

PUEBLO

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FADE IN:

INT. DARK CAVE - NIGHTMARE

Cowering behind a stalactite inside a cavernous underground cave, WALLACE, a handsome, Black, Gay, slender Dominican-American male, late 20's, professional haircut, trim beard is peeking at a fire-filled scene of an entranced older Mexican man dressed as a SHAMAN wearing a MOSAIC JADE MASK and leopard skin draped over his shoulder, chanting ceremoniously.

Firelight reflects off polished green MASK. Removes a black stingray spine from his nose, meditatively piercing his groin area. BLOOD squirts upwards. Dozens of Mayan sculptured faces of rulers and shaman scroll quickly past Wallace's mind's eye.

Wallace releases a muffled huff, covering his mouth, tortured by what he has seen.

Black shadow crosses the floor as a gigantic black EAGLE whooshes above.

Shaman's EYES shift behind jade mask, now staring towards Wallace. Shaman growls loudly, leaping at him. A horrific sound of a JAGUAR GROWL echoes inside the massive cave.

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT - MIAMI - MORNING

Wallace wakes. Shouting in bed, grabs covers, patting himself, looking around to make sure he is actually not inside the cave.

WALLACE

The fuck!!...

Book on his bedside table titled "Achievements of the Ancient Maya.

Law books neatly stacked next to books on Ancient Egypt and Mayan civilization along window sill. BUST sculptures of Queen Nefertiti and Pharaoh Akhenaten decorate his desk.

A framed PICTURE of a young, teenaged Wallace being held by his GRANDMOTHER.

Rubs face, struggling to get nightmare out of his head.

CLOCK reads - 12:15 PM.

Still bothered by his nightmare, he notices a wilted houseplant in window. Grabs GLASS to water plant. Gently runs his fingers, caressing it's wilted leaves and dangling solitary FLOWER.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

He nudges the flower lit by early morning glow. Pours water from the cup beside his bed into plant.

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT

Wallace shakes his head to snap out of it, wiping sweat off his brow. Stares at FRAMED PICTURE of his grandmother and him in graduation cap & gown, smiling, holding his law DEGREE.

Posts on BLUESKY from his phone - *"When u wake up in the morning and realize you're still alive #FML"*

Washes face, moisturizes, oils hair

Chugs Orange Juice from the container, orange liquid drips onto his muscular, black chest.

Pulls grey SWEATSHIRT on - "I HATE IT HERE" printed on chest

Puts AIRPODS in, then SUNGLASSES, blasts Pharell song, *Finna Get Loose*.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Song still playing on his AirPods. Bearded, white male POLICE OFFICER spots him walking, fixing his gaze suspiciously.

Wallace notices, staring straight ahead as he walks by, song still playing in his ear.

Officer stares him down as he walks by, provoking a response.

Wallace passes. Blows wind, nods in disgust.

EXT. LAKE SHRINE PARK - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Odys' FIANCÉ', a handsome, tall, black man with basketball player's physique and style stands next to a lush green, lakeside shrine. ODYS, a thirty-something Mexican-American, very attractive, brown-skinned, TRANS woman (but no one notices) stands in front of him, staring at a DIAMOND RING he offers her. Her face, flushed with emotion, suddenly turns sad.

She nods "no". Gently returning the ring into its case. Mouthing words. His face becomes drained of all color. He nods in disappointment as she walks away.

INT. ODYS' CAR

Odys enters her WHITE RANGE ROVER with tan leather seats, sits in silence for a beat. Emotions wash over her face. She slowly applies a deep RED LIPSTICK to her lips, trying to stop her lips from trembling, holding back tears.

She drives off, playing song *Elastic Heart* by Sia.

As song rises to a crescendo she sings loudly, neck veins bulging.

ODYS

"I sing for love, I sing for me, I shout it out like a bird set free!"

Pounding her chest, she continues.

ODYS (CONT'D)

"I've got a thick skin and an elastic heart!..."

She shouts the words, full release, banging steering wheel. Like a drag queen, lip-syncing for her life.

EXT. ODYS' OFFICE - CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA - LATER

Odys parks outside an industrial warehouse. Takes a deep breath to compose herself. Dries her eyes, meditatively reapplying blood-red lipstick & powdering face using visor MIRROR. Looking into mirror, her expressions change from REGRET, to DETERMINED to CONFUSED to REASSURING herself.

ODYS

(to self)

You did the right thing. You did the right thing.

Catches a flash of a dark shadow figure, what looks to be a SHAMAN wearing a mosaic mask of GREEN JADE staring at her from back seat.

ODYS (CONT'D)

Da fuck!?

Turns around, fixes smudge off her pearly-white teeth with a TOWELETTE.

ODYS (CONT'D)
 (blowing wind)
 I need a vacation.

Opens door. Her female, black twenty-something ASSISTANT eagerly walks to meet her.

ASSISTANT
 (cheery)
 Hey honey, we've been waiting for you! Here's your tickets for Mexico. Don't, lose them.

Assistant slides the white ENVELOPE with airline tickets into Odys' purse.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
 How is that smoking hot fiancé' of yours?

ODYS
 I'm good. He's not going.

Assistant stops walking. Mouth drops open. She rushes to catch up as Odys speed walks into a stark warehouse full of racks of clothing and large windows.

ODYS (CONT'D)
 I called it off.

INT. ODYS' OFFICE - DAY

ASSISTANT
 What?! Aw honey....

Odys whips her hand up.

ODYS
 I'm fine, I'm fine. Don't wanna talk about it.

ASSISTANT
 You should go...Take a break and you know, restore that divine *flow*, my queen.

Assistant waves hands and bows.

ODYS
 (deep sigh, smirking)
 Yeah...I could use some fun in the sun in the Mexican Ri-vi-er-a.
 (MORE)

ODYS (CONT'D)

So...anyway, did Zendaya like the outfits I pulled for her? She *absolutely must* blow it up on the red carpet.

ASSISTANT

So, about that...she did but...

Odys shoots her an eye-roll with a sigh, intently pulling selected outfits from the rack.

EXT. VIPASSANA TEMPLE - CALIFORNIA - MORNING

JAHARI, a brown-skinned, clean-cut well-dressed 40-something, heterosexual, Persian-American with a slight British accent, nervously stands in a line with corporate type women and men. Awaiting registration into a gleaming, white-gold temple complex.

INT. VIPASSANA TEMPLE

Participants begrudgingly give up their CELLPHONES into wicker baskets at a cellphone check station, receiving CLAIM TICKETS. Female attendant elegantly dressed in all-white, pants spa uniform holds out her hand.

ATTENDANT

(raising eyebrow)

Sir,...any other devices?...iPads?

Participant huffs and gives up his iPad from his suitcase.

Finally, Jahari arrives to station, hands shaking, holding onto his phone as he offers it. The ATTENDANT struggles to remove the iPhone from Jahari's hand. Jahari finally lets go, releasing an exhale as if coming up for air.

INT. SHARED ROOM

He unpacks belongings into his spartan, white room. His ROOMMATE nods hello to Jahari, eyes meet, recognizing they're both terrified. Aware they are forbidden from sharing words.

INT. VIPASSANA TEMPLE - NEXT DAY

Glorious morning light filters into the large open-aired meditation hall with hundreds of participants all dressed in comfortable clothing, sitting in lotus position and some in chairs, listening to a video of a Guru Goenka speaking on a massive screen. He finishes and they meditate for hours.

Jahari is trying to relax and immerse himself throughout the meditation. Constantly fidgeting, frantically looking around and breathing to calm himself.

Hours pass.

Jahari fixates on a MAN nearby starting to tremble. Jahari watches eyes wide, as Man quietly begins to sob. Jahari's mouth drops open, expression turns to horrified as he notices several other men sobbing quietly as well.

Jahari closes his eyes, trying to meditate shutting out the criers. His lips start to quiver. Eyes welling, body begins to shake. He slaps himself. The sound startles people around him out of their meditation. He gets up, wiping his eye, scampering away. Bowing to the attendants as he exits the main hall.

INT. VIPASSANA TEMPLE - BATHROOM

Jahari is sitting on a closed toilet, hiding in the stall. Mouthing to himself "fuck-fuck-fuckety-fuck", searching his head for a desperate solution. Punches side of bath stall.

INT. VIPASSANA TEMPLE - EVENING

Jahari is sitting up looking at the moon from his window. Suddenly a dark, faceless SHADOW FIGURE looms above him, blocking the moonlight. The leathery, dark-skinned face of a Mexican older man, SHAMAN is inches from Jahari's face. Jahari SHRIEKS in fear.

Jahari's Roommate groans, semi-awake from the shouting.

JAHARI

That's it! I'm out! Fuck this
haunted ass place!

Frantically gathers his things, stuffing all into weekender BAG. He scuttles down the empty dark halls, CANDLE in hand, fussing with his ROBE.

INT. OFFICE

He slowly opens door where cellphones are all stored. It is dark. Uses candle to find phone labeled with his name.

Triumphantly grabbing his iPhone, he reverently runs his fingers along the black-mirrored face of the device reflecting the MOON. He kisses as if it were sacred.

EXT. VIPASSANA TEMPLE - LATER

Jahari jumps over a fence, his expensive blue suede LOAFERS squishing into the mud.

JAHARI

Bloody hell! My Ferragamo's!

He uses iPhone LIGHT to pull his SHOES out of mud. Scurries off into the dark.

INT. JAHARI'S RENTAL CAR - LOS ANGELES - NEXT DAY

Jahari is blasting a song by Nicole Scherzinger in a matte black, Mercedes G wagon with gold trim, singing, dancing. He takes a long hit from a vape. Parks. Phone dings with a blissful 5-year photo memory of his wife and daughter. Stares at it for a beat. He lowers the music.

He goes to text his wife, Gloria. "I'm sorry Vipassana was torture. Men were crying. I have another idea. Ayahuasca ceremony in Mexico. It's supposed to reset the brain and transform. Soldiers with PTSD do it and get cured."

Gloria's reply - a text bubble of her typing starts and stops, starts and stops again. Jahari anxiously stares. "One can only hope that it can cure whatever perversion you have inside that head of yours."

Jahari blows wind loudly. Punches the steering wheel frustrated.

EXT. THERAPIST'S HOME

Wallace knocks on front DOOR. Beats headphones on, blaring a Pharrell song.

DOCTORA ISABEL, an elegant woman of presence, mixed-race, Cuban Psychologist in her fifty's with streaks of grey hair mixing with her long, thin dreadlocks. She wears a flowing, white linen pantsuit, opens door.

WALLACE

(bright wide smile)

Y que, Doctora?

They kiss each other on the cheek, Isabel hugs him warmly.

ISABEL

I haven't seen you in so long! You look...dare I say, happy?

WALLACE

I guess so. It's a bright, blue day
at least. Hopefully this sesh wont
bring me down.

He winks at her. She replies with a sassy smirk and eyebrow
raise, floating towards kitchen. He follows.

INT. ISABEL'S THERAPY ROOM

Orange painted walls covered in wooden TRIBAL MASKS from
Africa and Caribbean Taino Indian artifacts decorate the
room.

Wallace sees a disturbing FLASHBACK of the MASKS from his
nightmare. Shakes his head. He is lying on a contemporary
brown leather chaise.

ISABEL

(pensive sigh)

I asked you here to...(deep sigh)
Look, all of your problems can be
reduced to four essential issues:
death, meaninglessness, isolation,
and freedom. You fear death because
you lost your grandmother recently,
the one constant in your life.
Without her, life is meaningless.
You exist in detached isolation
and, freedom is a ghost...something
for you that can disappear in an
instant because that is what
happened to your parents when your
concepts of the world were forming.

Taps his feet nervously to a song in his head.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

(calls him to attention)

Wallace!

Gives him a hard side-eye. Tapping stops.

WALLACE

I'm listening...

ISABEL

Your life is currently paralyzed by
post traumatic stress disorder.

Isabel drinks a glass of water, puts it down then leans
towards Wallace with a serious gaze.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

For years I've kept you off the ledge, ...from giving up. I love you as if you were my own son and really-really want you to get better but I can't keep taking your money.

Wallace nervously bites his nails.

WALLACE

Tsk...My insurance covers this...

ISABEL

(interrupting)

You know what I mean...there's this...recording playing on repeat in your mind. A *tragic*, sad song. Until you are ready to let it go and change the song, the panic attacks will never stop and you will not move on. (sighing) I see your posts on social media, they are very depressing and I mean, look at your messaging.

She stares at the words printed on his sweatshirt, "I hate it here". Wallace looks down at the words. Replies with defeated, sad puppy eyes.

WALLACE

How do I change what's in my head?

ISABEL

You need a hard reset, Wallace.
(pause)
You refuse western medicine. You don't believe in any religion and clearly years of therapy haven't helped. As much as it pains me to say...I'm not helping you heal. At this point, I'm actually enabling you.

WALLACE

What am I supposed to do?

ISABEL

That's for you to figure out.
(pause)
You need to fall in love with *living* again, querido.

She leans over to caress his cheek then hair lovingly, like a mother.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

I know it seems impossible but you need to stop thinking about the family you lost and start your actual career by taking the Bar exam and...start imagining the creation your own new family?

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF THERAPIST'S HOUSE

She hugs Wallace goodbye, handing him a bag of AVOCADOES.

WALLACE

So that's it? You're firing me?

ISABEL

(nods no)

You're *graduating*.

She smiles lovingly, tears welling. Door closes in his face. Feeling dejected, lost. He lingers, almost knocks on door, then walks away.

INT. JAHARI'S RENTAL CAR - SAME TIME - LOS ANGELES

Jahari texts Wallace at the light turning GREEN. Ignoring the horns BLARING behind him.

INT. WALLACE'S JOB

Wallace is listening to Pharrell song on his AirPods, trying to get his mind off what just happened. Reviewing a case file, taking notes. Quiet room, walls full of law books.

Phone vibrates. Text from Jahari - *"remember when you told me you had a dream of seeing some ruins in Mexico?"*

Wallace replies *"Yeah. Why? And didn't they take your phone away in that meditation retreat?"*

PHONE RINGS. Wallace answers, walking towards bathroom, passing YOUNG PARALEGAL'S reviewing thick LAW BOOKS.

INT. WORK - MEN'S RESTROOM

WALLACE

(laughing)

Let me guess, ya' quit the
retreat!?

JAHARI

Don't judge me, bish! I tried but I
just couldn't deal. I escaped that
freak compound by the light of the
stars, like a ninja.

WALLACE

(laughs)

Friggin' legend.

JAHARI

There isn't much time. We're going
to Tulum this weekend to dance our
asses off. There's an EDM festival
happening. I already got you
tickets and hotel. You can't say
no.

WALLACE

Can we visit the the ruins too?

JAHARI

Yeah, got you!
Coincidentally,...there's a shaman
I gotta go see in a village near
some ruins, so we'll kill two birds
with one stone. Easy-peasy-lemon-
squeezy.

WALLACE

Shaman huh? Oh, it's getting
serious.

JAHARI

Yeah I promised Gloria I would do
Ayahuasca. She's gonna divorce me
if I don't do something to change.
Come on bruv! I gotta rush home and
pack. Say yes!

WALLACE

Alright-alright-alright! Damn
Universe must be sending me a
message. I could really use a
getaway but I ain't doing any of
that voodoo Ayahuasca shit with
you.

JAHARI
Dassitt!! Deal! Yass Queen,
slay!...

WALLACE
(interrupting)
Uh...Please don't call me that ever
again. It's so pedestrian.

INT. LAX AIRPORT

Jahari struts confidently in designer shoes, FANCY BAG, beige Khaki pants and a dry cleaned, white dress shirt.

Walks past an OLD MAN sitting arms folded, messy white hair, eyeglasses.

JAHARI
Yo, Bernie Sanders! Sorry about
your loss man!

Raises CLOSED FIST in air. Old Man shoots angry look back.

Jahari walks up to a jaded male TICKET AGENT, hair perfectly groomed, sizing him up. Ticket Agent takes deep breath in, preparing for worst as Jahari gives him his paper TICKET.

TICKET AGENT
(forced smile)
How may I help you.

JAHARI
(mocking smile)
Hi, love your hair...Bird-is-on-
point!

TICKET AGENT
(wincing)
Thank you. I guess?

JAHARI
Yeah, that was a compliment. So, I
bought this ticket last minute
because my wife is uh leaving me.

Jahari puts his best victim face on.

TICKET AGENT
(forced)
Oh, I'm so sor-ry.

JAHARI

Yeah, it's been rough, and so...I'm a *gold card* member and so was hoping you could work with me here and hook a brother up with a little bumpety-bump to a first class seat or business?

Jahari replies flashes his gold AIRLINE CARD. Agent squints his eyes to look at the card with feigned interest.

TICKET AGENT

I'm sorry I can't sir, we are fully booked. You will have to sit in ...coach.

Agent begins CLACKING keyboard loudly for an absurdly long time, interrupted by Agent pausing and looking at Jahari then typing furiously again as Jahari anxiously waits, tapping his fingers on the counter in unison with the keyboard clacking.

JAHARI

Oh come on, please...I'm an extremely loyal customer. Just look me up. Go ahead...Seriously bruv, I've been through a lot lately. My wife is probably sleeping with her Yoga instructor and most likely having divorce papers drafted as we speak.

(pause)

Can't you just tickle those little *magic buttons* and make it happen?

TICKET AGENT

I can...*not*.

JAHARI

Please don't make me sit in the poor-people section. My entire family is literally falling apart.

Ticket Agent stares at him deadpan, nodding "no" quietly.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

Come on bruv. You know you can. You have the power. (whispers) Just press that *button*.

TICKET AGENT

(hand up)

Sir...there is no *but-ton* for me to push.

Jahari leans in, waving him in to whisper in his ear.

JAHARI

(whispering)

I promise it will feel so good for both of us. To experience that exquisite ecstasy, that power to change someone's life for the better with only one finger, in an instant...Just press...it Juan Carlos. You can change the world with those perfectly manicured fingers.

Agent looks up thinking about the last statement, smiling to himself. Composes himself.

TICKET AGENT

Sir...that is a highly inappropriate and a racist assumption. My name isn't Juan Carlos. It's...(points to name tag) Fran-cis-co.

Agent slides TICKET to him. Jahari replies with a bitter smile. Jahari's PHONE rings.

JAHARI

Are you at the airport yet? Bitch better be! Okay, cool. This very nice gentleman, Fran-cis-co is giving me a nice little uppity-upgrade to first class so I don't have to sit in a *peasant* seat.

TICKET AGENT

(mouthing silently)

No, I'm not...

Agent is annoyed, waiting for him to get off phone. Trying to serve next customer behind him. Jahari smiles at him, winking. Agent puts ticket into his hand.

TICKET AGENT (CONT'D)

(triumphant smile)

Buh-bye.

Jahari hangs up, skulking away with his ticket. Giving Agent one last woeful glance, making motion to press button on keyboard, trying his best to dump a guilt-trip. Agent slowly waves.

