

Adventureman Jack

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An Original Screenplay

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1942 PAPUA NEW GUINEA

INT. JUNGLE CAVE-DAY

His regulation uniform sweat stained and wrinkled, a Japanese military officer MINORU HAYATE (30's) is sitting in a cave surrounded by wooden crates covered with canvas tarps, making notes in his journal. Black cables snake across the ceiling; caged light bulbs hanging down. A generator can be faintly heard.

Japanese officer TAKU AKASHI (30's) hurries into the room.

MINORU

Taku, you need to learn to relax.  
Life is too short.

Minoru fills a cup from a green, log necked bottle, takes a drink and then begins writing in his journal again.

TAKU

Do you think it's wise to keep notes? What if someone gets a hold of them?

MINORU

If we're going to sell to collectors, it's a good idea to know what we're selling, don't you think?

As soon as this ridiculous war is over we'll sail back here, pick up the crates, and return to the United States two very wealthy men.

TAKU

The American forces are already on their way.

Minoru smiles, and then takes another drink.

MINORU

Perfect. All we have to do is find a safe way to surrender.

Taku shakes his head.

TAKU

You make it sound so simple.

MINORU

Can't you see the beauty of it? We surrender, offer them military information in exchange for U.S. citizenship. Face it, Taku, attacking the United States was a big mistake. I want to be on the winning side when this is over. Then we come back for our things.

Minoru pats the crates.

TAKU

I hope you're right, sir.

Minoru picks up a sub-machine gun and slings it over Taku's shoulder.

MINORU

Go take care of your men. Or would you rather go back to being rice farmers.

INT.TUNNEL-DAY

Taku goes into the tunnel. Eight soldiers are milling around, smoking and laughing. He gestures for them to follow. They pick up shovels and follow Taku out the cave's entrance into the jungle.

EXT.JUNGLE-DAY

He walks them over the slight rise towards the recent wreckage of a Japanese Zero aircraft. He points to an area of dense brush. They begin to dig. He lights a cigarette, and solemnly watches them as they work.

INT.JUNGLE CAVE-DAY

Muted, staccato machine gun can be heard.

Minoru looks up from his journal and smiles.

INT.JUNGLE CAVE ENTRANCE-DAY

Taku, head down, plods through the cave entrance and disappears inside. Suddenly a single shot rings out.

## INT.TUNNEL-DAY

The lower half of a uniformed body is being dragged down the tunnel. The body stops next to the edge of a pit and is thrown in. Minoru's dead body, a single bullet hole in his forehead stares blindly up. Taku tucks Minoru's journal into his waistband.

TAKU

You were right all along, Minoru.  
It's a very good plan.

## EXT.JUNGLE CAVE ENTRANCE-DUSK

Taku picks up a roll of detonator wire attached to explosive charges and walks some distance into the jungle. He takes a look back at the cave then steps behind a tree.

An explosion echoes through the jungle.

PRESENT

## INT.HELIICOPTER-DAY

Over the chopping whirl of helicopter blades - JACK SULLIVAN (33)- star of the Saturday morning children's television show "Adventureman Jack" -dressed in khaki shirt and pants-crouches near the open helicopter door. A lush, tropical island with white sand beaches and clear, blue water can be seen through the door and the helicopter's canopy.

JACK

You see behind me the island of Peruga. It's stifling temperatures and thick, formidable jungle make this island paradise anything but. With no food or water, and armed with nothing more than a pocket knife and some gritty determination, I'm going to show you how to get out alive.

The camera pulls back to show director- THOMAS "TOMMY" ATKINS-(50's) pudgy Englishman; gray hair and matching beard; puffy and red nosed from too much alcohol; cameraman -SID GEORGIO-(40's) unkempt graying hair; tanned face, wrinkled from over exposure to the sun, and soundman-LUKE REID- (20's) young, good shape, blond close cropped hair; dressed in camouflage fatigues and a sweat stained white t-shirt- crammed into the open cargo bay. Also present is Jack's look alike stunt double-FREDDY BAXTER (40's).

TOMMY

Cut.

JACK

(To Tommy)

Don't just sit there. Help me up.

Sid rolls his eyes. Tommy reaches a hand out to Jack.

Freddy switches places with Jack at the open copter door, turns his head away from the camera, and looks down at the water.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Action.

Freddy steps confidently out onto the helicopter strut and takes a giant step. Sid follows him with the camera as he disappears into the crystalline water below. A second later he bobs to the surface and begins swimming towards the shore.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Cut.

JACK

Let's get over to the island. I'm starving.

The helicopter banks toward a large flat stretch of beach on the left side of the island. A small freighter with a helipad is moored off shore. The crew is scurrying around on the beach setting up equipment, tents, tables and a portable outhouse.

TOMMY

The network wants three more new Adventureman episodes before summer. I told them didn't think it would be a problem.

JACK

problem for who? I told you this was it. I need a vacation.

Jack reaches into an ice chest, removes a soda and pops the top.

TOMMY

I hear there's two new children's programs like this in pre-production.

JACK  
You're not scaring me.

Jack guzzles the soda and throws the can in the open ice chest.

JACK (CONT.)  
What about that best of  
Adventureman thing you're working  
on?

TOMMY  
Well, there's that. But they still  
want a few new episodes to beef up  
the schedule.

JACK  
I've already been over this with my  
agent. I'm taking a couple weeks  
off.

TOMMY  
I guess the boys will have to take  
that job over at CBS.

Sid and Luke purposely make sad faces.

SID  
It's a new reality show. Something  
about farm animals, I think.

Jack laughs as the helicopter touches down blowing sand in all directions. Crew members on the ground are scrambling away from the sandstorm.

JACK  
I'm going to grab a bite. Let me  
when you're ready to shoot the  
beach landing scene.

Jack hops out, bending his head as he jogs across the sand.

EXT. ISLAND-DAY

Jack stands at a well stocked buffet table and scowls at the food laid out before him. He picks up a jumbo shrimp, holds it between his fingers. It flops over. He wiggles it back and forth before tossing it back on top of the others.

Sid is next to Jack, filling his plate. BRANDON WHITE-(20's) Jack's personal assistant-clipboard in hand-is talking to Tommy's assistant CARL DIXSON (30's), but watching Jack. He walks over to the table.

BRANDON

Problem?

JACK

Do you think there's a problem?

BRANDON

It doesn't matter what I think. Do you think there's a problem?

Jack picks up the shrimp again and sticks it under Brandon's nose.

JACK

Is this my lunch, or are we going fishing later?

BRANDON

We're a thousand miles from nowhere. We had it all packed on ice...I...

JACK

I'm twenty feet from the ocean. Is fresh seafood too much to ask?

Jack throws the shrimp toward the surf but it falls short, landing at the waters edge. A one legged seagull hops over and snatches the shrimp and flies away. Sulking, Jack grabs a handful of potato chips; walks over to a large tent and goes inside.

SID

(To Brandon)

Why do we keep up this charade?

Sid begins piling huge amounts food on his a plate from the buffet.

BRANDON

Can't say it's because of the money.

SID

No doubt it's his sparkling personality.

Sid snatches up a pair of shrimp, sniffs them, and then drowns them in cocktail sauce before stuffing them both in his mouth.

BRANDON

Yeah, right. And now I have to find something to do for a couple weeks while he takes off. I'm barely making it now.

SID

Don't feel bad. Luke and I are gonna spend a few weeks filming the secret life of cows or something.

BRANDON

Does the cow need a personal assistant?

Brandon grabs a plastic wrapped sandwich from the table, seriously inspects it, and then begins to unwrap it.

JACK (O.S.)

Brandon. Can I see you in here for a minute.

SID

Adventureman calls.

Brandon throws the sandwich down, runs over to the tent; slapping his hand on the flap as if knocking, and then goes inside.

INT.TENT-DAY

The interior of the tent is well furnished: carpeted floor, a folding table with bottled water, snacks, lap-top and scripts takes up one wall. A portable air conditioner hums softly in the corner. A queen-sized air mattress rests atop two metal cots made up with fresh, white sheets, a satin comforter and two pillows. A single folding chair is at the foot of the bed.

Jack is lying on the bed; hands clasped behind his head. He hears a soft slapping on the tent flap.

JACK

Come in.

Brandon pulls back the flap and enters.

BRANDON

You wanted to see me, sir?

JACK

Relax, Brandon. You look like your dog just died. There's been a little change in plans.

Jack gestures toward the chair.

Brandon attempts a smile, but it comes out looking as though he had just eaten something unpleasant. He walks to the folding chair and sits down.

Jack sits up and scoots closer to Brandon.

BRANDON

What can I do for you?

JACK

I'd like to start my vacation day after tomorrow. What do you think?

BRANDON

That's a bit short notice. We haven't made any reservations? Do you even know where you're going? I need to call the travel agent....

JACK

Slow down. You've got tonight and all day tomorrow. Find me something close by. Someplace with a beach and a decent hotel.

BRANDON

I'll do the best I can. Anything else?

JACK

Do we have any chocolate ice cream?

EXT. BEACH-DAY

The crew is set up on the beach waiting. Jack and Tommy stand at the waters edge talking.

TOMMY

Just go out a bit passed the breakers.

JACK

Can't Freddy do this? We can pick it up as I walk out of the water.

Tommy puts his arm around Jack's shoulder.

TOMMY

Who's the main man, you or Freddy?  
Besides, I want a close up of you  
fighting your way ashore. Very  
dramatic moment.

JACK

All right, but let's make it quick.

Jack heads into the water. When he reaches the breakers a large wave crashes on top of him. He disappears under the churning water. He bobs to the surface and manages to dive under the next wave. He signals Tommy that he is ready.

TOMMY

Action.

Jack tries to ride the next wave to shore and is sucked under. He reappears a moment later and struggles to his feet. A rouge wave pummels him from behind, knocking him flat on his face.

The crew is trying to keep straight faces, but they are not succeeding.

Jack pushes himself to his feet and again trudges back out towards the surf.

He gets blind sided and disappears beneath the churning water only to be dragged ashore on his belly by the wave.

The crew-hands over mouths- are desperately trying not to laugh.

Jack struggles to his feet once more and storms out of the water, glaring at anyone who dares to look at him.

JACK

(To Tommy)

I'm through for the afternoon. We  
can shoot the shelter scene after  
dinner.

TOMMY

It's only two in the afternoon.

JACK

What's your point, Tommy?

Jack strides purposely to the tent; Brandon at his heels.

Tommy removes a chrome flask from his jacket pocket and tips it up to his mouth. He lowers it and shakes his head as he tips it upside down and nothing comes out. He lifts the flask and signal for his assistant, Carl. Carl walks over.

Tommy lifts the flask.

TOMMY

If you could be so kind.

Carl takes the flask.

CARL

No problem, Sir. Be right back.

EXT. BEACH-SUNSET

Jack emerges from his tent. He is dressed in freshly pressed khakis. He heads straight for the buffet table. He pours himself a cup of coffee, grabs a banana and peels it as he walks toward Tommy and Sid who are all set up and ready to film.

JACK

Gentlemen.

Jack tips his head at Tommy and Sid, and then takes a bite of the banana.

TOMMY

What are you wearing?

JACK

(mouth full)

My Adventureman clothes.

TOMMY

Jack...Jack...how many times do we have to go over this. Go back inside and put on the clothes you were wearing earlier. It's called continuity, Jack. You didn't jump out of a helicopter with a change of clothing in your back pocket.

JACK

But they're all wet and sandy.

SID

Tommy's right, Jack. The kids will notice. They're real sharp, and they think Adventureman's the real

(MORE)

SID (cont'd)  
deal. Do you want to break the hearts of millions of kids who watch your program, buy your action figures, and eat your breakfast cereal, over a pair of wet pants?

JACK  
Well, when you put it that way.

SID  
Go get dressed. We're ready to start shooting the shelter scene.

Jack walks back to the tent and goes inside.

INT.TENT-DAY

Jack stares disgustedly at the pile of wet, sandy clothing in the corner of the tent. He picks up the shirt and sniffs it; wrinkles his nose. Holds it away from his body and shakes it, trying to remove the sand. He repeats the process with the pants.

EXT.ISLAND-DAY

Jack opens the tent flap and does a stiff legged-because of the wet, sandy clothes-shuffle over to the edge of the jungle where the Tommy and the crew are waiting.

TOMMY (TO JACK)  
Much better. Thank you. Let's get started.

EXT.ISLAND-SUNSET

Everyone's in place, camera is rolling. Jack-back to the camera- stands in front of a crude lean-to constructed of palm fronds and stripped branches. He places one last palm in place and turns to the camera.

JACK  
Shelter is the number one priority. Food and water can wait unless necessary for your immediate survival. The weather on these islands can change without warning, so you'll want to stay as dry as possible in these humid conditions. Jungle foot rot can really spoil your day.

TOMMY

Cut... Jack...jungle foot rot? I don't see that in the script.

Tommy waves the scripts in the air.

JACK

It was an ad-lib. Nothing wrong with injecting a little humor.

TOMMY

Does anyone here find the words "jungle foot rot" humorous?

Luke raises his hand.

TOMMY

(To Luke)

Don't be a butt kisser, Luke.

TOMMY

(To Jack )

Jack, please try to stick to the script. The writers get paid a lot to make you sound like you know what you're talking about. Let's not spoil it for your fans.

Tommy rubs his face with both hands as if praying.

TOMMY

How would you like to be sitting down to breakfast on Saturday morning and hear your hero talking about the perils of jungle foot rot?

JACK

O.K. I see your point.

TOMMY

I'll edit that out. Let's move on to the fire scene.

Jack, grumbling, kneels on the sand in front of a pile of dry twigs and leaves. One of the crew hands him a foot long stick and a thick piece of bark.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Action.

JACK

Staring a fire is important, not only to stay warm and dry, but to keep whatever nasty creatures are roaming around out there from coming into your camp. And let's face it. Everyone loves an outdoor bar-b-que.

Tommy angrily throws the script on the ground.

JACK

To make fire we need to create friction. By briskly rubbing this stick against the bark it will begin to heat up. When it gets hot enough it will produce an ember. Let me show you how it's done.

Jack begins to rub the stick faster and faster against the bark.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Cut.

Carl hurries over bouncing a hot coal in the palm of his hand. He drops it on the sand in front of Jack. Jack scoops it on to the bark with the stick, and then looks up at Tommy.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Action.

JACK

I guess my Boy Scout training is paying off.

Jack holds the bark with the red, hot coal up to the camera, and then drops it into the pile of dry leaves and twigs. He lowers his head and begins to blow softly on the coal. The fire springs to life. He adds a few small pieces of drift wood and pretends to warm his hands over the meager flames.

JACK

Now that, boys and girls, is how it's done.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Cut. That's a wrap.

Jack jumps up and walks over to where Tommy is sitting and squats down in front of him. The crew begins tearing down for the night.

JACK

I want to get an early start in the morning. I'd like to finish this episode by tomorrow night.

TOMMY

Be reasonable, Jack. How am I going to cut four days out of the schedule and still have enough footage for a whole episode?

JACK

I've been giving that some thought. We do all my close-ups scenes tomorrow. Freddy can take care of the rest. I'll do the voice-overs when I get back.

TOMMY

I'm not making any promises.

Jack pats Tommy on the knee, and then rises to his feet.

JACK

I knew I could count on you.

Tommy pulls the chrome flask from his pocket and tips it up to his mouth, then immediately lowers it and turns it upside down. It's empty again.

TOMMY

Carl.

EXT. LAGOON-MORNING

Sid and the crew are setting up their equipment; Luke is hitting on the catering girl. Tommy and Jack are standing at the edge of a lagoon. Jack has a six foot bamboo spear in his right hand.

TOMMY

So here's the set-up. You stand here scanning the depths the water; you know like you see a fish and you're tracking it with your eyes. Then I want you to dive and stay under, maybe fifteen seconds -make it dramatic-then burst to the surface with the fish on your spear.

JACK

Eh...Tommy, I don't see any fish in there.

TOMMY

I've got you covered. One second.

Tommy saunters over to where Carl and the crew are waiting. Carl opens the lid of an ice chest and pulls out a fish.

Sid walks over and snatches the fish out of Carl's hands.

SID

Tommy, for heavens sake it's a rainbow trout.

TOMMY

It's a damn fish, Sid. Who cares?

SID

You don't find rainbow trout in a lagoon on an island off the coast of New Guinea.

TOMMY

It's the only fish we have. Besides, I can have it computer enhanced during editing. We'll make it purple with pink polka dots if it will make you feel better.

Sid disgustedly tosses the fish into the water. It goes under and then bobs to the surface.

CARL

(To Tommy)

How is Jack supposed to get the fish if he's under water?

TOMMY

Put it in your pocket, Jack.

JACK

In my pocket?

TOMMY

It will only be for a second. Until you're under water. Carl, get the fish.

JACK

I'll get it.

Jack bends over and uses the spear to try and push the fish to the bank. After three failed attempts Tommy-fidgeting in his chair-stands up.

