

BROTHERS AND KINGS

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH (1527) - DAY

Three dozen starved Spanish SOLDIERS growl and spit. They stagger with a defeated lean. They watch an empty shore.

Sand covers their filthy torn rags. Sweat pours down from their bitter, weather beaten faces.

A young soldier, SARDINA, 20, hungry but hopeful, peers over to the crashing waves. Sand sifts through his hand.

SARDINA (V.O.)

Two years of wandering and we ended
up where we started. That
godforsaken beach. Old Francisco
and his dream.

Their leader, FRANCISCO PIZARRO, 40, beyond beaten but resolved, stands and mutters to himself. He gazes inland.

Brisk winds whip about, but it does not deter Francisco's demented concentration. His mouth hangs open.

SARDINA (V.O.)

Lands of gold. Treasures beyond
measure. It was the reason we left
Spain in the first place. We
followed him because we dreamed the
same dream. He couldn't let go...
Nor could I.

ESCOBAR, a short, wiry soldier, sits by Sardina. They share a glance. They concentrate on Francisco.

ESCOBAR

Poor bastard's finally lost it.
Promises. The nightmare continues.

Escobar stares a bit to the jungle and its interior. He immediately gets back to his senses.

Sardina, however, gives into the heavy trance of the jungle. His eyes widen. His face obsessed. Sweat mixed with tears.

ESCOBAR

What do you see, Sardina?

SARDINA

Dreams.

ESCOBAR
 Dreams. Ha... Dreams.

Escobar exits. Sardina continues to stare. Night falls on the island of misery.

EXT. INLAND - DAY

Another bright hot morning. Escobar awakens with sand in his lips. He peers into the ocean.

He rubs his eyes, stops, looks again and shudders. He dashes out to get a closer look.

ESCOBAR
 Oh, thank God!

In the distance, a ship blusters in from sea: a rescue ship. The men rush to shore.

EXT. SHORE - DAY

The men cheer and feverishly swim out to climb on board. Some trip over themselves in haste. The ship sets anchor.

More men pile onto the boat, including Escobar. They shout out and cry in celebration.

SOLDIER 1 (O.S.)
 Food!

SOLDIER 2 (O.S.)
 Bread!

SOLDIER 1 (O.S.)
 Wine! Wine!!

SOLDIER 2 (O.S.)
 Jesus! God Almighty! We're saved!

Twelve men, including Sardina, stand halfway between the ship and Francisco.

Francisco reaches the edge of the sand. He staggers towards them. Sardina studies him. Another trance settles in.

SARDINA (V.O.)
 I saw something. I still don't know what it was. Pizarro saw it too. We weren't meant to understand.

Francisco stares at the ship for the final time. He focuses his attention to the men on the sand.

FRANCISCO
Comrades! Friends!

The men on the boat jeer. They holler and shout at Francisco, berating him endlessly with curses and swears.

SOLDIER 1 (O.S.)
Screw you, Pizarro!

SOLDIER 2 (O.S.)
He's a butcher!

SOLDIER 3 (O.S.)
A savage!

SOLDIER 1 (O.S.)
We should have killed you when we had the chance! Get us out of here! Let's go!

The men on the sand say nothing. Francisco treks several paces. He stops, right before the shore. Water foams to his boots. He smiles.

FRANCISCO
Comrades. Have you forgotten why we've come? Why we left Spain? You weren't forced here. It was a choice. Each is his own man, and still is. Each had a choice. It's the same choice now. To be kings or paupers. There's an empire waiting for you, boys. It's yours.

SOLDIER 2 (O.S.)
You've said that two years ago, Pizarro! There's nothing here! You can only fool us once!

FRANCISCO
You're quite right. There is nothing here. We've been on the wrong course for quite some time. Further south. It can only be there.

Francisco points south and draws out his sword. He points to the interior. The men glare.

ESCOBAR
Not this routine. Not again.

FRANCISCO

Brave Castilians. You have a choice.

Francisco drags his sword across. He draws a line in the sand. The men stand puzzled.

FRANCISCO

This side of the line, the one you're on now, is full of safety and comfort. A life of ease. This side of the line, the one I'm on, is filled with terror and starvation. And Death. Stay on your side, you'll go back to Panama, but you'll be poor. Cross over to this side, you'll be rich beyond your wildest dreams. What will it be, brave Castilians? It's only blood.

Francisco gazes. He extends his hand again. The twelve men on the sand do not move. Finally, a voice cries out from the boat.

SOLDIER 1 (O.S.)

Go to hell, Pizarro!

Francisco draws his sword back into his cloak. The men look at each other. They look to the boat.

Amazingly, eleven men come forward and cross the line. Sardina remains the only one left.

Francisco locks eyes with him. With great hesitation, Sardina staggers to the line. Francisco grins.

The line, smudged with footprints, stares Sardina in the face. Sardina stands right before it. Escobar shouts.

ESCOBAR

Sardina?! Why?! You fool! What is there left to see?

SARDINA

Plenty, Escobar.

ESCOBAR

What?

SARDINA

God.

Sardina crosses the line. He puts on his heavy steel helmet, The others follow suit. Francisco nods.

The ship sets sail and departs from shore. Francisco and his twelve men march inland towards a setting sun.

EXT. RIVER BED (PERU) - DAY

Two Incas stride towards the edge of the river with spears in their hands. They cross into the massive jungle.

APAWALTA, the Inca ruler, 35 stout and lively, looks to the river. He's dressed in a silken cloak made from bat-skins.

His half brother, MANCO, 25, scrawny and timid, looks to the river and the mist. He shivers.

Apawalta bends over, sticks his spear into the water, and retrieves a fish. He tosses it into a basket. The wind picks up.

Apawalta holds an Aguaje, an egg-shaped yellow fruit. He takes a hardy bite.

APAWALTA

You're trembling, Manco. Why?

MANCO

There's something...

APAWALTA

Something? It rains, brother.

MANCO

No. I've spoken with the shaman.

APAWALTA

What did he say?

MANCO

They're coming.

APAWALTA

The spirits?

MANCO

Yes. You don't feel it, Apawalta?

APAWALTA

I feel it. I feel it quite well.

Apawalta takes another bite, smiles and heads off. Manco stays and stares to the jungle's end.

Another brisk wind blows through the mighty trees. Clouds

churn from gray to black.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Francisco and his twelve men slash their way amongst dense jungle canopy. Languished and starved, their pace retards.

SARDINA (V.O.)

Months passed. We finally reached a familiar coast. But we needed more than 13 to conquer an empire. We needed allies. Brothers.

EXT. SHORE - DAY

A hundred yards away, Francisco's brothers: JUAN, GONZALO, and HERNANDO PIZARRO march inland.

Francisco shouts and rushes towards them. Tears stream down his eyes. Incredulous, he embraces them all.

FRANCISCO

Hernando. Gonzalo. Juan.
Brothers...My brothers.

They stare long and hard at each other. Juan hands Francisco a jug of wine.

FRANCISCO

What did you find?

EXT. SHORE - NIGHT

The four Pizarro brothers sit by a dying fire. A heavy chest full of gold rests besides them.

Francisco examines the immense pounds of gold. His brothers grin. Francisco does the same.

GONZALO

I thought you were very foolish,
Francisco, but you were finally
right this time.

FRANCISCO

I never doubted you, Gonzalo. Where
did you find it? South?

GONZALO

Yes. South. There's more.

FRANCISCO

What do you think, Hernando?

HERNANDO

There's no question. The rumors were all true. Balboa was right. It's here. I still can't believe it.

FRANCISCO

Believe it, brother. Don't feel shame. What about the river?

GONZALO

That remains hidden for the moment. Perhaps on the other side of the mountain.

FRANCISCO

If there's a river, there's a city.

GONZALO

It could just be a river.

FRANCISCO

Yes, Gonzalo. But we'll never know until we find it.

Gonzalo grimaces. Juan remains silent. Hernando points at the Native Huáscars who are chained and sit at a nearby fire.

HERNANDO

We found these too. The Huáscars. They all speak Quechuan. And they all hate the Inca.

FRANCISCO

Fine people.

GONZALO

We need more men.

FRANCISCO

I know.

GONZALO

How are we going to get them?

FRANCISCO

There's one man who can help us.

GONZALO

Almagro?

FRANCISCO

Who else?

HERNANDO
Dealing with the devil again?

FRANCISCO
He has good rates.

HERNANDO
I thought he died.

FRANCISCO
No. He left Panama when we did.

GONZALO
I don't trust him at all. He's as
cut throat as they come.

FRANCISCO
He's been my business partner for
fifteen years for that reason and
that reason alone. But he has what
we need. He's not Jesus, but he'll
do.

Francisco takes another bite of his meal: boiled potatoes.
He relishes each bite.

FRANCISCO
What do they call this food?

HERNANDO
They call it "Papa".

FRANCISCO
It's delicious.

Francisco stares at Juan, who sits closest to the fire. His
eyes study the dying flame.

FRANCISCO
How about you Juan? What do you
think?

Juan turns his stare to a trinket of gold. He holds it up to
the flame.

FRANCISCO
Ha. Juan was always the smartest.
He says nothing and expects less.

JUAN
There's more.

EXT. SHORE - DAY

Sardina examines a golden trinket in his hands. He looks back and stares deep into the dense jungle.

SARDINA (V.O.)
A city in speech. That's all it was. But it kept us alive. At least for the moment.

Two ships land on shore. The men unload. Their helmets shinier but well worn.

And there waiting with fifty of his men, stands DIEGO DE ALMAGRO, 40, lean and stern.

His son, DIEGO JR, the splitting image of him, twenty years younger and a little shorter, accompanies him.

SARDINA (V.O.)
So came Almagro and his men. They were as baffled as us when they landed. Finally enough fools to warrant such a travesty.

EXT. INLAND - DAY

Francisco greets Almagro with a grand, drunken smile.

FRANCISCO
Almagro. My good friend. How are you?

ALMAGRO
I'm alive.

FRANCISCO
And your son?

ALMAGRO
Diego? He's alive. Quite alive.

FRANCISCO
Please to hear.

ALMAGRO
You beg cunningly, Francisco.

Almagro reaches into his pocket and retrieves a letter.

FRANCISCO
My father used to say, "Beg wisely, but borrow at will."

ALMAGRO

Sharp advice. This letter I received. Help me make sense of it.

FRANCISCO

We need your help. Just this last time. I beg of you. I hope you don't mind.

ALMAGRO

Mind? Ah, yes mind. I wonder about minds. Yours in particular. I knew it once. What happen to it? Oh, yes. It's in hiding. It forgot to pay its debts.

FRANCISCO

I see I can no longer beg.

ALMAGRO

No, you can't.

FRANCISCO

But as for borrow? Well.

ALMAGRO

Well? Well, what?

Francisco opens his hand. Almagro accepts a heap of gold payment.

FRANCISCO

Well?

ALMAGRO

I expect more certainly.

FRANCISCO

Certainly.

ALMAGRO

So it is, Pizarro. What do you need this time?

FRANCISCO

What I've always needed. Men and horses.

ALMAGRO

How about food?

FRANCISCO

We'll take that too.

ALMAGRO

What do you think you're going to find here?

FRANCISCO

A city.

ALMAGRO

A city? Ha. I loved that rumor. I almost forgot about it. Heard it about 5 years ago when I joined you and Balboa. Here in hell.

FRANCISCO

There's no telling what we can gain from these people.

ALMAGRO

From these savages?

FRANCISCO

They are not savages. At least not all of them. They are great people. In great numbers. Who live in a great city. Keep that in mind.

Francisco puts another handful of gold in Almagro's hand. Almagro sneers and puts the gold in his chest pocket.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

The Spanish finish unloading. A dozen Native allies greet their Spanish masters with a fish in each hand.

Sardina sees a familiar face in the crowd, his old captain from Spain, HERNANDO DESOTO, - thirty, shrewd and handsome. Sardina rushes out.

SARDINA

Captain Soto!

SOTO

Sardina. How long has it been?

SARDINA

Two years.

SOTO

Two years.

SARDINA

Yes.

SOTO
Why did you leave Panama?

