the dark, unstylish rims of his lenses.

IZY

Questions like what?

JEEVAN

Is he... or Izy?

They laugh. Izy looks at the codex on the table; Jeevan walks
around the table.

JEEVAN

So, how did you do it, get Seronjo
to talk?

IZY

I was trying to tell him about the
clues in the codex.

Izy imitates Dr. Seronjo.

IZY
No. Academics is about money. No.

Izy shakes his head, sips his coffee.

IZY
So, I told him they mention gold.

JEEVAN
And he fell for that?

IZY
Not yet, but he will, 'cause
academics is about money to him.

Izy slaps the table.

IZY
I need to get to the Yucatan.

JEEVAN
You need to come out tonight.

IZY
Can't, really, promised my aunt I'd
be home.

Izy looks up over the rim of his glasses.

IZY
She's had the dream, and now she
needs to give me the box.

Jeevan looks confused.

JEEVAN
What box?

IZY
The box my family's carted around
for over two hundred years. Brought
it to New Orleans in the 1700s.

JEEVAN
Seriously?

IZY

Yeah, really. My aunt keeps the family secrets, she's into the whole weird side of spirituality, and this morning she started telling me about how she had the dream last night.

Jeevan fakes scared.

JEEVAN

Spooky story. Are you sure there's no voodoo in her hoodoo?

IZY

(laughs)

Nah, but my family's waited two hundred years for one of us to have the dream, and she's had it -- who else would've.

They chuckle.

JEEVAN

What mix are you, where's crazy come from?

IZY

Spanish, French, black, white -- who knows. No one knew my father, mom died when I was three, my aunt swears a Maya gene's in the mix.

Izy waves a hand as though shooing flies. He looks down at the codex, tapping his finger on the page.

IZY (CONT'D)

But look, look at this.

He runs his finger across the writings.

IZY (CONT'D)

2012, end of calendar, blah-blah-blah, we all know the stories -- but look here, it says a god will get dressed up.

JEEVAN

For?

IZY

Not sure, but reading diagonally it mentions a spell that can't be broken until after the thirteenth B'ak'tun cycle, or 12/21/2012, by someone that's -- and that part's missing -- then a new queen will arise.

Izy looks up, his eyes alive with excitement.

IZY (CONT'D)

I'm tell'n you, the planetary alignment with the Milky Way center in 2012 seems to have been a cosmic door for spirits.

Izy pushes his glasses up his nose, downs his coffee, and nods.

IZY (CONT'D)

They knew things Jeevan... they knew things.

JEEVAN

Maybe the god gets dressed up for a wedding, which you'll never do at the rate your going.

He looks at Izy with genuine concern.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

You don't believe this stuff about spells and gods and cosmic doors? Please tell me you're not going to tell Seronjo this?

Oblivious, Izy pushes deeper into the codex, accidentally knocking his empty cup off the table.

Without missing a beat, Jeevan hands him the second cup.

IZY

This is the cool part, look, if you read this way it hints that pages seventy-seven and seventy-eight of the codex are in Lamanai, that's modern Belize.

He looks up at Jeevan, pounds his fist on the heavy manuscript, and yanks his glasses off. He throws them onto the table. They slide right off the edge.

IZY (CONT'D)

This codex goes to seventy-four.
There's more Jeevan, there's more
pages to this codex. Bishop Diego
and the conquistadors didn't find
and burn them all. Do you really
think after what they saw they
would destroy the books of
knowledge?

Izy turns, leaning against the bookshelf under the window. He
stares out at the park.

IZY (CONT'D)

I'll bet the Vatican vaults are
filled with codices, but we'll
never know.

Jeevan stoops down, picking up Izy's broken glasses from the
floor.

JEEVAN

I know this, your getting new
glasses.

INT. ORLEANS UNIVERSITY - DR. SERONJO'S OFFICE - DAY

Furnished in antiques like a plush hotel suite, not a
university office.

Dr. Seronjo sits behind his desk.

Izy sits across from him, squinting.

DR. SERONJO

I have to meet the Blackwells to
discuss their endowment, so get to
the part about gold.

IZY

The clues talk of spells -- I mean,
it spells out clues to hidden gold
near Belize.

DR. SERONJO

Hidden? Let's be realistic,
Professor. Nothing exciting's
happened in Mayaland in fifty
years. 2012 was a bust. It's a hard
sell when you use the word hidden.

IZY

But if I had three months...

Dr. Seronjo rolls his eyes, checking his watch.

Izy leans forward, pressing the point.

IZY
This could be the biggest
breakthrough in Maya history. The
knowledge the world --

Dr. Seronjo shakes his head, holding up a sharp hand.

DR. SERONJO
There you go on your crusade to
share knowledge with the world.
Even the Good Book says don't cast
your pearls before swine.

Izy silently stammers, shaking his head in absolute disgust.

IZY
What!

DR. SERONJO
Really, Professor. Knowledge is for
the select few, not the masses.
They don't know what to do with it.
We tell them what they can
understand -- or what we want them
to think they understand.

Izy shakes his head, exasperated. He looks at the ceiling,
rubs his eyes, and sighs.

Slowly, he lowers his head and leans across the desk.

IZY
Then I appeal to your vanity. You'd
be remembered as the man who made
it happen. And if there is gold...

Dr. Seronjo raises his eyebrows, pursing his lips. He taps a
steady finger on the mahogany desk.

He swivels his chair away, staring out the window, and sighs.

DR. SERONJO
One month.

IZY
Two.

Dr. Seronjo swivels back around, leaning heavily onto his
desk to lock eyes with Izy.

DR. SERONJO
Don't disappoint me, Professor.
I'll make some calls and see if I
know anyone in Belize.

Izy exits the office.

Dr. Seronjo immediately picks up the phone and dials.

The line RINGS.

JAGUAR MAN (V.O.)
Hola, hablar.

DR. SERONJO
Jaguar Man, Jonathan. Smith is
mumbling about gold and spells in
Belize. Says he found clues.

JAGUAR MAN (V.O.)
Send him to me.

INT. FRENCH QUARTERS - IZY'S HOUSE - PARLOUR - NIGHT

A breeze blows through the louvered shutters covering the
French doors of the Creole cottage. Sheer curtains sway.

The ceiling fan spins hypnotically, circulating the humid
air.

Izy lounges on a sofa, staring blankly up at the fan.

His aunt, COCCO, walks in. She is Creole, 40s, slim, light
brown skin, with fine facial features and blazing green eyes.
Exotically beautiful.

She walks slowly, processionally, carrying a long, thin box.

Izy sits up. She sits beside him. She talks like she knows
secrets. She does.

COCCO
(New Orleans Yat slang)
Over two hundred years we've waited
to open this box, and I had the
dream.

She smiles widely, excitedly patting Izy's knee.

COCCO
Two hundred years baby, I can't
believe it. You, me.

She shakes her head, wiping away joyful tears.

Izy smiles back at her.

IZY

Aunt Cocco, what's in a box we've carried around since who knows when? And, really, no one has ever opened it?

COCCO

(shocked)

They wouldn't dare. I wouldn't dare. Not 'till someone had the dream, and I did, I saw the crown.

She pats the box, setting it firmly down in Izy's lap. He looks at her, skeptical.

IZY

What dream's so special that --

COCCO

It'll be in here, you're fix'n to see.

She looks at him with intense anticipation.

He looks at her apprehensively, pushing the box back toward her side of the couch.

IZY

You open it, it's your dream. Why me?

COCCO

Oh no baby, it's about you. Whoever has the dream gives the box to their next of kin, and that's you nephew, now open it.

IZY

This isn't a curse or something?

COCCO

Oh, it's something alright. Two hundred years worth of something. I had the dream, and you get the box.

She puts the box firmly back in his lap and hands him a knife.

COCCO

You know your name, Iztali, means
dream is the reality, that's no
coincidence -- now open it.

Izy rolls his eyes. He slices the ancient tar seal and tries
to pry it open, but it's stuck. He levers the knife hard.

The lid flies open.

A sound escapes the wood -- like a deep human exhale.

Izy looks at Cocco, surprised. She remains entirely
unconcerned.

He removes the old straw packing and lifts out a jade
necklace with a tiger-eye pendant. The carving depicts two
fists clutching a crown.

Izy holds it up. A silk-like chatoyancy dances across the
stone. He hands it to Cocco to look closer.

He reaches back into the box, removing a ragged piece of
papyrus. He gently unrolls it.

It is the center portion of two pages, marked with
inscriptions and distinct Maya numbers on the bottom edges.

Izy murmurs in utter astonishment.

IZY

Seventy-seven and seventy-eight.

He looks up at Cocco. She slips the jade necklace over his
head.

The medallion hits his chest.

Suddenly, a violent breeze blows the long, white transparent
curtains outward. They undulate in the air like ghosts.

Izy looks at the curtains, startled. Cocco looks around,
completely unfazed.

She turns back to Izy, cupping his face tenderly in her
hands.

COCCO

Nephew, your life just changed.

She smiles.

COCCO

Guess what else?

Izy's eyes widen.

IZY
There's more?

She slowly pulls out a fresh glasses case, pops it open, and lifts out a pair of very stylish frames. She slips them gently onto Izy's face.

COCCO
I got you some cool glasses.

She leans back, inspecting him, and nods her head.

COCCO
Um-huh, you some kinda handsome
now, maybe these'll help you get a
girlfriend.

She kisses Izy's cheek.

INT. NEW ORLEANS AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY

Izy and Cocco wait in the lobby.

Jeevan jogs up carrying a small bag. He sees Izy, drops his bag in mock amazement.

JEEVAN
Cocco, what have you done?

He pats Izy's shoulder.

JEEVAN
Man, now you look cool.

IZY
Thanks, I thi --

JEEVAN
Tell me you brought the pendant and
a copy of the papyrus --

He shakes an open hand near his face, opens his eyes wide.

JEEVAN
from the box.

Cocco cuts her eyes at Jeevan.

Izy holds up a cardboard tube, pats his chest, nods.

JEEVAN
I still can't believe Seronjo fell
for the fools gold.

Cocco looks at Izy, then at Jeevan.

COCCO
Don't think Seronjo's a fool. He
knows more than he tells.

Jeevan shrugs, picks up his bag, begins to walk away.

JEEVAN
He's still a butt-head. Let's roll.

He walks away.

Cocco hugs Izy, he turns to leave, she touches his shoulder,
he turns around, Cocco's eyes search his face.

COCCO
Baby boy, be careful of black cats
that cross your path.

She kisses Izy on the cheek, she walks away.

Izy and Jeevan walk through the terminal.

JEEVAN
Your Aunt Cocco gives me the
willies sometime. No voodoo huh?

Izy rolls his eyes, shakes his head, shrugging.

Izy and Jeevan disappear through the doors of the jetway.

INT. BELIZE AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY

Izy and Jeevan step through the jetway doors into the
terminal, walk through the small terminal, go outside.

EXT. BELIZE AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY

Izy and Jeevan set their bags down, wipe sweat from their
foreheads, look around. They wait.

Izy and Jeevan sit on their bags looking at their watches.

An old Volkswagen Beetle screeches up to the curb, jolting to
a halt.

The driver, AL, pushes the passenger door open, he leans over, looks at Izy and Jeevan, they look at each other.

AL
(slight Hispanic accent)
Professor Smith?

Izy slowly nods to Al, he motions for them to get in.

AL
Get in brother, put your bags up
front.

Izy steps in, there's no front passenger seat, Al motions for them to sit in the backseat, he looks around like he's driving a getaway car.

Al is late 20s, short, muscular, high strung, fast moving, an abrupt, humorous personality. He has Mestizo features topped with short, gelled hair. He sports several cryptic tattoo's.

Jeevan gets in, Al takes off before their butts hit the seat, they fall back into the seat.

I/E. CAR - BELIZE - TRAVELING

AL
Sorry I'm late.

He turns around, looks Izy up and down. Swerves around a bicyclist.

AL
You Indian too? Or Creole? Yeah,
yeah, I see it man.

He smiles, glances at the road.

Izy looks at Jeevan.

JEEVAN
I'm Indian.

Al looks at Jeevan, frowns.

AL
Not that kind bro.

He glances at the road, looks at Izy, looks at the road, swerves around a family walking on the road.

AL
Welcome home brother.

Izy leans forward, wind from the open windows buffet him, he yells to Al.

IZY
I'm not from here.

Al rolls his eyes at Izy, furrows his brow, purses his lips in disbelief, nods, swerves, barley misses a man on a bicycle, turns to Izy.

AL
If you say so, anyway, sorry I'm late, had an errand. I've met your jerk boss several times when he came down to see my jerk boss.

Izy and Jeevan look at each other bewildered. Al swings into the oncoming lane, tries to pass a truck, horns blow, a bus approaches, he cuts back in. Izy and Jeevan are tossed around like crash dummies.

IZY
Who's your boss? What's he do?

AL
Business man, sells antiques.

He looks in the rearview mirror, rolls his eyes, nods his head.

Or antiquities, funds digs at Maya sites -- so he says. Big buddies with the university crowd. People call him Jaguar Man, like the cat.

Al flashes sudden, mocking street signs with his hands, tilting his head with an exaggerated lean.

AL

I'd call him a cartel boss, bro. Real street-level muscle.

He laughs, swirling his arm around the cramped interior of the car.

AL
Anyway, used to drive a cab.

A wide-eyed Jeevan shakes his head in total agreement.

JEEVAN
You drive like you're running moonshine.

Al laughs.

AL

Yeah, yeah, I get it. Anyway, used to give private tours, know all of the ruins -- and some he don't, tourism tanked after 2012, now I work for Jaguar.

He turns around, pats Izy's knee, smiles, swerves.

AL

I'll be coming with you two, Jaguar wants me to watch you, but hey, I'm loyal to the best tipper and most fun -- comprender?

He laughs, raises his eyebrows and nods his head. Izy and Jeevan look at each other nervously. They continue toward the city, cutting in and out of traffic.