TOMMY

Carl, get the damn fish.

Carl scrambles to the water's edge, lies on his stomach and grabs the fish. He hands it to Jack. It slips out of Jack's hand and falls to the ground. Embarrassed, Jack bends over and picks it up again-this time with both hands. He squeezes too hard and the fish shoots out from between his hands like a rocket and lands in the water. The whole crew is laughing.

TOMMY

Carl, the fish, please.

Once again Carl lies on the ground and grabs the fish. He opens Jack's pant pocket and stuffs it in head first.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Action.

Jack stares down into the water, swaying like a linebacker waiting for the snap. Suddenly he dives into the water. Tens seconds go by when he explodes to the surface, holding the trout in his hand and shaking it so radically that even a complete idiot can see that it isn't alive. The crew is laughing again, drawing a stern glare from Tommy.

TOMMY

Cut. Cut. Jack, where's the spear?

JACK

I lost it when I dove in.

CARL

It's over here.

Carl kneels at the bank, and pulls out the spear. He trots over to Jack-who is floating in the water- and hands it to him.

TOMMY

Let's try it again. With the spear this time.

Jack nods. He lets go of the spear as he struggles to tread water and stuff the fish back in his pocket. He fails, so he just holds the fish in his hand. He grabs the spear again, holding it up, showing Tommy he has a tight grip on it.

Tommy removes his straw hat and wipes the sweat from his brow with a red bandana that was wrapped around his neck.

TOMMY

We'll just take it from when you're under water. Ready...action.

Jack once again disappears under the water. He is under for longer this time. The crew begins look nervously at one another. Suddenly Jack explodes from the water with the fish -tail up- the spear shoved down its throat.

TOMMY

Cut, cut, cut. Dear God, Jack, what in heaven's name are you doing?

JACK

Spearing a fish.

TOMMY

In any of our previous three seasons together, have we ever speared a fish like that?

JACK

We've done it the other way so many times. It's kinda played out.

TOMMY

Carl, bring me the spear, with fish, please.

Carl calmly walks over to Jack and takes the spear. He hustles over to Tommy and hands it to him. Tommy yanks the fish off the spear, throws the fish on the ground, and then rams the spear through the fish's middle; eliciting a squeaking noise from the dead fish. Tommy shoves the spear into Carl's hand, sits back down and waves him away disgustedly. He takes out his flask and takes a long pull. Carl returns the spear to Jack.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Action.

MONTAGE

Jack explodes a bit less enthusiastically from the water this time, holding the spear and fish above his head in victory. There is a large brown leaf sitting squarely on top of his head like a bad toupee.

Jack jumps from the water and accidentally flings the fish end over end towards the crew. They dive to get out of the way.

Jack bobs-no spring left in his legs- to the surface, lifts the impaled, lifeless trout above his head, shaking the spear triumphantly.

TOMMY

Cut. That's enough, Jack. We'll fix it in the edit.

EXT.JUNGLE-DAY

Jack- looking bored- lounges under a huge fern, sipping a bottle of water. Several of the crew members-directed by Carl- are digging in the vegetation and upturning rocks.

JACK

Find any bugs yet?

TOMMY

We're in the middle of a God forsaken jungle, and we can't find any bugs. Who researched this island?

CARL

I was assured there would be plenty of bugs here.

A crew member hacks into a fallen tree trunk, and excitedly waves Carl over.

CARL

We got bugs. Eggs too.

EXT.JUNGLE-DAY

The camera zooms in for a close up of the frantic ants and their eggs.

JACK

There's always a food source around if you know where to look. Ant eggs are a great source of protein. But you've got to be fast, so the ants don't bite you.

Freddy-standing next to Jack out of frame- reaches his hand into the rotting log and grabs a handful of eggs and ants. Sid quickly gets a close up of Freddy's hand, while Jack pulls a baggie full of brown and white donut sprinkles from his pocket and fills his hand. Sid deftly gets Jack back on camera and films as he stuffs his mouth with the sprinkles.

Jack mugs for the camera, smiling with what appears to be bug parts clinging to his teeth.

JACK

You know, that hit the spot. Has kind of a nutty taste. Not bad at all.

TOMMY

Cut. That was great Jack. This is wonderful stuff. Just wonderful.

EXT. JUNGLE-AFTERNOON

The crew members are all resting in the jungle clearing, talking, playing cards.

Jack is lying on a blanket dozing when suddenly a five foot long boa constrictor crawls on his stomach. He jumps up, screaming like a little girl. The snake falls to the jungle floor.

JACK

Aeeeeee!!

DARYL (30's) -the wild haired Asian animal consultant/trainer- gently picks the snake up and wraps it around his neck.

DARYL

You're scaring her.

Daryl pets the boa as it curls itself around him.

JACK

I hate it when you do that. You know I don't like snakes.

DARYL

How did a guy that hates bugs and animals so much ever get to be Adventureman?

JACK

Just lucky, I guess.

## INT. TENT-NIGHT

Jack sits at the table in his tent in front of a small, lighted mirror, practicing different expressions, fear, joy, heroic etc. Outside sounds penetrate the canvas; laughter, talking, the door to the outhouse slamming, the water running in the portable shower.

A soft rapping on the tent draws his attention.

JACK

Come in.

Brandon ducks through the opening. He appears nervous.

BRANDON

I hope what I've got set up is going to be o.k. for you.

JACK

Anywhere I can get a margarita, a senorita, and a tan, not necessarily in that order, and I'm good to go.

Brandon anxiously chuckles, and then opens his notebook.

BRANDON

Stop me any time if...

JACK

Just get on with it, for Pete's sake.

BRANDON

O.k. I got the chopper pilot to agree to fly you to Manus Island-that's in New Britain-to the capital- which is Lorengau. There's a charter...

JACK

Do I have to memorize all this?

BRANDON

No, sir. I'll print out an itinerary. So, you'll catch a commercial flight- first class of course-from New Guinea to Cairns, Australia. I booked a room there. The next morning you'll fly to Sydney. I've reserved a suite at the InterContinental Hotel. It's a

(MORE)

BRANDON (cont'd)  
5 star. Spectacular view of the  
harbor.

Breathless, Brandon sits back in the chair, waiting for Jack to say something.

JACK  
That's definitely sounds doable.  
What time do I leave in the  
morning?

BRANDON  
Eight or so.

JACK  
Wonderful. I'll see you in the  
morning.

Brandon leaves the tent; a satisfied smile on his face.

EXT.BEACH-MORNING

The sun is all ready up; the sky a vivid blue and cloudless.

Brandon and Jack hurry across the sand towards the idling helicopter, Brandon talking non-stop. He hands Jack a manila envelope, shakes his hand and watches as Jack hops aboard the chopper.

Brandon stands out of the sand storm created by the whirling blades and waves to Jack as the chopper lifts off. Jack waves back.

INT.HELIICOPTER-MORNING

Jack settles back in the co-pilot's seat. There is nothing but ocean and glimmering whitecaps as far as he can see.  
VINCE (40's)the pilot- biker type; burly and unshaven.

JACK  
How long until we reach Lowenbrau.

VINCE  
Lorengau. 'Bout two hours give or  
take.

JACK  
Is there anything to read...a  
magazine?

Vince turns to Jack-chuckles-and turns back to his flying.

Jack leans back in his seat and closes his eyes.

INT.HELICOPTER-MORNING

Jack is snoring in the co-pilots seat. And island can be seen in the near distance. Vince reaches over and shakes Jack's shoulder.

VINCE

Naps time over. There's your island.

Jack is groggy from sleep-his eyes half open.

The main body of the island is blanketed in shades of green vegetation; hundreds of puffy, white cotton-ball clouds float above.

INT.HOUSE-DAY

A haze of cigarette smoke hangs inside the kitchen of the cramped, hillside house. The wobbling ceiling fan is moving, but there's no evidence of its effectiveness. Three men-their shirts damp with sweat- are gathered around a scarred table. An overflowing ashtray sits off to one side. The table is covered with various maps.

ANDRE GALLARDO (30's)-swarthy Brazilian/jungle guide- stands up and stretches his back, walks to the window and looks down at the ocean below. BOBBY AKASHI (20's)-California bred, and MATT DULIN (40's)-ex Australian mercenary/jungle guide are talking.

BOBBY

Come on Matt. Are you guys in or not?

MATT

Let's see if I have this straight. You want us to guide you into the jungle, locate the wreckage of a Japanese aircraft that's been rotting in the jungle for over sixty years-that's near the entrance to a hidden cave full of native artifacts-verify that there is indeed something valuable there, and then we come back with a chopper and haul out this illegal load of rare historical items?

Matt scratches his close-cropped salt and pepper hair, moving down to massage his neck.

BOBBY

Sounds pretty simple to me. We have my grand-father's journal with the location of the wreckage. It's only about three miles inland. We'll be in and out in no time. It's easy money.

Andre chuckles as he opens the gurgling old refrigerator and grabs a beer.

BOBBY

What's so funny?

Andre drags out a chair, turns it around backwards and straddles it, facing Bobby.

ANDRE

You think you're Indiana Jones?

Matt chuckles, and then bumps knuckles with Andre.

MATT

Look, Bobby, we're familiar with the customs and tribes in the area, and we're not above a little grave robbing, but...

BOBBY

But what?

MATT

This isn't Hollywood, mate. You can't just stroll in, grab the loot and be on your merry way. Tribes here are not very friendly. They control their own area; no rules, no laws. Think of them as street gangs who run around half naked and just might eat you if you piss them off.

ANDRE

For all we know that map in the journal could be a fake.

Bobby looks suspiciously across the table at Andre and Matt.

BOBBY

The maps real, all right. Why would  
My grand-father make something like  
this up? It's the money, isn't it?  
You want more, right?

Matt stands up, walks behind the chair and rests his hands  
on Bobby's shoulders. Bobby tenses. Matt leans over and  
whispers in his ear.

MATT

Money doesn't mean squat if your  
head is decorating some tribal  
leaders hut.

EXT-LORENGAU-DAY

Jack opens the chopper door and steps onto the tarmac. He  
lowers his head and jogs over to an old, military Quonset  
hut. The name over the wide, double doors is "LAMPERT  
AVIATION".

INT.QUONSET HUT-DAY

Jack steps through the door, nearly tripping over a thin,  
pale, English boy-WILLIAM "WILLY" LAMPERT-(7)-shaggy hair in  
need of trimming, playing on the wood planked floor. His  
eyes are large and inquisitive as he looks up at Jack. He is  
surrounded by over-sized, plastic insects.

Inside is a large open hanger with a door to a small office  
behind a chest high counter.

In the middle of the room, sits a sleek, white, twin engine,  
six-seat, Piper Navajo airplane; single red and blue  
horizontal stripes bisecting the fuselage.

He sees a pair of green, army fatigue clad legs-ending in  
black, rubber-soled work boots-dancing on the other side of  
the plane. Jack looks around impatiently. He clears his  
throat. He clears his throat again.

WILLY

She can't hear you.

Jack looks down at the boy.

JACK

Excuse me?

WILLY

She... can't... hear... you.

Willy points to his own ears, bobbing his head.

JACK

I'm sorry. Is she deaf?

The young boy gives Jack a huge open grin.

WILLY

No silly. She has her earphones on. She likes to listen to music when she works. You want me to get my mom?

JACK

Eh...sure. Thanks

Willy scrambles towards the plane and slides like a baseball player under the fuselage. The two pairs of legs face each other deep in conversation. A moment later Willy dips back under the plane and runs over, skidding to a stop in front of Jack.

WILLY

She says she's awfully sorry, but the carburetor is giving her a bit of a fit. She can't stop right now. She wants you to give her five minutes.

Jack sighs, anxiously tapping his foot as he looks around the hanger.

WILLY

Do you have a nervous disorder?

JACK

No.

Willy shrugs and goes back to his playing.

WILLY

Mr. Frecks at the grocery has a nervous disorder. He shakes too.

JACK

Does your mom dance a lot?

WILLY

Not all the time, but mostly when she's working. But she did dance with Uncle Peter last Christmas.

Willy looks up at Jack, thinking hard.

WILLY

Although I don't think he's really my uncle. He told me to call him that. Mom sent him packing last night. I guess he didn't know how to pack his own stuff. Mostly she dances when she's happy. I guess she's happy now that Uncle Peter is gone.

Willy nods at Jack.

WILLY

I danced in class at school once. With Mary Ugru. She has very big feet. I think it must take lots of practice.

JACK

Do you have a name?

WILLY

Of course I do. William Scott Lampert III. The "third" doesn't mean there is two more me's around. It means that I'm named after my father and grand- father. I guess my family has a hard time thinking up new names. My mom just calls me Willy.

Willy grins at Jack. They shake hands.

JACK

Nice to meet you, Willy. Do you know who I am?

Jack waits as Willy scrunches his face up, thinking hard.

JACK

Do you ever watch television?

WILLY

Of course. We have a telly. Are you the news guy?

Jack searches inside his bag. He has a few copies of the latest T.V. Guide featuring Adventureman Jack on the cover. He hands one to Willy. Willy studies the cover, hands it back and goes on playing with his insects.

JACK

Well?

WILLY

My mom says grown-ups should never lie to children. They are supposed to be an example. I watch Adventureman Jack every week with my mom, and I have his videos too. That's why I like to learn about bugs and animals and stuff. And besides, he's much bigger than you.

Jack stuffs the magazine back into the bag as SARA LAMPERT (30's)- English, little make-up, slim, compact body moves purposely towards him. Her stride is brisk and businesslike; her eyes a bit mischievous. She's wiping her grease-stained hands on a red shop towel.

SARA

I hope the little chatterbox hasn't been a pain.

Sara reaches down and messes Willy's hair, and then extends a hand to Jack.

SARA (CONT.)

Sara Lampert.

JACK

Jack Sullivan.

SARA

Oh my God. You're the T.V. guy. Adventureman Jack.

Sara claps her hands, and then points at Jack.

Willy jumps to his feet, a look of confusion on his face. He tugs on Sara's shirt. She leans down as he whispers.

WILLY

Mom, is it really him?

Sara smiles at Jack, and then whispers back.

SARA

Yes, honey. It's really him.

JACK

You know, I'm standing right here.

Willy and Sara stand side by side, grinning widely at Jack.

INT.OFFICE-DAY

Softened light comes from the single dirty window. The desk is sturdy, vintage WWII gunmetal gray; a 40's pin-up girl calendar- its numbered pages curling at the edges- is the only wall adornment.

SARA

Here's the deal Mr. Sulli... can I call you Jack?

JACK

Sure.

Sara leans forward and places her elbows on the desk and clasps her hands, and then she begins to nervously chatter.

SARA

Right, well, here's the deal, Jack. There's a little, tiny problem, so if you want me to get another charter to fly in from one of the other islands I'll totally understand, but I really, really need this charter. Do you have children? I'm sorry, none of my business. Anyway, yesterday, when the flight was booked I had a babysitter. Well, a boyfriend...

JACK

The one who didn't know how to pack his own clothes?

SARA

What?

Sara looks confused.

JACK

Willy said you sent him packing.

SARA

The little darling. Hears everything.

Jack smiles and nods.

JACK

He's a very...eh...special. I mean that in a good way. Can't he just come along?

SARA

Oh, I am so glad you understand. I swear to you he won't be a bother. I'll bring plenty of things to keep him busy. You'll never even know he's there.

JACK

Great. When do we leave? I'm trying to get to Sydney. My vacation clock is already ticking.

SARA

Why would you want to go there?

Jack leans in closer.

JACK

Excuse me?

SARA

I mean... it's so touristy, and you're... you know, Adventureman.

Sara finishes her statement by making quotation signs with her fingers.

Jack narrows his eyes, his irritation rising. He begins to drum his finger tips on the desk top.

JACK

Ms. Lampert. Maybe I'm just tired of being Adventureman. Maybe old Jack Sullivan just wants to empty his mind, lie on a beach somewhere, and enjoy a bit of female company and a few stiff drinks.

Sara smiles sheepishly; raises her hand in surrender.

SARA

Sorry, sorry, really none of my business. I'm sure there's plenty of mindless females there... eh ... well, you know what I mean.

JACK

When can we leave?

Sara begins rambling again.

SARA

Well, it's a little over four hundred kilometers to Karkar. That's an island just off Papua's coast. About three or four hours. We'll stay the night, and in the morning...

JACK

Ms. Lampert, please. It's a simple question. When do we leave?

SARA

Give me an hour. I'll just throw a few things together.

JACK

What am I supposed to do in the mean time?

EXT. BEACH-DAY

Jack strolls down to the water's edge, Willy close at his heels. They stop at an open wooden structure. A native island WOMAN (50's) dressed in a long blue skirt and a simple white blouse sits at a large, blackened, saucer-shaped pot, stirring the boiling contents; a clump of red hot coals glows underneath. She smiles hugely.

JACK

You hungry?

WILLY

My mom doesn't like me to snack too much. But seeing as how I'm with you, I think she wouldn't be too mad.