SARDINA
I didn't find what I was looking
for.

SOTO
Ha. You're smarter than you look.

SARDINA
What happen to Captain Balboa, sir?

SOTO
He did what all men do.

SARDINA
What's that?

SOTO
He died.

SARDINA
What about the rest?

SOTO
They're here. You'll find them on
the ship. We were heading back to
Spain before Almagro changed his
mind. What month is it by the way?

SARDINA
April.

SOTO
April? It doesn't seem like it.
I think it's time I finally teach
you chess, Sardina. What do you
say?

SARDINA
I'm grateful, sir.

SOTO
Every man should know the rules.
Even if one forgets.

A few yards away, two men struggle to pull in three llamas
to a fire. They ready their swords. The llamas scream. Thud.
Soto smiles.

SOTO
Good. Llamas. We've been eating
rats for months.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Soto and Sardina hover over a chessboard. Soto takes a knight. Sardina studies Soto's movements.

SOTO

It's a simple game really. The main object is to protect the king and crush your opponents. The rest? Well. You'll just have to play it for the rest of your life to understand. The knight. Two up. One over.

Soto places the knight in the middle square. He moves it eight ways. He hands it to Sardina.

SOTO

Try.

Sardina places the knight and moves it slowly. His hands steady. His grip firm.

SARDINA

Two up. One over. Two up. One over. Why is this piece so different from the others?

SOTO

That's its move. And when you need it, it's invaluable, but that's if you know how to use it. Your opponent has two of these as well. Problems occur when he knows how to use it.

SARDINA

Two up. One...

SOTO

What did you hear about the river?

EXT. ANDES MOUNTAINS - DAY

The wind howls. The Spanish look on to the dense, majestic Andes mountains that stretch seemingly forever.

ALMAGRO

Beyond this?

FRANCISCO

Beyond this. Let's go.

The Spanish trek some 12,000 feet up. They follow a straight narrow path, which runs parallel to the mountains. Snow falls in trails.

Strange birds and insects hum. The Spanish slash away at heavy vegetation, trying to forge their way forward.

SARDINA (V.O.)

So we headed down the Andes. We averaged 5 miles a day when we were lucky. But it was still a dream. It was still Peru. Beyond that hell was the heaven we were waiting for.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

Their armor clangs and rusts. Quechuan pipers and guides play on. Emerging chants of the Dominican monks follow.

Jagged rocks fall, but it does not faze the men. They move on in a stubborn trance.

SARDINA (V.O.)

And in a month it didn't look as if we had gone too far. But what are months and days when you're lost in a dream? A wet one no less.*-`

Pelting rain falls down, along with more rocks and some snakes.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Manco studies the jungle. His wife, CURA OCLLO, young and slender, goes up to him.

Along side of her, their seven year old son, TITU CUSI. She holds him by his shoulders.

CURA

What's there, Manco?

MANCO

I don't know.

CURA

What did the shaman say?

MANCO

He said enough.

CURA

Do you know what to do? Manco?

Manco does not respond. He stares further into the jungle and exits. Cura clutches onto Titu. They watch from afar.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Heat rises. The rain seizes. The Spanish march on through thick morning fog. Swords in their hands. Mud to their knees.

Many guides die from sheer starvation. Their bodies drop on jagged rocks. The surviving guides point further south.

The fog breaks. They come across a tiny stream. Francisco and Almagro discover a tiny, abandoned raft.

EXT. TINY STREAM - DAY

FRANCISCO

What does this mean?

ALMAGRO

God only knows. But here's your river, Pizarro. You've found it. Not as grand as you thought. Eh?

Francisco says nothing. Almagro spits in disgust.

EXT. CAJAMARCA - DAY

The town of Cajamarca lies between the jungle and river. A holy and sacred place. Impressive, but not the largest.

Stone pillars and several golden statues of Inca Gods surround the huge court square.

Apawalta and Manco along with many other Incas perform their morning prayer to the rising sun.

Their obedient servant, APO, stands by their side. He approaches. Apawalta nods.

APAWALTA

Apo.

APO

Yes, my lord.

APAWALTA

Go and see what these spirits have to say.

Apo nods and forges his way into the jungle. Apawalta and Manco look on.

MANCO

They're close. I can feel them.

APAWALTA

Come, Manco. Our gods are waiting.

EXT. CAJAMARCA - NIGHT

One hundred Incas enter the square. They form a giant circle. Manco and Apawalta sit adjacent from each other.

The SHAMAN whistles the Icaros, the solemn prayer of the sacred Ayahuasca plant.

The Shaman now sings the Icaros. He keeps a steady rhythm, shaking a dry plant in rhythmic triplets.

The Incas pass the Ayahuasca in small bowls. They ingest the sacred plant and close their eyes.

Apawalta hands the bowl over to Manco. Manco accepts and mutters a prayer. He ingests.

Manco's eyes blur. His vision turns from the stars to his inner psyche. Black and red, and nothing else. The Shaman smiles.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Morning rain spits and splatters. The restless Spanish soldiers languish on in ungodly heat.

Up ahead, Francisco and the interpreters halt. The path disappears.

FRANCISCO

Where are we?

The interpreters and Huáscars shake their heads. Francisco stays back.

He sits and studies the maddening hum of the jungle.

The rain ceases. The Spanish make camp. They finish and gather to pray the rosary.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Sardina and Soto concentrate over a crowded board. Soto

captures Sardina's pawn.

SOTO
Concentrate on the center, Sardina.

SARDINA
Why's that?

SOTO
If you control the center, you'll
control the game.

SARDINA
Is that so?

Sardina counters and captures Soto's pawn. Soto gently moves his knight, gaining complete center control.

SOTO
Pawns. Worthless. All of them. But
they're crucial when you need them.
Which is all the time.

Sardina hesitates. He captures another pawn. Soto immediately counters and captures Sardina's knight.

SOTO
Check.

SARDINA
You're too smart, Captain Soto.

SOTO
No. I just know the rules.

Sardina stares perplexed. He's down to five pieces. Most of them pawns. Soto smiles.

SOTO
Discipline. Distractions.
Diversions. All part of the game.

SARDINA
I can't win.

SOTO
No. But you can struggle with the
best. Where's your cross, Sardina?

Sardina feels his chest. He realizes his neck is bare. He looks all over.

SARDINA
I had it. I must have...

SOTO

Never mind. Make your move. There's
always time to pray.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Apo, picks up Sardina's cross necklace and begins to stare.
He climbs up top to a giant redwood.

He settles and spies down on the Spanish below. Some
soldiers pause and stare up the canopy.

Apo shudders. The soldiers continue to stare, but they
quickly give up, shrug and trudge onward.

Apo's hands tremble. He hastens and pens an image onto
papyrus.

EXT. CAJAMARCA - DAY

Apawalta takes to the hot springs. He enjoys an exalted
bath. He meditates with big deep breaths.

Manco enters. Apawalta grumbles.

MANCO

We still don't know what they are,
Apawalta.

APAWALTA

You worry too much, brother.

Other spies, including Apo, gather. Apo hands Apawalta the
sheet of papyrus. Apawalta grins.

APO

I've seen them. They're pale. They
carry sticks, smaller than ours.
But they ride on beasts with heavy
hair. They say they will protect us
from the Huáscar.

APAWALTA

Lies are woven from whole cloth.
The best cloth.

APO

And I found this. I still don't
know what it is.

Apo reveals Sardina's cross. Apawalta scoffs. He hands it to
Manco. Manco studies it closely.

APO
But they are not gods.

MANCO
What?

APO
They're not gods. They get very
tired.

MANCO
Tired?

APO
Yes. Their faces grow weary.
There's no glow.

MANCO
What are they then?

APAWALTA
They are not gods, Manco. That's
all that matters. Let them find out
who we are first. Our gods will
protect us.

Apawalta hands over the papyrus drawing to Manco. Manco
shudders. The drawing: a Spaniard on a horse.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

The four Pizarro brothers gaze. Their horses snarl. Another
jungle awaits them.

GONZALO
We can't.

FRANCISCO
We can.

HERNANDO
We don't.

FRANCISCO
We do.

Francisco exits. He joins Almagro at a distant fire.

EXT. ALMAGRO'S FIRE - DAY

Almagro tosses another block of wood. The flame grows.

ALMAGRO

Your games are tiresome. Why do I play them? What now, Pizarro? Or dear Francisco, as I used to call you.

FRANCISCO

We continue south.

ALMAGRO

You're insane.

FRANCISCO

We can't go back. We're finally close.

ALMAGRO

Close? Close to what? Don't be absurd, Francisco. Even your guides are lost.

FRANCISCO

They're not lost. They're tired.

ALMAGRO

I'm talking with a madman. I should have known that fifteen years ago.

Almagro mounts up to his horse.

FRANCISCO

Where are you going?

ALMAGRO

Where do you think?

FRANCISCO

You can't leave, Almagro. Not now.

ALMAGRO

Yes, I can! These are my men you are torturing. Not yours!

FRANCISCO

Just one more week. That's all I ask. I know we're close. One week and we're there.

ALMAGRO

We'll be dead by then. My men haven't eaten in nine days! There's nothing here, Pizarro! No prize is worth this misery!

FRANCISCO

This one is.

ALMAGRO

How do you know?! How the hell do you know?

FRANCISCO

Because you've dreamed this dream too. I know you have. And I know you're hungry. But this dream is the feast you've been waiting for your entire life. But no feast is free. And this one comes at a hefty price. But it's worth it. And the only thing that binds this dream to a whole is our trust for each other. I've needed it my entire life. You've needed mine. Separated: we are the peasants that we were in Panama. Together: we're kings. For Spain. For ourselves. It's worth it.

A bit of silence. Almagro sighs. Stomach in knots. Grimace at a peak. He gets off his horse.

ALMAGRO

We need more men.

FRANCISCO

No. We need spies.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF CAMP - NIGHT

The Dominican brothers lead on. A congregation follows. Francisco looks back at the vigil.

MONK

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Bless it art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus.

CONGREGATION

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now until the hour of our death, Amen.

Sardina casts his eyes on old Francisco. Pizarro smirks. Soto remains in reverent prayer.

Francisco taps Soto and Sardina on their shoulders.

Francisco slowly exits. Soto and Sardina follow.

EXT. AWAY FROM CAMP - NIGHT

Soto and Sardina receive payments of gold coins. Francisco points up the valley.

FRANCISCO

We're close, Soto. Take Father
Valverde with you. See what you can
find.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Sardina, Soto and the fat, bald and pensive priest,
VALVERDE, make their way down a jagged slope.

The path narrows. They try their best to keep their balance
through a harrowing wind.

They discover a small stream, which gets larger and larger.
They follow the stream and pace on.

EXT. CAJAMARCA - DAY

Manco stares at Sardina's wooden cross. He sighs and drops
it to the ground. Apawalta enters.

They stroll to the town's square, which overlooks two giant
pillars. They fall to their knees and pray to their Sun god.

Beneath them lie two empty slots, which act as holding
places for special gemstones.

Apawalta places his gemstone in his slot. He waits for Manco
to do the same.

The stone reflects a golden light, which then reflects to
the two pillars. A message emerges from the light.

The first pillar fills, but the second pillar remains blank.
Manco's hands quake. He looks all over for his gemstone.

Apawalta squints and tries to discern the message. Manco
sweats profusely.

APAWALTA

I can't read it. It's not clear.
Manco?

Apawalta undoes the gemstone from the slot. He sees Manco's
slot and its missing stone.

APAWALTA
Where's yours, Manco?

Apawalta calmly closes his eyes and exhales. The empty slot stares Manco straight in the face.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Soto, Sardina and Valverde continue to trek down the narrow path. Sardina's boots get stuck in between two rocks.

He tries to undo himself, but winds up tripping down the hill. He lands twenty feet to the ground.

His eyes awaken to a shiny piece of metal: Manco's gemstone. He places it in his hands. Soto catches up.

SOTO
You fool!

Soto gawks. Sardina squints. Valverde points. His fingers tremble.

SOTO
You glorious fool.

Cajamarca appears in clear sight. They stand silent. Sardina places the gem stone in his pocket.

