

THE LAST HEIR

Written by

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FADE IN.

EXT. MEXICO - MAYAN RUINS OF EDZNA - NIGHT

A full moon rises. Sounds of the rainforest echo. Aerial view of Maya temple rising above the jungle. Moving quickly towards a fire burning atop the temple.

Moon gets larger, temple closer, fire brighter. Three figures dance ritualistically around the fire, their chanting's grow louder.

Speeding toward the temple, dropping to ground level through acropolis plaza. Approaching temple steps, at near impact shoot upward, steps a blur of stone lines.

Suddenly -- the temple top. Ceremonially dressed figures dance around the fiery alter.

JAGUAR MAN, wears a snarling black jaguar mask, its ivory teeth glow, a necklace of Quetzal feathers bounce brightly against black pelts covering his body.

SERPENT MAN, the headdress feathers of his serpent mask radially frame a breastplate of golden scales, feathers cover arms and legs.

SKELETON MAN, his body painted skeletally, shaking a bone scepter.

Their chants become louder, faster. Moon rises behind a statue of the Maya queen, IZTA. A moonbeam crawls up the alter.

Jaguar Man throws a potion into the fire, it flares, reflecting in the golden eyes of a black jaguar in his treetop lair.

Jaguar Man shakes his arms wildly above his head, throws the entire potion into the fire, it flares above the treetops, then... goes out.

The men stand in the moonlight. The jungle is silent. Jaguar Man pulls back the pelts covering his wrist, looks at his bejeweled watch, frowns, shakes his head.

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

The wind begins to blow. The men turn toward the alter. A shaft of moonlight flows through the eye of Izta, falling on the alter's center.

Serpent Man pulls back feathers from his wrist, his dime store watch clicks to 12 a.m. Instantaneously the fire erupts, pushing the men backward.

Animals wail, the jaguar growls, paws the air. The men stare as smoke swirls, rises, becomes the translucent, winged figure of QUEEN IZTA. She extends her hands to Jaguar Man, his eyes expand as she envelopes him.

QUEEN IZTA

(ethereally)

Find my king to release me. Follow.

She rises toward the North Star. The men's heads rise, jaws drop, smoke dissipates, fire fades. They remove their masks, stand stunned, motionless, sweating. Jaguar Man turns to the statue.

JAGUAR MAN

She's a sylph.

SKELETON MAN

(Mexican Spanish accent)

We need the codex pages.

SERPENT MAN

(Argentinian accent)

She said to find her king -- I thought she was a virgin queen?

JAGUAR MAN

We need to find him.

Serpent Man looks to the North Star, removes his phone, types, scrolls the screen.

SERPENT MAN

Due north of Edzna is...

He lowers his phone, looks at the other men.

SERPENT MAN (CONT'D)

New Orleans?

The jaguar snarls, leaps into the blackness of night.

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

The chrome jaguar 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.

Dr. Seronjo, 50s, tall, silver haired, cold glacier blue eyes with a personality to match. Looks like a banker in his Caraceni suit, not the head of the History department; the human equivalent of a peacock.

He looks toward St. Charles Avenue. A streetcar rumbles and sways down the avenue, the conductor clangs the bell notifying passengers of a stop, it stops in front of the university.

Iztali Smith, History professor, known as IZY, steps off the streetcar. He pushes up unstylish glasses, his pants and shirt wrinkled from humidity, he's not styleless, nor pretentious.

Izy's mid 30s, tall, flowing black hair, naturally muscular, South American Indian and creole mix, hides natural good looks behind a vanilla facade. Not naive, but believes academics is about knowledge not money.

He presses the wrinkles out of his shirt with his hand, wipes sweat from his brow, stuffs papers into a cheap attache, looks up, sees Dr. Seronjo, calls out.

IZY  
(mild New Orleans accent)  
Dr. Seronjo.

He races across the street, darting between cars. Dr. Seronjo rolls his eyes, starts walking toward Gibbons Hall. Izy catches up, walks behind Dr. Seronjo still stuffing papers in his attache.

IZY (CONT'D)  
Good morning.

Dr. Seronjo grunts and shrugs.

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.

Dr. Seronjo, glances over his shoulder, picks 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 --

Dr. Seronjo stops, Izy nearly runs into him, he turns to Izy.

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.

Dr. Seronjo starts walking again, shaking his head. Izy follows.

IZY (CONT'D)

This could be the biggest disc --

Dr. Seronjo stops, turns to Izy, his blue eyes glaring.

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.

Dr. Seronjo shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head, silently laughs. He looks at Izy pitifully.

DR. SERONJO

Silly you.

He walks away. Izy watches, looks at the ground thoughtfully, looks up, calls to Dr. Seronjo.

IZY  
The clues lead to gold.

Dr. Seronjo slowly stops, walks back to Izy, silently stares at him.

IZY (CONT'D)  
The clues mention gold and spells,  
they --

DR. SERONJO  
My office, three o'clock.

He turns, walks away. Izy pushes up his glasses, smiles.

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

Cluttered, cramped. Maya documents cover every surface from floor to ceiling. A library table sits in the center of the room. Izy looks out a window toward Audubon Park.

IZY  
Jeevan, please bring coffee -- with  
chicory.

His assistant, JEEVAN, enters carrying two cups of coffee. Jeevan is a graduate student from India, thin, large dark eyes, short black hair, likes calculated chances, sees humor in life, enters carrying two 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 of coffee, tries to set the other one on the table, no room in the clutter, he holds it. Izy shuffles papers.

JEEVAN  
How did you do that?

IZY  
I told him about the gold.

Jeevan opens his eyes wide, throws his head back in surprise.

JEEVAN  
What gold?

Izy looks up from the table smiling.

IZY  
The fools gold.

They laugh. Izy unrolls a Maya codex copy, sips his coffee, smiles -- Jeevan winces.

JEEVAN  
I don't how you drink that mud.

Izy raises his cup to Jeevan, pushes up his glasses.

IZY  
Guess you gotta be a native.

Jeevan rolls his eyes, shakes his head.

JEEVAN  
Man, you've got to get some cool glasses, it may help you get a girlfriend.

IZY  
Don't have time for either one, besides, I like women who make the first move.

JEEVAN  
But people ask me questions.

Izy looks over his glasses at Jeevan.

IZY  
Like?

JEEVAN  
Izy or isn't he.

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

JEEVAN (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)  
No. Academics is about money. No.

Izy shakes his head, sips his coffee.

IZY (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)  
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.

IZY

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, looks down at the  
codex, taps 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 excitedly.

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, downs his coffee, nods his head.

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 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 continues. He pushes open the codex, knocks  
 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 Codex, yanks  
 his glasses off, throws them on the table, they slide off.

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, leans against the bookshelf under the window,  
 looks 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 and picks up Izy's broken glasses.

IZY (CONT'D)  
 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  
 univercity office. Dr. Seronjo sits behind his desk. Izy sits  
 across squinting.

DR. SERONJO  
 I have to meet the Blackwell's to  
 discuss their endowment, so get to  
 the part about gold.

IZY  
 The clues talk of spells -- I mean  
 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, looks at his watch. Izy leans  
 forward.

IZY (CONT'D)  
 This could be the biggest  
 breakthrough in Maya history, the  
 knowledge the world --

Dr. Seronjo shakes his head, holds up a 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 to swine.

Izy silently stammers, shakes his head in 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, exacerbated, looks at the ceiling, rubs his eyes, sighs, slowly lowers his head, 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, purses his lips, taps his finger on the desk, swivels his chair around, looks out the window, sighs.

DR. SERONJO

One month.

IZY

Two.

Dr. Seronjo swivels around, leans on his desk, looks at 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 picks up the phone, dials. Sound of phone ringing.

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 humid air.

Izy lounges on a sofa, staring at the fan. His aunt, COCCO, walks in. She's Creole, 40s, slim, light brown skin, dark brown hair, fine facial features with 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 pats Izy's knee.

COCCO (CONT'D)

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

She shakes her head, wipes away joyful tears. Izy smiles 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, sets it in Izy's lap. He looks at her.

IZY

What dream's so special that --

COCCO

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

She looks at him with anticipation. He looks at her apprehensively, pushes the box back towards her.

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 in his lap, hands him a knife.