Jack holds up two fingers to the woman. She takes two sticks, reaches under a dirty towel and removes a pair of scrawny, grayish-green lizards and deftly impales them before plunging them into the boiling grease, which sends a plume of white, rancid, steam into Jack's face.

Jack's face goes pale. He feels a tug on his jacket.

WILLY

You can have the big one, because you're bigger than me. My mom says I shouldn't be a piggy.

JACK

Your mom has quite a lot to say.

WILLY

That is true. She talks a lot when she gets nervous. I think you make her nervous, you being Adventureman Jack and all.

Jack acknowledges Willy, and then turns back to the deep frying lizards, his forehead breaking out in a sweat.

WILLY

I like mine crunchy.

Willy stares up at the woman with a look of anticipation on his young, innocent face. Jack covers his mouth with his hand and takes a deep breath, trying hard not to look at the frying delicacies.

The woman removes the lizards from the boiling grease, and then shakes them like a pair of maracas, flinging hot grease. She offers the sticks to Jack. He uncomfortably busies himself looking for money in his pockets, motioning for Willy to grab the lizards on a stick.

JACK

(To Willy)

What's the going rate for a lizard on a stick?

WILLY

I've never actually paid for one.

JACK

Will she take dollars?

THE WOMAN

Dollars, yes.

Jack removed two dollars and gave it to the woman. She snatched his hand and began to kiss it, bowing profusely.

JACK

I guess that was enough.

Willy hands Jack the bigger lizard and begins munching happily on his. Jack pretends to eat as they walk back to the hanger. He flings it behind his back towards the water, but comes up short. A one legged seagull hops over and carries it off. He eyes the gull suspiciously as it flies away with the lizard on a stick in its beak.

INT.AIRPLANE-DAY

Jack stares at the gauges, knobs and switches on the instrument panel. Sara is busy making notes, checking gauges and flipping switches. Willy is strapped in, his face buried in a book with animals on the cover.

Jack grabs the co-pilot's yoke and pretends he's flying the plane.

SARA

Please don't touch anything. I really need to finish the pre-flight check so we can get going.

Jack grabs the radio and smiles.

JACK

You want me to call the tower. Ask them to clear us for take-off?

Sara patiently takes the radio out of his hand and puts it back.

SARA

Do you see a tower, Jack?

JACK

No.

SARA

That's because there isn't one. Can I finish this?

Jack pulls his cell phone from his pocket and starts playing a video game. Beeps, explosions and whistling sounds can be heard.

SARA

What are you doing?

Jack looks at her sheepishly.

JACK

Playing a game.

Sara holds out her hand to Jack. He hesitates.

SARA

Don't worry. I'll give it back when we land.

Jack scowls at her and hands her the phone. Sara puts it in her pocket.

SARA

I tell you what. If you behave yourself, once we're in the air, I'll let you fly a bit. Agreed?

Jack's eyes sparkle at the prospect. He nods enthusiastically.

JACK

I'm really impressed that you can remember what all those gauges and switches even do.

Sara takes a deep breath and lets it out before speaking in an animated southern accent.

SARA

Oh, I don't really know what any of them do, Mr. Sullivan. I just make sure the little round gas thingy is full.

Sara taps on the fuel gauge and smiles sarcastically, batting her lashes.

JACK

I was being serious.

Sara ignores the comment as she gently grabs the dual throttles, increasing the engines RPM's.

SARA

O.k. Let's see if this baby still flies.

Sara pushes forward on the throttles, the engines throb, gaining RPM's, and the plane begins to vibrate. She increases the engine speed until the propellers are just a blur.

JACK

Why aren't we moving?

SARA

The runway's a bit short. We don't have time to mess about.

Without warning Sara releases the breaks and the plane rockets forward. Jack is pinned to his seat. He looks out the side window at the asphalt whizzing by below. He looks out the front window fearfully. All he can see in front of them is water.

JACK

Sara.

Jack struggles to lean forward. He can clearly see the end of the runway.

SARA

Not now, Jack.

Jack squeezes his eyes shut; his knuckles white as he grips the sides of his seat.

JACK

We're not going to make it.

SARA

Hang on.

Sara pulls back hard on the yoke and the plane leaps into the air; nothing but blue, cloudless sky filling the windshield.

Sara looks at Jack-his eyes clenched shut- with suspicion.

SARA

You can open your eyes now.

Willy pokes his head between the seats.

WILLY

That was fun, mom.

SARA

I told you the runway was a bit short. No worries though. I promise you the rest of the flight will be so boring you'll begging to jump out.

INT.AIRPLANE-DAY

They're cruising along and Jack appears to be enjoying himself. Willy is quietly reading a book.

Sara turns in her seat and faces Jack.

SARA  
So Jack, I've never met a celebrity  
before. Tell me about yourself.

An uncomfortable look flashes across Jack's face.

JACK  
Shouldn't you be flying the plane?

SARA  
It's on auto.

JACK  
Well, I don't know this Otto  
character, so I'd feel safer if you  
were flying.

Sara groans. Willy giggles.

SARA  
Bad, bad joke, Jack.

JACK  
I'll have you know, I'm known the  
world over for my sense of humor,  
and my rugged good looks.

Sara rolls her eyes. Willy sticks his nose deeper in his  
book.

SARA  
So tell me about yourself. Wife,  
girlfriend, significant other?

Sara says this with a straight face, Jack can't tell if  
she's serious or not.

JACK  
Significant other?

SARA  
I'm trying so very hard to be  
politically correct these days.

JACK  
Are you a reporter?

SARA  
Are you always so suspicious?

Suddenly the plane hits some turbulence, bouncing them  
around. Instinctively Sara grabs the yoke and shuts off the  
auto-pilot. She smiles apologetically at Jack and shrugs her  
shoulders.

SARA  
I guess Otto needs a break.

INT.AIRPLANE-DAY

In the distance a nearly round island with a huge crater in the center can be seen, surrounded by nothing but blue-green water. Jack is flying the plane. Willy is asleep in the back.

SARA  
Play times over. I'll take it from here.

JACK  
I could land this thing.

SARA  
Is that Adventureman or Jack Sullivan talking?

JACK  
Jack Sullivan is Adventureman.

Sara watches Jack, who looks like an overgrown school boy steering his father's car for the first time, a mischievous look comes over her face. Something about Jack just doesn't sit right. She takes over the controls and purposely shoves the yoke forward. The plane is suddenly in a nose dive. Jack lets go of the yoke and screams in terror. Sara smiles as she levels the plane.

SARA  
Sorry, Adventureman. Just a little turbulence.

INT.PLANE-DAY

Jack noticeably flinches as the Piper's wheels bite into the tarmac. He sits rigid in his seat, silently brooding.

SARA  
How would you two handsome gentlemen like to take me on a tour of Karkar Island?

Jack sits in stony silence. Willy sticks his head between the seats.

WILLY

I'm hungry.

SARA

Me too, honey. Jack?

Jack merely grunts.

MONTAGE

INT.RESTAURANT-DAY

The restaurant décor is tropical: ceiling fans, bamboo partitions, and cane furniture. Willy is playing with a pair of jumbo shrimp, creating his own battle using the dead crustaceans. Sara and Jack are talking, sometimes serious, then introspective, laughing shoulders occasionally touching and seeming to be enjoying each others company.

EXT.MARKET-DAY

The outdoor market is a wide alley, lined with booths selling hats, traditional island clothing, fruits, meats, animals, etc. They walk along, stopping to look and touch the wares. Jack attempts to juggle fruit unsuccessfully, dropping them on the ground. He apologizes to the owner, placing a few crumpled bills in his hand.

They stop at a booth selling hats. Jack and Willy begin modeling silly hats for Sara. She covers her mouth and shakes her head when they try on a pair of exceptionally tall, colorful native hats. Jack places a thatched pith helmet on his and Willy's head and strikes an exaggerated hunters pose. Willy seriously mimics Jack's pose. A melancholy look replaces the smile on Sara's face.

EXT.SIDEWALK CAFÉ-NIGHT

Jack, Sara, and Willy sit around a small, candlelit table. Only a few customers are scattered among the ten or so tables. Multi-colored Christmas lights hang from the slope of the roof; green plastic vines wind around the white, wooden posts. The ocean, waves crashing on the beach can be heard in the background. Willy is falling asleep at the table. Jack pulls Willy's chair closer, putting his arm around the boy. Willy snuggles happily against Jack.

SARA

I can't thank you enough for today.  
We've had a marvelous time, really.

JACK

No need to thank me. It was my pleasure. Willy's a great kid.

SARA

You know he really admires you. He watches your show faithfully. He won't eat anything for breakfast but "Adventure O's" cereal.

JACK

I could tell he was a man of refined tastes.

SARA

Seriously, Jack. How did you become Adventureman? I'm dying to know.

JACK

Well, when my stint with the Navy Seals was over, I wasn't sure what to do with my life. I talked it over with my significant other...

Sara's jaw drops. Jack holds a straight face, and then smiles.

JACK

Gotcha. Anyway, I had a friend who was a cameraman. He had this idea to do an adventure type children's show. We pitched it to NBC and they bought it.

SARA

Were you into animals and bugs when you were younger? I mean, I see you eating creepy things and wrestling giant snakes; that would terrify me.

JACK

Really, it's nothing. I've been doing it so long it's kind of routine.

As the lies leave Jack's mouth the table begins to shake. A second later it stops.

JACK

What was that?

Sara acts as if nothing had happened.

SARA  
Just a little earthquake. Go on.

JACK  
An earthquake?

SARA  
It's just the volcano acting up a bit.

JACK  
Volcano? I didn't see a volcano.

SARA  
For heaven's sake, Jack, calm down.  
The whole island's a volcano. I  
though you knew.

JACK  
How would I know that?

Jack's becoming more agitated.

SARA  
What did you think that giant  
crater in the middle of the island  
was.

JACK  
I thought it was a giant crater.

SARA  
This chain of islands is part of  
the Pacific Ring of Fire. There  
must be twelve or thirteen active  
volcanoes in this area alone.

Jack snaps.

JACK  
You might have shared that with me.

Sara snaps back.

SARA  
You're Mr. Adventureman- world  
traveler. Don't you do any  
research?

JACK  
I have people...

Suddenly the ground shakes so intensely they are nearly thrown to the ground. Excited voices break the silence of the restaurant. People begin running by. Thick, white smoke begins to rise from the crater in the distance. The ground shakes violently again, accompanied by a thunderous rumbling.

Jack picks up Willy and holds him tightly against his chest. Willy tries to wriggle free.

JACK  
That's normal, right?

SARA  
We need to get to the plane. Now.

INT. PLANE-NIGHT

The airport; little more than a single-badly in need of repair- runway, a tower, the boarding area, a restaurant, lounge and a large hanger is in pandemonium. People are running in every direction; planes are attempting to take off; vehicles are careening across the tarmac.

As Jack buckles in next to Willy in the back, a red, single-engine, two-seater Cessna taxis by the window, so close it nearly clips their wing.

Sara is hurriedly doing her pre-flight check. Jack is holding on to Willy.

JACK  
Is that really necessary?

SARA  
You want to make it off the runway?

Sara continues her procedure.

WILLY  
I'm scared, mom.

Sara's reaches back and touches Willy's leg, her tone softer.

SARA  
Don't be. Everything will be fine.

She shoots an angry glance at Jack.

The plane begins to move forward. They taxi about ten yards down the runway when Sara turns the yoke hard left.

JACK  
Why are we turning around?

Jack voice is close to panic.

SARA  
You want to get out and push? I  
need the whole runway.

He starts to say something, but stops as a huge explosion rocks the island. A gigantic gray-black mushroom erupts from the crater into the sky. Suddenly the side of the volcano collapses.

SARA  
Not good. Pyroclastic flow. Hot  
gas.

JACK  
How not good?

SARA  
Does Pompeii ring a bell? Keep  
watching it. Let me know when it's  
getting close.

Jack watches dumbstruck as the super-heated gas roars down the mountain like a soot colored avalanche.

Sara manages to get the plane turned around. She stands on the brakes, and then slowly throttles up, raising the RPM's until the twin engines are screaming. She waits for an opening. Another small plane races by.

SARA  
Damn it, he's not going to make it.

She cringes as the small plane's landing gear is sheared off against the roof of a truck that was trying to get out of the way. The plane wobbles passed the end of the runway and over the beach before it nose dives into the water, just beyond the breakers.

People are running towards the docks where small fishing and pleasure boats are filling up and heading out into the safety of the ocean. The damaged truck is stalled at the end of the runway, blocking their escape.

SARA  
You need to move that truck, Jack.

She turns to face him. Jack is frozen with terror. He doesn't move. Sara frantically screams at him.

SARA

Get out and move the damn truck or  
we're all gonna die.

Willy is crying hysterically. Jack's pale face looks lost and confused. Suddenly the truck begins to move, limping towards the beach.

The tires send up puffs of white smoke as Sara releases the brakes. They're hurling down the runway engines howling. She nervously glances at the air speed gauge. It reads sixty and climbing. The plane is eating up the runway. The needle hits eighty.

JACK

It's coming.

Jack's barely controlled, trembling voice bellows from behind her.

Jack and Willy watch as a billowy gray, churning maelstrom engulfs the tower, hanger and lounge, bearing down on the runway like an angry, super-heated locomotive.

The needle hits ninety. Using every ounce of strength in her adrenaline charged muscles she hauls back on the yoke. Jaws clenched; arms and shoulders tensed; she fights to get the plane off the ground.

As the last few feet of runway disappear under the nose, the plane struggles into the air. She forces the yoke closer to her body, sending the plane into a steep climb. When the altimeter reads one thousand feet she sharply banks left, and then begins climbing again. At eight thousand feet she levels off.

SARA

Everyone all right back there.

Willy, his face buried in Jack's chest is still crying. Jack appears in shock.

JACK

We're o.k. Where are we going?

SARA

New Guinea mainland.

JACK

Is that far enough?

Sara gives a tense, tight-lipped smile and nods.

WILLY

I knew we were going to be all right. Adventureman Jack is with us.

Sara looks over her shoulder at Jack. He quickly looks out the side window.

SARA

That's right, baby. Adventureman Jack always gets out alive.

Her voice flat, emotionless. A tap outside draws their attention. Another one quickly follows.

JACK

What now?

SARA

Volcanoes can throw rocks and other stuff miles into the sky. What goes up... Look, there's the coast.

A smattering of lights is visible in the darkness below. Sara inches the yoke forward allowing the plane to slowly descend.

SARA

I better let them know we're coming.

Before she can give her call sign, rocks of every imaginable size and shape begin to rain down on the hull of the aircraft. The noise is deafening.

A spider web crack suddenly appears in the co-pilot's window. Without warning a basketball-size chunk of jagged volcanic rock smashes through the top of the plane- one row behind Jack and Willy- exploding out the bottom like a bullet. Instantly an alarm begins to sound. Papers and Styrofoam cups are flying around the inside of the cabin as the wind rushes in. Red lights are flashing on the control panel. The noise makes it nearly impossible to communicate. Sara grabs the radio.

SARA

Mayday, mayday this is Piper niner-niner-eight-seven. Do you copy?  
Mayday, mayday this is Piper niner-niner-eight -seven. Do you copy?

The altimeter is spinning counterclockwise as the plane begins to lose altitude. Sparks dance off the propellers as the shower of rocks attack the outside of the plane. With a loud clang and a flash of light the right engine fails. The plane suddenly dips. Sara drops the radio and struggles to keep the plane level. As sudden as it began, the hail of rocks is over.

There is an eerie silence as the left engine sputters, and then dies. Sara is able to control the plane, but they are rapidly losing altitude. She shuts off the alarm.

SARA

Honey... mommy loves you very much.  
You know that, right? Now I want  
you to do something for me. I need  
you to put your head between your  
legs. Can you do that for mommy?  
You too, Jack.

WILLY

I love you too, mom.

SARA

Make sure he does it, Jack.

Jack reaches his hand between the seats, places it on Sara's shoulder and gently squeezes. She reciprocates by softly caressing his hand with her cheek.

Jack gives Willy a long hug, and then gently guides the boy's head down.

The jungle canopy appears to rise up to meet the plane.

SARA

It's time, Jack.

Jack holds Willy's head down, but keeps his own up, his hand again on Sara's shoulder as she labors to keep the yoke back; the plane level, as long as she can.

EXT. AIRPLANE-NIGHT

The aircraft punches through the jungle canopy, and with a shriek of rending metal instantly loses the right wing to the upper branches of a tree. The force of the blow spins the plane wickedly to the right. The rear section-weak from the holes the rock had opened -snaps off as the tail snags a tangled, web of vines. The weight of the still intact left wing causes the fuselage to dip to the left. Milliseconds later the remaining wing is sheared off. Free of the any

further resistance, the aerodynamic cockpit section continues to slice through the dense jungle foliage.

