

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

Written by

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Based on the short story
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SUPER: "THERE IS NO HUNTING LIKE THE HUNTING OF MAN AND THOSE WHO HAVE HUNTED ARMED MEN LONG ENOUGH, AND LIKED IT, NEVER REALLY CARED FOR ANYTHING ELSE THEREAFTER." ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

FADE IN:

EXT. AN ISLAND - DAY

Abruptly juts from the sea. Ringed by sharp rocks. Tall cliffs. Inland, high mountains covered in lush, green jungle poke through blankets of mist.

EXT. JUNGLE

Sun barely pierces the triple canopy. Thick vines dangle above dense foliage below. Alive with CHATTERING monkeys and SQUAWKING birds.

Suddenly, the underbrush sways. All NOISE STOPS. A RUSTLING and a MAN bursts through. Running. Sweating. Panting. Eyes wide.

This is GONSALVO (25). Almond skin. Torn shirt and pants. Scruffy. A silver cross dangles from his neck. Trees pass in a blur.

He looks around to SEE if anyone follows. Doesn't notice the root before him, pushing up through the ground.

He trips on it. Falls hard. Looks around.

Nearby, a tree stump, Quickly, he crawls behind it. Chest heaving. Wheezing. Rubs his ankle. Winces. Closes his eyes.

EXT. JUNGLE - NOT FAR AWAY

A GLOVED HAND moves a vine aside. A FIGURE clad in black, sleekly steps forward. He's tall. Slender. Moves swiftly. Holds a hunting rifle. A sheathed sword slung over his back.

Face hidden. Swathed in mosquito netting. Beneath it, dark eyes search the jungle. This is ZAROFF. We'll see more of him later.

EXT. GONSALVO

Shakes. Cowers. Closes his eyes. Touches his cross. Speaks Spanish.

GONSALVO
Protect me, my Lord.

A branch CRACKS. He opens his eyes. Peeks around the stump. Looks one way. Then, the other. Nothing there.

INTERCUT: EXT. ZAROFF/EXT. GONSALVO

But, Zaroff remains unseen. Relishing smile. Raises his rifle finding

Gonsalvo caught squarely in the crosshairs.

Zaroff's GLOVED FINGER presses the TRIGGER. BLAM!

The REPORT of a GUNSHOT. VIIIIIIIIIP! As is slices through the air. The bullet strikes the tree stump. Splinters fly. Just missing Gonsalvo. Panicked, he leaps to his feet and races off.

EXT. JUNGLE - NEARBY

Up ahead, sunlight trickles through a break in the trees.

SEEING it, Gonsalvo presses on. Madly pushing past razor sharp vines. Slicing his fingers and hands.

Instantly, it becomes brighter. He's broken through. But, it's not a clearing. He barely stops himself from plunging over a

EXT. CLIFF

That's hundreds of feet high. Waves SMASH rocks far below. He drops to his knees. Cries out. Tears welling up when

KABANG! A flash. A puff of smoke. Red droplets SPLASH against his chin.

He crumples to the ground. Whimpers. Thrashes about. Turns his head.

A BLACK BOOT faces him.

Gonsalvo's eyes travel upwards. Sunlight gleams from the highly polished steel of the sword.

GONSALVO
No. Per favor-

The blade rises. Then, strikes sharply downward. Gonsalvo screams. Cut off by a car's horn HONKING.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The skyline of Manhattan. Before the Chrysler and Empire State buildings. Smaller skyscrapers. Gargoyles and stone. Very art deco.

The horn HONKS furiously. A yellow taxicab picks its way through heavy downtown traffic.

INT. TAXICAB

GUS (40), as coarse as a cabbie can be leans on the HORN as the car ahead cuts him off.

GUS
Watch it bub!

Seated behind is SANGER RAINSFORD (30). Striking. Strong build. Dapper. Well groomed. But with wounded, weary eyes.

Reads a newspaper. Angrily, he closes it, SLAPPING it on the seat beside him. The headline: SENATE COMMITTEE CALLS RAINSFORD TO TESTIFY.

The cab turns onto a side street. Outside a building, a long line of Patrons forms beneath a HUMMING neon sign that flickers: THE CONCRETE JUNGLE.

Gus jerks his thumb toward the place

GUS
That it?

Sanger looks over.

The Patrons are all high society. Attractive. Spiffy clothes.

Pretty Women wearing flapper clothes pose while waiting in line. A dazzling light POPS. A Photographer shooting pictures.

SANGER
Go around the block.

INT. NIGHTCLUB

It's not a big place. But, it's packed. Wall to wall. Filled with smoke. Jungle decor. Fake palm trees. Lots of bright colors.

There's many tables and a long bar. On stage, a Band PLAYS a fast, jazzy TUNE near the cramped dance floor.

Men in tuxes. Ladies in silk and satin. Shiny sequins. Dazzling jewels. Smoking cigarettes from long holders. Champagne flows freely. Lots of LAUGHTER and idle CHATTER.

Sanger makes his way through the crowd. Passes a sign on an easel that reads: CLOSED FOR PRIVATE PARTY - WHITNEY INCORPORATED - CHARITY BALL.

He stops near the dance floor. Watching couples swing and twirl. Reaches into pocket. Gets a cigarette from a silver case and pack of matches. Strikes it with a SIZZLE when

WHITNEY (O.S.)

You're not on the guest list.

Sanger turns to WHITNEY (30). Bookish, but sophisticated. Smartly dressed, Leans on a cane. Unusual for someone his age.

SANGER

(lighting his smoke)

No. I'm not.

The mood between them becomes icy.

WHITNEY

Six years. You've got some nerve showing up here.

Sanger approaches closer.

SANGER

Like a bad penny, I pop up where I'm not wanted.

They hold each others cold stares. About to get ugly when

Frowns abruptly turn to smiles. They warmly grasp each other's hands.

WHITNEY

Sanger Rainsford, my old friend.

SANGER

How are you Whitney?

WHITNEY

Oh. A little older. Not much wiser I'm afraid.

SANGER

(grinning)

No surprise there.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - BAR

Ice cubes drop into two glasses. An amber liquid follows.

Leaning on the bar, Whitney slides a glass to Sanger and raises his.

WHITNEY

To the jaguar.

SANGER

I'll drink to that.

Sanger raises his glass. They CLINK them together and drink.

WHITNEY

By boat. To the Amazon.

Sanger appears nervous.

SANGER

By boat?

WHITNEY

Of course. How else?

Whitney shakes his head.

WHITNEY

The most famous big game hunter afraid of water. Besides, it's my yacht. What could you possibly be afraid of?

SANGER

Drowning.

Whitney leans forward. Animated.

WHITNEY

Picture it. An expedition. Just like the old days. Before the war.

Sanger shakes his head. Pours another drink.

SANGER

The last animals I hunted walked on two legs.

WHITNEY

You can't say no. Purdeys has already delivered the guns.

SANGER
(impressed)
Purdeys? You don't say?

Whitney nods.

SANGER
You're trying to tempt me.

WHITNEY
It's working.

SANGER
Afraid not. Besides, I'm already
planning a trip. Canada. Mexico,
maybe-

WHITNEY
A trip?

He looks around the bar. Leans in closer.

WHITNEY
Or an escape?

SANGER
What's that supposed to mean?

WHITNEY
I can read the newspapers.

Sanger takes another slug. Empties the glass. Pours another.

SANGER
It wasn't bribery.

WHITNEY
According to whom.

No answer. Just a sharp glance from Sanger. Whitney holds up his hands.

WHITNEY
Okay, okay. But, look at it like
this.

Sanger waits. Expectant.

WHITNEY
We get down there. Maybe you don't
come back for a while.

SANGER
They call that aiding and abetting.

WHITNEY
Only if we get caught.

A moment. Then

SANGER
Whit. Why take the risk?

Whitney rubs his chin. Nods. Reaches into pocket. Takes out small package wrapped in paper. Tied with string. Hands it to Sanger.

WHITNEY
My way to repay a debt.

He touches his cane.

WHITNEY
That can never be repaid.

SANGER
(holding package)
What's this?

WHITNEY
Just open it.

Sanger TEARS it open. It's a silver, pocket flask. Shiny. Expensive.

WHITNEY
Look at the other side.

Sanger does. It's inscribed: NO COMRADES, LIKE COMRADES IN ARMS.

Sanger smiles. Touches it warmly.

SANGER
Thanks Whit. Thanks a lot.

Whitney blushes. Nods. Looks away.

SANGER
When do we leave?

Whitney looks back. Smiles broadly. A bell GONGS.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Mooring lines are cast off from a large, luxurious yacht. It eases slowly from the dock. Heading toward the harbor entrance.

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

The yacht travels serenely under bright sunshine. Sparkling blue waters. Calm seas. No land for miles.

EXT. YACHT - LATER

Cruising beneath a magnificent, warm sunset.

INT. YACHT - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

O.S., animated voices bellow from the far side of the door. A CLOSED FIST hesitates then, RAPS against it.

WHITNEY (O.S.)

Yes.

The door opens.

INT. YACHT - WHITNEY'S CABIN

MAGNUS (25) enters. Cool. Professional. Carries a clipboard. Walks toward Sanger, Whitey and NIELSEN (55), seated at a table.

On it, a deck of cards and wads of cash. An ashtray stuffed with butts and a smattering of liquor bottles.

Smoke fills the elegant cabin. It's spacious. Rich wood. Hunting pictures on the walls. Wet bar. Very masculine.

Nielsen holds a playing card close to his sharp eyes. He's balding. Brawny. Rough, leathery face. Puffs a pipe.

Sanger sits opposite. Face flushed. Glossy eyes. Cocky smile. Whitney beside him. Smokes a cigar. Expectantly watching.

NIELSEN

Let's see 'em.

Sanger flips his cards. The Jack and Ace of Spades.

Whitney hollers. Nielsen tosses his cards. Disgusted.

NIELSEN

Ten hands in a row. Unbelievable!

Sanger gathers the money. Stuffs it in his pockets. Leans back in his chair.

SANGER
(smirking)
I told you. I don't like to lose.

Nielsen snatches the clipboard from Magnus, standing silently at his shoulder.

NIELSEN
Luck. That's all.

Nielsen grunts. Still fuming. Flips through the pages. Half reading. Half glaring at Sanger.

SANGER
Great hunters don't believe in luck.

NIELSEN
Hunting. The pursuit of savages.

SANGER
Nonsense. The finest sport in the world.

NIELSEN
Not for your prey. They feel fear. Pain. Death.

Sanger laughs.

SANGER
Captain, in my world, there are hunters and the hunted. Which am I?

He holds up his winnings.

SANGER
And which are you?

Whitney winces. Nielsen crosses his arms.

NIELSEN
I don't measure a man that way, Mr. Rainsford.

SANGER
Maybe you should.

Nielsen looks back to the clipboard. Eyes darken. He points.

NIELSEN

Dammit! I expected to clear this area before nightfall.

Magnus says nothing. Sanger and Whitney exchange glances.

Nielsen hands the clipboard back to Magnus. Smooths his shirt.

NIELSEN

See to it.

Magnus nods. Departs quickly.

WHITNEY

Something wrong, Captain?

Nielsen laughs. A little forced.

NIELSEN

Nothing to worry about Mr. Whitney.

SANGER

Nothing to worry about? Your crew's ready to jump out of their skin.

WHITNEY

Been like that all day.

Nielsen waves them off.

NIELSEN

Just an old superstition.

SANGER

Sailors. You're a superstitious bunch.

NIELSEN

Superstitions that have kept me alive.

Nielsen's pipe goes out. TAPS it against the glass ashtray. Sanger and Whitney continue to stare. Waiting for more. He grabs a match. Relights it.

NIELSEN

This area, is a graveyard of ships.

SANGER

A graveyard?

Sanger downs his shot in a quick gulp.

NIELSEN

An island. Not far from here. In French, Ile de Pieve de bateau. In Spanish, Isla del Desvio del la Nave. But, it all translates the same-

Another KNOCK. Urgent. All look over.

Magnus stands in the doorway. Eyes a little wide.

MAGNUS

Sir. We need you on the bridge.

Nielsen quickly rises.

NIELSEN

Excuse me, gentlemen.

And heads to the door.

WHITNEY

The name. What does it mean?

The yacht takes a sudden, hard roll. Nielsen grabs the doorframe for balance. A glass slides from the table. Sanger goes to grab it. Slips past his fingers. SHATTERS on the deck.

NIELSEN

Ship Trap Island.

Distant thunder RUMBLES. Nielsen leaves. Sanger and Whitney exchange concerned looks.

INT. YACHT - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Nielsen enters. Drizzle sprinkles the bridge windows. There's a compass. A chart table. Some gauges and instruments.

REINHOLD (25) mans the helm. A beefy sailor.

Through binoculars, Magnus watches lightning flash in the darkening skies ahead. Nielsen steps beside him.

NIELSEN

What is it?

MAGNUS

Black squall, sir. Came out of nowhere.

Nielsen frowns. Grim.

NIELSEN
Secure the weather decks. Start
the pumps.

Magnus nods. Leaves the bridge. Almost bumping into Sanger and Whitney entering. Wet from rain.

The yacht's really rolling now. But Sanger's the only one in a life jacket. He's swallowing a lot. Sweating. Green complexion.

WHITNEY
What's going on?

NIELSEN
Storm coming in.

Nielsen notices Sanger's life jacket.

NIELSEN
Mr. Rainsford. I've been to sea
twenty years. Never lost a ship.

His eyes narrow.

NIELSEN
Never lost a man.

Sanger looks to the gathering storm.

SANGER
Maybe today's your day.

Nielsen throws him a sharp glance.

NIELSEN
That's bad luck, Mr. Rainsford.

The yacht suddenly takes a hefty roll. Everyone grabs a bulkhead to keep from being swept off their feet. Outside, the swells grow. White foam forming on the wave crests.

The yacht rolls back level as Nielsen turns to

NIELSEN
Mr. Whitney? This is my bridge.
Crew only-

WHITNEY
And my ship. I'm staying.

Nielsen's eyes flick curtly to Sanger. Whitney takes him aside.

WHITNEY

Go below and sleep this one off old man. I'll see you later.

SANGER

I'm fine. I'm fine...

The yacht HITS another wave. A hard, violent SMACK. Instantly, Sanger turns greener.

SANGER

Maybe you're right...

He exits. Nielsen and Whitney move to the chart table.

EXT. YACHT - UPPER DECK

Sanger walks to an open hatch near the yacht's rear. A bright shaft of light from below. His shoes SQUEAK on the slick deck.

Rain falls. The wind HOWLS. Thunder RUMBLES. Skeletal fingers of lightning flash in the sky.

Sanger staggers along. Knees buckle. He stops. Reaches into his pocket. Gets the flask. Takes a swig. Wipes his chin. Keeps going.

A wave strikes. The yacht pitches. Almost knocks him off his feet. The flask tumbles from his hand. CLATTERS and slides across the deck. Stops near the edge.

Sanger grabs the railing. Steadies himself. Walks toward the flask.

The yacht rolls. Hard and long. Nearly knocking Sanger into the angry sea. White knuckled, he grips the rail.

The flask slides further. Right to the edge.

Sprayed by seawater, Sanger presses on. Fighting the heaving deck. Another wave HITS. Larger than before. The deck rolls. Knocks Sanger down.

Landing hard, water surges over him. Looking over, the flask teeters on the edge. About to fall in.

Sanger lunges. Strains. But, the flask falls, slipping over the side until

SANGER

Got it!

He grabs it. Pulls himself up. Smiles with satisfaction. Takes a long swig.

INT. YACHT - BRIDGE

Rain SLASHES the windows. Visibility is nil. That's why Magnus doesn't SEE it, until it's too late. He lowers the binoculars. Eyes wide, he turns to Nielsen.

MAGNUS

Rogue wave! Two four zero!

Nielsen squints. A wall of water coming fast. Right at them. Higher than the mast. Reinhold clamps his hands on the wheel. Nielsen turns to Whitney.

NIELSEN

Grab something.

Whitney reaches for the nearest bulkhead. Clings tightly.