COCCO (CONT'D)

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

Izy rolls his eyes, slices the tar seal, tries to open it, it's stuck. He preys with the knife, it flies open. Sound like a deep exhale. Izy looks at Cocco surprised, she's unconcerned.

He removes straw packing, lifts out a jade necklace with a tiger eye pendant of two fists clutching a crown. Izy holds it up, a silk like chatoyancy dances across it, he hands it to Cocco.

He removes a ragged piece of papayas, gently unrolls it. It's the center portion of two pages with inscriptions and Maya numbers on the bottom edges. Izy murmurs in astonishment.

IZY

Seventy-seven and seventy-eight.

He looks up at Cocco, she slips the necklace over his head, the medallion hits his chest, a breeze blows the long white transparent curtains outward, they undulate like ghosts.

Izy looks at the curtains startled. Cocco looks around, unfazed. She looks at Izy, cups his face in her hands.

COCCO

Nephew, your life just changed.

She smiles.

COCCO (CONT'D)  
 Guess what else?

Izy's eyes get big.

IZY  
 There's more?

She slowly pulls out a glasses case, opens it, lifts out a pair of very stylish glasses, slips them on Izy.

COCCO  
 I got you some cool glasses.

She leans back, looks at Izy, nods her head.

COCCO (CONT'D)  
 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 (CONT'D)  
 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 (CONT'D)  
 from the box.

Cocco cuts her eyes at Jeevan. Izy holds up a cardboard tube, pats his chest, nods.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)  
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.

AL (CONT'D)

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 makes fake gang signs with his hand, rocks his head.

AL (CONT'D)

I'd call him gangsta yo.

He laughs, swirls his arm around the inside of the car.

AL (CONT'D)

Anyway, used to drive a cab.

A big eyed Jeevan shakes his head in 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 (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)  
Paracelsus... alchemy? Pope?

Still a blank look. Al shakes his head.

AL (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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

He points to the mask and pelts behind his desk.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)

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 looks at Jaguar Man, looks at the mask. They sit down.

JAGUAR MAN  
 So, professor, I hear you've  
 discovered clues that lead to gold?

Jaguar Man laughs, no one else does.

IZY  
 You've talked to Dr. Seronjo? He --

JAGUAR MAN  
 No, I don't know a... Dr. Seronjo?  
 My friend from the university here  
 in Belize called me.

Izy looks at Al. Al looks at Jaguar Man. Jaguar Man gives Al  
 the evil eye. A look of distrust grows across Izy's face.

IZY  
 I may have found clues.

JAGUAR MAN  
 That mention spells? And gold?

Izy glances at Jeevan, looks back at Jaguar Man.

IZY  
 It's too early to say that.

JAGUAR MAN  
 But you did say that.

He stares at Izy, raises his eyebrows, takes a pen from its  
 holder, writes on a paper, gives it to Al, looks at Izy.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
 My friend at the university said  
 this man called, he bought some  
 rocks, found something, probably  
 another souvenir forgery -- but you  
 never know. Go see what you think  
 professor, give me your opinion.

They get up to leave, as they head to the door, Jaguar Man  
 leans back in his desk chair, puts his hands behind his head.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
 Professor Iztali.

Izy turns around.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
Do you find it odd that the last  
virgin queen of the Maya was named  
Izta, the eternal one?

He picks up a photograph on his desk, shows it to the men.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
Look at this photograph of her  
likeness in the temple at Edzna.

They go to the desk and look at the picture. Jaguar Man  
studies Izy's face and profile, smiling.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
Strange coincidence, your features,  
like the dream is reality.

He smiles devilishly. The men walk toward the door. Jaguar  
Man and Izy exchange glances, Jeevan notices, they exit.  
Jeevan nudges Izy.

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

I/E. BELIZE CITY - AL'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

The men pass shacks built of sticks and stones. They pull  
into the yard of a shack, a POOR MAN is building a stone  
addition.

The poor man is thin, Hispanic, wears tattered clothes; he  
puts down his mortar board, he looks nervous. They park by a  
pile of rocks, exit the car.

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

The men walk toward the man, Al waves.

AL  
Hey, how's it going? Jaguar Man  
sent us about something you found  
in the stones.

The man nervously nods, holds up a hand, goes inside. He  
returns with a small box, his pregnant wife and four children  
stand in the doorway. He gives the box to Al. Izy and Jeevan  
look with anticipation.

Al hands the box to Izy, he sets it on the car hood, opens it. Slowly he unrolls what is a complete codex page, Izy turns to Jeevan, they high-five. Izy looks at the poor man.

IZY  
(excited)  
Where did this come from?

The man nervously looks at Al, he looks at the rocks. He looks 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 about the  
rocks and we'll go.

The poor man looks at his family, his wife nods. He looks at Al.

POOR MAN  
My friend, he takes them from  
Lamanai, he sells them.

He points to his wife, looks at Al pleadingly.

POOR MAN (CONT'D)  
I need room, my wife is with child.  
My friend, he has more paper.

He points to the box. Izy lights up with excitement.

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

The man looks back at his family, he looks down. Jeevan stretches out some cash. The poor man takes the money.

POOR MAN  
He lives on Holy Emmanuel Road, you  
will know it.

AL  
Gracias.

They all nod to the poor man, walk toward the car. Jeevan whispers to Izy.

JEEVAN  
I guess academics is about money.

They get in the car, drive away. The man counts the cash, excitedly shows his wife, she hugs him. She takes the cash.

I/E. AL'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Izy is speechless holding the box. Al weaves in and out of traffic as he drives and talks.

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 see a house with piles of debris in the yard, a dog chained to each pile. They pull in and park by a man unloading a truckload of wood. They exit the car.

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

The dogs bark incessantly, the man takes off his hat, wipes his brow, looks at the men. Izy looks at the dogs, mumbles.

IZY

Shut up.

The dogs become silent, lie down whimpering. Shocked, everyone looks at Izy. CONSTRUCTION MAN approaches apprehensively.

CONSTRUCTION MAN

Can I help you?

AL

Wanna talk to you about some rocks.

Al points to the rock piles.

AL (CONT'D)

The ones from Lamanai.

The construction man shakes his head, wipes his brow.

CONSTRUCTION MAN

I have no rocks from there.

AL

How 'bout some old papers in a box?

The man shakes his head, looks at the dogs, looks at Izy. He waves an arm around the debris piles.

CONSTRUCTION MAN  
I have what you see.

Al nods, throws a hand in the air.

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

Al turns to leave, opens his car door, the others follow. The man looks around, looks at the dogs, shakes his head, approaches the car.

CONSTRUCTION MAN  
Who is your boss?

Al leans on the open door, looks at the man.

AL  
Jaguar Man.

Al raises his eyebrows, construction man exhales deeply.

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

He goes inside, comes back carrying a box like Cocco gave Izy. Izy's jaw drops. He hands the box to Al.

CONSTRUCTION MAN (CONT'D)  
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 for the box, his shirt sleeve rides up exposing a tattoo, the man steps back, makes the sign of the cross, points to the tattoo.

CONSTRUCTION MAN (CONT'D)  
It's in the papers, that sign.

He points to the box, backs away.

CONSTRUCTION MAN (CONT'D)  
Please, you go.

He waves his hand, shooing them away, he looks at Izy.

## CONSTRUCTION MAN (CONT'D)

Go, I say nothing.

Al hands Izy the box, nods to the car. They get in and leave. The man makes the sign of the cross, the dogs start barking.

EXT. BELIZE - ROADSIDE SOVENIER SHOP - DAY

Al exits the shop rolling a fake codex, walks to the car. Izy and Jeevan study codex pages on the hood. Izy looks up, runs his hands through his hair, punches 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 sovenier copy in the box, we'll give it to Jaguar Man, the other guy's so freaked he won't be say'n noth'n to no one.

Al rubs dirt on the sovenier, crinkles it, rolls it up, puts it in the box. Jeevan looks at the codex, looks at Al's tattoo.

JEEVAN

That man was right, your tat's like this symbol, what is it?

AL

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

Al shrugs. Izy studies his codex contemplatively.

IZY

This story, it's about a king and his queen, lots of numbers and details; number of servants, number of baskets, from the north, waited x-number of seconds, this is --

Jeevan snaps up from his page, looks at Izy.