TICKET AGENT (CONT'D)

Next passenger please!

INT. LAX AIRPORT

Odys arrives alone, making an entrance like it's the red carpet, fashionable AF, long black dress, high slit along side, big sunglasses, colorful head-wrap and roman sandals. BRIGHT ORANGE suitcase in tow.

INT. PLANE

Odys sits alone, sunglasses on. A white YOUNG MOTHER sits down next to her with a small BABY in arms. Odys releases an annoyed sigh, looking out window.

YOUNG MOTHER
(southern accent)
Oh hey! You goin' to Cancun too?

ODYS
No, I'm staying in Playa del Carmen.

YOUNG MOTHER
(look of pity)
Now why are you traveling all alone, honey? Pretty girl like you.

ODYS
I need "me" time...you know?

YOUNG MOTHER
Wish I could have some of that but that's impossible.

Signals to BABY feeding from her breast. Odys responds with a look of horror.

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)
That's so-so good for you! I'm sure you're going to have the time of your life. I *feel* like it's gonna happen for you in Tulum? Hey, it is the magical Mexican Riviera.
(singing) Amore...cha-cha-cha.

Raises hand, mimicking a flamenco dancer. Baby passes GAS loudly.

Odys gives her a painful smile, slips on a CHANEL FACEMASK.

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)
Ugh...I'm so embarrassed. Well, at least he isn't an annoying crying baby, waaaa, waaa... (chuckling)

ODYS
How original of him...

Odys escapes into a Vanity Fair MAGAZINE.

INT. PLANE

Jahari walks past first class, staring wantonly at the glasses of wine being served and the big comfy seats.

His bag hits Odys on the head, sitting in business class.

ODYS
(shoots death stare)
Yo!

Jahari looks at her insulted that she spoke up to him.

JAHARI
(faking concern)
Oh...sorry.

Continues to walk down the aisle towards chaotic economy class with an angry scowl. Baby's crying. People arguing.

Jahari begrudgingly sits down in his aisle seat, back of plane. MAN's butt near face, waiting for the lavatory to open just behind. Toilet FLUSHES as WOMAN exits, Man enters, closing door, immediately letting it all rip loudly.

Jahari jerks head, retches, pulls up shirt to cover mouth. Pulls COLOGNE out of his weekender bag, spraying everywhere.

Young TWIN BOYS, sit next to him. A tossed PRETZEL hits his forehead. Jahari takes a deep breath in, trying his best to meditate. One eye squinting, peeking at the BOYS with hatred.

Stewardess serves him a mini bottle of WINE. He grabs it and chugs it down straight from the bottle. Waves for another one before putting it down.

JAHARI (CONT'D)
(nodding, wincing smile)
Namaste...

EXT. BEACHSIDE BAR - TULUM, MEXICO - LATER

Odys sits alone at the boho designed hotel bar, silently judging others behind her sunglasses and large straw hat. Sipping her cocktail.

Wallace arrives, feels uncomfortable alone, out of place.
Sits next to Odys.

WALLACE
This seat taken, ma'am?

ODYS
(offended)
Ma'am?? I'm still a Miss.

WALLACE
Sorry, I'm kinda out of my element
here. (whispers) There's a lotta
white people here. Really beautiful
though...like paradise.

ODYS
I'm sayin'!

WALLACE
Right, bring me some fine-ass black
men to prance around for my visual
pleasure.

Odys places her hand gently on his shoulder. They laugh.

ODYS
(in Spanish)
You need a drink! Marquito, a
margarita for this good looking man
right here.

WALLACE
Nice, speak Spanish?

ODYS
...Half Mexican.

WALLACE
Cool, what's the other half?

ODYS
Good ol' Black American baby!

Bartender serves them very large Margaritas.

WALLACE
Cheers to your flawless and divine
melanin and may I say you're
tickling the gods with that outfit!

Wallace snaps his fingers in the air. Odys lays her hands
kindly on his shoulder.

ODYS

Awww you're so cute! And to yours
papi-licious!

They cheers, enjoying their instant connection.

WALLACE

Look over there...she thirsty.

They sip on margaritas while sneak-staring at two American
YOUNG WOMEN taking sexy selfies of each other, adjusting
bikini's, etc., flirting with a MAN adjacent to them.

ODYS

(tsk'ing)

They both thirsty.

Odys signals with her eyes towards a handsome 40-plus,
shirtless white male drinking by the beach.

ODYS (CONT'D)

There's an elegant gentleman over
there of a certain age.

WALLACE

Uh, I don't date outta my race.

ODYS

(Coughs) Racist!

Odys shoots Wallace a side eye. Wallace gets the joke,
laughing, elbow-nudging her.

WALLACE

See that pimp with the cane over
there?

Signals location with his lips pursed towards an older
GENTLEMAN dressed in beige linen shirt and shorts, sporting a
wooden cane. She nods, staring from behind her sunglasses.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

He offered me cocaine in the
bathroom...which I refused because
I don't know who the fuck he
is...Playa' had a glass vial hidden
inside his cane. Master of
deception right there.

ODYS

Yeah, I kinda do that for a livin'.

WALLACE

What'ya mean?

Shows him her INSTAGRAM page. He notices her name "Odys" and over 200K follower number, scrolling through photos with Odys standing next to celebrities and hip-hop stars dressed in the best and latest styles.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Oh...so its like that huh?
Celebrity stylist, 200K followers.
Meanwhile homie's got 532.

He shows her his. She notices his name. They both crack up laughing.

ODYS

No seriously now, I'm like a professional illusionist and a bit of a life coach. I take their shine and just magnify it to the level of *savage*. "Los-Angel-eeze", city of wishes, city of bishes, ain't no wishes without the bishes!

Odys "clicks" tongue several times.

WALLACE

There's no scam like the perfect angle baby. (laughs) I ain't mad at that.

ODYS

When I dress someone, I imagine it's their armor, their weapon of choice that emits who they want the world to see they are.

Drinks rest of her drink down.

ODYS (CONT'D)

To be perfectly honest, Wally baby, I love my job but sometimes I feel like spending so much energy making other people beautiful sucks the beautiful out of your own life, you feel?

Wallace nods yeah while watching people get increasingly drunk on the dance floor by the ocean. New song plays and Odys gets up and starts TWERKING. Wallace is supremely entertained by her.

WALLACE

Ooh, chil'e! Finally a song I can dance to! Less-go.

She grabs his hand, pulling him to the dance floor. They become the life of the party, dancing by the DJ BOOTH.

MONTAGE

They dance joyously, naturally spreading cheer to others on dance floor.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS hands them two flutes of Champagne with a strawberry in each.

WALLACE & ODYS
(joyful chant)
Strawberry-champagne, straw-berry-
cham-pagne!

Mouths open laughing. Wallace hugs Odys, lifting her off floor. DJ puts song, Best Friend by Saweetie, playing loudly.

Wallace and Odys get down together. Feeling their moment.

ODYS
Best-friend!!

Wallace smiles, nodding "yes" repeatedly.

Jahari finally arrives wearing fresh khaki pants and white short sleeve Polo, jumps up and down ecstatically, instantly joining them in the middle of the dance floor.

Wallace introduces Jahari to Odys and she greets him with a kiss. They dance together.

EXT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Odys offers Wallace a piece of chocolate in the shape of the head of Cleopatra. She leans in close so Wallace can hear.

ODYS
It's a Cleopatra,...best Magic
Mushrooms in Amsterdam. Nikki Minaj
got 'em for me!

Wallace smiles incredulously, she nods yes, he smiles wide, opening his mouth. Jahari immediately notices, pointing to his mouth to give him some. Wallace whispers in his ear and Jahari opens his mouth to receive communion.

MONTAGE

Wild, funny flirtatious moments tripping on mushrooms.

EXT. BEACH - HOURS LATER

The trio are now disheveled walking away from the dance floor with only a few stragglers dancing. They sit on beach lounge chairs with others partiers sitting around as well, waiting for sun to rise.

Odys sits next to a handsome, white, MUSCULAR MAN. He winks at her and she smiles back, semi-interested.

MUSCLE DADDY

You know kissing burns 6.5 calories per minute?

ODYS

No,...I didn't.

MUSCLE DADDY

Wanna work out?

Everyone in area cracks up laughing, Wallace rolls back on the sand. Odys is amused, coquettishly sipping her drink.

WALLACE

That's all you got player? Look at this superior beau-ty. Ya gotta do better than that!

MUSCLE DADDY

You know how they say the eyes are the windows of the soul?

ODYS

(doubtful smirk)

Mm-hmm.

Muscle Daddy unbuttons his shirt to reveal his hairless, oiled perfect chest.

MUSCLE DADDY

Well...the nipples are the eyes of the face.

Odys scoffs, finally releasing laughter. Jahari and Wallace roll in the sand, laughing loudly, out of control.

Muscle Daddy is unfazed, passing his PHONE to Odys.

MUSCLE DADDY (CONT'D)

Can you help me? There's something wrong with my cellphone.

Shoots Odys a sad puppy glance.

MUSCLE DADDY (CONT'D)

It doesn't have your number in it.

Odys spits out the remaining drink left from her glass, laughing.

ODYS

(laughing, charmed)

You deadass buggin'!

MUSCLE DADDY

Feel my shirt. Know what it's made of?

(pause)

...Boyfriend material.

Muscle Daddy winks and smiles. Odys gives him a suspicious side eye, leans over, pressing her fingers on his lips, staring into his eyes flirtatiously.

ODYS

Shhhh.....no more muscle daddy...

He grabs her hand, gently maneuvering for her to lay on him. She gives in, laughing with him as they cuddle, enjoying the warm wind.

Jahari and Wallace joking around, laughing with a young tanned Mexican LOCAL MAN named Manolito sitting in sand with his tanned, beautiful boho-chic girlfriend.

JAHARI

Yo-yo-yo Manolito, have you heard of Doctor Nacimiento? I heard he's a good Ayahuasca shaman.

Manolito stares back with a suddenly serious gaze, eye twitching.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

(nervous laugh)

What, what-what's that awkward silence all about?

MANOLITO

(thick Spanish accent)

No, sorry, it's just that a lot of tourists come here, and uh, (snickers) take it too lightly, like it's some kind of fast-food restaurant to do Ayahuasca...

Girlfriend interrupts to break the tension.

GIRLFRIEND

What he's trying to say,...is that it's very serious and transformational. Think of it like ten years of therapy in one day. There's a reason they call it "la sogá de los muertos".

Odys sits up to attention.

ODYS

Aw hell nah! You wanna take somethin' called the "rope of the dead" Jahari? Really?

MANOLITO

(laughs)

It's called that way because it kills off your false ego. It is a death of who you used to be before you experience it. Forest people have used Ayahuasca for over 5,000 years to communicate with God and the Earth spirits. The forest is their pharmacy and Ayahuasca is one of their most powerful medicines. Now, if you want something more heavy duty and you're ready to die, become one with nothing and let your ego shatter for 15 minutes then do Bufo. It's a poison extracted from a bullfrog.

Odys gives a "what the fuck" expression, eyes wide open.

WALLACE

(shakes head)

Nope!

Odys snaps fingers in a circle.

ODYS

Yeah...boop! Thas-sa no for me! I don't need to heal a thing.

JAHARI

I'll pass on the bufo but I ain't afraid of a plant! Can't be worse than all the other drugs I've done in my life! Have you heard of el Doctor Nacimiento?

MANOLITO

(uncontrollable twitch)
Si, he's in Ek Balam, un pueblito
about two hours from here.

JAHARI

(giggling)
Yeah-yeah, Ek Bam-Bam! Is he legit
or bullshit?

MANOLITO

(eye twitch)
He's well-known but it's not about
the shaman, it's about the
Ayahuasca. You can't control "la
soga de la muertos" any more than
you can control nature.

JAHARI

(to Wallace)
That's it! We're going to Ek Balam
tomorrow! You can see your Mayan
ruins and daddy can take his
medicine to get his wifey back.

Jahari drinks his cocktail.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

What about you, Odys? Big city girl
ready to dance with the rope of
death? It's life changing mate.

ODYS

Nah, I'm (laughing) really
good...But hey, I'll go to those
ruins with Wally-baby here and as
long as you don't wear those white
supremacist khaki pants, I might
just watch over while y'all
trippin'.

They laugh. Wallace zones out, contemplating the Universe,
looking up at the sky and for a moment he hears his
grandmother speaking inside his mind.

GRANDMOTHER (O.S.)

Miss you baby boy, wish we had more
time together.

Tears welling, he turns to Odys and Wallace.

WALLACE

(holding back emotion)

You know,...After my grandmother overdosed off her pain meds, I, uh got PTSD and I couldn't get out of bed. For years, it hurt to breathe. I tried to commit suicide and then I woke up. I mean I feel like i'm too aware of everything, ya feel me?

(pause)

My therapist told me to talk about my...so this is me, talking about it and it...doesn't feel any bett...(holding back tears).

Wallace releases into sobs. Drops head, covering face with his hands. Odys gets up to hug him. Jahari rubs his back.

ODYS

Aw baby, come here. Shrooms make me all squishy and tender-hearted too.

(pause)

We all got our demons...I just met you and you seem perfect to me.

WALLACE

(smiles through sobs)

Best friend...

Odys rocks him back and forth, singing.

ODYS

(singing)

That's my best friend, that's my best friend...

JAHARI

(giggling)

Bitch!...Homey was my best friend first!

Odys gives Jahari a look, "hissing" comically. Wallace releases into a laugh, breaking his sadness.

The SUN begins to rise over a mirrored, flat ocean. Beach becomes silent, everyone absorbs the moment. Odys sings Nikki Minaj song, her beautiful voice carrying over the water.

ODYS

"This is my mo-ment...
I've waited all my life, I can tell
it's time...

(MORE)

ODYS (CONT'D)
 Drifting away, I'm one with the
sunrise. I have become a-live..."

The crowd on the beach join and sing in chorus.

ODYS WITH CROWD
 "I wish that I could have this
 moment for life, for life, for
 life...Cause in this moment, I just
 feel so alive...Alive, alive..."

People dotting the beach, whistle and clap in response,
 cheering the golden sun rising just above the horizon. Some
 jump into the water, others embrace.

MUSCLE DADDY
 (to Odys)
 Hey, did the sun come out or did
 you just smile at me?

Jahari and Wallace "boo" loudly jokingly.

ODYS
 Everything's better when you
 just...Shhh baby, shhh...

EXT. HOTEL DOOR - LATER SAME MORNING

HARD KNOCK. Odys opens door, hair up in a towel and wearing a
 white robe. MAID pushing a CART, rolls by.

Wallace jumps to open door, scaring Odys. She spontaneously
 punches him in the face.

WALLACE
 Ow!!! Girl you got some left hook!

ODYS
 Best-friend! Why you come at me
 like that?

Odys rubs his cheek to ease the pain, wraps her arm around
 him bringing him in the room. She prepares a towel with some
 melted ice from ice bucket. Places it on his face.

INT. ODYS' HOTEL ROOM

Odys washes her face. Looks at her face without make up.

ODYS
 I'm sorry best-friend but a girl's
 gotta defend herself...

Odys starts to apply make up staring intently into bathroom mirror while Wallace checks his injury in the mirror.

ODYS (CONT'D)

Ugh, I look like a ghost emoji.

WALLACE

It's all good.

Odys applies eye liner and sees a FLEETING VISION of a faceless SHAMAN chanting repeatedly to himself inside a dark cave. She turns around, punching bathroom door behind her to see if anyone is in her room.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

What the?! Girl, you gotta stop punching shit!

ODYS

Ok, I'm definitely still high from the shrooms. Think i'm hallucinating.

WALLACE

Me too, which...btw, please don't tell a soul about what you gave me. I could lose my legal license.

ODYS

Oh, you a lawyer boo?

WALLACE

Not yet...paralegal for now.

ODYS

(sing-song)

Got chu, best-friend.

Wallace looks at himself in the mirror, checking swelling of his cheek. Odys slides on two large metallic, bangle bracelets, then checks herself in mirror, sensually applying a deep-red lipstick to her lips.

ODYS (CONT'D)

You ever look into the mirror and say to yourself, So, I'm really human. I'm really in this bitch?

Wallace shakes off a shiver going up his spine.

WALLACE

Yeah, I don't like mirrors. They freak me out, like as if the person I see in the mirror isn't really me.

(pause)

I read that Aztec shaman used mirrors made from obsidian to see into other dimensions, like portals to other worlds.

ODYS

(puzzled)

Sounds like an episode of Black Mirror...Uh creepy.

WALLACE

Sorry. I geeked out. I'm into archaeology and ancient mysteries...Who do you look like most? Your mom or dad?

Odys looks away from her reflection, staring at Wallace puzzled as to why he's asking that question.

ODYS

I've been told I look like my dad but when I look in the mirror I see my mother.

Grabs overnight BAG and PHONE CHARGER, fills with FRUIT from bowl.

ODYS (CONT'D)

Never know when a bish will get hungry. Let's bounce!

Grabs Wallace's arm to turn him around, gently kissing his swollen cheek, leading him out door.

ODYS (CONT'D)

Mama's sorry boo.

EXT. RENTAL CAR - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

Jahari honks the horn excitedly. Wallace and Odys get in a JEEP. Cloud of white SMOKE drifts from front seat.

JAHARI

What-it-do, shorty?

Hand holding a joint pokes through cloud, offering to Odys.

ODYS

Who you callin' shorty? Okay-okay,
you don't waste any time do you?
Wake-n'-bake bitches!

Odys takes a hit, coughing up a lung. She passes JOINT to Wallace.

JAHARI

(chuckling)

Uh oh! She got baby lungs!

Wallace puts a song on the radio, loudly. Everything is groovy, then suddenly a loud BANG. The Jeep flies into mid-air. They are all flung upwards.

They GROAN in pain after landing. The car makes a loud CRACKING noise.

WALLACE

Da fuck did you just do with yo
high ass?!

JAHARI

Who puts a bloody speed bump in the
middle of a flippin' highway?! Is
my bag back there?

Odys reaches for his fancy bag.

ODYS

Yeah, we good. Balenciaga? I'm
impressed. What you got in there,
mijo?

JAHARI

Scooby snacks for later,
toiletries, edibles, you know.

WALLACE

He's very metrosexual.

EXT. CAR MECHANIC SHOP

Jahari drives inside, the car making serious scraping noise, rear tire totally flat, They're all high. Odys in back seat smiling to the two portly MECHANIC'S scratching their heads.

ODYS

Hola, buenos dias muchachos!

They drive off in a banged up classic American car rigged out as a "low-rider".

EXT. TULUM RUINS - LATER

Jahari, Wallace and Odys marvel at the sight of bleach white stone carved temples and pyramids along a beautiful shoreline overlooking the brilliant turquoise waters of the Caribbean Sea.

They listen in on the TOUR GUIDE'S presentation.