EXT. YACHT - UPPER DECK

Sanger returns the flask to his pocket. Pats it. Smiles. Heads for the open hatch. Doesn't SEE the wave strike.

Water ROARS over the deck with unbelievable force. Swamping it. The yacht rolls. Nearly capsizes.

Taken by surprise, Sanger reels. Grabs for the railing. Misses. Flips over it. Plunges headfirst into the

EXT. SEA

And bobs to the surface. Life jacket keeping him afloat. He watches the yacht continue on. Frantically waving his hands over his head.

SANGER

Hey! I'm-

A wave CRASHES over him. Stifles his cry. The yacht keeps going. Pitching in rough seas. It doesn't stop.

More waves CRASH on him. He takes a mouthful of water. Coughs. Moans. Drifts away.

EXT. SEA - DAWN

Sanger floats in calm waters. Closed eyes slowly open. Wakes to water SMASHING against rocks. He looks over.

Nearby, an island looms. Ringed by sharp rocks. Tall cliffs tower overhead. Inland lies thick jungle.

Sanger shivers. Chilled. Notices the current carrying him closer to the jagged coastline.

EXT. ISLAND - ROCKS

A large wave rolls in behind Sanger as he nears a flat topped rock. A fifteen foot gap between it and the cliff face.

The wave catches him, tossing him onto the rock. He claws at the slippery surface. Shoving his hands into cracks. Holding on as water drenches him.

He looks out to sea. Another giant wave bears down on him. Sanger looks to the cliff face and the gap. Not much time.

Quickly, he strips off his life jacket. Watches the wave approach. Almost on top of him.

He leaps across the gap. Lands hard on the rock face. The wave HITS. Water douses him.

He slips. Slides toward the raging water. Slices his leg on a sharp edge. He cries out. Jams his fingers. Braces his legs. He keeps his hold on the rock. The water recedes.

He rests for a moment. Then, looks up at the cliff. Grunts. Grits his teeth. Starts climbing.

EXT. ISLAND - CLIFF - LATER

He's halfway up. Fatigued. Sweaty. Breathing heavy.

EXT. ISLAND - CLIFF TOP - LATER

Dirty, bloody hands claw at the edge. Sanger appears. Pulls himself over the top. He gasps. Pants for air. Lays there. Unable to get up. Eyes become heavy. Breathes deeper. Passes out. Blackness.

BLAM!

EXT. ISLAND - CLIFF TOP - DAY

Startled, Sanger wakes. Rubs his eyes. Groggy. Tries to get up. Winces. Sits back down. Touches his injury. Pant leg bloody. He looks around.

To one side is the cliff, dropping sharply to the sea. To the other, a dense wall of jungle.

BLAM! Echoes across the island. But, seems further away. Slowly, Sanger gets to his feet.

SANGER

Hello?

No answer. Except for CHIRPING birds and BUZZING insects.

SANGER

HELLO?

Again, no answer. Sanger looks at the impenetrable wall of jungle. Sighs. Separates some vines and bushes. Limping, he heads in.

He doesn't notice a small, silver cross on the ground behind him. A little rusty. A lot like Gonsalvo's.

EXT. JUNGLE - LATER

Sanger walks on. Tired. Sweaty. He stops. Rests against a tree. Notices a stain on some nearby leaves.

Walks over. Touches it. Red. Blood

Sanger pokes around. There's disturbed dirt. Broken vines. Like something's thrashed about. A glint of metal catches his eye. Picks up the object.

It's dull. Brass. Cylindrical. Marked at one end. It reads:
.22 CAL.

Finds faint impressions in the mud. Stiffly bends lower. Outlines one with his finger.

SANGER

Hunting boots.

He looks off in the direction they lead. And follows.

EXT. OLD FORT - DAY

Sanger stands before the crumbling, stone wall of a long abandoned fortress. Covered in vines.

EXT. FORT - INNER COURTYARD

Towers occupy each corner. One of them has thick, iron bars in place of the old firing slits.

Soaring above, a battered, stone lighthouse faces the sea.

There's a fenced pen filled with vicious dogs. BARKING. SNARLING. Sanger stays clear.

Nearby, a stable with some horses. Lazily chewing their feed.

Several decaying buildings. Barely standing. Windows and doors gone. Overrun by jungle growth.

Except one.

EXT. FORT - MANSION

It's a large dwelling. Very well kept. Columns along the facade. Curtains drawn. Fresh paint. Flower beds. A tidy vegetable garden nearby.

Sanger steps to the front door. Lifts the knocker. RAPS it. Waits. No answer. RAPS it again. Still, no answer. He looks around. Turns the doorknob. It opens. He pauses for a moment. Then, enters.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - DAY

A large room. Mirrors. Hardwood floors. A chandelier overhead. A grand staircase. Music PLAYS. An opera. In a foreign language.

SANGER

Hello?

No response. The music is too loud.

Facing him is a towering grandfather clock. He walks up to it. The face has Roman numerals. Inscribed with Cyrillic letters.

Sanger sniffs the air. Catches a whiff. Follows it.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN

Sanger pushes through a swinging door and enters. A spacious kitchen with all the amenities. A pot boils on the oven. DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

He turns. A sink with a DRIPPING faucet. Sanger races over. Twists the tap and drinks thirstily. Splashes water on his face. Relieved.

Suddenly, he raises his head. Noticing something. The record keeps playing the same passage over and over again. It's skipping. He turns. Exits.

INT. MANSION - DRAWING ROOM

Sanger enters. It's lavish. Brightly lit. Decorative drapes. Exquisite furniture. Ornate rugs. Classical artwork.

A phonograph rests on a table. Sanger walks over. The spinning record label reads: MADAME BUTTERFLY - SIDE ONE. He gently nudges the needle. The song PLAYS on.

FOOTSTEPS PATTERN behind him. He looks over his shoulder.

A young, Asian woman stand there. This is a TING TING (20). She's stunning. Slim. Delicate. Hair in a tight bun. Wears a traditional silk dress with Chinese characters.

They stand frozen for a moment. Looking at one another. Sanger smiles slightly. He's a little taken aback.

SANGER

Uh...hello.

She screams. Flees. Footsteps THUMPING along the hall.

SANGER

Wait. I-

He follows. Limping on his injured leg.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY

Sanger enters as Ting Ting dashes up the stairs. He trails after her. As she reached the top, she vanishes around a corner. He lumbers after her.

SANGER

Hey! Wait!

Reaching the top, Sanger rounds the corner of the

INT. MANSION - UPPER HALLWAY

Only to SMACK into a wall. He reels backward. Looks up

It's not a wall. But, a giant of a man. This is IVAN (40). He's gigantic. Over six feet tall. All muscle. Crew cut. Sneering face. Wears a black military uniform. Trimmed with grey fur.

Ting Ting cowers behind.

SANGER

I mean no harm. I fell off a boat.
I need help.

Ivan draws a revolver. Points it at Sanger's head, who holds up his hands, surrender style.

SANGER

Whoa.

Slowly, he backs away. Directly towards the staircase

SANGER

Easy...

Sanger keeps backing away. Ivan stalking him, still pointing the gun. Ting Ting looks on.

Sanger's shoe SQUEAKS on the highly polished floor. His leg slides from beneath him. He loses his balance and tumbles backward down the stairs.

INT. MANSION - LOWER HALLWAY

THUD! Sanger lands at the bottom. Hard on his chest. Groans. Tries to sit up but can't. FOOTSTEPS. Sanger turns.

It's blurry but he can make out a BLACK BOOT facing him.

Sanger's eyes move upward. Zaroff stands over him.

ZAROFF

Sanger Rainsford. It is an honor to
have you in my home.

SANGER

Huh? What?

Sanger closes his eyes. Everything goes black.

EXT. SEA - DAY

The yacht plows on in choppy waters. A brisk wind BLOWS.

The yacht's been battered. Masts CREAK. Ropes are frayed. Broken. Sections of railing are gone. Bridge windows are cracked.

Whitney stands at the bow. Jacket FLAPPING in the wind. Intently scanning the horizon with binoculars. Nielsen approaches.

NIELSEN

Mr. Whitney?

WHITNEY

Damage, Captain?

NIELSEN

Bilge pump. It's fixable. But, the fuel...

Whitney lowers the binoculars. Turns. Concerned eyes

WHITNEY

Go on.

NIELSEN

Enough to search, three. Maybe four days. Then...

Nielsen shakes his head. Whitney sighs deeply. Looks at his watch.

WHITNEY

If our estimate is right, we lost him near Ship Trap Island.

NIELSEN

If he's still alive.

Whitey's face turns stony. Frowns at Nielsen.

WHITNEY

What's the bearing?

Nielsen doesn't answer quickly enough. Whitney crosses his arms.

WHITNEY

The bearing?

NIELSEN

Three one five.

WHITNEY
Make your course Captain.

Nielsen nods. Quickly retreats to

INT. YACHT - BRIDGE

Where Magnus mans the helm. Nielsen steps in close.

NIELSEN
Steer three one five

Magus looks over. Dismayed.

NIELSEN
I know.

He gestures toward Whitney, standing at the bow.

NIELSEN
Wait 'till he's below. Then,
reverse course.

Magus nods.

CRRREEEEAAAKKK!

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

A door opens. Followed by CLINKING. Ting Ting enters.
Carrying a tray with some medical items, a jug of water and a
glass.

She crosses to a large four post bed where Sanger lays. Eyes
closed. Breathing deeply. Covered to the waist by a sheet.
Not moving.

She take a wet cloth and pats Sanger's forehead. Instantly,
his hand snaps upward then grabs her wrist.

SANGER
Where am I?

She tries pulling away

TING TING
You hurt me.

He tightens his grip. She gasps.

SANGER
Where am I?

TING TING
Zaroff's Island.

He lets her go.

SANGER
Thirsty.

He groans. Ting Ting eases him back onto the pillow.

She pours him a glass of water. Puts it to his lips. He drinks. A little dribbles down his chin.

She take a cloth and tenderly wipes it away. Her finger brushes his cheek. He looks at her.

She notices and quickly folds the cloth so not to touch him again. She keeps wiping. Slow. Delicate. Gentle.

SANGER
Thank you.

She smiles

SANGER
What's your name?

TING TING
Me, Ting Ting.

SANGER
I'm Sanger Rainsford.
(beat)
Sorry I frightened you before.

TING TING
Is all right.

Sanger looks around the decadent room. Expensive furnishings.

SANGER
This your home?

Her smile fades. Face hardens. She looks to the window.

TING TING
I far from home, Sanger Rainsford

She turns back to him

SANGER
How did you get here?

TING TING
He brought me.

SANGER
Who's he?

ZAROFF (O.S.)
I am.

Ting Ting flinches. Nearly knocks the tray from the table.

Zaroff stands in the doorway. Ivan behind.

We finally get a good look at him. He's fifty. Tall. Slender. Athletic. Very good looking. Fiery eyes. White hair. Moustache. Aristocratic.

Wears a military uniform. Blood red tunic. Shiny medals on chest. White gloves.

SANGER
And you're?

Zaroff strides over. Ivan lingers near the door. Alert. On guard.

ZAROFF
General Zaroff.

He stops and bows.

ZAROFF
Welcome to my home.

SANGER
Thank you. Sorry for all this trouble.

Zaroff waves dismissively.

ZAROFF
Nonsense. You are lucky to have skirted the swamp. Once in there...

His words trail off.

SANGER
You're Russian?

ZAROFF
I am a Cossack.

He turns to

ZAROFF
As is Ivan. My aide.

Who nods.

Zaroff steps closer to Sanger's bedside. Wears a sincere smile.

ZAROFF
Please accept my apologies, Mr. Rainsford. He was just being cautious. We don't have many visitors here, as you can imagine.

Sanger nods.

SANGER
How'd you know my name?

Zaroff lights a slender, dark cigarette.

ZAROFF
I have read every hunting book ever published. English. French and Russian. Including yours.

And blows out a purplish puff of smoke.

ZAROFF
Hunting ins my passion. My life.

Sanger suddenly struggles to sit up.

SANGER
Must send a message. My friend -

The effort overwhelms him. He falls back on the pillow.

ZAROFF
All in good time.

He rests his hand on Sanger's shoulder.

ZAROFF
How do you feel?

SANGER
Tired. Hungry

ZAROFF
Of course. You must be famished.

He gestures to the wardrobe.

ZAROFF

Ting Ting. Show him.

She darts across the room. Opens the wardrobe. Filled with tuxedos and stylish suits. Pressed shirts. Polished shoes.

ZAROFF

I'm sure you will find something to your liking. Ivan will fetch you at six.

(to Ting Ting)

Come now.

She leave. Zaroff leans over Sanger. A fatherly smile

ZAROFF

Rest now, Mr. Rainsford. For here, you will find sanctuary. And when you are ready, I promise you...

His smile turns sly. An excited gaze.

ZAROFF

The hunt of a lifetime.

He departs. Ivan remains. Tosses Sanger an icy look. Then, SHUTS the door.

INT MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A shiny knife cleanly slices rare, pink beef. A thin film of watery blood seeps across the fine, china plate.

Sanger and Zaroff sit at opposite ends of a long, dining table. Large enough to seat twelve. Filled with food. Spotless crystal. Ting Ting stands to the side. Holding a decanter.

Ivan stands silent in a darkened corner. Watching. Like a mammoth toy soldier.

Zaroff watches Sanger eat. Savoring every bite.

ZAROFF

How is your filet?

SANGER

(with a mouthful)
Magnificent.

ZAROFF

I trust the wine has not suffered during its long voyage.

Sanger shakes his head. Finishing the glass.

Zaroff SNAPS his fingers. Ting Ting instantly steps forward. Pours dark crimson wine into Sanger's glass. He smiles. She smiles back politely. But gazes into his eyes.

Zaroff's eyes dart to hers. She notices. Quickly, her smile fades and she backs away.

SANGER

Why here General? I mean it's so...

ZAROFF

Isolated?

Sanger nods

ZAROFF

Year ago, pirates used this fort as a base. Hanging lanterns on the cliffs. Drawing ships against the rocks.

A moment. Then

ZAROFF

Like them, I appreciate the privacy it affords.

Zaroff smiles to Ting Ting. But a vicious gleam in his eye.

ZAROFF

That will be all Ting Ting.

She bows and quickly scurries out.

SANGER

How did you...

He ponders. Then

SANGER

Come upon her?

Zaroff shakes his head. Face turns melancholy.

ZAROFF

During the war with the Japanese. Poor child. Parents fled. Left her to die. I found her. She has been with me since.

Sanger nods.

SANGER

General. My friend will be very concerned. I'm wondering -

Zaroff nods knowingly. Wipes his mouth with his napkin.

ZAROFF

My sloop is anchored in a lagoon not far from here. A radio on board. We shall go tomorrow.

His eyes flicker menacingly.

ZAROFF

On one condition.

SANGER

Which is?

Zaroff's eyes soften and he smiles a disarming smile.

ZAROFF

First, we hunt.

SANGER

I'd like to contact him right away.

Zaroff's brow furrows.

ZAROFF

Please indulge me, Mr. Rainsford. The greatest of hunters.

Sanger smiles. So does Zaroff.

SANGER

Flattery General -

ZAROFF

Will get you anywhere, Mr. Rainsford.

SANGER

All right, I accept.

ZAROFF

Brilliant.

Zaroff raises his glass. Sips his wine. Turns his lips a deeper red. His eyes fixing on Sanger.

Sanger avoids his gaze. Looks around the room. Animal heads on every wall. Every imaginable species. Each with a pair of lifeless, staring eyes.

SANGER

You have some marvellous catches here.

Sanger points his fork to an animal on the far wall. Large head. Curved horns with sharp tips.

SANGER

That's the largest Cape Buffalo I've ever seen.

ZAROFF

Threw me into a tree. Fractured my skull before I bagged him.

Thunder RUMBLES. The lights flicker.

SANGER

To me, the Cape Buffalo is the most dangerous game.

ZAROFF

You're wrong, Mr. Rainsford.

Thunder RUMBLES and the lights flicker again. Then, dim. The room suddenly goes black. Swallowed by darkness.

ZAROFF

On my island, I hunt the most dangerous game.