JEEVAN

Coordinates. They're coordinates, longitudes and latitudes.

Izy nods in agreement. Al looks confused.

AL

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

IZY

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

Izy reads aloud.

IZY (CONT'D)

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 on a pad, starts nodding his head, takes out his phone, inputs the numbers.

IZY (CONT'D)

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, looks at Al's tattoo, walks over, lays the codex over the tattoo, looks at Izy.

JEEVAN

Not as crazy as this, it's the calendar.

IZY

Yeah, overlays, the calendar's a series of overlays, ended in 2012.

Jeevan shakes his head, taps the codex page.

JEEVAN

This one starts at 2013.

Izy walks over, looks at the overlays, starts smiling.

IZY  
We're going to Cozumel.

Al starts gyrating, swirling his arms above his head.

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

Izy and Jeevan look at each other, laugh, high five.

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

The men stand on the temple ruins looking at the Caribbean Sea. There is a strong wind, clouds move and converge quickly. Jeevan stares at clouds.

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

He points to a cloud.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)  
Look at that one, it looks like a turtle.

Izy takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes.

IZY  
Man, this wind's strong.

Al shakes his head, moves between Izy and Jeevan, puts a hand on 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 at the clouds, shakes 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? Kinda like that, Katrina ring a bell?

Jeevan and Izy look at him, Al shrugs. Jeevan steps away from Al.

AL (CONT'D)  
What bro? I stink?

JEEVAN  
No, but when the mother ship 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 angry.

AL  
What ya say'n man?

JEEVAN  
That your a free thinker.

Al fist bumps Jeevan.

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

Jeevan shrugs, extends his hand toward Al.

JEEVAN  
The shoe seems to fit.

They laugh. Izy starts shaking his finger, nodding.

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 Chimbelu, 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. Sylph's 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, looks at the others.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

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

He looks at Izy.

Whew. And I thought Al and India were weird.

They silently stare at the clouds. Several gather into the shape of two fists holding a crown. They look at Izy, he pulls out the medallion, holds it against the sky.

AL

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

Dark clouds form into a pouncing jaguar, it moves toward the fists and crown. The wind stops. They look at each other.

IZY

What does that mean?

The wind blows, dissipating the clouds. Several clouds swirl into the formation of a woman. Jeevan points excitedly.

JEEVAN

Look, look, look.

Other clouds add detail, it becomes the face of Queen Izta. The men stare. They look at each other speechless, Al throws his hands up.

AL

And you think I make this stuff up.

The wind shifts, howls through the ruins. Dark clouds cover the sun, a ray of sunshine falls on Izy. The others stare.

AL (CONT'D)  
 (slowly)  
 Trip'n, really trip'n bro.

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

The men sit around a fire, Al pulls out a thermos, pours a dark liquid into the cup. He takes a sip, makes a face.

AL  
 I thought we could use this, Maya  
 priests used it for understanding,  
 here.

He extends the cup to Izy.

IZY  
 What is it?

AL  
 (smiling)  
 K'aizalah okox.

He motions the cup toward Izy.

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

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

Izy hesitantly reaches for the cup, Jeevan grabs it and drinks it down, begins choking, coughing. Al pats Jeevan hard on the back.

AL (CONT'D)  
 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.

AL (CONT'D)  
 We'll be here for you bro.

He laughs, pours more in the cup, gives it to Izy.

AL (CONT'D)  
 Drink up bro, all natural.

Izy drinks, sticks his tongue out, shakes his head, holds his throat.

AL (CONT'D)  
Good stuff.

IZY  
It's awful.

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

They lie back, stare at the stars. The fire crackles, smoke rises, a wind blows, the men shiver.

Al grabs a log, throws it on the fire. The fire pops, embers swirl, land on Izy, he jumps up hopping around, rubbing his arm, screaming.

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

He looks at his arm, raises his eyebrows, drops his jaw. Izy shows the others a burn mark of the fists holding the crown on his wrist. The wind increases.

Smoke and embers swirl, forming into the winged figure of Queen Izta. The stoned men stare. The figure swirls around Izy, inflating him.

QUEEN IZTA  
(ethereally)  
See the vision. Find my king.

She moves back, Izy deflates. The men are trancelike, their eyes wide, glazed, staring, their mouths open, their bodies frozen. The smoke engulfs them. They see the same vision.

BEGIN VISION SEQUENCE:

EXT. TULUM - PYRAMID EL CASTILLO - 1560 - NIGHT

Izta lies atop an altar, Maya priests chant. Fires burn in pots at the pyramid corners. Below, citizens watch in horror as CHIMBELU walks toward her.

Chimbelu, a large Maya warrior, body painted blue, his loin cloth nearly reaches the ground, wears a hawk mask with long feathers extending upward, he looks nine feet tall.

He stares at Izta angrily, pulls out his sword, swirls it above her.

CHIMBELU

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

Izta shakes her head.

QUEEN IZTA

I have my king.

Chimbelu is scorned.

CHIMBELU

Then I'll reign alone -- as a god.

He glances to the side, conquistadors hold KING CHAC, a tall, majestic, godlike Maya king, he wears a beaded loin cloth and Quetzal feathers. Chimbelu rages at Izta.

CHIMBELU (CONT'D)

No man will have you. I'll hold you  
in the air until the end of time,  
until the sun enters the dark space  
and the first father is reborn.

QUEEN IZTA

Cast what spell you must.

The priests look hesitantly at each other. Chimbelu's anger flares, he raises his sword, a priest grabs his arm. He nods to the priest and backs away.

The priests begin chanting, pouring ointments onto Izta. One lights his torch from the pots of fire, walks toward Izta, stands above her, her body glistens in the firelight.

Izta looks at Chac, a tear rolls sideways down her cheek. There is silence. Chac tries to break free, conquistadors hold a gun to him.

Chimbelu glares at Izta, nods to a priest, the priest touches her body with the torch. Instantaneously Izta is engulfed in flames, illuminating the surrounding jungle.

From a treetop lair a black jaguar roars, paws the air. The priests drop their heads. The crowd chants. Chac glares at Chimbelu. Chimbelu smiles.

Smoke swirls above the charred silhouette of Izta, becoming a translucent figure of Izta, she stretches her open arms toward the crowd, fans the fire with her wings.

Smoke forms the symbol of the fists and crown, Izta pulls it inside of herself, the smoke swirls within the ghostlike figure. Izta disappears, a cloud of smoke rises, vanishes.

QUEEN IZTA (CONT'D)  
Our blood will reign.

END OF VISION SEQUENCE:

EXT. TULUM MAYA RUINS - PYRAMID EL CASTILLO - NIGHT

The hypnotized men stare at the fire, their eyes wide, unblinking. A black jaguar walks between them, moving face to face with Izy, their eyes stare into each others. The jaguar snarls, leaps into darkness.

EXT. TULUM MAYA RUINS - PYRAMID EL CASTILLO - DAY

Sounds of wildlife, crashing surf. The men's passed out bodies are sprawled around the smoldering fire. They begin to stir.

Slowly, Izy pulls himself up onto his elbows, rubs his head. He looks at his arm, the mark of the crown is red and swollen.

Jeevan crawls to the pyramid's edge, he pukes. Al sits up, stares out at the sea, rubs his eyes.

AL  
Did you both see that too?

Jeevan is still bent over, he groans.

JEEVAN  
I saw conquistadors, did you see conquistadors?

Izy looks around, rubs his eyes and face. He looks at Jeevan.

IZY  
We need to find the shaman.

Jeevan snaps into consciousness, his eyes wide.

JEEVAN  
Now things are going to get weird.

I/E. TAPACHULA - CHIAPAS, MEXICO - TAXI - DAY - TRAVELING

Rows of whitewashed stucco houses are a blur through the taxi windows. Izy sits up front with a middle aged CHINESE DRIVER. Police presence is ubiquitous.

CHINESE DRIVER

(Mandarin dialect)

I bring you to the shaman. You must know someone who know someone.

He cuts his eyes at Izy, looks at the police.

IZY

The shaman, I know the shaman, he helped me with research years ago.

A hungover looking Jeevan mumbles.

JEEVAN

I can't believe he's still alive.