TOUR GUIDE

Welcome all to the Venice of the New World. While Europe was in a primitive state, the Maya ruled Central America in large, prosperous cities. They mastered astronomy, mathematics, agriculture and architecture from their majestic city-states. The Maya calculated the exact number of days it took the planet Venus to rotate around the Sun and even invented the number zero! The fortified city we see here was dedicated to the Honey-Giver god who is shown there descending from Venus. This was their economic stronghold and center of a vast trade network along the coast up to North America trading cacao, obsidian, jade, copper and wonderful pottery. Priests and nobility were housed within the walls while peasants and the working class lived on the outside, over there.

Guide points to the jungle.

JAHARI

(shouting jokingly)

Just like New York City...ayy!

Odys elbows Jahari in the gut. Crowd laughs loudly.

TOUR GUIDE

(redirecting crowd)

Like Sedona, this whole area of the Yucatán is located inside a powerful "vortex", one of the world's most charged energetic centers. An asteroid about 9 miles wide hit this area about 66 million years ago, wiping out the dinosaurs and almost all life on Earth.

(MORE)

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

Some believe this meteor's impact and minerals carried with it from outer space are the source of these mysterious energies.

ODYS

A'ight, I'm out. Getting woo-woo up in here. Let's go check out the cenote.

EXT. CENOTE - LATER

Wallace reads description on SIGN of the sacrifices that occurred at the site.

WALLACE

This ritual house is where Mayan priests would lead their sacrificial victims usually young children, intoxicated, bathed and perfumed in preparation to be offered to the gods. They would throw them into the well and watch them drown.

Jahari peeks over edge of sinkhole filled with emerald green water. Sparks up a fat JOINT.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Hey, puff-puff-pass.

Wallace jumps over and takes a hit of the joint.

Odys stands scowling, arms folded on ledge above.

ODYS

(smirking)

And there we go. This is why everyone hates us. Disrespectful Americans defiling the sacred land of my ancestors.

Jumps down to smoke with them.

JAHARI

Girl come on. You're half Mexican and I'm not American, I'm Persian!

ODYS

(sarcastic humor)

Oh, well Meow...What's with the Persian thing? Why don't you just say your Iranian?

WALLACE

Yeah, the Persian empire fell like three thousand years ago.

JAHARI

It's kind of a political distinction. Iranians that are against the current brutal regime, prefer to claim they are Persian.

WALLACE

Yo! You imagine all the hundreds of little kid bones sacrificed down in there?

ODYS

Every country sacrifices its people. How many Americans been sacrificed for stupid wars just so rich white men can line their pockets?

(pause)

We got whole cemeteries full of 'em.

A gaunt, tall AMERICAN man with an intense expression approaches, surveys the cenote. Babbling to himself.

AMERICAN MAN

(laughing loudly)

This is it! I dreamt of this place. I can't believe it! I can't believe it!

Man begins to take off his pants and shirt. Jahari, Wallace and Odys look at each other incredulously.

AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

(eyes glossed)

Hey, can y'all watch my phone please?...My daughter's down there!

SECURITY GUARD blows WHISTLE alerting others. Man dives in head first, disappearing underwater.

ODYS

Yo! Hey!! He gon' drown down there.

Odys and Wallace wave their arms in the air for security.

JAHARI

What in the Abercrombie and Bitch is happening here? We bein' punked?!

SECURITY GUARDS run over blowing WHISTLES. TOURISTS gather at rim of cenote.

American Man comes up from underwater with a small HUMAN SKULL in his hands. Overcome with emotion.

AMERICAN MAN

I finally found her! Hundreds of years ago, this was my daugh-ter! I got you baby. I'm here!

He presses the skull against his chest as if it were a newborn baby.

WALLACE

(nodding, disturbed)
A'ight I'm'a head out.

Wallace walks away, Jahari and Odys run behind.

INT. CAR

Windows fogged from the smoke, hip-hop music playing, driving through a two lane highway, lush tropical forest on either side.

ODYS

Whooo-eeh that, that, I don't even know what that was but it got me pressed! (inhaling on joint) My heart's racin' like a scared canary! How far are these ruins? Ain't nothin' but jungle here and I'm getting hungry AF.

WALLACE

(looking at smart phone)
About an hour.

They approach a large billboard- "Oscar & Lala's Mexican Jungle restaurant" Monkeys hanging from trees painted along the colorful flower framed sign.

ODYS

(excitedly)
Yass queen! Pull over! Let's eat!

JAHARI

Hey,...I'm a king!

ODYS

(pursed lips)
Oh yeah, where's your queen then?

JAHARI
 (sarcastic)
 That hurt.

EXT. OSCAR & LALA'S

Lala, a giggly, short, blonde AMERICAN WOMAN in her fifty's with a charming southern accent comes to greet them at entrance of otherwise empty restaurant, waving excitedly.

LALA
 Hola guys!

Lala bows slowly to each of them.

LALA (CONT'D)
 I am you, you are me.

JAHARI
 (whispers to Wallace)
 I didn't know Mexicans bowed.

LALA
 (rambling)
 They don't. That's just me.
 (giggling) It's a Mayan saying, it
 symbolizes we are all mirrors of
 each other. Y'all can steal it!
 (giggling)

ODYS
 I like that...

A spider MONKEY jumps from trees onto Lala's shoulder. Starts to reach for her breast outside her shirt. She nonchalantly swats it away. Monkey swings on trees following alongside as they walk in. Stops to stare while touching himself.

WALLACE
 (amused)
 Look at him. He fresh!

LALA
 You guys hungry? Want some fresh
 margaritas? Pedrito, can you please
 get these good people some fresh
 salsa? I got great jungle view
 seats for you right here!

Pedro, a chubby Mexican with a kind demeanor rushes off.

Lala leads them through gravel, shaded walkway, surrounded by lush foliage and the chatter of tropical birds.

JAHARI

Yo Lala, your crib is tight! It's giving...tropical paradise with all the monkeys and birds.

ODYS

(annoyed)

It's a real jungle. They live here you high-ass. It's not the Tiki-Tiki room at Disney.

Jahari replies with an "oh" expression, still high.

LALA

My father just adored this place. He actually planned Cancun when this was just all jungle, ruins and untouched beaches. He designed the airport and some of the main hotels. This was his paradise and now it's mine too. I just love it here.

She shows them to their table and Wallace walks over to the SPIDER MONKEY that slides down from a tree to the floor, lying on its back.

Instant connection between them. Monkey climbs on Wallace's shoulders, caressing his cheeks then slinks down his body to floor.

LALA (CONT'D)

(giggling)

Oh! That's unusual. He never does that with anyone! He is a particular lil' critter. Clearly, he likes you.

Wallace is charmed, sits on floor with monkey. Monkey spreads legs open to Wallace, smiling and rubbing himself.

LALA (CONT'D)

You can pet him. He won't bite...can't vouch for anyone else (giggling).

ODYS

(munching on nachos)

Looks like someone found love in the Mexican Riviera.

Wallace continues to play with the Monkey as Lala keeps talking.

Odys stops to look at old B&W pictures on the wall of early days of Cancun. Construction of roads, hotels, etc.

LALA

That's Oscar...(sighing) my dad.
The rest is history. Sit-sit-sit.
Y'all make yourselves at home!

Pedrito brings nachos and fresh guacamole. Wallace sits with the monkey coiled around his neck. They all eagerly dip their chips into the bowl.

LALA (CONT'D)

You see that guac y'all are eating?
The Aztecs believed the avocado was
an aphrodisiac, and the word
avocado is actually an Aztec word
for testicles. (giggling)

Jahari retches after putting a chip-full of guacamole into his mouth.

LALA (CONT'D)

Where y'all heading anyway?

WALLACE

Ek Balam. Gonna check out the
ruins.

JAHARI

And we're looking for an ayahuasca
shaman.

LALA

Oh, yes. There is a shaman in that
town but I heard he's kind
of...strange but then again shaman
aren't normal people and people say
I'm kinda strange...(giggling).

Odys gives Wallace a look of "what the fuck?" as she eats.

LALA (CONT'D)

The ruins at Ek Balam are amazing!
There's a temple with a perfectly
intact façade, original white
plaster and all. It has this spooky
monster mouth doorway in the middle
where their ruler is buried inside.

ODYS

Ruins are like open air museums.
They usually bore me.

WALLACE

Best friend, come on! Museums are quiet and full of so many beautiful things...It's a perfect little world that you can escape to. Like a time warp into that time. Everything already happened. There's a peace to that. In real life you don't know what crazy shit's gonna come at you next.

ODYS

Best friend, you sure gotta lot of opinions. Hey Lala, who's the fierce warrior queen in the painting?

Odys points to the large mural on the wall of a MAYAN QUEEN standing triumphantly atop a pyramid wearing a tall feather headdress and wielding a large obsidian knife.

LALA

Oh, her. She's my idol. That's Lady Six Sky. She was a warrior queen who conquered and ruled several city-states for over fifty years. Some believe she overthrew Ek Balam's leader and the city fell into ruin soon after. It was one of the most powerful and important Mayan city-states. If you ask me, that place is *cursed*.

ODYS

That's right girl! Fierce warrior bitch. Beating the shit out of the patriarchy.

Odys high-fives Lala, they giggle together. Jahari gives Wallace an eye roll.

WALLACE

No one really knows for sure what brought down the Mayan empire. Could've been wars or drought and deforestation but one thing's for sure, their empire collapsed.

EXT. FRONT OF RESTAURANT

They all hug Lala goodbye and get in the car.

The Monkey opens trunk door, sneaking into the car just before they drive away.

INT. CAR

JAHARI

Spark it up! God dang that woman could talk! Whew! My head is spinning.

Wallace takes a hit from the joint passing it to Odys.

WALLACE

(playful sing-song)
Best friend! We gonna see the ruins of all the dead people!

Odys takes a huge drag passing to Jahari.

A song by Pharrell comes on, suddenly animating Wallace.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Pharrell gives me life! Best friend, who's your personal Jesus?

ODYS

What'ya mean? I ain't got no Jesus. I'm a leader not a follower. I'm my own Jesus babe.

WALLACE

Well me too, but I mean which singer gives you the most joy or heals you?

ODYS

Okay-okay. I feels you boo. I couldn't have gotten through my twentie's without Nikki Minaj or Sia in my thirty's.

WALLACE

A'ight, not bad, not bad. Ain't mad at ya.

ODYS

What about you Jahari? Who rocks your world? Let me guess, the Middle Eastern goddess looking bish, Nicole Scherzinger?

JAHARI

Flippin' heck! How'd you know?!

ODYS

Puhleeze, she's every brown
brother's fantasy.

Wallace takes another long drag. Cracking window to clear the air. The Spider Monkey in the trunk is dizzy from contact high. Eyes rolling, head swaying then passes out after releasing a slight screech.

Outside - Jahari drives through a thick layer of smoke covering jungle on both sides.

JAHARI

What the fuck? This place is
creeping me out.

WALLACE

It's probably a planned fire. They
burn the fields to fertilize the
land. Best friend. You know I met
Pharrell once!

JAHARI

(ribbing Wallace)
Oh, here we go. Lord help us, not
this story again...

WALLACE

Shut the hell up! I met him
alright! You're just jealous.

Odys is cracking up in the back seat, amused by their banter.

JAHARI

So what? You met him. He ain't your
friend. You embarrass yourself
every time you tell this story.
Show me his number on your phone?
Come on! Show it!

WALLACE

It's not like that! We really
connected. He was sitting next to
me at this joint and he chatted
with me for a while. We shared a
waffle!

ODYS

Yo, Caucasian khaki pants! Don't
crush this sweet boy's dreams now.

WALLACE

After my grammy died. She was
everything to me. Like every-thing.

(MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I was in a deep depression. I was in my apartment crying my ass off after her funeral and suddenly the radio came on by itself and started playing "Happy" by Pharrell. All by itself! It happened for three-days-in-a-row! Now explain that to me!

JAHARI

You know, you really queen out when you talk about Pharrell.

WALLACE

(deepens his voice)
Shut up! No I do not!

JAHARI

(mimicking deep voice)
Oh, okay "sir"!

ODYS

(laughing)
No joke best, friend. You sound like a high school girl that just learned how to play with her vagina!

WALLACE

Okay! You know what!

Odys sticks tongue out, Wallace turns to play-punch her.

Jahari cranks up a song on the radio and they all dance, feeling the moment.

ODYS

Pull over, I need to dance. Pull over! Now!

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD

Odys gets out and starts dancing. Smoke wafting through the jungle surrounds them. Wallace follows her. They dance together, twerking etc. Jahari watches from car.

JAHARI

Y'all are ca-razy!

ODYS

Get out of the car you little Persian pussycat!

Suddenly a 12 year old, Mexican CHILD with ragged clothes and extraordinarily large head and big almond eyes emerges from the jungle. Stands alongside road, watching. Jahari sits alone in car dumbfounded at the strange appearance.

JAHARI
(freaked out)
What the?...that kid's head looking
like a football!

A rural, poorly dressed MOTHER and FATHER follow behind, eerily standing beside the child. Staring at them.

JAHARI (CONT'D)
Yo! Wrap it up! You see that Stewie
lookin-motherfucker over there? I
got a bad feeling about this. Let's
go!

INT. CAR - LATER

They are all stoned and dead quiet, no music, staring at a young woman sitting in the back of a make shift scooter-taxi.

She stares blankly at them.

Odys sees herself in the young woman for a moment.

ODYS
That could be me right there. I was
just lucky enough to be born on the
right side of the border.

JAHARI
I feel bad for them. No wonder they
come and work in our fields.
There's no opportunity out here.
Just nothing.

WALLACE
It's their government's fault for
not helping them find some kind of
opportunity. Send them to some job
training to lift them out of
poverty.

ODYS
Listen to us! We sound like a bunch
of American assholes. Maybe this
woman is perfectly happy in her
peaceful bubble? We don't know
shit. We think America's the best.

(MORE)

ODYS (CONT'D)

It ain't. It may be the richest but
it's not the best.

JAHARI

Labeling good people *illegal*
because they crossed an imaginary
line on this tiny rock hurling
through space inside an infinite
universe with billions and billions
of other rocks and planets. Who the
fuck cares about any of it?

Odys and Wallace are dead silent, mouths agape.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

The fuck's wrong with you two?

WALLACE

That was deep...

ODYS

Deepak-fuckin-chopra ova here.

They laugh.

EXT. EK BALAM RUINS TOURIST CENTER

The car pulls up, parking at empty entrance. Wallace reads
the SIGN'S hours of closing.

WALLACE

What the!?! The park closes at
three!?! Who closes a tourist site
that early?! Let's run! It's almost
three.

They all exit the car.

ODYS

Y'all run ahead. I'll catch up.

Jahari and Wallace run off as Odys puts on some makeup using
the car's side mirror.

She finishes and is startled by the appearance of two young
VILLAGE GIRLS about 7 years old. Straight, long black hair
partially covering their eyes.

One Girl slowly lifts a little dirty white towel covering a
RED BUCKET.

VILLAGE GIRL 1

Tortillas?

Flies swarm around the bucket as the Village Girl removes the towel to reveal fresh TORTILLAS.

Odys tries to smile away her disgust.

Village Girl 2 points at LIPSTICK still in Odys' hands.

ODYS

What? My lipstick? You like it?
Here. You can have it sweetly.

She hands her the LIPSTICK and they open and smell it as if it's the strangest thing they've ever seen.

Odys reaches for her phone, unlocking it to take a picture of them.

ODYS (CONT'D)

Can I take a picture of...

Girls have disappeared. Odys looks around, spooked. Nothing.

EXT. EK BALAM RUINS ENTRANCE

Sweaty, portly Mexican man with shirt buttoned all the way open is locking the gate as Jahari and Wallace arrive.

WALLACE

Hey! It's not even three o'clock
yet! Come on? Can you please let us
in?

JAHARI

Señor! Please! I give you pesos?

Mexican man turns to them as Jahari waves money in the air. Man scoffs, giving a look of disdain, making a mocking gesture with his hands as if jerking off in the air.

MEXICAN

Vaya a la verga, pinche gringos!

JAHARI

Uh, what?! Did you see that!? That
was just, unnecessary.

WALLACE

Por favor! Señor! Please!

Man walks off annoyed, swatting them away.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Man this blows! This was the whole reason I agreed to come out here!

JAHARI

I'm really sorry Wally. I know this meant a lot to you bruv. It's my fault. If I didn't crash into that damn speed bump we would've made it on time. Come on, let's go find that witch doctor. We can come back to the ruins tomorrow.

They walk back to the car and Odys is standing by the car smoking a JOINT.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

(squinting suspiciously)

Is that my weed?

ODYS

No bitch, it's mine.

JAHARI

How do you have weed? Did you smuggle it in your...? (whistling twice)

Pointing to his pelvic area.

ODYS

No, I used my coochie to get it though. Muscle daddy gave it to me. It's pretty good shit. What happened? They closed?

She passes joint to Wallace, staring Jahari down playfully.

WALLACE

Yeah, I'm disappointed about it. The security guard was a huge dick!

Wallace takes a hit then passes to Jahari. They get back in and drive off.

INT. CAR - EK BALAM VILLAGE

They drive up to a small plaza in the tiny, impoverished village. Children playing ball under a cupola in the open plaza.

Huts made from wood branches and thatched roofs. A few small, simple homes made of concrete here and there.

They drive up to a group of sketchy LOCAL MEN hanging out in the plaza, sitting on steps of the plaza, smoking, drinking beer.

Smoke drifts out of the window as Wallace opens passenger side window.

WALLACE

What-it-do fellas? We're looking
for *el shaman*?

Jahari leans to the men towards passenger side window. They all stare stoically at the strangers in their car.

JAHARI

(laughing nervously)
Hola sir! My GPS isn't working.
This shaman's address is supposed
to be near this plaza.

Jahari waves the paper then passes to Wallace who hands to one of the men. They look at it speechless. They all turn to an OLDER MAN, bronze, leathery-wrinkled face. (this older man is same person in the visions of a SHAMAN all three have had prior to this moment)

Older Man looks up from carving a sculpture of a jaguar out of a stick with a big knife. The knife flashes a reflection of the sun into Wallace and Jahari's face.

Wallace nervously gulps loudly.

OLDER MAN

(in Spanish)
Esto es Pueblo...Estas en el
Puebloooo.
"This is village...you are in the
village."

Odys opens window.

ODYS

(in Spanish)
Hola, (laughs nervously) Hi, we're
looking for the shaman. Can you
guide us to where he lives?

Older Man puts down his knife and shoots a stone-cold look at Odys, eyeing her up and down.

OLDER MAN

(in Spanish)
This is the village...

Wallace looks at Jahari nervously. Younger man approaches Odys' window, smiling.

YOUNGER MAN

(in Spanish)

The shaman lives over there, block away, white concrete house.

ODYS

(in Spanish)

Thank you sirs.

Odys closes window.

ODYS (CONT'D)

Let's get the fuck out of here. Go straight to next block. White concrete house.

They pass by a HOUSE painted cobalt blue with a woman and man working on their garden. They stop and stare as their car passes slowly.