Even in the darkness, Sanger notices Zaroff examining him. Measuring him up. His eyes glowing. Smiling a carnivorous smile.

GONG! GONG! GONG! The LOUD CHIMING of the grandfather clock. ECHOES through the mansion.

The lights flicker. Then, come back on. Zaroff shakes his head. As if emerging from a dream. His face becomes slightly flushed. Softens. Takes out a pocket watch.

ZAROFF

Is that the time?

He stands.

ZAROFF

Forgive me. I am hunting this evening.

Zaroff walks to Sanger sits, who rises. They shake hands.

ZAROFF

Killing at night is so much more...

He searches for the word. A gruesome, giddy look overcomes him. Sanger notices.

ZAROFF

Fun.

An uncomfortable moment. Zaroff still grasps Sanger's hand. A tight, firm grip.

SANGER

Good hunting General.

ZAROFF

Rest well, Mr. Rainsford.

Zaroff finally lets go. Bows. Exits. Ivan remains at the door. Watching Sanger. Eyes bitter and icy.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

A bright, full moon hangs over the island. QUIET until

BLAM! A GUNSHOT!

INT. MANSION - SANGER'S BEDROOM

Sanger wakes with a start as if from a bad dream. Slowly, he gets up and moves to the billowing curtains. Steps out onto the

EXT. SANGER'S ROOM - BALCONY

And looks up to the night sky. Filled with stars.

Two windows over, the curtains are drawn back and

INTERCUT: EXT. SANGER'S BALCONY/EXT. TING TING'S BALCONY

Ting Ting emerges. Dressed in a long robe to her ankles.

She looks over to Sanger. A gloomy face. She can only manage the slightest of smiles. But

He smiles back.

A SCREAM. Distant. Far off. Familiar. But not distinct.

They both look to the jungle. Ting Ting looks back to Sanger. She opens her mouth. About to speak when

FOOTSTEPS from below. They both look down into the

EXT. COURTYARD

Where Ivan appears. Looking at both Sander and Ting Ting with harsh eyes.

EXT. TING TINGS'S BALCONY

Ting Ting quickly returns to her room. Closing the doors behind her.

EXT. SANGER

Watches Ivan watch him. Then, he turns and heads back inside. Securing the door with a CLICK.

NHHHEEEAAAYYY!

EXT. STABLES - DAWN

A horse rears. Buck wildly. Cries out. NHHHEEEAAAYYY!

Ivan pulls on the reigns. The horse settles. Zaroff stands nearby. Loading bullets into a bandolier across his chest. Wears dark hunting clothes and boots. Sword slung over his back.

Sanger walks up. Wears khaki shirt, vest and pants. A wide brimmed hat. A rifle on his shoulder.

ZAROFF

Good morning. Ready?

SANGER

Yes. But, I'd still like to know what I'm hunting.

Zaroff laughs. Mounts his horse. Ivan helps Sanger onto his.

ZAROFF

That Mr. Rainsford, would ruin the surprise.

Zaroff SLAPS the animal on the hind quarter. It takes off. Heading for the main gate. Sanger follows. Ivan climbs aboard his horse and races to catch up.

EXT. JUNGLE'S EDGE - DAY

Ivan stands near a small brook. Tending to the horses.

Nearby, Sanger and Zaroff lay prone on an embankment. Zaroff peers into the jungle with binoculars. Rifle beside him. Sanger sips from a canteen. Insects ZIP past them. Birds CACKLE. They speak in hushed tones.

SANGER

Lions...

Zaroff lowers the binoculars. Tosses Sanger a questioning look.

SANGER

You've imported lions.

Zaroff snickers. Raises the binoculars again.

ZAROFF

All my life, I have hunted. But it became too easy. So, I invented a new animal.

Sanger chuckles.

SANGER

You're joking.

Zaroff lowers the binoculars. Turns to Sanger. His face taut. Deathly serious.

ZAROFF

I never joke about hunting.

Sanger's grin fades.

From the jungle, a flock of birds launch into the sky. SQUAWKING. CHIRPING. Crickets fall SILENT.

ZAROFF

Mr. Rainsford, what makes the ideal quarry?

Sanger shrugs his shoulders.

SANGER

Speed. Strength. Stamina. Cunning-

ZAROFF

Reason, Mr. Rainsford. It must be able to reason.

SANGER

But General, no animal can reason-

Zaroff suddenly hunkers down. Points his rifle to the jungle. Sniffs the air. Wears a confident smile.

SANGER

What is it?

ZAROFF

He is close.

SANGER

How can you tell?

ZAROFF

I smell him.

Sanger sniffs. Shakes his head. Zaroff CLICKS the safety off. Waves to Ivan, who grabs the horses tightly. Turns back to the jungle. Eyes afire.

ZAROFF

I will approach downwind.

Zaroff points to the side. Eyes transfixed on the jungle. Like a man possessed.

ZAROFF

Flush him out. Drive him to you.

Sanger nods. Gets ready to move.

ZAROFF

Be quick. This will not take long.

Zaroff takes off like a shot. Quick and quiet. Heads into the jungle. A moment later, Sanger moves off.

EXT. JUNGLE - A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY

Sanger moves through the dense bush. Stealthy. Deliberate. Stalking, like a cat. Parting vines as he goes.

Up ahead, he finds his spot. A

EXT. TOPPLED TREE

With a slight depression behind. Well concealed. Ringed by trees and vegetation. Creeping vines all around.

He crouches down. Rifle at the ready. Eye to the scope. Through it, he scans the area. Just then

A GUNSHOT! Followed by an animal-like scream. Familiar. But not distinct. Sanger tenses. Lays prone. The jungle falls SILENT. Nothing moves.

Then, a RUSTLING in the underbrush ahead of him. Vines and branches sway violently. Something's thrashing about. Moving toward Sanger. Getting closer.

Sanger FLICKS the safety off. Points his rifle.

The target's moving fast. Getting near. Making lots of NOISE.

Sanger becomes rigid. Breathing heavy. Finger on the trigger.

Whatever it is. It's almost on top of him. But, he can't SEE through the thick jungle. Then, ahead of him, the vines part to reveal

A MAN standing there. Not ten yards away. This is BARROS (22).

Wears a loin cloth. Moccasins. Jet black hair. Long in the back. Brownish skin. A dagger in a scabbard on his hip. A bloody wound on his shoulder.

Disbelieving, Sanger gasps. Their eyes lock. Sanger slowly stands. Barros doesn't move. Until he notices the rifle in Sanger's hands.

Instantly, Barros draws the knife. Sanger lowers the rifle but Barros lets out a war cry and charges him.

Sanger backs away but Barros is quick. He lunges at Sanger, slashing at his mid-section when

KAPOW!

The knife flies from Barros' hand. He stumbles. Falls into Sanger. Knocking them both to the ground.

Sanger lands on his back. Barros atop him. His lifeless eyes stare into Sanger's.

Horrified, Sanger struggles. Twisting this way and that. Finally, the body rolls off. Leaving Sanger covered in blood.

FOOTSTEPS. Sanger looks over.

It's Zaroff. Out of breath. Satisfied smile. Smoke coiling from his rifle barrel.

Slowly, blood oozes across the jungle floor. Collecting around the BLACK HUNTING BOOT.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY

A highly polished ladle PLOPS a thick, red liquid into a pristine china bowl. Another PLOP. Then, another.

Sanger sits at the table. Zaroff, opposite. Ting Ting meekly serves the liquid from a tureen. Watching Sanger with guilty eyes.

Zaroff eats voraciously. Sanger doesn't touch his. Eyes focused in a vacant stare.

Zaroff looks up. Wiping his chin.

ZAROFF

Something wrong with the borsch?

Sanger looks up. Confused.

SANGER

I'm sorry?

ZAROFF

The soup? Not to your liking?

SANGER

It's not the soup General.

Zaroff rubs his moustache with his fingers.

ZAROFF

Ah. You disliked the hunt.

SANGER

The hunt?

Sanger's look turns to cold fury. Zaroff notices. Lowers his spoon.

SANGER

That wasn't hunting. That was murder.

ZAROFF

Surely, your experiences in the war-

SANGER

Do not condone murder.

Zaroff shakes his head.

ZAROFF
I thought you, of all people would understand. Yet, I suppose such a thing is a shock.

He SNAPS his fingers.

ZAROFF
And now I know why.

He stands abruptly.

ZAROFF
Come, there is something I wish to show you.

And heads for the door. But, Sanger doesn't budge. Zaroff stops.

ZAROFF
Please.

Sanger looks over to Ting Ting, who looks away. Zaroff notices. Smiles. Sanger looks to Ivan, standing nearby. Stony. Silent.

ZAROFF
You won't be disappointed.

Sanger slowly rises.

ZAROFF (V.O.)
Why do we hunt?

INT. MANSION - LOWER HALLWAY

Sanger and Zaroff walk toward a door at the hall's end. Ivan trails behind. Eyes boring in on Sanger.

ZAROFF
The excitement?

Zaroff continues walking. Opening the closed door to the

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY

And taking a ring of keys from his pocket. Sanger enters. And Ivan follows. Off to the side, a door with several locks.

ZAROFF
The thrill? The danger?

Zaroff steps to the padlocked door. He inserts a key into each of the padlocks. One by one. The last, opens with a CLUNK.

ZAROFF

No. We hunt for the trophy.

He twists the doorknob, CREAKING as he does. Slowly, he opens the door. SQUEAKING on its hinges. Zaroff enters. Beckoning Sanger to follow. He does, reluctantly.

INT. MANSION - TROPHY ROOM

It's dark. No lights. Pitch black. Sanger walks slowly.

ZAROFF

And my trophies, are unlike any other.

CLICK. The lights come on. It's a small room. Windowless. A table. Some elegant chairs. Persian rug.

Zaroff gestures above him. Sanger looks up.

Heads line the wall. Not tigers or lions. Human heads. A variety of faces. Skin colors. White. Black. Mulatto. Spanish. Asian. Maybe a hundred. Maybe more. Some, eyes closed. Others, watch Sanger with grisly stares. Faces frozen in death.

He notices one in particular. It's Barros.

He recoils. Horrified. Disbelieving.

ZAROFF

You see? I told you, you would not be disappointed.

Sanger removes a handkerchief from his pocket. Takes deep breaths. Wipes his mouth.

SANGER

General Zaroff. I wish to leave this island at once.

ZAROFF

Why? We've only just hunted-

Sanger's eyes become fixed, staring Zaroff down. He doesn't notice Ivan moving into position behind him.

SANGER

Today, General.

ZAROFF

As you wish. My sloop will drop you
on the mainland. I trust...

He steps closer to Sanger.

ZAROFF

You will say nothing of my hunting
preserve here.

SANGER

Preserve? This isn't a preserve.
This is your own personal amusement
park.

(beat)

And I intend to let the authorities
know. The first chance I get.

Zaroff nods to Ivan who SILENTLY steps up. Right behind
Sanger.

ZAROFF

I see.

His eyes flick to Ivan, who draws a small cosh. Hides it in
the palm of his hand.

ZAROFF

Perhaps we should hunt, you and I.

Zaroff circles. Drawing Sanger's line of sight away from
Ivan's position.

ZAROFF

One last time.

SANGER

Was I not clear, General-

Zaroff nods to Ivan, who strikes. SMACKING Sanger on the back
of the head with the cosh. Sanger groans. Drops to the floor.

Zaroff moves. Stands over him

ZAROFF

Put him in the tower.

Total blackness.

Slowly, blurry light creeps in. Revealing the fuzzy image of
a MAN looking at us. A portly, reddish face. A nose that's
been broken more than once. His lips move but, no sound.

INT. TOWER - DAY

Sanger lies on the floor. Leaning over him is THIBAULT (40). Everything's blurry. Fuzzy. Hazy.

Things slowly become clearer. And now Sanger can HEAR, as if the volume is turned up.

THIBAULT
(in French)
...you hear?

Thibault touches Sanger's shoulder. Shakes him slightly.

THIBAULT
Monsieur? Monsieur?

Sanger shakes his head. Clears the cobwebs. Looks around.

A stone floor. Several stained mattresses with tattered blankets. Stone walls. Bars on windows.

It's a bare room. Split in half by iron bars. Wall to wall. Floor to ceiling. A giant jail cell. A door with a large bolt and lock leads outside.

SANGER
Where am I?

THIBAULT
English?

SANGER
American.

THIBAULT
You're in Zaroff's fort, mon ami.

SANGER
Who are you?

THIBAULT
Thibault. Coxswain. Merchant ship,
San Lucar. Two days ago. Out of
Rio.

Weakly, Sanger sits up. Helped by Thibault.

Sanger notices another MAN in the corner. This is JIBARRO (50).

He's older. But lean and strong. Wears a loin cloth. Moccasins. Jet black hair flecked with grey. Brownish skin. Continually fingers an amulet around his neck.

A figurine that dangles from his throat by a thin leather strap. The size of a stubby cigar. Made of bone.

The deity is human looking. Small face. Brightly painted. Large, toothy smile. Wide eyes.

SANGER

(pointing at Jibarro)
Who's he?

Thibault shrugs.

THIBAULT

Some savage. Does not parler anglais.

SANGER

How long have you been here?

THIBAULT

Nearly two weeks. Ship caught in storm. Mon Captain saw a channel. Was no channel at all.

Sanger nods.

THIBAULT

Ship broke up on rocks. Some drowned. Others survive. Zaroff takes into jungle. One by one.

His gaze turns distant. Eyes dark.

THIBAULT

None come back.

Sanger nods again.

THIBAULT

And you?

SANGER

I fell off a boat.

Jibarro chuckles. Sanger and Thibault look over. Jibarro turns away. Hiding his grin. Sanger looks at Thibault.

SANGER

For someone who doesn't speak English, he seems to understand it very well.

Sanger stands. Makes his way to Jibarro.

SANGER

Listen friend. We're in this together. To have any chance of getting out of here, we need to trust each other.

He reaches out his hand to Jibarro, who doesn't move. Doesn't even look at Sanger.

SANGER

I'm Sanger Rainsford.

For a moment, Sanger's hand dangles in mid-air. Then

JIBARRO

Jibarro.

He doesn't shake Sanger's hand.

SANGER

How'd you get here?

JIBARRO

My village. Far side of island.

THIBAULT

And he caught you, mon ami?

JIBARRO

(nodding)

Man from village. Look for food. Not come back. I go look. End up here.

Sanger looks Jibarro over. The lock of hair. The skin tone. Loin cloth. Moccasins. And he realizes. His eyes narrow. He turns pale. Jibarro notices.

JIBARRO

Have you see him?

Sanger nods.

JIBARRO

Where he?

SANGER

He's dead.

Jibarro's face becomes gloomy. He turns away from Sanger.

SANGER
 Zaroff hunts men like animals.
 (to Thibault)
 Your crew.
 (gestures to Jibarro)
 And his friend.

THIBAULT
 So, what do we do about it?

Sanger turns to Thibault.

SANGER
 We get the hell out of here.

INT. TOWER - LATER

Sanger and Thibault sit together on the ground. Rocks and chipped stones in front of them. Laid out like a crude map of the island. Sanger uses a small stick as a pointer. Jibarro sits away. Ignoring them.

SANGER
 I've hunted. Spent some time in the
 army.

THIBAULT
 In France?

SANGER
 Yes.

THIBAULT
 Merci.

SANGER
 Don't mention it.

He indicates the map.

SANGER
 Zaroff has a sloop. Anchored on the
 west coast, I think.

THIBAULT
 How far?

Sanger shrugs.

SANGER
 Not sure. Think you can sail it?

THIBAUT
To hell and back if need be,
monsieur.

SANGER
Good-

FOOTSTEPS from beyond the door. Sanger and Thibault scurry to hide their map. Bolts CLUNK. The door CREAKS open and

Ting Ting enters. Stands near the entrance. Her eyes averting Sanger's. He walks to the cell door. She approaches from the opposite side. Hips sway slightly as she walks. Thibault watches her hungrily.

THIBAUT
Hmmm...

Sanger HEARS. Turns to

SANGER
Thibault.

Whose eyes shift to Sanger.

SANGER
Not here. Not now.