EXT. JUNGLE (SPANISH CAMP) - NIGHT

The Spanish wait. The Pizarros and Almagros sharpen their swords near an open flame. The monks chant.

GONZALO
(sighs)
Where are those damn spies?

FRANCISCO
Patience, Gonzalo.

Hernando remains lost in a trance. Francisco turns to Gonzalo. Gonzalo can only shrug.

FRANCISCO
Hernando? Hernando? What are you looking at?

Hernando points. The men gather and holler. Soto, Valverde and Sardina finally reach back to camp.

EXT. CAJAMARCA - NIGHT

The Spanish gaze at the bright fires of the Inca town. Both sides still. Baffled. Silent.

The cool night comes to pass. The fires die out. Dawn breaks.

EXT. CAJAMARCA - DAY

The Spanish head for the town's square. They enter, and to their amazement, they find it completely empty.

Still shocked, they pace up and down the square. They stare at the grand Inca statues of eagles, serpents and sun gods.

They whisper and shake. Their horses defecate. The Pizarros pace up and down the steps.

HERNANDO

Francisco!

Francisco doesn't respond. He keeps looking left. Right. And left again. Gonzalo does the same.

GONZALO

You damn fools! It's a trap! It's too obvious!

Gonzalo rides up and down the square in fury, but he finds nothing. He returns flummoxed. Sword still in hand.

After several minutes, an Inca finally emerges from the nearby stone wall: Manco.

Manco makes his way towards the Spanish and reaches the town's center. No other Inca follows. He peers over to the Spaniards and the now imprisoned Huáscars.

Francisco and Almagro take their best interpreters over. Manco's face remains stern. Francisco approaches.

FRANCISCO

Hello, mighty Inca. We our your friends. We come from a land far away, and in exchange for your friendship we will fight your enemies. What is your name?

Manco speaks in Quechuan. The interpreters get to work. He stares at all the Spanish.

MANCO

You are welcome to stay and eat our

food. Our gods our plenty and
merciful. We shall be as well.

FRANCISCO

You're quite kind. We are very
grateful. Tell me, what your lordly
name is, brave Inca.

Manco says nothing. He stares at a crossbowman who points an
arrow straight for his head. Francisco snaps back.

FRANCISCO

NO!

The men tackle the bowman to the ground. Manco watches,
grits his teeth, and exits.

EXT. CAJARMACA - NIGHT

Fires are lit. The Spanish wait. No other Inca enters the
square.

HERNANDO

What now?

FRANCISCO

We'll do as they say. We'll eat and
wait.

HERNANDO

How many are there?

FRANCISCO

I don't know.

Smoke now comes from the depths of the jungle, followed by
many drums. Inca drums.

EXT. CAJAMARCA - DAY

The Incas slowly draw back into the town by the thousands.
The Spanish stand amazed.

Apawalta enters in grand fashion, carried on a sedan, with
guardsmen at his side.

Francisco turns to Almagro. They stare at Apawalta and his
guardsmen.

FRANCISCO

Take your men to the far side of
the square. Guard the perimeter...
Now!

Almagro rides off and gathers his men. More Incas pour into the square.

GONZALO

They're too many.

FRANCISCO

Steady, Gonzalo. Keep your eyes open.

Apawalta sits on his golden throne. His guards and soldiers with royal red plumes stand close by.

They stare at the Spanish, who hold close to their cold steel and guns.

Apawalta remains composed. Manco comes to his side. Francisco smirks. He signals to Valverde.

The Incas breathe through their nose. Sweat pours down their cheeks. They all turn and stare at Valverde who approaches the throne.

Valverde unrolls a long printed document and addresses the Incas in a loud tone. Apawalta yawns.

VALVERDE

It is with his Majesty's, Charles, providence that we come here, and it is by the Grace of God, Jesus Christ, that we remain here. We ask you, in reverence, to abandon your false gods and embrace Christ.

The translation proceeds. Valverde continues. Apawalta can barely keep his eyes open. He gets up from his throne.

APAWALTA

Your god is very strange. Why should we worship him? Where is he?

VALVERDE

He is the truth. The only truth. Lord Jesus Christ of Heaven and Earth.

APAWALTA

We worship our gods. The undying sun and our ancestors before us. They are the whole world. They are what we know. They speak to us everyday. What is your authority? Where is your God?

The scribes hand over Valverde a Bible and a cross. Apawalta squints.

VALVERDE

This is the Holy Bible. The Sacred
Word of God.

APAWALTA

Let me see it. Let me see if it
speaks to me.

Apawalta glares at Valverde. He opens his hands. Valverde hands over the Bible. Apawalta grabs the Bible with force.

Apawalta carefully examines the heavy book, turning the pages. His eyes wide and curious. He runs his hands up and down the book's spine. He turns it upside down and sniffs.

APAWALTA

Why does it say nothing to me? It
does not speak to me! IT DOES NOT
SPEAK TO ME!!

Enraged, Apawalta shakes the book. Some of the Spanish cringe. The rest scowl.

Apawalta takes a final sniff and throws the Bible to the ground. Jaws drop.

APAWALTA

Nothing.

The Spanish grip their swords and guns. Apawalta and Francisco share a maddening stare.

Gonzalo and Almagro smile. Francisco turns to his men and gives out the order for all out assault.

FRANCISCO

SANTIAGO!!!

Shots fire from all directions. The Spanish unleash their dogs and head straight for the Inca line.

The Incas strike back with sticks and fans. Spanish guns and steel simply overpower. Hundreds of Incas go down in pools of blood.

Apawalta attacks with great might. Manco fights along side him. They quickly separate. The Spanish keep coming.

Apawalta's guards fall to their deaths. An Inca warrior's decapitated head rolls right to his feet.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - DAY

Manco and his men defend a nearby temple, one hundred yards away from the square. His men die in seconds.

Apawalta leads a charge towards the temple. It too is short lived. A cannon blast blows half the men to bits.

Rain falls and blends with smoke. Apawalta looks in haste for Manco. He shouts amid the chaos.

APAWALTA

Manco! Manco! Manco Inca! Where?!

Apawalta gets struck in the head. He's forced to the ground by two Spanish soldiers.

Francisco yells from a distance. The soldiers draw their swords back. Apawalta remains on the dirt.

FRANCISCO

Alive! Alive! I want him alive!

Manco gets hit and drops to the ground. Bleeding from his forehead. Sand on his lip. He reaches for his spear.

Sardina stands over Manco. He raises his sword, but for some inexplicable reason he withdraws and exits.

Manco gets up. Shocked and trembling. His life spared. He watches Sardina disappear amid the chaos.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Manco flees into the jungle. Hundreds of other bloodied and exhausted Incas join him.

EXT. CAJAMARCA - DAY

Rain falls. The Spanish rejoice as Cajamarca burns. More dead Incas lie on the steps.

The Spanish dogs bark. Women and children continue to flee. The rain just pours and pours.

EXT. CAJAMARCA - NIGHT

Cannon smoke seeps through the steady rain. One last cannon blast fires towards the sky.

The two Spanish soldiers pull Apawalta up from the ground. Iron chains pierce his wrists.

Hernando, Juan and Gonzalo stagger over. Francisco stays back.

Gonzalo points his sword. Almagro and Francisco glare. They shake their heads. Gonzalo grimaces.

Sardina and Soto find each other among plumes of smoke and blood covered walls. The rain stops.

EXT. CAJAMARCA'S SQUARE - DAY

Apawalta, exhausted and still chained, can only sigh. He's guarded by the same two soldiers.

Almagro converses with Francisco. Francisco stares in and studies Apawalta. Nodding several times.

ALMAGRO

If you're going to play the game I think you're going to play, just a suggestion.

FRANCISCO

Yes?

ALMAGRO

Play it well.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - DAY

The Pizarros walk over to Apawalta with their translators. Apawalta mutters. The translator repeats.

TRANSLATOR

He'll make an offer.

GONZALO

Good.

TRANSLATOR

He'll show you the gold and you can keep it. He asks for his freedom in return.

FRANCISCO

We accept.

Francisco smiles. Apawalta winces in pain. A bit of silence. Gonzalo darts up to Apawalta with a blood stained blade and a face full of contempt.

GONZALO

Show.

INT. INCA TEMPLE - DAY

Apawalta leads them to a temple, located in the middle of the town's square. His wrists bleed from the iron chains.

Apawalta orders one of his men to unveil a hidden door. Inside is a precious golden statue of a War God.

INCA

This our War God. We pray to him
everyday.

The Inca hands the statue to Gonzalo. Gonzalo revels for a brief second. He regains composure.

GONZALO

More.

The Inca turns to Apawalta. The Spanish try to conceal their excitement. Apawalta sheds a heavy tear.

INT. INCA TEMPLE - LOWER LEVEL

They pace down another staircase and end up in an empty chamber room.

Gonzalo follows. A lit torch in his hand. A sword in the other. More Spaniards enter, hunched over and salivating.

Apawalta's main translator hurries over. Apawalta uncovers another golden statue. He hands it over to Gonzalo.

FRANCISCO

We're very impressed, Lord
Apawalta.

Apawalta speaks. The translators get to work. The Spanish listen half heartily.

TRANSLATOR

He says he will fill this entire
room with gold, only if you promise
to leave this land forever.

FRANCISCO

Of course.

EXT. JUNGLE SHRINES - DAY

The enchained Incas point at a sacred cave, filled with bats, snakes and spiders. More Spaniards plunder in.

They come back out with a multitude of golden Inca statues. They carry them with wheel barrows.

Many Incas scream and revolt. The Spanish lash back at them with whips.

Knowing his city is lost forever, Apawalta bends over and prays to the sun from an overcast sky.

INT. CHAMBER ROOM - DAY

Wheel barrow after wheel barrow rush in. Gold piles up. Pounds at a time. The Spanish salivate.

Sardina carries a plated suit of armor down the steps. He peeks into the room. More gold drops to the floor.

SARDINA (V.O.)
Apawalta fulfilled his promise.
Every inch.

Soon the entire room fills with gold. Seven tons of it. More Spaniards enter.

Apawalta stares and mutters. The Pizarros gather round him. The translators hasten.

TRANSLATOR
His freedom. His freedom?

Apawalta pleases at Gonzalo. His whole body trembles. Gonzalo turns away.

EXT. CAJAMARCA SQUARE - NIGHT

The Spanish marvel at their wonders in drunken revelry. They sing songs and laugh in ecstasy.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CHAMBER ROOM - NIGHT

Apawalta now chained to a post, sits alone before the tomb's entrance.

He tries to pray once more. Something from far away catches his attention. He squints and sees a familiar sight.

APAWALTA
Manco? Manco!

Apawalta reaches out with his chained hands. Manco nods, sighs, and disappears through the canopy.

Apawalta shivers in the cold Andean night. He winces and studies the bright full moon.

EXT. CAJARMACA SQUARE - NIGHT

The Spanish continue to celebrate. Wine spills in all directions.

An unfinished chess game remains unattended. Sardina and Soto lie completely soused, passed out on the ground.

EXT. PIZARRO'S FIRE - NIGHT

Francisco, along with his brothers and Almagro, examine the incredible amount of gold with gleeful eyes.

ALMAGRO

Jesus Christ.

FRANCISCO

King of endless glory.

HERNANDO

How are we going to...?

FRANCISCO

Every man is accounted for. Every man has his share. Even Juan.

Juan smiles. Francisco takes a swig of wine. He moves closer to the fire.

HERNANDO

What happens when we get back to Spain?

FRANCISCO

We're not in Spain, Hernando. You shouldn't think of Spain when you're this close to heaven.

HERNANDO

Is it filled yet?

FRANCISCO

What?

HERNANDO

The room.

GONZALO

Just about.

FRANCISCO
Yes. Just about.

ALMAGRO
They say there's more.

GONZALO
More? What more?

ALMAGRO
Another city.

GONZALO
Another city?

HERNANDO
Another city?! Francisco?

FRANCISCO
You ruin too many surprises,
Almagro.

ALMAGRO
I'm only telling what I've heard.

FRANCISCO
We'll get to it. One city at a
time.

HERNANDO
What now? What about...?