WALLACE

There are no house numbers. What the fuck with leatherface? Creepy AF! Puebloooo.

JAHARI

(laughing)

Pueblooooo!

ODYS

What the hell. The dude's house should be on this block. Go back to the plaza.

They pull up slowly to the men again in the small plaza.

JAHARI

What's Gucci fellas?

Wallace leans forward to speak, Odys grabs his shoulder, stopping him.

ODYS

Best friend, let me handle this. (smiling, in Spanish) Hi, hi. We couldn't find the house.

They all stand frozen looking at them. Not saying a word. The Older Man stands up and walks closer to the car.

OLDER MAN

Pueblooo...

The younger man waves his hand pointing to the same street he said before with a creepy smile.

ODYS

(nervous laugh)

Ok gracias...Let's go.

Odys closes window.

ODYS (CONT'D)

Drive Jahari!

They pass by the blue house again. The Woman is now dressed in all black, crying. A YOUNG MAN is burying a body in front of a large WOOD CROSS painted bright green as she somberly watches on, wiping her runny nose with a white linen handkerchief with an embroidered RED HEART.

Wallace notices a small round MIRROR tied to the front of the wood cross, painted with a yellow SNAKE climbing up the cross towards the mirror.

The Woman suddenly turns away from the grave to shoot a stone cold stare at them as they pass. Tears stream down her cheeks. The three jerk their heads back in shock.

JAHARI

Da fuck? That's the same woman we just saw like a hot minute ago?

WALLACE

None of this is right...His house ain't here. We gotta find a way out of here! I'm thoroughly creeped out.

They pass by the plaza again. The Men are all dressed differently as if it was another day. The Older Man in the back is now carving a Mayan god figure out of a wood stick.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

These guys went home and changed? I think we're in some kind of inter-dimensional time loop. We're in some kind of time slip.

They stop and this time the men approach the window first. The Younger Man leans on the window sill.

YOUNGER MAN
 (broken english)
 Let me see the paper.

He looks at the paper again. Throws it to the ground. He reaches quickly into the car and grabs Jahari's fancy bag. Wallace tries to stop him but he elbows him in the face.

The Younger Man runs off with the bag.

JAHARI
 Oh hell no! That's *Balenciaga*
 bitch!

Jahari grabs the keys and runs after the Younger Man. Wallace doesn't think twice and runs after Jahari.

WALLACE
 Jahari! Stop! It ain't worth it!

Odys scoffs, shrugging shoulders, realizing she is left alone in back seat. She looks to the Men in the plaza and realizes it's best she runs too. She grabs her cellphone and runs after them, leaving the car behind.

The Older Man stays back, stares knowingly, contentedly carving his wood sculpture.

The Older Man opens the trunk and the Spider Monkey pops out, rushing off into the forest.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET

Odys arrives and stands next to Wallace watching Jahari tussle with Younger Man to get his bag back. Younger Man pulls out a switchblade knife threatening Jahari. Wallace and Odys step back. Jahari joins them.

They hear the other men yelling, running towards.

ODYS
 Boys we gotta jet!

YOUNGER MAN
 Stop!...para!

The trio run off down a dirt road. One of the men shoots his pistol at them. Odys swiftly, instinctively moves her arm to block and the bullet hits her metallic bangle bracelet then ricochets off, hitting one of the men in the leg. She is shocked it actually worked.

The men from the plaza gather to help him.

WALLACE

Best friend! You Wonder Woman'd
that shit!

Odys passes Wallace and Jahari, running faster ahead of them.

ODYS

(singing while she runs)
I am ti-ta-ni-um!

Wallace and Jahari speed up. Looking back briefly.

They run off down a dirt road that leads to the ruins of Ek Balam through a back entrance.

Awestruck at the complex of ruins and pyramids. They hide behind a ruin. The Men run past.

The trio run the other way and encounter a large white altar decorated with fantastical creatures carved out of limestone and covered by a thatched roof.

Staring toward center of ruin, they are paralyzed at the sight of a gigantic white plaster MONSTER MOUTH that surrounds an opening into the heart of the pyramid.

WALLACE

(whispering)
Wow. I'm finally here. I wanted to
see this so bad. It's a symbolic
portal to the underworld. We gotta
go in there and hide.

JAHARI

(incredulous)
Inside that devil mouth thing?!

They hear the men from the plaza shoot their gun and running towards them.

Odys runs past them and up the stairs, disappearing into the monster mouth portal. Wallace follows, then Jahari. Darkness envelops them.

INT. EK BALAM TEMPLE

They run deeper into the pyramid. Suddenly the Older Man from the plaza stops them in their tracks. He stands alone with a small torch lighting his haunting face.

OLDER MAN

Puebloooo!

Jahari, Wallace and Odys shriek in horror at the same time then run further into the pyramid, hitting a WALL that swivels open and they fall down a long smooth stone RAMP. The wall "grinds", swiveling closed behind them.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CAVE SYSTEM

They all land on a dirt floor. They look up and see a very high cave ceiling with occasional, foliage and moss-lined openings inside a vast underground cave system. Sun beams shine through. Groups of BATS fly upwards and out through the holes.

They help each other up, dusting each other off. Odys tries to use her cellphone. Scoffs in frustration.

ODYS

Of course, no fucking signal!
Classic!

Jahari and Wallace check theirs, scoffing.

WALLACE

Got nothing!

JAHARI

Same...damn!

WALLACE

These underground caverns are scattered throughout the Yucatan. It was the Mayan underworld...They called it Xibalba. The home of the gods.

They walk forward. The haunting, clinking sound of metal is heard approaching from the darkness. They gasp and hold each other. A human-sized RABBIT appears wearing a glaring gold necklace with a green jade medallion. The creature stands on its hind legs, eerily staring at them. Time stands still for a beat.

ODYS

Da fuck?!

JAHARI

(whispering nervously)
That rapper rabbit with the Flava
Flav gold chain is invading my
soul.

Rabbit sniffs air for their scent, snarls at them then turns away, getting back on all fours.

The RABBIT FACE transforms back into the OLD MAN from the village. Creature scampers away.

WALLACE

(blowing wind)

Don't panic! It's just a rabbit. A freakishly large one but still a *rabbit*. Let's just focus on walking through. I'm sure we'll find an opening to get out at some point. That creature found it's way in, so there has to be a way out.

Suddenly they hear a jaguar's rumbling GROWL from the darkness. They run forward, deeper into the cave until reaching a narrow passageway.

The OLD MAN from village is now dressed as a SHAMAN wearing only a leopard loincloth and deerskin boots is perched above, unseen. *He is a Nagual, an ancient, immortal, shapeshifting entity.

Shaman blows a WHITE HALLUCINOGENIC POWDER through a bone pipe. Smoke floats down in a cloud. The three walk into the hallucinogenic powder. He disappears just as they look up. Another GROWL is heard in the distance.

They all cough from inhaling the white smoke.

INT. CAVE - INTERIOR FRESHWATER POND

Trudging forward, still coughing, noticing a large, clear freshwater pond inside a large room. Far above, sun shines through an opening lined by jungle foliage. Water drips down.

Odys goes to wash her face and notices hundreds of tiny blue FLAGELLATES swirling in the water. Jahari and Wallace notice the same as they wash their faces and drink the water.

Their vision becomes cloudy. They notice a flame flickering in another opening in the corner of the space.

ODYS

There's little blue creatures in the wa...I wouldn't drink that...and...I'm feeling kinda funny...kinda like when the molly starts to hit.

Odys giggles uncontrollably.

WALLACE

I think that Puebloooo creepster
dosed us with that powder.

JAHARI

(laughing)
Well, it ain't blow...that's for
sure.

Jahari snickers strangely like a little boy.

They walk, weaving intoxicatedly towards the opening with the
fire light. All three voicing, "Puebloooo", chuckling to
themselves.

INT. CAVE CHAMBER

They enter a cavernous room bathed in the warm flickering
light of an invisible fire.

A COLOSSAL TREE full of fantastical, mythological Mayan
spirits appear one by one, sitting on branches high above
interacting with each other. The tree glows from within,
pulsing with the faint sound of a heartbeat. Electric green
energy flowing through its veins to its leaves.

Feathered deities, some half-human, half-jaguar interact with
another in a silent theater. A SPIDER GODDESS with the body
of a spider and face of a Mayan woman, sits perched at the
highest branch. The skin of her face glows green and her eyes
stare in a fixed and otherworldly gaze as if deep in trance.
She wears an elaborately carved green jade nose-bar piercing,
sitting on a jaguar pelt draped over the branch.

Fresco paintings surround the colossal tree, portraying a
bestiary of fierce animals, such as snarling pumas gnashing
formidable fangs wearing headdresses of Quetzal feathers.
Images of bleeding human hearts of sacrificial victims appear
in the maws of the PUMAS. A shrieking EAGLE with its talons
outstretched and the figure of a large COYOTE. There are also
smaller figures that look like LORDS and PRIESTS, interacting
with the animals in ceremonial communion.

JAHARI

Oh lordy-lord-lord, I-am-tripping!

WALLACE

(mouth agape)
This must be the world tree...*Axis
Mundi*. A liminal place where their
three realms of heaven, Earth and
the Underworld all collide.

Just then, a five foot golden-red SCORPION scuttles down the tree and presents itself, stinger flicking menacingly above, observing them from different angles.

Jahari grabs his iPhone and turns on a flashing disco light, fog horn and house beats to scare the scorpion away.

The Scorpion gets scared, shudders then transforms into a DEER that runs off.

ODYS

So this is some kind of thin place
where dimensions kind of...merge?

JAHARI

That's why that village was all
kinds of twilight zone!

WALLACE

Ek Balam was a very powerful city-
state before it fell. Maybe their
priests found some high technology
by using this inter-dimensional
sacred tree?

(pause)

See there!

Wallace points passionately up the tree.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

(awestruck, mouth agape)

There's the double-headed serpent
just above the underworld in its
branches...the celestial bird over
there represents the heavens always
sitting atop the world tree. Over
there, that feathered snake with a
beard is a vision serpent and that
multidimensional, wormhole shit in
its mouth is showing the King
messages and he's taking notes onto
a Codex made from tree bark.

(pause)

Oh wow and that,...that's the uh
Snake Lady God. Unbelievable!

Jahari's eyes are caught by a shiny GOLD NECKLACE with a large EMERALD GEM hanging from the base of the tree. He reaches to grab it, the tree starts to vibrate, the Spider Goddess multiple eyes shift their stare downward, sensing the vibration and visibly angered, sliding down her web to confront him.

JAHARI

Okay-okay! It's oh-kay...

Puts necklace slowly back in it's place. Walks back with his hands up. The Spider Goddess hisses then scurries up to her perch.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

I get it. You're all into this shit! I don't want to know about Mayan mythology. I just wanna get the fuck out of here mate!

ODYS

And I want a big bowl of fresh yogurt with blueberries and gay sprinkles all over it.

WALLACE

Guys! I wanna get out of here too but knowing the mythology might just be the way to get answers and get us out of this inter-dimensional vortex we seem to be stuck in. We all need to figure this out together, okay?

Odys is puzzled, watching an androgynous GOD with a PENIS and a VAGINA. And another corpulent woman giving birth to a rabbit.

ODYS

Uh, Wally baby. What is that?

WALLACE

Oh wow, that is the androgynous lightning god K'a'. And that's the Moon Goddess giving birth to the moon in the form of a rabbit.

Odys spies another long branch where several gods are in an ecstatic orgiastic pile.

ODYS

Those guys over there are doin' just fine.

JAHARI

Aw fuck this!

Jahari reaches for a stone and throws it at the group. The stone passes through them.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

Yeow! Yo! You guys up there! Can you help us?!

Odys starts to jump up and down, waving her arms.

ODYS

Hola! Help! Ayudanos! Ayuda!

The mythical entities do not respond to their calls, carrying on with their interactions uninterrupted.

WALLACE

(blows wind)

Don't do that! They can't hear us anyway! They're in another dimension.

Wallace stands for a beat, marveling at the sight. He focuses on the female feathered SERPENT GOD coiled as if sitting, holding an OBSIDIAN MIRROR for a MAYAN RULER to notate what is being revealed to him in the mirror.

Jahari looks at Wallace annoyedly.

JAHARI

Alright...I'm out...

Jahari walks off into another passageway. Odys follows Jahari out. Wallace lingers, staring at the tree, marveling at its diaphanous limbs that reach into the ceiling of the cave. Savoring the magical moment.

ODYS

Best friend, let's go.

INT. CAVE CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Wallace follows them into next cavernous chamber and notices Jahari and Odys on the dirt floor passed out.

The room starts to spin. Wallace faints, dropping to floor.

INT. CAVE CHAMBER - HOURS LATER

Water drips from a small hole far above, echoing throughout the chamber, disturbing the silence.

INT. CAVE CHAMBER - DREAM STATE

Wallace watches Spider Monkey peering down at him, poking him awake. The light from the opening above, silhouetting his figure.

The Spider Monkey does the same to Jahari and Odys, poking their foreheads to wake up. Their vision is fuzzy, still intoxicated.

Suddenly, the Shaman appears standing above them, shaking a gourd rattle in their faces.

SHAMAN
(telepathically)
You...were...looking...for
the...sha-man.
(pause)
Well now you've found him.

Maniacal laughter surrounds them.

They realize the Shaman standing above them is the same leather-faced, Old Man from the plaza only wearing a jaguar pelt loincloth and turquoise necklace with green jade ear spools. The Monkey climbs, perching himself on the Shaman's shoulder.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)
You have each come here seeking a
higher knowledge about
yourselves...you came in search of
a change...I will grant your...
wishes...and, more...

Shaman fills the cavern with the sound of his diabolical laughter. The Monkey chimes in releasing a joyful series of screeches.

The trio try to move but the room begins to spin again and they go unconscious.

INT. CAVE CHAMBER - LATER

Jahari begins to groan, slowly opening his eyes. He turns his head to see Wallace and Odys groggily scooping up water, drinking and washing their faces from the small pond directly below the opening above.

The chittering sound of bats from above fill the room.

Jahari walks on all fours to the pond.

JAHARI

(groaning)

Did you all see a half naked shaman
dude talking without opening his
mouth?

ODYS

Yeah, I saw him.

WALLACE

Same. He was communicating
telepathically. Think he's the same
old man from the plaza.

JAHARI

Pue-bloo.....

They laugh feebly.

WALLACE

We gotta get up and keep trying to
find a way out of here.

Jahari drinks some water. Wallace slowly, wearily stands up.
Offers his arm to help Odys up.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Best friend...let's go.

Wallace walks over to Jahari.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Best friend...come on.

Wallace helps Jahari up, Jahari falls then Wallace grabs him
by the hip from behind comically lifting him up.

Odys watches on at the two with a smirk.

ODYS

(tsk'ing)

Y'all are so gay.

INT. CRYSTAL CAVE

The trio enter a cavernous room full of white, gargantuan
CRYSTAL SPIRES shooting from the ground up and ceiling
downwards, in all directions. The crystals seem to be lit
from within, Jahari's iPhone light casts a sublime, pure
white glow to the large chamber. A surreal and wondrous
spectacle.

They maneuver around the crystal spires in awe of the beauty surrounding them trying to get from one end of the room to another.

Jahari happens upon what looks to be a throne carved out of the white crystal. He immediately sits on it. Comically mimicking the face of a ruler.

A jolt of electricity is emitted, throwing him off the chair.

CRYSTAL CAVE VOICE

(female voice)

Don't touch me!

(pause)

Your soul is un-evolved and very,
very young.

Gets up from the ground, brushing himself off.

JAHARI

Hey!...Not nice!

They all stand in shock looking up towards the ceiling of the cave but only see gigantic crystal spires everywhere.

WALLACE

What are you?

CRYSTAL CAVE VOICE

Never mind what I am. The question
is who are you and what are you
doing here?

ODYS

Well we were here in beautiful
Mexico on vacation and we ended
up...here.

WALLACE

(interrupting)

Best friend...Let me explain. We
come in peace. We mean no harm to
you. We just need to find our way
home, out of this cave.

CRYSTAL CAVE VOICE

Sit...

Wallace sits on the throne.

CRYSTAL CAVE VOICE (CONT'D)

No!!...Off! You are burdened with a
heavy sadness. Whew!!

(MORE)

CRYSTAL CAVE VOICE (CONT'D)

(pause)
Not you...her.

Odys walks to the throne with trepidation and sits on the throne.

CRYSTAL CAVE VOICE (CONT'D)

Ah yes. Finally...A warrior. I will commune with you.

JAHARI

Hey, I'm a warrior! You should see me at work!

CRYSTAL CAVE VOICE

Perhaps in your affairs with collecting wealth but you refuse to spiritually and emotionally evolve.

(pause)
That is a weakness. You are a paper warrior.

Jahari scoffs loudly with a nervous look, processing.

A large crystalline ORB materializes just above the throne. Images of warfare and brutal killings of Mayan soldiers appear inside the large orb. They see the pyramid with the monster mouth and a Shaman standing in front, flanked by bonfires. A KING dressed in a feather headdress is dead on the stairway, spear to his heart, his blood dripping down the white stone steps. Shaman raises his arms, holding up a beating human heart, blood dripping down his arms. He is chanting fiercely as warriors battle it out below.

ODYS

That's Ek Balam.

WALLACE

And that's the old man from the plaza...How can that be...?

Suddenly, they watch a fierce WOMAN SOLDIER walk through the battling forces. Flanked by beastly soldiers wearing leather armor and shooting arrows from their carved bows. The Woman Soldier is wearing a fitted leather headdress with crystal spikes emerging from her forehead. She wields a battle axe with black obsidian blades along its sides, swiftly dispatching a lunging Ek Balam WARRIOR, her jaguar skin cape catching wind as she moves. She locks eyes with Shaman as she removes her battle axe from the Warrior's chest.

ODYS

That's Lady Six Sky.

Shaman senses her power, looks into her soul and sees who she is. He bows down to her.

She commands him to follow her as the city of Ek Balam falls and is destroyed behind her.

We see the Shaman now chanting and dancing atop a much larger, sprawling white PYRAMID surrounded by thick jungle, full moon shining above illuminates the vast city of stone, dotted with fires. Lady Six Sky looking on from her throne nearby. Ladies and men and children of her court seated on either side of her.

Shaman chants and burns incense in front of a large, black square obsidian MIRROR lying face up from a stone altar, surrounded by flames. Faceless SPIRITS begin to swirl, slowly emerging from the mirror and fill the air. Dark, wispy shadows swirl above them. The shadows enter the Shaman and speak through him to the Queen. She nods, listening.

MONTAGE

More battles are waged, neighboring city states fall under her gaze. The Queen stands atop a smaller pyramid as hundreds of her warriors conquer the city below. The Shaman stands proudly beside her with an accomplished grimace. He lifts obsidian MIRROR up while chanting and the shadowy, faceless spirits return back into the mirror.