Thibault lowers his head. Steps back.

THIBAUT
Desole.

Sanger and Ting Ting meet at the bars. Still, unable to look at him

TING TING
He want me to tell you. He hunt
you. Dawn. Tomorrow.

SANGER
I refuse.

She finally looks at him

TING TING
No. Cannot refuse. Ivan take men
who refuse. Do terrible things.

SANGER
Why didn't you tell me?

Quickly, she looks away again.

TING TING
Me try. Me want to. But...

SANGER
But what?

She looks at him, sheepish.

TING TING
Me had no choice

SANGER
You do have a choice. Help us get
out of here.

Her eyes widen. She briskly shakes her head.

TING TING
No. He kill Ting Ting. He kill us
all

SANGER
Which way to the sloop?

TING TING
Me not know.

SANGER
The lagoon. How far?

TING TING
Me not know.

SANGER
We can take you from her. To a
place, he would never find you.

She shakes her head.

TING TING
Me cannot. Pease.

FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. Climbing fast. Getting close.

She quickly steps backward. Putting distance between her and
Sanger. She smooths her dress as

Ivan suddenly appears in the doorway. A curt, snarling look.

TING TING
General must know. Will you hunt?

Sanger sighs. Shrugs. Nods.

SANGER

What choice do I have?

Quickly, she turns. Heads for the door.

SANGER

Sooner or later, Ting Ting...

She stops but doesn't turn around.

SANGER

This will be you.

She says nothing. Continues. Exits. Ivan chortles. SLAMS the door closed.

INT. MANSION - TING TING'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's very feminine. Dressing table with mirror. Hairbrushes. Lit candles. A small veranda beyond French doors.

Ting Ting sits at the dressing table. Stares at herself in the mirror. She wears a thin nightgown with a dipping neckline. Thin silk clings to her body. She slowly brushes her hair with long, even strokes.

She closes her eyes for a moment. As if dreaming. Picturing someone stroking her hair.

ZAROFF (O.S.)

You like him?

She opens her eyes. Turns quickly. Flustered. Zaroff stands in the door.

ZAROFF

Do you not?

She jumps up, grabs her robe from the bed and covers herself.

TING TING

You scare me. Not hear you.

Zaroff walks over. Smiling. But, menacing in the way he moves.

ZAROFF

I can see why. He's young.
Handsome.

Ting Ting back up. Tying the robe.

TING TING
You should knock. Is not polite.

He looks her over. Leering a little. She shifts on her feet.

ZAROFF
Don't be so modest.

She bows her head.

TING TING
Am shy General.

Zaroff leans in. Sniffs.

ZAROFF
Then why the perfume?

She keeps looking down. He moves around the room. Looking at objects on her dresser.

ZAROFF
There was a time when you were
more...

He takes a deep breath. Remembering. Smirks.

ZAROFF
Accommodating.

TING TING
That was mistake.

ZAROFF
You didn't think so then.

She turns away. Looking into the mirror. He walks up directly behind her. His tunic pressing against her back. Staring at her in the mirror. His eyes lock on hers.

ZAROFF
A man can wait...

He leans forward. His lips nearly touching her ear.

ZAROFF
But not forever.

He touches her cheek tenderly with his gloved hand. Turns and leaves. Gently closing the door behind.

She exhales. Relieved. Shivers. Turns and looks to the open doors on her veranda.

And to the tower, just beyond.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

Sanger looks out through thick, metal bars into the empty SILENT courtyard. He surveys the walls with his eyes and touches the bricks with his fingers. Looking for cracks. Chips. A hole. Anything.

Thibault sleeps. Snoring. Jibarro's awake, sitting by himself. Staring into space. Thumbing the amulet at his neck.

A MUFFLED CLANG. Then, the slow cautious CREAKING of the door being opened. Sanger and Jibarro look over.

Ting Ting enters. Carries a haversack and a canteen over her shoulder. She moves quickly to the cell door. Takes a key from her pocket.

Sanger moves to her.

SANGER

What are you doing?

CLICK. She inserts the key. Turns it.

TING TING

We leave. Like you say.

The cell door opens with a GROAN. Thibault wakes Groggy.

She hands Sanger the haversack. Jibarro stands.

SANGER

You're risking everything.

He smiles. So does she.

TING TING

Too much death here, Sanger
Rainsford.

Sanger rummages through the haversack. A quick inventory.

SANGER

Rope. A knife. Kerosene. Matches.

He looks to Ting Ting.

SANGER

The dogs?

TING TING

In house.

SANGER

And the stables?

She shakes her head.

TING TING

Locked. Only Zaroff have key.

SANGER

Then, we go on foot.

THIBAUT

(standing up)

We don't know the way, mon ami.

SANGER

No.

He turns. Gestures to Jibarro.

SANGER

But, he will.

Jibarro's eyes are closed. Rubbing the amulet at his neck. Sanger places the knife belt around his waist.

Jibarro opens his eyes. Stands up. Looks at Sanger.

JIBARRO

Give me the knife.

SANGER

Why?

JIBARRO

I kill Zaroff.

SANGER

I don't think so. We're heading for the sloop.

JIBARRO

You no order me White Man.

Sanger walks over.

SANGER

Our only chance is to put as much distance between him and us.

Jibarro holds out his hand.

JIBARRO
The knife.

THIBAULT
The anglo is right old man. We'll
never get in the house.

SANGER
We're wasting time.

He goes to pick up the haversack.

JIBARRO
White Man?

Sanger looks to Jibarro. Annoyed.

SANGER
What?

Jibarro's eyes flick toward the door.

Sanger looks over. There's nothing there. But, it's all the
chance Jibarro needs.

Moving like lightning, he grabs the knife from the sheath.
Puts it to Sanger's neck. Pins him against the bars.

Ting Ting steps forward.

TING TING
No Mister Jibarro.

Sanger squirms.

JIBARRO
Blood for blood.

SANGER
What do you plan to do, huh? The
man has guns, knives, swords, dogs.

He looks Jibarro in the eye.

SANGER
What chance do you think you have?
(beat)
Look, I'm sorry about your friend.
I really am.

Jibarro sneers. Looks away. Unconvinced.

SANGER

But, if you go in there now, you'll
get us all killed.

Jibarro looks at Sanger.

SANGER

Including yourself.

Lowers the knife from Sanger's throat. Ever so slightly.

SANGER

What happens to your people then?

Jibarro looks at him for a moment.

SANGER

We'll get the sloop. Take it to
your village. Take your people
anywhere they want to go.

Jibarro ponders.

SANGER

Together, we live. Alone. We die.

A moment. Jibarro lowers the knife. Then, instantly raises it
in Sanger's face. Eyes chilling.

JIBARRO

Underestimate me, White Man. Do
not.

Sanger doesn't take a breath. Then, Jibarro hands the knife
back. Heads for the door. Out of earshot.

Thibault steps to Sanger

THIBAUT

And if they don't want to leave?

SANGER

That's his problem. By then, it
won't matter...

Ting Ting closes up the haversack. Looks over. Listening.

SANGER

We'll already be on the ship.

Thibault heads for the stairwell. Ting Ting frowns. Face
darkens. She holds out the haversack to Sanger. He notices
her expression.

SANGER

What?

TING TING

Me think many things of Sanger
Rainsford.

She tosses him a harsh glance.

TING TING

Liar not one of them.

Sanger sighs. Takes the haversack. About to speak but she turns and walks away.

He throws the haversack over his shoulder and follows.

INT. TOWER - DAWN

Heavy boots CLANG up the steps. Ivan enters. Looks around.

The cell door is open. The prisoners are gone.

Shocked, he quickly lumbers back down the stairs. Boots CLANGING on every tread.

INT. ZAROFF'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM

The first bands of sunlight stream through the curtains of a lavishly decorated bedroom.

Zaroff stands at his window. Watching mist rise through the jungle. Already dressed. Adjusting his black hunting outfit.

Ivan races in. Out of breath. Obviously distressed.

ZAROFF

Are they gone?

Ivan nods. Zaroff puts on his black, leather hunting gloves.

ZAROFF

Is she with them?

Ivan nods again. Slow. Steady. Hesitant.

Zaroff's mouth twitches. He closes his fists into tight, angry balls. The leather CREAKING.

ZAROFF

Then the game begins.

INTERCUT: EXT. JUNGLE/EXT. FORT - COURTYARD

Sanger, Ting Ting, Jibarro and Thibault race through the endless, steaming jungle. Moving as fast as their legs will carry them.

Zaroff loads bullets into his hunting rifle. Ivan places a bandolier of ammunition over his chest.

Thibault trips. Falls. Grunts. Sanger stops. Turns back picks him up.

SANGER

Come on! Come on!

Zaroff holds the sword. Admiring the gleaming blade. Runs his gloved finger along the edge. Places it in the sheath. Slings it on his back.

The group runs on. Their lives depend on it.

Zaroff and Ivan mount their horses. GALLOP out the main gate and into the jungle.

EXT. LAGOON - BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun is dropping to the horizon. Blotted out by thick, black smoke rising skyward.

The sloop is anchored in the placid lagoon. Engulfed in a ROARING inferno. Sails. Lines. Mast. All afire.

Sanger, Ting Ting, Jibarro and Thibault stand on the beach, watching the sloop burn.

TING TING

Why he burn ship?

THIBAULT

He knew we would come.

SANGER

So we play the game. His way.

Thibault looks up clouds move quickly. Skies darkening.

THIBAULT

A storm.

Thibault gestures upward. Sanger looks. He turns to Jibarro.

SANGER

We'll need shelter.

Jibarro ponders. Then

JIBARRO
Know a place. Not far.

He starts walking into the jungle.

THIBAULT
He'll follow our trail, monsieur.

Sanger turns.

SANGER
Then, we give him many.

A RUMBLE of distant THUNDER. Jibarro leads and slowly, the others follow him toward the jungle. Ting Ting lags behind. Watching over her shoulder to the

EXT. LAGOON - SHORE OPPOSITE

Where Zaroff, encased in the jungle, watches the party through binoculars move off the beach.

He lowers them. A smug grin. Turns to Ivan.

ZAROFF
We return at nightfall.

He looks back, in time to see Ting Ting stop. She turns. Scans the shoreline opposite. As if she knows he's there. Then she disappears into the jungle.

ZAROFF
More fun at night.

EXT. JUNGLE - SERIES OF SHOTS

1.) Sanger, Ting Ting, Jibarro and Thibault race quickly through the dark, steamy landscape.

2.) They crisscross trails.

3.) Mash their footprints into the ground. Breaking vines and branches in every direction.

4.) Exhausted, they march into the

EXT. JUNGLE - PLANTATION - NIGHT

Overgrown and abandoned. Rotting wood shacks. Snared in vines. Slowly being consumed by the jungle. Little shelter. But, it's enough.

INT. PLANTATION - SHACK - LATER

Thibault positions old sacs to form a bed. Jibarro stands in a corner. Staring outside, through a hole in the wall. Sanger hovers near the door. Ting Ting rests on the floor. Eyes closed.

Sanger walks to Jibarro. Sits down beside him. Joins him looking outside. Says nothing for a moment. Then

SANGER

I meant what I said earlier. I'm
sorry about your friend.

Jibarro's mouth tightens.

JIBARRO

He was my son.

Sanger looks at him. Genuinely mortified.

SANGER

I...I...I didn't know.

He quickly looks away.

SANGER

I'm sorry.

JIBARRO

White Man kill Taino. Force from
one island to another.

Jibarro's face becomes steely. Looks Sanger in the eye.

JIBARRO

But Taino run no more.

Jibarro looks away.

JIBARRO

Only me and Torres now. My youngest
son.

SANGER

Wife?

Jibarro slowly shakes his head.

JIBARRO
White men took long ago.

His face becomes sad. Tortured. Then, a moment later, he becomes serene. Peaceful.

JIBARRO
But, I see her still.

He smiles slightly. Taps his finger to his temple.

JIBARRO
In my dreams.

He turns back to Sanger. His face cold.

JIBARRO
What you dream of, White Man?

Sanger does not reply. Slowly, he rises and moves away. Jibarro returns to looking outside. Thibault's sleeping. Ting Ting lays quietly nearby.

Sanger crouches in the doorway.

SANGER
I'll take first watch.

He glances at Ting Ting, lying nearby. She faces him but her eyes are tightly closed.

He watches her for a moment then, he looks away.

Slowly, her eyes open. She watches him for a moment. Then, closes her eyes.

Sanger looks up. Peering at the full moon. High overhead.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

The yacht cruises beneath the bright moon.

INT. YACHT - BRIDGE

Nielsen leans sleepily against the chart table. Magnus and Reinhold work the help, staring out into blackness.

WHACK! A map SLAPS against the chart table. Nielsen jumps up as Magnus and Reinhold turn.

Whitney's standing there. Furious eyes.

WHITNEY

Who ordered the course change?

Nielsen feigns shock.

NIELSEN

Mr. Whitney, what do you mean-

WHITNEY

Look at the compass, Captain!

Nielsen looks over. The needle hovers over the letters: N/E.

He looks back. Stands erect. Removes his glasses.

NIELSEN

I did sir.

WHITNEY

I told you to-

Nielsen notices Magnus and Reinhold watching. He takes Whitney by the arm.

NIELSEN

The crew, sir

He gestures to the

EXT. YACHT - BRIDGE WING

And escorts Whitney there. CLOSING the bridge door behind him.

WHITNEY

You think I'm a fool?

NIELSEN

No sir. But Mr. Rainsford's death has-

WHITNEY

We don't know he's dead.

NIELSEN

Mr. Whiney. These are dangerous waters. Shark infested. Many a ship sunk. Many a sailor lost.

He crosses his arms.

NIELSEN
I don't intend to join 'em.

Whitney looks around. Pondering. Then

WHITNEY
What will it take?

Puzzled, Nielsen's eyes narrow.

NIELSEN
What do you mean?

WHITNEY
How much?

Nielsen chuckles slightly.

NIELSEN
You think I want money?

Nielsen turns his back to Whitney. Reaches for the door when

WHITNEY
A hundred thousand?

Nielsen stops. Turns.

NIELSEN
Mr. Whitney. You can't put a price
on my life. Or the life of my crew.

He opens the door to return to the bridge.

WHITNEY
Maybe, but what do you think Magnus
would say to a hundred grand?

Nielsen stops. Closes the door.

WHITNEY
Because, I can always find another
Captain. Can't I?

He looks past Nielsen to where Magnus and Reinhold work on
the bridge.

WHITNEY
Do we understand each other?

Finally, Nielsen nods.

NIELSEN
Perfectly.

Whiney nods. Moves past him to the bridge.

Nielsen stands there. Fists clenched. Staring at the sea. The dark, SILENT water stares back.

FLASHBACK: EXT. SNOWFLAKES - DAY

Crystal, pure white snowflakes flutter gently to frost encrusted earth. A CRUNCHING SOUND. Like stones underfoot. A BLACK RIDING BOOT steps into view with another CRUNCH. Beyond, the smouldering ruins of a

EXT VILLAGE

Burning fiercely. Corpses litter the area. Women. Children. The elderly. Frozen in death.

INT. HUT

A young Asian child cries over the prostrate and bloody body of her MOTHER. This is YOUNG TING TING. Sobbing. Rags for clothes. Grimy face. A NOISE. She looks up.

Silhouetted in the doorway is YOUNG ZAROFF. Matted, dark hair. Wears a dirty, blood-spattered uniform. Wild, menacing eyes. He holds his sword. Caked with dried, frozen blood.

His look unsettles her. She tightens her grip on her Mother's ratty clothes.

His BLACK GLOVED HAND reaches for her. Snatches her away. She screams.

END FLASHBACK: EXT. JUNGLE - RUM PLANTATION - NIGHT

A bird CAWS loudly. Ting Ting sits up. Waking suddenly. Out of breath. Sweaty. It's humid. Misty.

Thibault snores quietly. Sanger lies off, alone.

But, Jibarro's nowhere to be seen. Quickly, she moves to Sanger. Shakes him. They speak in whispers.

TING TING

Sanger Rainsford. Sanger Rainsford.

SANGER

Huh..what?