Izy stares at the sparkling Caribbean Sea, the wind whips his hair -- he looks cool with his dark glasses.

He gazes at the clouds, one catches his eye, he turns, staring. He repeatedly hits the back of Al's seat.

IZY

Pull over, stop the car. Pull over.

Al hits the brakes, bumps over the curb, stops on the sand shoulder. Izy jumps out, the others follow. He points to the cloud formation, it dissipates. Jeevan looks at him like he's crazy. Al stares at the sky.

IZY

It looked like the medallion, just like it.

He pulls the medallion from his shirt. Jeevan looks up, shakes his head, gets back in the car. Al rolls the medallion in his hand, looks at the sky, looks at Izy, raises his eyebrows, nods his head.

AL

Nice piece, don't let my boss see it. You saw this in the clouds?

Al drops the medallion, it hits Izy's chest, the wind blows. Al steps through the car, starts the car. Izy steps in, they take off. Al turns to Izy.

AL

Sylphs man, elements of air, female spirits, they use their wings to draw pictures with the clouds.

Izy and Jeevan give Al a blank look.

AL

Paracelsus... alchemy? Pope?

Still a blank look. Al shakes his head.

AL

Whew, what they teach'n in schools now? Sylphs, they come up from Cozumel -- anyway, like I said bro, welcome home.

Al smiles, turns around, stops talking. Jeevan looks at Izy.

JEEVAN

Now you're giving me the willies.

They reach Belize City. The colorful pier houses and mixed races of English speaking residents looks like New Orleans.

They arrive at Jaguar Man's office, a large Spanish Colonial building. They park, exit the car, enter the building.

INT. JAGUAR MAN'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The men walk across a tiled floor, Al blows a kiss to the receptionist, she blushes, motions them to go into an office. They enter.

The office is strikingly similar to Dr. Seronjo's except for the collection of Mayan masks and costumes. One mask catches Izy's eye -- a snarling black jaguar.

Jaguar Man enters, he's 50s, tall, Spanish looks, wears a designer suit and too much gold. He looks at his bejeweled watch, looks at Al.

JAGUAR MAN

I guess you're not as late as it seems, my watch runs fast lately.

He taps his watch, walks past Izy to close the door, Izy shivers as he passes. He returns, shakes Izy's hand.

JAGUAR MAN

Nice to meet you Professor Smith, people call me Jaguar Man.

He points to the mask and pelts behind his desk.

JAGUAR MAN

Like the cat.

Al rolls his eyes. Jaguar Man passes Izy, greets Jeevan. Izy shivers again, rubs his arms, watches Jaguar Man. He hears Cocco's voice.

COCCO (V.O.)

Baby boy, be careful of black cats
that cross your path.

Izy stares at Jaguar Man, then looks back at the snarling black mask. They settle into their seats.

JAGUAR MAN

So, Professor... I hear you've
uncovered structural clues that
lead directly to gold?

Jaguar Man lets out a loud, echoing laugh. Nobody else joins in.

IZY

You've already spoken directly to
Dr. Seronjo? He—

JAGUAR MAN

No. I don't know any... Dr.
Seronjo? My associate from the
university system here in Belize
called my line.

Izy looks across at Al. Al looks back at Jaguar Man. Jaguar Man delivers a sudden, chilling look directly to Al. A heavy veil of distrust settles over Izy's face.

IZY

I may have found structural clues.

JAGUAR MAN

That mention spells? And gold?

Izy glances over at Jeevan, then focuses back on Jaguar Man.

IZY

It's too early to say that
definitively.

JAGUAR MAN

But you did say that.

He stares intently at Izy, raising his eyebrows. He plucks a heavy pen from its executive holder, writes a series of coordinates onto a slip of paper, and slides it directly to Al before shifting his gaze back to Izy.

JAGUAR MAN

My associate within the university system mentioned this local individual called. He purchased some unclassified stone pieces and uncovered an item—likely another tourist market forgery. But one can never be entirely certain in this trade. Track this location and see what you think, Professor. Give me your professional assessment.

The men rise from their seats to depart. As they head toward the heavy exit doors, Jaguar Man leans far back in his executive desk chair, interlocking his fingers behind his head.

JAGUAR MAN

Professor Iztali.

Izy stops, pivoting back around.

JAGUAR MAN

Do you find it entirely coincidental that the final sovereign queen of the Maya was named Izta—the eternal one?

He picks up a photograph from his desk layout, tilting it toward the men.

JAGUAR MAN

Examine this archival layout of her physical likeness from the acropolis temple at Edzna.

They step back to the executive desk, studying the photograph. Jaguar Man scans Izy's facial structure and profile, a slow smile breaking across his features.

JAGUAR MAN

A striking anatomical coincidence. Your features—it is almost as though the dream is the reality.

He delivers a cold smile.

The men move toward the threshold. Jaguar Man and Izy exchange one final, measuring look. Jeevan tracks the interaction silently.

They step out into the corridor, and Jeevan immediately nudges Izy's shoulder.

JEEVAN

I'm starting to think Cocco's not
coo-coo.

INT./EXT. CAR - HIGHWAY (BELIZE CITY) - DAY

The stripped-down Volkswagen navigates past low residential shacks constructed from sticks and river stones.

Al cuts the wheel, swinging the car into the dirt yard of a spartan residence where a POOR MAN is manually assembling a stone foundation addition.

The poor man is thin, Hispanic, and dressed in tattered work clothes. He sets down his trowel tool, looking visibly nervous as they approach.

They park right beside a large pile of excavated stone pieces and exit the vehicle.

EXT. BELIZE CITY - POOR MAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The team walks across the dirt toward the structure. Al waves his arm casually.

AL

Hey, how's it going? Jaguar Man
sent our team down regarding an
item you uncovered inside the stone
coordinates.

The man nods nervously, holding up a flat hand before disappearing inside the threshold.

He returns a moment later holding a small wooden box. His pregnant wife and four children stand silently inside the doorway frame, watching. He hands the enclosure to Al.

Izy and Jeevan watch with intense anticipation. Al hands the container over to Izy, who sets it flat onto the hood of the car and flips open the latch.

Slowly, Izy unrolls what is revealed to be a completely intact ancient codex page. Izy turns to Jeevan; they share an ecstatic high-five. Izy focuses back on the poor man.

IZY

Where exactly did this come from?

The man cuts a nervous glance toward Al, then looks down at the excavated stone pile before looking back at his family.

POOR MAN

They said I would not be arrested
if I give you the paper, that we
trade and I keep my rocks.

AL

Who said that? Tell us rocks and
we'll go.

The poor man looks back at his family; his wife gives a slow nod of assent. He focuses back on Al.

POOR MAN

My friend—he takes them from
Lamanai he sells them.

He points a finger toward his wife, looking up at Al pleadingly.

POOR MAN

I need room, my wife is with child.
My friend, he has more paper.

He points down toward the wooden box container. Izy's expression lights up with excitement.

AL

Where can we find him? We just
wanna talk to him.

The man looks back toward his family, then drops his gaze to the dirt. Jeevan reaches into his pocket, stretching out a clean stack of cash. The poor man takes the currency securely.

POOR MAN

He resides on Holy Emmanuel Road.
You will recognize the property
layout.

AL

Gracias.

They deliver a collective nod to the poor man, turning back toward the Volkswagen. Jeevan drops his voice to a low whisper beside Izy.

JEEVAN

I guess academics really is
strictly about the money.

They slide inside the car, accelerating back onto the roadway grid. The poor man counts the cash, excitedly showing his wife before she draws him into a tight embrace, securing the currency.

INT./EXT. CAR - HIGHWAY (BELIZE CITY) - DAY

Izy sits in absolute, stunned silence, holding the protective container securely. Al weaves aggressively in and out of the traffic lanes, talking continuously as he drives.

AL

His friend probably takes stones
from Maya sites and sells them,
half the town was build with stones
from ruins. Every now and then
someone finds something, and it
usually goes through Jaguar Man.

They approach a sprawling property displaying large piles of structural debris across the yard, with a dog chained securely to each distinct pile.

Al swings the car in, parking right beside a man manually unloading a truckbed layout of timber. They exit the vehicle frame.

EXT. BELIZE CITY - CONSTRUCTION MAN'S HOUSE - YARD - DAY

The dogs begin barking incessantly. The CONSTRUCTION MAN removes his work hat, wiping sweat from his brow as he studies the arriving team. Izy fixes his eyes on the dogs, letting out a low mumble.

IZY

Shut up.

Instantly, the dogs drop into absolute silence, lowering themselves onto the dirt and whimpering quietly.

Shocked by the sudden shift, everyone locks their eyes on Izy. The construction man steps forward apprehensively.

CONSTRUCTION MAN

Can I help you?

AL

Wanna talk to you about some rocks.

Al points to the stacked rock piles.

AL
The ones from Lamanai.

The construction man shakes his head, wiping his brow.

CONSTRUCTION MAN
I have no rocks from there.

AL
How 'bout some old papers in a box?

The man shakes his head, looking nervously over at the quiet dogs, then over at Izy. He waves an arm broadly around the surrounding debris fields.

CONSTRUCTION MAN
I have what you see.

Al nods, throwing a hand into the air in a dismissive gesture.

AL
Mea culpa amigo, I'll tell my boss
to come see you, that he's
mistaken.

Al turns sharply to leave, opening his car door as the others follow his lead. The man looks around the yard, looks at his whimpering dogs, shakes his head, and approaches the vehicle.

CONSTRUCTION MAN
Who is your boss?

Al leans his elbows against the open door frame, looking closely at the man.

AL
Jaguar Man.

Al raises his eyebrows in a slow, measuring look. The construction man lets out a deep, heavy exhale.

CONSTRUCTION MAN
Wait, perhaps I misunderstand, I
may have what you're looking for.
Wait a minute, please.

He disappears inside the residential structure, returning a moment later carrying a long, thin wooden box identical in construction to the one Cocco gave Izy.

Izy's jaw drops in absolute shock. The man hands the container directly to Al.

CONSTRUCTION MAN

This is what you want. There's two papers inside. I found it in the rocks. Take it, and I stay in business, sí?

Al reaches forward to secure the box. As his arm extends, his shirt sleeve rides up along his forearm, exposing a detailed tribal tattoo.

The construction man instantly steps back, his face washing with fear. He makes the sign of the cross, pointing a trembling finger directly at the tattoo.

CONSTRUCTION MAN

It's in the papers... that sign.

He points a finger back toward the wooden box container, backing away slowly.

CONSTRUCTION MAN

Please, you go.

He waves his hand through the air, shooing them away from his property, keeping his eyes locked onto Izy.

CONSTRUCTION MAN

Go. I say nothing.

Al hands Izy the wooden box, nodding his head toward the car. They slide back onto the seats and accelerate away from the curb.

Behind them, the construction man makes the sign of the cross a final time as the guard dogs start barking incessantly.

EXT. BELIZE - ROADSIDE SOUVENIR SHOP - DAY

Al exits the front entrance of the shop holding a replica codex document, walking quickly toward the parked Volkswagen.

On the hood of the car, Izy and Jeevan are deep in study, tracking the fragments of the authentic codex pages spread out across the metal.

Izy looks up, running both hands through his hair before punching his fist excitedly into the air.

IZY

Yes! I knew it. More missing pages—seventy-six and seventy-seven. We just need the other—

AL

You need to put this souvenir copy in the box. We'll give it to Jaguar Man. The other guy's so freaked out he won't be say'n noth'n to no one.

Al rubs loose dirt across the surface of the replica, crinkling the edges, rolling it tight, and placing it directly into the wooden container.

Jeevan looks down at the authentic codex fragments, then tracks back over to Al's exposed tattoo.

JEEVAN

That man was right. Your tat's exactly like this symbol. What is it?

AL

Can't tell you man—too much tequila, weird chic who did it, and she was completely gone in the morning.

Al shrugs his shoulders. Izy studies his codex fragments contemplatively.

IZY

This story... it's explicitly about a king and his queen. Lots of numbers and coordinates; number of servants, number of baskets, travelers from the north, waited a specific number of seconds... this is—

Jeevan snaps his head up from his page, looking directly at Izy.

JEEVAN

Coordinates. They're coordinates—longitudes and latitudes.

Izy nods his head in absolute agreement. Al looks entirely confused.

AL

Man, and how would they've known about that stuff?

IZY

Been used for centuries. Longitude's entirely about time, and the Maya knew everything about time.

Izy reads aloud from the ancient text line.

IZY

Twenty servants traveled north for twelve minutes and stood still fifty-three seconds. They were met by eighty-seven warriors from the west, carrying twenty-five bags of gold and forty-four baskets of food. They traveled east to bring the gifts to their queen.

Izy scribbles rapidly on a notepad, nodding his head in a steady rhythm. He pulls out his cell phone, inputting the data values into the tracking system.

IZY

Twenty degrees, twelve minutes, and fifty-three seconds north by eighty-seven degrees, twenty-five minutes, forty-four seconds west... Cozumel. The ruins of Tulum.

AL

That's one of the last Maya cities—this is get'n crazy, bro.

Jeevan picks up his codex fragment, looking back at Al's forearm tattoo. He walks over, flattening the parchment layout directly over the skin markings, then looks up at Izy.

JEEVAN

Not as crazy as this. It's the calendar.

IZY

Yeah... overlays. The calendar's a series of overlapping cycles. It ended in 2012.

Jeevan shakes his head sharply, tapping his finger against the codex page.

JEEVAN

This one starts at 2013.

Izy walks over to join him, studying the overlapping data rings. A wide smile breaks across his face.

IZY

We're going to Cozumel.

Al starts gyrating, swirling his arms wildly above his head.

AL

Road trip! Cozumel! Yeah, I'm in.

Izy and Jeevan exchange a look, letting out a laugh as they share an enthusiastic high-five.

EXT. COZUMEL - TULUM MAYA RUINS - EASTERN SHORE - DAY

The three men stand atop the ancient temple ruins, looking out across the vast expanse of the sparkling Caribbean Sea.