Hernando jerks his head in the direction of Apawalta. All the brothers glare.

EXT. TREE PERCH - NIGHT

Manco with a bow and arrow in hand, spies at the Spanish camp from a top a nearby tree. He waits for the right moment and sets up a shot.

He eyes out a drunken Spaniard who slurs and stumbles his way across a fire.

DRUNKEN SPANIARD
Spain's finest. You bastards!
Spain's... The world's... The
world's...

Manco aims for the Spaniard's head. He lets go. The arrow misses. It hits a nearby horse in the heart.

The horse screams stumbles, falls and bleeds to its death.

The alerted Spanish rush over in shock.

Manco stands stunned. He hears the Spanish shout and fire off rounds and flees into the night.

EXT. CAJARMACA SQUARE - DAY

The Pizarros and Almagros stand over the dead horse. Their faces flat. Flies feast on its hindquarters.

ALMAGRO

That horse is worth ten slaves.

FRANCISCO

Only fair isn't it?

EXT. CAJARMACA SQUARE - DAY

Francisco's eyes dagger towards the sobbing Apawalta. The Pizarros gather. Francisco continues to leer.

Immediately, the soldiers grab their swords and get to work. They slaughter 9 Incas on site.

They carry each corpse and make a pile. Gonzalo counts each one.

GONZALO

Nine.

FRANCISCO

Ten or nothing. Now or never,
brothers.

JUAN

Now.

HERNANDO

Now.

Gonzalo nods. They stare at Apawalta.

SARDINA (V.O.)

Old Francisco knew that promises
were only words. But he also knew
that words controlled swords. If
they were documented.

EXT. CAJAMARCA'S SQUARE - DAY

Valverde writes feverishly on parchment. About twenty men overlook his shoulder. The Pizarros and Almagros all sign.

Two soldiers escort Apawalta to the square. His wrists bloodied and swollen from the rusted chains.

The Pizarros stand in front. Others stand behind. The EXECUTIONERS smile. They sharpen their swords.

VALVERDE

Apawalta Inca. You are accused of conspiracy to the Crown and to the Holy Catholic Church for attempting to incite and injure.

Apawalta stands silent. The Pizarros and Almagros continue to stare him down.

VALVERDE

You are also accused of high treason and perjury to the estate of King Charles and the appointed Governors of New Spain by knowingly withdrawing secrets, thereby causing severe and insufferable damage to us and our sacred mission. Gentlemen of the jury, how do you find?

Silence and stares overtake. Valverde repeats once more. Francisco smiles.

VALVERDE

How do you find?

JUAN

Guilty.

HERNANDO

Guilty.

GONZALO

Guilty.

ALMAGRO

Guilty.

VALVERDE

Apawalta, Inca, you are hereby charged of high treason. May God have...

But before Valverde can finish a sword plunges into Apawalta's back. Several swords follow suit.

Apawalta's blood pours into a pool. The Incas scream in horror. Cries shout into the night.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

A mass exodus follows. Inca after Inca flee Cajarmaca, and head for the dense jungle.

The Spanish give chase, but only momentarily. Inca cries echo through out the entire Andes.

EXT. FIRESIDE - DAY

The town is now sparse. Only a few Inca slaves remain. Francisco and Gonzalo wait by a fire. They look at each other.

GONZALO

So what about this other city?

Soto and Sardina enter. Francisco reaches into his pocket. Soto and Sardina accept their payment.

SOTO

You wanted to see us, sir?

FRANCISCO

Take the South route beyond the river. These Incas can hide more than we can imagine. Find more.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Manco and other Incas move about the jungle in haste. They wait in angst near a giant redwood.

WAMAN POMA, a noble Inca, thin and ornery, spots Manco from afar. He rushes towards him.

WAMAN POMA

Manco!

MANCO

My Brother? Is he?

Waman Poma nods and sighs. Manco begins to cry.

WAMAN POMA

Yes. They killed him. They killed him like a llama. It's Apachakuti. The shaman warned.

MANCO
Apachakuti?

WAMAN POMA
I'm afraid so. They're heading for
Cusco.

MANCO
Where's Apo?

EXT. RAVINE - DAY

Shots fire. The sky fills with smoke. Sardina and Soto find Apo lying on the ground, exhausted and bleeding.

They lift him up and drag him back to Cajamarca.

EXT. CAJAMARCA SQUARE - DAY

Apo is brought forward. The Spanish gather. Almagro and Francisco watch from afar.

ALMAGRO
Why don't you lead the
interrogation, Francisco?

FRANCISCO
Relax, I have my best man on it.

Francisco points to Gonzalo, as he makes his way through the crowd.

Gonzalo scowls and walk up towards Apo. Apo's face grows pale and gray. Soto and Sardina stand close by.

GONZALO
(to Soto)
Have you found the city?

SOTO
No.

GONZALO
Did you ask him where it is?

SOTO
Yes. We asked him. Several times.
He won't talk, sir.

GONZALO
I'm not surprised. These Incas
never make it easy on themselves.
Sardina?

SARDINA

Yes, sir.

GONZALO

Get the translators.

SARDINA

Yes, sir.

Sardina exits. Gonzalo stares at Soto.

GONZALO

Is it ready, Soto?

SOTO

It's ready, sir.

GONZALO

Good.

GONZALO'S P.O.V.

He staggers to the Strappado, a crude wooden device manned by ropes and pulleys: A device exclusively used for torture.

He gives his orders. His men assemble the Strappado accordingly.

EXT. CAJAMARCA SQUARE - DAY

Francisco marvels. Gonzalo continues to grimace. The Strappado is brought forward by the men.

FRANCISCO

I knew you brought this for a reason.

GONZALO

Rope.

Francisco hands the rope over. The men get to work and thread the rope through the Strappado's gears.

Gonzalo ties Apo's wrists together and mends the rope through the pulley. Francisco assists.

GONZALO

Don't rush, brother.

They lay Apo on his back and tie his arms and legs. Gonzalo gives the signal.

They crank the pulley and Apo lifts up into the air. The

soldiers tie a cannon ball to his ankle and hold on to it.

The Spanish look up and see Apo dangle helplessly. They wait for Gonzalo's orders.

Francisco paces up and down. Juan sharpens his sword. Hernando watches from afar. Gonzalo tests his whip.

Gonzalo nods. The soldiers drop the cannon ball. Apo's body falls two feet. He screams in agony.

Gonzalo lashes at Apo, striking him in the chest several times. The whip is drenched with blood. He repeats.

GONZALO

Are these rumors true? Are they true?! What are you hiding?!

The translators shutter. Gonzalo whips one of them. He shrieks and points.

GONZALO

Translate! Translate, you dogs!

The translators get to work. Apo refuses to say a word. Gonzalo lashes him again.

He gives another signal. The soldiers pull on the gears. Apo goes further up into the air.

GONZALO

What is it?! What is Cusco?!!

APO

Cusco!

Apo cries in pain. His words hurried and hard to discern. Gonzalo turns to Valverde and the translators.

VALVERDE

He says it's a city. But the kingdom has no king.

GONZALO

Is that so? What happen to him?

VALVERDE

You killed him two weeks ago.

Gonzalo growls. Apo convulses. Gonzalo goes up to him and taps on the cannon ball.

GONZALO

Tell us more, dying Inca. Tell us.

Gonzalo whips him again. Apo screams in horrific pain. The translators go on. Apo yells out his last gasp.

GONZALO

Where is it? Where is it?! Where
is this city?! Tell us, you fucking
bastard!!!

The rope tightens. Apo's arms and legs break off from his body. Blood squirts to the ground.

The Spanish go up to Apo's corpse and stab it for good measure. Gonzalo's wipes off the blood from his face.

Francisco nods. His men assemble. Excited at the news. A new thirst to quench.

FRANCISCO

Alright, men. Clean up.

EXT. NEARBY FIRE - DAY

Francisco and Almagro join Valverde. They huddle to the fire. A crucifix in his hand in Valverde's hand.

ALMAGRO

Well. Where is it, Valverde?

VALVERDE

South.

FRANCISCO

Just South?

VALVERDE

South East.

In the distance they, hear the Inca slaves mouth prayers and sob. One Inca stares to the heavens. The Spanish stare.

INCA

Apachakuti. Apachakuti.

Valverde and Almagro continue to study the Inca. Valverde gives out a sigh.

ALMAGRO

What did he say?

VALVERDE

Apachakuti.

ALMAGRO
What does it mean?

VALVERDE
The world turned upside down.

FRANCISCO
So it is.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (RAIN)

Titu Cusi and his mother, Cura, hasten through the jungle.
Titu stops. Cura begs him to pace on.

Titu notices something over yonder. He sprints towards it.
Cura pleas at him, but she's too far away.

CURA
Titu Cusi! Come back! Titu Cusi!

Titu extends his hands. He cries. Manco embraces him. He too
breaks down in tears.

TITU CUSI
Father? Father!

CURA
Manco!

Cura catches up with them. She joins Titu and her husband.
The three share a long embrace.

It rains again. Waman Poma remains behind them. Manco turns
to him and sighs.

MANCO
Go on, Waman Poma. Tell them what
happen. Tell them they're coming.
Protect our beloved Cusco. We'll
catch up with you.

Waman Poma heads out. The family embraces together again in
a steady rain.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Not far away, the Inca slaves guide the Spanish further
along a trail. Almagro and Francisco converse on horseback.

ALMAGRO
Your brother is a stubborn man.

FRANCISCO
What did he ever do to you?

Almagro and Gonzalo share a glare. Francisco spots out a nearby river bed.

FRANCISCO
Water. Thank God. We'll rest here.

EXT. RIVER BED - DAY

The soldiers and horses drink heavy slurps from the calm streams. The soldiers stare at their many sacks of gold.

Almagro walks with Francisco. They follow a stoned path. Almagro swats away flies from his face.

ALMAGRO
We need more men, Francisco. We should have stayed in Cajarmaca.

FRANCISCO
We've come too far already. We can't go back.

ALMAGRO
Then how are we going to do this?

FRANCISCO
Do what?

ALMAGRO
Conquer this supposed city we're heading for.

FRANCISCO
We'll do what worked in Cajamarca. We'll make friends.

ALMAGRO
They're going to ask for their king. What are you going to tell them? The truth?

FRANCISCO
No. For once you're right. We shall have to find a new one then.

ALMAGRO
A new what?

FRANCISCO
A new king.

ALMAGRO
A new king?

FRANCISCO
Patience, Diego.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Manco sees the Spanish from a few hundred yards away. Cura screams. Manco covers her mouth.

MANCO
Run. Run! Understand?

Cura nods and grabs Titu Cusi. They flee further into the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Soto and Sardina slash away at tall grass in a mist fog. Sardina hears the rustling. He grabs his gun and canister. He fires.

SOTO
Sardina? Damn it, Sardina!

Sardina eyes out for another shot. He fires again. The shot echoes. The soldiers and horses clamor.

EXT. CANOPY - DAY

Manco, now alone, hyperventilates. He sees the Spanish encroaching. He dashes away from the river.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Sardina draws back his gun. Broken branches fall. Soto slaps Sardina across the chest.

The rest of the Spanish react in paranoia. They fire more shots into the sky.

VOICE (O.S.)
What is it?! What is it?!

VOICE (O.S.)
Brace yourself!

VOICE (O.S.)

Ambush!

EXT. CANOPY - DAY

Manco hurries, but trips off the branches. He cries out in agony. He falls further down jagged rocks and stones. His face fills with blood.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Manco wakes up to Spanish boots and swords. He can barely lift up his head.

A grinning Francisco Pizarro approaches. He extends his hand.

FRANCISCO

Ah, Manco Inca? Manco Inca of
Cajamarca. Brother of the great
Apawalta. I think we've found our
king.

The Spanish chain Manco and escort him to the head of the line. He's chaperoned by two soldiers. He shivers. Defeated.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

Francisco marches back and holds Manco's chin up. Manco sneers, almost wanting to bite him. Francisco sighs.

FRANCISCO

So, Inca King. Show us your world.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The army slogs on. They stop near a hillside. The Guides point forward.