He stirs. Wakes.

TING TING
Jibarro gone.

Sanger looks around. Thibault's sleeping. But the corner where Jibarro was is empty.

SANGER
Where is he?

Ting Ting shakes her head. They look around. He's nowhere in sight.

A NOISE. They both jump. Look over. A short distance away, something moves through the jungle.

TING TING
Maybe is Jibarro.

Sanger gets up.

SANGER
Or Zaroff. Wait here.

She shakes her head. Points to Thibault.

TING TING
I no wait with him.

Sanger shrugs.

SANGER
All right. Stay close.

His eyes narrow.

SANGER
And stay quiet.

Swiftly, they move into the jungle. Thibault snores away. Oblivious.

EXT. JUNGLE - NEARBY - MOMENTS LATER

Sanger and Ting Ting move quietly through the misty landscape. Long shadows and creepy fingers of moonlight.

You can't SEE very far. Lots of animal NOISES. The jungle, is alive. Even at night.

They move into a small, grassy

EXT. CLEARING

With waist high blades of grass. Jungle on all sides.

Sanger keeps low. Moves fast. Ting Ting falls behind a little.

He slows. Offers his hand. She hesitates. Then, takes it.

A NOISE. They stop. Something's moving in the mist up ahead. They crouch down.

TING TING

Zaroff?

Sanger shakes his head. A little annoyed, he puts his finger to his lips. She nods. Understanding.

He peers into the mist. Trying to SEE what's out there. She moves up behind him. They crouch side by side.

From behind them, almond colored hands appear from the grasses. Swiftly, covering their mouths. Pulling them lower.

They struggle for a moment only to discover it's

JIBARRO

Shhhhhhh.

He points in the direction of the NOISE. Keeping his hands over their mouths.

JIBARRO

The White Hair.

Up ahead, Zaroff walks along the jungle's edge. Stealthy, he follows their false trails.

Ivan's beside him. Holds a flashlight. It's beam slicing the mist. They move on. Passing the trio hunkered in the grass.

Slowly, they stand. Carefully watching for Zaroff. Speaking in whispers.

SANGER

It's time to go.

JIBARRO

Agree White Man. For once, you and I do.

They quietly move off. Heading back into the direction of camp.

EXT. JUNGLE - ZAROFF AND IVAN - NIGHT

Eyes focused at his feet, Zaroff follows the trail. Ivan just behind him. Sweeping the jungle with the flashlight.

Suddenly, Zaroff stops dead in his tracks. He raises his hand. Ivan stops.

Zaroff sniffs the air. Several deep draughts. Then, he looks in the direction of the plantation.

ZAROFF

Ting Ting.

EXT. JUNGLE - PLANTATION - NIGHT

They're running now. Sanger arrives first. Grabbing the haversack and canteen.

Ting Ting stands nearby. Fearful. Looking back in the direction they came. Jibarro moves to Thibault and shakes him awake.

JIBARRO

Get up.

THIBAULT

Uh-huh? Que?

JIBARRO

The White Hair.

THIBAULT

Que's que c'est?

SANGER

Zaroff.

That gets Thibault's attention. He sits up instantly and leaps to his feet. Still groggy, he falls right back down again.

Sanger throws the haversack over his shoulder. Grabs Ting Ting and races off.

Jibarro notices and follows.

JIBARRO

Sanger Rainsford. Not that way!

Quickly, he pursues. Thibault staggers behind. Trying to catch up.

THIBAULT

Wait. Wait!

Jibarro races on ahead.

Thibault keep running. Stagger off the trail. Suddenly, the ground beneath him collapses. He disappears. Swallowed by the jungle floor.

EXT. JUNGLE

Sanger and Ting Ting run until they are stopped by

EXT. RIVER

Blocking their path. From the bank, Sanger surveys the river. Not deep looking and not terribly wide.

There are rocks from one side to the other close enough for someone to step across the river's width.

SANGER

We'll cross it.

He points. Ting Ting looks.

SANGER

Use those rocks as stepping stones.

Sanger edges closer to the river. Steps from the edge toward the rock. His foot about to touch it when

JIBARRO (O.S.)

No!

Sanger stops in mid-movement. Ting Ting looks over her shoulder as Jibarro races up.

JIBARRO

Step back!

SANGER

Jibarro. Zaroff is right behind-

Jibarro steps forward.

JIBARRO

Step back! Now!

Sanger does

JIBARRO

Rocks. Those are not.

The rock suddenly comes alive. Breaking through the placid surface. Black skin with scales.

They quickly jump backward. Stepping away from the crocodile.

SANGER

Black Caimans.

It watches them for a moment. Then, settles back down. Returning to its slumber.

Ting Ting looks around. Realizes something.

TING TING

Thibault?

Sanger and Jibarro look around. Peer into the jungle. He's nowhere to be seen.

EXT. JUNGLE - PIT

Thibault lies unmoving at the bottom of a pit on a mat of leaves. It's ten feet deep with few handholds.

He groans. Comes to. Looks around. Looks up. Realizes his situation.

THIBAULT

Mairde.

EXT. JUNGLE - PLANTATION

Zaroff scours the ground. Looking for footprints.

Finding them, he bends down. Outlining the steps with his finger. His eyes follow the tracks in the direction Sanger and the others escaped.

Zaroff smiles.

ZAROFF

They are trapped.

EXT. JUNGLE -RIVERBANK

Sanger, Ting Ting and Jibarro anxiously move about. Plotting their next move.

Ting Ting notices flashlight beams sweep the jungle nearby. Getting closer.

TING TING

He coming.

SANGER

Can't go forward.

JIBARRO

Or back.

TING TING

(frantic)

Where do we go?

Sanger looks around. There's a tree nearby. The trunk is covered in vines and the canopy is thick and lush.

SANGER

We go up.

EXT. JUNGLE - RIVERBANK - MINUTES LATER

Vines part. Zaroff appears. Holding his hunting rifle. His eyes dart in all directions. Searching. Ivan follows close behind.

Cautiously, Zaroff walks forward. Looking at the footprints on the ground. Ending at the riverbank.

He ignores the Black Caimans. Looks at his reflection. Overheard, he notices a tall tree.

Slowly, he turns. Eyes moving up the tree trunk. Inspecting it closely, he notices small marks. Heading up.

He touches them with his gloved finger. Slowly. Methodically his eyes creep up along the tree trunk.

Zaroff smiles. Stops looking up. Takes a cigarette from his pocket and lights it. Smokes curls upward.

INTERCUT; EXT. TREE ABOVE/RIVERBANK BELOW

Sanger, Ting Ting and Jibarro cling to the branches. Hiding behind the next of vines and palm leaves.

The smoke passes Sanger. He leans out ever so slightly to look down.

Zaroff's directly beneath him. Puffing away. Suddenly, Zaroff looks up. Sanger quickly takes cover.

For a moment, Zaroff seems to be staring straight at him. Then, he tosses the cigarette into the river. It dies with a SIZZLE. He turns to Ivan and nods. They move off.

EXT. RIVERBANK - MOMENTS LATER

Sanger and Jibarro help Ting Ting down from the tree. Sanger turns to Jibarro.

SANGER

He saw me.

TING TING

Why he not shoot?

Sanger sighs.

SANGER

That wouldn't be sporting.

TING TING

What we do?

SANGER

Head for the swamp. It'll level the playing field.

JIBARRO

Then what?

He steps forward.

JIBARRO

Wait for Zaroff to find us?

Sanger looks at Jibarro.

JIBARRO

Zaroff stop. Only when we dead.

SANGER

Did you hear me, old man? He saw me. He's toying with us. The swamp is our only chance.

Jibarro turns. Walking away from Sanger. Following the river.

SANGER

Where are you going?

JIBARRO

Go to village. Tell Taino to fight the White Hair.

SANGER
He'll kill you before you get
halfway.

Jibarro stops. Turns.

JIBARRO
You afraid White Man.

Sanger moves closer. Jibarro points to face.

JIBARRO
It in your eye.

Sanger stops.

SANGER
I'm not afraid to die-

JIBARRO
No. You afraid to live.

Jibarro moves right up to Sanger.

JIBARRO
Every man. Time comes. Must stand
and fight.

He points to Sanger.

JIBARRO
That time now.

SANGER
And when you're dead?

Jibarro ponders then

JIBARRO
If it worth killing us...

He stops. Turns to Sanger.

JIBARRO
Maybe is worth dying for.

Jibarro looks at Ting Ting.

JIBARRO
I go now.

Jibarro walks into jungle. Ting Ting waits. Hovers. Sanger
doesn't move. He frowns looks at Ting Ting.

SANGER
You're not coming?

She shakes her head.

TING TING
Death Swamp. Men go in. Not come
out

SANGER
I'll go alone then.

Sanger turns. Starts walking downstream. Ting Ting steps forward.

TING TING
You say together we live. Alone, we
die.

Sanger stops. Turns and looks at her. Jibarro stands nearby.

JIBARRO
Your words, White Man. Not ours.

Then, he looks at Jibarro. Who turns and continues upriver. Ting Ting lingers. Waiting for Sanger.

Sanger doesn't move.

EXT. JUNGLE - PIT

A filthy, dirty hand reaches out from the pit. It's Thibault. Exhausted. Gasping. Sweating. He pulls himself out and lays there. Catching his breath. A NOISE. He raises his head.

A BLACK BOOT faces him. He looks up.

Zaroff stands over him. Sword drawn. Smiling. Thibault screams as the sword slashes down.

EXT. JUNGLE - RIVERBANK

They all turn in the direction of the scream. Echoing through the night air.

TING TING
Thibault...

Sanger turns to Jibarro.

SANGER
How far to your village?

JIBARRO
Two sunrise. One sunset.

SANGER
Then, let's get started.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAWN

An extinct volcano. Covered in lush green jungle. Towering high. Blanketed in morning mist.

Sanger, Ting Ting and Jibarro slowly make their way up the steep, rocky slope.

JIBARRO
Hurry. We near Black Cave.

Sanger snorts.

SANGER
Black Caves. Death swamps. Remind me to scratch this place off my vacation list.

A dog's distant BARK. Ting Ting looks down the mountainside. Far below

EXT. FIELD - ZAROFF AND IVAN

Move quickly near the mountain's base. Ivan holds the leash of several hounds. BARKING. Tugging him along.

Zaroff looks up. SEES her. Smiles.

ZAROFF
Ah. What a perfect start to the day.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Hurrying, Jibarro, Sanger and Ting Ting enter. Quickly, swallowing them in darkness.

INT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

RIIIPPP. Sanger rips strips of fabric from his hunting vest. Ting Ting wraps it around the end of a thick tree branch. Sanger pours liquid on it from his flask.

A match is struck and WHOOSH. Jibarro holds the torch. Ting Ting reaches for Sanger's hand. He takes it and they follow.

The cave floor descends and Sanger slips on the slimy stone floor.

SANGER

I thought we were going up the mountain.

Jibarro shakes his head.

JIBARRO

(irritated)
First down. Then, up.

They continue on.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

The dogs BARK as they head up the mountainside toward the cave, followed by Zaroff and Ivan.

INT. CAVE - FURTHER IN

They move slower now. The cave has narrowed drastically. They move sideways to continue.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE

Zaroff and Ivan continue up the steep edge, led by the BARKING dogs.

INT. CAVE - JUNCTION

The trio arrives at a junction with three forks. Two dead ahead, the other turns sharply on the left.

To one side is a smaller chamber, where a shaft of light shines down from a rock chimney above. Jibarro points.

JIBARRO

First down...

Sanger smiles.

SANGER

Then, up.

Sanger removes the rope from the haversack and uncoils it. Securing it around his waist and moves beneath the rock chimney.

Jibarro gives him a boost, while Ting Ting holds the torch. Sanger climbs up the cave wall and shimmies himself into the chimney. Jibarro feeds him some rope.

Over Ting Ting's shoulder, a SCRATCHING SOUND from another tunnel. She turns. But the tunnel is dark. Empty. She returns to watching Sanger.

INT. CAVE - NEAR ENTRANCE

Zaroff kneels on the cave floor. Ivan nearby, holding the dogs who pant heavily.

Zaroff touches the rocks. Stands up. Satisfied.

ZAROFF

This way.

Ivan holds a lantern, the beam cutting through the darkness. With a YELP, the dogs move further in.

INT. CAVE - CHIMNEY

Sanger keeps climbing. It's slow going. A tight fit. He sweats a lot. He looks up to the top and calls down.

SANGER

About a hundred feet.

Jibarro nods.

SANGER

I'll get to the top. Secure the rope. Three tugs. Then you follow.

Jibarro nods again.

Ting Ting continues to look over her shoulder. Certain she HEARS something.

Just then, four small eyes appear in the tunnel. Two tiny black Jaguar Cubs step into the dim light. Both are soft, fluffy and very cute.

Ting Ting smiles and giggles as they cautiously approach. She walks over and kneels down. Jibarro doesn't notice.

She pets them. Long strokes along the backs. She rubs underneath their chins. Both PURR.

From nearby, a low GROWL. She stops and looks up. A pair of glowing eyes peer sharply at her from the darkness of the tunnel.

The Mother Jaguar steps into the light. She's large. Muscular. A coat of jet black fur. She GROWLS again. Shows her teeth.

Jibarro turns. Watches the big cat slowly approach.

TING TING

Oh no.

JIBARRO

(in Taino)

Beast that kill with one leap.

He lets go of the rope. Turns to Ting Ting, who's frozen with fear.

JIBARRO

Step back child.

She doesn't move. Frozen in place.

JIBARRO

Step back.

She looks over. HEARING him. But, still she doesn't move.

Jibarro reaches Ting Ting. Touches her arm. She shudders. Mother Jaguar GROWLS again. Licks her lips.

Jibarro takes the torch from Ting Ting and moves her behind him. His mouth tight. Muscles tense.

Mother Jaguar lunges at Jibarro. He backs away quickly, defensively swinging the torch.

She swipes at Jibarro with a paw. Barely missing him.

Ting Ting backs into the cave wall. Can go no further.

Jibarro hollers and swings the torch. It misses and Mother Jaguar again swipes. She catches him across the chest. He staggers backward. Falls.

The creature rears back on its hind legs. Ready to finish him off. It leaps into the air. About to pounce on Jibarro when

Sanger jumps down from the chimney. Grabs a large rock. He quickly throws the rock. Striking her on the head. She drops hard.

She stands up. Her legs wobble.

Sanger draws the knife from the sheath.

Ting Ting looks away as he swiftly cuts the animal's throat. It groans and dies.

Sanger moves to Jibarro, lying on his back. Ting Ting TEARS strips of cloth from her dress and places them on Jibarro's injuries. The wounds are bloody. Deep.

Ting Ting catches Sanger's eye. She shakes her head. Not much time.

Jibarro's eyes move to Sanger, who kneels beside.

JIBARRO

Amulet.

Sanger shakes his head. Not understanding. Jibarro reaches up. Pulls the amulet around his neck, SNAPPING the strap. He holds it out to Sanger.

JIBARRO

Go...village. Find Son.

He winces. Pauses. Takes a breath. Then

JIBARRO

Give him.

SANGER

How? But-

The BARK of a dog. Ting Ting looks down the tunnel into the darkness. The beam from the lantern dances along. Getting nearer.

TING TING

He coming.

She turns to them.

TING TING

Zaroff coming.

Jibarro grabs Sanger's hands. Places the amulet in his palm. Closes palm.

JIBARRO

No time. Promise me, Sanger
Rainsford.

He clasps his hands around Sanger's.

JIBARRO
Promise me. Taino run no more.

SANGER
I promise. I promise.

A beam of light cuts through the junction chamber sweeping across the cave.

JIBARRO
Go now.

Ting Ting leans in. Kisses him on the cheek.

JIBARRO
Go child.

Sanger grabs her hand. Quickly moves her to the rope dangling from the chimney. She starts climbing.

Sanger pauses. Notices the Jaguar Cubs. Cuddling near Jaguar Mother's inert body. His hand, covered in her blood.

Jibarro nods to him. Sanger nods back. Grabs the rope. Climbs.