Just before impact the nose of the plane encounters a massive vine stretched between two trees. The downward momentum of the plane makes quick work of the vine, easily ripping it free, but as a result it forces the nose up. The windows explode outward as the fuselage belly flops onto the thick mat of rotting vegetation carpeting the jungle floor, sliding for thirty yards before coming to rest in a mangrove swamp.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

Matt is making coffee, Andre is pacing the perimeter, and Bobby is sitting on his sleeping bag when the sounds of ripping metal and snapping branches echo through the jungle darkness.

BOBBY

What the hell was that?

MATT

It was a plane. It went down somewhere out there.

ANDRE

First an earth quake, now a plane crash. It just doesn't feel right. I don't like it. Bad juju.

Andre grabs a burning stick from the fire and lights a cigarette.

MATT

Since when did you get so superstitious?

Andre turns his back to the fire, stares into the darkness and shrugs.

ANDRE

I'm just saying...

INT. PLANE-NIGHT

Sara-blood trickling down her forehead- stares blankly out the hole where the windshield used to be. Dazed, she slowly looks around. Outside is a strange, darkened landscape filled with ghostly shadows and a low hanging foggy mist. At first, she hears nothing but ringing in her ears. Slowly

night sounds begin to fade in; a lone bird, the buzz and chatter of insects, and a monkey whooping. She attempts to remove her seat belt, but her shaking hands refuse to cooperate. She searches for the emergency flashlight in the cargo pocket attached to the door. She finds it, along with a disposable lighter which she pockets.

A cylinder of light -like a beacon- shines out through the empty windshield as she switches it on.

SARA

Baby, are you all right? Honey?  
Jack?

No response. She tries to look behind her, but she's strapped in and can't turn around. She attacks the buckles with determination. She finally gets her fingers under the buckle and she's free. Her blood-streaked face shows apprehension. She struggles to turn herself around. She shines the flashlight behind her.

EXT. PLANE-NIGHT

From the battered fuselage a scream steeped in anguish awakens the night creatures; their cries mingling with hers, sharing her torment.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

Jack, eyes closed, moves his head as if caught in the middle of a dream. He feels a gentle slap on his cheek, then another. He opens his eyes a crack. He sees the blurry silhouette of an upside-down face before him. He feels another slap, this time harder. As the petite hand rears back for a forth shot, Jack captures the tiny wrist in mid slap.

Jack shakes his head and tries to focus on the upside-down boy. Finally he realizes that he's still strapped in his seat- hanging upside-down- his arms dangling below.

WILLY

I knew you'd be all right.

Without thinking, Jack flips the release buckle. Unprepared, he crumples to the ground.

Willy kneels next to him, grabs him by the hair and lifts his head so that he can see Jack's face.

WILLY  
We have to find mom.

Dazed, Jack struggles to a sitting position.

JACK  
We'll need to wait until the sun  
comes up.

WILLY  
No we don't. This is just like the  
show in Australia, where you  
tracked the giant, killer croc at  
night, with only the moon and  
stars.

Jack folds his arms and clears his throat; his eyes  
anxiously darting around.

JACK  
That was a totally different  
situation.

WILLY  
Why?

Irritation creeps into Jack's voice as he tries to placate  
the boy.

JACK  
Well...eh...because that was  
Australia and this isn't.

Willy looks up at Jack in bewilderment. It quickly changes  
to a look of anger.

WILLY  
Adventureman Jack would help me  
rescue my mom.

Willy's eyes are rimming with tears. The truth of the young  
boy's words sting Jack.

WILLY  
I'm going to find my mom. She might  
be hurt. But I guess you don't  
care.

He glares defiantly at Jack, tear streaks on his dirt  
smudged face; tiny hands balled into white-knuckled little  
fists. Willy spins on his heels and bravely walks away.

JACK

Hold on. Give me a second to get my bearings.

Willy turns; a look of hope on his face.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

Sara huddles in the cockpit, clutching the flashlight to her breast, crying silently. She glances into the back. The fuselage is gutted; seats gone, nothing but a battered shell and a gaping hole where the tail section should be.

A rustling noise comes from somewhere behind the wreckage. She shrinks down lower in the seat and freezes. The noise comes again, closer this time. She closes her eyes tight, holding her breath.

Her body is coiled to strike, a trembling, rigor mortis like grip on the long-handled, black flashlight. She can hear it sneaking around the back, and then along the side of the crumpled cylinder that used to be the Piper.

Suddenly a shadowy form is through the window, inches from her face. She screams, lashing out with the flashlight. There is a satisfying crack as the flashlight makes contact. Its scream mingles with hers as it quickly withdraws. She hears it fall to the ground, groaning. She prepares herself for another attack.

JACK (O.S.)

What the hell was that for?

Sara's face at first appears confused, but it's quickly replaced by joy.

SARA

Jack?

JACK (O.S.)

No, it's Bigfoot. For heaven's sake who did you think it would be?

WILLY (O.S.)

Mom?

Sara hears the familiar voice from the behind. She sits up, shines the light into the back and finds the dirty face of a seven-year-old boy grinning from ear to ear.

EXT.MANGROVE SWAMP-NIGHT

Sara leans against the fuselage crying, holding Willy in her arms and repeatedly kissing the top of his head. Jack sits on the ground nursing the bump on his head.

SARA  
(To Willy)  
I thought I'd lost you. I don't  
know what I would have done. I was  
so scared. Let me look at you.

Willy attempts to wriggle out of her grasp, but she refuses to let go. Jack groans.

SARA  
(To Jack)  
Oh, stop it you big baby. I didn't  
hit you that hard.

Willy, finally managing to break free of Sara's arms, runs to Jack.

WILLY  
Are we going to build a fire?

Jack stares up at the boy, rubbing the bump on his head.

JACK  
What?

WILLY  
You always build a fire. You do it  
on every program. We just rub some  
sticks and start a fire. I'll help.

Sara, her arms folded across her chest, sarcastically smiles at Jack.

SARA  
Yes, Jack. I'd like to see you rub  
some sticks and make a fire.

Jack narrows his eyes as he notices the mischievous look on Sara's face.

EXT.JUNGLE-DAWN

Jack, bathed in sweat, kneels on the ground with Willy kneeling across from him. He's furiously rubbing a stick against a six-inch square of bark. Willy has a look that borders on ecstasy on his dirty face. Jack's is pure

frustration. Sara is going through the plane looking for anything they might use.

SARA (O.S.)

Jack. I'm getting cold. Is that fire almost ready?

Jack ignores Sara's plea that drips with sarcasm.

WILLY

(To Sarah)

You need to come out here. It's hot. We're all sweaty.

Jack throws the stick angrily into the swamp and stands up.

JACK

This isn't going to work. These must be the wrong kind of sticks.

Sara emerges from the hole in the back of the plane carrying an armful of stuff.

SARA

What kind of sticks do you need, Jackie darling. I'll fetch them for you.

Sara does her best Scarlet O'Hara. Jack fumes.

JACK

Are you always so ...

SARA

What ever do you mean, Jack?

JACK

Are there any band-aids? I've got a blister from that stupid stick.

Jack closely inspects his hands, brushing the dirt off.

SARA

(To Willy)

Honey, there's a box of bandages in the pouch behind my seat. Would you get them for Adventureman.

Jack and Sara lock eyes. She gives him another phony smile; he has murder in his eyes.

Jack shuffles over to the edge of the swamp. Grumbling, he squats down and begins to wash the grime off his hands.

Sara drops the supplies she is carrying and takes off in a mad dash towards Jack. She grabs his collar and hauls him backwards as a huge crocodile suddenly launches its heavily armored, scaly body out of the muddy water. It's elongated, toothy snout snaps shut with a resounding "thunk" inches from Jack's nose.

SARA

Are you out of your mind!

Jack is sitting on his butt. He's speechless, his face as white as a cheap, fast food napkin.

Willy returns from his errand.

WILLY

I got the band-aids.

Willy looks to Jack, then at Sara.

WILLY

What happened?

SARA

Honey, would you go back inside for a bit. Adventureman and mommy need to have a little grown-up time.

Willy stands there, hands on his hips, eying the both of them warily, before stomping back into the plane.

SARA

(To Jack)

Over there. Now.

Sara points to a tree a short distance from the plane.

EXT. JUNGLE-DAWN

Jack can see the smoldering fire in Sara's eyes; her posture as angry as her face. She grabs him by the shirt and slams him up against the tree.

SARA

You'd better tell me what's going on, Jack. If you're Adventureman, I'm Marilyn Monroe.

Jack leers at her and winks. Sara explodes.

SARA

You better cut the crap, buster, or I'll leave you out here. I want the truth.

Jack facade crumbles. He stares at his feet, ashamed.

JACK

It's just a T.V. show. Why does everyone take it so seriously?

SARA

Just a T.V. show? Is that all you are, just an actor? What about the ex-Navy Seal crap.

JACK

I was in the Seals.

SARA

I don't believe it for a minute. You know about as much about survival as I do about Quantum physics. Tell me about your stint in the Navy seals, Jack.

JACK

Well, it's kind of like this...

Jack flashes back to his Navy Seal days.

INT.NAVY HELICOPTER-NIGHT

Jack stands in the dark interior of the Navy helicopter dressed in full, black wet suit, waiting in line behind three other Navy Seals. He removes his eight-inch knife from the scabbard, checks the temper of the edge, and reinserts it. He misses the scabbard, leaving it hanging by the Velcro strap. He watches nervously as the other three disappear one by one out the large, open door. As his turn comes, he stands in the open doorway. He looks down. A raft is floating twenty feet below in the turbulence caused by the chopper blades.

He loses his footing as he steps out. He's falling, arms flailing. He misses the water and lands on the raft, his knife piercing the skin. It deflates around him.

EXT.OCEAN-DUSK

Jack in full diving gear treads water just off shore with two other Seals.

LEIUTENANT

O.k. Sullivan, you go left, I'll go up the middle, and Danders goes to the right. We ditch the tanks in the shallows. The object is to take out the guard shack. Stealth is the word. Even though this is only a training exercise, you need to run this as if your lives depended on it. Is that clear?

Jack and Danders -regulators in place- give a thumb's up.

Jack slips below the surface and begins to swim toward shore. Visibility is poor. His eyes look slightly spooked through the glass of the face mask. Suddenly a white conical shape appears out of the gloom. He screams, spitting out his regulator. Bubbles cloud the water around his face. He explodes to the surface.

A naked man and a woman, run screaming through the surf towards the beach, their bare, white bottoms glowing in the moonlight.

EXT-JUNGLE-EARLY MORNING

Jack looks sheepishly at Sara. She just shakes her head.

JACK

Of course, those are just a couple of the highlights.

SARA

Aren't there laws against television shows that pretend to be real?

JACK

We have a disclaimer that runs at the end of each episode.

SARA

I've watched your show, Jack. Evelyn Wood couldn't read your credits.

Jack just shrugs. Sara stabs his chest with her finger and lets him have it again.

SARA

My son thinks you walk on water. He watches every episode over and over. He even eats that sugar-coated crap you call cereal and raves about it. You are not going to burst his bubble. Do I make myself clear? If you do, I swear I'll feed you to the nastiest croc I can find.

JACK

What do you want me to do?

SARA

You're going to make that little boy believe you're Adventureman Jack if it kills you.

Sara takes Jack's hand and slaps the lighter into his open palm.

SARA

Make yourself useful and get a fire going.

EXT.MANGROVE SWAMP-MORNING

Shafts of golden sunlight pierce the canopy scrubbing away the blanket of haze and most of the deep shadows. Creatures and insects of every kind are vocalizing their presence with buzzing, squawking, hooting and singing.

Willy sits in front of the fire next to Jack. Sara sits across from them doing an inventory of salvageable items from the plane.

SARA

Well, it's not much, but it could be worse.

JACK

How?

SARA

Cheer up, Jack. Sulking is not going to help. O.k., we've got the flashlight, a pocket knife, a lighter, bandages, a box of animal cookies and a bottle of water.

WILLY  
I'm hungry, mom.

SARA  
Why don't you and Jack go see if  
you can find us something to eat.  
But don't go too far, and please be  
careful.

Willy's face lights up. He turns to Jack expectantly. Jack just grunts.

SARA  
Jack?

Jack grunts again and gets to his feet. Willy stands up and faces him, his posture as straight and stiff as a soldier, a big dumb grin on his face. Sara tosses the pocket knife to Jack. He misses it. She shakes her head with disbelief.

Jack pulls Sara away from Willy and whispers.

JACK  
There isn't any ...like lions and  
stuff here, is there?

Sara sighs and shakes her head.

SARA  
No, Jack. No lions or stuff like  
that. The top predator in these  
parts is the monitor lizard.

JACK  
I think I can handle a little  
lizard.

Sara grins at Jack's confidence.

SARA  
I'm sure you can. Most of them  
aren't any bigger than five or six  
feet long.

Jack looks nervously at the jungle.

EXT. ISLAND-MORNING

Brandon paces anxiously in front of Tommy, hands clasped behind his back. Sid, Luke and the crew are setting up in the background.

BRANDON

I tell you, Tommy I have a bad feeling. That volcano...

Tommy steps in front of Brandon.

TOMMY

You're getting worked up over nothing. He was probably no where near that volcano. What are the odds?

Brandon steps around Tommy and continues pacing.

BRANDON

I should have never let him talk me into it. Too last minute. No time to plan, or research the charter service. Oh my God, I probably sent Adventureman to his death. Children everywhere will hate me. I'll never work in this business again.

Tommy grabs Brandon by the back of his shirt, stopping him in mid step.

TOMMY

Why don't you go online and see if you can find him using satellite tracking. I know his phone has GPS.

Brandon stops his pacing, turns to Tommy and kisses him on the cheek.

BRANDON

I can't believe I didn't think of that. Thank you.

EXT. JUNGLE-MORNING

Jack glances anxiously over his shoulder. He can barely see the smoke from the fire through the thick foliage that's growing even denser as they move deeper into the jungle. He stops every few steps, nervously poking the bushes out in front of him with a six-foot long, fairly straight branch; Willy- carrying a miniature version- does likewise. They hear a rustling movement off to their left. Jack freezes. When the sound doesn't come again, they continue walking.

WILLY

Are we going to eat bugs?

Jack shushes Willy and keeps walking.

WILLY

Do they really taste good?

Jack stops. He turns to Willy, leans down and whispers.

JACK

You need to be real quiet.

Willy nods vigorously. Jack turns, takes a few more steps, catches his foot on a vine and falls flat on his face. He lays there for a moment, and then starts to wiggle. He jumps up, desperately slapping and brushing at his neck and chest. Ants are crawling all over his shirt. Willy, his eyes wide with amazement watches as Jack does a panicky chicken-dance.

JACK

Don't just stand there. Get them off me.

Willy drops his stick and goes into action, furiously brushing and slapping the clinging insects off Jack's clothes. Jack attempts to look at his back, all the while still brushing his insect-less arms.

WILLY

They're gone now.

Jack nervously checks his boots.

WILLY

Let's follow them.

JACK

Why?

Willy looks up at Jack, puzzled.

WILLY

You know. Find the nest.

Jack rubs his temples and sighs.

JACK

Why would we want to do that?

Again, Willy gives Jack a puzzled look.

WILLY

To eat 'em.

EXT. JUNGLE-MORNING

Jack and Willy stand a few feet from a rotting log watching hundreds of ants scurry about in an orderly manner.

SARA (O.S.)  
Boys?

WILLY  
We're o.k., mom.

SARA (O.S.)  
Just checking.

Willy tugs on Jack's sleeve.

WILLY  
Can I do it?

JACK  
Do what?

WILLY  
Dig out the eggs.

Jack considers his request for a moment, and then nods.

JACK  
Take it slow, all right?

Willy bobs his head in agreement.

He takes his stick and carefully shoves it under the edge of a piece of loose bark. He forces the stick towards the ground, putting all his weight on it. Suddenly the bark explodes in a shower of wood chips and ants. Jack and Willy run away, shrieking with laughter.

They slowly walk back to the log, Jack's arm on Willy's shoulder, both grinning from ear to ear. They stare down at the log.

WILLY  
You do it this time.

Willy has an expectant, starry-eyed look. Jack's grin quickly fades. Jack cautiously places the tip of his stick in a long crack that runs horizontally down the middle of the rotten log, exploring its depth. Very slowly he shoves it deeper into the cavity, careful not to disturb the ants. He lifts up on the stick, applying slow but steady pressure. With a slight crack the log splits in two. There are thousands of ants inside, along with handfuls of tiny, yellowish-white eggs.

Both Jack and Willy are mesmerized by the hidden civilization inside the rotting log. Jack begins to nervously lick his lips. Willy misinterprets Jack's apprehensive gesture as hunger.

WILLY

You can go first. I don't mind.

Jack buries his nose and mouth in clasped hands, still watching the ants. He rubs his hands briskly together, reaches down, scoops up a pile of eggs and quickly pops them in his mouth.

EXT.MANGROVE SWAMP-MORNING

A chilling scream erupts from the jungle, causing a flock of birds nesting in the tree tops to take flight.

Sara jerks her head towards the sound, fear on her face, and races into the jungle.