Manco carries on. Enchained. Sobbing.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Beyond the horizon, the grand city of Cusco finally lies in clear sight. Gold gleams. Eyes widen. The Pizarros and their men look down at their prize below.

The Incas, along with Manco, march to their beloved city in iron chains. They weep with every step.

EXT. CUSCO - DAY

SARDINA (V.O.)

And so we found it. Cajamarca was grand. But Cusco was the dream of dreams. God, Himself, wouldn't have believe it.

The Spanish enter the town. They delight at the grandness of the city, the population and its people.

Crafts men. Poets. Architects. Vendors. Artists. Jugglers Mathematicians. They all stare at the Spanish with dread.

EXT. CUSCO'S MAIN SQUARE - DAY

A massive irrigation system runs through the city's center and perimeter. But the Spanish don't focus on it.

They focus instead on the golden temples before the square. They stretch on, seemingly forever.

SARDINA (V.O.)

It seemed... It seemed... Well all dreams seem. Don't they? It was the richest city of all the Indies. Old Francisco knew it too well. But they knew it more.

EXT. CUSCO'S MAIN SQUARE - DAY

Waman Poma gasps. He stares at Manco and the Spaniards behind him. He, nor any of the Incas, believes what they're seeing.

WAMAN POMA

Manco?

The Spanish guard the perimeter. The Pizarros and translators lock eyes. The translators get going.

EXT. TEMPLE ENTRANCE - DAY

The Incas gather. Full of fear and pride. They stare at Manco. Manco can only shake his head.

The translators steps in front of the Spanish. One translator signals and addresses his countrymen. Francisco stands right besides Manco. The translation proceeds.

TRANSLATOR

These are noble beings. They have

and will continue to protect us
from the Huáscar and they have
brought back your mighty ruler,
Manco Inca. These are not evil
spirits. They are all our brothers.
They are only that.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - DAY

Gonzalo and Hernando glare from afar. Hernando confident.
Gonzalo unresolved.

GONZALO
What is he doing?

HERNANDO
He knows what he's doing.

GONZALO
Then what the hell is it,
Hernando?!

HERNANDO
He's winning hearts and minds.

GONZALO
How? By putting that puppet in
charge?

HERNANDO
Why do people put people in charge,
Gonzalo?

GONZALO
They're too many of them. We can't
kill them all.

HERNANDO
No. Not yet. We have to live with
them first. And that's what we'll
do.

GONZALO
Live with them?

HERNANDO
Of course. They need their leader,
and we have provided. They'll need
protection and they'll get it. And
as for compensation... Our brother
knows what he's doing.

EXT. LOWER END OF CUSCO - DAY

The monks recite a wallowing prayer. They begin to baptize the natives.

EXT. TEMPLE PERCH - DAY

Francisco escorts Manco to the golden throne. He smiles. From this view, the entire city can be seen.

FRANCISCO

Take your seat, Inca King. Here is your throne. Here are your people. Talk to them.

Manco sits. Still chained. Two soldiers stand guard two feet away. Manco says nothing.

The citizens of Cusco look in dismay. Francisco, pleased at the site, unhinges his grip from the top of the throne.

FRANCISCO

These are fine people.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A dozen or so Inca burst in revolt, attacking the Spanish with sticks and arrows.

The Spanish defend. Shots fire into the square.

The Spanish unleash their dogs. The dogs tare through Inca after Inca. Screams ring out. Shrieks follow.

EXT. TEMPLE PERCH - DAY

Manco can only wince at the chaos from afar. The guards move in and block his view.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

Many Incas flee into the jungle, including Waman Poma, Titu Cusi and Cura. Gonzalo stares at them, but they disappear into the crowd.

Francisco waves his hands up and down. Smoke drifts and clogs his eyes. More shots fire.

FRANCISCO

Enough! Enough!

The soldiers obey. The shots seize. Inca corpses pile on top of the steps.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - DAY

Titu tries to run up the temple's steps, but Cura stops him and clutches on to his arm.

CURA
No, Titu. Stay.

Cura and Titu watch on from a distance. Gonzalo and Francisco look up at the sad, sad Manco. Manco glares back, for that's all that he can do.

Gonzalo and Hernando stare from afar.

GONZALO
(to Francisco)
You've chosen the right puppet,
brother.

EXT. LOW END OF CUSCO - NIGHT

Almagro and Francisco look on at their city amongst a star studded sky.

ALMAGRO
How are we going to divide this?

FRANCISCO
The city?

ALMAGRO
Yes.

FRANCISCO
One and one is two. Isn't it?

ALMAGRO
Last I checked.

FRANCISCO
What will it be then?

ALMAGRO
How about a parallel line across
Polaris?

FRANCISCO
Fine suggestion.

They look up to the sky. Francisco adjusts his sword and

draws a line from true north.

ALMAGRO
1 to 14 latitude.

FRANCISCO
I'll give you 15. That should
settle a lot. What do you say,
comrade? Satisfied?

ALMAGRO
For now.

They stare at the stars for a long while. Their attention
focused to the line.

FRANCISCO
You're heading back to Lima?

Almagro nods.

EXT. BEACH. (LIMA) - DAY

Spanish ships fill the shore. Almagro turns and sees a fresh
band of Spanish soldiers march and enter the beach. He
smiles.

SARDINA (V.O.)
But Almagro was right. We needed
more men, so he trekked back to
Lima. Word spread like wildfire. Up
and down Spain and Mexico. Even
Panama. Demented souls. Renewed. It
was beginning to look a lot like
Spain.

EXT. CUSCO'S ENTRANCE - DAY

More Spanish flood into Cusco, with smiles and jugs of wine.
Almagro leads his men onward.

The victors embrace their new found allies. They gawk at
Cusco. Utterly stunned.

They watch their comrades gather gold into wagons and
caravans. Hernando welcomes Almagro and his men over.

Almagro exits. Hernando guides the men onward. The men
continue to marvel at mighty Cusco and its riches.

HERNANDO
Welcome, men. Slaves to the right.
Gold to the left.

EXT. CENTER OF CUSCO - DAY

Sardina downs swig after swig from his jug. He sees a familiar face in the crowd. He waves over.

SARDINA
Escobar!

ESCOBAR
Sardina? Sardina! You stupid,
beautiful bastard!

EXT. CUSCO'S ENTRANCE - DAY

Hernando laughs. Gonzalo grimaces. The new men come in. Drove after drove. Gonzalo spits to the ground.

GONZALO
Who's men are these?

HERNANDO
Almagro's.

GONZALO
I should have known.

HERNANDO
What's your objection? We needed
more men. Now we have them.

GONZALO
Where were they in Cajamarca? Where
were they in Panama?

HERNANDO
They're here now.

GONZALO
They didn't find this. They haven't
earned this!

HERNANDO
They can fight, Gonzalo.

Gonzalo takes a swig of wine from a golden chalice and violently throws it to the ground.

EXT. CUSCO - NIGHT

The Spanish drink throughout the night. They sing bawdy songs and laugh like fools.

Sardina and Escobar converse by the edge of the steps.

Sardina passes over a bottle. Escobar greatly accepts.

SARDINA
Still shocked?

ESCOBAR
Finally kings. What the hell are we
going to do with all this gold?

SARDINA
You can't eat it. We've tried.

EXT. PIZARRO'S FIRE - DAY

In the distance, Soto shows Francisco a Native spear and
necklace made from bones and seashells.

SOTO
It's the Huáscar, sir.

FRANCISCO
It is. I wondered what happen to
them.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The Huáscar army stares at Cusco from two hundred yards
away. They wait for the right moment.

EXT. CUSCO'S GATES - DAY

The Huáscars charge at Cusco, attacking the Spanish with
spears and clubs.

The Spanish retaliate immediately with fire rounds. Billows
and billows of smoke hover over Cusco.

Hundreds of Huáscar warriors fall before they reach the
gates. Manco flails his arms through the fog.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - DAY

Manco chokes over the smell. The burning flesh of his old
enemies. He falls to his knees. Francisco staggers over.

FRANCISCO
Don't cry, Manco. We told you we
would protect your people. At all
costs. Please. Take your throne.

Manco refuses. He wants to strangle Francisco right then and
there, but he knows he can't.

He knows if he does his people will die within seconds. So

he paces through the city. The guards follow his every step.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - DAY

Cura makes her way towards Manco and the guards. She hands Manco a bowl of food. The guards stare at her with disgust.

CURA

Manco?...Manco...Remember who you are.

She exits. Manco tries his best not to sob. He continues to watch his people being whipped or else slaughtered.

The Incas yell back at the Spanish. The Spanish point back with guns and Toledo swords. Manco can only stare.

EXT. CUSCO - NIGHT

SARDINA (V.O.)

Days passed to weeks and eventually a month. Manco and his Incas were held at bay. As Soto said to me once, "An army can only do so much when their king is in check".

The Spanish camp outside of the city's limits. The celebration continues with wine and bawdy song.

Drunken soldiers steal Inca women and carry them off for themselves. The women scream. The Inca men fight back. They end up dead near the city's wall.

Hernando paces round the camp. He steps over soused soldiers, who lie on the ground.

HERNANDO

(to soldier)

Where's Mandracos? Where's the treasurer?

The soldier points to MANDRACOS who lies dead drunk on the ground. Hernando sniffs the air.

HERNANDO

Jesus Christ. Where's Valverde?
Where's a priest when you need him?

The soldier points. Valverde leans by a palm tree, completely wasted. Hernando shakes his head.

HERNANDO

Where's the wine?

EXT. CUSCO SQUARE - NIGHT

Manco escapes his guards, who lie drunk on the ground. He lights a torch and heads over to the main Sun Temple. The guards take no notice.

EXT. SUN TEMPLE STEPS - NIGHT

Manco climbs down the steps to meet Waman Poma. Waman Poma sneers. They talk by a dim fire.

MANCO

Where's the shaman?

WAMAN POMA

He died.

MANCO

When? Where?

WAMAN POMA

I forget. But you've forgotten much more, Manco. Your people. Your gods. You've forgot them all.

MANCO

I've never forgotten them.

WAMAN POMA

Then why do you do nothing? Who are you, Manco? Or did you forget that too?

MANCO

I know who I am. I know where I come from. What can I do?

WAMAN POMA

Be the king we need you to be!
We strike now!

MANCO

No, Waman Poma. We can't.

WAMAN POMA

Why not? We've suffered enough! We can kill them all by the harvest! Our people are ready!

MANCO

We can't fight them like we fight the Huáscar. We must wait.

WAMAN POMA

Wait? What for, Manco? What for?!

Manco over sees the Spanish fires. He bends over and picks up a golden plate. He hands it over to Waman Poma.

MANCO

The right distraction.

WAMAN POMA

Distraction?

MANCO

Yes. But it has to be a slow one.

WAMAN POMA

What do you mean?

MANCO

We'll draw them away but only by our mouths. We'll tell them tales. We'll tell them all the tales.

WAMAN POMA

I don't follow.

MANCO

They love tales. They can't help themselves but to believe them. They'll draw themselves out of Cusco. Keep vigilant. But keep them guessing. And when the moment comes you'll know. Our people will know. Our gods will tell us.

EXT. SPANISH CAMP - NIGHT

Inca slaves converse with the translators and Valverde. Almagro grins.

Rumors continue to pour into the Spanish camp. Eyes widen in drunken glee.

VOICE (O.S.)

More?

VOICE (O.S.)

El Dorado.

More wine consumed. More Inca women scream. More rumors utter through Inca tongues. The Spanish listen intently.

SPANIARD 1

More gold than this? Than this?

SPANIARD 2
Where? Where?!

SPANIARD 3
El Dorado.

SPANIARD 4
El Dorado?

SPANIARD 5
They say it's a man.

SPANIARD 6
No. A god.

SPANIARD 1
A god?

SPANIARD 3
A god made of gold.

SPANIARD 2
Their gods are quite colorful.

SPANIARD 3
By the river's end.

SPANIARD 4
By the river's end!

EXT. PIZARRO'S FIRE - NIGHT

Hernando and Juan share a jug of wine. They take turns. They slobber and spill.