INT. CAVE - JUNCTION - MOMENTS LATER

Jibarro lays on his back. The dogs enter. Move to him. BARKING. SNARLING. Ivan holding the leash.

Zaroff enters. Walks up. Indicates the chimney with the rope dangling from it.

Ivan walks over. Shines the lantern up the chimney. It's empty. No Sanger. No Ting Ting. He turns to Zaroff and shakes his head.

Zaroff stands over Jibarro. Smiling. Excited.

ZAROFF
The mighty Chief.

He looks to Mother Jaguar.

ZAROFF
Fallen by the beast.

Zaroff kneels down. Indicates the rope.

ZAROFF
And left behind.

Jibarro looks up at him

JIBARRO
I ready to die White Hair.

He looks at Zaroff. Eyes intent.

JIBARRO
Will you be?

He smiles at Zaroff. It unsettles the General. But slowly, he draws the sword from its sheath.

Fear comes to Jibarro's eyes now. He shakes a little. Holds his lips tightly.

The sword slices downward. Jibarro cries out.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - CHIMNEY ENTRANCE - DAY

Sanger and Ting Ting stand at the opening. Jibarro's scream ECHOES from below. Ting Ting closes her eyes.

Sanger clenches his fists tightly. Looks at the amulet in his hand.

She turns to him.

TING TING
What now?

He looks back. Eyes cold. Fixed. Resolved.

SANGER
Ambush.

SERIES OF SHOTS: EXT. BAMBOO FIELD - DAY

1.) Ting Ting carries piles of bamboo to Sanger, who sharpens chutes into sharp stakes.

2.) Sanger coils up vines.

3.) Ting Ting ties a vine to a sharpened stake.

4.) Sanger hides a snare trap made from vines under some dirt and jungle debris.

5.) Sanger and Ting Ting crouch in a grove of trees overlooking the field as the sun drops toward the horizon.

INT. YACHT - GALLEY - NIGHT

Whitney sits alone at a table. Looking at photographs. An open bottle of whiskey before him. a pair of tumbler glasses.

Nielsen enters. Hovers by the door. Clears his throat. Whitney doesn't seem to notice. Nielsen starts to leave when.

WHITNEY

What is it, Captain?

Nielsen turns. Steps forward.

NIELSEN

Sorry to bother you, sir. But, the fuel.

With a vacant look, Whitney slowly nods.

WHITNEY

A drink Captain?

Nielsen smiles.

NIELSEN

Of course, I'm a sailor.

Whitney chuckles.

WHITNEY

Grab a chair.

Nielsen walks over. Sits opposite. Whitney pours him a glass. Slides it over. Pours himself one. They CLINK them together and drink.

Whitney holds up a photograph for Nielsen.

It's Whitney and Sanger. Both younger. Wearing muddy trench coats. Helmets. Rifles slung over their shoulders. Bright smiles beneath dirty faces.

WHITNEY

Rainbow Division. On the Meuse. The last push back in eighteen.

Whitney looks at the photograph.

WHITNEY

The eleventh of November.

Nielsen contemplates for a moment. Then

NIELSEN

The last day of the war.

Whitney nods. Nielsen pours Whitney and himself another.

WHITNEY

We were scouting the Hun front
line. Correcting artillery fire.
Waiting for it to end.

Whitney drinks it down. So does Nielsen.

WHITNEY

No one wants to be the last to die.

Whitney stares off. As if in a trance.

WHITNEY

This Hun sniper found us. Picked us
off one by one.

He touches his cane.

WHITNEY

Got me in the leg. I was done for.
But Sanger crawled all the way.
Killed the Hun with his bare hands.
Pulled me back to our lines.
(beat)
How do you thank someone for that?

Whitney shakes his head. As if waking up.

WHITNEY

What did you say? Something about
the fuel?

NIELSEN

At present speed, one more day.
Then...

Nodding, Whitney slumps in his chair. Takes a deep breath.

WHITNEY

Run one more day Captain.

He looks at Nielsen.

WHITNEY

Then, head for home.

Whitney returns to staring at the photo. Nielsen gets up.
Heads for the door. He stops. Turns.

NIELSEN

For what it's worth sir, I am
sorry.

Whitney doesn't seem to notice. Nielsen departs.

EXT. YACHT - NIGHT

The dark outline of Ship Trap Island looms nearby.

EXT. ISLAND - TREE GROVE - NIGHT

Sanger wakes with a gasp. He looks around. He and Ting Ting
are perched on a high tree branch overlooking the bamboo
field.

Sitting nearby, she watches him.

TING TING

Bad dream?

Sanger grumbles. Clears his throat.

SANGER

Bad memory.

He sits up a little. Shivers. So does she.

SANGER

You cold?

She nods. He gestures for her to move closer. She hesitates.

SANGER

Suit yourself.

He turns away.

Slowly, she slides over. He wraps his arms around her and she
leans against his chest.

TING TING

Thank you.

Sanger nods. Notices something in her hand. He gestures.

SANGER

What's this?

Ting Ting opens her hand to reveal a cracked and crumpled
piece of paper. Feint colors.

TING TING
I take from book. Is my home.

She hands it to Sanger.

It's a portion of a map. Torn from an atlas. Wrinkled. Faded.

TING TING
Manchuria. That how you say?

Sanger nods. Smiling. He hands it back.

TING TING
Where your home?

SANGER
New York City.

TING TING
You get sick for home. That how you
say it?

Sanger smiles.

SANGER
Homesick.

TING TING
Yes. Homesick.

SANGER
No. I don't get homesick.

A QUIET moment. Then

TING TING
Why you leave home? Why you here?

Sanger's look darkens. His shoulders sag.

SANGER
I had to leave.

TING TING
Why?

He doesn't answer right away.

SANGER
In my life, I've done things I
regret. Things I can't change.

She pauses. Then

TING TING
You are sorry?

SANGER
That's the thing...

He looks at her.

SANGER
What bothers me Ting Ting, is that
it really doesn't bother me at all.

She looks at him. Staring into his eyes. Then

TING TING
It bother Sanger Rainsford. More
than he know.

They hold each other's stares for longer than they should.
Finally, they turn away from one another. She giggles
nervously.

TING TING
You must wish never coming here.

SANGER
Why you say that?

She stops giggling. Sanger reaches to her. Touches her chin.
She looks away.

SANGER
If I hadn't ended up here...

She looks back.

SANGER
I wouldn't have met you.

Sanger looks at her. And she at him. Taking his hand, he
gently brushes some hair from her face. Rubs her cheek with
his palm.

She moves her face closer to his. He moves closer to hers.

She closes her eyes. Their lips about to touch when, O.S., a
SNAPPING. From the bamboo field. They both look over.

A CRACKING NOISE. Someone cries out. A painful wail.

Sanger's face brightens.

SANGER
We got him.

He turns to Ting Ting.

SANGER

We got him!

EXT. BAMBOO FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Sanger followed by Ting Ting, moves hastily through the field.

Parting chutes, he and Ting Ting enter a small clearing where

BOY WARRIOR#1, lies on the ground. Kneeling beside him is BOY WARRIOR #2. Both wear loin cloths. Body paint. Boy Warrior#2 holds a crude spear.

Sanger stops in his tracks. Ting Ting behind.

SANGER

Oh no.

He reaches for the haversack slung over his shoulder.

Ting Ting looks around. Notices something. Touches his arm.

TING TING

Sanger Rainsford.

He stops rummaging through the haversack. Looks up.

Before them are a half dozen Taino Warriors. All young boys. None older than twelve. But fierce in their war paint.

One steps forward. He's handsome. Skinny. But a strong convicted look in his eyes. Familiar. This is Torres (12).

All the Warriors are identically dressed. Loin cloths. Crude weapons. Bows and arrows. Spears.

Sanger holds out Jibarro's amulet, creating a stir among the Warriors. Torres nods to them. They grasp their weapons tighter. Menacing. As if preparing to strike.

Sanger takes Ting Ting's hand. Starts to slowly back away.

SANGER

I think we have a problem.

Sanger places the amulet gently on the ground. Continues to back away.

Torres nods to Boy Warriors beside him, each produce bolas - three large stones each connected to a cord. Slowly, they twirl them over their heads.

Sanger and Ting Ting continue to back away. A little faster.

The Boy Warriors continue to twirl the bolas. Faster and faster.

Sanger grabs Ting Ting's arm.

SANGER

Run!

Quickly, they turn and flee.

Torres turns to Boy Warriors and nods. The pair throw the bolas at Sanger and Ting Ting. WHIZZING through the air.

The first strikes Ting Ting wrapping around her upper back and shoulders. The cord wraps tightly around her and the stone strikes her head. She falls. Knocked out.

The other, takes Sanger's legs out. He trips. Falls near Ting Ting. The cord tangling his legs. He struggles but can't get them free. Crawls to Ting Ting.

Torres and the Warriors run up. Surround them.

Sanger looks up. Torres stands over him. Fiercely holding the amulet in his hand. Swiftly, he produces a club from behind his back and strikes Sanger with it.

Everything goes black.

INT. HUT - DAY

Sunshine trickles past a decorative curtain hanging in the doorway. The hut has bamboo walls. Palm leaves for a roof hammocks for beds.

Sanger lies on the earthen floor. Slowly, he wakes and looks around.

Torres stands nearby.

SANGER

Where's the girl? Is she hurt?

TORRES

She fine. You see soon.

Sanger sits up, gently rubbing his head looking at

TORRES

I Torres.

SANGER

Jibarro's your Father.

Torres' eyes turn icy.

TORRES

He was.

Sanger's about to speak when the curtain opens. Both Sanger and Torres look over.

BOHIKI (65) enters. A grizzled man with a leathery face. Wears a cape. Pierced nose. Many tattoos. A wild-eyed, giddy look about him.

He steps to Sanger. Kneels down. Looks Sanger over. Moves in very close. Sniffs him several times. Closes his eyes. Nods.

Open his eyes and abruptly takes Sanger's hands. Turns them palms up. Looks them over intently. Nods again. Smiles broadly. An excited grin with a few teeth missing.

BOHIKI

(in Taino)

He has come.

Torres looks away. Shaking his head as Bohiki moves to the statue of an idol, located in a small niche in the wall.

BOHIKI

(in Taino)

Thank you Zemi!

Bohiki starts to dance wildly. CHANTING to the sky. Torres sighs. Bohiki suddenly stops dancing. Looks over.

BOHIKI

(in Taino)

Well, tell him.

Torres purses his lips. Sanger watches. Bewildered.

SANGER

(indicating Bohiki)

Who's he?

TORRES

Bohiki. Man of Medicine.

Bohiki walks toward Sanger. Stands before him. Speaks in Taino. It fades QUIETLY and we HEAR Torres translate.

TORRES

He say the Zemi sent you. And is a sign.

SANGER

A sign of what?

TORRES

The death of the White Hair. The death of Zaroff.

Sanger takes a deep breath.

SANGER

So, I kill him?

Torres looks over his shoulder. Bohiki looks at him knowingly. Expectantly. Torres looks back to Sanger.

TORRES

No. You do not.

Torres continues to translate while Bohiki speaks Taino.

TORRES

You make Taino free.

Sanger stands up abruptly.

SANGER

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

He holds up his hands, forcing Torres to stop. Sanger laughs. Shakes his head.

SANGER

Who do I look like? Moses?

He turns to Bohiki, who looks at him confused.

SANGER

Listen, Old Man. I'm not your guy. Just give me a canoe, a paddle and the lady and I will be on our way.

Sanger gets up. Dusts himself off. Bohiki frowns.

SANGER

If you had some sense, you'd do the same.

Bohiki nods. Laughs. Then

BOHIKI
Easier to run, then to fight.

Sanger's shocked. Bohiki points to himself.

BOHIKI
I old man. I know.

Sanger turns to Torres.

SANGER
You didn't tell me he spoke
English.

TORRES
You no ask.

Bohiki raises his closed fist. In it, he produces the amulet Jibarro wore at his neck.

BOHIKI
One side life.

Bohiki turns the amulet. The reverse side. The icon's features darker. Skeletal. Bony fingers, hands and feet.

BOHIKI
Death. The other.

He turns it again.

BOHIKI
Light...

And one more time.

BOHIKI
Dark.

Sanger ponders. Shakes his head. Gets up. Looks at Bohiki.

SANGER
Look, I'm here by accident. And no
offense, I don't want to be.

Sanger sighs. Shrugs his shoulders.

SANGER
Can I see the girl?

BOHIKI
You free. We no stop you.

Sanger starts for the door.

BOHIKI
She will die for you, White Man.

Sanger stops.

BOHIKI
Will you, for her?

Sanger doesn't answer. Stands there for a moment. Uncertain.
Bohiki slowly shakes his head.

BOHIKI
Go now.

Bohiki CLAPS his hands. A TAINO WOMAN enters and gestures to the door. Sanger looks at Bohiki for a moment. Then, he exits.

Torres' gaze follows Sanger out the door. Eyes boring in like bullets.

Bohiki notices. They speak in Taino.

TORRES
Why do you trust him?

BOHIKI
Because your Father did.

He moves to Torres.

BOHIKI
Protect him. No matter what.

Torres shakes his head.

TORRES
I cannot.

BOHIKI
You must. And you will.
(beat)
His fate is joined to our own.

Torres looks away.

BOHIKI
Protect him. No matter the cost.

Torres turns. Looks at him.

TORRES
My Brother. My Father. Both dead-

BOHIKI
Do not let it be in vain.

Bohiki touches Torres on the shoulder.

BOHIKI
The Taino will not live forever.

He looks to the window. His eyes narrow.

BOHIKI
Like the Arawak. And the Carib. One
day, we shall be but memories.

He lowers his head knowingly.

BOHIKI
But if our memory remains...

He looks at Torres.

BOHIKI
Then, so do we.

Torres slumps sadly. Bohiki steps over. Gently raises his up his chin. Looks him in the eye.

BOHIKI
Do you understand?

Torres nods. A little unsure.

Bohiki takes the amulet and places it in Torres' hand. He closes his fist around it.

BOHIKI
The time has come.

Torres smiles slightly.

EXT. SINKHOLE - DAY

Ting Ting bathes. She's naked. Standing in water to her waist. Her clothes lying on rocks nearby.

She lowers herself below the surface. Disappears for a moment then

She stand back up. Wipes water from her eyes. Then, looks over her shoulder.

Sanger stands on the

EXT. ROCKS

Behind her. Watching.

She turns, covering her breasts with her arm. She's slender with delicate curves. Long hair, soaking wet, draped past her neck. Body covered in droplets of water.

For a very long moment, they stare at one another. Saying nothing at all. Then

SANGER

I can't swim.

She smiles.

TING TING

It no matter.

She lowers her arm. Revealing her breasts.

He removes his shirt. She steps forward. Each step revealing more of her to him.

He steps into the water. Grabs her. She gasps. He pulls her tighter. Pressing her body against his bare chest.

They kiss each other passionately. Hungrily.

EXT. CLIFFS - HIGH ABOVE SINKHOLE

BLACK GLOVED HANDS holding binoculars, watches them.

They lower. Zaroff stumbles backward. Eyes empty. A shattered look. He steadies himself against a tree. Ivan stands nearby. Silent.

He takes a few deep breaths. Then, eyes turn steely cold. He raises the binoculars. Leather CREAKING.

On the horizon, pillars of smoke rise up through the trees. Small huts near a river.

Zaroff sneers.

EXT. TAINO VILLAGE - DAY

Drums BEAT.

The village borders a river near a small bay. Their homes on the riverbank. Small cooking fires nearby.

A lot of activity. Taino Women move about, preparing a large meal. Simple skirts and body paint.

There's a very, large rectangular hut with several Taino Elders sitting on the porch.

The village is centered around a giant fire pit. Flames tower high. Nearby, an elaborate chair with intricate designs, waits empty.

Sanger and Ting Ting sit by the fire. Fascinated by her hair, Young Taino Girls giggle while braiding it.

Sanger watches. Smiles. She smiles back.

A group of Young Taino Boys kick a ball to each other. Bohiki watches. Smiling. BOY#1 kicks it past the others. It rolls past Bohiki and down a steep slope, disappearing behind a hut.