EXT.JUNGLE-MORNING

Sara reaches them in time to see two ants hanging from Jack's bottom lip by their pincers and tries not to laugh as Jack repeatedly slaps at his face and does the chicken-dance again.

SARA

Animal cookies, anyone?

EXT.MANGROVE SWAMP-DAY

Jack is kicking dirt onto the fire. Willy is sitting on the ground munching cookies, waiting for him to finish. Sara is standing solemnly next to the shattered aircraft. He stomps on the dirt a few more times before joining her.

Sara looks over at her son and smiles, her face radiating with love. Jack looks closely at Sara's profile, noticing for the first time a tiny scar at the corner of her mouth and a mole, no bigger than a hummingbird's kiss, just below her ear. She turns and catches him staring.

JACK

Eh...we'd better get going.

Sara walks over and scoops Willy up into her arms and kisses him all over his dirty face. Willy protests the maternal affection.

WILLY

Come on, mom. Not in front of Jack.

She sets him down and gently brushes the hair out of his eyes. Jack watches the tender interaction between mother and son.

SARA

O.k., then. Take us home, Jack.

Jack -a new found confidence in his step- heads into the jungle. Sara grabs the back of his shirt and turns him in the opposite direction. Without protest, he leads them away from the plane.

EXT. JUNGLE-DAY

A dark face, smeared with grayish, cracking, dried mud; wide, flat nose pierced through with a six inch shard of pointed bone, stands unmoving and unseen in the shade of a large sago palm. His mouth moves, but no words come out, but instead a soft, bird-like sound. The same sound repeats like a fading echo, only from different locations. Similar, barely perceivable, mud-caked features are revealed in the dense foliage. They watch as the three strangers clumsily trudge through their jungle.

EXT. ISLAND-DAY

As waves crash on the pristine beach behind them, Brandon, Sid, Luke, and Tommy gather around the table in the shade of a tall coconut palm. Sid is eating a sandwich, Luke; chin on his hands, elbows on the table, looks barely awake. Tommy seems a bit tipsy. Brandon stands up and starts pacing again as he talks.

BRANDON

I knew something was wrong. I just knew it.

TOMMY

Maybe he just decided to take a side trip to see the rain forest.

Brandon raises his hands and shakes his head in disbelief.

BRANDON

For heaven sakes, Tommy, the man won't even pee in the jungle. The GPS has him in the middle of the Papua New Guinea rain forest. I did

(MORE)

BRANDON (cont'd)  
some research. That is not a  
tourist destination. He's in  
trouble. I just know it.

SID  
Even if he is, what are we suppose  
to do about it?

BRANDON  
Vince said he'd fly me in. I  
contacted a local guide. He'll be  
waiting for me at the Gurney  
Airport in New Guinea.

LUKE  
That sounds pretty cool.

SID  
Sounds a little nuts to me. And how  
are you going to pay for all this?

Brandon, hands in pockets, stares down at his shoes.

BRANDON  
I used Jack's credit card.

Sid laughs.

SID  
That's going to go over big.

BRANDON  
This is an emergency.

SID  
Remember that when your standing in  
the unemployment line at window  
"C".

Tommy slaps both palms on the table.

TOMMY  
You know what. This is a great  
idea. The four of us will go.

SID  
Did I hear you right? You want us  
all to go?

TOMMY  
We'll bring the camera and sound  
gear. We can film the whole thing.

(MORE)

TOMMY (cont'd)  
 It's brilliant. It could be a whole  
 episode. Adventureman; Lost in New  
 Guinea.

Luke opens his eyes, and then taps Sid on the shoulder.

LUKE  
 You know, if Jack disappears, we're  
 out of a job. I'm in.

Sid rubs the stubble on his chin with his hand and then  
 looks up at Tommy.

SID  
 All right. Count me in.

TOMMY  
 That's the spirit. Let's go save  
 our meal ticket.

EXT. JUNGLE-DAY

All three bathed in sweat from the high humidity, they move  
 sluggishly through the maze of jungle. Jack uses his stick to  
 beat back the vegetation. Sara and Willy follow close  
 behind.

SARA  
 We need a rest, Jack.

JACK  
 How much farther you think?

Sara wipes the sweat from her face with her shirt sleeve.

SARA  
 We can't be more than two or three  
 miles from the coast. At the rate  
 we're going, we should be there  
 sometime next year.

Willy flops down on the ground.

WILLY  
 This looks like Jurassic Park.

Sara sits down, takes off her boots and begins rubbing her  
 tired feet.

SARA

As a matter of fact, it just might be. There are lots of documented sightings of a dinosaur type creature in this very jungle.

Jack sits down next to Willy.

JACK

No way. There's no such thing.

Sara sticks her tongue out at Jack and continues.

SARA

Many have seen it. They describe it as having a body as long and fat as a dump truck, with legs as thick as a coconut palm tree trunk and stubby little front legs.

She tucks her elbows into her sides and makes a scratching motion with her hands like a T-rex. Willy's eyes are locked on his mother.

SARA

It has a triangular head like a cow, skin like a crocodile, huge black eyes and razor sharp teeth as long as fingers.

She suddenly reaches out and tickles her son. Willy is wiggling on the ground, laughing uncontrollably. Jack is laughing too.

SARA

Now let me rest for a few minutes.

EXT. JUNGLE-DAY

Willy sits next to Jack and watches in rapt attention as Jack sharpens the tip of his stick with the pocket knife. Sara is sleeping nearby.

WILLY

Do you like my mom?

The question surprises Jack and it shows.

JACK

Why would you ask me that?

Willy's face becomes very serious. Jack starts to smile, but catches himself.

WILLY

You look at her funny sometimes.

JACK

I do?

WILLY

Yes. I've noticed. Mary Ugru-the girl with the big feet that I danced with-she used to look at me funny like that. Sometimes she would hit me on the arm. It hurt a lot. My mom said that's because she likes me. It's all right if you like her.

Sara, eyes still closed smiles.

EXT. JUNGLE-DAY

Jack is supervising Willy as he sharpens his stick. Sara sits up and stretches. Jack turns and waves at her. She waves back, and then begins using her fingers as a comb, trying to work the tangles out of her hair. Jack sees something moving on the ground behind her. Trying to be nonchalant, he walks quickly over to her.

A spider, black, hairy and as big as Jack's outstretched hand is inching toward her leg. Without hesitation he zeros in on the spiders back with the now sharpened tip of his stick. He smiles down at Sara as he leans on the stick, the thick, furry legs twitching as he skewers it.

JACK

You're hair looks great. Let's get going.

Jack reaches out his hand pulls her to her feet. He pulls her up a bit more forceful than necessary. They bump chests, Sara stumbles; Jack grabs her around the waist to keep her from falling. Suddenly locked in an accidental embrace they're both red faced. Sara removes his hands, steps back, and clears her throat.

SARA

Thank you, Jack.

She pulls down on her shirt, straightening her clothes, her eyes every where but on him.

As Sara turns her back, Jack raises his stick and flings the dead spider into the bushes.

She walks over to where Willy is patiently waiting.

WILLY

Look, mom. Just like Jack's.

Willy jumps to his feet showing her the sharpened tip on his stick. She shoots Jack a quick disapproving look.

SARA

That's nice, sweetie. You be careful with that, o.k.?

Jack joins them and holds out his hand to Willy, palm up.

JACK

Let's have it.

Willy looks innocently at Jack. Jack taps his finger on his palm.

WILLY

You guys treat me like a baby.

Willy digs into his pocket; pulls out the knife, and slaps it in to Jack's open hand.

EXT. JUNGLE-LATE AFTERNOON

The vivid greens of the jungle are slowly losing ground to muted shades of gray and black as the sun dips lower in the sky. They continue their painstakingly slow progress through the near impenetrable undergrowth.

SARA

Jack, we're exhausted. We need to stop.

Jack stops, and rests his chin on the top of his stick.

JACK

You said we were only a few miles from the coast. Maybe we're only a hundred yards away.

Sara takes a small sip of water from the now half full bottle and hands it to Willy. He takes a tiny drink and hands it back.

Sara and Willy sit down, resting against a tree trunk.

SARA

I was guessing about the distance.  
It was dark when we went down. My  
mind was on other things. Let's  
stop and get a fire going before it  
gets too dark to gather any wood.

JACK

You're the boss.

EXT. JUNGLE-DUSK

Jack is picking up dry twigs and leaves to get a fire started. As he steps around a tree he sees a flash of color. He lunges into the brush.

EXT. JUNGLE-DUSK

Sara and Willy are clearing the dead vegetation from the ground in a rough circle, exposing the dirt beneath. Jack comes out of the bushes, his hand behind his back.

JACK

How's the fire pit coming?

Sara looks up and notices he's empty handed and grinning.

SARA

I thought you were gathering some  
wood?

JACK

I wanted to show you ... this.

Jack whips his hand from behind his back. A four-foot long, brownish snake- its body as thick as a baseball bat - wriggles fiercely, wrapping its tail around his arm as Jack holds by the neck it out to Sara.

She screams, instantly crab-walking backwards as fast as she can and then gets to her feet. Willy jumps to his feet also.

WILLY

That's awesome.

JACK

It's all right. It's harmless.  
Daryl-the animal guy on my show-has  
a snake like this. It's a boa. He  
teases me with it.

SARA

Jack, please, do not let go of that snake. Willy... I want you over here, now.

WILLY

It's just a snake.

SARA

William Scott Lampert. You get over here now.

Willy scowls, but follows his mother's order.

JACK

It's just a joke. You should have seen your face.

Willy at her side, Sara speaks very calmly to Jack.

SARA

I want you to listen, very carefully.

Jack's expression changes; he can see the seriousness on her face. He eyes the wiggling snake again.

SARA

That is not, I repeat, not a boa, Jack. We have that same kind of snake on Lorengau. It's called a Death Adder.

Jack swallows hard, his face ghostly white. He grips the snake tighter behind its large, triangular head and holds it further away from his body.

JACK

Death?

Willy is so excited he can't stand still.

SARA

That is one of the most poisonous snakes in the world. Do not let go.

Jack is frozen in place, not moving a muscle, not even breathing.

JACK

What am I supposed to do with it?

Sara pulls Willy into her arms, and turns his face away from Jack.

SARA  
We're going to leave.

Jack's is beginning to panic.

JACK  
What are you talking about?

SARA  
As soon as you let it go, it will  
bite you. You don't have a chance,  
I'm afraid. You'll be gone in five  
minutes. I don't want Willy to  
watch you suffer.

Jack eyes are as wide as cue balls.

SARA  
Good-bye, Adventureman.

Willy breaks away from Sara. He runs over to Jack.

WILLY  
That's not a Death Adder, mom. It's  
just a tree boa.

Jack looks at Sara, a hopeful look on his face. She walks over to Jack, grabs the snake's tail, and inspects it more closely.

SARA  
I believe you're right, Willy. Must  
have been the light.

Jack collapses to his knees still holding the snake by the neck. Willy is dancing around Jack trying to get a better look. Sara is grinning, smugly.

JACK  
Good one.

SARA  
You should see your face.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

The flickering orange glow from their fire is the only light in an otherwise pitch black jungle. Familiar noises of day are gone now, replaced by the less distinctive, haunting sounds of the night creatures.

Willy is asleep, his head on Sara's lap. Jack is holding a stick over the fire with the last chunk of the snake's skinned body skewered on it.

SARA

I am so full. I'm not a snake connoisseur, but that was quite delicious. My compliments to the chef.

Jack picks at the charred snake to see if it's done. He winces as it burns his fingers.

JACK

Glad you liked it. But it was touch and go there for a minute. Man against beast. Survival of the fittest. Eat or be eaten.

Sara smiles warmly. Jack nibbles the snake.

SARA

I get the picture, Jack. But really, I'm surprised you even touched it.

Jack looks a bit introspective.

JACK

To be honest, I surprised myself.

Suddenly the night air carries the low rumble of native drums in the distance. Jack nervously looks to Sara for an explanation.

SARA

Relax, snake killer. There's lots of tribes in the jungles here. Papua is one of the most unexplored regions in the world. Some of the more primitive ones still live the same as they have for hundreds, maybe thousands of years. Most of them are quite friendly.

Jack eyes widen, he scoots closer to Sara.

JACK

Most? What are we taking here, head-hunters? Cannibals?

SARA

Tribes like that do exist in New Guinea, but they're wary of outsiders, and very hard to find unless you know where to look. We're not likely to stumble onto one of their villages by accident.

Jack throws more wood on the fire, and then cocks his head anxiously towards the pounding of the drums that suddenly become more intense in speed and volume.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

Just beyond reach of the soft, wavering fingers of firelight a lone silhouette glides effortlessly through the inky blackness. The shadow figure moves to the rhythm of the drums, each footfall as soundless and stealthy as a jungle cat stalking its prey. The figure stops next to a second silhouette. This new tribal night watchman takes his post behind the tree, watching Jack and Sara, while the other slips silently into the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE-AFTERNOON

Matt sits quietly on his back pack sipping coffee, the sky above is cloudless and blue. Bobby is sitting on the ground, talking to Andre.

ANDRE

Why didn't your grandfather ever go back for the stuff?

Bobby stands up and ties his log sleeved shirt around his waist before answering.

BOBBY

He worked for the U.S. Army Intelligence in 1942. According to his journal, his plan was to come back here after the war to retrieve the stuff, but he caught some kind of funky jungle bug from drinking the water. They sent him back to the states. He died before the war ended. My father was his only child so he ended up with all his stuff.

ANDRE

What was he doing out in the jungle?

BOBBY

How the hell would I know.

MATT

How did you get the journal?

BOBBY

What's with all the questions? It was in a box of junk when my father passed away. I was bored one night, so I read it.

Andre scans the jungle around them while Bobby and Matt strap on their packs.

EXT. JUNGLE-LATE AFTERNOON

Willy is leading, hacking away wildly at the bushes with his stick, Sara and Jack close behind.

SARA

Look, dear, our little boy is becoming a man.

Willy stops and gives his mother a comical, mean scowl.

JACK

I believe you're right, honey-pie. Pretty soon he'll be asking for the keys to the elephant.

Willy parts the huge floppy leaves of a plant and freezes.

WILLY

Jack?

Willy's holds the bushes apart as Jack and Sara come up behind him. They all stare at the wreckage of a Japanese Zero aircraft. It's leaning on one complete wing, the other missing along with the landing gear. The props are jagged stumps. The humidity has taken its toll, the green paint faded; the vivid bright-red circle now oxidized and dull. Vines are growing out of the shattered canopy, and over the battered fuselage.

Willy runs over and climbs up on the wing, staring into the cockpit. Jack and Sara walk around the plane.

JACK

This is pretty cool. What's a Japanese Zero doing out here?

SARA

During World War II the Japanese controlled these islands until you Yanks -with our help- sent them packing. There are tons of Japanese artifacts in these parts. My runway on Lorengau was build by the Japanese in '42.

MATT (O.S.)

It's amazing the things you can stumble upon out in the jungle.

Surprised by the unexpected voice; Jack, Sara and Willy watch as Matt emerges from the bushes. He is followed closely by Andre and Bobby. Matt and Andre have rifles slung over their shoulders. They're also packing pistols; Matt's chrome plated, semi-automatic in a shoulder holster; Andre's revolver tucked into the waistband of his jeans. Long handled machetes hang from Matt and Andre's belts.

Jack is smiling as he walks over, his hand outstretched.

JACK

This day is full of surprises, Jack Sullivan.

None of the three shakes his hand. Jack drops his hand to his side.

WILLY

Are you guys big game hunters?

Willy hops from the wing and runs over to Jack. Sara has a solemn look on her face.

SARA

Willy, come here, please.

Willy reluctantly obeys. Sara pulls him to her and protectively places her arms across his chest.

MATT

Fine looking family you got there, Jack. What are you folks doing way out here?

Andre is eying Sara. Jack notices, and doesn't like it. Bobby is working his way behind Jack to look at the plane. He pulls out a notebook and studies the tail of the plane. Stenciled in faded white is A1-108. He runs over to Matt.

BOBBY

I told you it was for real. A1-108.  
The numbers are right here. We need  
to start looking for the cave. I  
can't believe it.

Bobby excitedly shoves the book under Matt's nose, tapping  
the page with his finger.

Jack tries to look at the book. Bobby quickly closes it.

JACK

Cave?

Andre shakes his head. Bobby looks nervously at Matt.

JACK

Sorry, none of my business. Our  
plane crashed two nights ago. We're  
just trying to get to the coast.

MATT

We heard it go down. Quite a  
racket. I can't believe anyone  
could survive that.

JACK

Here we are.

MATT

Would you excuse us for a moment?

Matt takes Andre and Bobby aside. They appear to be arguing.

MATT

My colleagues and I have decided  
ask for your help on our  
archeological expedition.

Sara, quiet up until now, speaks up.

SARA

We really need to be going.