HERNANDO
These rumors are too much for me,
Juan. I can't believe them anymore.

JUAN
Nor can I, Hernando. But. On the
other hand...

HERNANDO
What?

JUAN
We couldn't believe the first
rumors. Look at us now. Who's to
say? Who's to say anything,
Hernando?

Juan lifts his chalice. As does Hernando. They sigh and

smile. Clink.

EXT. SOTO'S FIRE - NIGHT

Escobar plays with his sack of gold. He conceals it under his chest. He looks over to Soto and Sardina.

The chess game continues. Sardina shakes his head. Soto makes another move.

Sardina calculates. He counters with a questionable move. Soto chuckles. Sardina pouts.

SOTO

Every game is different, Sardina.
Don't fret. Mistakes are part of
the game too.

EXT. ALMAGRO'S FIRE - NIGHT

A line forms. Almagro goes up to several men with sacks of gold. His son, Diego, stands by his side. The men leave elated.

DIEGO

What about Soto, Father? Why
haven't you asked him?

ALMAGRO

In time, Diego.

DIEGO

But he's your best man. He's been
with you the longest. He'll be a
vital ally for our expedition.

ALMAGRO

What you say is all true, Diego.
Too true.

EXT. SPANISH CAMP - NIGHT

Soto watches from afar. Almagro acknowledges him with a nod. He turns away and exits through a crowd. Soto follows him.

Almagro stops and turns with hesitation. He bites his upper lip. Soto moves in closer.

SOTO

Captain Almagro?

ALMAGRO

Yes, Soto.

SOTO

I need only ask one question, sir.
If I may.

ALMAGRO

Yes? What is it?

SOTO

Why?

ALMAGRO

Why what, Soto?

SOTO

Why didn't you tell me your
intentions.

ALMAGRO

My intentions?

SOTO

I have eyes you know. Ears too. Is
it El Dorado? Is it?

ALMAGRO

El Dorado? Dear boy, you draw hasty
conclusions.

SOTO

I draw what I see. And I've seen
you've paid quite a number of men.
It's either El Dorado or you just
like paying people. Which is it?

ALMAGRO

It's neither. It's orders from the
Crown. We're heading back to Lima
to retrieve supplies, men and
horses. Just like we did two months
ago.

SOTO

Then why haven't you asked me?

ALMAGRO

Why should I, Soto? Why should I
offend you to accompany me on such
an ordinary mission?

SOTO

But I went with you before. I'd be

honored to join you, sir.

ALMAGRO

Son. You don't realize what you have here. You don't realize the threat either. Cusco needs you more than it needs me. It needs to be protected. The Crown can't afford to lose such a man as yourself. That's why I've asked beggars and boys. They're expendable. Not, you, Soto. You're too important.

SOTO

What of El Dorado then?

ALMAGRO

El Dorado is only a rumor.

SOTO

Cusco was too, sir.

ALMAGRO

Your logic is impeccable, Soto. When we come back and we've assembled enough men and these rumors are deemed to be true, you can make sure you'll be the first man I ask. But for now, Cusco is the only thing you should think about.

Almagro exits. Soto walks back to the fire and the chess game, trying to replay back the conversation in his mind.

EXT. SOTO'S FIRE - NIGHT

Sardina plays with Escobar. They yawn and focus on a crowded board with heavy eyes.

Soto watches. Escobar captures Sardina's bishop. Sardina clutches onto his head.

ESCOBAR

Perhaps you should play people on your own level. Diego needs a partner.

Escobar points. Diego plays alone by a nearby fire. Soto taps Sardina on his shoulder.

SOTO

Play on, Sardina.

SARDINA

How can I? I have only a King and six pawns.

SOTO

Doesn't matter. You still have a King. The game's not over. Play on.

ESCOBAR

No coaching, please.

Sardina ponders. He finally moves his king to Escobar's delight. Escobar takes Sardina's center pawn.

ESCOBAR

Check.

Soto lowers his head in dismay and exits to another fire.

EXT. DIEGO'S FIRE - NIGHT

Another chess game commences, but this time with different players: Sardina and Diego.

SARDINA

I don't understand.

DIEGO

I don't either.

SARDINA

Your army's nowhere near the center and you're still winning. You're good, Diego.

DIEGO

No. I'm not that good. Word of advise though, Sardina.

SARDINA

I'll take any.

DIEGO

Try to remember the point of this game. You do remember the point?

SARDINA

Capture the enemy king.

DIEGO

Yes. And protect your own... Check.

EXT. CUSCO'S ENTRANCE - DAY

Francisco and Almagro watch from afar. Francisco grins.
Almagro moves to his horse.

FRANCISCO
Your son is as smart as you. You
must be very proud.

ALMAGRO
Yes, I am. Diego is his own man.
But he was thought by the best.
Pardon, Francisco, but we must go.

FRANCISCO
Go? Go where? Almagro?

ALMAGRO
Back to Lima.

FRANCISCO
Again?

ALMAGRO
Again.

FRANCISCO
I wasn't advised.

ALMAGRO
Orders from the Crown.

FRANCISCO
Why now?

ALMAGRO
We need more men. More supplies.

FRANCISCO
Then I shall join you.

ALMAGRO
No. That's not necessary,
Francisco.

FRANCISCO
Why not?

ALMAGRO
I would like to go alone this time.
Weather permitting, it shouldn't
take us more than a month.

FRANCISCO

A month?

ALMAGRO

Weather permitting.

EXT. CUSCO'S GATES - DAY

Almagro assembles his men near Cusco's gates. Swords and axes in their hands. They cross over and exit Cusco, one hundred men in all. Francisco stares and spits.

EXT. CUSCO - DAY

Sardina and Soto play another game. Sardina forms his opening defense. Soto shakes his head in disbelief.

Soto removes Sardina's queen. Sardina grimaces. Escobar watches from afar.

Escobar takes another swig from his gallon jug. He winces and heads for the woods.

Soto set up another game. He looks around and studies the board.

SOTO

Too much could go wrong here.

SARDINA

Us?

SOTO

And them. There's not too many moves we can make.

SARDINA

They can't make too many moves either, Soto.

SOTO

Very true. But very obvious. You still have dreams, Sardina?

SARDINA

Yes.

SOTO

Good. Your move.

Sardina studies the board. He lifts up his head. He looks around.

SARDINA
Where's Escobar?

SOTO
God knows.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Escobar looks on from afar, still smiling, still drunk with glee. He studies the Incas.

A sudden rustling breaks the silence. Heavy breathing follows. Escobar turns. But there's nothing there.

Escobar draws heavy breaths. He turns again and his eyes widen with terror. Manco smiles. A bloodied sword in his hand.

INT. SUN TEMPLE - NIGHT

Manco gathers his countrymen around a small fire. In the center lies the corpses of Escobar and the two guards.

Manco shows his people the Spaniards' bloodied hearts. He throws the hearts into the fire. They pray in silence.

Manco kneels for a moment and gets up to address his men. He picks up a Spanish sword and points to the corpses.

MANCO
You all know why I assembled you here. You know who you are. You know who they are. You know what we must do. This is the land of our forefathers. Please remember that. They have made us forget.

He turns to his men and drops the sword. He throws his iron chains into the fire.

EXT. CUSCO'S MAIN SQUARE - DAY

Sardina looks for Escobar in the early morning light. He paces up and down, shouting his name. No response.

SARDINA
Escobar! Escobar! Where are you, man?

Still no response. Sardina searches throughout the entire city and surrounding jungle. To no avail.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - DAY

Juan, Francisco and Hernando converse. They keep a close eye on Manco. Manco devours a ripen mango. He does not blink.

FRANCISCO
Where are his guards?

JUAN
Men go missing. That's the law of the land. This land anyway.

FRANCISCO
See to it they get replaced.

JUAN
Yes, sir.

Juan exits. Francisco continues to stare beyond Cusco's gates with a worried face.

FRANCISCO
It's been too long. They should be here by now. Almagro should be here by now.

HERNANDO
Lima is quite a ways away, brother. Give them time.

FRANCISCO
They've had enough time, Hernando. How could I be such a fool. They're either missing or...

HERNANDO
You worry too much, Francisco. You should pray more.

FRANCISCO
Where's Gonzalo?

Hernando points. Francisco turns and watches Gonzalo stare at Cura from a distance. Francisco scowls.

HERNANDO
I believe he has other things on his mind.

EXT. TEMPLE ROOF - DAY

Juan joins Gonzalo as they study the city from afar. Gonzalo continues to gaze and marvel at Manco's wife, Cura.

GONZALO
 There's something's still
 missing...

JUAN
 What are you talking about? That
 wine's gone to your head.

GONZALO
 It stays there too. You know why I
 love gold, Juan?

JUAN
 It's shiny.

GONZALO
 Yes. Go on.

JUAN
 It pays debts.

GONZALO
 Hmmm. That too. But there's
 something else. There's something
 about gold that's unlike anything
 on this earth.

JUAN
 What is it?

Gonzalo continues to cast his eyes on Cura. She hastens and disappears into the crowd.

GONZALO
 Gold never grows ugly. Only the
 people around it do. But her...
 (indicating Cura)
 She's a lot like gold. Seemingly
 unattainable.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - DAY

Hernando assembles two new soldiers as Manco's Guard replacements: Sardina and another soldier.

Hernando points to Manco. Sardina and the other soldier march over. Manco winces at the first guard.

But as Sardina makes his way over, Manco can only give him a blank stare. Sardina does not respond.

EXT. CUSCO'S ENTRANCE - DAY

Hernando and Francisco look into the horizon. Worried looks. They move to their horses.

HERNANDO
So do we wait another week?

FRANCISCO
No. It's been too long. I've decided.

HERNANDO
You're not going after him?

FRANCISCO
I'm afraid I have to. Or at least meet him halfway. There's too much invested.

HERNANDO
You make quick decisions, brother.

FRANCISCO
That's why we're here, isn't it?

HERNANDO
Then who will be in command when you're gone?

FRANCISCO
You, Hernando.

HERNANDO
Me?

FRANCISCO
Who else? This city needs a saint. It has enough masons. Watch over it gallantly, brother. Juan will be second in command and Gonzalo will be correspondence to the Crown. Please be diligent. We owe them loyalty beyond what we can measure. I will return with in one month. With or without Almagro. Pray for me as I pray for you.

Francisco climbs up on his horse and tries to exit. Hernando catches up with him.

Francisco bows, mounts up finally exits through Cusco's gates. His men all follow.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Almagro's men assemble. Diego rides up. Almagro nods. The men wait with baited breath.

DIEGO
Now, father?

ALMAGRO
Yes, son. El Dorado or nothing.

Almagro gallops towards his men. They all cheer.

ALMAGRO
Come on, men! To El Dorado! Our
empire awaits!

Almagro and his two hundred men gallop further South to find their fortune. They leave a trail of dust and sand.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Francisco and his men slog through thick vines. A horrible heat burns their backs. They hack and trudge.

FRANCISCO
Any sign?

SOLDIER
No, sir. Perhaps South, sir. He
might have taken a short cut South.
Instead of West.

FRANCISCO
Perhaps.

SOLDIER
How far to Lima, sir?

FRANCISCO
Too far. Keep moving.

EXT. CUSCO'S ENTRANCE - DAY

Gonzalo oversees several soldiers carry wheel barrows filled with gold, transporting the loads into a large caravan.

Gonzalo blinks his eyes to see if he's dreaming. He taps Juan on the shoulder.

GONZALO
What's this?

JUAN
What's what?

Gonzalo points. Juan turns and looks.

GONZALO
That!

JUAN
Good God.

GONZALO
Who are they?

JUAN
I don't know. You're Correspondence
to the Crown.

Gold continues to pile into the caravan. The TREASURY
SOLDIERS calculate each chest. They document accordingly.

Gonzalo bolts toward them. His face about to explode.

GONZALO
What is this?! What in God's name
are you heathens doing? You, there!
Speak!

TREASURY SOLDIER 1
Royal Inquiry.

GONZALO
Royal what?

TREASURY SOLDIER 1
Inquiry. Yes, sir. The Crown's
orders. We must take a fifth from
every treasure.