A powerful wind gusts across the stone structures; the clouds overhead shift and converge at a rapid pace. Jeevan stares up at the sky.

JEEVAN

When I was a kid I liked to find shapes in clouds.

He points a finger toward a gathering cloud formation.

JEEVAN

Look at that one, it looks like a turtle.

Izy takes off his new glasses, rubbing his eyes.

IZY

Man, this wind's strong.

Al shakes his head, moving squarely between Izy and Jeevan to drop a heavy arm across each of their shoulders.

AL

You guys don't get it. Sylphs make the wind when they use their wings to draw with clouds; it dies down when they stop to admire their art.

Jeevan stares up at the shifting formations, shaking his head.

JEEVAN

That's crazy.

AL

And what we saw lately ain't?
Sylphs can build winds into
storms—ever heard of the butterfly
effect? Kind of like that. Katrina
ring a bell?

Jeevan and Izy look over at him in silence. Al simply shrugs.
Jeevan takes a deliberate step away from Al's personal space.

AL

What bro? I stink?

JEEVAN

No, but when the mothership beams
you up, I don't want to get caught
in the tracking beam. And I'm
thinking it must be close.

Al humorously fakes an expression of anger.

AL

What ya say'n, man?

JEEVAN

That you're a free thinker.

Al delivers a fast fist bump to Jeevan's hand.

AL

Yeah, yeah, I hear what you're
say'n. You think I'm nuts.

Jeevan shrugs his shoulders, extending an open hand toward
Al.

JEEVAN

The shoe seems to fit.

They laugh together.

Izy starts shaking his index finger, nodding his head as a
realization hits him.

IZY

Cozumel... Cozumel, I remember.
Women came to make offerings to
Ixchel, the fertility goddess—a
jaguar goddess. Sylphs protected
the virgins. Wasn't this temple --

AL

Where the last virgin queen, Izta,
supposedly had a spell put on her
for refusing to marry Chimbela, the
hot-shot warrior of their time.

Izy nods his head quickly.

IZY

And the spell --

AL

Put her in limbo as a sylph to the
end of time. Sylphs supposedly can
communicate knowledge and --

Jeevan slaps his forehead excitedly.

JEEVAN

End of time. 2012. The solar
alignment, portal for spirits, new
calendar, these spells... it makes
sense. We're onto something deep.

He shakes his head up and down rapidly, shifting his focus
across the others.

JEEVAN

The spell can be broken now. She
can be freed.

He tracks back to lock onto Izy.

JEEVAN

Whew. And I thought Al and India
were weird.

They drop back into absolute silence, staring up at the
clouds.

Several individual vapors gather together, shifting into the
distinct, massive shape of two fists holding an imperial
crown. They look over at Izy. He pulls the heavy jade
medallion from his shirt, holding the artifact up against the
open sky.

AL

Oh man, this is get'n so trip'n.

Dark, heavy clouds begin to form into the explicit shape of a
pouncing jaguar. The visual creature moves aggressively
toward the cloud formation of the fists and crown.

Suddenly, the wind completely stops. They look at each other in absolute disbelief.

IZY

What does that mean?

The wind blasts back to life, instantly dissipating the formations.

Several clouds swirl in a rapid vortex, aligning into the structural silhouette of a woman. Jeevan points an excited finger.

JEEVAN

Look, look, look!

Adjacent cloud vapor adds intricate detail to the form; the sky explicitly becomes the ethereal face of Queen Izta. The three men stare up in awe.

They look at each other completely speechless. Al throws his hands into the air.

AL

And you think I make this stuff up.

The wind shifts direction in a sharp gust, howling through the stone ruins.

Dark, dense clouds gather to cover the sun, but a single, piercing ray of bright sunshine falls squarely onto Izy. The others stare at the anomaly.

AL

(slowly)

Trip'n... really trip'n, bro.

EXT. TULUM MAYA RUINS - ATOP PYRAMID EL CASTILLO - NIGHT

The three men sit in a circle around a crackling campfire built atop the historic pyramid structure.

Al pulls a specialized metal flask container from his pack, pouring a dark, opaque liquid into a tin cup. He takes a tentative sip, instantly twisting his features into a grimace.

AL

I thought we could use this. Maya priests used it for understanding. Here.

He extends the cup toward Izy.

IZY
What is it?

AL
(smiling)
K'aizalah okox.

He motions the cup forward again.

IZY
Nah... I don't think --

AL
What? Things can get weirder?
This'll bring clarity--all natural,
bro.

Izy hesitantly reaches out for the tin cup, but Jeevan swiftly snatches it from Al's grip and drinks the entire contents down in a single gulp.

Jeevan immediately begins choking, coughing violently as the fluid hits his throat. Al pats Jeevan hard across the back.

AL
Oh man. That was enough for all of
us. Good luck, bro. You should've
called a travel agent before you
took that trip--made some prior
arrangements.

Al pats Jeevan's shoulder reassuringly.

AL
We'll be here for you, bro.

He laughs, pouring another measured amount of the liquid into the cup before offering it back to Izy.

AL
Drink up, bro. All natural.

Izy drinks the liquid down, immediately sticking his tongue out and shaking his head as he grips his throat against the burn.

AL
Good stuff.

IZY
It's awful.

AL
No, it's good stuff, you'll see.

They lean back against the stone, staring up at the sprawling stars. The fire crackles; the smoke rises as a sudden, freezing wind blows over the summit. The men shiver.

Al grabs a heavy log, throwing it squarely onto the campfire.

The fire pops loudly. A sudden vortex of burning embers swirls through the air; several red-hot fragments land directly on Izy's skin. He jumps up instantly, hopping around the stone platform as he rubs at his bare arm, screaming against the pain.

IZY

Hot! Hot! That's hot! That's gonna
leave a mark.

He stops, looking down at his arm. He raises his eyebrows, his jaw dropping in absolute shock.

Izy holds his wrist out to show the others. Burned cleanly into his skin is a perfect, glowing brand depicting the exact image from the medallion: two fists holding an imperial crown.

The wind increases to a roar. Dense smoke and glowing embers swirl into a column, manifesting into the translucent, winged figure of Queen Izta.

The affected men stare up at the supernatural sight. The entity swirls around Izy's body, her presence visibly inflating his posture with raw energy.

QUEEN IZTA

(ethereally)

See the vision. Find my king.

She moves back; Izy's posture deflates instantly.

The three men drop into a deep, trancelike state. Their eyes are wide, glazed, and staring blankly into the space ahead; their mouths hang open, their physical bodies completely frozen.

The dense column of white campfire smoke rises to engulf them entirely. They see the exact same vision in unison.

BEGIN VISION
SEQUENCE:

EXT. TULUM - PYRAMID EL CASTILLO - NIGHT

SUPER: 1560

Queen Izta lies bound atop a stone altar while surrounding Maya priests offer up frantic chants. Great fires burn inside ceramic pots positioned at the exact four corners of the pyramid summit.

Far below the platform, the local citizens watch the proceedings in sheer horror as CHIMBELU advances toward her.

Chimbelu is a massive, towering Maya warrior with his entire body painted a vivid ceremonial blue. His traditional loincloth nearly drapes down to the stone floor. He wears a heavy hawk mask featuring long feathers that extend straight upward, giving him the imposing visual presence of a nine-foot giant.

He glares down at Izta with absolute rage, pulling out his heavy stone sword to swirl the weapon over her body.

CHIMBELU

I ask once more for you to make me your king.

Izta shakes her head defiantly against her restraints.

QUEEN IZTA

I have my king.

Chimbelu's expression turns completely scorned.

CHIMBELU

Then I'll reign alone—as a god.

He glances sharply to the side of the altar layout. A contingent of heavily armed Spanish conquistadors hold KING CHAC securely in their grip.

King Chac is a tall, majestic, godlike Maya monarch sporting an intricate beaded loincloth and sweeping Quetzal feathers. Chimbelu turns his burning rage back onto Izta.

CHIMBELU

No man will ever possess you. I'll suspend you in the open air until the end of time—until the sun enters the dark rift and the first father is reborn.

QUEEN IZTA

Cast what spell you must.

The priests look at each other with intense hesitation. Chimbelu's anger flares violently; he lifts his sword high into the air. One priest quickly grabs his arm to stall the strike.

Chimbelu delivers a slow nod to the priest, pulling his weapon back as he steps away from the altar.

The priests resume their collective chanting, pouring ceremonial ointments directly over Izta's skin. One elder lights a long torch from the corner fire pots, walking purposefully back toward the center. He stands directly over Izta; her bound body glistens under the shifting firelight.

Izta locks her eyes onto Chac. A single tear rolls sideways down the curve of her cheek. The entire summit drops into absolute, dead silence.

Chac attempts to violently break free from his capture, but the conquistadors immediately force a weapon to his head, locking him in place.

Chimbelu glares down at Izta, delivering a final nod to the lead priest. The priest touches the blazing torch directly to her body.

Instantaneously, Izta is entirely engulfed in massive, roaring flames, illuminating the vast layout of the surrounding jungle canopy.

From a high treetop lair, a black jaguar lets out a deafening roar, pawing wildly at the air. The priests collectively drop their heads. The crowd below continues the chant.

Chac glares fiercely at Chimbelu. Chimbelu simply smiles back.

Thick smoke begins to swirl over the charred, dark silhouette of Izta, rapidly manifesting into her translucent, winged specter. She stretches her open arms out wide toward the gathering crowd, fanning the embers below with the motion of her wings.

The rising smoke explicitly shifts to form the geometric symbol of the two fists clutching the imperial crown. Izta draws the smoke symbol completely inside her form; the dark vapor swirls inside her ghostly silhouette.

Izta vanishes into the night; a final cloud of white smoke rises high into the sky before dissipating entirely.

QUEEN IZTA (V.O.)
Our blood will reign.

END VISION SEQUENCE

EXT. TULUM MAYA RUINS - PYRAMID EL CASTILLO - NIGHT

The three hypnotized men continue to stare directly into the campfire, their eyes wide and completely unblinking.

A sleek black jaguar walks smoothly out of the darkness, navigating the space directly between their frozen bodies. It moves to stand face-to-face with Izy, their eyes locking into a long, silent stare.

The jaguar lets out a sharp snarl, then leaps away into the blackness of the night.

EXT. TULUM MAYA RUINS - PYRAMID EL CASTILLO - DAY

The sounds of tropical wildlife and crashing surf fill the morning air. The passed-out bodies of the three men are sprawled across the stone platform surrounding the smoldering ash of the campfire. They begin to stir.

Slowly, Izy pulls his torso up onto his elbows, rubbing at his head in exhaustion. He inspects his bare forearm; the burned mark of the crown is red and heavily swollen.

Jeevan crawls frantically to the extreme edge of the stone pyramid, leaning over to puke. Al sits completely upright, staring out at the open Caribbean Sea as he rubs his eyes.

AL

Did you both see that too?

Jeevan remains bent over the stone ledger, letting out a heavy groan.

JEEVAN

I saw conquistadors. Did you see
conquistadors?

Izy looks around the layout of the ruins, rubbing his eyes and face to clear his mind. He looks over at Jeevan.

IZY

We need to find the shaman.

Jeevan instantly snaps into full consciousness, his eyes turning wide.

JEEVAN

Now things are going to get weird.

INT./EXT. TAXI - HIGHWAY (TAPACHULA) - DAY

The vehicle travels down the center lane. Parallel rows of whitewashed stucco houses turn into a continuous blur through the taxi window frames.

Izy occupies the front passenger seat alongside a middle-aged CHINESE DRIVER. A heavy, uniform police presence is ubiquitous along the street coordinates.

CHINESE DRIVER
(Mandarin dialect)
I bring you to the shaman. You must
know someone who know someone.

He cuts his eyes sharply over toward Izy, then scans the police officers on the corner.

IZY
The shaman—I know the shaman. He
helped me with research years ago.

A completely hungover Jeevan lets out a low mumble from the back seat layout.

JEEVAN
I can't believe he's still alive.

The driver looks inquisitively back at Jeevan through the rearview mirror.

CHINESE DRIVER
Why?

JEEVAN
Because he was like a hundred then.

The driver chuckles, clicks his eyes over toward Jeevan's reflection in the mirror, a knowing look passing across his face.

CHINESE DRIVER
He much older than that my friend.
Much older than that.

IZY
How do you know the shaman? How'd
you end up in Mexico?

CHINESE DRIVER
Ancestors come to Mexico in 1800s
to work coffee plantations, and my
grandfather practice medicine --

He locks a suspicious, measuring look directly onto Izy.

CHINESE DRIVER

Same kind as shaman.

The taxi comes to a stop at a red traffic light. The police officers stationed on the corner hunch their shoulders down, glancing intently into the car cab. The driver looks over at Izy nervously.

CHINESE DRIVER

You no have drugs?

IZY

No.

He looks back at Al; Al shakes his head in absolute negative. The car continues forward.

They meander through the city streets, executing many complex turns before finally pulling up to a large, white stucco residence draped heavily in lavender bougainvillea vines.

The men exit the vehicle frame; the driver immediately accelerates away from the curb before Izy can even finish holding out the currency.

They cross over to the main structure, knocking firmly on the heavy door. A stunning, young Hispanic woman named MARIA answers the call.

Maria is in her twenties, featuring long, full brown hair and a model's build dressed in a lavender sundress. She smiles warmly at them, appearing pleasantly surprised.

MARIA

Sí, puedo ayudarle?

Izy stares at her, completely dumbstruck. She lets out a soft giggle, tilting her head questioningly under his gaze. Al delivers a sharp nudge directly to Izy's ribs.

IZY

Ah...

MARIA

(soft Hispanic accent)

Can I help you-talk or anything?

Al delivers a second sharp nudge into Izy's side.

IZY

Yes. Um we're here to see the shaman.

MARIA
You want to see my grandfather?
Come in.

Izy looks at Maria closely, he lights up, smiles.