CRYSTAL CAVE VOICE

Be mindful of your every step. The Shaman is a tricky opponent. He is never what he appears to be.

JAHARI

Ok, well. Thanks for the little movie slash ancient history lesson. But can we get a ticket out of this-fuck-ing-cave!?

They listen for the crystal to speak. Silence.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

Didn't think so. Guys, can we keep it moving?! Thanks...faceless, crystal spirit lady or whatever you call yourself!

CRYSTAL CAVE VOICE

The past informs our future.

Jahari waves off her guidance, walking away.

JAHARI

Yeah, yeah whatever.

They find another passageway underneath a crystal spire and crawl down into it on all fours.

Total absence of light. Jahari uses his phone to light the way as they crawl on all fours down the narrow passage.

They enter into another cavernous room with a small opening above. It is night outside. The moon's glow beams a faint light upon them down below.

INT. CAVE - LATER

They are worn out from walking through the cave complex.

ODYS

This place goes on forever. No signs of a way out. I'm so frickin tired y'all.

WALLACE

Yeah Jahari, let's take a break and start fresh tomorrow. This is a good a place as any to sleep.

JAHARI

Alright. But we should sleep next to each other for protection.

They all lie down near each other in a circle.

INT. CAVE CHAMBER - LATER

They each have the same nightmare:

Menacing Black Jaguars lunging towards them. Shaman removing their HEARTS, analyzing each one. Soldiers killing each other. Blood spilling everywhere. Chaos of battle surrounds them. Lady Six Sky's maniacal laughter echoing in the sky above while riding the back of a gigantic EAGLE.

Shaman raises each of their three hearts cupped in his hands into the air, then swiftly thrusts them back into their bodies at the same time.

Their eyes open instantaneously, looking up from the cave floor panting. It is still night from the opening above.

WALLACE

He's fucking with our minds.

JAHARI

I just had the absolute worst
nightmare of my entire life.

ODYS

(groaning)

Same....

Odys looks at her phone searching for reception. NO BARS, no signal. She scoffs, puts back in her pocket.

WALLACE

Who are you? What do you want from
us?

(pause)

We just want to get out of this
fucking cave! What you're doing is
illegal! This is abduction!

The bats chittering abruptly stops. Even the water stops dripping. Dead silence.

Silence is broken by a hissing sound, like a large snake.

SHAMAN (O.S.)

(whispering)

What I am...Iiii-ammm-olderrr-than-
hu-man-ity. I have existed on this
planet before humans walked
upright, before they wrote laws or
built cities, before they created
the illusion of money and their
futile wars scarred the Earth.

ODYS

What do you want from us?! We're
just some stupid tourists!

SHAMAN (O.S.)

Oh, but you are so much more...I
also want what you came here
seeking...to expand consciousness.

JAHARI

We're hungry! We want food! That's
what we want!...and my Balenciaga
bag back, while you're at it!

SHAMAN (O.S.)

Would you like to taste figs from
your home country Iran? I can fetch
them for you.

A few moments pass of dead silence.

Suddenly interrupted by FIG FRUITS dropping from thin air in front of each of the them. One by one the FIGS roll towards them from the darkness.

They each grab and inspect the fruit, smelling it. Jahari rips the fig open, sniffing for freshness.

JAHARI

How in the bloody hell did you...?

Jahari cautiously takes a bite.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

It's good. (chewing)
 Perfect actually. Reminds me of
 home. When I was a kid. (sobbing)
 Thank you Puebloo!

Jahari has a mini emotional breakdown. Wallace sits next to him, rubbing his back as they quietly, eagerly consume their fruit.

A black SHADOW appears swirling above, circling them, dark wispy tendrils caress their faces, then in an instant, the entity whooshes up and out through the cave opening.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

Shows over. I'm going back to
 sleep. We'll keep going in the
 morning.

Odys and Wallace huddle in fear against the cave wall.

ODYS

Best friend, I'm scared.

Wallace puts his arms around Odys, comforting her.

WALLACE

Me too, best friend. Me too.

Jahari looks at them, slowly scooches backwards until he is beside Wallace and Odys. He grabs Wallace's arm and puts it around his shoulder.

JAHARI

(staring at Odys)
 He was my best friend first.

They fall asleep.

INT. CAVE CHAMBER - NEXT DAY

The Spider Monkey swings from tree to tree through jungle. He spies a small hole in the ground below and rappels down to peek through. He gathers pebbles, throwing them down.

Pebble hits Odys, Jahari and Wallace on the head. Waking them.

ODYS

Da fuk!?

WALLACE

Ow!

JAHARI

Hey look. It's a monkey!

WALLACE

It, it looks like the monkey from the restaurant! Hey buddy, can you show us the way out of here!

They lock eyes and the Spider Monkey squeals excitedly, jumping up and down then runs to a nearby hole. Screeching downwards to alert them.

Wallace notices light coming from a far corner of the cave.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Let's go! He's showing us the way out!

They wearily get up and follow Wallace crawling down a low tunnel.

INT. CAVE CHAMBER

They enter the chamber and see what looks to be a throne carved out of a limestone stalagmite with a pointed stalactite hanging just above it. Fantastical, fanged creatures are carved alongside throne. Beautiful ceramic plates and bowls painted with mythical figures are scattered around.

Wallace, Jahari and Odys get hit on the back of the head by pebbles. They all yell "ow" in unison.

JAHARI

(rubbing back of head)
Yo...That fucking monkey has unusually great aim.

They turn around and look up at the Monkey staring down at them squealing and pointing down.

They look down and collectively gasp at sight of a huge, conical BEEHIVE hanging from a stalactite. A simple ceramic bowl on a pedestal beneath filled with golden drops of HONEY lit by the morning's rays. The bowl, pedestal and ground below is coated with a thick layer of honey that has overflowed through time.

JAHARI (CONT'D)
(up to monkey)
Thanks bro!

Jahari scoops up a portion of the honey with his fingers. Bees swirl and buzz just above.

ODYS
Not my idea of brunch but I'll take it.

Wallace and Odys join in, moaning and eagerly consuming the honey from the ceramic bowl. They look up, marveling at the swarm of GOLDEN BEES.

Wallace takes a break and walks over to inspect the artifacts around the THRONE.

He brushes dirt off of the ceramic vessels, sniffing their insides. Running his fingers along the fantastical images of SNAKES painted on the surfaces. At the foot of the throne he moves a vessel and sees a black shiny object reflecting the light from above.

WALLACE
You guys these are all offering vessels. They had cacao in them. You can still smell it!

ODYS
Ummm, I appreciate your enthusiasm...but I'm not in the mood to smell caca right now.

WALLACE
(laughing uncontrollably)
Best friend! Cacao not caca! It's what chocolate is made from! It was sacred to them.

Wipes dirt off the round, black, smooth, round reflective object, wresting it from the dirt.

JAHARI

What'd you find? What is that?

Jahari grabs it from Wallace. Runs his fingers along a monster mouth formed from a mosaic of JADE stone decorating the back of the artifact.

WALLACE

It's an obsidian mirror. Priests would use them to conjure spirits from other dimensions or to see into the future. It's a *portal*.

Odys walks over. They huddle around the mirror.

ODYS

Well, best friend turn that shit on and ask how we can get the hell out of this cave?

WALLACE

It doesn't work that way. They did a lot of psychedelics to help them with divination.

Wallace wipes the dirt clean off the face of the artifact. The trio look into it, observing their blurred faces reflected in the mirror.

JAHARI

(snaps back)

Ok, so lets get you some psychedelics!

Suddenly the reflection enlarges into a swirling black hole in Wallace's hands. The mirror drops to the ground with a thump then a boom, reverberating across the cave's walls, shaking the ground.

The Shaman's maniacal laughter fills the chamber, echoing in every direction. Surrounding them.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

(eyes spinning)

Yoooo...There was somethin' in that honeyyyy...!

They look around then look back into the mirror at the menacing vision in the mirror.

SHAMAN (O.S.)

Why should I let you live?
(pause)

(MORE)

SHAMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Show me one reason to keep you
alive.

The BUZZING sound of bees fills the chamber. They hover above forming a thick swirling cloud.

SHAMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

These are sacred bees. They feed
off mushrooms of the highest
vibration. Then you feed off their
honey to see into your *souls*.

The bees swarm above the ceramic bowl. The trio watch as the bees form the FACE of the Shaman, staring at them. Suddenly the dark, leathery face of the Shaman now filled with rage lunges at them.

They all yell and run to a corner of the cave, huddling together in horror.

EXT. SPACE

The bees disappear and the room drops from view. The trio can only see each other's HEADS floating, surrounded by the pure blackness of space.

The Shooting Stars song by EP Raiders or similar begins to play and they hear it.

JAHARI

Yooo, you hear that song?

WALLACE

Yeah brooooo...

Jahari nods his head to the music as they begin to dissolve.

ODYS

Heeee spiked our honeyyyyy...!

The Shooting Stars song gets louder.

INT. MINDSPACE

The three friends see each other's floating FACES in the reflection of an obsidian mirror floating and spinning in front of each of them.

Shooting Stars song fades out. Silence.

The Shaman's face appears in the mirror, staring back at them, stone-cold expression.

SHAMAN
 Esto es...pueblooo!

Shaman's face disappears and they see each other again.

The skin and tissue in their faces MELT away, revealing their naked SKULLS. They are surrounded by an infinite Universe, floating in space.

JAHARI
 (slow motion voice)
 Bro, your face melted off...

ODYS
 (slow motion voice)
 Soooo did yours....

WALLACE
 This some crazy shiiiiit...

The mirrors melt away, merging with the blackness of Space.

Their skulls disintegrate into golden stardust floating off into dark SPACE forming fiery streaming COMETS.

INT. CAVE THRONE ROOM - LATER

They watch from above as the room floods with thick gold liquid streaming from the beehive. The stream morphs into gold coins, flowing through the room in waves of gold.

A half MAN, half JAGUAR figure with a skeletal face, carved from the side of the throne emerges and manifests, the sounds of obsidian blades on his headdress, move like fan blades, rubbing. The sound of grinding stone. The figure stands on the throne, moving his arms determined, conjuring spirits with his hands waving upwards.

The song "Ganja Burn" begins playing and Nikki Minaj rises sensually from the flood of gold coins singing, wearing a skimpy goddess outfit.

Pharrell rises from the ground in a gold suit, wearing a thin gold crown, singing in chorus with Nikki.

About half a dozen SKELETAL FIGURES with wicked smiles emerge from the carvings on the side of the throne and dance synchronously around them.

A colossal GOLDEN STATUE with Obsidian mirrors for eyes rises from underground in the center of the chamber, Nicole Scherzinger and Sia are standing on each of the Mayan god's shoulders, writhing sensually, joining the chorus.

They sing -

"Who is your God?"

Who is your God?

Who do you love?

Who saves you?

Who gives your life meaning?

Chorus

Protect me

Save me

Fulfill me

Love me

Test me

Push me

A mirrored, gigantic gold disco ball descends lighting up the room gold.

They sing -

Who is your God?

Who do you love?

Who saves you?

Who gives your life meaning?

RAINBOW COLORED lasers shoot from a third OBSIDIAN MIRROR at the center of the colossal statue's forehead (third eye), bouncing off the Disco Ball.

Jahari, Odys and Wallace watch the psychedelic spectacle with joyful smiles and eyes wide open at the glorious, dream-come-true sight of their personal idols singing and performing.

INT. MINDSPACE - MOMENTS LATER

Odys stands alone in a gold illuminated room with no visible furniture, walls or light. Watching a projector revealing her memory rejecting her boyfriend surrounded by lush gardens.

Odys watches projection, holding back tears.

She watches projection of herself standing in front of him, staring at a DIAMOND RING he is offering her, inside of a flower bloom. Her face, flushed with emotion, suddenly turns sad as she holds the RING staring at it with dread.

She sighs heavily, pauses, sadly nodding "no". Gently returning the ring.

ODYS

(rambling nervously)

I can't be the woman you want me to be. I...I'll never be a typical woman. I will never fit in with your family. I can't offer you a normal life.

BOYFRIEND

And that is why I love you!

(pause)

You were never meant to just fit in because you're exceptional. We can make our own unique kind of relationship. Forge our own way...

(pause)

Please don't do this. Don't do this to us. Whatever it is we can work it out.

ODYS

(stoic, determined)

I can't. I, uh, can't do this right now. (heavy sigh) I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

Close in on his face. His distress. His disappointment. His tears welling. His racing heartbeat is heard as he watches her walk away.

SHAMAN

Why? Why did you turn him away?

ODYS

I felt like an impostor. (sobbing)

Tears stream down her face.

ODYS (CONT'D)

I'm afraid I can't give him the normal wife-life. I can't give him children.

(pause)

(MORE)

ODYS (CONT'D)

I feel like I don't deserve all
that...*happiness*.

She watches his face watching her walk away, now in slow motion.

ODYS (CONT'D)

Why do I feel guilty for having all
my dreams come true?

SHAMAN

The world is returning to the age
of *oneness*. A time where male and
female energies are *one* within each
of us.

(pause)

You are ahead of everyone else. You
are already there.

ODYS

Turn it off! Turn off the got-damn
video!

The video goes black. Odys drops to the floor sobbing,
curling into a fetal position. The room falls away.

Odys' body still in same position, floats off inside a clear
glossy bubble, floating past the sun. The song Breathe Me by
Sia, or similar plays. Solar flares bathe her bubble with
golden, fiery streams of light.

INT. ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS ACTION

Wallace is walking alone through a tunnel. PROJECTIONS are
shown of a joyful life with his parents before they were
arrested. Then the morning of their arrest plays from the
perspective of his Mother. She is watching a young Wallace
wrapped in pure terror of what he was seeing. Her fingers
reach wildly for Wallace as she is dragged away. Seeing the
dreadful scene of her husband on the floor, bleeding out.

His Mother is in prison. Alone. Looking at an old picture of
their family together. Caressing it before lying down to
sleep. Tears streaming from her eyes, wetting her pillow.

Vignettes of him with his Father, tending to the cannabis
flowers in their backyard under a morning sun. His Father
playing with him, carrying him on his back.

Wallace watches stoically. Then blissful scenes of Wallace
being cared for her by his GRANDMOTHER. Slowly bringing him
out of his trauma. Cooking food for him. Eating with him.
Teaching him how to knit a blanket.

Then scenes change to her in a wheelchair and taking pain medications. Wallace cares for her. He comes home from work and finds her lying in bed lifeless from an overdose of pain medications. Falls to the floor. Kneeling by her bedside. Holding her hand. Deep, painful sobs.

Images displayed as he walks further down the tunnel, of police violence and news reports of cases of unarmed black Americans killed by police, one after another, after another.

Wallace hears his Father's voice over the videos of violence.

FATHER

Never ever, ever trust the police.
They are out to get us. They aren't
our friends. Always, always suck up
to them. Never forget they can
murder you in an instant...just
because they can.

Video plays of George Floyd being crushed by an officer's knee while other police officers do nothing to stop his murder in broad daylight. They ignore the calls of ONLOOKERS yelling to stop.

FATHER (CONT'D)

You gotta recycle the pain and turn
the injustice against us into a
positive. Learn the law. Beat them
at their own game, son. Don't let
them break your spirit.

George Floyd passes out dead on the pavement. Knee still on his neck.

SHAMAN

(telepathically)

You have given up on life. You no
longer hold hope.

(pause)

You live as if you are already
dead.

Tears welling, he watches images of a young traumatized Wallace, sitting at his father's funeral with his grandmother holding him close. Then years later, an adult Wallace cleaning off the weeds around his tombstone, leaving flowers. Wallace is up close, stoically staring at his father's name engraved in the stone.

Everything goes black. Wallace stands traumatized, frozen, looking off into space. Floating through dark empty space inside his clear bubble.

INT. STRIP CLUB BACK ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS ACTION

Jahari watches a FLASHBACK of himself drinking with his work colleagues. They are all very intoxicated and laughing. He watches one YOUNG COLLEAGUE get a lap dance by a MIDDLE EASTERN looking STRIPPER. They are all hamming it up and dancing to the music playing. One colleague takes out a BAGGY of COCAINE, happily shaking it back and forth.

Another STRIPPER comes by and snatches the baggy. Sprinkling it on one of her breasts. Then she grabs Jahari by the back of his head so he can snort it from her breast. One of the WORK COLLEAGUES snaps a pic of Jahari snorting off the stripper's breast, hysterically laughing. He quickly texts Jahari the picture chuckling to himself.

INT. UBER - LATER

Jahari's phone reads "4:00 AM" as he is texting Wallace. Typing, "Having a blast. Miss you bruv. #ballin'" Then sends the pic of him snorting coke off the stripper's breast.

Puts his head back in the seat, half passed out. His phone starts "pinging" one, then another, then dozens of "pings" until he wakes up.

Looks to his phone and his blurred vision reads "Wallace", he wipes his eyes and is surprised to read instead "Wifey".

He puts his hand to his forehead in despair. Scrolls through her extremely angry texts. He realizes he sent his wife the photo instead of Wallace.

Final text from her reads. "If you come home, I will call the police. Do not come home."

INT. JAHARI'S HOME

He is screaming at his WIFE - Gloria, pleading with her.

GLORIA

I'm so sick of you always making yourself the center of attention. You know you are a greedy narcissist! Imagine for one moment how you would feel if I texted you a photo of me snorting cocaine off of a random erect penis? Hashtag "Baller"! (pause)
It would *destroy* you.

Jahari releases a shocked, loud gasp.

JAHARI

You would never! A. It's not the same. It was just a breast for the love of God! B. A penis is way worse! Be reasonable. It was a *joke!*

He grabs Gloria by the shoulders, shaking her. She slaps his face. Anger wells in his eyes and he frantically throws a glass bowl centerpiece to the floor. Glass flies everywhere.

Wife is in shock at what he did.

GLORIA

That was a wedding gift from my mother! Get out!

She dials 911.

TEENAGE DAUGHTER stands behind her mother as they watch a POLICE OFFICER escort a sullen Jahari out of their home.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Jahari is sitting inside what looks to be an interrogation room. A female POLICE OFFICER is scolding him, nodding disapprovingly. Jahari tries to charm her with his smile and she slams her hand on the table to shut him up.

He is released from prison and tries to text his wife. "blocking is active on this number" pings back in a message reply.

He blows wind, exasperated. Puts his hands on his face.

Jahari watches the film of his life from a dark room.

SHAMAN

Your lust for power and supremacy over others has provided the fuel for you to conquer your world but what has it done to your soul?

Jahari sits on the chair defeated, dropping his face into his hands.

Everything falls away. Jahari sits on his chair on top of a tiny planet floating into the darkness of Space, angrily shouting into his clenched fists. His shouts echo off into the furthest reaches of Space.

EXT. SPACE

Shaman's voice is heard saying "Pueblooo" followed by a haunting, maniacal laughter echoing through space as each of them float off in separate directions. Each inside their respective bubbles of isolation and torment.