MATT

I think you'll find this  
fascinating. Our little friend  
here, well, his grand-father was  
here during World War II. He kept a  
journal of his little New Guinea  
adventure. It seems he found a cave  
somewhere around here that might  
contain some items of historical

(MORE)

MATT (cont'd)  
interest. Just might be a serious  
archeological find. We could use  
your help.

Willy, shouts out with childish exuberance.

WILLY  
Are you looking for treasure?

Bobby shoots Matt an angry glance. Andre smiles with his  
mouth, but his eyes are cold and flat.

MATT  
Children ... such vivid  
imagination. Anyway, here's the  
deal. You help us find the  
...eh...I guess we could call it  
treasure. And we'll take you with  
us when we're finished. As soon as  
we find what we're looking for  
we'll all leave together.

ANDRE  
You know, you scratch my back ... I  
scratch yours.

Andre is looking right at Sara as he speaks. Sara glares  
back.

MATT  
Do we have a deal, Mr. Sullivan?

JACK  
We need to talk it over.

MATT  
Please.

Jack takes Sara and Willy to the other side of the plane.

JACK  
(To Sarah)  
What do you think?

WILLY  
Let's go find the treasure.

Sara places her hands over Willy's ears.

SARA

I don't trust them. They don't look like archeologists to me. More like fortune hunters. They could dump us out here and no one would ever know.

JACK

Come on, Sara. They don't look like killers.

Sara stares at Jack, mouth open in disbelief, shaking her head.

SARA

What's a killer look like, Jack?

JACK

You've got a point. But if we refuse, and they really are up to no good, they might just get rid of us now. Let's play along until we can find a way to leave without getting shot in the back. If they turn do out to be on the level, well, they seem to know their way around.

SARA

All right, but first chance we get, we leave.

Jack walks over to Matt and holds out his hand again. Matt shakes it this time.

JACK

Let's find us some treasure.

EXT. JUNGLE-LATE AFTERNOON

The vegetation here -somewhat dense, but open to the sky above- is sparse compared to the intimidating wall of green that begins fifty yards in front of them.

Vince is snoozing in the chopper. Tommy and Sid are checking the camera equipment. Luke is excitedly chatting with their New Guinea born guide-JOSEPH UMEDA (40's). Joseph -dressed in American thrift store apparel- tugs on Luke's camouflage pants and nods appreciatively.

Brandon opens his laptop and furiously begins tapping away. He hurries over to Joseph and points at a flashing red dot on the computer screen map. Tommy, Sid and Luke gather around them.

BRANDON

That's our friend, right there.

Joseph nods.

JOSEPH

Your friend is very, very tiny.

Joseph smiles hugely. Sid laughs. Brandon scowls.

BRANDON

How far are we from him?

Joseph ponders this before replying.

JOSEPH

We be there by dark. You put me in your movie?

Tommy smiles and pats the guide on the back.

EXT. JUNGLE-DUSK

As the sun sets, a wispy, knee-high fog begins to hover over the ground.

Jack and Willy use their sticks to poke around under bushes and around trees. The others are doing the same. Sara follows behind.

Bobby kicks the ground in frustration.

BOBBY

It's got to be here somewhere. How do you hide a cave?

Andre stops and lights a cigarette. He nonchalantly looks into the deepening shadows of the jungle. Matt walks up.

MATT

Why do you keep looking out there?

Andre blows out the smoke, looks over at Bobby, and rubs his nose.

ANDRE  
Somebody's watching us.

Matt expression changes to concern.

MATT  
You sure?

ANDRE  
Oh, I'm sure. Been watching us for  
at least two hours. Just beyond  
that big tree, to my left.

MATT  
Local tribe?

Andre shrugs.

EXT. JUNGLE-DUSK

Jack and Sara take a break and watch Willy bounce around,  
hip deep in the swirling fog. Sara loses sight of Willy in  
the deepening shadows.

SARA  
Time to call it a day, honey.

Willy steps from behind a tree.

WILLY  
Ah, mom. I'm having fun.

Sara smiles at Jack.

JACK  
Right now, mister.

They watch as Willy kills one last tree with his  
stick/sword, turns walks three steps and disappears, nothing  
but swirling fog where is once stood. They both laugh.

SARA  
That's enough, Willy. Quit fooling  
around.

Willy doesn't reappear, or answer. Sara races over to the  
spot she last saw him, Jack hot on her heels. They find  
Willy in on his hands and knees in the fog.

WILLY  
Is this a cave, Jack?

SARA  
It's just a big hole.

Jack can barely see the dark outline of a hole in the ground that Sara's pointing at, through the haze.

Matt walks over to see what going on. He shines his flashlight into the hole. Bobby and Andre join them.

MATT  
I guess this could be considered a cave entrance.

BOBBY  
I wouldn't call this a cave.

Willy looks up at Matt, pointing into the hole.

WILLY  
Is there treasure down there?

MATT  
Only one way to find out. Jack, why don't you crawl down there and check it out.

Jack looks around nervously.

JACK  
Me. No, really. I'd rather not. You guys are the treasure hunters...I  
...

Suddenly Matt has a pistol in his hand, pointed at Jack. Andre raises his rifle toward Sara.

MATT  
I'm sorry, Jack. Silly mistake. Did you think I was asking you?

SARA  
We helped you find your cave. Why don't you just let us be on our way.

Matt seems to seriously consider this before he and Andre burst out laughing. Matt nudges Jack in the chest with the barrel of the gun.

MATT  
Be a good sport and go see where this tunnel goes.

Jack tugs nervously on his upper lip a few times.

JACK  
I'm not really comfortable with  
...you know... going down there.

Matt smiles, and nods his head toward Sara. Andre closes the gap between them and grabs Sara's arms from behind.

JACK  
Wait, wait, wait. Can we talk about  
this?

Matt picks Willy up from behind and holds him out over the hole.

SARA  
Oh my God, Willy... Jack... do  
something.

Matt looks at Jack, Willy's feet are flailing around.

MATT  
You heard the woman, Jack. Do  
something.

Jack seems dazed. He looks at Willy, and then Sara-her eyes pleading- and then at Matt.

SARA  
Jack?

WILLY  
Let me go.

JACK  
I'm thinking.

Matt shakes his head and lets Willy go. He disappears into the hole. Sara screams.

Jack drops to his hands and knees, and peers down the hole.

Sara lifts her booted foot and gives Jack a push.

SARA  
Save my baby.

INT. TUNNEL-NIGHT

Jack slides through the darkness down the slippery, mud lined tunnel on his belly, his hands ineffective in slowing his downward motion. Suddenly he is air born. He braces for impact, but instead lands in a very shallow pool of water.

It miraculously pads his fall, but still knocks the wind out of him. He lies there in the dark, wheezing, trying to catch his breath.

WILLY

Jack. Is that you?

Willy's frightened voice floats out of the gloom, barely a whisper.

JACK

Well, it's not Bigfoot.

Suddenly the boy is there beside him, his little arms around him. Jack gets to his knees and hugs Willy. Willy begins to cry softly.

WILLY

I knew you would save me. I just knew it.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

Matt, Andre, Bobby and Sara are gathered around the hole. Sara squats down and shines the flashlight into the cavity. All they see is a sloping, muddy, shaft. Sara is in a panic, yelling into the hole.

SARA

Jack... Jack, please, are you all right. Oh my God. Jack have you got Willy? You'd better answer me, damn it, or I swear I'm never speaking to you again. Oh please, Jack.

Jack's far away voice answers.

JACK (O.S.)

Is that a promise?

SARA

Have you got Willy?

JACK (O.S.)

Is that the pesky little boy that's been hanging around?

Sara, tears dripping down her cheeks, turns to Matt and the others.

SARA  
They're o.k.

Matt squats next to Sara and yells down the hole.

MATT  
We're going to throw down a flashlight. This might lead to the cave's entrance. Look around. If there's no way out, give a holler and we'll pull you out.

JACK (O.S.)  
I'm not really believing you.

Jack's voice echoes up from below, followed by Willy's.

WILLY (O.S.)  
Hi, mom. Jack's rescuing me.

Sara leans over the hole and calls back.

SARA  
I know he is, baby. Jack's a pretty special guy. You take care of him, o.k.

WILLY (O.S.)  
I will.

MATT  
Andre, take Bobby and go cut some vines. If they can't find another exit, we'll pull them out.

Andre is listening, but his eyes are still scanning the deepening shadows around them. Bobby reaches out to tap him on the arm. Andre's hand shoots out and grabs Bobby's wrist. He eyes Bobby coldly.

ANDRE  
(To Bobby)  
I heard the man.

Andre leans his rifle against a tree, removes his revolver; flips open the cylinder; checks it, slaps it closed and returns it to his waistband, before heading into the foggy darkness towards the barely visible outline of the plane.

## INT.TUNNEL-NIGHT

Jack feels around in the blackness until he touches the lip of the tunnel. He takes off his jacket and places it like a net across the opening. Willy, unable to see, reaches out until he touches Jack. Jack jumps in surprise.

WILLY

Sorry.

Jack feels around for the boys head and tousles his hair.

JACK

No problem, Willy. I haven't had a good scare in hours.

Jack kneels in the water, repositions his jacket and calls to the surface.

JACK

I'm ready. Slide it down.

MATT (O.S.)

Here it comes.

## EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

The darkness, along with the drifting knee deep fog has settled like a smothering blanket over the jungle. Andre hacks away at a long vine growing around the plane, but still nervously peers around as he's working. Bobby is chattering away loudly.

BOBBY

I knew we'd find it. We're going to be rich, man.

Andre stops chopping the vine and grabs Bobby by the back of the neck.

ANDRE

I'm only going to say this once.  
Shut your trap.

Bobby pulls away.

BOBBY

What's your problem, man?

Andre gets right in Bobby's face, nose to nose and whispers hoarsely.

ANDRE

You're making too much damn noise.

BOBBY

Who's going to hear? We're in the middle of the stinking jungle.

Andre places the blunt side of his machete against Bobby's chest and lightly shoves him. Bobby stumbles back a step.

ANDRE

If you had any idea what's out there you wouldn't be drawing attention to yourself.

EXT. TUNNEL-NIGHT

Jack hears the flashlight bouncing down the tunnel and snags it in his jacket before it hits the water.

Jack flicks the switch, shinning the light in Willy's face. He looks around the tunnel floor. He sees a half-eaten, freshly killed animal carcass and lots of dismembered bones scattered about.

Willy is looking over Jack's shoulder, his eyes wide with terror.

JACK

Something bad?

Willy nods frantically.

WILLY

Run, Jack.

Jack scoops up Willy and takes off running.

The monitor lizard's head is poking out of a large hole three feet above Jack. Dropping to the water below, it uses its three inch, curved claws to quickly scramble out of the water and gives chase through the tunnel. Seven feet long, green with yellowish bands of spots, it flicks its long, pale, forked tongue from its blunt snout as its thick, powerful tail slaps angrily at the narrow dirt walls.

Jack runs with Willy tucked under his arm like a football, the beam of light bouncing all over the tunnel.

JACK

What's back there?

WILLY

A really big lizard.

They hear the lizard scabbling closer in the darkness behind them. Jack picks up the pace. He sees the shadow of a dip in the ground ten feet in front of him. He skids to a wobbling stop, and shines the light down into a five foot wide, ten foot deep chasm. A human skeleton, dressed in a rotting Japanese military uniform; a perfect, round hole in its forehead grins up at him. He sees that the tunnel continues on the other side. He turns and shines the light behind him.

The lizard-thirty yards behind- is coming fast, its mouth hanging partially open, long, straight, fang like teeth fully visible. Jack suddenly starts running towards it. When he's twenty feet away he slides to a stop. The creature does the same. It stares at Jack and Willy with large, intelligent eyes. Its tongue flickers from its mouth. Jack growls loudly at it. It cocks its head as if sizing Jack up. Jack growls again, standing his ground.

WILLY

What are you doing?

Jack keeps the flashlight trained on the lizard's face.

JACK

You know. Trying to show it who's boss. Isn't that what you're supposed to do?

WILLY

I don't think its working.

Suddenly the giant lizard lifts its head and lets out a terrifying hiss. Both Jack and Willy jump. Without warning the lizard is scrambling towards them again. Jack spins, and with Willy dangling from his arm, he runs. When he's a foot from the edge of the chasm he leaps, landing with Willy in a tangled heap on the other side. Jack springs to his feet and shines the light across the pit. The lizard is staring across at them, flicking his long, white tongue.

WILLY

No one is ever going to believe this.

The creature turns and waddles away, disappearing into the darkened tunnel.

WILLY  
Wait until I tell mom.

JACK  
You know... I think we should wait  
on that.

Jack once again shines the light into the crevasse and looks down at the skeleton. Willy steps up beside him. Jack quickly turns and gently shoves Willy to get him moving.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

Sara keeps watch on the spot where she'd last seen them; Matt is building a fire. They both turn as running footsteps come towards them. Bobby appears out of the foggy darkness into the firelight. He slides to a stop, out of breath, hands on his knees.

BOBBY  
Andre's gone.

Matt walks up to Bobby and grabs him by the shoulders.

MATT  
What do you mean, he's gone?

Bobby gulps another few ragged breaths before responding.

BOBBY  
Gone. Disappeared. I don't know. I  
was under the plane cutting a vine.  
When I stood up he was...

Bobby stops in mid sentence, an odd look on his face. He reaches around the back of his neck. His fingers come back holding a toothpick sized dart. He stares at it, puzzled, and then falls flat on his face, disappearing beneath the fog.

MATT  
Crap.

Matt pulls the gun from his shoulder holster and chambers a round as Sara rushes over.

SARA  
What's happening?

MATT  
We have company.

Suddenly the shadows around them come alive. Ten native tribesmen emerge from the surrounding darkness, their faces smeared with dried, whitish clay, bodies painted with strange symbols, and their heads decorated with feathers, strips of hide and bits of bone, spears in their hands.

INT. TUNNEL-NIGHT

Jack shines the flashlight ahead of them in the tunnel. Something on the ceiling catches his eyes. He shines the light above his head. A thick, black insulated electrical cable is strung along the eight foot ceiling; a caged light bulb hanging down every twenty feet or so, disappearing into the dark tunnel.

WILLY

What are those?

JACK

They're electrical cables. Somebody wired this place.

WILLY

Can you turn on the lights?

JACK

Not without a generator.

As they follow the cables the narrow tunnel opens up into a room-sized chamber with an opening leading out. Jack shines the light on the walls of the chamber.

WILLY

Look, Jack. Somebody drew pictures on the walls.

Jack and Willy stand side by side and stare in awe at the ancient drawings depicting people, animals and strange symbols. One section shows four stick-man figures with spears fighting what appears to be a huge, dinosaur-like creature; a fifth stick man is holding something up to his mouth.

JACK

That kind of looks like your mom's dinosaur.

Willy begins to weep softly. He wipes his eyes with the hem of his shirt.

JACK

Hey, buddy, don't worry. We're going to get out of this. Has old Jack ever let you down?

Willy sniffs a few times, and then turns to Jack.

WILLY

I'm not worried. I know you'll get us back to mom. I'm just sad because I know when this is over, you have to go be Adventureman again. I'm going to miss you.

Jack puts his arm around Willy and hugs him, and then brushes Willy hair with his fingers, and wipes his dirty face with his still damp shirt.

JACK

That's enough crying in our milk. Let's go find some treasure, o.k.?

Willy nods and sniffles, and then asks nervously.

WILLY

Do you think there are any more lizards around?

JACK

No. How many giant lizards can there be?

With that, Jack spins around and nervously shines the light into the darkened tunnel where they'd just come from. There is nothing there.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

Matt lets the pistol fall to the ground. He glances at Andre's rifle- ten feet away- leaning against a tree. He raises his hands to show he has no weapon as the circle of tribesman -who almost appear to float through the fog- move closer and closer.

Sara steps back and stumbles over the hand gun. Using her foot she guides it backwards until it disappears down the hole. One of the natives lifts up Bobby, throws him over his shoulder and carries him away.

MATT

I don't suppose you speak any native languages?

Sara shakes her head, and then flinches as a tribesman grabs her arm, and guides her roughly away into the darkness.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

The booming jungle drums accompany them as Brandon, Sid, Tommy and Luke follow single file behind Joseph, holding flashlights to light his way. He expertly wields his machete and hacks through the thick vegetation. Joseph signals his need for a break. Exhausted, they all wearily drop to the ground. Brandon opens his laptop and logs on to the GPS website.

BRANDON

He's moving.

Tommy steps over Sid's outstretched legs- flask in hand -and stands next to Brandon. He takes a swallow and returns it to the pockets of his safari jacket.

TOMMY

I hope he's getting closer to those drums. I'd really like to get some authentic footage of a native ritual.

Joseph ambles over to Tommy and Brandon.

JOSEPH

I tell you again, this is not a good idea. Many of these tribes are not so friendly. Some have a taste for the long pig.

TOMMY

Long pig. Sounds delicious. What is it?

Joseph pokes Tommy's pudgy belly with his finger.

JOSEPH

You da long pig.