IZY
Maria? Little Maria?

Maria blushes, smiles, nods her head.

MARIA
You remember me. I didn't want to
say anything.

IZY
Of course I do, you were a little
girl the last time I saw you.

MARIA
I was old enough to have a crush on
you.

IZY
But not old enough for me to have
one on you.

They laugh, Izy looks her up and down, hugs her tightly. Al
and Jeevan grin at each other. They enter the house.

INT. SHAMAN'S HOUSE - CHIAPAS, MEXICO - DAY

Maria leads them through the house, built around a courtyard
planted with medicinal plants. Izy follows Maria, staring at
her.

IZY
(mumbling)
You sure grew up to be a beautiful.

MARIA
Thank you.

Izy looks surprised, puts a hand to his mouth.

IZY
Was that out loud?

Al nods, Maria looks over her shoulder, smiling.

MARIA
Sí.

They enter a cabana. The shaman sits trancelike, hunched over a smoldering pot, blue smoke sways like a cobra around his face. He chants quietly. The men sit silently.

Maria motions, asking if they want a drink. They nod. She smiles at Izy, blushing as she leaves.

The SHAMAN looks up, his clouded eyes stare at Izy. A smile stretches across his beef-jerky-complected face, framed by a cropped feathered hat. Layers of colorful shell necklaces cover his neck and chest.

SHAMAN

Iztali, my friend, it's been too long. I see love has found you.

Izy stumbles for words.

IZY

No, I-ah, I haven't fal --

The shaman smiles, shakes his head.

SHAMAN

It wasn't a question. I see how Maria looks at you.

The men stare stupefied.

Maria enters carrying refreshments. Izy reacts like a schoolboy, nervously taking the glass.

IZY

Shaman, my friends are --

SHAMAN

My friends. You come this far to tell me about your friends?

IZY

No, I had -- we all had a vision the other night at --

SHAMAN

Tulum, I too saw the vision. Come, sit here with me.

He pats the ground in front of him. Izy sits down.

SHAMAN

I'll show you another, then you'll understand.

IZY
The vision?

The shaman smiles.

SHAMAN
There is but one understanding.

The shaman grasps Izy's arm, raises Izy's sleeve, rubs the burn mark.

The shaman shows Izy a scar on his arm, a scar of two swords, tips touching, each missing the handle centers. He wets his scar, lays the scar across Izy's. He removes his arm.

The fists of Izy's scar now hold the swords above the crown. Izy stares at the image. The shaman's eyes move rapidly from side to side as he studies Izy's face.

SHAMAN
We're the protectors of the crown.

Jeevan leans to Al.

JEEVAN
(whispering)
I told you things would get weird.

The shaman clutches Izy's forearms, their scars touching. Shaman pulls Izy over the smoldering pot.

SHAMAN
Hold my arms, inhale softly, don't let go, no matter what you see.

Izy inhales the smoke, they slowly rock back and forth. The others sit intrepidly. Izy and the shaman slip into a trance.

BEGIN TRANCE
MONTAGE:

— TULUM - PYRAMID EL CASTILLO - NIGHT (1560): Izta and Chac are being married by a man who looks like the shaman, no one else is present.

— TULUM - PYRAMID - IZTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT: Izta and Chac make love, the room aglow in firelight.

— TULUM - PYRAMID - NIGHT: Izta hands a baby to a Maya couple, they sneak away from the palace in the night.

— TULUM - PYRAMID - NIGHT: Chimbelu stares at Izta. He nods to the priest, he touches her body with the torch, she is engulfed in flames. Conquistadors hold Chac, force him to watch.

— TULUM - BEACH - DAY: Conquistadors stand on the beach talking to Chimbelu, holding Chac. Maya men load chests and Paso Fino horses onto the galleon.

CHIMBELU

Take him away, take your golden
payment, and bring the codex spell
to your priests, for I know they
will destroy it.

— ON THE SHIP - DAY: Conquistador throws Chac in a cell, locks the door.

— TOP DECK SHIP - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY: Conquistadors see an approaching pirate ship, they prepare cannons, secure the gold and codices.

— PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY: Pirates board the Spanish galleon, fighting ensues. Spanish are conquered. Pirates load the bounty and Chac onto their ship. They torch the Spanish galleon.

— PIRATE SHIP - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY: Several pirates are drinking on deck, pointing at a cloud that looks like a woman. Drunken pirates blow kisses to the cloud.

— PIRATE SHIP - DECK - DAY: Many pirates blow kisses to cloud figures that seem to blow kisses back, with each kiss the wind increases.

— PIRATE SHIP - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY: Violent seas, turbulent winds, and torn sails toss the ship upon the rocks.

— MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY: Flotsam and jetsam litter the beach. Pirates are dead. Horses swim ashore. Chac pulls in wooden chests.

— MAS AFUERA ISLAND - CAVE IN LAS CASAS CLIFF - DAY: Chac stashes the chests in a cave.

— MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY: Chac stands on a cliff looking out to sea. A volcano smokes and rumbles behind him.

— MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY: Chac stands on a knoll, the volcano erupts, and a cloud of ash darkens the sun. Chac stretches his arm upward toward the cave.

— MAS AFUERA ISLAND — DAY: A statue stands amidst thick foliage, its arm stretched upward. A jet flies high overhead, leaving a contrail streaking across the sky. Sound of wind.

END TRANCE MONTAGE

INT. SHAMAN'S HOUSE — CHIAPAS, MEXICO — DAY

The shaman lets go of Izy. Izy looks up, drained, speechless. Al excitedly rolls his hands in the air.

AL

Well?

IZY

She wasn't a virgin queen.

The others look puzzled.

SHAMAN

You saw Queen Izta and King Chac,
they were secretly married. No one
knew they had a child.

Everyone leans in closer, wearing their own look of surprise.

SHAMAN

Chimbelu put a spell on Izta and
paid the conquistadors to take
Chac. Their son was never found.

AL

And Chimbelu took control.

SHAMAN

He ruled with cruelty. Chac was
keeper of knowledge, the people
could not survive without the
knowledge of plants, diseases
killed them.

JEEVAN

The bloodline survived?

SHAMAN

Yes, there's one last heir.

The Shaman taps Izy's scar, looking deep into his eyes.

SHAMAN

You are the last heir.

Izy is stunned. The Shaman takes his hand.

SHAMAN
You must follow the vision.

Izy sits staring, numb.

IZY
How?

SHAMAN
Go to the island.

Izy looks at the Shaman, perplexed.

IZY
But how are we supposed to know
where it is?

The Shaman motions to Maria. She walks over. He pulls back her sundress, exposing her shoulder blade. The Shaman points to her birthmark.

SHAMAN
The birthmark looks like the west
coast of South America. The two
moles are locations.

He draws a line with his finger from the top mole to the bottom mole.

SHAMAN
This leads to the island. The top
mole is here, Chiapas, if you draw
a line on a map the lower mole is a
straight line to Isla Alejandro
Selkirk, Juan Fernández, Chile.

Izy leans close to the mark, looking at the Shaman, astonished.

IZY
Four hundred miles in the Pacific
Ocean? The only place in the world
to see the planetary alignment with
the Milky Way center.

The Shaman nods.

SHAMAN
But more importantly, the only
place you can free Izta and find
lost medical secrets of the Maya.

He looks at Maria, stretching his hand toward her; she drops her head sadly. He looks across at Jeevan and Al.

SHAMAN

I must talk to Iztali and Maria
alone. A cab is waiting outside.

Jeevan looks at Al. They shrug, get up, and shake the Shaman and Maria's hands.

JEEVAN

I can use more sleep.

The Shaman walks to a wall lined with jars. He pulls out a tea bag, hands it to Jeevan, and grins.

SHAMAN

Make a tea for you both, you'll
feel well again.

They exit. Izy looks at the Shaman.

SHAMAN

I need you to do something for me,
for us.

Izy looks concerned.

IZY

What? What do you need? Tell me
what I can do?

The Shaman smiles, pulling Maria toward Izy, and joins their hands together.

SHAMAN

Take Maria for a walk on the beach.

EXT. BEACH ON PACIFIC COAST - TAPACHULA - SUNSET

Izy and Maria walk barefoot along the beach. Izy keeps staring at Maria, smiling.

IZY

I can't believe --

MARIA

That I grew up?

IZY

Well, yeah. All I remember was --

MARIA

How I followed you like a puppy
when you were here last? I had such
a crush on you. And you were --

IZY

Older. You were pretty then, but
too young to look at.

Maria hits Izy's shoulder, laughing.

MARIA

You must have looked, you noticed I
was pretty.

Izy blushes. Maria takes his hand.

MARIA

I'm older now.

Izy smiles.

IZY

So I see.

They walk along the beach in silence, glancing at each other
and smiling.

MARIA

So, you'll go to the island.

IZY

I have to. The way things have
fallen into place is--it's
supernatural.

Maria stops, looking at Izy sadly as she rubs his arm. She
looks at him searchingly, holding his hands.

MARIA

Be careful, Izy. Come back.

He nods, looking into her eyes, studying her face.

IZY

What about you? What do you want?

She looks out to the ocean, takes a deep breath, and holds
her composure. Izy lifts her chin gently, turning her face to
his.

MARIA

I wanted to be a doctor. I was in school—I wanted a lot of things. I wanted to fall in love before I—

She kisses a shocked Izy. Maria pulls back, looking down.

MARIA

I'm sorry. I don't mean to be so bold.

Izy gently lifts her head. He smiles.

IZY

I like it, Maria.

He holds her shoulders, looking into her eyes.

IZY

Tell me. Tell me what you wanted... before what?

Maria begins to cry. Izy holds her. She looks up at him.

MARIA

Before I die.

Izy turns pale, drained.

IZY

What?

MARIA

I'm dying. I have a few months.

She looks at Izy, wiping away her tears.

MARIA

And like you, so many things were falling into place in my life. And now you, here again, and in my arms.

Izy looks back out at the ocean, holding Maria close. They sway together gently.

IZY

I don't know what to say, Maria.

She looks into his eyes.

MARIA

I do. I love you, Izy. I knew it when I first saw you years ago.

Izy looks at her pensively.

IZY
I love you too, Maria.

MARIA
Really? Do you really?

He pushes her back slightly, smiles, and nods his head.

IZY
You were young the first time I saw
you. But seeing you now, as a
woman... I do. I love you.

They kiss. The waves roll across their feet.

EXT. MAS AFUERA ISLAND - JUAN FERNÁNDEZ, CHILE - DAY

The waves roll across Izy's feet.

The men stand in the surf holding their backpacks. The cliffs
of Las Casas tower high above them, their pinnacles hidden
entirely in the clouds.

A herd of wild horses runs along the surf's edge, their long
tails and manes trailing in the wind. The men watch them
pass.

JEEVAN
Horses? Four hundred miles out in
the ocean?

IZY
Yeah, Paso Finos. Conquistadores
used them. They have to be
descendants from the shipwreck.

They begin setting up their camp on the sand. The horses
gather near the underbrush, drinking. Izy wipes his brow,
pointing over to the animals.

IZY
Well, we found fresh water.

They look at the herd, then trace their eyes up the vertical
cliff wall. Izy shakes his head. They finish setting up camp,
sitting down to rest.

IZY
We need to find that figure of
Chac.

(MORE)

IZY (CONT'D)

Shaman said it's on a knoll past a stream, which the horses just showed us.

Jeevan jumps up, clapping his hands together.

JEEVAN

Let's go. At least we know to go past the stream—it's a start.

The men walk down the beach line. Arriving at the bank of the stream, they look at each other, grimacing as they wrinkle their noses.

AL

Man. This water smells like a fart, and the horses were drinking this?

Jeevan kneels down, fanning the air above the water. He tastes the fluid, smiles, and scoops a handful to drink.

JEEVAN

The water's good. The smell is sulphur, and it probably has methane gas in the water—after all, this place is a volcano.

They drink, then continue their trek.

The vegetation grows thick past the beach line up to the cliff, clinging randomly to the mountain side. The men stop, looking around the dense terrain. Al shakes his head.

AL

And we're looking for—oh yeah, a needle in this haystack. Man, how are we gonna find a statue?

IZY

Look for a knoll. The trees should rise slightly above the others.

JEEVAN

Like those?

He points a finger toward a cluster of higher trees. They grin at each other, beginning to hack through the thick vegetation.

They reach the summit of the knoll. A vine-encased object sits atop the high ground.

They shrug, beginning to tear the vines away to expose a weathered basalt figure—the distinct silhouette of a man with a raised arm. They high-five each other.

Visually, they follow the exact direction the basalt figure points, looking toward more underbrush and a massive tree.

AL

Maybe the gold's in the tree trunk?

Al cuts through the vines, heading toward the tree. Izy studies the trunk.

IZY

Don't bother. That tree's maybe a hundred years old.

He points back to the encrusted stone figure, shaking his head.

IZY

It wasn't here when he was. He's pointing directly to the cliff.

Izy leads them through the dense undergrowth, aligning their path with the statue toward the cliff's edge. They gaze straight up at the rock face.

JEEVAN

If there's a cave up there, how are we supposed to see it—let alone get to it?

Izy takes a compass reading, turning to head back down toward the beach line.

IZY

Let's go. We'll be able to see better from the beach. Diagonally, it seems to be right above our camp.

The men walk back up the beach. The horses follow them from a distance.

They reach the stream, holding their breath as they plunge their heads into the water to cool off.

AL

Man, once you get past the fart smell, it's not too bad, it's cold water. It must be coming off the mountain somewhere.

They look upstream, where the current disappears into dense underbrush and rocks. They return to their camp.

They begin scoping the massive cliff face with their binoculars. As the clouds clear from the high pinnacle, Jeevan spots something.

JEEVAN

Now that's odd.

He points high on the cliff face.

JEEVAN

Look at that drape of vines.

The others peer through their binoculars, tracking his line of sight.

JEEVAN

See the blackness between the vines? The rest of the cliff is a lighter color behind the vines. Do you see?