Boy#1 pursues the ball and Bohiki follows.

EXT. VILLAGE - BEHIND THE HUT

The ball rolls to a stop. Blocked by a horse's leg. Boy#1 reaches the ball as Bohiki rounds the corner to face

ZAROFF AND IVAN on horseback. Rifles over their shoulders. Bandoliers of ammo on their chests.

Zaroff smirks. Bohiki turns toward the village and

BOHIKI

ZAROFF!

Who draws a pistol from his hip and FIRES. The bullet strikes Bohiki in the chest. He falls unmoving. Boy #1 looks on. Frozen shock.

EXT. VILLAGE - AROUND THE FIRE

For a moment, no one moves. Worried Taino turn to each other. Another SHOT. Gasps. Women stand. Grab their children.

As the POUNDING of horses' hooves approach, Taino scatter in all directions.

Zaroff and Ivan appear from behind the hut. Weapons drawn.

Sanger quickly rises. Grabs Ting Ting's arm. Yanks her away. Fleeing.

Eyes afire, Zaroff SHOOTs. A Taino woman falls.

Rushing away, Sanger and Ting Ting run headlong into Torres who stops them.

TORRES

No! This way!

Sanger's flask drops from his pocket. He bends down to grab it. Torres tugs his arm.

TORRES

Leave it!

He pushes them in another direction and race off.

Zaroff and Ivan keep SHOOTING. Old men, woman and children. A massacre in cold blood.

EXT. VILLAGE EDGE - NEAR RIVER

Sanger, Ting Ting and Torres reach a pair of horses tied to trees. Torres quickly unties them to a volley of GUNSHOTS.

TORRES

You go! Now!

SANGER

(climbing aboard)

What about you-

TORRES

No time! Go! NOW!

He tosses the reigns to Sanger and helps Ting Ting on.

Sanger kicks his heels into the horse hard and they race off. Following the river.

EXT. ZAROFF

Spots them and points. Attracting Ivan's attention.

ZAROFF

There!

Zaroff and Ivan race after them in hot pursuit.

EXT. FIELD

Noticing Zaroff closing in, Sanger drives the horse faster. Ting Ting holds on for dear life.

The ground races past them. Bullets kicking up dirt. Sanger turns the horse but is cut off by a volley of SHOTS.

He tries to go in another direction, but is blocked by more SHOTS.

SANGER
He's driving us!

TING TING
Where?

SANGER
I don't know!

The chase continues. Bullets WHIZZING past.

Sanger suddenly turns the horse sharply toward the

EXT. JUNGLE

And plunges in. Following a rough, bumpy trail. Zaroff and Ivan follow.

More SHOTS. Sanger's horse careens along the trail. Galloping with long, loping strides. Trees and bushes pass at a dizzying speed.

CRACK! A bullet strikes Sanger's horse. It collapses. Throwing Ting Ting off. She screams, landing hard on her leg, twisting underneath. She cries out.

Sanger leaps off. Rolls away. Quickly, he notices Ting Ting and moves to her side. The horse thrashes nearby.

Sanger kneels down.

TING TING
Ankle...

SANGER
Let me see it.

He delicately touches it. She winces.

SANGER
Can you stand?

She tries to move. Gasps in pain. Shakes her head. Then, the BEATING of horse's hooves. Nearby.

TING TING

Leave me.

SANGER

No

TING TING

Please.

SANGER

I won't.

The BEATING of hooves getting LOUDER. Closer.

TING TING

If you stay, he kill both.

From her pocket, she takes the page torn from the atlas. She shoves it into Sanger's hand.

SANGER

I can't take this.

Her eyes plead with him.

TING TING

If you live...

She touches her hand to his cheek. Looking deeply into his eyes.

TING TING

So does Ting Ting.

He embraces her tightly. And she, him. She doesn't want to but she pulls away.

TING TING

GO!

He hesitates.

TING TING

GO!

He flees into the jungle as Zaroff and Ivan ride up. They dismount and Zaroff walks up to her. Pistol on his hip.

Sanger's horse flays on the ground and cries out. Zaroff looks over. Turns back to Ting Ting. Shakes his head.

ZAROFF

The greatest betrayal, is by those
we covet the most.

TING TING

You covet me no more.

The horse CRIES out.

Zaroff points the pistol. Ting Ting closes her eyes. So does Zaroff.

EXT. JUNGLE - A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY

Sanger runs. Suddenly, a GUNSHOT. Echoes across the jungle. He stops in his tracks. The jungle falls SILENT. He pauses for a moment. Lingers. Not sure what to do.

Then, he steels himself and keeps running.

Up ahead, sunlight trickles through a break in the trees. Sanger presses on. Pushing aside vines and branches. There's an odd ROARING sound.

Instantly, it gets brighter. But, it's not a clearing. Moving too fast he doesn't stop before slipping over the

EXT. CLIFF

At the waterfall's edge. Water ROARS into a tidal pool hundreds of feet below.

Sanger clings to the rocks. The sharp edges cutting his hands. His legs kick desperately, trying to find a foothold. He can't. Barely holding on. Struggling, he starts shaking.

He closes his eyes. Then, from above, pebbles fall atop his head. He opens his eyes. Looks up.

Zaroff stands over him at the cliff's edge. He leans over. Watching Sanger. Smiling.

ZAROFF

You could have tried to kill me
when you escaped. But you could
not.

He rubs his chin. He leans down. Just a little closer.

ZAROFF

You had to know.

SANGER

Know what?

He leans even lower. Smirking.

ZAROFF

Who is the better hunter.

He sniffs with satisfaction.

ZAROFF

And now, we do.

Zaroff extends his arm downward. Hand outstretched.

ZAROFF

Reach up.

Sanger doesn't move.

ZAROFF

Take it.

Sanger still doesn't move. He's sweaty. Shaking a lot.

ZAROFF

You cannot hold much longer. Take it.

Sanger looks down to water and rocks far below him. Obscured by mist.

ZAROFF

We rest. An hour or two. A head start. Then, we continue.

Sanger looks up. Breathes deeply. Looks down again. His fingers starting to slip from the rock. He looks back to Zaroff.

SANGER

The game's over General.

And lets go. Zaroff frowns disappointed as

EXT. SANGER

Plummets downward. Cliff speeding past. The water racing to greet him until he lands in the

EXT. TIDAL POOL

With a great SPLASH. The water moving fast and foamy. Surging between sharp rocks.

EXT. CLIFF TOP

Zaroff leans far over. Waiting for Sanger to reappear.

A moment passes. Sanger doesn't. Zaroff pick up his rifle and walks away from the edge.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

The river's mouth. A body lies in the sand. Unmoving. Tattered khaki clothing. Soaking wet. A moment later, a groan. The lifeless body stirs. Looks up.

It's Sanger. He looks like hell. Squinting in the bright sun. O.S., a horse WHINNIES.

Sanger looks over. Torres stands there. A horse nearby. He's haggard but manages a slight smile.

TORRES

You alive Sanger Rainsford.

Sanger tries to sit up.

SANGER

Where's everyone else?

He looks down and shakes his head. Then, looks over his shoulder. Sanger does too. Several columns of black smoke rise skyward.

EXT. TAINO VILLAGE - DAY

Fires CRACKLE. Huts smoulder. Bodies lie everywhere. Some in the huts. Others in the courtyard. Even the animals have been slaughtered.

Torres scrounges. Looking through charred pots. Containers. Bows. Arrows. Stone tools. He arranges them in piles.

TORRES

We take canoe. To next island. Ship come. Take us off.

He looks at Sanger. Who's not paying attention

TORRES
If we lucky.

SANGER
(quietly)
Great hunters don't believe in
luck.

For a moment, Sanger stares at the tattered and torn page from the atlas Ting Ting gave him. Then

SANGER
We're not leaving.

Torres looks at Sanger quizzically.

TORRES
Nothing here now. Father dead.
Brother dead. Taino dead.

He hesitates. Looking at the horrific scene. Pauses. Then

TORRES
All but me.

He looks at Sanger harshly.

TORRES
If I die, Taino die with me.

Sanger moves to Torres.

SANGER
Torres. It's not how we die that
matters. It's how we live.

Sanger looks off. To the mountain in the distance.

SANGER
Your Father reminded me of that.

Torres touches Jibarro's amulet, now around his neck.

TORRES
Zaroff powerful. Many guns.

SANGER
I know.

Sanger touches Torres on the shoulder.

SANGER
I've run all my life.

And looks away.

SANGER
I can't anymore.

Looking back.

SANGER
And neither can you.

Sanger draws the hunting knife from the scabbard. Holds it up in front of Torres.

SANGER
Blood for blood, Torres.

Torres nods.

SANGER
Blood for blood.

EXT. YACHT - UPPER DECK - DAY

The yacht sails on calm seas. Magnus stands at the bow. Binoculars cover his eyes. He lowers them. A excited look.

MAGNUS
Captain? Mr. Whitney?

A moment later, both appear on the bridge.

MAGNUS
You need to see this.

Quickly, they cross the deck and stand at Magnus' shoulder.

WHITNEY
What is it?

Magnus points. Hands Whitney the binoculars. He raises them. Through the binoculars, Whitney SEES the island. Columns of

MAGNUS (O.S.)
Smoke. A lot of it.

Rise above dark jungle. Whitney lowers the binoculars. Turns to Nielsen.

WHITNEY
Head for it.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Whitney, Nielsen and Magnus search. Finding the same carnage as Sanger and Torres did.

Magnus notices something. Bends down. Pick it up. Walks hurriedly to Whitney.

MAGNUS

Mr. Whitney?

He holds up the object.

MAGNUS

I found this.

Whitney and Nielsen inspect it. The silver flask. Whitney's eyes light up. He takes it from Magnus.

Nielsen steps closer to Whitney.

NIELSEN

It's not proof he's alive.

WHITNEY

No. But, it proves we can't stop looking. And alive or dead, we're going to find him.

Whitney walks further on. Looking left and right.

WHITNEY

We'll hug the coast. Maybe he's looking for us.

NIELSEN

Mr. Whitney. The fuel-

WHITNEY

Forget the fuel Captain.

He looks directly at Nielsen.

WHITNEY

We're going to find him.

He turns. Walks back toward the dingy on the beach. Grudgingly, Nielsen and Magnus follow.

INT. ZAROFF'S MANSION - TING TING'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Ting Ting lays motionless on her bed. Wearing a colorful, Chinese dress. Hands clasped on her chest. Eyes closed.

Zaroff stands at the foot of the bed. Watching her. Then

ZAROFF
Love me well. A little love. The
kind that suits me.

He moves around the bed.

ZAROFF
To a tenderness that barely touches
and yet is as deep as the sky.

Slowly, approaches her.

ZAROFF
Or as the sea's wave.

He wipes his brow. Looks at her, lying there lifeless. Then,
he removes his glove and tenderly reaches out to touch her.
His fingers linger above her flesh when

TING TING
Do not touch me.

Zaroff's hand freezes.

TING TING
That song. I hate it.

She opens her eyes. Zaroff smiles.

ZAROFF
But you remember the words.

TING TING
Words mean nothing.

She looks at him.

TING TING
From man like you.

Zaroff frowns.

EXT. FORT WALL

Ivan patrols the top of the fortress wall. Looking out to
sea. Notices a dark object approaching. On the horizon.
Distant.

Raises binoculars. It's the yacht approaching. He lowers them
and

Quickly, moves to a bell mounted on a post. He pulls on the cord. DING. DONG. DING. DONG. DING. DONG.

INT. MANSION - TING TING'S ROOM

HEARING the bell, Zaroff steps to the window. SEES Ivan pointing out to sea. Zaroff nods.

ZAROFF

My next quarry is about to arrive.

He makes for the door. Stopping to lift the bedsheet revealing a chain. One shackle attached to the bed post. The other to Ting Ting's ankle.

He JIGGLES it. Makes sure it's secure.

ZAROFF

Can't be too trusting.

He stares at her coldly. Then, Exits. SLAMMING the door behind him. The JIGGLING of keys and the CLICKING of locks.

Ting Ting looks to the door.

TING TING

No. You cannot.

A hairpin, hidden in her mouth appears between her lips she moves to the shackle and inserts it into the lock.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - DUSK

Ivan enters and climbs the circular staircase to the top. Panting at every step. He pushes up a hatch and enters the

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - LAMP ROOM

It's a glass encased room with a view in every direction. Lightning flashes in the black sky. Ivan moves to a control panel on the wall and pulls a switch.

The electronics turn on with a GROWLING HUM.

Out to sea, the channel lights flicker to life.

INT. YACHT - BRIDGE

Reinhold mans the helm. Nielsen and Magnus stand ready. Alert.

EXT. YACHT - BOW

Whitney stands at the bow, watching the island through binoculars.

He looks skyward. The moon is obscured behind dark clouds. Only the staccato flashes of heat lightning provide any illumination.

Then, up ahead. He spots the channel lights. He points.

WHITNEY

Look! There!

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - CATWALK

Ivan watches the yacht approach.

Just then, an OBJECT moves swiftly near the jungle edge, along the wall of the fort. Catching his eye, he turns.

EXT. JUNGLE'S EDGE

A horse sprints along the treeline.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - CATWALK

With a quizzical look, Ivan heads back inside.

EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

He rushes toward the main gate.

EXT. JUNGLE - DUSK

Torres hunkers down behind a fallen tree trunk. Holding a bow. A quiver of arrows slung over his back. NOISES nearby.

Torres lifts himself up slightly. Peering over the top of the tree trunk. He looks around.

A pair of gigantic legs appear behind him. Torres looks over his shoulder.

Ivan stands there. Smiling. Pointing a revolver. He CLICKS the hammer into place. Pressing the trigger when

VIIIPPP! An arrow pierces his hand. He drops the revolver grasps his hand in agony. Drops to one knee. Looks over.

Sanger stands there. Holding a bow. Camouflaged in mud from head to toe. An icy stare.

He draws a second arrow from the quiver. Places it on the arrow rest. Knocks it into place. Raises the bow and slowly, takes aim.

He draws back the string. Holds it steady. Pointed right at Ivan.

Ivan knows. He turns and runs toward the mansion. Mute, he is unable to raise the alarm.

Sanger lets go and the bow slices through the air, striking Ivan in the upper thigh.

He drops to one leg. Crying out in a silent scream.

VIIIPPP! Another arrow ZIPS through the air. Striking him in the back. He falls forward. Sprawled on the jungle floor. Unmoving.

Torres watches in silent shock. Sanger walks up.

SANGER

No matter what happens.

THUNDER RUMBLES. Echoing through the jungle. Torres looks up. Sanger's eyes fierce and focused. Body taut. Lethal.

SANGER

Stay here.

EXT. FORT WALL - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

Where Zaroff stands. Peering into the jungle. Searching in the darkening light.

ZAROFF

Ivan!

No answer. Up above,

EXT. MANSION - TING TING'S BEDROOM - BALCONY

Ting Ting quietly opens the door and steps out. Zaroff stands below. Staring into the jungle. She follows his gaze.

A great flash of lightning. Lights up the landscape for a moment. Long enough for both to SEE

EXT. JUNGLE'S EDGE

Ivan lashed to a tree. Head lolling to one side. Eyes lifeless. Displayed for them.

INTERCUT: EXT. TING TING'S BALCONY/EXT. MAIN GATE

It's unmistakable.

TING TING

Sanger...

ZAROFF

Rainsford.

Zaroff turns. Fleeing quickly into the

INT. MANSION - FOYER

SLAMMING the door behind him. Locking the bolts. Races down the hall.

INT. MANSION - DRAWING ROOM

Zaroff enters. Moves to a cabinet. Throws open drawers. Takes out a revolver. Loads it.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY OUTSIDE TING TING'S ROOM

A CLICK. The door opens a crack. She SILENTLY steps into the hall. Walks along it. From a table, she picks up a candlestick and keeps walking.

INT. MANSION - DRAWING ROOM

Zaroff finishes loading the gun. CLICKING the cylinder home. Placing it in the holster. Slings his sword over his back. A THUNDERCLAP. Suddenly, the room goes dark.

INTERCUT: INT. MANSION - HALLWAY/DRAWING ROOM

The hall goes black. Ting Ting stops. Looks around.