The driver looks inquisitively at Jeevan in the mirror.

CHINESE DRIVER

Why?

JEEVAN

Because he was like a hundred then.

The driver chuckles, darts his eyes at Jeevan in the mirror.

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 looks at Izy suspiciously.

CHINESE DRIVER (CONT'D)

Same kind as shaman.

They stop at a traffic light, police on the corner hunch down, glance in the car. The driver looks at Izy nervously.

CHINESE DRIVER (CONT'D)

You no have drugs?

IZY

No.

He looks at Al, he shakes his head. They continue. They meander through town, many turns later arriving at a large white stucco house draped in lavender bougainvillea.

The men exit the car, the driver immediately drives away. Izy stands holding out money. They go to the house, knock on the door. A stunning, young, Hispanic woman, MARIA, answers.

Maria is 20s, with long, full, brown hair, a model's figure in a lavender sundress. She smiles, she seems pleasantly surprised.

MARIA

Sí, puedo ayudarle?

Izy stares at her, dumbstruck. She giggles, tilts her head questionably. Al nudges Izy.

IZY

Ah...

MARIA

(soft Hispanic accent)

Can I help you -- talk or anything?

Al nudges Izy again.

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

Ci.

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 (CONT'D)  
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 scare, 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 (CONT'D)  
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.

TRANCE MONTAGE - 1560 AND PRESENT

-TULUM - PYRAMID - NIGHT - 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  
approaching pirate ship, they prepare cannons, secure the  
gold and codices.

-PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY - Pirates board Spanish galleon, fighting ensues. Spanish are conquered. Pirates load 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 blows 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 chests in cave.

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

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

-MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY - 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 OF 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 are 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 (CONT'D)

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.

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

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

You are the last heir.

Izy's stunned. Shaman takes his hand.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

You must follow the vision.

Izy's sits staring, numb.

IZY

How?

SHAMAN

Go to the island.

Izy looks at shaman perplexed.

IZY

But how are we supposed to know where is it?

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 (CONT'D)

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, looks 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, stretches his hand toward her, she drops her head sadly. He looks at Jeevan and Al.

## SHAMAN (CONT'D)

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

Jeevan looks at Al, they shrug, get up, shake the shaman and Maria's hand.

## JEEVAN

I can use more sleep.

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

## SHAMAN

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

They exit. Izy looks at the shaman.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

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, pulls Maria toward Izy, joins their hands.

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, laughs.

MARIA

You must have looked, you noticed I  
was pretty.

Izy blushes, Maria takes his hand.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I'm older now.

Izy smiles.

IZY

So I see.

They walk along the beach in silence, glancing at each other, 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, looks at Izy sadly, rubs his arm. She looks at him searchingly, holds his hands.

MARIA  
Be careful Izy, come back.

He nods, looks into her eyes, studies her face.

IZY  
What about you, what do you want?

She looks to the ocean, takes a deep breath, holds composure. Izy lifts her chin gently, turns 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, looks down.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
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, looks in her eyes.

IZY (CONT'D)  
Tell me, tell me what you wanted,  
before what?

Maria begins to cry. Izy holds her. She looks 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, wipes her tears.

MARIA (CONT'D)

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

Izy looks at the ocean, holds Maria, they sway together gently.

IZY

I don't know what to say, Maria.

She looks into his eyes.

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

Izy's looks at her pensively.

IZY (CONT'D)

I love you too, Maria.

MARIA

Really? Do you really?

He pushes her back slightly, smiles, 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. Waves roll across their feet.

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

Waves roll across Izy's feet. The men stand in the surf holding backpacks. The cliffs of Las Casas tower above them, the pinnacle hidden in the clouds.

A herd of horses run along the surf's edge, their long tail's and mane's trailing in the wind. The men watch.

JEEVAN

Horses? Four hundred miles in the ocean?

IZY

Yeah, Paso Fino's, conquistadores  
used them, they have to be  
descendents from the shipwreck.

They begin setting up camp. The horses gather by underbrush,  
drinking. Izy wipes his brow, points to the horses.

IZY (CONT'D)

Well, we found fresh water.

They look, then look up at the cliff, Izy shakes his head.  
They finish setting up camp, sit and rest.

IZY (CONT'D)

We need to find that figure of  
Chac. Shaman said it's on a knoll  
past a stream, which the horses  
showed us.

Jeevan jumps up, claps his hands.

JEEVAN

Let's go, at least we know to go  
past the stream, it's a start.

The men walk down the beach. Arriving at the stream, they  
look at each other, grimace, wrinkle their noses.

AL

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

Jeevan kneels, fans the air above the water, tastes the  
water, smiles, scoops a hand full and drinks.

JEEVAN

The water's good, the smell is  
methane gas escaping the water,  
after all, this place is a volcano.

They drink, then continue.

Vegetation grows thick past the beach to the cliff, it clings  
randomly to the mountain side. The men stop, look around, Al  
shakes his head.

AL

And we're looking for -- oh yeah, a  
needle in this hay stack. 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 to a cluster of higher trees. They grin at each other, begin hacking through the vegetation. They reach the knoll.

A vine encased something, sits atop the knoll. They shrug, begin pulling vines off, exposing a weathered basalt figure, a silhouette of a man with a raised arm.

They high-five each other. Visually they follow the direction the figure points -- to more underbrush and a huge tree.

AL

Maybe the gold's in the tree trunk?

Al cuts through vines toward the tree. Izy looks at the tree.

IZY

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

He points to the encrusted figure, shaking his head.

IZY (CONT'D)

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

Izy leads them through the undergrowth in alignment with the statue to the cliff's edge. They gaze up at the cliff.

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, heads back to the beach.

IZY

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

The men walk up the beach, horses follow in the distance. They reach the stream, hold their breath and stick their heads in the water to cool off.

AL

Man, once you get past the fart  
smell it's good water. It must be  
coming off the mountain somewhere.

They look upstream, it disappears into underbrush and rocks.  
They return to camp. They scope the cliff with binoculars.  
Clouds clear from the pinnacle, Jeevan sees something.

JEEVAN

Now that's odd.

He points high on the cliff.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

Look at that drape of vines.

The others peer through their binoculars.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

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.

Clouds cover the pinnacle. They sit staring at the cliff. Al  
pulls out snacks and a thermos, offers the others some.  
Jeevan takes a snack bar, shakes his hands at the thermos.

JEEVAN

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

They laugh. Curiously the horses ease up to them, a black  
stallion nudges Izy with his nose. Izy runs his hands through  
the long mane.

IZY

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

He looks up the cliff, pats the horse's thick neck.

IZY (CONT'D)

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

They all look up at the cliff shaking their heads.

EXT. CAMP - MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DUSK

The men build a fire with driftwood, glancing at the cliff.

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 at the pinnacle.

JEEVAN

Maybe if we rappelled from a helicopter.

Izy and Al look at him like he's crazy. The sun sets.

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

The men sit by the dwindling fire. Al drinks whiskey, Izy's deep in thought. Jeevan looks for wood.

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 up, lights a torch in the fire, wobbles away. Jeevan pats Izy's back.

JEEVAN

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

Izy looks up the cliff, shakes his head.

IZY

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

Izy shakes his head, looks down, draws in the sand with a stick.

IZY (CONT'D)  
Never mind.

Izy throws the stick, lays back, his hands behind his head.

Al stumbles to the stream, jumps across, gets some driftwood. Arms full, he loosely holds the torch, starts walking back.

Crossing the stream he trips, drops the wood and torch, they roll toward the stream. He lunges for the torch, it rolls into the stream, a flash of blue fire appears floating on the water. He leans forward, drunkenly curious.

AL  
What the --

Instantly the fire expands, igniting the escaping methane gas, fire races up the cliff atop the stream. Al runs toward the camp.

AL (CONT'D)  
Holy Moly! Watch out guys, don't know what's happening.

He reaches camp, the others are staring at the cliff in amazement. The fire in the stream draws a line straight to the cave, illuminating the cave in firelight.

They stare in disbelief, look at each other, look at the cave, start laughing. Al punches the others arms.

AL (CONT'D)  
Hey guy's, I found a path to the cave.