IZY

Yeah, yeah, I see what you-well, I did. It's gone now.

A thick shelf of clouds covers the pinnacle, obscuring the viewpoint entirely.

They sit on the sand, staring up at the rock face. Al pulls out a collection of snacks and a metal flask container, offering the supplies to the others.

Jeevan accepts a snack bar, shaking his hands dismissively at the container.

JEEVAN

No way. I'll never drink from your thermos again.

They share a brief laugh.

Curiously, the wild horses ease up close to their position. A massive black stallion nudges Izy gently with his nose. Izy runs his hands through the animal's long mane.

IZY

I wish you were Pegasus. I'd fly up there.

He looks up the sheer vertical cliff, patting the horse's thick neck.

IZY

'Cause I don't know how we'll ever reach that cave. How did Chac get up there?

They all look up at the mountain, collectively shaking their heads.

EXT. CAMP - MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DUSK

The men construct a campfire using dry driftwood, constantly glancing up toward the darkening cliff face.

AL

No way, man. After all the weird things that brought us here, and now we can't get right there.

Al shakes a finger up toward the distant pinnacle.

JEEVAN

Maybe if we rappelled from a helicopter.

Izy and Al look over at him like he has completely lost his mind. The sun sets into the ocean.

EXT. MAS AFUERA ISLAND - JUAN FERNÁNDEZ, CHILE - NIGHT

The three men sit beside the dwindling, low campfire. Al drinks whiskey straight from a flask while Izy remains deep in internal thought.

Jeevan scans their immediate perimeter for fuel.

JEEVAN

I thought we had more wood. We're out of wood?

AL

I saw some past the stream. I'll get it—nothing like a stroll on the beach.

IZY

(sadly)

Yeah.

Al staggers to his feet, lighting a dry piece of wood as a torch inside the fire. He wobbles away down the shoreline.

Jeevan pats Izy's back reassuringly.

JEEVAN

It sucks, man. I know you're
thinking of Maria. What can you do?

Izy looks up at the dark cliff face, shaking his head.

IZY

Get to that cave. The way the
shaman talked about what we'd find
here, the way he motioned to
Maria... like something here could-

Izy cuts his words short, shaking his head as he drops his
gaze to draw abstract shapes in the sand with a loose stick.

IZY

Never mind.

Izy tosses the stick away, laying flat back against the sand
with his hands tucked behind his head.

Down the shoreline, Al stumbles over to the edge of the
stream, leaping awkwardly across the current to gather
several pieces of driftwood.

With his arms completely full, he loosely holds the glowing
torch, starting his walk back toward the campsite.

Attempting to re-cross the stream, his foot catches on a
rock. He trips violently, dropping the collected wood and the
torch; the items roll rapidly toward the water.

He lunges forward to recover the light, but the torch rolls
directly into the running stream current.

Suddenly, a brilliant flash of blue chemical fire appears,
floating dynamically on the surface of the water. Al leans
his torso forward, drunkenly curious.

AL

What the-

Instantly, the blue flame expands exponentially, igniting the
escaping methane gas fields. The wall of fire races directly
up the vertical cliff side, tracing the path of the stream
overhead.

Al bolts back toward the safety of the camp.

AL

Holy Moly! Watch out, guys-don't
know what's happening!

He reaches the camp perimeter out of breath. The others are already standing, staring up at the cliff face in absolute amazement.

The fire consuming the stream path draws a perfectly straight, luminous line directly up to the cavern opening, completely illuminating the cave in bright firelight.

They stare in absolute disbelief, looking at each other, tracking the burning line up to the cave, and erupting into laughter. Al punches the others' arms excitedly.

AL

Hey guys—I found a path to the cave!

EXT. MAS AFUERA ISLAND - JUAN FERNÁNDEZ, CHILE - DAY

The three men navigate the bank of the stream, hacking through the dense underbrush. At the very base of the cliff wall, the stream current turns sharply behind a massive rock structure; they follow the line.

They drop to a halt, absolute shock and relief washing over their features.

IZY

Can you believe this?

JEEVAN

It's like a paved pathway.

The stream is running low; the ancient, water-worn gully creates a natural walkway alongside the current. Pockets of blue flame continue to dance softly across the surface of the water.

Al looks straight up the escalating path.

AL

Like a long, steep pathway, bro.

They continue their ascent.

A time jump transitions the scene: they pause for a quick break, sitting flat on an outer rock ledge to look out at the stunning panoramic view.

The vast ocean glitters under the sun until the water completely fades into a hazy blur along the distant horizon line. A small boat bobs silently offshore.

They resume the climb.

IZY

I can't imagine how Chac got those chests to the cave. We're not even halfway.

JEEVAN

(breathless)

They were in better shape.

IZY

Still... no way.

The sound of an echo hitting the rock pathway vibrates through the gully. They stop dead in their tracks; the noise instantly vanishes.

They shrug, continuing their march upward. Al glances back over his shoulder.

AL

Tell me you both hear that.

JEEVAN

Don't we all seem to see and hear the exact same things lately?

They stop a second time.

A rhythmic, distinct clip-clop sound is heard echoing from right around the upcoming bend, getting steadily closer to their position.

The men's eyes widen in absolute surprise; they break into incredulous laughter. Al points a finger forward.

AL

I'm not believing this.

The black stallion emerges from around the bend. He stops, shaking his head up and down, throwing his long mane like an unyielding force of nature against the stone.

IZY

Now I know how Chac got the chests up there.

Izy ties their backpacks securely together, easing them across the horse's back with no resistance. Izy gives the animal an apple.

They continue their climb, disappearing entirely into a thick cloud bank.

They emerge from the other side of the cloud bank, a massive cave entrance expanding before them. Pulsating blue firelight glows from deep inside the cavern. They enter the threshold.

INT. CAVE - ATOP LAS CASAS CLIFF - MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY

The men step into the towering cave, standing completely awed by the environment. Every stone surface glows in the natural, shifting firelight.

Intricate, colorful drawings executed by Chac cover the stone walls. Jagged stalagmites and stalactites litter the entire room layout.

The stream flows out from behind a series of impassable boulders, splitting into separate channels that weave through the floor. Flammable water pools inside hand-carved stone bowls along the walls, spilling over gently to rejoin the current.

Izy lifts the heavy packs off the horse. The stallion walks over to a glistening stalagmite, smelling the ground before letting out a sad whinny and pawing at the stone. The men walk over to investigate.

They discover the ancient skeletal remains of a horse. Its extended front leg bone is buried completely beneath the accumulation of the stalagmite. The stallion continues to paw at the base.

IZY

That's strange. That stalagmite
couldn't have grown around the
bones that fast, unless it's—

Izy cuts his thought short. A sudden, massive fluttering sound echoes from above.

The men look up toward the shadows. The entire ceiling appears to drop out as thousands of bats fall from the darkness, flying aggressively past the men to exit the cavern mouth. They wave their arms wildly to shield themselves.

EXT. CAVE - ATOP LAS CASAS CLIFF - MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY

Thousands of bats completely darken the afternoon sky as they pour out of the cave entrance.

EXT. YACHT - PACIFIC OCEAN - OFF MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY

Binoculars track the black cloud of bats pouring from the high cliff cavern opening.

The binoculars lower to reveal the face of Jaguar Man, a wry smile spreading across his features. He turns to Dr. Seronjo.

JAGUAR MAN

I told you they're onto something.

DR. SERONJO

Should we go in?

JAGUAR MAN

No, let them do the work, then
we'll make a trade.

He turns around. BURLY MAN ONE and BURLY MAN TWO stand rigidly, holding Maria and the Shaman captive.

Maria glares fiercely at Jaguar Man. He reaches out, running a hand softly across her cheek with a smirk.

JAGUAR MAN

I see why your new boyfriend fell
in love so fast.

He lets out a cold laugh. The Shaman mumbles a phrase to him in the ancient Mayan tongue. Maria looks startled by the words.

Jaguar Man frowns, shifting his gaze back toward the island cliffs.

JAGUAR MAN

We wait.

He looks up toward the captain's bridge, spinning his index finger in a circle as he shouts up to the helm.

JAGUAR MAN

Move behind the rock, we'll wait
there.

INT. CAVE - ATOP LAS CASAS CLIFF - MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY

Jeevan waves his arms wildly against the remaining bats, tripping backward over the guano-covered stalagmite. His pickaxe strikes the stone surface hard, sending a large chunk sliding across the cavern floor.

The others scan the expanse of the cave. Izy peeks into a narrow structural crack between the massive boulders where the primary stream flows out. Surprised by his discovery, he motions to the others.

IZY

Check this out.

They cross over to peer through the stone seam. A hidden, subterranean lake expands inside the deep cavern; a low, blue chemical flame dances across the surface of the water.

AL

Now if I was hiding something, I'd put it in there.

Jeevan looks back at Al.

JEEVAN

And you would get it in there how?

Al frowns, shaking his head.

AL

Bro, after all we've seen and you doubt a little something like that?

Izy and Al nod their heads in unison.

Behind them, the black stallion continues to paw aggressively at the guano accumulation beside the horse skeleton. The men look back at him, roll their eyes, then look back toward the subterranean lake.

Jeevan walks over to the guano mound, studying the horse, then looking up at the high ceiling. The horse picks off another chunk of the hardened mound. Jeevan focuses back on the others.

JEEVAN

The lake's where you would hide gold, but how would you preserve a box of papyrus?

They look at him. He points a finger down at the guano mound, raising his eyebrows in a silent realization. They nod and smile.

Izy pulls the stallion away from the site. Jeevan immediately starts chipping away at the hardened mound with his tool. With every strike, large chunks slide across the floor.

He delivers a final, heavy blow that lands with a dull thud. An ancient wooden chest is exposed.

They pull the artifact out from the mound, breaking the old metal latch. Jeevan pries the wood lid open.

Izy reaches inside to lift out a fragile bark papyrus, unrolling two distinct codex pages. The center portion of each page is completely missing.

Izy carefully extracts the manuscript pieces Aunt Cocco gave him, placing them cleanly between the ancient sheets. It is a perfect, seamless fit.

Suddenly, a violent wind shrieks through the cavern. The stallion rears up onto his hind legs, pawing at the air. The dancing blue flames flicker violently, pop loudly, and go completely out.

The sun sets on the horizon, visible through the cave opening.

AL

Looks like we're camping here.

EXT. LAS CASAS CLIFF - MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY

The three men travel back down the steep stone pathway. The black stallion navigates the gully ahead of them, carrying the wooden chest across his back.

They emerge from the low-hanging cloud bank.

EXT. YACHT - PACIFIC OCEAN - OFF MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY

Burly Man One lowers his binoculars, looking down from his vantage point to the rear deck.

Jaguar Man and Dr. Seronjo sit at a table having lunch. The guard calls out to them.

BURLY MAN ONE (O.S.)

Boss, they're coming down. They've got a chest.

Jaguar Man smiles.

JAGUAR MAN

I told you, let them do the work.

He takes a bite of his food, chewing slowly as he shakes his fork at Seronjo.

JAGUAR MAN
Finish lunch, there's no hurry.
We'll meet them on the beach later.

EXT. MAS AFUERA ISLAND - JUAN FERNÁNDEZ, CHILE - DAY

The three men emerge from the dense tropical underbrush, walking out onto the sand toward their campsite coordinates.

Suddenly, Burly Man One steps out from the foliage directly ahead of their path, blocking the walkway.

The team drops to a halt. The guard continues his steady advance toward them.

BURLY MAN ONE
Good to see you, Al.

The men instantly tighten their physical stances. Al shifts his hand back, reaching down for the handle of his pickaxe.

JAGUAR MAN (O.S.)
Don't bother.

They spin around sharply. Jaguar Man and Dr. Seronjo walk out from the opposing tree line, advancing across the sand. The academics stand shocked, completely unsure of their position.

DR. SERONJO
Well, Professor, you were right about the gold. Too bad I won't be remembered as the one who found it... because nobody will ever know.

Izy fixes Dr. Seronjo with a hard, unblinking glare.

IZY
There isn't any gold. Only torn papers and a bat cave.

He pats the side of the wooden chest.

Dr. Seronjo looks over at Jaguar Man, completely confused. They step forward to yank open the wooden chest. It is completely empty.

They turn their glares back onto the men, their expressions hardening.

JAGUAR MAN
Don't play games. I know what you've found.

AL

Then you know there's torn papers
and a bat cave.

Al shrugs his shoulders. Jeevan looks over at Izy.

JEEVAN

I don't remember anything else, do
you?

IZY

No.

Jaguar Man nods, a cold smile breaking.

JAGUAR MAN

Perhaps I can jog your memory, the
construction man told me he gave
you papers, and you gave me a
trinket and said you were going to
Guatemala. I followed you here.

Al lets out a sarcastic snicker.

AL

Obviously.

The others share a brief laugh.

JAGUAR MAN

That's amusing, yes? Let me display
something truly amusing.

Jaguar Man delivers a sharp nod to BURLY MAN ONE. The guard
lets out a loud whistle.

Maria and the SHAMAN stumble out from the dense underbrush
near their campsite coordinates. BURLY MAN TWO steps out
behind them, brandishing a weapon.

Izy and Maria lock eyes, staring longingly across the space.

JAGUAR MAN

Now that's highly amusing, don't
you think, Professor? You have what
I want, and I have what you want.

He motions with his hand toward the open camp layout. They
move forward.

Maria runs directly toward Izy. Burly Man One steps in to
intercept, shoving Izy backward as he grabs Maria by the arm.

Izy snaps, throwing a hard punch that connects cleanly. The guard lines up to attack Izy, but Dr. Seronjo shakes his head sharply, gesturing for the man to stand down.

DR. SERONJO

There is no need to conduct
ourselves in this manner,
Professor. We are educated men. As
the good book states—let us reason
together.

He gestures with his hand for Izy and Maria to move into position.

DR. SERONJO

By the way, Jeevan was right,
getting cool glasses helped, it's
good to see you in love.