INT.TUNNEL-NIGHT

Jack takes Willy's hand and they begin to cautiously move forward through the new opening. Jack stops. He hears a skittering sound. Something brushes his leg. Suddenly Willy is scrambling up Jack's body into his arms, scissor-locking his legs around his waist.

His panicked voice whispers to Jack.

WILLY

There's something down there.

Jack points the flashlight. Caught in the beam is a huge, grayish-black jungle rat, the size of a small dog. Jack gasps and jumps back. The rat just sits there and stares at them. Willy slides down and laughs.

WILLY

It's just an old rat. We have these on Lorengau. It won't hurt you.

Jack visibly shudders.

JACK

Where I come from something that big usually comes with a collar and a leash.

The rat meanders towards Jack. He backs up.

WILLY

I think he likes you.

JACK

Great.

Willy digs in his pocket and pulls out an animal cookie. He tosses it to the rat. It sniffs it, and then begins eating.

WILLY

He likes cookies.

JACK

Feeding time's over. We need to get moving.

They begin walking again. Every few yards Jack's shines the light behind them. The rat is following. They move on. Thirty seconds later Jack stops again. He shines the flashlight behind again. The rat is still following.

JACK

You made a friend.

Willy giggles.

WILLY

Hey, maybe he knows the way out.

JACK

Let's see if you're right.

Jack and Willy stand with their backs against the dirt wall. Jack tracks the rat's progress with the flashlight. It continues coming, strolling casually, reaches them, stops, sniffs, and then continues on. They fall in behind the rat and allow it to lead through the tunnel.

They begin to see abandoned military equipment as they venture deeper. Vintage Japanese WW II helmets, dusty rifles-their canvas straps long rotted away, bayonets fixed in place-still leaning against the wall, boxes of ammunition and a canteen litter the floor of the tunnel.

JACK  
Looks like a museum.

Willy reaches for a rifle.

JACK  
I don't think so, sport.

Jack grabs the back of Willy's shirt.

As they move deeper into the tunnel-the rat leading the way-the flashlight's beam illuminates a huge pile of rocks and boulders sloping towards them. The rat scrambles into a space between the boulders and disappears.

JACK  
This must be the cave entrance  
we've been looking for. Won't do us  
much good now.

Willy tugs Jack's sleeve.

WILLY  
What's that over there?

Willy points to what appears to be an opening, half buried by the rubble. Jack shines the light to the right.

JACK  
Good eye, buddy. Maybe our luck is  
changing.

They walk over and inspect the new branch. Half of the tunnel is blocked. Jack cautiously climbs over the knee-high pile of rubble.

JACK  
It's clear on this side. Come on.

Willy quickly climbs over the obstruction as Jack jumps down to the other side.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

As the native raiding party snakes through the jungle, the glowing light ahead washes away the gloom. Details begin to emerge. The pulsating rhythm of the drums is growing louder along with unintelligible chanting.

Sara stumbles. She cries out as a strong hand grips her arm tighter to keep her from falling. She turns and looks at her captor. He smiles at her through wickedly pointed, yellowish-brown teeth. She shudders.

Bobby- slung over the shoulder of a tribesman- raises his head groggily and stares into a mud covered face; a white, pointed bone piercing the wide, flat nose. He passes out again.

There's a sudden commotion behind.

Sara turns and sees Matt struggling with his guard. He manages to break free. He runs about thirty feet before they tackle him. He grumbles as they lead him back. His eyes meet Sara's. He shrugs. She scowls at him. They begin moving again.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

The seven foot monitor claws its way up to the surface from its den below. It pokes out its head, flicking its tongue. It scrambles out and waddles into the jungle, hidden like a cruising shark beneath a shroud of fog.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

With the drums as their cover, Tommy, Brandon, Sid, Luke- lead by Joseph- furiously chop their way to the edge of the clearing. Joseph signals for them to stop and get down. He crawls back to Brandon.

JOSEPH

This is crazy. If they catch us...

Joseph makes an ear to ear, throat-cutting gesture with his finger.

BRANDON

My boss is in there.

He points to the laptop.

JOSEPH

That may be so, but how do you plan  
on getting him out?

Brandon just shakes his head.

Sid-camera in hand, Luke ready with the sound gear, and  
Tommy grinning like a schoolboy, huddle side by side and  
gingerly part the bushes.

The hidden village sits in a wide, a natural valley  
encircled by the dense jungle.

At least twenty warriors dance with wild abandon around a  
roaring fire, hazy brown clouds of dust enveloping them as  
they stomp their feet. Shiny with sweat, they thrust  
wickedly pointed spears into the air as they chant. Their  
bodies are decorated with vivid reds and yellows; each  
displaying a different symbol. Their heads overflow with  
colorful feathers, dry grass, and green jungle leaves, and  
each face is painted with black and white pigments to  
resemble a grinning skull.

A large group of woman and children watch the ritual from  
behind a row of ten mud-faced men who appear to be in a  
trance like state as they violently pound stretched animal  
skins; their black skin slick; their arm muscles taut and  
sinewy from continual exertion.

Thirty yards away-to their left- three large, primitive,  
peak-roofed grass huts crouch; the backs nearly touching the  
jungles edge. Four tall, wooden stakes driven deep into the  
hard-packed earth stand like rigid sentries against the  
grassy wall of the middle hut on their left. Andre,  
unconscious, is tied to the furthest pole, his head drooping  
on his chest, his legs splayed out before him.

TOMMY

Sid, are you getting this?

SYD

I smell an Emmy.

Joseph and Brandon crawl in next to them.

JOSEPH

Man, this is very bad. They are  
Korowai. We need to get out of  
here, now.

BRANDON

What's a Korowai?

JOSEPH

The ones that like to eat the long pig.

BRANDON

Can anyone see Jack?

TOMMY

Right. I forgot about Jack. Anyone see him?

Both Sid and Luke shake their heads.

TOMMY

This is too good to be true.  
Cannibals.

The explosive rhythm of the drums becomes more fervent, the chanting more passionate. Suddenly, Sara and the others-led by their captors- step from the jungle into the clearing.

Sara is forcefully dragged down the slope, her heels digging shallow furrows in the dark soil. Bobby, passed out, is set against the pole next to Andre, his hands quickly tied. Matt and Sara are tied, but left standing.

BRANDON

Oh my God. We've got to do something.

Brandon scrambles back, grabs Joseph shirt and pulls him away from the bush.

BRANDON

Those people are in trouble. We can't just let them die.

Joseph shakes his head vehemently.

JOSEPH

I warned you about coming here.  
There's nothing we can do.

Brandon scurries on all fours to Tommy, Sid and Luke.

BRANDON

Tommy, Sid? You can't just sit here and film this. This is crazy. Have you all lost your minds?

Tommy slides away from the action and pats Sid on the back.

TOMMY

(To Sid)

Don't you dare turn off that camera.

Tommy grabs Brandon by the shoulders.

TOMMY

(To Brandon)

What do you expect us to do? We don't have any weapons. Do you want us to waltz in there with a camera and a tape recorder and interview them to death?

Brandon pushes Tommy away.

BRANDON

This isn't an Adventureman episode. Those are real people down there. They are probably going to be killed, and ... eaten. Are you going to go back home and throw this up on the T.V. screen. I can see it now. Gee, mommy, so that's what people eat in the jungle.

Tommy rubs his forehead and looks over at Sid and Luke who are still glued to the action.

TOMMY

Forgive me, Brandon. You're absolutely right. I think I've been in show business too long.

Brandon gestures to Sid and Luke, still filming away.

TOMMY

Well, it won't hurt to keep filming while we form our plan.

INT. TUNNEL-NIGHT

Jack's light exposes a room filled with wooden crates covered with rotting canvas tarps. Willy runs passed Jack and lifts one of the tarps. Japanese writing is stenciled on the side of the crates.

WILLY

Is this the treasure?

Jack kneels next to Willy and examines the crates.

JACK

I don't know. Let's find out. Wait here a minute.

Jack hands Willy the flashlight and takes the lighter out of his pocket. He flicks the lighter and walks a few yards back, picks up a rifle and hurries back to Willy.

JACK

Give me some light.

Willy holds the flashlight as Jack shoves the bayonet under the lid of the crate. With a screech from the rusty nails he slowly pries the lid open. He repeats the process on the other side and then tosses the lid aside. The crate is filled with grassy packing material.

Jack shoves his hand in the crate.

EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Sara watches as Matt struggles with the leather straps binding him to the pole. Matt sees Sara looking at him.

MATT

I don't suppose you have a knife?

Sara glares at Matt and shakes her head.

SARA

If I did I'd slit your throat.

MATT

No need to be nasty.

SARA

This is all your fault.

Matt grins, and continues messing with the leather bindings.

MATT

You know you're quite beautiful when you're angry.

SARA

We're about to die and you're hitting on me?

Matt just shrugs and continues working the bindings.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

Brandon, Tommy and Joseph are huddled around the computer.

BRANDON

Either someone in that village has Jack's cell phone or he's in one of those huts. We need to check it out, and help those people escape.

Tommy's face pales.

TOMMY

Isn't that kind of dangerous? After all, we don't even know if Jack's in there.

Luke slides out of position next to Sid and crawls over.

LUKE

I'll do it. I think I can sneak around back. Shouldn't be too hard. The walls are only grass. I just pop in, look for Jack and cut the others loose. Piece of cake.

Brandon grasps Luke's hand and nods his approval.

JOSEPH

I think you're all crazy. If they catch you, they will eat you alive.

Luke nods, slaps Joseph on the shoulder, takes the machete, and then gets to his feet.

LUKE

I'm used to it. I'm in show business.

Luke winks and disappears into the jungle.

INT.TUNNEL-NIGHT

Jack, his hand buried in the packing material searches around. He pulls out an extremely heavy, evil looking, foot long solid gold statue of a squatting troll-like creature with glowing ruby-red eyes. Jack tosses it gently, impressed by the weight. Willy's eyes widen.

WILLY

Wow. Is that treasure?

Jack sets it on top of a crate and digs some more.

JACK

I do believe it is. Somehow I don't think Bobby was being completely truthful with us about how his grandfather found this stuff.

Jack removes an intricately carved, angry looking wooden mask, with what appears to be rubies and emeralds embedded in dark wood.

WILLY

I know that guy.

Willy points to the mask in Jack's hand.

JACK

What do you mean, you know him?

Willy puts on his serious face.

WILLY

That's Buriju. He's the volcano god. I learned about him at school on Lorengau. His face is all over the island. I think he's a good guy.

Jack held the mask out to Willy.

JACK

You're sure it's the same?

WILLY

Yeah. But it didn't have the red and green things.

Jack appears to be thinking. Willy reaches in the crate and digs around.

Suddenly the cave is filled with an excruciatingly loud, animal-like bellow. Jack stumbles back, holding his ears. The sound stops.

JACK

What the heck was that?

Willy, red-faced holds up a strange looking gourd, about the size and shape of a pear with strategically placed holes and strange designs on its brownish surface.

WILLY

It's a horn. Can I keep it?

Jack reaches out his hand, tapping his finger on his open palm. Willy hands it over. Jack tosses it in the crate.

Jack's face is etched with concern. He kneels down in front of Willy.

JACK

Here's the deal. We're going to have to go back the same way we got in.

Willy's face scrunches up.

WILLY

Where the lizard is?

JACK

I'm afraid so, buddy. There's no other way.

Willy nods solemnly.

WILLY

We need a weapon.

Jack turns and picks up the rifle.

JACK

I doubt this will still fire a bullet, and if it did, it'd probably blow up in my face, but it makes a pretty mean spear.

Jack thrusts the bayonet into the air.

EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Matt stops wiggling for a moment and turns to Sara.

MATT

Excuse me.

Sara eyes Matt suspiciously.

SARA

What, you want my phone number?

Matt laughs.

MATT

I don't think it would do me any good. But do you think you could manage to spit on my hands?

Sara glares angrily again.

SARA

You are a disgusting pig.

MATT

As true as that statement may be, I need some lubrication on my wrists. See if I can slip them out.

Sara works her mouth, trying to get some saliva going.

SARA

I'm a bit dry at the moment. You know, imminent death and all.

Matt nods in understanding. Bobby stirs, and then wakes up.

BOBBY

What's going on?

His voice is on the edge of panic.

MATT

I'm so glad you're awake. I wouldn't want you to miss the festivities, since we wouldn't be here if it wasn't for you.

BOBBY

Can't you do something?

Matt smiles.

MATT

How far can you spit?

EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Luke lies on his belly and peers through the vegetation. He crawls through, jumps up and scrambles over to the back of the first hut. He pulls the layers of grass apart and peers inside for a moment, and then crawls on his belly to the next hut. He pulls the grass aside and peers in. He begins enlarging the hole. He looks around, and then wiggles through the opening.

INT.GRASS HUT-NIGHT

Luke crawls on his hands and knees across the dirt floor. Something moves in the dark. He freezes.

LUKE

Jack?

There's no response. He crawls forward and his hand contacts something. He freezes again. The dim light reveals his hand is resting on a black, female thigh. A slender fingered hand reaches up and pulls him down.

INT.TUNNEL-NIGHT

They quickly return to the room with the wall drawings. They stop to inspect the prehistoric drawings on the walls once again.

JACK

You know it looks like that one guy is whistling at the dinosaur.

WILLY

Why would he do that?

JACK

Maybe dinosaurs don't like whistling.

Jack and Willy hurry down the tunnel and stop at the edge of the crevasse. He shines the light across. It penetrates the darkness at least thirty yards. The tunnel is empty.

JACK

You need to climb on my back. I want to be able to move fast. Can you hang on real tight?

WILLY

I think so.

Jack squats down and Willy climbs on his back. Jack jumps up and down a few times. Willy's clinging so tightly to Jack he barely moves.

JACK

Ready?

WILLY

Uh huh.

Jack walks back a few yards, rifle in one hand, flashlight in the other, spins around and takes off running. A foot from the edge he leaps, easily landing on his feet on the other side.

JACK

That wasn't so bad. I guess it's harder when a big lizard is chasing you. You're going to have to hold the flashlight. I'll need both hands if it comes.

Willy pulls his left arm tighter around Jack's neck and takes the flashlight.

They move cautiously down the tunnel like a strange two-headed, four-limbed Cyclops. Up ahead the flashlight picks out the pool of water; the lip of the shaft just above. Jack stops, takes the flashlight and shines the light in the hole in the wall to the right. It's empty.

WILLY

Maybe it's gone.

Jack jogs to the edge of the pool.

Willy slides off Jack's back. Jack takes the flashlight and holds it tight against the rifle. As he steps into the pool he sees a glint of metal in the water. He reaches down and pulls out Matt's chrome plated semi-automatic.

WILLY

What is it?

Jack tries to hide his concern from Willy.

JACK

Matt must have let us borrow his gun.

WILLY

Now you can shoot the lizard.

Jack stares uncomfortably at the gun. He fumbles around until he finds the safety lever. He clicks it on and off a few times and then leaves it on. He tucks it in his waistband. Jack shines the light up the shaft. No lizard. He sticks his head in and calls out.

JACK

Hello. Sara. Matt. There's no way out down here.

There's no response. He waits a few seconds and calls again

JACK  
Hey. Can anybody hear me?

WILLY  
Where's my mom?

Willy begins to cry.

JACK  
I don't know.

WILLY  
How are we going to get out?

Jack shines the light up the shaft again.

JACK  
I'll have to climb out. You'll have  
to wait here.

Willy's face is stricken with terror. He begins to cry even harder. He runs to Jack and clings to him.

WILLY  
No, Jack. Please. Don't leave me.  
Please. I'm a good climber. Really.

JACK  
O.k. Calm down. We'll try it with  
you on my back. If it doesn't work  
we'll have to do it the other way.

Willy hugs Jack tighter.

WILLY  
It'll work, Jack. You'll see. I'm  
real light.

Jack bends over and Willy scrambles up his back. Jack looks at the rifle, and then tosses it into the tunnel. He shoves his upper body into the shaft and starts clawing his way towards the surface, Willy again holding the light.

He sees a few exposed roots and uses them to pull them higher. His hands are caked with damp earth as he buries his fingers as deep as possible into the soil. The shaft ahead is clear so far. Jack increases his effort, digging his boots in and pulling with his fingers. A few feet above him the light seems to reflect back at them. It's the fog on the surface. Jack moves slower now. When he reaches the surface he lifts his head eye level with the ground. He can't see more than a foot or so because of the fog. He waits, listening. Finally he drags them the rest of the way out. Willy jumps to his feet.

WILLY

See. I knew you could do it. You're  
Adventureman. You're the most  
bravest person in the world.

Jack sits on the ground catching his breath, only his head visible above the layer of fog; the frantic pounding of drums mimicking his own pounding heart.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

Brandon is lying next to Tommy. Tommy is next to Sid, camera rolling. Joseph is behind them, on his knees praying.

BRANDON

Luke's been gone too long. I'm  
going after him.