INT. CAVE CHAMBER - NEXT DAY

The three slowly wake. They are scattered about on the floor.

They groggily look around and see the beehive is silent, absent of bees. Everything is as it was before they consumed the psychedelic honey. They look at the THRONE. The stone carved beings decorating the throne seem to stare back.

They each look at the other, knowingly, lovingly. Expressing the intense sadness they just experienced with their eyes.

INT. CAVE. MONTAGE - LATER

They pensively, somberly walk across boulders, struggling to climb through the vast cave network. Each still processing what they experienced in their psychedelic trips.

WALLACE

You okay Jahari?

JAHARI

I don't wanna talk about it.

WALLACE

Best friend, you okay?

Their eyes meet as he helps her climb across a boulder. She lovingly responds.

ODYS

(wincing)

I'll be okay.

INT. CAVE - SUNLIT POOL

They slowly approach a heavenly scene of a large pool lit by an opening above and behind the large pool. Lush green vines frame the opening to the jungle above.

They observe three grey fins rise and circle the pool.

Three DOLPHINS emerge, chittering playfully.

The trio reach the water's edge. Their eyes brighten at the heavenly sight - their hope is restored.

Each dolphin raises their head, whistling playfully at them.
They clap joyfully. Hugging each other.

WALLACE

That's it! I think we won! You see that sunlight peeking through the back of the pool there?! That's our way out of here! All we gotta do is swim through to the other side.

JAHARI

Yeah boy! Maybe the dolphins can help swim us out. I've seen a documentary where they save people's lives. We be cruisin' with the dolphins!(laughing)

They giddily high-five each other.

ODYS

Look at them. So content. Always so perky and flexing their muscles, peacocking and shit.
(pause)
They're like the gays of the ocean.

Dolphins jump and flip for them. Performing a little show.

ODYS (CONT'D)

(smirking)
Exhibit A...
(pause)
Oh, look at me. Look how pretty my body-yody is...

One dolphin gets close to the edge, nudging Jahari's feet. Jahari smiles, laughing. Slowly moving to rub the creature's head.

JAHARI

(joyful)
Aw look he likes me. I'm going in and getting the hell outta this nightmare. Bruv...and sis! We getting out of this freak show!

Jahari hugs Wallace. With renewed joy, Jahari takes off his shoes, shirt and pants and goes into pool with his underwear.

Odys covers her eyes to not see Jahari naked.

Jahari plays with the dolphin, swimming. Holding on to the Dolphin fin as he circles him around the pool.

JAHARI (CONT'D)
 Come on now, you grumpy ass
 bitches. Water is clean and so
 fresh!

Odys and Wallace undress and jump in as well. Everyone is laughing.

Jahari holds on to his fin and DOLPHIN#1 swims Jahari around the pool playfully. Odys cautiously approaches DOLPHIN#2, petting back of it's head.

ODYS
 That's it...you pretty homosexual.
 Don't bite me now.

Wallace nears DOLPHIN#3 and pets its side.

Dolphin#1 suddenly slams Jahari against pool's edge on his back and starts playfully humping him. Wallace and Odys laugh.

ODYS (CONT'D)
 (laughing)
 Oh! Someone's gonna get some
 tonight!

DOLPHIN#1 turns Jahari around with its fins and now is starting to hump him from BEHIND. DOLPHIN#3 removes his underwear with his snout, pulling it down.

JAHARI
 (laughing)
 Hey! That's my underwear! Blood
 hell, these dolphins are horny!

Wallace tries to remove DOLPHIN#1 off of Jahari and DOLPHIN#3 blocks him.

Odys is still being swum around the pool by DOLPHIN#2. She is yelling for help.

WALLACE
 Jahari, you distract them while I
 swim to the exit tunnel!

JAHARI
 Distract them! What the fuck is
this!!?

Wallace swims underwater towards hidden tunnel opening.

A long pink erect phallus emerges from DOLPHIN#1 and starts to rub against Jahari's butt.

Jahari is blocking it entering between his butt cheeks with his hands. Dolphin#1 slams Jahari's face against the wall of the pond

JAHARI (CONT'D)

Ow! Hey! Watch the pe-nis! No HOMO!
No HOMOOOO!

Dolphin#2 is pushing Odys against the wall, pink, erect PHALLUS rubbing against her thighs. Odys kicks and punches the Dolphin in the head, closing her legs.

ODYS

Ay!! Que esto?! Cojone! Que no!
Bitch! No means no!

Odys 1-2-3 punches Dolphin#2 on the face hard and swiftly knees his erect phallus rubbing against her.

Wallace is blocked by Dolphin#3 underwater and stares at him, gurgling "PUEBLOOOO". Their eyes meet underwater and he sees the OLD MAN'S FACE quickly flitter in the Dolphin's eyes. The Dolphin rockets towards Wallace, bumping him hard in the stomach, knocking him out. He continues to swim Wallace against the wall of the pond and tries to rape him as well, undulating against his back to remove his underwear.

Odys punches and knocks out Dolphin#2 temporarily stunning it. Swims over to Wallace and gets him out while Jahari is squealing for help while being humped.

Odys drops Wallace on his back and jockeys to pull a naked Jahari out of the water.

ODYS (CONT'D)

You so owe me big time for
thisssss!!

She successfully pulls Jahari out and his back is all scratched up. He covers his groin area and angrily kicks the Dolphin in the head.

Wallace gets footing, gathers his clothes, running to edge of cave wall, away from the dolphin pool.

WALLACE

(panting)

That dolphin...almost drowned me!

Jahari hurriedly puts his clothes on, rushing to Wallace.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

He's fucking with us again! It was
him. I saw the Shaman's face!

(MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)

He was the fucking dolphin! I'm
telling you!! This is all him!

Odys finishes getting dressed and helps Jahari lift Wallace by his shoulders, gently holding him.

ODYS

Wait-wait...Honey breathe! I'm not understanding what you be sayin cuz I almost got raped by a dolphin over there and I'm a little fuzzy from the psychedelic honey so I'm gonna need you to dumb it down for me.

JAHARI

Um hello!? What about me? I actually and very literally was inches away from my butt getting obliterated!!

WALLACE & ODYS

(unison)

Not now Jahari!

WALLACE

(excited by revelation)

That dolphin,...that (panting) sucker punched me,...was that Pueblo guy from the village! The same guy who is the shaman in this inter-dimensional underworld traphouse we stuck in! The same guy the Crystal entity showed us. The dude's a spirit! He's getting into our heads!

(pause)

That's it! I got it! He's a shapeshifting trickster! A fucking trickster spirit!

ODYS

Ok, okay! I don't doubt you best friend but what does that mean? Help me out. I was never good at history.

WALLACE

So trickster spirits exist in every ancient culture around the world. You can't kill them. They're eternal,...immortal. They play tricks on humans. They serve to test humanity!

JAHARI

So are they good or bad?

WALLACE

Nobody knows. Their existence is a big mystery. But one thing for sure is they love to fuck with people's heads!

JAHARI

(yelling towards ceiling)
Oh, my ass knows! He's bad! The fucker crossed the line. You think it's funny?! Oh ha-fucking-ha! Do I make you laugh? Am I here to entertain you!? I ain't your flippin' clown, man!!

ODYS

(smirking)
You'll get over it power bottom.

Jahari slaps Odys' shoulder.

ODYS (CONT'D)

Ay, that hurt!

She slaps him back. Jahari replies with a pouty face.

ODYS (CONT'D)

So what do we do next?

WALLACE

We figure out what his weakness is and in the meantime try to pass all the tests he throws at us.

They walk out of the chamber and into the next space.

Jahari flips multiple bird, dancing with his middle fingers in the air at the chittering dolphins as he exits, walking funny, holding his butt, wincing in pain.

INT. CAVE NETWORK

Montage of them exploring the vast, dark network of caves, filled with colorful stalactites and stalagmites. Wallace is carrying the OBSIDIAN MIRROR with him from the throne room. Playing with it, trying to make it work.

Stopping to sip water from ponds. Looking up watching another sun set to darkness above them. They watch envious of the BATS flying out to feed for the night.

Still wet and cold, they find a spot to sleep, clearing the ground of stones with their feet.

JAHARI
 (shivering)
 Whoohoo! It's cold as a ho's heart
 in here.

Jahari looks towards Wallace.

WALLACE
 What? What do you want?

JAHARI
 (pouting)
 Hold me.

Wallace shoots a pouty face, signaling for Wallace to cuddle.

JAHARI (CONT'D)
 No, I'm the little spoon.

Wallace blows wind and moves to lie behind Jahari.

JAHARI (CONT'D)
 Eyyy! Watch the pipi!

WALLACE
 (tsks)
 You were the one that wanted me to
 spoon you. Ain't my fault you a
 bottom. Am I right, best friend?

Odys cracks up with Wallace.

Odys reaches over to give him a high-five.

Jahari seems butt-hurt then wedges his hand defiantly behind his butt, scooching away to make space between them.

Odys watches on, judging Jahari.

ODYS
 Mmm-hmmm.
 (pause)
 I knew you were a little queer,
 mister white-supremacist khaki
 pants.

Odys jockeys around to see where she's going to sleep. She looks towards the front where Jahari is, nods "no" then lies behind Wallace and spoons him.

The trio fall asleep, huddled together.

INT. WALLACE'S DREAM STATE - LATER

Wallace is lying looking into the obsidian mirror, meditating on how to make it work. Closing his eyes and breathing intentionally then opening one eye to see if it worked. Sighs a heavy sigh, gives up. Puts it down.

Can't sleep. Opens eyes and looks at the mirror he tossed aside now reflecting the light of the moon. He notices a slight energetic, misty glow surrounding it. Wipes his eyes to see more clearly and the GLOW is still there.

He grabs the mirror, running his finger along the surface in a spiral motion clockwise. Nothing. Then he runs his finger counter clockwise and seconds pass. Suddenly a faint, SWIRLING SMOKE appears following his fingers along the surface of the mirror.

He watches the swirling smoke and it lulls him to pass out, falling deeper into a dream.

EXT. FANTASY DREAM - LATER

They are all laying in a green grass-filled meadow. Sun is shining. Odys is eating a large cup of blueberry yogurt filled with colorful toppings. She looks over to Jahari and he's smiling, smoking a huge JOINT. With his other hand he is gripping his Balenciaga bag tightly.

ODYS

Oh, I see you got your Balenciaga bag back? Good for you.

Odys eyes the lit JOINT.

ODYS (CONT'D)

You gonna babysit that thing forever?

Odys reaches her arm for him to pass her the joint.

Wallace is joyful, sitting next to Pharrell, talking about his music and creative process. How he connects with a "divine flow" when writing his music.

WALLACE

Best friend, you gonna offer some to our VIP guest here? Where's your hos-pi-ta-li-ty?

Odys presents the joint to Pharrell as if it's a king's crown. Pharrell smiles waving his hands and bowing his head to her as he grabs it and takes a long inhale.

The scene is blissful they all breathe a sigh of relief in unison. Birds chirp in a cheerful chorus. Multi-colored TULIPS sprout from the green grass all around them.

JAHARI

Well, my friends. Looks like we made it. We got out of that bloody nightmare.

A faint laughter echoes among the clouds. A drawn out, loud "GONG" sound suddenly booms above. The entire sky hides a face of the Shaman looking down at them, now laughing maniacally.

High-pitched ringing pierces their ears, increasing until deafening. Time seems to slow down.

Giant, red mushrooms are everywhere. Spores blowing into the air in clouds of smoke. Finally the mushroom caps detach from their stalks and fly off like UFO SAUCERS.

They look up and notice a strange object descends from the sky. A long, solid STONE ALTAR with fantastical carvings of skeletons and mythical beings along its face. A cross-legged high priest figure is seated squarely in the middle, eyes closed.

The stone altar hovers menacingly above them. They are all frozen in fear. Pharrell has disappeared.

As it descends slowly like a UFO, it lands on the green grass. The stone figure in the middle of the altar starts to move and crack. The stone crumbling off of his shiny brown skin.

Face of the Shaman blots out the sun, smiling down at them. The horizon turns to a RED sunset. Skeletons and human-sized Jackrabbits emerge from the stone altar. The Jackrabbits scamper excitedly around, circling them.

Loud THUNDERCLAPS strike from above, lighting the darkening sky.

A shower of apple-sized SPERM rains down upon them. The sperm all slink into a nearby POND, transforming into faceless MUD MEN, rising and emerging from the pond. Walking sluggishly until encircling the trio.

The Skeleton figures begin dancing wickedly to a sensual drumbeat, arms flailing, joints clicking, legs kicking upwards like Moulin Rouge dancers. Wallace, Jahari and Odis huddle around each other. Surrounded by the Skeletons' ecstatic dancing.

The Skeletons begin to vibrate and spray BLOOD from their mouths, causing it to rain blood all over them and the land.

The Shaman at the center of the stone altar begins to move his lips and arms, the stone flaking off the sculpture's surface.

SHAMAN

The time has come for you to
commune with "la sogá de la muerte"
and face your *demons*.

DEMONS appear to frighten each one of them. Each manifesting into their worst fears. Challenging them.

For Wallace, it's a POLICEMAN lunging to beat him with a club and another positioning himself to shoot him. SWAT OFFICERS rushing towards him with a ramming baton, shields and guns drawn.

Wallace watches bravely, trying not to flinch, convincing himself it isn't real.

WALLACE

It's just an illusion! It's not
real. He's fucking with us again!
Making us face our fears!

Jahari's demon is a beautiful, Nicole Scherzinger looking, brown-skinned NUDE WOMAN draped in pearls inviting him to go with her. She waves a small baggie filled with white powder to tempt him. She pours the white powder on her breast, shaking them close to his face. Multiple clones of the woman appear and surround Jahari.

Jahari falls to the ground, covering his eyes.

JAHARI

(wailing)
No, no, no!!....I'm sorry. I'm
really so-rry!

Odys' demon appears when one of the dancing Skeletons morph into a PREGNANT WIFE asking her Fiancé' to kiss her belly then laughs joyfully as he crouches down to caress her pregnant belly. They both turn, shooting a haunting stare at Odys. Another skeleton morphs into a housewife wearing a white apron, holding a tray of lasagna, waiting for her husband alone in a house until she time-lapse ages and turns to a pile of dust on the kitchen floor.

Each of the trio are horrified. They can't take it anymore and close their eyes to make it go away.

INT. CAVE CHAMBER

They open their eyes and they are inside the cave again. It is dark.

The moonlight streaming from above illuminates a large ceramic fountain painted with mythological scenes, crowned by a DEER SKULL with large antlers and a wooden bowl full of glowing white psilocybin MUSHROOMS.

SHAMAN (O.S.)

You came to Ek Balam seeking Ayahuasca. Well, now here you have it. You have fasted enough. It is time...Drink.

ODYS

(still trembling)
Um, mister Pueblo. To be clear, these two fellas were looking for that experience. I was just along for the ride.

WALLACE

Best friend! Shut it! (whispering)
Don't piss him off. We gotta pass all his goddamn tests if we wanna get outta here!

Jahari gives her a disapproving glance. She snaps back with an angry stare and annoyed eye-roll.

SHAMAN (O.S.)

(booming voice)
Drink...

They approach the fountain with trepidation. They look down into the fountain and notice a clear, steamy brown liquid. There are three cups made from half skulls placed alongside the pedestal.

A wooden bowl sits beside, full of psilocybin MUSHROOMS.

ODYS

(retching)
I, I can't drink from that.

She puts down the SKULL CUP. Covering her mouth. Shaking her hands nervously.

WALLACE

(whispering determinedly)
Best friend! Can you just cooperate so we can get the hell out of here?
(MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Do you want to be stuck down here
for e-ter-ni-ty?!

ODYS

It's a fucking-hu-man-skull! I
ain't sipping on little-itty-bitty
ancient brain particles!(retching)
Yeoh Pueblo! Por favor, can you pop
over to Target and get me a red
solo cup to drink this with?

Odys looks up for a response. A long pause of silence.

SHAMAN

(booming voice)
Enough!...now drink!

Wallace pours a drink for Odys and hands it to her with a
nod, urging her.

They all clink skull cups for a toast.

They sip the pungent, bitter brown liquid slowly.

Odys takes a sip, retching loudly.

ODYS

(to Jahari)
And what's this?

Odys points to mushrooms, while Jahari is nibbling
nonchalantly on a mushroom.

JAHARI

Psilocybin...in case we wanna get a
little...extra free-ky dea-ky.

Jahari winks and taps Odys' nose with a mushroom cap then
eats it flirtatiously. Chewing slowly. Cringe.

ODYS

(annoyed)
Don't touch me...

Taps his nose then eats it.

ODYS (CONT'D)

...ever again.

JAHARI

I know it's frustrating for you to
express your strong feelings for
me.

Jahari winks slowly, smiles wide. Odys nods, mouthing "never".

Odys pinches her nose closed with her hand, emptying the cup.

ODYS
(to cave ceiling)
I ain't scared. I'm meaner than my
demons. (gulping) Bring it bitches!

The trio munch on a few mushroom caps then chug the rest of the brown liquid, emptying their skull cups.

JAHARI
Yo demons, it's me ya' boy!

Odys retches loudly, leaning over. They move to sit down together and wait.

Long silence.

SHAMAN
(maniacal laughter)
Esto es pueblooo...!

INT. CAVE CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Jahari is vomiting loudly on the ground next to him. Wallace gets up to comfort him, patting him on the back.

They are all sweating profusely with flushed faces.

WALLACE
You okay, Jahari?

JAHARI
(panting)
Ye...ye. I'll be okay. This shit is
kicking my ass.

WALLACE
What about you best friend?

Odys looks up at cave ceiling. Watches transparent floating geometric pyramids, octagons, shooting stars, etc.

ODYS
I'm starting to see some
shit...cosmic symbols, but I'm
okay, I'm okay. (blows wind) I got
this.

A window to the Universe starts to tear open above them.

INT. THE TRIO'S MIND - LATER

A leafy green vine pulls each of them from the floor of the cave down into a spinning VORTEX, swirls of STARS light their way as they fall downwards.

They land. All floating in a DARK SPACE, facing each other. Mirrors appear, facing each of them.

Jahari sees himself, makes funny faces in the mirror.

JAHARI

Yoooo...I-am-trippin'....

Odys tries to fix her hair, brushing her eyebrows, moistening her lips with her tongue.

ODYS

I look like shit...

Wallace stares into his reflection stoically. Going all in.

WALLACE

(deep breath)

Guys...Just surrender...let yourself fall.

They fall again, this time each in different directions.

INT. JAHARI'S MIND TRIP - PEASANT'S HUT

Jahari sees his reflection change to that of a brown leather-skinned Mayan peasant farmer looking back at him. Jahari shouts in shock.