Izy and Jeevan exchange a completely puzzled look. Dr. Seronjo shrugs his shoulders.

DR. SERONJO

I bugged your office.

He gestures toward the burly guards, shifting his own weapon slightly.

DR. SERONJO

You won't win a power struggle, so
share what you've uncovered.

IZY

We told you. Torn papers and a bat
cave.

Jaguar Man rolls his eyes, letting out a deep exhale.

JAGUAR MAN

You like facts professor, let me
share some. I want the gold, and
I'll hurt people to get it.

Izy shrugs his shoulders toward Jeevan and Al; they return a slow nod of agreement.

Izy reaches down to hand Jaguar Man the fragile codex pages. Jaguar Man studies the ancient parchment sheets, smiling back at Izy.

JAGUAR MAN

You are a man of absolute truth.
Merely torn pages...

(MORE)

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)
containing the exact spell
structure to recall Izta. She will
reveal the coordinates to the gold.

DR. SERONJO
Or die forever.

IZY
There are sections still missing
from the layout.

Jaguar Man flashes a wide grin at Izy.

JAGUAR MAN
Cocco indicated you possess them.

Anger flaring, Izy lunges forward toward Jaguar Man, but
Burly Man One instantly steps in to restrain him.

IZY
You better not have touched—

JAGUAR MAN
Cocco is secure... perfectly
secure.fine... really fine

He lets out a smirk, throwing a heavy arm across Maria's
shoulders. She flinches away violently from his touch.

He looks back at Izy, tapping his fingers against the ancient
codex sheets.

JAGUAR MAN
Make this simple, Professor.

Izy hands the protective cardboard document tube directly to
Jaguar Man. Jaguar Man extracts the matching codex pieces,
aligning the fragments together seamlessly before looking up
at Izy with a smile.

JAGUAR MAN
It appears we will encounter our
associate Izta once more. You may
have the honor of releasing her
from the spell.

Jaguar Man smiles over at Dr. Seronjo. The Shaman casts a
measuring look across the entire group. Al raises his hand
into the air.

AL
Quick question on that spellcasting
protocol. We're not going to
require any—

Al wiggles his fingertips, flashing a mock-evil smile.

AL
(craggy witch voice)
Eye of newt, toe of frog, wool of
bat, or tongue of dog" are we?

He scans their immediate perimeter.

AL
'Cause I don't spot a marketplace
close by, and I definitely ain't
got none of that inside my bags—

JEEVAN
Check your flask.

Al and Jeevan share a brief laugh, exchanging a fast fist bump. Al looks around the circle, nodding.

AL
Okay, zero Shakespeare enthusiasts
in the group. Then—

He adopts the witch voice a second time, mimicking the motion of stirring a massive cauldron.

AL
I'll just make a fire and we can
chant, "Double, double toil and
trouble, like a hell-broth boil and
bubble."

Jaguar Man shakes his head in absolute disgust, swinging the butt of his weapon sharply into the back of Al's head, knocking him completely unconscious onto the sand. He looks down at Al's limp form.

JAGUAR MAN
I knew there was an off button.

EXT. MAS AFUERA ISLAND - KNOLL - JUAN FERNÁNDEZ, CHILE - DAWN

Izy stands rigidly beside Chac's basalt statue, lifting the heavy jade medallion directly toward the glowing dawn horizon line.

Al stands by his side, holding up the unified codex layout. Jaguar Man maintains a steady line of sight with his weapon.

JAGUAR MAN
Align it directly east.

Izy consults the compass needle. Jaguar Man monitors the face of his watch.

JAGUAR MAN
Three minutes until sunrise.

Everyone watches the space with tense, nervous anticipation; the Shaman begins silently chanting under his breath. Izy initiates the translation, reading the spell text aloud.

IZY
(in Mayan; English
subtitles)
Hear me Kinich Ahau. As you took
the sun into the dark space and the
first father has been reborn...

Izy hesitates for a fraction of a second; the others lock their eyes onto him. He pushes forward through the text.

IZY
(in Mayan; English
subtitles)
Release Chac from the darkness to
free his queen, Izta.

The sun slowly breaks past the ocean horizon. The internal anticipation peaks across the camp.

IZY
(in Mayan; English
subtitles)
That they be reborn in the new age.

The morning sun blurs intensely through the quivering atmospheric air; the very geometry of the sky appears to bend.

IZY
(in Mayan; English
subtitles)
Let the sylphs open the path for
the spirits.

The wind blows, and clouds arch tightly around the quivering sun.

IZY
(in Mayan; English
subtitles)
Return the spirits to their bodies.

The wind howls; trees blow completely over. Izy yells over the roar of the wind.

IZY
(in Mayan; English
subtitles)

Return them reborn to this new age.
Return them to their thrones now.

Clouds of swords arch around the wavering sun. Sylphs swarm toward the island coordinates. The winds rise to hurricane force.

The Shaman throws his open arms toward the sun. The burly men run, and trees fall on them. Maria runs directly into Izy's arms. Everyone looks at the sky.

The sun flattens to a single black line.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - BETWEEN EARTH AND THE MILKY WAY - DAY

The glowing band of the Milky Way arches across space. The center quivers, blurs, and a deep blackness grows, completely blotting out the center.

Fire shoots out from the blackness, rushing toward Earth and shifting into a translucent figure of Chac, glowing with heat as it enters the earth's atmosphere.

EXT. MAS AFUERA ISLAND - JUAN FERNÁNDEZ, CHILE - KNOLL - DAY

The sun returns to a blurred orb. The sword-shaped clouds raise; the sylphs align. Chac's translucent figure moves down through the sky.

Chac stops. Izta appears, moving directly toward him. He reaches out to her, and the ghostlike figures move through the arched swords of the sylphs toward the island.

The winds settle to gale force. The figures move toward the basalt statue; it cracks, and heavy pieces fall away. They move within touching distance of everyone.

Dr. Seronjo passes out. Jaguar Man drops his weapon, staring in absolute disbelief. Jeevan stands completely frozen; Al is smiling. Izy holds Maria tight. The Shaman falls to his knees.

The figures move around and directly through Izy.

The basalt statue crumbles completely. Chac and Izta stand in its place, transforming fluidly into the resurrected QUEEN IZTA and KING CHAC.

Izta is in her thirties, tall, graceful, and lissom. Her waist-length hair is goddess-like. She looks exactly like the queen she is. The winds die down completely; the clouds disappear.

Izta and Chac extend their hands to Izy. They clasp hands, and Izta lovingly studies Izy's face.

QUEEN IZTA

The son of my son's many sons...
our blood.

IZY

You're real. You're flesh and --

QUEEN IZTA

Your blood.

They embrace. Chac stands proud. He looks down at Izy's necklace, gently lifting it, and smiles.

KING CHAC

I thought I lost this.

Speechless, Izy removes the necklace and hands it directly to Chac. Everyone stands in silent amazement until--

Al claps his hands, executes a quick dance wiggle, points a finger at Izy, and sings Johnny Rivers as he dances.

AL

In the whole wide world there is
only one. And you're the one.
You're the one. You're the one they
call the seventh son.

He finishes with a spin, a clap, a wide smile, and an outstretched hand. Jeevan laughs. Chac and Izta stare at him, entirely puzzled.

Chac walks toward the Shaman, looking at Al suspiciously. He draws the Shaman into a hug.

KING CHAC

It's good to see you again.

The others look on inquisitively. Maria looks at the Shaman, her face full of doubt. Jaguar Man stares at Izta and Chac in pure awe.

JAGUAR MAN

You're really here. Alive.

Izta looks over at Jaguar Man and Dr. Seronjo.

KING CHAC

Yes. And know what you seek.

Chac sternly confronts them.

KING CHAC

Only I know where the gold is. Give
your word no one will be harmed and
I'll bring you there tomorrow.

He extends his arm. They look at him nervously. Jaguar Man extends his arm, and they clasp forearms, staring deep into each other's eyes.

DR. SERONJO

We want to leave before sunset
tomorrow.

Chac nods. The Shaman looks over at Dr. Seronjo.

SHAMAN

Enjoy the sunset before you, for
you will not see another.

Dr. Seronjo looks over at Jaguar Man, deeply concerned and frightened.

EXT. MAS AFUERA ISLAND - JUAN FERNÁNDEZ, CHILE - DAY

The sound of breaking surf echoes. A dense mist completely covers the beach, and heavy clouds obscure the high cliff face.

Dr. Seronjo claps his hands loudly, nudging the others with his foot; they stir and awaken on the sand.

Chac and Izta sit twenty feet away, their backs turned to everyone. Jaguar Man calls out to them.

JAGUAR MAN

Well, Chac, time to make me rich.

Chac looks back, and everyone lets out an immediate gasp.

Chac and Izta have visibly aged over ten years overnight. They stand and walk toward the group. The others stare in stunned silence.

KING CHAC

It's part of the spell. We could be
resurrected, but each day is over a
decade.

Chac holds Izta's hand tightly. They begin to walk toward the crashing ocean waves. He turns back to address the others.

KING CHAC
We'd like time alone.

They walk down the shoreline. The wild horses emerge from the dense underbrush and follow behind them. Jaguar Man looks thoroughly frustrated.

JAGUAR MAN
What about the gold?

He runs toward them. Chac subtly motions for Izta to return to the safety of the camp. Jaguar Man angrily approaches Chac, cutting off his path.

JAGUAR MAN
I don't have time for chances.
Bring me to the gold, now.

KING CHAC
Your impatience surpasses your
greed.

Chac turns to walk away from him.

KING CHAC
If I wait, the secrets will be gone
forever.

Jaguar Man grabs Chac by the shoulder, punching him hard. They begin fighting on the sand. Jaguar Man is punched down to the ground. He pulls his weapon, getting up slowly.

The sharp sound of horses neighing echoes.

JAGUAR MAN
Enough of this. Bring me to the
gold.

He aims the weapon directly at Chac.

The thunderous sound of hoofbeats and snorting fills the air. In a violent blur, Jaguar Man is completely trampled by the charging herd.

The others watch the impact in absolute shock. The Shaman turns, offering a knowing smile to Dr. Seronjo.

Dr. Seronjo panics, grabbing Izy and holding him tightly at gunpoint.

DR. SERONJO
(hysterically)
Enough hoodoo. Bring me to the gold
or the family tree dies here.

EXT. CAVE - ATOP LAS CASAS CLIFF - MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY

Dr. Seronjo waves the weapon frantically, motioning the group toward the cavern entrance. All enter the threshold.

INT. CAVE - ATOP LAS CASAS CLIFF - MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY

The interior of the cave is dark. Dr. Seronjo's flashlight is completely dead; he hits the side of it, then throws it against the stone wall. Chac has Al and Jeevan light their torches.

DR. SERONJO
Get to it. Make it quick and
everyone lives happily ever after.

Chac taps firmly on the massive boulders, looking back at Dr. Seronjo.

KING CHAC
You'll need to move these. The
gold's at the bottom of the lake.

Dr. Seronjo peers through the narrow gap into the subterranean darkness, turning back to face Chac.

DR. SERONJO
I'll assume you put the gold in
there and know how to get it out,
so quit wasting time and I'll be
out of your lives.

The Shaman smiles.

SHAMAN
Yes, you will... very soon.

Dr. Seronjo looks at the Shaman nervously, waving the weapon.

DR. SERONJO
Stop the games. Get to the gold,
and the more time you lovers will
have.

Chac nods. He begins gathering damp moss and mud, carefully packing it around the cracks of the boulders. Dr. Seronjo watches the preparation, entirely confused.

KING CHAC

The boulders need to be blown back.
We'll seal the chamber and let the
gas build, then light the stream.

Chac waits for the pressure. Dr. Seronjo grows increasingly impatient and nervous.

DR. SERONJO

What now? What are you doing?

KING CHAC

Letting gas build in the cavern,
then I'll light the stream.

Dr. Seronjo looks completely baffled. The Shaman smiles at him, the flickering torchlight dancing inside his cloudy eyes. Dr. Seronjo looks away.

DR. SERONJO

What's to stop it from blocking the
cave or crushing us?

KING CHAC

It will only roll the rocks away --

DR. SERONJO

(nervously)

Then do it.

They quickly retreat behind a thick rock wall structure. Chac tosses his torch directly into the stream; it ignites instantly.

The fire races up into the cavern chamber, triggering a sharp blue flash and a massive explosion. A violent shockwave rumbles through the cave, sending a swarm of bats pouring out of the darkness.

The boulders roll heavily down the slope, stopping five feet away from their position.

Dr. Seronjo runs out from behind the protective wall, facing a billowing lake of fire.

Suddenly, the lake of fire rushes outward. The others watch from safety as Dr. Seronjo is completely swept away by the burning current, screaming as the flames take him.

The water empties rapidly; the roaring stream drops to a mere trickle.

The others emerge from behind the rock wall, facing an empty lake bed glittering with thousands of gold coins.

From a dark recess of the cavern, three black jaguars smoothly emerge. Snarling quietly, the cats walk directly across the gold toward Izy, Izta, and Chac.

The cats sit at their feet, purring. They pet the animals, and the cats disappear back into the darkness of the cave.

They stand in the pool of shimmering gold, rejoicing, while Chac and Izta share a sad smile.

The horses enter the cave chamber. Izy and Maria pet the stallion and the palomino mare.

EXT. MAS AFUERA ISLAND - JUAN FERNÁNDEZ, CHILE - DAY

The group descends the steep trail coordinates. The horses carry the packed chests down the mountain.

EXT. CAMP - MAS AFUERA ISLAND - JUAN FERNÁNDEZ, CHILE - DAY

The men unload the gear packs from the horses. A stream of gold coins spills out of a loose pack onto the sand. Al runs his hands through the gold cache.

JEEVAN

Too bad Seronjo and Jaguar won't be able to enjoy this.

Al looks at a handful of coins, smiling widely.

AL

Yeah, gosh... that's tough.