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

The men hack through underbrush following the stream. At the cliff base the stream turns behind a rock, they follow. They stop, looks of shock and relief are on their faces.

IZY  
Can you believe this?

JEEVAN  
It's like a paved pathway.

The stream is low, the water worn gully creates a path along the stream. Fire dances softly on the stream. Al looks up the path.

AL  
Like a long, steep pathway bro.

They continue.

They stop for a break, sit on the outer rock ledge looking at the stunning view. The ocean glitters until it fades into a hazy blur with the horizon. A boat bobs offshore.

They continue.

IZY

I can't imagine how Chac got those chest to the cave, we're not even half way.

JEEVAN

(breathless)

They were in better shape.

IZY

Still, no way.

They hear something hitting the rock path. They stop, it stops. They shrug and continue. Al glances back.

AL

Tell me you both hear that?

JEEVAN

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

They stop. A rhythmic clip-clop is heard from around the bend, getting closer. The men's eyes get big, they start laughing. Al points.

AL

I'm not believing this.

The stallion comes around the bend. He stops, shakes his head up and down, throwing his long mane like an 80s hair band. He approaches Izy, he pets him.

IZY

Now I know how Chac got the chests up there.

Izy ties the backpacks together, eases them across the horse with no resistance. Izy gives him an apple. They continue, disappearing into a cloud bank.

They exit the cloud bank, the cave entrance before them. Firelight pulsates inside the cave. They enter.

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

The men enter the towering cave, awed, it's aglow in firelight. Colorful drawings, by Chac, cover the walls. Stalagmites and stalactites litter the room.

The stream runs from behind impassable boulders, splits into channels through the cave. Fire-water pools in carved bowls in the walls, spilling over gently, rejoining the stream.

Izy takes the packs off the horse. The horse walks to a glistening stalagmite, smells the ground, whinnie's sadly, paws the ground. The men walk over.

They see skeletal remains of a horse, its extended front leg buried beneath the stalagmite, the stallion paws at the base.

IZY

That's strange, that stalagmite  
couldn't've grown around the bones  
that fast, unless it's --

Izy looks up. Fluttering is heard. The others slowly look up. The ceiling appears to fall as thousands of bats drop, flying past the men, out of the cave. They wave their arms wildly.

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

Thousands of bats darken the sky as they exit the cave.

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

Looking through binoculars bats pour from the cave. The binoculars lower, the face of Jaguar Man is seen smiling wryly. He looks at 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, BURLY MAN ONE and BURLY MAN TWO hold Maria and the shaman. Maria glares at Jaguar Man, he runs his hand softly across her cheek, smirks.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
 I see why your new boyfriend fell  
 in love so fast.

He laughs. Shaman mumbles something to him in Mayan. Maria looks startled. Jaguar Man frowns, looks at the island.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
 We wait.

He looks to the captain's bridge, spins his finger in a circle, shouts to the bridge.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
 Move behind the rock, we'll wait  
 there.

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

Jeevan waves his arms around, trips over the bat guano stalagmite, his pickaxe hits it, a chunk slides across the floor.

The others look around the cave, Izy peeks into a crack between the boulders where the stream flows out. Surprised, looks at the others.

IZY  
 Check this out.

He motions for them to look. There's a small lake in the cavern, a low, blue flame dances atop the water.

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

Jeevan looks at Al.

JEEVAN  
 And you would get it in there how?

Al frowns, shakes his head.

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

Izy and Al nod their heads. The horse paws at the guano by the skeleton. The men look at him, roll their eyes, peer at the lake.

Jeevan walks to the guano, looks at the horse, looks at the ceiling. The horse picks off another piece. Jeevan looks at 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 to the guano, raises his eyebrows. They nod and smile. Izy pulls the horse away. Jeevan starts chipping.

With each hit, chunks slide. He hits again, a thud. A wooden chest is exposed, they pull it out, break the latch. Jeevan pries it open.

Izy lifts out a papyrus, unrolls two codex pages. The inner portion of each page is missing. Izy places the pieces Cocco gave him between the pages, a perfect fit.

A wind shrieks through the cave, the stallion rears up pawing the air. The flames flicker, pop, go out. The sun is setting through the cave opening.

AL

Looks like we're camping here.

EXT. LAS CASAS CLIFF - MAS AFUERA ISLAND - DAY

The men come down the pathway, the stallion carries the chest. They emerge from the cloud bank.

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

Burly man one lowers his binoculars, looks down to the rear deck. Jaguar Man and Dr. Seronjo are having lunch. He calls out.

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, chews, shakes his fork.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
 Finish lunch, there's no hurry,  
 we'll meet them on the beach later.

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

The men emerge from underbrush, walk toward camp. Burly man one steps from the underbrush ahead. They stop, burly man continues toward them.

BURLY MAN ONE  
 Good to see you, Al.

The men tighten their stances. Al reaches for his pickaxe.

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

They turn around, Jaguar Man, Dr. Seronjo walk toward them. The men look at each other shocked, unsure.

DR. SERONJO  
 Well professor, you were right  
 about the gold, too bad I won't be  
 remembered as the one who found it,  
 because no one will know.

Izy gives Dr. Seronjo a hard look.

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

He pats the chest. Dr. Seronjo looks at Jaguar Man confused, they open the chest, it's empty. They glare at the men.

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, Jeevan looks at Izy.

JEEVAN  
 I don't remember anything else, do  
 you?

IZY  
 No.

Jaguar Man nods and smiles.

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 snickers sarcastically.

AL

Obviously.

The others laugh.

JAGUAR MAN

That's funny, yes? Let me show you something funny.

Jaguar Man nods to burly man one, the man whistles. Maria and the shaman stumble out of the underbrush near camp. Burly man two steps out holding a gun. Izy and Maria stare longingly.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)

Now that's funny, don't you think professor? You have what I want, and I have what you want.

He motions to camp. They go. Maria runs to Izy, burly man one pushes Izy, grabs Maria. Izy punches him, the man goes for Izy. Dr. Seronjo shakes his head, motions him to stop.

DR. SERONJO

There's no need to act this way professor, we're educated men, as the good book says, let us reason together.

He motions for Izy and Maria to move.

DR. SERONJO (CONT'D)

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

Izy and Jeevan look at each other puzzled.

DR. SERONJO (CONT'D)

(shrugging)

I bugged your office.

He points at the burly men, waves his gun.

DR. SERONJO (CONT'D)  
You won't win a power struggle, so  
share what you've found.

IZY  
We told you, torn papers and a bat  
cave.

Jaguar Man rolls his eyes, exhales deeply.

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

Izy shrugs at Jeevan and Al, they nod. Izy gives Jaguar Man  
the codex pages, he looks at the pages, smiles at Izy.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
You're a man of truth, only torn  
pages -- with the spell to bring  
back Izta, she'll show us the gold.

DR. SERONJO  
Or die forever.

IZY  
There's pieces still missing.

Jaguar Man grins at Izy.

JAGUAR MAN  
Cocco said you have them.

Angrily Izy moves toward Jaguar Man, burly man one grabs him.

IZY  
You better not have hurt --

JAGUAR MAN  
Cocco's fine... really fine.

He smirks, puts an arm around Maria, she flinches, he looks  
at Izy, taps the codex pages.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
Make this easy professor.

Izy gives the tube to Jaguar Man, he takes out the codex  
pieces, puts them together, looks up smiling at Izy.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
 It looks like we'll see our friend  
 Izta again, you can have the honor  
 of releasing her from the spell.

Jaguar Man smiles at Dr. Seronjo. The shaman casts a look  
 across them. Al raises his hand.

AL  
 Quick question on that spell  
 casting thing. We're not going to  
 need any --

Al wiggles his fingertips, smiles evilly.

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

He looks around.

AL (CONT'D)  
 'Cause I don't see a store close by  
 and I ain't got none of that in my  
 bags --

JEEVAN  
 Check your thermos.

Al and Jeevan laugh, fist bump. Al looks at the group, nods.

AL  
 Okay, no Shakespeare fans, then  
 (witch voice, pretends to  
 stir a pot)  
 I'll just "make a fire and we can  
 just like a hell broth" --

Jaguar Man shakes his head, hits Al in the back of the head  
 with his gun, knocking him out. He looks at Al.