GONZALO
This is outrageous! I wasn't
informed. Where are the
documents?... Where are the
documents?!

TREASURY SOLDIER 1
They're on your table, sir. I gave
you two copies. You spilt wine on
the first one. Don't you remember?

GONZALO
Be quiet!

Gonzalo darts out and barks at another soldier by the

caravan.

GONZALO
Must you take that much? Speak, you
spineless coward!

TREASURY SOLDIER 2
We're only taking the Royal Fifth,
sir.

GONZALO
Does that include slaves?

TREASURY SOLDIER 2
Yes, it does, sir.

Gonzalo growls. He looks to another caravan, filled to the
brim with riches.

GONZALO
This Royal Fifth certainly looks
like a Royal Half. Doesn't
it?...Doesn't it?!!

TREASURY SOLDIER 2
It's not, sir. We've calculated two
dozen times.

GONZALO
Then make it three dozen.

TREASURY SOLDIER 2
Yes, sir.

The Treasury Soldiers get back to work, but Gonzalo is not
at all pleased with their sluggish pace.

GONZALO
For God's sakes, if you must steal,
steal fast! There's nothing worse
than lingering thieves!

EXT. CUSCO ROOF TOWER - DAY

Hernando sits and watches over his city with a keen eye. He
hears footsteps coming from the stairs.

ORELLANA, a tallish, young and exceptionally handsome
Spaniard, climbs up and makes his way over to Hernando.

ORELLANA
Hello, cousin.

HERNANDO

Orellana!

They saunter and encircle the entire roof many times. Orellana smiles with each step. Hernando abides.

HERNANDO

Did you come with Francisco or Almagro?

ORELLANA

I came by myself.

HERNANDO

It doesn't surprise me. You were always swift. Even back in Trujillo. Now the whole family's here.

ORELLANA

Yes. But where's Francisco?

HERNANDO

Supposedly he's in Lima. Or at least near the coast.

ORELLANA

Lima? What's he doing so far away?

HERNANDO

Looking for Almagro.

ORELLANA

Almagro? That bastard. He's still here?

HERNANDO

Yes. It's unfortunate. But it's necessary.

ORELLANA

Sounds like you've been saying that for a long time, cousin.

HERNANDO

I have. Have you seen Juan and Gonzalo?

ORELLANA

I have.

HERNANDO

Good.

ORELLANA

I'm amaze how little resistance there is.

HERNANDO

Believe me, it came with a price.

ORELLANA

Who's idea was it to install such a noble Inca?

HERNANDO

If you must know it was Francisco.

ORELLANA

I had a feeling it was. He can certainly pick them out.

HERNANDO

A cruel, canny man knows his opposite as well as himself.

ORELLANA

Indeed.

HERNANDO

You're welcome to stay in Cusco for as long as you like, Orellana.

ORELLANA

Thank you for your invitation, but I must meet up with Francisco. I have old debts to pay. He does too.

HERNANDO

I see. Pity. Have you tasted the wine?

ORELLANA

Yes. Yes, I have.

HERNANDO

Good. Let's taste some more.

Hernando pours a cup. Orellana accepts. They look over the grand view of Cusco. Orellana takes a sip and exhales.

ORELLANA

Marvelous view.

Hernando sighs and takes a heavy sip of his own. He exhales drops the cup, watches it fall and smiles.

HERNANDO

Yes, Orellana. I can't believe it either.

They spot Valverde talking with a translator, over by a palm tree. Valverde twitches with an unsure look.

Minutes pass. Orellana and Hernando acknowledge heavy footsteps coming from the stairs.

Valverde takes in heavy breaths. Sweat beads from his face and down to his robes.

HERNANDO

Yes, Friar?

VALVERDE

They ask us to respect their ceremony. They ask we keep a distance from them.

HERNANDO

A distance?

VALVERDE

A reasonable one.

HERNANDO

Fine. They are children of God. When will the ceremony commence?

VALVERDE

Two days, sir.

HERNANDO

Keep an eye on them.

EXT. TEMPLE GARDEN - DAY

Sardina and the other Guard standby the chained Manco, watching his every move.

Manco guts a fish with clean precision. He examines his knife and wipes off the blood. Sardina stares.

EXT. CUSCO'S MAIN SQUARE - NIGHT

Loud Inca drums bang away. Wailing prayers follow. Manco and his people participate in their ancient ritual.

Sardina and the Guard stay twenty feet away. The Guard, uneasy, bites at his lips.

GUARD
Shouldn't we be closer?

SARDINA
No. We were told to keep our
distance until it's over.

GUARD
How long does this go on then?

EXT. CUSCO'S MAIN SQUARE - DAY

Manco continues to stare at Sardina. This time from down the temple steps.

Several Incas leave the city's square. Manco joins them. Juan and Gonzalo look on.

JUAN
Where are they going?

GONZALO
Eh, praying to there their stupid
gods.

The Incas, now dressed in their best costumes, dance in rhythm to the booming drums. The Spanish keep a close eye.

The Incas enter through the many tombs of the city. They return, carrying the mummies of the dead Inca rulers.

They march all the way out of Cusco, cross the mountain valley, and head to the sacred shrines.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Hernando and Valverde look on. They make their way down. The rest of the Spanish follow.

HERNANDO
What is this?

VALVERDE
Ayamarca Raymi.

HERNANDO
Which is?

VALVERDE
The Festival of the Dead.

HERNANDO
I thought they worshiped the sun.

VALVERDE

They do. But this day is for the
dead. A resurrection.

HERNANDO

I'll never understand these
savages.

EXT. SACRED SHRINES - DAY

Manco and a thousand more Incas gather. Manco raises a lit
torch to reflect the sunrise.

The Carriers bring forth the mummies of the dead Incas.
Manco nods. He bends over and ignites a bigger fire.

Manco stares at the mummies, but can't find Apawalta's. He
turns to the Carriers.

MANCO

Where is my brother's tomb?
Apawalta? Apawalta Inca!

The Carriers shrug their shoulders. Manco looks up to the
sun and sky. He whispers a prayer.

MANCO

Help us. Guide us. Make us see
again.

The Inca servants bring a plump child up for sacrifice. The
wind picks up. Snow flurries crowd the air.

Manco sees the Spanish from the distance and glares back at
them from the valley below. He turns to the child.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

The Spanish jeer, but they stay at bay. Swords at their
side. The ceremony continues.

HERNANDO

What are they doing?

VALVERDE

I believe it's a sacrifice.

HERNANDO

A child? They're sacrificing a
child?! Heathens! All of them!
Blasphemy! This is blasphemy!

JUAN

Let them enjoy their blasphemy. For

awhile at least.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Manco stares at the Naymplap, the sacred knife holder. The tribesmen lay the child on the slab.

Waman Poma brings Manco a knife. Manco makes his way to the alter. The Spanish continue to look on from afar.

Manco takes the knife, prays a final prayer to the sun and cuts the child along the throat. Blood spews down the alter.

Shocked and disgusted. The Spanish shout, enraged. The Incas kneel down in silence.

The drums and dances seize. Snow fills the air. Manco nods at his warriors and looks down at the Spanish.

His eyes seethe with rage. He shrieks and it echoes throughout the land.

MANCO

Away! Away! I am Manco Inca of
Vilcabama!

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Gonzalo turns to his brothers. They blink several times. They can't believe what they're seeing.

GONZALO

Our puppet king has a pulse.

JUAN

I think we...

HERNANDO

Stop thinking.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

The two armies stand within a hundred yards of each other. The Spanish rush in on their horses. The Incas set their bows.

Manco marshals his forces towards the valley. The Incas attack at once.

Arrows and spears rain down. The Spanish shield themselves and their horses.

Some get pelted. Others block the Inca blows. Gonzalo screams and leads a charge up the valley.

Hernando stays at bay and commands the cannons. He looks and waits for the perfect moment. He shrieks.

HERNANDO

Fire!

Several blasts strike the center. The cannons fall from the impact. They get back up. Hernando shrieks again.

HERNANDO

Fire!

In the smoke, the Spanish and Incas fight on. Both scream in full fledged rage.

The Incas steal as many Spanish swords as they can. They slice away. The Spanish fire back.

Manco cuts his way with a spear and sword. He sees his men fight valiantly. But it doesn't last. The Spanish reload.

Their guns blast through the Incas defense, and although completely outnumbered, they gain ground.

The Incas fire more arrows. They throw more rocks. The Spanish keep coming. Cannon smoke smothers the air.

Hernando squints through the smoke. He sees his men take down the Incas with ease.

The Incas retreat. The Spanish follow. Blood splatters to the walls.

Hernando orders his men to charge. Sparks of gun fire light up the sky. More Inca bodies stack up.

Manco orders his men to hold their ground. They throw anything they can get a hold of. Rocks. Jars. Even fruit.

The defiant Incas warriors remain by the walls. Armed with swords, they egg the Spanish on. The Spanish climb and fire.

The last of the heroic Inca warriors stuff their mouths with dirt, scrounge out their eyes and throw themselves off the walls.

Manco holds his staff and stares at the green slopes. He yells out a cry of retreat.

Thousands of Incas flee into the jungle. Manco drops his staff and reluctantly joins them.

The smoke slowly lifts. The cannons stop. Cusco falls silent.

The surviving Spanish rummage through the bloodied ground. The priests march with crosses and incense. They stoop down to bless the corpses of soldiers and horses.

Soto and Sardina pick up several Inca corpses. They throw them onto a pile. Gonzalo paces towards them.

GONZALO

Did we get him? Soto? Sardina? Did we get him?

They shrug their heads. Gonzalo gazes to the far jungle beyond.

Hernando comes out from the smoke and nods. Gonzalo nods back.

GONZALO

Where's Juan?

Hernando shrugs. Gonzalo paces back and forth. He goes through body after body. His mouth quivers.

GONZALO

Juan? Juan?! Juan?!!!

Finally, after a painful minute, Gonzalo finds Juan's corpse. Mouth full of blood. A spear stuck in his stomach.

Gonzalo clutches on to his brother's corpse. He breaks down in tears. Hernando catches up. He too falls to his knees.

More bodies pile up. They light up the stack with torches. A plume of black smoke crowds the air. Chimes ring.

The priests approach Juan's body. They bless his forehead with ashes. Hernando and Gonzalo whisper a prayer.

The priests exit. Gonzalo hyperventilates. He turns to the jungle and screams an absolute primal cry of agony.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Two miles away, Manco and Waman Poma watch Cusco burn. They each turn away.

WAMAN POMA

Cusco's lost. It's lost forever,
Manco.

MANCO

No. It's not all lost.

WAMAN POMA

What's left?! Can't you see, Manco!
Can't you see what's before you?!

Manco points. Waman Poma turns in haste. The green rolling slopes. The sacred valley: Manchu Picchu. They stand in silence.

MANCO

Manchu Picchu. It's still here. It
will always be here.

Manco holds the reigns of a Spanish horse. He mounts up and rides off.

EXT. SPANISH CAMP - DAY

Hernando watches soldiers form a line. He heads for Gonzalo, who waits by the steps.

HERNANDO

Gonzalo? Gonzalo! This is insane.
What are you doing? We can't afford
to go after him now.

GONZALO

We can't afford to wait, Hernando.

HERNANDO

You're out of your mind!

GONZALO

So was our brother. It's a good
place to be.

HERNANDO

You need more men. I already lost
Juan. I cannot afford to lose
another brother.

GONZALO

The Inca is near. We have him
wounded. He left his city because
there is another. There's no
other explanation. We cannot waste
time. We must strike.

HERNANDO

And get ambushed again? We've lost
two hundred men!

GONZALO

The prize is worth it. If we
capture him, he'll show us El

Dorado. We must know before others do. But we'll never know if we stay here.

HERNANDO

What others?

GONZALO

Almagro. For one. He hasn't returned for a reason. Why do you think he left so soon?

HERNANDO

The Crown forbids us, Gonzalo. You know that, You'll be hung.

GONZALO

The Crown? The Crown? Who is the king to say who I am? Who is Spain to say who we are?! Do you hear them?! Can they hear us?! But if by chance you do, if by chance you see the king, if you see him prancing along in this horrid jungle, please do me a favor, brother. Kiss his feet. Shake his hand. Steal his crown. And shove it up his ass!!!