Floating in the vastness of space, Jahari swims over to trails of floating WHITE LINES and snorts them. He notices they're millions of stars and he starts to glow. He is back inside cave. His body convulsing, squirming on the dirt floor. He tries to get up only for his legs to give out. Panic and fear and a sense of absolute helplessness in his eyes. He whines, whimpering, desperate for it to stop. Shaman's chanting from inside the cave becomes louder, unbearably intense. The force overcoming him increases as he sees in his mind's eye, waves of water and fire crush and slam him into the ground repeatedly. He is beaten, stripped of all willpower, even the power to surrender.

A kaleidoscopic cascade of beautiful, semi-nude, dark-skinned women that look like Nicole Scherzinger, singing and crooning to him. Then they all peel away like banana peels falling.

FLASHBACK of him fighting with his wife, Gloria as she leaves him, packing bags.

JAHARI

Classic...no that's fine! Leave now that our daughter is set in college and you got all the money from me. That's all you ever wanted me for anyway! You're a gold di...

GLORIA

(interrupting)

Don't you dare finish that statement! You think my life with you was just for money? Every-thing is about money you narcissist! I know you're incapable of quantifying what I do in that capitalistic little head but being a mother and a wife has value. You don't work for free, why should I?

Shakes her head, pitying him. Turns and walks away.

Shaman's face floats in black SPACE, merging into a black JAGUAR growling.

A snake appears, swirling around him, wrapping and squeezing until Jahari can't breathe. Unfurling slowly, dropping Jahari into a virtual WINDOW of a past life memory, slithers away, disappearing into the forest as Jahari walks towards a Mexican village.

He sees himself as a PEASANT in another life. (The same man he saw in the mirror moments ago)

He calls to the Man, an, older, MAYAN VILLAGER, holding a bottle of tequila, drunk stumbling.

JAHARI

Hey! Hey...can you help me?!

The Man doesn't register his calls, continues stumbling along.

A double MIRROR appears. The Man stops to wipe his face, fixing his hair drunkenly in the mirror. Jahari watches from other side.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I am you....You are me?

Peasant stumbles around, drunkenly kicks family DOG outside of his hut as he enters. He sees his young 10 year old DAUGHTER, groveling to himself, looking at her with disdain as he falls into his bed.

Jahari follows him inside, notices his hands are transparent, like a ghost. No one sees him.

A poor Mayan WOMAN wearing a white cotton simple dress with little red flowers embroidered along the bottom trim is busy in the kitchen preparing dinner. Her shiny black hair is tied up in a messy bun, she has no make up. Her skin is worn from worry and toil. She sighs, looking out the window. A young BOY runs in, passing his Father who is now dead. BOTTLE of Tequila clutched in his hand hanging from the bed. A window without a glass pane above. The children point at the bottle, calling to their mother.

BOY
(concerned)
(in Spanish) Mama'...papa' is drunk
again! I think he's dead!

Jahari walks closer, peering at the Man's face. Flies swirling. He sees his own face in the Man's. He jerks his face back in shock.

JAHARI (V.O.)
Bloody hell. This is me...In
another lifetime.

The Mother walks over to pry the bottle out of his hands. She looks at her husband with disgust. She puts her hand to feel he is not breathing.

She looks at her children, anxious at how she will care for them alone. Jahari watches as she caresses their hair and back of their heads. Forcing a smile to hide her concern.

MAYAN MOTHER
(in Spanish)
You selfish ass! Now how am I going
to feed these kids? Huh? Selfish!!?

She releases a long anguished sigh, nodding to herself then covers him with a sheet and goes back to the kitchen to finish cooking their meal.

The children run outside, crying.

TIME LAPSE

Jahari's avatar from another life is buried in a simple pit grave with little fanfare. His Kids and Wife are sour at their loss. Expressing more resentment than sadness.

Wife drops a black and white PHOTOGRAPH from happier times of their wedding day atop the simple wooden coffin.

A GRAVE DIGGER shovels dirt burying his homemade simple wood coffin.

Jahari is floating into space seated inside a clear bubble. Hands in his face, rocking himself, disturbed, sobbing.

INT. ODYS' MIND TRIP

Odys is standing in front of a full-length mirror inside a black room. She watches scenes of her life in the mirror like a time-lapse movie.

Odys sees herself at about the age of five as an olive-skinned little BOY. She reaches lovingly towards the Boy's image, trying to touch him. She watches as he speaks, interrupting their dinner.

YOUNG ODYS

You guys think that I'm a boy but
on the inside...I'm a *girl*.

Black Father puts his fork down in shock. Looks at the Mexican Mother then back at the Boy.

MOTHER

(nervously smiling)
What, what, do you mean honey? I
don't understand. No entiendo.

YOUNG ODYS

I'm a *girl* on the inside. My body
doesn't match with who I am on the
in-side.

Points towards his heart. Parents look at each other. Long concerned pause.

MOTHER

(mustering strength)
Well...we can go to the doctor and
have them check to see what's going
on with your body.

Both parents lovingly reach out to hold the Boy's hand.

MONTAGE

Odys watches as they take the boy to a medical DOCTOR and silently nod at what the doctor tells them.

A COUNSELOR speaks to Odys then talks to the parents.

The Boy, now twelve, thin, SHAVED HEAD, wearing a baby blue and pink t-shirt takes a deep breath in the mirror inside his bedroom. Slowly opens the medicine bottle of hormones and takes his first pill. His first step towards transition.

The boy slowly changing his style to more gender neutral.

Odys transitioning into a teenage girl.

Odys as a young adult with breasts. Her parents showing loving support.

INT. ODYS' MIND

Suddenly, a hole breaks in the center of the mirror and she sees into another room as the mirror liquifies. Melting fully away to reveal the BOY that she was of about thirteen, facing her inside her childhood room.

YOUNG ODYS

Was I a mistake?

Odys can barely speak. Overcome with emotion.

ODYS

(breath quivering)

I, uh...no...no baby. (wiping tears)

You were my greatest challenge. To live true to my-self. To become who I truly was. Thank you for offering that to me. Thank you for letting me.

Tears streaming down Odys' cheeks.

ODYS (CONT'D)

Do you forgive me?

YOUNG ODYS

(nodding, smiling)

I, I never stopped loving you.

They join together for a long, powerful, loving hug.

ODYS

I'm sorry for shutting you out.

YOUNG ODYS

Don't be. I love who you've become.

(pause)

Get him back. Go get your happy
ever after.

Young Odys separates from their embrace. Odys wipes tears.

ODYS

I've uh, never felt a fear as big
as that. I'm a fighter. Always
been. But this idea, of a new life
with him hit me like a gut-punch, I
was afraid,...of giving up my
power. Like I was going to lose my
identity, my independence.

(sobbing) Sorry...I hate being
vulnerable.

(pause)

Now I'm just so sorry I've lost the
only man I've ever truly loved.

YOUNG ODYS

You could fight off all the bad
guys *together*. You're strong, but a
team is always more powerful than
just one. Nobody gets through life
all by themselves...

(pause)

You're always giving...to everyone.
You can't keep doing that alone.
It's time for someone to give you
love.

Boy gives Odys a sly smile. Odys smiles wide, caressing his
hair.

YOUNG ODYS (CONT'D)

See this pyramid...

ODYS

What pyramid?

An enormous, symmetrical, stepped Mayan pyramid comes into
view beneath their feet. Illuminated white by a burning SUN
above.

YOUNG ODYS

It was built by many...*together*. A
community. Not just one man...or
woman.

ODYS

(knowing smile)

Alright, oh-kay. I see where you're going...*stronger together.*

(pause)

I love you. (deep sigh) I love you so much. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Odys and her younger self embrace again.

EXT. SPACE

A seated, sobbing Odys holding herself floats off alone inside her clear dimensional bubble. Solar flares cascade over her bubble as she passes the burning SUN.

The song, "Breathe me" by Sia or similar plays, piano tones echoing off into the darkness of vast Space.

INT. WALLACE'S MIND TRIP - SIMULTANEOUS ACTION

Wallace floats in complete darkness watching a younger version of himself dancing to Pharrell dancing alone. The peace interrupted by a dark shadow figure looming above.

The Shaman's voice, "Esto es puebloooo" echoes around him.

A shining green forest floating in the blackness of space. Wallace floats over to it. Smiling wide, he is awestruck by the tropical colors of birds, flowers and brilliant blue sky. He spies a YOUNG DEER nibbling on fresh leaves from a small tree. The Deer looks towards him and telepathically tells him "you're going to die".

Suddenly, a vine hanging from a tree moves like a snake with leaves. The vine-snake grows quickly towards him, entangling him, pulling him backwards into a black VORTEX.

He free-falls into blackness, surrendering. Images of his deepest fears come surging up through the darkness. He tumbles through nothingness. Distant echoes of Shaman chanting to the beat of a drum. A silent pause. Shaman is sitting with the Serpent God taking down notes onto a bark parchment. Shaman is startled by Wallace's presence, eyes open wide in anger, he lifts his hands, shutting the portal.

Wallace continues falling, desperately reaching to stop his fall. He is awestruck by brilliantly colored swirling GEOMETRIC PATTERNS, like snowflakes in a microscope fill his sights.

A flood of glowing WHITE SPERM swirl into a spiral rushing into an immense churning galaxy and finally sucked into a vast BLACK HOLE. He struggles to swim away but gets swallowed in along with satellites and meteoric debris.

Mid-somersault through the void, something unexpected happens. FLASHBACK to his childhood. The root event that caused his trauma.

INT. WALLACE'S PARENT'S HOME - 1995 - MORNING

Poster of Bob Marley and a Dominican flag decorates wall. Wallace's father, a shirtless, lean, tall man in his 40's, brown Rastafarian dreadlocks. The morning sun lighting his green eyes, sits at the kitchen table repotting a beautiful small cannabis flowering plant in a small terra-cotta pot. Wallace gently drops fresh SOIL into the new POT.

His MOTHER, an attractive black woman in her 30's, braids tied up in a high bun, cooking scrambled EGG's watching on joyfully, singing to a Stevie Wonder song on the radio.

FATHER

Good job hijo, this is your first *florecita*. You did it!

Father proudly rubs his son's head. Wallace is beaming with a smile, analyzing the flower.

WALLACE

Why is it so...hairy?

FATHER

That's the flower, Wallace. This little bud on the tippy-top is the Cola and these little babies are the Sugar Leaves. They're all coated with the magic happy dust we call trichomes...

A thunderous BOOM at front door. Door flies open. Father moves swiftly, grabbing his son, not missing a beat. Bright yellow SCRAMBLED EGGS fall to the floor. Mother rushes to huddle with them as a SWAT team in full riot gear bust door down, invading their home, shouting "POLICE, PUT YOUR HANDS UP! NOW!"

WALLACE

Papa'! Mi Elmo!

Father reaches to grab Wallace's RED ELMO DOLL propped at kitchen table. Tosses it to Wallace.

Officers shoot repeatedly, hitting father's torso. He drops to the floor. No one stops him from bleeding out.

MOTHER

No-no-no-no!!!

Mother covers Wallace's eyes as he clutches his Elmo doll. Her mouth is wide open screaming in agony and crying as the POLICE drag them both out of their home.

BOOM! Swat team bust a door open. A grow room with rows of flowering CANNABIS PLANTS about 6 feet tall each. They confiscate the plants, one by one.

EXT. MIAMI NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Wallace is led to his GRANDMOTHER'S home by a black female SOCIAL WORKER, handing him over. He is still clutching his Elmo doll. She embraces him, tears stream down her face.

FLASHBACK END

He continues to fall down a Black Hole. The song "Happy" by Pharrell starts playing, slowing his downward fall. Now floating, he watches as the red ELMO DOLL from his childhood, now man-sized dances and wiggles in the swirling vortex.

He slowly opens his eyes - a whirlwind of cosmic activity in the darkness around. He stops to look around, then floats towards his old bedroom door. He enters his bedroom door and a younger, 19 year old ghost of him is crying looking out the moonlit window. His ghost suddenly hears the radio turn on in the other room and Wallace watches his ghost walk into an empty room with a puzzled expression, then turns up the song and his frown opens to a smile while he slowly finds his groove and starts to dance.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

WALLACE'S GRANDMOTHER (O.S.)

You like the song, Wally baby? You remember that day?

WALLACE

Nana?

Wallace looks around floating in space, desperately searching for her.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I...I remember the radio turning on and scaring me!

(MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I thought it was just a glitch or a ghost or somethin'.

WALLACE'S GRANDMOTHER (O.S.)

That glitch was me Wally baby. I picked that song just for you. I knew that song would help you lift your weary spirit. On account of you never believing in Jesus and all, I had to find you an alternate Jesus to keep your faith up.

Wallace looks around black space, trying to see her.

WALLACE

Well Nana, It worked. (deep sigh)
This world really sucks without you in it. Been goin' through a real tough time since you've been gone.

WALLACE'S GRANDMOTHER (O.S.)

Oh, I know...That's why I'm here.

Starboy Theme song by Bag Raiders or similar begins to play.

Wallace's grandmother arrives, surfing a massive wave of cosmic STARDUST, shooting stars from the palms of her hands, laughing, wearing a slick, skin-tight silver onesie.

WALLACE

(laughing incredulously)
It's you! You, you look so young!
Got dang, you look hot Nana!

She jumps off her cosmic SURFBOARD. I just love this thing, so slimming. Rubs her hips proudly.

WALLACE'S GRANDMOTHER

Of course honey, you think I'm gonna keep that ol' raggedy shell when I have a choice to be all of *this jelly?* (hands cupping her breasts, motioning down her hips)
Been doing a *lot* of exploring.
Wally, there's so much to see. Had no idea the Universe was so *big!*

WALLACE

(beaming with joy)
I'm so happy to see you again. I've missed you somethin' terrible.
Nobody gets me here like you.
Didn't think I could survive,...
without you.

WALLACE'S GRANDMOTHER

I know my beautiful boy but nobody ever really dies baby. Don't fuss no more. Look at me...I chose to surf the Universe instead of shriveling up, waiting to die in some damn wheelchair. (arms open wide) This world, *your world*. We're all inside this big Universe *together*. You see all these pretty twinkling stars all around you?

Wallace looks up, nods yes.

WALLACE'S GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

Every cell, every atom in your body came from out here. *Stars died so you could be alive...*They died so you could be here right now. You ain't just an Earthling...you're part of this whole big story. (arms open wide, back flipping) Now Wally-baby, what you gonna do with all of that? You gonna give up, or build your strength back up...brick by brick...pyramids take time baby.

WALLACE

I hear you Nana. I hear you.

WALLACE'S GRANDMOTHER

(hands clapping)

Now go n' get your life back! Go on and pass that silly Bar test! Get that lawyer career. Work the system to your favor and get your momma out of jail. I know you blame her but your momma needs you. She needs you Wally.

WALLACE

(tearing up)

I will Nana...I *promise*.

WALLACE'S GRANDMOTHER

Well, I gotta go baby. Met some new friends over in the Andromeda Galaxy and they were gonna show me around a planet or two. (points at him) Whenever you look up at the stars,...know that we share the same sky and I'll be right there next to you.

Song, "Shooting Stars" by Bag Raiders or similar plays. Planet Saturn floats by and she jumps back on her galactic surfboard, gliding onto one of Saturn's rings, shooting away, her laughter echoing across the Universe.

Wallace stands, tears of joy stream down his cheeks, glistening in the light.

Odys' voice echoes through the darkness of Universe.

ODYS (O.S.)

Push through boo. Get up, you gotta get up! Best friend, we need you!

Wallace shakes out of it, floating towards the voice, squeezing through a slender window of white light.

INT. CAVE CHAMBER

Wallace wakes up gasping as if coming out from underwater. Odys is holding him.

ODYS

Best friend! You almost gave me a heart attack! You can't leave me now that I found you!

WALLACE

(feebly)
Best...friend...(cracks a smile)

Odys laughs towards the cave ceiling. Jahari is in a fetal position on the floor, still in a stupor from his experience. She is holding both of them like a mother.

Odys offers Wallace water she collected from a nearby pool, from a skull cup.

ODYS

Here, drink water. Thought we lost you. You were gone the longest.

WALLACE

(panting)
Thanks...You okay?

They look into each other's eyes lovingly for a few beats.

ODYS

(smiles through tears)
 Don't know how to say this, but it
 felt like I was wrapped in the arms
 of God. Don't get it twisted
 though. I'm still an atheist.

They hug. Jahari gets up, scooching along the ground, hugging
 Wallace tightly from behind as if he survived a tragic
 accident.

JAHARI

I'm so sorry bruv. I'm sorry if I
 was ever an asshole to you. You're
 my brother right? We're forever
 bruv's am I right?

WALLACE

(snickering)
 Yeah man, we good. You've never
 been an asshole to me, just a
 brother I never had.
 (pause)
 Now...I can't speak for other
 people. (winks)

Wallace reaches over to squeeze Jahari.

JAHARI

(feverish rant)
 I...I can't compartmentalize what I
 saw...I tried but I can't. The
 Universe was so big...*infinity!*
 Everywhere you looked it was pure
 blackness.

Wallace SLAPS Jahari's face.

WALLACE

Snap out of it! You can't
 compartmentalize the Universe bro.
 You just can't! What- happened-to-
 you?

JAHARI

(groaning)
 I was poor, dirt-poor. So poor all
 I did was drink all day. A
 miserable, broken shell of a man.
 It was horrible. It was me!...but
 me in another lifetime...I was a
 Mayan peasant farmer like those
 people we saw walking out of the
 jungle. I was a mess.

(MORE)

JAHARI (CONT'D)

Full-blown alcoholic. My wife hated me, my kids were scared of me. It was all just,...utterly tragic mate.

Jahari tries to shake the memory away. Blowing wind.

Odys nods "yes" with an "I told you so" smirk. Jahari breaks down sobbing. Wallace holds him, rocking him.

JAHARI (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

I'm sorry bruv. We really gotta get out of here! You gotta get us outta here! I have to apologize to my wife and daughter!

Wallace receives a flash IMAGE of the double-headed SNAKE GOD from the Axis Mundi tree of life instructing the Mayan King. The Snake God and Mayan King turn and peer into his soul. Wallace rubs his face, shocked.

He grabs each of them strongly by their shoulders.

WALLACE

Guys, Guys! I gotta go back! I'm going back in.
(pause)
I saw something!!

JAHARI

What are you talking about. Go where?

WALLACE

(rambling)

The snake is the key! Ancient Egyptians, the Aztecs, the Maya, Gobekli Tepe, cultures from all over the world revered the snake as a god! A uh...divine life force. Then the Catholic Church forbade the snake, turned it into something evil. Something to fear! Turned it into a boogeyman. But, it's not. The *serpent* holds all the answers!

ODYS

Best friend, you're doing it again! I see your mouth moving but all I hear is *kanishiwa, loco en la cabeza*.

She shrugs, smiling. Confused.

WALLACE

It's okay! I gotta get back to that sacred tree. I gotta talk to that goddam snake! It's our way out of here!

Rushes over to drink more from the Ayahuasca fountain.

He sits, crosslegged on the floor. Trying to meditate. Opens one eye and sees Jahari and Odys staring eagerly.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Guys...I can't focus with you staring at me all creepy and shit.