JAGUAR MAN  
 I knew there was an off button.

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

Izy stands by Chac's statue holding the medallion toward the  
 dawn sky. Al holds up the codex. Jaguar Man hold a gun.

JAGUAR MAN  
 Hold it directly east

Izy looks at the compass, Jaguar Man looks at a watch.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)  
Three minutes 'till sunrise.

Everyone looks with nervous anticipation, the shaman silently chants. Izy begins chanting the spell.

IZY  
(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, the others look at him. He continues.

IZY (CONT'D)  
Release Chac from the darkness to  
free his queen, Izta.

The sun rises. Anticipation grows.

IZY (CONT'D)  
That they be reborn in the new age.

The sun blurs through quivering air, the sky seems to bend.

IZY (CONT'D)  
Allow the sylphs to open the path  
to the spirits.

The wind blows, clouds arch around the quivering sun.

IZY (CONT'D)  
Return the spirits to their bodies.

The wind howls, trees blow over. Izy yells over the wind.

IZY (CONT'D)  
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. The winds become hurricane force. Shaman throws his open arms toward the sun.

Burly men run, trees fall on them. Maria runs into Izy's arms. All look at the sky. The sun flattens to a black line.

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

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

Fire shoots from the blackness, rushes toward earth becoming a transparent 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, sylphs align. Chac's translucent figure moves into the sky.

Chac stops. Izta appears, moves toward him. He reaches to her, the ghostlike figures move through the arched swords toward the island.

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

Dr. Seronjo passes out. Jaguar Man drops his gun, stares in disbelief. Jeevan is frozen, Al smiling. Izy holds Maria tight. The shaman falls on his knees.

The figures move around and through Izy. The statue crumbles, Chac and Izta stand in its place, transforming into the resurrected Queen Izta and King Chac.

Izta is 30s, tall, graceful, lissom. Her waist length hair goddess like. She looks like the queen that she is.

The winds die, the clouds disappear. Izta and Chac extend their hands to Izy, they clasps hands, Izta lovingly studies Izy's face.

QUEEN IZTA

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

IZY

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

QUEEN IZTA

Your blood.

They embrace. Chac stands proud. There is silence until -- Al claps his hands, does a James Brown wiggle, points at Izy, sings Johnny Rivers as he dances.

AL

"In the whole wide world there is only one./And your the one./Your the one./Your the one they call the seventh son."

He finishes with a spin, a clap, a smile, and an outstretched hand. Jeevan laughs. Chac and Izta stare, puzzled. Chac walks toward shaman, looking at Al suspiciously. He hugs the shaman.

KING CHAC

It's good to see you again.

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

JAGUAR MAN

You're really here, alive.

Izta looks at Jaguar Man and Dr. Seronjo.

KING CHAC

Yes, and know what you seek.

Chac sternly confronts them.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

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, they clasps forearms, stare deep into each others eyes.

DR. SERONJO

We want to leave before sunset tomorrow.

Chac nods. Shaman looks at Dr. Seronjo.

SHAMAN

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

Dr. Seronjo looks at Jaguar Man concerned, frightened.

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

Sound of breaking surf. Mist covers the beach, clouds cover the cliff. Dr. Seronjo claps his hands, nudges the others with his foot, they stir and awaken.

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

JAGUAR MAN

Well, Chac, time to make me rich.

Chac looks back, everyone gasps. Chac and Izta have aged over ten years. They walk towards the group. The others stare.

KING CHAC

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

Chac holds Izta's hand. They begin to walk toward the ocean. He turns to the others.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

We'd like time alone.

They walk away. Horses emerge from the underbrush and follow. Jaguar Man looks frustrated.

JAGUAR MAN

What about the gold?

He runs toward them, Chac motions Izta to return to camp. Jaguar Man angrily approaches Chac.

JAGUAR MAN (CONT'D)

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.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

If I wait, the secrets will be gone forever.

Jaguar Man grabs Chac, punches him. They begin fighting. Jaguar Man is punched down, he pulls his gun, gets up slowly. Sound of horses neighing.

JAGUAR MAN

Enough of this. Bring me to the gold.

He aims at Chac. Sound of hoof beats and snorting. In a blur Jaguar Man is trampled. The others watch in shock. Shaman smiles at Dr. Seronjo. Dr. Seronjo grabs Izy, holds him 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 gun, motions to the cave. All enter.

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

The cave is dark, Seronjo's flashlight is dead, he hits it, throws it. Chac has Al and Jeevan light torches.

DR. SERONJO

Get to it, make it quick and everyone lives happily ever after.

Chac taps on the boulders, looks at Dr. Seronjo.

KING CHAC

You'll need to move these, the gold's at the bottom of the lake.

Dr. Seronjo peers through into darkness, turns to Chac.

DR. SERONJO

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

Shaman smiles.

SHAMAN

Yes, you will, very soon.

Dr. Seronjo looks at the shaman nervously, waves the gun.

DR. SERONJO

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

Chac nods, starts gathering moss and mud, packing it around the boulders cracks. Dr. Seronjo watches, 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. Dr. Seronjo is impatient, 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 baffled, shaman smiles at him, torch light flickering in 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 go behind a rock wall. Chac tosses the torch into the stream, it ignites. Fire runs into the cavern, a blue flash, an explosion. A shock wave rumbles the cave, bats swarm out.

The boulders roll down the slope, stopping five feet away. Dr. Seronjo runs from behind the wall, faces a billowing lake of fire.

The lake of fire rushes out, the others watch as Dr. Seronjo is swept away, burning, screaming. The water empties, the stream is a trickle.

The others emerge from behind the wall, face an empty lake bed glittering with gold coins. From a dark recess three black jaguars emerge.

Snarling, the cats walk across the gold toward Izy, Izta, and Chac. The cats sit at their feet purring, they pet the cats, the cats disappear into the darkness of the cave.

They stand in the pool of shimmering gold rejoicing, Chac and Izta smile sadly. Horses enter the cave, Izy and Maria pet the stallion and palomino mare.

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

The group descends the trail, horses carry the packs.

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

The men unload the horses, gold coins spill out of a pack. Al runs his hands through the gold.

JEEVAN

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

Al looks at a hand full of coins, smiling.

AL

Yeah, gosh, that's tough.

The shaman watches them play in the gold, he turns to Chac.

SHAMAN

Your time passes quickly, it's time you tell Iztali.

Izy looks up from unpacking a horse, walks over to Chac.

IZY

Tell me what?

KING CHAC

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

He points to the sacks of gold, looks at Izy.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

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

He smiles at Izta, she walks over, holds 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 around the fire that crackles and dances in the wind, 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 is cold, tired looking, Izta puts a blanket around her.

QUEEN IZTA

And soon you'll be healthy again.

Izta runs her hand through Maria's hair, 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 everyone, nodding.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

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 are accompanied by tribesman who hack through the forest. Horses from the island carry Maria, Izta, and supplies. Izta and Chac have aged.

As they traverse the forest Chac gathers plants, explains their medicinal properties. They stop to rest. Chac looks at Maria, she is weak, in pain, he gives her some leaves.

KING CHAC

Chew these, it'll remove the pain.

Chac holds Izta, they look at the forest.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

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 at Chac, rubs 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, looks at the ground.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)  
Too little, too late.

They continue. The forest becomes rolling terrain, thick and alive. Chac and Izta stop, stare ahead, smile. They embrace.

QUEEN IZTA  
We're home.

Chac points forward, the others see only forest atop small hills. Izy looks confused.

IZY  
Is it gone?

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

Al looks around, looks at Chac.

AL  
King daddy, I'm missing something.

Chac smiles, nods.

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 bewildered. Chac motions for them to follow.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)  
Magicians have long used mirrored  
surfaces to create the illusion  
that something has disappeared.

The others peer into the forest. Chac motions them to stop, he walks forward, disappears before them. His voice is heard.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)  
Follow my path and you'll see.

They follow, suddenly Chac stands twenty feet before them. He taps on an invisible wall, walks behind it, disappears. He reemerges. The group is mesmerized.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)  
Polished stones sheathed in gold,  
mirroring the forest, nearly  
invisible.

He walks behind the wall, the others follow. It's the portal to the New City. They emerging in the city plaza.