Zaroff looks at long shadows from the windows. Many flashes of lightning. Objects appear cloaked in darkness one minute and then in a flash appear. Only to be swallowed by darkness again.

Ting Ting keeps walking. The floorboards CREAK.

Zaroff looks up to the ceiling. HEARING the NOISE overhead. Another flash of lightening. Something at the window catches Zaroff's attention.

Someone's there. But, it's dark. Hard to tell who.

Zaroff points his gun. Finger on the trigger. Another violent burst of lightening, punctuated by THUNDER, blinding Zaroff for a moment.

He blinks. Looks at the window. No one's there.

He steps to the window pressing his face to the glass. Still he SEES no one.

O.S., the CRASH of glass SHATTERING in another room.

Zaroff quickly exits.

INT. MANSION - STUDY

Zaroff enters, pistol drawn. A broken window. Shards of glass lie on the floor.

Zaroff quickly moves to the desk. Picks up an oil lamp. Lights it. Shines it around the room.

Wet footprints on the ground. Heading toward the hallway.

Zaroff follows them.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY

Zaroff enters. The oil lamp basks the room in dim light. Lots of long shadows and dark corners. Just visible.

The wet, muddy footprints. Tracked across the room. Disappearing behind.

Curtains that billow slightly by the window.

Zaroff smiles. He places the oil lamp down on a side table.

Stepping forward cautiously, he draws his gun. Pointing it at the curtain. Reaching it, he instantly pulls it back to reveal

A blank wall. Nothing else. Behind him, a floorboard CREAKS. He turns.

Sanger stands there. Covered in mud. Barely visible. He shoves Zaroff against the wall. Pinning him. The hunting knife at his throat. Zaroff cannot move.

SANGER
This little game of yours
General...

Thunder RUMBLES. Lightening flashes.

SANGER
I'm starting to like it.

The gun CLATTERS to the floor.

A CREAK behind them. Sanger turns to find

SANGER
Ting Ting.

She smiles. Leans against the doorframe. He lowers the knife from Zaroff's throat ever so slightly. But, he doesn't notice Zaroff's eyes dart over to the fireplace poker.

TING TING
I knew you would come.

Sanger smiles back. Relieved. Zaroff's hand nears the poker. His hand reaching. Closer and closer.

Quickly, he grasps it. Raises it. SMACKS it against the side of Sanger's head.

TING TING
Oh!

Sanger falls backward. CRASHES into a table, SMASHING beneath him.

The oil lamp falls to the ground. SHATTERS. Ignites. Oil spills on the carpet leading a trail of flame to

The curtains. They catch quickly. Going up with a WHOOSH.

Ting Ting cries out.

Zaroff draws his sword. Raises it over his head. Swinging at Sanger, prone on the floor.

At the last moment, he notices Zaroff's charge. The blade striking downward. He rolls to the side. Dodging. The blade strikes the floor.

Sanger grabs a table leg. WHACKS Zaroff's arm, who cries out. Then, he SMACKS Zaroff's knee. Zaroff staggers backward.

Sanger tries to rise. Zaroff recovers. Kicks Sanger in the gut.

Zaroff attacks. Hitting sanger with several punches. Sanger counters with his own.

The fire leaps from the curtains to the wall. The room catching fire. Becoming awash with flames.

Ting Ting notices.

TING TING

Oh no!

Sanger and Zaroff don't. Still bashing each other.

Sanger headbutts Zaroff. He tumbles backwards. Another table spills. A glass ashtray SHATTERS on the floor.

Zaroff quickly gains the upper hand. Forcing Sanger against the wall.

The flames spread all over the room. Lots of smoke. Sanger and Zaroff cough as they strike blows.

Ting Ting remembers the candlestick in her hand. She moves across the room. Limping to where Sanger and Zaroff struggle.

She reaches back and HITS Zaroff with the candlestick. Grazing his head and striking his shoulder.

He turns and SMACKS Ting Ting.

She flies across the room. Falling to the ground. She cries out in pain. Hitting the floor.

Ting Ting notices the shards of broken glass. One is long. Sharp. Like the blade of a knife.

She looks over to Zaroff. Grabbing Sanger's throat. Choking him. Pushing toward a flaming bookcase.

He presses Sanger's shoulder against the flames. Sanger cries out.

Ting Ting picks up the glass shard. Hobbles toward Zaroff. She raises it to strike.

Sanger notices her approach. Zaroff turns. Alerted by Sanger's look.

But, it's too late. She stabs him in the shoulder as he spins to face her.

He HITS her. Knocks her to the ground.

Zaroff pulls the glass from his arm when Sanger charges. Dumps him over the back of a couch. Falls backward. Directly into

The flaming curtains. Zaroff falls against them and he catches fire. He screams. Raises his hands protectively to his face.

Zaroff falls. Flames all around him. LICKING at his tunic. Consuming him. He screams. Then, becomes still.

Sanger moves to Ting Ting. They embrace. The fire has now engulfed the room. Coughing, he picks her up in his arms and carries her out.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Sanger exits carrying Ting Ting away from the mansion as fire ravages it. A window BLOWS OUT. Ting Ting screams.

They collapse nearby. Suddenly, she turns to Sanger.

TING TING

The ship.

SANGER

A ship? Where?

They get up.

TING TING

Lights make ship, crash into rock.

Sanger looks toward the lighthouse.

SANGER

Come on.

She nods. Puts her arm around his neck. They head off.

EXT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

Sanger and Ting Ting arrive at the lighthouse door. He props her against the wall.

SANGER

Wait here.

She nods. Sanger opens the door and enters the

INT. LIGHTHOUSE

As a hatch opens in the floor with a SQUEAK.

Sanger enters the darkened room. There's a narrow catwalk outside. Surrounded by an iron guardrail. The sea and rocks far below.

He climbs up and stands at the glass. Looking out to sea.

There's a series of lights marking a channel. Which leads to a breakwater, lined with sharp rocks.

He turns. Notices a control panel nearby.

EXT. THE YACHT

Heads directly for it.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - MAIN ENTRANCE

Ting Ting does not HEAR the FOOTSTEPS. She turns at the last minute to have a smoking BLACK LEATHER GLOVE SMACK her face.

She falls to the ground. Knocked out.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - LAMP ROOM

Sanger stands at the control panel. His eyes darting across numerous switches, buttons and a pair of handles. The controls are old. Marked with faded lettering.

One handle marked: B__ OYS. Sanger pulls the handle.

EXT. THE YACHT - THE BRIDGE

As the seas rise, the channel lights ahead dim and go dark. Nielsen turns to Magnus, who's on the helm.

NIELSEN

Steady.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - LAMP ROOM

Sanger moves around the control panel and looks out to sea. The yacht still visible. But, getting closer to the rock.

ZAROFF (O.S.)
It is called the Shashka.

Sanger turns.

Zaroff stands there. Holding his sword. Uniform and face blackened. Hair singed. Clothes burned. Face blackened. Blistered. An ugly sight.

He holds the sword out toward Sanger. Slowly, Zaroff walks to the control panel. Throws the switch marked B__YS.

INT. YACHT - BRIDGE

Magnus points. The feint lights of the channel become visible again.

MAGNUS
There it is.

NIELSEN
Steady on course.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

Zaroff circles. Preparing to strike.

ZAROFF
They say there is no sword sharper.

Sanger looks over at the control panel. A rusty switch is marked: MAIN.

Zaroff readies himself. Sanger steps to his right. Moving in front of the control pane. Blocking the switch marked, MAIN from Zaroff's sight.

ZAROFF
I think I will enjoy your head the most.

He gives Sanger a wild look.

ZAROFF
On my wall.

And leaps forward to strike.

Sanger moves for the switch. Pulls it. Closes his eyes. The lighthouse lamp comes alive, bright as a hundred Roman candles. It cuts through the night.

Blinded, Zaroff lowers his sword. Stumbles backward.

Sanger charges. Driving zaroff backwards through the glass cupola. Shattering the panes with a CRASH.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - CATWALK - NIGHT

It's a close quarter's battle.

Zaroff tumbles backward against the rusty railing. Recovers. Sanger charges. Zaroff punches him with his sword hand. Spins Sanger around. BANGS into the cupola.

Zaroff strikes him again. Sanger falls backward. Into the railing. Striking the metal with a groan.

Zaroff lashes at him with his sword. Sanger dodges. The razor sharp blade strikes the rail with a CLANG and some sparks.

EXT. YACHT

Carries on towards the buoys. Ploughing through heavy seas.

EXT. YACHT - BRIDGE

Nielsen turns to Magnus.

NIELSEN

Use the foghorn. See if we can hail
'em.

Magnus nods. Over his head, he presses a button on panel. The low and deep MOAN of the horn follows.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - CATWALK

Zaroff looks over his shoulder. Distracted by the foghorn. Long enough for Sanger to kick swiftly at Zaroff's knee.

Zaroff stumbles backward. Sanger charges. But, Zaroff HITS him with a sharp left cross. Sanger staggers. Zaroff slashes him with the sword. Catching him across the torso.

Zaroff swipes at him again but Sanger dodges. Zaroff HITS him with the pommel. Sends Sanger reeling. Cuts his lip and face.

Zaroff moves to strike Sanger again, raising his arm. Sanger grabs him. Shoves his arm backward toward the cupola.

With brute strength, he pushes Zaroff into a large sliver of glass. Zaroff cries out.

Zaroff head butts Sanger. Sending him tumbling against the railing.

The metal gives away with a CREAK and GROAN. Nearly sends Sanger over the edge into the sea below.

He grasps the railing. Pulls on it. It CREAKS. Flaky, rusted metal. It separates from the railing. Now, Sanger holds a long metal bar. He has a weapon.

EXT. YACHT - BOW

Whitney looks through the binoculars. Straining to SEE. Through the darkness, he can't quite make out the dark objects looming in the yacht's path.

It carries on, pitching in rough seas. Closing in on the channel.

The lighthouse beam passes over the area. Whitney notice OBJECTS in the water ahead.

Wooden poles jut like trees from the water. There's a lot of debris floating around.

Another long flash. Whitney SEES masts poking from ships run aground, just beneath the water's surface. Sails tattered and holed. Dozens. Maybe hundreds. All types and sizes.

WHITNEY

My God! It is a graveyard.

The wrecks trap the yacht. Penning it in. Unable to maneuver.

Whitney turns back over his shoulder.

WHITNEY

Hold your course Captain! For God's sake!

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - CATWALK

The duel continues. Sanger with his metal railing. Zaroff with his sword.

Sanger dodges Zaroff who stumbles forward off balance. Sanger clamps his arm in a hold. He SMASHES it with the metal bar. Zaroff cries out. Drops his sword.

He punches Sanger with his free hand. Sanger drops the bar on the ground with a CLANG. Sanger spins Zaroff around and ends up behind him. Holding his arm up behind his back.

Sanger twists Zaroff's arm to the breaking point. Zaroff head butts Sanger with the back of his head. Once. Twice. A third time. Drawing blood from Sanger's nose.

Stunned, Sanger falls backward. The foghorn MOANS again.

Zaroff looks over.

The Yacht moves closer to the rocks.

Zaroff ducks inside the

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - LAMP ROOM

And dashes to the control panel. He throws a switch.

The light beam stops rotating. Goes dark.

EXT. THE CHANNEL LIGHTS

Flicker and shine again. Leading the yacht closer to peril.

EXT. YACHT - BRIDGE

Nielsen notices. Turns to Magnus.

NIELSEN

There's the channel. Head for it.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - LAMP ROOM

Sanger leaps onto Zaroff's back. They tumble to the floor.

A sharp elbow to the gut. Sanger rolls back.

Stumbles through the broken window and onto the

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - CATWALK

And doubles over. Zaroff leaps on him. Pinning him down with his knees. Clenching his gloved hands around his throat. Squeezing the life out of him.

Sanger's eyes bulge. He turns red. Then, blue. Unable to catch his breath. He won't last much longer.

From the corner of his eye, he notices something. An OBJECT dark and thin, being swung at Zaroff.

It HITS the General on the back of the neck. Stunning him.

He looks over.

Ting Ting holds the long, metal rod from the railing. Raising it over her head. She swings it again Striking Zaroff across the back. He tumbles off Sanger.

Zaroff tries to stand. He's wobbly. Ting Ting swings it once more. Catching him on the temple. He drops to his knees. Keels over.

Ting Ting collapses from the effort. Sanger quickly moves to her. Scoops her up. Embraces her. They kiss, as he holds her in his arms.

O.S., a CLICK. They open their eyes. Turn to face Zaroff standing there. Pointing a revolver at them. Blood oozing from his nose and ears.

ZAROFF

You were, Mr. Rainsford...

Sanger shoves Ting Ting behind him protectively.

ZAROFF

Truly the most dangerous game.

He points the revolver at Sanger's head. Presses the trigger. VIIIIPPP! BLAM?

Sanger reacts to the pistol shot. Covering his mid-section.

Zaroff stands there. Still pointing the gun at Sanger. Smoke spiralling from the barrel. He looks down.

A crude arrowhead drips blood. Protruding from his chest. He looks over

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - LAMP ROOM

Torres stands near the hatch. Holding a bow. Shaking a little.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE CATWALK

Zaroff's instantly breathless. Staggeres. First to one side. Then backwards. He looks to Ting Ting. Then to Sanger.

His eyes become dark. Lifeless. He falls against the rail. Rolls backward over it. Plummets headfirst toward the

EXT. SEA

Far below. Landing with a SPLASH. Disappearing beneath huge waves, CRASHING against rocks. The tides recede. But, Zaroff is gone.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE

Sanger and Ting Ting embrace once again. Sanger turns to Torres and nods. Torres nods back.

The distant MOAN of the foghorn.

TING TING

The ship!

Sanger looks out to sea. The yacht nearly on the rocks.

Quickly, he dashes into the

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - LAMP ROOM

And stand at the control panel. First, he throws the switch marked BYS. Then, throws the switch marked, MASTER. The lighthouse light comes alive with a hum. Sweeping across the night sky.

EXT. YACHT - BOW

The channel lights go dark.

Whitney watches as the beam catches the yacht in its bright finger. Turns the area to daylight. An instant later, it passes.

But, the beam also sweeps over the jagged rocks ahead. Directly into the yacht's path.

Whitney turns toward the bridge.

WHITNEY

ROCKS! DEAD AHEAD!

INT. YACHT - BRIDGE

Nielsen grabs the binoculars. The rocks are close. Too close.

He turns to Magnus. Lips pursed.

NIELSEN

Hard a port!

Magnus throws the wheel hard over to the right. It spins rapidly and stops with a THUD.

MAGNUS

Hard over!

EXT. THE YACHT

Begins turning. Painfully slow.

The rocks are large. Drawing closer by the second.

The bow's not turning quickly enough.

INT. YACHT - BRIDGE

Nielsen pulls the throttle control. A desperate tug.

NIELSEN

Starboard ahead full! Reverse port!

The bow about to CRUNCH the jagged rocks when

EXT. THE YACHT

Turns. The bow creeps left but at the last moment, it clears the breakwater. Passing it by mere inches.

INT. YACHT - BRIDGE

Nielsen and Magnus breath great sighs of relief.

EXT. YACHT - BOW

Whitney wipes sweat from his forehead. Looks toward the island.

In the distance, a trio of figures are silhouetted in the beam of the lighthouse.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

Anchored in the placid waters of a lagoon. Sanger, Ting Ting and Torres huddle together on deck. Swathed in blankets. Exhausted.

Whitney stands nearby. A moment later, he steps toward them.

Holds up the flask. Hands it to Sanger, who smiles. Whitney smiles back.

WHITNEY

Where now?

Sanger looks at Ting Ting and Torres. They look at each another. Hold each other tighter.

SANGER

Take us home, Whit.

Whitney nods. Turns to Nielsen, standing near the bridge.

NIELSEN

Mr. Magnus. Come about. Both ahead full.

The ship's bell CHIMES. GONG. GONG. GONG. The engines RUMBLE to life. The yacht guides slowly toward open sea. The sun shines. It's a new day.

FADE OUT.