Odys and Jahari nervously shuffle, moving to turn around.

ODYS

Best friend! You go get them answers. We got you!

JAHARI

Yeah, Go get em tiger!...Grrr!

Jahari comically swipes his palm forward like a tiger pawing.

Wallace breathes repeatedly, mouth open, tongue out, panting in and out quickly.

Minutes pass. The room starts to swirl. He retches then closes his eyes.

INT. WALLACE'S MIND

MONTAGE

Images scroll before his eyes - Different forms of SERPENT SYMBOLOGY represented on ancient artifacts and sculptures from all over the globe, throughout different cultures. The Wadjet eye from Egypt, the cobra enveloping Goddesses at Angkor Wat, Egyptian protector Cobra God, I-Ching snake man, Buddha being given knowledge by a snake.

Serpents shown carved on temple walls, along staircases of pyramids all over Mexico and along a stairway to Queen Hatsepsut's temple in Egypt. He watches the snake on a floating HERMES STAFF running from bottom to top, electrified like an electric eel.

Wallace watches as an Egyptian Pharaoh merges with a serpent while kneeling inside the holy of holies inside a temple and his body becomes electrified.

He stands tall as the snake energy rises from the bottom of his spine to the tip of his head. The Pharaoh straightens and strengthens his posture, visibly empowered by the Kundalini energy. The Pharaoh leads his army to battle, emerging victorious and untouchable like a God.

More images scroll past. Catholic representations of the serpent in the Garden of Eden, tempting Eve. Then as a demonic entity being slayed by Archangel Michael.

WALLACE

(whispering to self)

The serpent is the key to activate
the Kundalini.

INT. CAVE NETWORK

Wallace's spirit body floats through cave, effortlessly passing all the chambers they traversed. The Dolphins rise and wave to him with their flippers. One turns to show its belly with a pink ERECTION emerging. Wallace is mortified, hurries away.

INT. CRYSTAL CAVE

Wallace floats past the colossal white crystal spires jutting out in every direction.

CRYSTAL CAVE VOICE

(surprised)

Oh, Hi gay! Your energy is sooo
much lighter now. Whew, you were
super hea-vy!!

(pause)

So, I guess you're going to meet
with the serpent, huh?

Wallace pauses to float above the crystal throne.

WALLACE

Yeah. How'd you know?

CRYSTAL CAVE VOICE

This isn't my first rodeo. This
much I can say...over thousands of
years that have passed me by,...
very few have made it this far.

Wallace smiles waves goodbye and floats away.

INT. AXIS MUNDI TREE

Wallace arrives to the base of the gigantic TREE, flickering in and out of this dimension. He floats towards a glowing green field surrounding the tree. It suddenly turns vibrant green, reacting to his presence. Large ghostly Eagles and Birds swirl and swoop above, casting fleeting shadows.

Wallace searches the tree, locating the SNAKE GOD who is asleep, coiled around a glowing pinecone-shaped EGG. It slowly opens its eyes, sensing Wallace's presence, unfurling and winding downwards until facing Wallace.

WALLACE

Show me...*every-thing!*

The TWIN GODS are amused, laughing and clapping, celebrating that he figured things out. The multi-colored, feathered SERPENT slowly crawls up his arms and around his neck. He is afraid but still. The Snake whispers an unknown message into his ear.

Snake swerves back and forth, scanning him...stops, menacingly opens his mouth. Wallace falls back scared then gets up. Wallace holds his breath, sweating. The Snake gets a breath away from his face, sensing his energy. The space on Wallace's forehead between his eyes begins to glow, revealing tiny quartz crystals just underneath. Sucked into a mental vortex, the Spider Monkey appears, screeching at him. Wallace watches the monkey shape-shift into a human then back into a monkey again as well as other alchemical visions of sacred geometry.

The Twin Gods lean forward, watching excitedly. The Serpent divides into other SERPENTS, slowly, sensually binding his wrists and legs. Wallace surrenders, closing his eyes.

Has visions of Snake God climbing stairs of pyramid at Chichen Itza under a full moon, blue haze. A HIGH PRIEST with a feathered headdress stands atop pyramid, arms reaching up to the sky. Wallace sees FLASHBACK memory of crazed American man at ruins site, sobbing and embracing the child's skull.

Opens eyes. Snake God's mouth opens menacingly. The Serpent sends its astral body into Wallace's mouth, moving up and down his spine to the tip of his head, then gently squeezing his heart. A faint blue Light emerges from his third eye.

Wallace blinks and sees for first time everything around Snake. The walls disappear and the Universe surrounds him. A fractal web of DARK MATTER appears. His 9 Chakras light up one by one, each with a "gong" sound, like tiny swirling GALAXIES from his pelvic bone all the way up to his third eye, glowing blue.

A tiny SERPENT emerges from his third eye, rejoining the larger Serpent God. Wallace's eyes are translucent white, enraptured in a trance-like state.

INT. CAVE CHAMBER - SECONDS LATER

Wallace opens his mouth panting, curling into a fetal position, breathing heavy. He is back on the cave floor.

Odys and Jahari are standing, watching the Shaman standing on a rocky outcrop just above them.

Shaman is chanting as he lights a BONFIRE. Repeating low guttural sounds in a rhythm.

Wallace checks that the Obsidian mirror artifact is still tucked in his waist. He moves next to Jahari and Odys, whispering into their ears.

WALLACE

I have a plan...

SHAMAN

The opposite of self-serving greed is self-sacrifice for the salvation of others. An offering to the gods. Unselfish blood shall feed new life into the dying *World Tree*, the *Wakah-Chan* so that it may continue to feed humanity! If we fail in this moment...it is humanity, not animals that will become *extinct*!

He waves his arms to summon a thunder bolt to the World Tree. It's very slow heartbeat now quickening.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Before man, it was the *first tree* that sprouted towards the heavens! The first tree created the air from which man was born, emerging from the oceans, breathing oxygen for the first time! It was the *forests* that gave you life! The forests that built your great ships, and vast cities! Empires have risen and fallen at the base of *trees*! Man devastates the Earth's forests and jungles, all for fleeting power and profit. They have forgotten what created their first breath, what gave you life on this planet!!

(MORE)

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

My people (waving arms towards Gods) learned this lesson too late and our empire fell! *Trees* are the heart of the world!

(pause)

Forests become deserts and the Earth, a wasteland!

(pause)

This planet has withstood five waves of extinctions. The light of the World Tree is now dimmed. We are at a crossroads...on the precipice of a sixth extinction event!

JAHARI

Bla-bla-bla-blabety blah! Can we get on with this? I gotta get home to my wife and kid!

The sound of THUNDER shakes the cave, echoing throughout.

SHAMAN

E-nough of your insolence!

(pause)

The conquistadors also tried to silence me!

Shaman crouches down, lifting him by his collar. Opens mouth to show Jahari a BLACK STUMP of a TONGUE.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

But what they didn't know, is they could not colonize my *mind*...

(pause)

I am as eternal as the *sky*!

Shaman drops Jahari on floor, moves towards a carved stone altar behind him. A large FACE of a GOD is carved into the stone just above. The GOD'S face is a mosaic of glistening turquoise plates with a large mouth open, mirroring the MONSTER MOUTH at the entrance of the pyramid. Its ears are pierced with large jade ear SPOOLS. A black, pointed spine runs through his nose from left to right.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Who of you will offer your blood to revive the world tree of life?

Shaman raises a wooden circular BOWL with one hand and a BLACK STINGRAY SPIKE in the other.

JAHARI
 (without hesitation)
 I will!...I'll do it!

Odys and Wallace shoot a look at Jahari.

WALLACE
 You don't have to do this brother!

JAHARI
 No..no, yes I do. I...I've been a
 selfish prick! Gloria was
 right...didn't care about anyone
 else in the world...I
 was...terrified at the thought of
 being poor. I don't care anymore.

Jahari walks over, standing below the Shaman, submissively moving his hands out in offering.

Shaman grabs Jahari by the arm, foisting him up to the precipice, several feet high. He stands menacingly above Jahari, staring into his eyes inches from his face. Suddenly, he blows a palm-full of white powder into Jahari's face. Jahari wipes his face. Doubles over coughing.

Shaman proceeds to draw blood from his own ear using the black Stingray Spine, dripping the blood into the wooden bowl.

SHAMAN
 I offer this blood to cleanse and
 restore the sacred balance of life.

Wallace and Odys notice Jahari's eyes go blank. He is entranced.

Large roots grumble and rush underground from the main Axis Mundi tree towards their location in the chamber. Earth rumbles and shakes beneath their feet.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)
 Disrobe.

Jahari obediently removes his clothing, standing nude.

A thick root bursts forth from the ground, creating a colossal World Tree, rising high with branches reaching, filling the cavernous chamber.

Metaphysical MAYAN LORDS of the Underworld materialize dressed in colorful ceremonial regalia, sitting on thrones along the tree's branches.

Shaman holds up the black SPINE, the LORDS rejoice and cheer. The tree vibrates with energy.

Shaman draws blood from the shaft of Jahari's PENIS dripping it into the carved wooden bowl. Jahari faints, slumping sideways to the floor.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Now...We need a *woman's* blood to complete the circle. Do you offer your blood unselfishly to give new life to the *World Tree*?

Odys nods "yes", volunteering. She simultaneously shoots Wallace a "You better get this fucker" stare.

Shaman immediately foists her up to the precipice. Grabs her chin, pulling her tongue out of her mouth, piercing it. She flinches from the pain as the blood drips into the wooden BOWL. Shaman mixes the blood with the Stingray Spine. The MAYAN LORDS clap and rejoice loudly.

Shaman chants loudly, lighting the commingled blood afire. A golden ORB of light rises out of the dish, floating to the top of the cave, reflecting bright light in all directions, lighting the cave like a DISCO BALL.

The World Tree sprouts tendrils, reaching in all directions throughout the cave, turning from brown to an amber glow from within. Green leaves begin to sprout everywhere. Art Nouveau stylized green vines unfurl, filling chamber.

WALLACE

Now!!

Odys hits Shaman with a ROCK to his head. Knocking him out temporarily. Shaman hurls her against the altar she lands beside Jahari.

Shaman raises his hands, jolts of electricity swell between his palms. One of his legs transforms into an angry writhing serpent.

SHAMAN

I am *Huracan!* God of lightning!

Shoots lightning bolt at Wallace.

Wallace is thrown against a wall. His OBSIDIAN MIRROR falls from behind his pants, landing on the floor beside him broken in pieces.

WALLACE

No!!!

SHAMAN

(enraged)

You dare challenge me?! You believe
you can stand with the Gods?!

Gesturing to the MAYAN LORDS watching in awe from the tree branches.

Wallace moans in pain. His eyes are caught by the flames reflecting off Odys' phone, black-mirrored surface.

Wallace closes his eyes, breathing deeply to regain his center. EYES now shining gold and a THIRD GOLDEN EYE emerges on his forehead. He grabs the iPhone, looks into the black reflective surface using his third eye, a swirl of smoke now spinning from it like a mini-tornado. He plunges his fist into the black, mirrored surface, pulling Lady Six Sky by her hand from the liquid portal.

WALLACE

Maybe...I already have!

Lady Six Sky springs out of the mirror. Multiple versions of the Goddess flicker in and out, as she floats, lunging at the Shaman. Versions of her spin - a Medicine woman, a Queen, finally a Goddess of war with her battle axe, strikes a direct blow at the Shaman.

The Shaman and her fight mid-air. She slices his leg off and soon after, a serpent emerges from the stump of his leg. Each version of her bears a different weapon, weakening him with each blow. The serpent leg wraps around her neck, tightening the life out of her. She severs his serpent leg with a dagger from behind her waist, then finishes off the Shaman plunging her dagger into his heart while embracing him, smiling triumphantly.

SHAMAN

(dying gasp)

We must...die, to be born again...
(maniacal laughter)

Shaman dissolves into millions of tiny stars, collecting in the air before swirling and entering the broken mirror on the dusty floor. Lady Six Sky gathers herself, coalesces into one version of herself, the peaceful Queen.

Odys helps Jahari get up and Wallace helps them down from the ledge. They stand together, holding each other up.

LADY SIX SKY

Why should I allow you to leave
this place? How will you help the
world?

(MORE)

LADY SIX SKY (CONT'D)

Why do you want more than you
already had?

(pause)

This life of yours is but a
whisper, a small window of time.
Particles of exploded stars formed
together creating your body and
mind. For a brief moment you are
able to feel our infinite
Universe...yet you waste so much
time...completely forgetting to
connect with the miracle that is
life on your planet.

Jahari raises his hand in the air, for permission to speak.
Lady Six Sky nods "yes" to him to speak.

JAHARI

Because I never noticed any of
...*that*. I never thought of
anything else but making more money
and collecting...*things*. I just
want to feel what it is to give to
others to be truly *selfless*. To
make people smile. I *need* to feel
that. To correct my past...To love
my wife and daughter like I've
never loved them before.

(pause)

Please goddess give me that chance.

LADY SIX SKY

(to Wallace)

And why should I let you leave this
place when you don't even want to
live yourself?

WALLACE

I...I uh...that is true...before I
came here. But I want another
chance...a chance to *not* fixate on
all the negative so I can make a
little positive in this world. To
bring justice to others that don't
know how to do it for themselves.

Lady Six Sky nods in agreement.

LADY SIX SKY

(to Odys)

And...you?

ODYS

I uh...want to correct a mistake that I made. I want to live a full life uplifting others, making them feel like the stars that they are...and love my husband and myself more fully than ever before...as a happy, truly fulfilled and yes, *trans* woman.

Jahari releases a surprised "gasp". She turns to look at Jahari.

ODYS (CONT'D)

(snaps fingers)

Yeah, that's right bitch.

Odys turns to Wallace.

WALLACE

(knowing smirk)

Oh, I already knew, sis.

LADY SIX SKY

Then may you traverse this adventure we call life with open hearts and compassion for *all* living things.

Lady Six Sky waves her BATTLE AXE into the air. An entire cave wall slowly crumbles, revealing a path up and out.

Spider Monkey slides down a vine, squealing excitedly, meeting them at doorway which looks like a gateway to heaven.

They look back at Lady Six Sky and she nods reverently to them with a smile of content. The Lords of Xibalba sitting in the rejuvenated Tree of Life smile and bow their heads reverently to them, then fade away.

EXT. JUNGLE

The trio follow each other out from the Underworld and into the blinding light. Wallace and Odys help a wounded Jahari clamber up the rocks. The song, *Alive* by Sia or similar begins to play.

Embattled yet reborn, they follow the joyful screeching Spider Monkey through the shady jungle back to the village. The jungle around them is being reborn. Green vines and flowers emerge across the land. Bands of rain refresh the land and clean the air.

EXT. EK BALAM VILLAGE PLAZA

They arrive to village center, peeking behind a tree to spy their car is still parked alongside the now empty plaza.

They cautiously walk towards the car, looking around in every direction.

WALLACE
(rubbing back)
Oh, my bones...my bones!

ODYS
(slurring)
Ow...my tongue...

Jahari peeks down his pants.

JAHARI
(whining)
My penis is bleeding.

Odys puts her arms around Jahari, helping him walk to the car.

ODYS
(trouble speaking)
You know...you aren't such an asshole after all. Don't let anyone ever tell you ya' don't have a heart.
(pause)
Ya' don't, but don't ever let anyone tell you that.

Jahari laughs then winces in pain, slapping her butt playfully as she opens the car door for him. His face lights up upon sight of his Balenciaga bag on the floor of passenger front seat.

JAHARI
Aw!...So mindful, so demure of them. The head-cutter-offers returned my beautiful Balenciaga!

Jahari rummages through the bag, unzips a hidden pocket. Pulls out a rolled JOINT.

JAHARI (CONT'D)
Suddenly,...I feel a whole lot betta'.

Lights up the joint and they all take long, pleasurable drags from the joint.

They drive off.

They stop by the playing CHILDREN. Jahari hands his Balenciaga bag to one of the kids from the window. They drive away laughing.

INT. PLANE - NEXT DAY

Odys is wearing sunglasses, sitting in the plane. She texts her Ex-Fiance' "I'm sorry. Can I come over tonight to talk?"

EXT. EX-FIANCE'S HOME

Odys gets out of her car. He walks over. Inaudible - she mouths "I'm so sorry". She grabs his hands, offering a ring and asks him to marry her. He nods yes. They embrace joyfully. He picks her up and they kiss passionately.

INT. JAHARI'S HOME

Jahari enters his home holding his crotch, limping towards his Wife and Daughter. Gets down on both knees. Inaudibly - mouths he is "so sorry", tears streaming down his face. She tries to be stern-faced then breaks down at his humility. She helps him stand up. They embrace. Daughter joins in.

INT. COURTROOM

Wallace is in court with his MOTHER sitting beside him. Judge dismisses the charges against her and she is free to go. Slams down the GAVEL. Wallace embraces his Mother, tears of joy stream down their faces.

INT. BRUNCH - MIAMI BEACH

Wallace is sitting at brunch with his Mother. Both dressed elegantly, clinking champagne flutes of mimosa to celebrate their win.

Wallace notices a quiet commotion at the front of restaurant and he sees PHARRELL walk in with his MANAGER following the HOST. Wallace sees him like a Jesus, halo of light surrounding him.

Waitress serves Wallace and his Mother plates of Waffles with Fried Chicken.

The Host seats Pharrell and his Manager next to their table.

Pharrell recognizes Wallace pointing and laughing.

PHARRELL
Waffles! We meet again!

Wallace blushes. Points back at Pharrell.

WALLACE
(beaming joy)
Best fried chicken n' waffles in
town right?!

His Mother stares at him proudly as they embrace. Wallace introduces him to his Mother.

Wallace looks up at the sky for a moment and sees his GRANDMOTHER whizzing by on a surfboard, laughing and waving from above. Knowing smile. All is good in the world.

EXT. EK BALAM VILLAGE

A clean, white house overlooking the main plaza with a covered porch and two wooden rocking chairs. Village CHILDREN run about, playing with a big RED ball underneath a white columned pavilion at the center of the plaza.

Front door opens and out comes the Shaman, now dressed as a DOCTOR. He brushes his freshly ironed white Doctor's lab COAT with his hands. He steps forward to watch as a large TOURIST BUS parks and dozens of TOURISTS pour out.

His ASSISTANT, a gaunt man of about thirty five, breathes onto a brass plaque near the front door behind the Doctor, polishing the plaque clean, revealing the name "Doctor Nacimiento".

A group of about four hip, twenty something AMERICANS are walking towards their building, waving hello. Shaman feigns a smile, waving back.

SHAMAN
(in Spanish)
Ah, ...another group. (sighing)
These Americans have so many
problems.

Shaman snickers wickedly to himself.

His Assistant obediently positions himself behind him, snickering, expressing a nervous facial tick then releasing a brief, excited shriek of a Spider Monkey.

END.