EXT. CAMPECHE REGION - MEXICO - NEW CITY - DAY

The perfectly maintained city glimmers. A majestic temple sits at the plaza's end, the 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 and tribesmen carrying poles follow Chac to the temple. The temple base is made from huge interlocking stones. Statues are placed around the temple.

Tribesmen go to a jaguar statue, insert poles, they turn the statue. Sound of stone on stone emanates from the temple. The stones separate, parting slowly.

Izta and Chac hold hands, step forward. The walls open, exposing the temple's main chamber. They enter the lighted temple.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - DAY

The main chamber towers. Elaborate drawings are carved into stone walls. Diffused sunlight illuminates the temple. Antechambers run off the main chamber.

Chac and Izta look around smiling, the others gaze in astonishment. Chac turns to 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.

Tribesmen lead them to an antechamber, they unlock rooms with their poles. Elaborate personal quarters are seen. Izy helps Maria lay down.

A SERVANT accompanies Izta and Chac to their chamber. He turns a wall relief, places his pole in an opening, sounds of unlocking mechanisms. He pushes open the doors, bows.

SERVANT

Welcome home my king and queen,  
your chamber's awaited a long time.

Chac scoops Izta into his arms, carries her into the chamber. The doors close.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - DAY

Izy, Maria and shaman eat in an elaborate dining hall. Izta and Chac enter. They have 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 sit down. They eat. Al and Jeevan enter.

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'll be busy today.

Al and Jeevan sit down. Chac stands, motions for the others to follow. They exit, follow corridors through the temple. Chac stops, nods to the servants.

The servants turn wall reliefs, insert poles, turn mechanisms in sequence. The walls open, exposing a medical room filled with hundreds of herbs and powders. They enter.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - CHAMBER OF MEDICINES - DAY

KING CHAC

In here is a cure for everything.

He puts his hand on Maria's shoulder, leads her to a contoured lounge, she sits. He smiles at her.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

Including the disease within you.  
Let me prepare potions that will  
make you whole again.

Chac and shaman gather ingredients, mix potions. Maria drinks the potion, she lies down. Izta applies a suave to Maria's upper torso, she chants softly.

Chac lights bowls that emit blue smoke. Shaman circles Maria chanting. Maria holds her stomach, moans in pain, she passes out.

Chac takes two crystal stones, moves them above Maria's upper torso, her skin ripples, lumps converge in her stomach.

Shaman raises her head, pours a sparkling liquid into her mouth. Maria awakens. Chac holds a bowl as Maria vomits a dark liquid, Izta wipes Maria's face.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

How do you feel?

Maria rubs her stomach and sides. She looks up, glowing.

MARIA

I feel... pure, aligned, better.

KING CHAC

By tomorrow you will be healed.

He turns to Izy, leads him to the lounge.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

Now you.

Izy looks hesitant.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

As Al says, you look cool, but you  
must remove your glasses.

Izy removes his glasses, sits on the lounge. Chac prepares a potion and suave. Izy drinks the liquid. Chac puts the suave on Izy's eyes.

IZY  
Getting hot. Is it supposed to get hot?

KING CHAC  
Yes, wait.

Chac wipes off the suave, holds two flat stones on each side of Izy's head. Izy's eyes get wide, he's nervous.

IZY  
Okay, feeling a weird pressure moving through my head.

He tries to turn his head.

KING CHAC  
Be still, be quiet, be a man.

Chac massages Izy's eyes.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)  
Open your eyes. What do you see?

Izy opens his eyes, blinks a few times, looks around the room, his eyes stop at Maria, he smiles.

IZY  
The love of my life, I clearly see the love of my life.

Chac looks at Maria.

KING CHAC  
Do you believe him?

She smiles, nods her head.

MARIA  
Yes, yes I do.

KING CHAC  
How do feel about Iztali?

Maria holds Izy's hand, runs a hand gently across his cheek.

MARIA  
I've loved him since we met.

Chac smiles, lays a hand on 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 look pleasantly shocked, Maria takes Izy's hand.

MARIA

It's not too soon?

Izy shakes his head.

IZY

Waiting a lifetime -- too soon? No.

KING CHAC

You two will bring forth our people of the new age.

Maria and Izy look at each other. Izy gets down on his knee, holds her hand.

IZY

Will you marry me, Maria.

She smiles, nods her head, Izy stands, they kiss. Izy looks at the others.

IZY (CONT'D)

I had to do it, I'm old fashioned.

Izta takes off her ring, gives it to him, nods to Maria. Izy slips the jade ring on Maria's finger. They kiss. All smile.

KING CHAC

Tomorrow at the sun's zenith the shaman will perform the ceremony.

He looks at Izta and smiles.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

He's quite good at wedding's.

Maria looks at the shaman with suspicion, she goes to him, holds his hand, 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.  
(MORE)

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

After your parents died I took care of you, protected you, to bring us all here.

Maria hugs him.

MARIA

I love you... grandfather.

Chac and Izta turn to leave, Maria looks disappointed.

MARIA (CONT'D)

What about grandfather's eyes, aren't you going to heal him?

Izta and Chac smile.

QUEEN IZTA

He sees more clearly than us all.

IZY

But --

SHAMAN

I don't use sight as you, I see in many dimensions.

IZY

I need to start writing things d --

Chac raises his hand, shakes his head.

KING CHAC

It's all written down, all the knowledge is in the chamber of secrets. Tomorrow a wedding, then I'll show the library of codices.

Izy's eyes grow huge with excitement.

IZY

Library?

EXT. CAMPECHE REGION - MEXICO - NEW CITY TEMPLE - DAY

Chac and Izta awake in their bed, aged to their eighties, their eyes still 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, caresses Izta's face, looks longingly at her.

KING CHAC

So many centuries, so few days.

A tear rolls down Izta's cheek. They hug.

EXT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - DAY

Al and Jeevan stand atop the temple wearing Maya ceremonial clothing. Izy wears a loincloth decorated with bright parrot feathers. Chac, wearing king's regalia, walks out. Jeevan nudges Izy.

JEEVAN

A god will get dressed up.

The shaman stands at an alter. Maria comes out, the sun reflecting off her white skirt and brocaded blouse creates a halo around her. Izta walks with her. Jeevan mumbles to Izy.

JEEVAN (CONT'D)

And a new queen will arise. Man, prophecy fulfilled before our eyes.

AL

This is so way cool bro.

IZY

Shh.

Izy joins Maria, they stand before the shaman. He anoints their foreheads, prays over them. They silently pray. The ceremony is over. Al snaps a picture. All enter the temple.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - DAY

Tribesmen open the bedchamber doors. Izy carries Maria into the chamber. The doors close.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - NIGHT

Izy and Maria enter the main chamber, the others are talking. Izta gets up to greet them.

QUEEN IZTA

The newlyweds. In Maya tradition  
you simply return to everyday life.

She grabs their hands, starts pulling them with her.

QUEEN IZTA (CONT'D)

But first we must give you your  
wedding present.

The group walks through corridors, tribesmen follow. At  
intersecting corridors the corner wall is one huge sloped  
stone, inlaid metal lines radiate outward in the floor.

Tribesmen climb stones jutting out of the wall, insert poles  
in holes, jump to pole ends, pulling them downward. The floor  
lines raise like tracks, lifting the sloped cornerstone.

They insert poles into wall reliefs, the cornerstone slides  
effortlessly forward revealing a passage with a staircase  
descending into darkness. They enter.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - CHAMBER OF SECRETS - NIGHT

As Chac's foot touches the first step the staircase becomes  
illuminated by golden bulbs. The others are audibly awed.  
Chac stops, smiles.

KING CHAC

They're what you think, light from  
spun gold, powered by the river  
below the temple.

They continue the decent into a huge chamber. The walls  
layers of carved stones. The room has a golden hue from the  
bulbs -- and the gold.

Stacks of gold bricks and silver bars fill the room. Shelves  
of codices line the rear wall. Chac leads them through the  
chamber, he stops, extends his arms, turns in a circle.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

The treasures of our people,  
preserved, waiting for the new age,  
waiting for you. The wall carvings  
tell the true history of the Maya.

Chac motions to the wall of codices.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

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, taking in the sight.

IZY

(mumbling)

That's what I've been saying.