The Shaman watches them play inside the gold cache. He turns to address Chac.

SHAMAN

Your time passes quickly. It's time you tell Iztali.

Izy looks up from unpacking a horse, walking over to stand before Chac.

IZY

Tell me what?

KING CHAC

About the New City... and the real treasure.

He points a finger toward the stacked sacks of gold, looking up at Izy.

KING CHAC

That's loose change given to the conquistadors to take me. Chimbela didn't know about the New City or the treasures hidden there.

He smiles at Izta. She walks over, holding Chac's arm.

QUEEN IZTA

We built the New City and hid the riches of our culture there. We were going to move our people away from the encroaching world.

KING CHAC

There's much to share, time grows short, we must leave tomorrow.

EXT. CAMP - MAS AFUERA ISLAND - JUAN FERNÁNDEZ, CHILE - NIGHT

The group sits in a circle around the campfire. The flames crackle and dance in the shifting wind against the steady sound of breaking surf.

KING CHAC

We can reach the New City in two days. You'll see that the true treasures and secrets of our people have nothing to do with gold.

Maria looks cold and tired. Izta wraps a warm blanket carefully around her shoulders.

QUEEN IZTA

And soon you'll be healthy again.

Izta runs her hand through Maria's hair while Chac holds her hand.

KING CHAC

In the New City are medicines from the old forest. Nature has a cure for everything. Much knowledge has been lost to time.

Chac looks across the faces of everyone in the circle, nodding his head.

KING CHAC

I have many things to teach you, and you many things to learn. Let's rest, tomorrow our journey begins.

EXT. CAMPECHE REGION - MEXICO - JUNGLE - DAY

The group navigates the dense terrain, accompanied by local tribesmen who manually hack a path through the dense forest.

The horses recovered from the island carry Maria, Izta, and their gear supplies. Izta and Chac have visibly aged further.

As they traverse the wilderness, Chac gathers specific plants along the way, explaining their exact medicinal properties. They stop to take a rest.

Chac looks over at Maria; she appears weak and in visible pain. He hands her a selection of gathered leaves.

KING CHAC

Chew these, it'll remove the pain.

Chac holds Izta close. They both look out at the surrounding forest.

KING CHAC

It's good to be in the forest. Much has changed. It's dying also, and we were so close to moving to our new home.

Izta looks up at Chac, rubbing his arm.

QUEEN IZTA

It awaits our return, I feel it.

IZY

Why did you build in this region?

KING CHAC

To save our people from Spanish diseases and ideals.

Chac shakes his head, dropping his gaze to the forest floor.

KING CHAC

Too little, too late.

They resume the march.

The forest layout transitions into rolling terrain, thick and alive with foliage. Chac and Izta halt their pace, staring straight ahead as smiles break across their faces. They embrace.

QUEEN IZTA

We're home.

Chac points a finger directly forward. The others scan the line of sight but see only unbroken forest sitting atop a series of small hills. Izy looks completely confused.

IZY
Is it gone?

KING CHAC
It's there, in front of you.

Al looks around the clearing, then fixes his eyes on Chac.

AL
King daddy, I'm missing something.

Chac smiles, nodding his head.

KING CHAC
That's the beauty of our city. You
can't see it, and what you can't
see, you can't harm.

The others stare at the empty landscape, completely bewildered. Chac motions with his arm for them to follow his lead.

KING CHAC
Magicians have long used mirrored
surfaces to create the illusion
that something has disappeared.

The others peer intently into the forest. Chac gestures for them to halt. He walks straight forward, vanishing completely from sight right before their eyes.

His voice echoes out from the empty air.

KING CHAC
Follow my path and you'll see.

They step forward along his exact trajectory. Suddenly, Chac is standing twenty feet directly before them.

He taps his hand against an invisible wall surface, steps behind it, and disappears a second time. He reemerges. The group stands completely mesmerized.

KING CHAC
Polished stones sheathed in gold,
mirroring the forest, nearly
invisible.

He walks back behind the optical wall. The others follow his movement through the threshold. It is the hidden portal leading to the New City.

They emerge together in the city's grand central plaza.

EXT. CAMPECHE REGION - MEXICO - NEW CITY - DAY

The perfectly maintained city glimmers brilliantly under the sun.

A majestic temple sits squarely at the far end of the plaza expanse; its high peak rises above the city walls, fading unseen into the sky.

KING CHAC

Descendants of our people have
maintained the city, awaiting our
return. The temple has been sealed
for hundreds of years, come.

The others, alongside the tribesmen carrying long structural poles, follow Chac toward the temple steps.

The temple base is constructed from massive, precisely interlocking stones. Elaborate carved statues are positioned around the perimeter layout.

The tribesmen cross over to a large jaguar statue, inserting their wooden poles into the seams to manually turn the artifact.

The heavy sound of stone grinding on stone emanates from the temple structure.

The interlocking stones separate, parting slowly across the front. Izta and Chac hold hands, stepping forward.

The stone walls open wide, exposing the temple's main interior chamber. They step inside the illuminated space.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - DAY

The main chamber towers high above them. Elaborate historical drawings are carved directly into the stone walls.

Diffused sunlight streams down to illuminate the temple floor. A series of private antechambers run off the main chamber layout.

Chac and Izta look around the space, smiling, while the others gaze around in absolute astonishment. Chac turns to face them.

KING CHAC
Welcome to our home.

IZY
This is beautiful, this is --

QUEEN IZTA
Untouched by time and man, the
splendors of the Maya preserved.
Let them open our personal
quarters, rest, then we'll eat.

The tribesmen lead the group into a side antechamber, using their wooden poles to manually unlock the heavy doors. Elaborate personal quarters are revealed.

Izy assists Maria, helping her lay down onto a bed.

A SERVANT accompanies Izta and Chac to their private chamber entrance. The servant turns a specific wall relief, placing his wooden pole into the opening.

The rhythmic sounds of internal unlocking mechanisms echo behind the wall. He pushes the heavy doors open, bowing low.

SERVANT
Welcome home my king and queen,
your chamber has awaited.

Chac scoops Izta up into his arms, carrying her through the threshold into the chamber. The heavy doors close shut behind them.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - DINING HALL - DAY

Izy, Maria, and the Shaman sit eating inside an elaborate dining hall.

Izta and Chac enter the room. They have visibly aged into their seventies.

QUEEN IZTA
Good, you eat, you'll need your
strength. Maria, drink much fluid.

KING CHAC
When you finish, I'll show you the
greatest treasure—our medicines.

Chac and Izta take their seats. They begin to eat. Al and Jeevan enter the hall.

AL

This place is incredible. There's technology in here we don't have.

JEEVAN

If the world knew what they missed.

KING CHAC

Soon they will. Feel free to explore, we will be busy today.

Al and Jeevan take their seats at the table. Chac stands up, motioning with his hand for the others to follow him.

They exit the dining hall, following a network of stone corridors weaving through the temple structure. Chac comes to a halt, delivering a slow nod to the waiting servants.

The servants turn the stone wall reliefs, inserting their wooden poles and turning the hidden locking mechanisms in a precise sequence.

The stone walls open wide, exposing a sprawling medical room filled with hundreds of ancient herbs and ground powders. They enter the space.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - CHAMBER OF MEDICINES - DAY

KING CHAC

In here is a cure for everything.

He places a hand onto Maria's shoulder, leading her over to a contoured stone lounge. She sits down. He smiles warmly at her.

KING CHAC

Including the disease within you.
Let me prepare potions that will
make you whole again.

Chac and the Shaman gather the botanical ingredients, mixing the liquid potions. Maria drinks the fluid, then lies down flat on the lounge.

Izta applies a herbal salve to Maria's upper torso, chanting softly under her breath. Chac lights small bowls that immediately emit waves of dense blue smoke. The Shaman circles Maria's position, continuing the chant.

Maria grips her stomach, letting out a sharp moan of pain before she passes out completely.

Chac takes two smooth crystal stones, moving them slowly above Maria's upper torso. Her skin ripples dynamically; the internal tissue lumps converge into her stomach.

The Shaman raises her head, pouring a sparkling liquid into her mouth. Maria awakens instantly.

Chac holds a deep stone bowl beneath her as Maria vomits a dark liquid. Izta steps in to wipe Maria's face with a cloth.

KING CHAC

How do you feel?

Maria rubs her stomach and her sides. She looks up at them, her face glowing.

MARIA

I feel... pure, aligned, better.

KING CHAC

By tomorrow you will be healed.

He turns to face Izy, leading him over to the same stone lounge.

KING CHAC

Now you.

Izy looks visibly hesitant.

KING CHAC

As Al says, you look cool, but you must remove your glasses.

Izy removes his new glasses, sitting down on the lounge. Chac prepares a fresh liquid potion and a topical salve.

Izy drinks the liquid down. Chac applies the heavy salve directly onto Izy's eyes.

IZY

Getting hot. Is it supposed to get hot?

KING CHAC

Yes. Wait.

Chac wipes away the remaining salve, then holds two flat stones firmly onto each side of Izy's head. Izy's eyes widen in the darkness; he is clearly nervous.

IZY
 Okay, feeling a weird pressure
 moving through my head.

He tries to turn his head away from the pressure.

KING CHAC
 Be still, be quiet, be a man.

Chac gently massages the muscles around Izy's eyes.

KING CHAC
 Open your eyes. What do you see?

Izy opens his eyes, blinking a few times as his vision clears. He looks around the expanse of the room. His eyes stop completely at Maria; he smiles.

IZY
 The love of my life. I clearly see
 the love of my life.

Chac looks over at Maria.

KING CHAC
 Do you believe him?

She smiles, nodding her head in assent.

MARIA
 Yes, yes I do.

KING CHAC
 How do you feel about Iztali?

Maria takes hold of Izy's hand, running her fingers gently across the curve of his cheek.

MARIA
 I've loved him since we met.

Chac smiles, laying a reassuring hand across both of their shoulders.

KING CHAC
 To be truly whole Ch'ulel is
 necessary. Your soul and body are
 connected and must be balanced. To
 complete the balance you should
 marry tomorrow.

They both look pleasantly shocked. Maria takes tighter hold of Izy's hand.

MARIA
It's not too soon?

Izy shakes his head instantly.

IZY
Waiting a lifetime—too soon? No.

KING CHAC
You two will bring forth our people
of the new age.

Maria and Izy look directly at each other. Izy drops down onto one knee, holding her hand securely in his.

IZY
Will you marry me, Maria?

She smiles, nodding her head happily. Izy stands back up, and they share a deep kiss. Izy looks back toward the others.

IZY
I had to do it. I'm old-fashioned.

Izta slips a ring off her finger, handing it directly to him while nodding toward Maria. Izy slides the green jade ring onto Maria's finger. They kiss a second time. Everyone smiles.

KING CHAC
Tomorrow at the sun's zenith the
shaman will perform the ceremony.

He looks over at Izta and smiles.

KING CHAC
He's quite good at weddings.

Maria looks at the Shaman with a sudden flash of suspicion. She walks over to his side, holding his weathered hand as she looks sadly into his eyes.

MARIA
You're not my grandfather, are you?

SHAMAN
No. Your family was killed because
you held secrets—your birthmark.
After your parents died I took care
of you, protected you, to bring us
all here.

Maria draws him into a tight hug.

MARIA

I love you... grandfather.

Chac and Izta turn to depart the room. Maria looks visibly disappointed.

MARIA

What about grandfather's eyes?
Aren't you going to heal him?

Izta and Chac share a smile.

QUEEN IZTA

He sees more clearly than all of
us.

IZY

But—

SHAMAN

I use sight differently than you. I
see in many dimensions.

IZY

I need to start writing things d—

Chac raises a hand sharply, shaking his head.

KING CHAC

It's all written down. All the
knowledge is secured inside the
chamber of secrets. Tomorrow a
wedding, then I'll show you the
library of codices.

Izy's eyes grow huge with pure academic excitement.

IZY

Library?

Chac and Izta awake in their bed. They have visibly aged to their eighties, though their eyes remain completely unaged.

KING CHAC

It's a big day. I'll get dressed up
for the wedding.

QUEEN IZTA

After the wedding we must show them
everything. There is little time.

Chac nods. He reaches out to caress Izta's face, looking longingly at her.

KING CHAC

So many centuries, so few days.

A single tear rolls down Izta's cheek. They draw each other into a tight hug.

EXT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - DAY

Al and Jeevan stand atop the majestic temple, dressed in full Maya ceremonial clothing. Izy stands beside them wearing a custom loincloth decorated with bright parrot feathers.

Chac walks out onto the stone platform, wearing his full king's regalia. Jeevan delivers a sharp nudge to Izy's arm.

JEEVAN

A god will get dressed up.

The Shaman stands waiting at the stone altar.

Maria steps out onto the plaza. The morning sun reflects brilliantly off her white skirt and brocaded blouse, creating a glowing halo around her form. Izta walks slowly beside her.

Jeevan lets out a low mumble to Izy.

JEEVAN

And a new queen will arise. Man, prophecy fulfilled right before our eyes.

AL

This is so way cool, bro.

IZY

Shh.

Izy steps forward to join Maria. They stand side by side before the Shaman.

The Shaman anoints their foreheads, praying over them in a low rhythmic chant. They drop their heads to silently pray.

The ceremony concludes. Al quickly snaps a photograph. The entire group turns to enter the temple.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - DAY

The local tribesmen step forward to swing open the heavy bedchamber doors. Izy scoops Maria up into his arms, carrying her into the private chamber. The heavy doors close behind them.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - MAIN CHAMBER - NIGHT

Izy and Maria enter the main cavernous chamber, where the others are engaged in conversation. Izta rises from her seat to greet them warmly.

QUEEN IZTA

Ah, the newlyweds. And now, in Maya tradition, you simply return to everyday life.

She takes hold of their hands, immediately pulling them along behind her.

QUEEN IZTA

But first we must give you your wedding present.

The group navigates through a network of stone corridors; the tribesmen follow close behind.