Tommy sits up, removes the flask and hands it to Brandon. He accepts the flask, uncaps it and takes a healthy swallow, grimaces and gives it back. Tommy salutes Brandon and watches as he disappears into the bushes.

TOMMY

And then there were three.

Tommy scoots back into position next to Sid.

SID

This footage is going to make us  
rich.

Tommy's grim expression shows that the seriousness of their situation is starting to sink in.

TOMMY

Only if we get out of here alive.

SID

Well, of course there's that.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

Brandon crouches in the bushes behind the huts. He can see a hole in the middle grass hut. He crawls on his belly from the jungle to the back of the hut. He digs in his pocket and pulls out a ring of keys with a tiny flashlight attached to the ring. He parts the grass, sticks his face and hand through the opening. He can see the silhouette of a woman straddling a man. He flicks on the tiny flashlight and lights up Luke's startled face.

BRANDON

I can't believe this. We're about to be eaten by Cannibals and you're acting like a contestant on Survivor.

Luke pushes the young woman away, wiggles into his pants, and crawls on hands and knees to where Brandon's face is poking through the hut.

LUKE

What was I supposed to do?

The young woman crawls over and hugs Luke around the waist. He turns and gently pushes her away. She sits down, knees up hands around her ankles and looks dreamily at Luke. He shakes his head.

BRANDON

Grab the damn machete and follow me.

Brandon's face disappears from the hole.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

Brandon crouches behind the hut and watches as Luke slips out through the hole. The woman's face appears in the hole. Luke grabs her face and kisses her. Brandon yanks him away and crawls to the next hut. Luke follows.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

Jack gets to his feet and shines the light around the clearing.

WILLY

Where are they?

JACK

I don't know.

Jack starts to walk in the direction of the wrecked plane.

JACK

Let's take a quick look around.

They hurry over to the plane and begin to search the area. The beam from the flashlight picks out Andre's machete.

As Jack bends down and picks up the machete he sees something else. It's a shoeless footprint. He shines the light on the ground and finds more.

WILLY  
What is it, Jack?

Jack stares in the direction of the pounding drums.

JACK  
I think I know where they are.

EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Andre slowly slides his back up the pole and gets unsteadily to his feet. He glares at Bobby. His reaches out with his foot and kicks him in the thigh.

BOBBY  
What's the matter with you?

ANDRE  
I told you to keep your mouth shut.

SARA  
Boys. If you can't play nice I'm going to have to separate you.

Bobby looks terrified and he's sweating profusely.

BOBBY  
Why do you keep making jokes when we're about to be eaten?

Andre is grinning evilly at Bobby when something touches his leg. He cries out and jumps. He spins around on the pole and sees a machete sticking out of the wall of the grass hut. The others see him spin around. They all do the same. They watch as the grass wall begins to part. Suddenly Brandon's face pops out.

MATT  
I believe the cavalry has arrived.

EXT.CAMERAS VIEW-NIGHT

The camera zooms in on Sara. She is talking. Bobby spins and looks nervously around. When he does the camera zooms in on Brandon's face poking out of the grass wall.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
This is priceless. There is nothing  
like a damsel in distress to put  
butts in the seats.

EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Sara leans her body towards Brandon as close as the pole  
will allow, her face showing bewilderment.

SARA  
Who are you?

Brandon smiles.

BRANDON  
I'm Jack Sullivan's personal  
assistant.

Bewildered Sara suddenly becomes ticked off Sara.

SARA  
Jack sent his personal assistant to  
save me?

BRANDON  
Well, not exactly. I was tracking  
his cell phone. According to the  
GPS, he's here.

Sara shakes her head.

SARA  
I have his cell phone.

BRANDON  
Where's Jack?

Sara narrows her eyes angrily.

SARA  
That's a good question.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

Jack and Willy are quickly hacking through the jungle, the  
flashlight beam picking out a trail of footprints. They come  
to a marshy area. The fog is thicker here. He takes a first,  
tentative step and hears a splash as his foot sinks ankle  
deep in the water. He steps back out.

JACK

You'd better get on my back. No sense both of us getting wet.

Willy nods and climbs on his back. Jack hands him the flashlight. Jack begins to trudge across the marsh. He's nearly across when Willy's foot kicks the gun loose. Jack tries to catch it. He hears a splash. He is bending down in the foggy haze, frantically searching the water for the gun. He pulls out his hand and there's a snake attached to the edge of his palm. He grimaces, grabs it behind the neck and pulls it loose, throws it in the bushes, and then goes back to feeling around in the water. He can't find the gun.

WILLY

I'm sorry, Jack.

Jack stands back up and pats Willy on the head.

JACK

It's all right, buddy. I probably would have shot myself in the foot anyway.

A few more steps and they're on solid ground again.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

The lizard creeps across the damp jungle floor. It reaches the marsh. It raises its bulbous snout above the haze and rapidly flicks its long, white forked tongue. It drops back below the fog, the churning vapor marking its progress.

EXT. CAMERAS VIEW-NIGHT

The camera gets close-up on Luke- his face and arm poking through the grass hut- working the machete on Andre's bindings.

TOMMY (O.S.)

I do believe our guide has abandoned us.

SID (O.S.)

He was a bit player anyways.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

The darkness is fading as they near the edge of the jungle. The drumming and chanting are rising to a feverish pitch. Jack switches off the flashlight and hands it to Willy.

JACK

You stay here. No buts.

He lifts Willy up and sets him on a low tree branch.

Jack can already see the village, the fire, and the dancing warriors through the last few feet of jungle before him. He gets down on all fours and crawls to where the brush ends.

He can see Sara and the others now. His growing anger transforms his face; the dirt smudges on his nose and forehead, unshaven face, hair sweaty, the wild look in his eyes, jaws clenched tight.

He crawls back out, and walks back to Willy.

WILLY

Is mom there?

JACK

Yes.

Willy looks at Jack, tears rimming his eyes.

WILLY

Are you going to save her?

Jack looks at the ground, unable to meet the boy's hopeful eyes.

JACK

We need to create a diversion.

Willy looks shamefully at Jack as he reaches into his pocket. He pulls out the pear-shaped instrument and places it in Jack's hand.

WILLY

I'm sorry, Jack.

Jack tosses the gourd up in the air and catches it.

JACK

Stealing is wrong, but I'll forgive you this time.

Willy smiles lovingly at Jack as he lifts him down from the tree. He hands Willy the machete.

JACK

I want you to go over there and wait.

Jack points left. Willy begins to walk.

JACK

Don't stop until I tell you. If they start throwing spears I don't want you in the way.

Willy walks about thirty feet and turns. Jack gives Willy thumbs up.

Jack walks determinedly to the edge of the jungle and parts the vegetation.

EXT. JUNGLE-NIGHT

The monitor slinks out of the darkness. The surrounding jungle vegetation takes on more shape as it gets closer to the fire's light. It stops and flicks its tongue. Its head swivels left. It begins to move again, slower, more stealthily.

EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Matt anxiously glances behind. Luke is sawing Bobby's leather straps with the machete.

MATT

Remember. We all go at once. If one off you gets antsy and bolts, we won't make it ten feet.

Andre, holding his already untied hands behind his back, looks at Bobby.

ANDRE

(To Bobby)

If you blow this, those natives won't be the only one's trying to kill you.

Matt leans back and calls out to Brandon.

MATT

Excuse me.

Brandon's head once again pops through, framed with grass.

MATT

It's great of you to cut us loose  
and all, but we're going to need a  
pretty good diversion if we're  
going to make a go of this.

BRANDON

I have an idea.

EXT.CAMERAS VIEW-NIGHT

Matt is leaning back talking to Brandon's face, Luke is  
behind Matt sawing the straps. The focus shifts to Sara's  
face. She is fuming mad.

TOMMY (O.S.)

There is nothing like a woman  
scorned.

EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Sara looks back at Luke, who's now working on Matt's straps.

SARA

(To Luke)

What happened to women and children  
first?

Luke stops sawing away and points the machete at Brandon's  
face.

LUKE

He's in the way.

Sara shoots Brandon a steely glare.

SARA

I swear; you men are all...

Suddenly the drums stop. There is dead silence.

A figure emerges from the jungle; his head completely  
encased in a grossly misshapen, over-sized clay-colored mask  
with curved tusks jutting from below a pig-like snout, and  
enlarged eye holes. He raises a bow and a handful of arrows  
above his ghastly head before joining the other dancers.  
They begin to circle around him. The drumming and dancing  
begins again, taking on a new urgency.

SARA  
(To Luke)  
Any day now.

Matt is free now, his hands clasped behind his back. Brandon's face disappears, replaced by Luke's. Sara waves her tied hands at Luke. He nods and slides the machete through the arm hole and starts sawing.

SARA  
Oh, damn.

Suddenly the drums stop again; the circle of warriors' part. The tribesman in the over sized mask is dancing toward Sara and the others in a cloud of dust.

EXT.CAMERA VIEW-NIGHT

The camera is still on Sara's face. There is real terror in her eyes.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
(To Sid)  
Now that's what I call acting.

EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Sara watches as the masked man-twenty feet away- raises his bow and slowly pulls back the bow string.

Suddenly Bobby runs passed Sara and bolts toward the jungle.

The man in the mask is babbling excitedly at the warriors. One warrior peels off from the group and goes after Bobby. Sara watches as the masked man babbles even more excitedly, pointing her way. Three more skull-faced warriors run towards her.

She turns to Matt and suddenly realizes that she's alone; the other three poles are now empty.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

Jack steps as close as he can to the edge of the jungle without being out in the open. He raises the pear-shaped horn, takes a deep breath and blows. The sound is louder and even more animal-like in the open air. It reverberates through the valley. All action below comes to a stop.

EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Sara looks around in a panic, struggling to free herself.

The warriors and the masked man are frozen in place. A second bellowing blast follows the first. They appear shaken, nervous, glancing in all directions.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

Tommy jumps up and looks around the jungle.

TOMMY

What the hell was that?

SID

What ever it was, it's got our natives spooked.

Tommy hears something crashing though the bushes. He nearly falls down with fright as Brandon and Luke blast out of the jungle darkness.

Suddenly the strange roar cuts through the silence again. They all hold their ears.

BRANDON

What is that?

Luke and Tommy shake their heads.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

The snap of a branch behind him causes Willy to turn around. The monitor lizard glares at him from five feet away. Willy-frozen with fear-watches as it surges toward him. Suddenly a blurred silhouette flies out of the darkness. The giant rat lands on the monitor, digging its tiny teeth in the monster's back. It hisses, whips its head, and then scrambles towards Willy. Willy drops the machete, breaks his cover and explodes into the light.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

Brandon reaches inside his bag and pulls out a flare gun, lifts it in the air and fires.

## EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

Jack hears the pop of the flare gun and watches as the flare sails into the air. It ignites, flooding the valley with stark, white light. He hears a scream to his left and sees Willy tearing down the slope. Close behind is the seven foot long, green monitor with a gray ball of fur riding on its back.

The natives below are now running in all directions.

Sara is still struggling to free herself.

Jack explodes from the bushes and begins to run at an angle that will make him cross paths with Willy.

## INT.CHOPPER-NIGHT

Vince is sitting in the chopper when he sees the flare arc into the dark, night sky. He fires up the rotors. He watches the flare carefully to plot his course.

## EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Sara struggles to free herself. She grabs the pole with her hands and tries to shimmy up using her hands and feet. She falls back down.

The natives are running around the brightly lit valley in a panic, ignoring her completely. She hears Willy scream. She turns and sees Willy tearing down the hill with the monster on his heels. She screams his name.

## EXT.CAMERA VIEW-NIGHT

The camera pans from Sara to Willy, running down the hill with the monster gaining.

SID (O.S.)

Get over here. You've got to see this.

## EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

Tommy, Brandon, and Luke run over to Sid and peer through the bushes. They see Willy running full steam down the hill, the lizard close behind, a furry ball on its back.

TOMMY  
What's on its back?

SID (O.S.)  
I don't know but it looks pissed.

EXT.CAMERA VIEW-NIGHT

The camera is on Willy's flight down the hill. A running blur appears further up the hill. The camera refocuses. We see Jack running like a madman towards Willy.

SID (O.S.)  
Oh my God. It's Jack.

EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Jack is running full steam, constantly adjusting his course, as he tries to intercept Willy. Willy doesn't see him. He is running, head down, little legs pumping for all they're worth.

EXT.JUNGLE-NIGHT

Tommy, Brandon and Luke stare at the insane scene below. Suddenly the excruciating bellow comes again. Then two blasts almost on top of each other. They spin around and peer into the darkness. Something's crashing through jungle, snapping trees as it goes, and it sounds very big.

EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Suddenly Matt, Andre and Bobby tear from the jungle back into the clearing. The tree line at the edge of the jungle behind them explodes outward as two huge beasts charge into the clearing.

About the size of an elephant, with a triangular shaped head, three-toed, clawed feet attached to tree trunk legs-the front legs slightly shorter- thick, heavy tail and the body armor of a crocodile. Their bellows rock the clearing as they begin to run amok through the scrambling natives. They seem to be attracted to their colorfully painted bodies and begin butting the natives with their heads, and swinging their huge tails into the running mob as they try to escape into the jungle. One catches Andre with a lash of its tail sending him flying through the wall of the first grass hut. Another is chasing Matt.

## EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Jack is running almost parallel to Willy. The earth shakes as a third prehistoric holdover breaks from the jungle and charges across the clearing on a collision course with Willy.

Jack grits his teeth and lunges. He has an arm around Willy's waist as the dinosaur intersects them. They are in mid-flight as the dinosaur rushes passed, crushing the lizard like a bug with its huge, clawed foot.

## INT.CHOPPER-NIGHT

Vince sees the fires glow in the darkness and turns towards it. In seconds he's hovering over the clearing and staring in awe at the spectacle below. A group of natives are still running in circles as the huge prehistoric beasts charge around them. He puts the spotlight on one. It rises up on its hind legs and bellows. As he drops lower for a better look, two of the creatures vanish into the jungle.

## EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Jack holds Willy tight in his arms as he runs over to Sara. Willy jumps down and wraps his arm around her waist. They hear a loud, deep snort.

The third dinosaur is standing ten feet away, nostrils flaring, breathing heavily and staring at the three of them. Suddenly it's bathed in the helicopter's harsh spotlight. But it doesn't run.

## EXT.CAMERA VIEW-NIGHT

We see Jack turn to face the creature. Jack is breathing as hard as the dinosaur. The rat is suddenly beside him. He calmly walks closer to the dinosaur. They just stare at one another. A few moments later the huge creature lets out a ferocious bellow that moves Jack's hair and clothes. Jack roars back at the creature. The dinosaur appears to nod. A moment later it turns and stomps back into the jungle.

SID (O.S.)

No one is ever going to believe  
this.

EXT.NATIVE VILLAGE-NIGHT

Jack walks back to Sara and Willy. Sara is crying. Willy is looking at Jack in awe.

SARA

Thank you for saving my son. If there's anything...

Jack takes out the pocket knife, and reaches his arms around her, their faces almost touching.

JACK

Well, there is one thing...

Their lips touch briefly, and then they're kissing passionately, Sara's arms still behind her back. Jack feels a tug on his shirt. Willy is grinning up at Jack.

WILLY

I knew you kind of liked my mom.

JACK

She's o.k. for a girl.

Sara gives Jack a dirty look. Jack puts his hand on Willy's shoulder and they walk towards the landing helicopter, the rat following them.

SARA

Aren't you forgetting something?

Jack turns and walks back to Sara. He shoves his hand into her pants pocket and removes his cell phone.

JACK

Thanks for reminding me.

Jack, his back to Sara, walks back to Willy and the rat.

SARA

Jack. Cut me loose. Jack. This isn't funny at all. I'm warning you...

ONE WEEK LATER

INT.HOUSE-DAY

Sara -dressed in a bathrobe- is standing in front of a sink in a plush, modern kitchen rinsing plates. Behind her is a glass wall with a panoramic, sea level view of the ocean.

RADIO (O.S.)

This top story still has the whole world talking. Jack Sullivan-known to millions of fans worldwide as Adventureman Jack- seems to have had a real life adventure. On location in the jungles of Papua New Guinea, Adventureman and his crew stumbled on a cache of priceless native artifacts that were allegedly looted by the Japanese as they swept through the islands during World War II. The Japanese government denies any knowledge of the stolen treasures, but are looking into whether or not any military personnel were involved. Officials in Papua New Guinea are in the process of cataloging the items. Once that's done they'll begin the arduous task of returning the artifacts to the islands they were taken from. Our next story involves...

SARA

You'd better hurry or you're going to be late.

Jack and Willy walk into the kitchen wearing matching khaki outfits and holding fishing poles.

SARA

You've got to be kidding. You're only going fishing.

JACK

One should always be properly dressed.

Sara shakes her head and kisses them both.

SARA

You boys have fun. And watch out for sea monsters.

Willy looks up at Jack, concern on his face.

JACK  
No way. There's no such thing.

FADE OUT