Al stares at a symbol on a wall, his mouth agape, he points,  
looks at Chac.

AL

That looks like --

He raises his shirt sleeve, exposing his tatoo.

KING CHAC

The final overlay of the calendar.

He turns to Izy, touches Izy's shoulder.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

The age you'll share the knowledge  
and prophesies of the codices.

Izy stands speechless, he searches for words.

IZY

This is --

AL

Way cool bro.

Chac puts an arm around Izta, raises his other arm.

KING CHAC

Come, let us feast.

Chac looks at Izta, smiles, touches her face, their eyes  
still unaged. Maria looks at Izy sadly.

EXT. CAMPECHE REGION - MEXICO - NEW CITY TEMPLE - DAY

Izy, Maria, and the shaman look on as Al and Jeevan saddle  
horses, tribesman load supplies.

IZY

When you get to New Orleans get 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.

IZY

I'll be back next month, Maria and I have a lot to go through.

Looks of sadness grow across their faces. Izta and Chac slowly walk out of the temple, aged to their nineties, their eyes old and cloudy. Jeevan and Al walk to Izta and Chac.

JEEVAN

This has been an honor, it has --

IZY

Been really trip'n king daddy.

Chac and Izta laugh, Chac knuckle bumps Al. Jeevan and Al mount their horses, salute and ride off. Chac turns to 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 by the hand.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

I'll show you the medical books and the workings of the stones.

They walk away. Chac stops, turns to Izy.

KING CHAC (CONT'D)

I'll send Maria to you, then Izta and I will meet you in the chamber of secrets before the sun sleeps.

He sadly looks at Izta, smiles. Chac and Maria enter the temple. Izta takes Izy's hand.

QUEEN IZTA

Come, I'll tell you the real Maya history as recorded on the walls.

They walk slowly to the temple doors, they enter. Tribesmen close the doors, the symbol of the swords and crown are seen.

INT. NEW CITY TEMPLE - CHAMBER OF SECRETS - DAY

Izy and Maria turn, a processional enters, shaman leads. Izta and Chac are seated on thrones carried by four tribesmen.

Izta and Chac wear ornate funeral clothing that is beaded, embroidered, flowing with all types of feathers. The tribesmen wear black loin cloths, mask with no faces.

Other tribesman 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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. Sound of running water. All enter.

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 plaza's end, an elaborate barge is moored at a temple's dock. Tribesmen carry the thrones aboard the barge. Izta and Chac hold hands, look straight ahead.

Tribesmen board, hand the shaman two golden cups, he raises the cups to Chac and Izta's mouths, they drink. The tribesmen take the cups, disembark.

Tribesmen bearing the masks board, place the masks on Izta and Chac, hand them scepters, light torches on the barge corners. The shaman bows, all disembark.

Out of the onyx walls leap two black jaguars onto the barge, they sit before the thrones. Chac raises his scepter. Tribesmen untie the barge.

The current carries the barge downstream. Izta and Chac's heads drop. The barge disappears into the tunnel, flickering torch lights illuminate the tunnel walls behind them.

The jaguars growl loudly. The torch lights fade to black.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - ORLEANS UNIVERSITY - DAY

Live Oak trees frame the view of Orleans University. The words "Two years later" fade in and out. A streetcars clanging bell is heard. A streetcar sways to a stop.

An ad on it's side heralds the world premier of Lost Maya Treasures at the Orleans Museum of Art. The car pulls away, Gibbons Hall is seen.

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

Cluttered, large, filled with Maya treasures. Izy works at his desk, the nameplate reads, Dr. Iztali Smith, Director of History.

A wedding picture of Izy, Maria, Chac, Izta, and shaman sits on the desk. On a bureau is the snarling black jaguar mask.

A knock. Izy looks up, Maria enters holding the hand of a young boy, CHUCK, the boy reaches for Izy.

CHUCK

Daddy.

Maria scoops him up, walks to Izy, kisses him, sets Chuck down, sits on Izy's lap, wraps 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.

A knock. Jeevan an Al enter.

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, barges between Izy and Al as if they're a bother. She drops papers on 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 papers, nods 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, grabs his leather briefcase embossed with the insignia of the swords and crown.

IZY

That's great, we're leaving.

He grabs Maria's hand, she grabs Chucks hand, they head toward the door, the secretary follows.

SECRETARY

One more thing, Dr. Smith, Rolling Stone needs a lead quote -- now.

Izy stops, slowly turns to secretary, smiling.

IZY

Quote. Academics is about gaining and sharing knowledge, not money.  
End quote.

He fists bumps Jeevan, takes Maria's hand, they exit.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - AUDUBON PARK - DAY

Izy and Maria stroll the walking path, hanging moss in the ancient oaks sways, Maria pushes a stroller.

IZY

So, books, shows, TV, you finish school this semester, residency and then teaching, when are we going to start on our next project?

Maria punches Izy's shoulder, smiles.

MARIA

We'll have a baby girl soon enough, but let's go check on our new baby.

They walk through the gates of Audubon Stables toward the stables. They enter.

INT. NEW ORLEANS - AUDUBON PARK STABLES - DAY

Herringbone floors, polished wood, looks like a castle. A horse neighs, the stallion pokes his head out of a stall. Izy gives him an apple, rubs his forehead. The nameplate reads, King Chac.

The palomino mare's head pops out from the adjacent birthing stall. Maria walks over, the nameplate reads, Queen Izta. Maria looks in the stall, a small colt wobbles up.

MARIA

(excited)

The first of the new breed.

Footsteps on the brick floors are heard.

LOUIS (O.S.)

And from the amount of calls, they best start making some more.

Izy turns. LOUIS, the elderly black man who runs the stables walks up, greets Izy, pets Queen Izta.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

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, pats the horse.

LOUIS  
 Yes sir, when that article hit  
 people started call'n -- say doc,  
 you are going to start breed'n?

Izy pats the stroller, smiles.

IZY  
 Already have.

They laugh. Izy puts a hand on Louis' shoulder.

IZY (CONT'D)  
 It'll be a few years, but we're  
 taking names now.

LOUIS  
 Well, the little one's doing fine,  
 I'll be here all weekend --

IZY  
 Except for the show?

Louis nods, smiles.

LOUIS  
 Wouldn't miss it, me and the  
 world's been waiting for truth.

IZY  
 Great. We gotta catch the car,  
 we'll see you there Louis, thanks.

Izy, Maria and Chuck exit. The streetcar bell is heard.

I/E. NEW ORLEANS - ST. CHARLES AVE. - STREETCAR - DAY

Maria sits by a window, hair blowing, dapples of sunlight  
 fall on her as they sway down the avenue past old mansions.  
 Izy holds her hand smiling, Chuck sits in his lap.

The car stops at a corner. Maria smiles and waves to the  
 shaman standing on a cottage porch, he waves. A sign in front  
 reads "Alternative Medicine."

The streetcar continues, rumbling down the avenue. Izy rubs  
 Chucks hair, makes a goofy face, laughs. He looks at Maria.

IZY  
 Of all of the incredible things  
 that have happened, I'd've never  
 thought I would have you.

He kisses Maria, hugs Chuck, kisses his head.

IZY (CONT'D)  
And all this too.

The conductor clangs the bell, the streetcar stops. Izy stands, extends his hand to Maria.

IZY (CONT'D)  
We're home.

They walk to the front, exit the streetcar.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - ST. CHARLES AVE. - IZY'S HOUSE - DAY

In a blur the car pulls away, exposing a Greek Revival mansion. A wrought iron fence frames a manicured lawn dappled by Live Oak trees.

They enter the yard, walk past lavender azaleas leading to a wrap around porch. A collie races to greet them. Cocco opens the door smiling, shaking 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 takes Izy's briefcase, pushes the stroller through the door, her back to Izy and Maria as she walks inside.

COCCO (CONT'D)  
Yep, I knew it had -- I just knew some cool glasses would help you get a good woman.

Izy smiles at Maria, scoops her into his arms, looks at her lovingly, kisses her gently. They enter the house, Izy pushes the door with his foot, it closes slowly.

IZY  
They sure did Cocco, they sure did.

The door closes. The glimmering insignia of the swords and crown are seen.

FADE OUT.

THE END

(CONT'D)