At the intersection of the corridors, the corner wall transitions into a single, massive sloped stone. Inlaid metal lines radiate outward across the floor.

The tribesmen scale stone blocks jutting out from the wall architecture. They insert their long wooden poles into hidden holes, jumping onto the pole ends to pull them downward with their full body weight.

The inlaid metal floor lines lift up like physical tracks, mechanically lifting the massive sloped cornerstone.

They insert their poles into adjacent wall reliefs, and the cornerstone slides effortlessly forward to reveal a hidden passage. A steep stone staircase descends down into the pitch blackness. They enter the threshold.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - CHAMBER OF SECRETS - NIGHT

The moment Chac's foot touches the very first step, the entire staircase becomes illuminated by a sequence of glowing golden bulbs. The others let out an audibly awed gasp.

Chac comes to a halt, smiling back at them.

KING CHAC

They're exactly what you think—light spun from gold, powered by the river current flowing far below the temple.

They continue the long descent into a massive subterranean chamber. The walls are constructed from thick layers of intricately carved stones. The entire room casts a deep golden hue from the glowing bulbs—and the gold itself.

Immense stacks of gold bricks and silver bars fill the floor space. Expansive shelves packed with ancient codices line the entire rear wall.

Chac leads the group through the chamber, stopping in the center to extend his arms and turn in a slow circle.

KING CHAC

The treasures of our people,
preserved, waiting for the new
age... waiting for you.

He gestures toward the masonry paneling.

KING CHAC

The wall carvings tell the true
history of the Maya.

Chac motions directly toward the wall of codices.

KING CHAC

The codices contain enlightenment
to the heavens and earth—both the
seen and unseen worlds.

QUEEN IZTA

You are now the keepers of
knowledge. The codices scared the
world, for they lived in darkness.

KING CHAC

But you have witnessed knowledge
that heals and enlightens.
Knowledge is to be shared.

Izy turns around slowly, taking in the spectacular sight.

IZY

(mumbling)

That's what I've been saying.

Al stares at a specific geometric symbol carved into the stone wall, his mouth dropping agape. He points a finger, looking back over at Chac.

AL

That looks like --

He pulls up his shirt sleeve, exposing his forearm tattoo.

KING CHAC

The final overlay of the calendar.

He walks over to Izy, placing a hand firmly onto Izy's shoulder.

KING CHAC

The age where you'll share the
knowledge and prophecies of the
codices.

Izy stands completely speechless, searching for words.

IZY

This is --

AL

Way cool, bro.

Chac wraps an arm securely around Izta, raising his free arm toward the space.

KING CHAC

Come, let us feast.

Chac looks down at Izta, sharing a smile as he touches her face; their eyes remain completely unaged. Maria looks over at Izy sadly.

EXT. CAMPECHE REGION - MEXICO - NEW CITY TEMPLE - DAY

Izy, Maria, and the Shaman look on from the courtyard as Al and Jeevan saddle their horses and the tribesmen load their supplies.

IZY

When you get to New Orleans, get
directly with the university.
Seronjo's fate should be known.
Show them pictures of some of what
we've found.

SHAMAN

Never speak of the temple. The
treasures must remain here
securely.

IZY

I'll be back next month. Maria and
I have a lot to go through.

A heavy look of sadness grows across their faces.

Izta and Chac slowly walk out from the temple doors. They have visibly aged into their nineties; their eyes are now old and cloudy. Jeevan and Al walk over to face Izta and Chac.

JEEVAN

This has been an honor. It has --

AL

Been really trip'n, king daddy.

Chac and Izta let out a laugh. Chac shares a warm knuckle bump with Al.

Jeevan and Al mount their horses, deliver a final salute, and ride off into the tree line. Chac turns back to face Izy.

KING CHAC

It's our last day with you. We must show you the final pieces needed to decipher the knowledge.

He takes Maria gently by the hand.

KING CHAC

I'll show you the medical books and the inner workings of the stones.

They turn to walk away. Chac stops, turning back to look at Izy one last time.

KING CHAC

I'll send Maria back to you, then Izta and I will meet you in the chamber of secrets before the sun sleeps.

He shares a sad look with Izta, smiling softly. Chac and Maria enter the temple. Izta takes hold of Izy's hand.

QUEEN IZTA

Come. I'll tell you the real Maya history as recorded on these walls.

They walk slowly toward the heavy temple doors, crossing the threshold inside. The tribesmen pull the doors closed behind them; the carved symbol of the dual swords and imperial crown is seen on the exterior wood.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - CHAMBER OF SECRETS - DAY

Izy and Maria walk around the perimeter of the chamber. Izy explains the meaning of the stone carvings to her.

They turn around suddenly as a processional enters the room, led by the Shaman.

Izta and Chac are seated onto grand thrones carried across the floor by four local tribesmen.

Izta and Chac are dressed in ornate funeral clothing that is heavily beaded, embroidered, and flowing with all varieties of colorful bird feathers. The tribesmen wear plain black loincloths and smooth masks with no facial features.

Other tribesmen walk before the thrones holding carved masks of Izta and Chac. The procession stops.

Maria holds back tears, Chac extends his hand to her.

KING CHAC
No sadness in death, only life.

Chac releases Maria's hands, touches her cheek, smiles.

KING CHAC
Men believe time to be real, it
exists only in their imagination.
Soon we'll be rejoined.

Chac takes off the medallion, gives it Izy.

KING CHAC
It will bring oneness to your mind.

The procession continues to the wall of codices. Tribesmen pull a column downward, the wall opens, exposing a wide descending staircase. The sound of running water echoes from below. All enter the threshold.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - CHAMBER OF RIVER OF LIFE - DAY

The procession makes its way down the stairs to a large plaza of polished stone. Black onyx walls have intricate carvings of the journey into eternity.

A flowing river is at the plaza's end, and an elaborate barge is moored at a temple's dock. Tribesmen carry the thrones aboard the barge.

Izta and Chac hold hands, looking straight ahead.

Tribesmen board the vessel, handing the Shaman two golden cups. He raises the cups to Chac and Izta's mouths; they drink. The tribesmen take the cups and disembark.

Tribesmen bearing the masks board, placing the masks on Izta and Chac, handing them scepters, and lighting torches on the barge corners. The Shaman bows, and all disembark the vessel.

Out of the onyx walls leap two black jaguars onto the barge; they sit directly before the thrones. Chac raises his scepter.

Tribesmen untie the mooring lines. The current carries the barge downstream.

Izta and Chac's heads drop. The barge disappears into the tunnel, and flickering torchlights illuminate the tunnel walls behind them. The jaguars growl loudly. The torchlights fade completely to black.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - ORLEANS UNIVERSITY - DAY

Live oak trees frame the sprawling view of Orleans University.

SUPER: TWO YEARS LATER

A streetcar's clanging bell is heard. The streetcar sways to a smooth stop. An advertisement on its side heralds the world premiere of Lost Maya Treasures at the Orleans Museum of Art.

The car pulls away, exposing Gibbons Hall.

INT. ORLEANS UNIVERSITY - GIBBONS HALL - IZY'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is large, cluttered, and filled to the ceiling with authentic Maya treasures.

Izy works diligently at his desk; his brand new nameplate reads: Dr. Iztali Smith, Director of History.

A wedding picture of Izy, Maria, Chac, Izta, and the Shaman sits prominently on the desktop. On a nearby bureau rests the snarling black jaguar mask.

A firm knock chimes at the door. Izy looks up.

Maria enters holding the hand of a young boy, CHUCK. The boy immediately reaches his arms out toward Izy.

CHUCK

Daddy.

Maria scoops him up, walking over to Izy to kiss him. She sets Chuck down safely, sitting directly on Izy's lap and wrapping her arms around his neck.

IZY
You're finished?

MARIA
Yep. Took my final this morning,
finished teaching my Alternative
Medicine class, and just picked
Chuck up from the nursery.

Another knock sounds at the door frame. Jeevan and AL enter the office.

JEEVAN
We need to run to the museum and
make sure the exhibit's ready.
Remember, every fifteen minutes
tomorrow morning--interviews with
the morning shows.

AL
Say bro, you need me to bring --

Izy's SECRETARY, a middle-aged, atypical librarian-looking woman enters the room, barging directly between Izy and Al as if they're a complete bother. She drops a heavy stack of papers onto Izy's desk.

SECRETARY
Before you go, Dr. Smith, I need to
confirm the interview with Time.

IZY
Tell 'em that'll be great.

SECRETARY
National Geographic film crew wants
to confirm shooting in October.

Izy starts gathering his loose research papers, delivering a warm nod over to Maria.

IZY
Tell 'em that'll be great.

SECRETARY
Your publisher called, The Truths
of the Maya is number one, and --

Izy gets up from his desk, grabbing his leather briefcase embossed with the distinct geometric insignia of the swords and crown.

IZY

That's great, we're leaving.

He grabs Maria's hand; she grabs Chuck's hand. They head toward the exit doors while the secretary follows closely behind them.

SECRETARY

One more thing, Dr. Smith, Rolling Stone needs a lead quote—now.

Izy stops dead in his tracks, turning around slowly to face his secretary with a wide smile.

IZY

Quote. Academics is about gaining and sharing knowledge, not money.
End quote.

He shares a swift fist bump with Jeevan, takes Maria's hand, and they exit the building.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - AUDUBON PARK - DAY

Izy and Maria stroll along the paved walking path. The hanging Spanish moss in the branches of the ancient oaks sways gently in the breeze. Maria pushes a large stroller along the path.

IZY

So, books, shows, television, you finish school this semester, residency and then teaching, when are we going to start on our next project?

Maria punches Izy's shoulder playfully, a bright smile crossing her face.

MARIA

We'll have a baby girl soon enough, but let's go check on our new baby.

They walk through the open entrance gates of Audubon Stables, heading toward the primary barn structure. They enter the threshold.

INT. NEW ORLEANS - AUDUBON PARK STABLES - DAY

The interior features beautiful herringbone brick floors and polished wood, resembling a castle's great hall layout.

A horse lets out a loud neigh. The black stallion pokes his head out from a pristine stall. Izy hands him an apple, rubbing at his forehead. The engraved nameplate on the latch reads: King Chac.

The palomino mare's head pops out from the adjacent birthing stall layout. Maria walks over to join her. The nameplate on the latch reads: Queen Izta.

Maria peers into the stall space. A small, wobbly colt struggles up onto its feet.

MARIA
(excited)
The first of the new breed.

The sound of slow footsteps echoing across the brick floors is heard.

LOUIS (O.S.)
And from the amount of calls, they
best start making some more.

Izy turns around.

LOUIS, the elderly Black man who runs the stables walks up to join them, greeting Izy warmly before reaching out to pet Queen Izta.

LOUIS
You know, Doc, my family's run this
place a hundred years and never
seen a breed as pure as these.

MARIA
Being alone on an island for
hundreds of years helped.

Louis nods his head in total agreement, patting the horse's flank.

LOUIS
Yes, sir. When that article hit,
people started call'n-say, Doc, you
are going to start breed'n?

Izy pats the handle of the baby stroller, a wide smile breaking across his features.

IZY
Already have.

They laugh. Izy puts a hand flat on Louis' shoulder.

IZY
It'll be a few years, but we're
taking names of potential buyers
now.

LOUIS
Well, the little one's doing fine,
I'll be here all weekend --

IZY
Except for the show?

Louis nods, a warm smile breaking.

LOUIS
Wouldn't miss it, the world and I
have been waiting for truth.

IZY
Great. We gotta catch the car,
we'll see you there Louis, thanks.

Izy, Maria, and Chuck exit the stables. The distant chime of
a streetcar bell is heard.

INT./EXT. STREETCAR - HIGHWAY (ST. CHARLES AVE.) - DAY

Maria sits quietly by an open window, her long hair blowing
in the breeze. Dapples of warm sunlight fall across her skin
as the vehicle sways down the avenue past old, towering
mansions.

Izy holds her hand, smiling, while Chuck sits comfortably in
his lap. The car rolls to a smooth stop at a corner
intersection.

Maria smiles and waves through the glass frame to the Shaman
standing on a cottage porch; he returns the wave. A painted
sign in front of his property reads: Alternative Medicine.

The streetcar continues its route, rumbling down the avenue.
Izy playfully rubs Chuck's hair, makes a goofy face, and
laughs. He turns his focus to Maria.

IZY
Of all of the incredible things
that have happened, I'd've never
thought I would have you.

He leans in to kiss Maria, then draws Chuck into a brief hug, kissing the boy's head.

IZY
And all this too.

The conductor clangs the bell sharply; the streetcar slows to a complete stop. Izy stands up from the seat, extending his hand down to Maria.

IZY
We're home.

They walk toward the front threshold, exiting the streetcar onto the pavement.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - ST. CHARLES AVE. - IZY'S HOUSE - DAY

In a sudden blur, the streetcar pulls away down the track, exposing a grand, historic Greek Revival mansion.

A wrought-iron fence frames a perfectly manicured lawn dappled by the branches of old Live Oak trees.

They enter the yard, walking past rows of vibrant lavender azaleas leading to an expansive, wrap-around porch structure. A collie races across the grass to greet them.

Cocco opens the main front door, smiling broadly as she shakes her head.

COCCO
Um-um, I was just think'n about the night I told you your life had changed, and I knew it had.

She steps forward to take Izy's briefcase, smoothly through the door frame. Her back is turned to Izy and Maria as she walks inside the residence.

COCCO
Yep, I knew it had -- I just knew some cool glasses would help you get a good woman.

Izy smiles back at Maria, smoothly scooping her up into his arms. He looks down at her face lovingly, kissing her gently.

They cross the threshold into the house. Izy pushes the heavy wooden door shut with the heel of his foot; it closes slowly against the frame.

IZY

They sure did Cocco, they sure did.

The door clicks shut, sealing out the world. Mounted cleanly against the center paneling, the glimmering crystal insignia of the dual swords and the imperial crown captures the final ray of light.

FADE OUT.

THE END