HERNANDO

Brother?

GONZALO

Hernando. The Crown is blind. We are not Her servants anymore. I am my own man! And this is our empire. Our home is here. Spain. Glorious Spain. Even if I were to go back it would only be in a coffin. What does Spain have that we lack? Tell me. Land? Have we not seen God yet? Is this not the navel of the earth? What else does Spain have that we haven't? Wine? More churches? Gold? Gold, Brother?

HERNANDO

History.

GONZALO

History. You're absolutely right. We don't have a history. We'll have to start it then.

Gonzalo exits and gallops towards Cusco's entrance. His men follow.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CUSCO - DAY

Sardina paces round. He sees Soto riding in the opposite direction, accompanied by two mules and a caravan.

SARDINA
Soto? Aren't you joining?

SOTO
No. I'm leaving.

SARDINA
Leaving?

SOTO
Yes, Sardina. Leaving.

SARDINA
Where? To Lima? To Francisco?

SOTO
No. To Spain. To Badajoz.

SARDINA
I don't understand. You've come too far.

SOTO
I've come for my fortune. I've found it. Now I must leave before I lose it.

Soto points to the mules and caravan. He pats the mules on their head.

SARDINA
But there's more. There's more! El Dorado.

SOTO
You haven't played the game long enough, Sardina. One must learn what he has. There are times where you shouldn't take a risk. Even if there's great reward.

SARDINA
But the reward is worth it. That's why you're here. That's why we're all here, isn't it?

SOTO

I wish you luck. I'm afraid that's about all I can do.

SARDINA

But it's El Dorado! They say it's grander than Cairo. Grander than Cusco! It's near! It's near, Soto.

SOTO

Only in your mind.

SARDINA

But that's what they've been saying! That's what lead us here! That's what lead us to Peru. That's what lead us out of Spain! What do you see, Soto? Enjoy it then. Enjoy your tiny fortune.

SOTO

I'll enjoy my fortune. However tiny it may be. I'll enjoy it alive.

Soto mounts up and heads off. Sardina follows and hurries.

SARDINA

Sir? Sir Soto?

SOTO

You're a free man, Sardina. Act like one.

Soto exits. Sardina does not follow.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Gonzalo's men assemble. They take a final look at their fair city. As does Sardina.

Sardina lifts up his sack of gold payment. Gonzalo mounts up and rides his horse out of Cusco. His men follow.

SARDINA (V.O.)

I could have went back to Spain. I could have died at Cajamarca. El Dorado was only a thought. But it soon became a dream. A dream as real as Cusco.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (RAIN)

Sardina paces in between the cannons. Rain pours. Several men struggle to push the heavy cannon through thick mud.

SARDINA (V.O.)

Manco was all we thought about.
Where he was hiding. What he was
hiding. El Dorado...El Dorado was
the only reason.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Not too far away, Manco leads his men to a small village. They worship the rising sun.

WAMAN POMA

Manco.

Waman Poma bends over and finds something covered in the dirt. A chess piece: a black rook. He hands it to Manco.

More Incas rush over in canoes. Manco climbs up on a rock. His men stare up at him.

MANCO

Great Incas. We will make our new city, but we will have to journey a little further, and in time when we find it, we will make our New Cusco. The Incas of the past are with us now, and will be with us always. I know one day in the future there will be a day when they force us to worship their gods, and when that day comes, do what you have to do in front of them, but in private don't forget our ceremonies and our gods. We will die with the sun in our hearts. If they want El Dorado, we'll show it to them.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Manco takes his army over to another strip of land. They cross an old rope bridge.

When the final Inca crosses, Manco orders his men to cut the rope. They proceed. The bridge whips back and forth.

The rope slowly unwraps until the entire bridge collapses to the water.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The Spanish slog through thick vegetation. They whip their Indian guides. They trudge along.

SARDINA (V.O.)

We spent two months going in circles, spotting the same trees. Manco was nowhere in sight. Nor was El Dorado.

EXT. LIMA - DAY

Francisco and Orellana heat their blades amongst a fire. Francisco carefully mends his sword with a hammer.

ORELLANA

Almagro still hasn't shown?

FRANCISCO

No.

ORELLANA

Why have you sent for me, sir?

FRANCISCO

My brother, Gonzalo, needs you.

ORELLANA

He's still in Cusco?

FRANCISCO

No. Further north.

ORELLANA

El Dorado? He's looking for El Dorado?

FRANCISCO

Aren't we all?

ORELLANA

What has he found?

FRANCISCO

Whatever it is, find it with him. He hasn't enough men, nor skill. He needs you, Orellana.

ORELLANA

Yes, but what about Hernando?

FRANCISCO
Cusco's in good hands.

A young scout rides to Francisco with a rolled up letter in hand.

SCOUT
Sir. A letter from Almagro.

The Scout unrolls the letter and hands it to Francisco. Francisco waves his hand.

FRANCISCO
Well? Is he dead or not?

SCOUT
Yes, sir.

Francisco sighs. The Scout exits. Francisco staggers towards the beach alone. Orellana watches from afar.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL (CHILE) - DAY

Rain pours. Languished and starved, Almagro's men head down another slope, which is now present day Chile.

They fend off vicious tribe after vicious tribe. In all instances, they get greeted with arrows.

They slash their way further south. Their guides fall ill from starvation.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Finally, they come across an empty town which looks oddly similar to Cajamarca.

They quickly set the town on fire, killing every native in sight. The smoke clears.

They frantically dig amongst the ashes. Under pot after pot. Crevice after crevice. They find nothing.

EXT. COAST - DAY

Rain turns to snow. Almagro assembles ten of his men. Diego watches from afar. The men track back north.

Almagro watches the shore. Snow blinds his view. Diego shivers and rides up to his father.

DIEGO

Why did you send them, father? We know there's no food up north.

ALMAGRO

I didn't send them for food. I sent them back to Cusco.

DIEGO

Cusco?

ALMAGRO

I have my reasons.

DIEGO

What are they?

ALMAGRO

They'll have a head start. They can fill us in on who's coming and going. That way we can arrive back without any trouble.

DIEGO

I see. May I ask another question, sir?

ALMAGRO

Go ahead, Diego.

DIEGO

What did you tell Pizarro? You wrote him a letter didn't you?

ALMAGRO

Be quiet, son.

DIEGO

I'm sorry, father.

ALMAGRO

Don't apologize. Just say nothing. You should have no part in this mess, Diego. This is between me and Francisco. I've had my back stabbed too many times. Knowing the Pizarros, they'll go for my head.

DIEGO

I see.

ALMAGRO

At least you can still see.

Almagro turns to the vapid shore and land. The cold air whips about. He sighs.

ALMAGRO

There's nothing here, son. Never did I see so much nothing. God never made a more unhappy place.

DIEGO

We're all out of rations. We're all out of supplies. Where to now, father?

ALMAGRO

Cusco. We'll take what's ours. What's left of it anyway. Let's go.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Orellana's men join Gonzalo's camp. They tell their tales of woe by small fires.

Sardina sets up the chess board. No man joins in. Black's King rook remains missing. He plays without it. Alone.

SARDINA (V.O.)

I kept thinking about Soto. What he said. What he meant.

EXT. OFF TRAIL - DAY

Soto heads off in a horse driven caravan with his fortune inside.

SARDINA (V.O.)

He was probably back in Spain already. Or at least close to it. Perhaps to the great golden sea.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Soto stops near a stream. His horses drink at a still waters. He looks and blinks several times.

He watches ten Spanish soldiers march out from the mud, about hundreds yards away. Soto and his servants look on.

SOTO

Who's men are they?

SERVANT

They're Almagro's, sir.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (RAIN)

Rain falls at a drenching pace. A thick mud forms. Gonzalo's men muck on through.

The cannon crew pushes forward. One of the cannons quickly becomes submerged in mud.

Sardina assists the men, but no matter how much they push they cannot budge the cannon forward.

Twenty more men draw back and help. It takes quite awhile, but they finally gain enough traction and free the wheel.

SARDINA (V.O.)

We were still in the jungle. El Dorado was quite alive. So was Manco.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The rain ceases. The brutal sun shines on. Gonzalo and Orellana peer into the massive jungle.

GONZALO

The bastard has eyes. Doesn't he, cousin?

ORELLANA

The jungle's on their side. We have to win this thing tree by tree.

GONZALO

So.

ORELLANA

So.

They gaze up at the canopy and the enormous redwoods. Gonzalo approaches the resting men, handing each of them an axe.

GONZALO

Get off your behinds.

EXT. HILL - DAY

Gonzalo looks up again at the mighty trees before him. He turns to Orellana.

GONZALO

Tree by tree.

The Spanish get busy. They chop down immense trees, which fall to the ground in thunderous clamor.

They gather wood and assemble rafts. They hammer nails. They tie rope.

Gonzalo paces down and gazes once more to the river. He watches his men labor under horrid heat.

Three completed rafts stand by the edge of the water. The Spanish climb aboard and carefully sail onward.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

The Spanish huddle on their rafts. The current takes them as far as it can.

The sounds of the maddening jungle stop. A dense silence takes over. The men look petrified.

They spot the broken bridge just beyond a strip of marsh. Gonzalo looks up in the trees.

The sounds of the jungle return. Gonzalo holds his sword and points it forward. The men row.

They stop at the nearest sight of land. The Inca slaves point down the slope. The Spanish follow.

EXT. INLAND - DAY

The Spanish get on top and muck on through, slashing thick bushes and vines.

Orellana looks up into the trees. His eyes widen. Gonzalo paces besides him, leading with his sword.

ORELLANA

No.

Orellana points up. An Inca takes aim with his bow. He fires. A soldier hits the ground.

The Spanish fire back. The cannon roars. Round after round. Tree limbs fall to the ground. Silence.

GONZALO

Bastard!!! Bastard!!!

The Inca bowmen run off. The Spanish follow. The Incas disappear. Nowhere to be found.

EXT. SACRED VALLEY - DAY

Manco enters a stone plaza with steep ascending steps. He watches his Inca countrymen pour into the valley.

Manco looks in wonder to the new terraces, housing plots and water channels. The dawn mists hovers the air.

MANCO
They've built it?

WAMAN POMA
Yes, Manco. You requested it.

Manco and his Incas trek off to the hills.

EXT. CLIFFS - DAY

The sun breaks from gray clouds. They cheer and welcome a familiar site: Manchu Pitchu.

The great, majestic cliffs of Manchu Pitchu stand before them. Manco clutches his heart. He bends to his knees.

MANCO
It's still here. It's still here.
Manchu Picchu.

WAMAN POMA
It's always been here, Manco. They
will never take it away. It will
always be here. Like your brother.

Waman Poma points off into the distance. Manco turns and smiles in delight.

A band of Incas carry a tomb. They proceed forward. Manco examines the tomb and sheds a heavy tear.

MANCO
Apawalta! Brother.

Manco kisses Apawalta's tomb. He presses his finger amongst the stone. He looks to the heavens.

MANCO
I know you're here. I know you're
here.

The carriers tend to the rest of the Inca mummies. They bring them out their chambers and place them upright to greet the sun.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Several Incas carry heavy stones. Manco oversees them. They lay the stones down. Incline steps form. They place miniature golden statues every hundred yards.

Manco helps out for awhile. He steps back and scopes out the territory. Waman Poma shakes his head and hurries to Manco.

WAMAN POMA

Manco! Manco! Are you out of your mind? Are you out of your mind?! Why would you leave a trail so easy for them to follow?

MANCO

(looks to the heavens)
I've asked the gods the same question.

WAMAN POMA

And what was their response?
(infuriated)
What was their response?!

Waman Poma gives him a shove. Manco can only respond with a smile.

EXT. CLIFFS - NIGHT

The Incas lay and pat down the last stones. They stand with lit torches. Five thousand in all.

Manco, Cura and Titu Cusi hold each other hands in prayer. Manco signals to his men and extinguishes his torch.

The men do the same. The cliffs and outlining valley descends to pitch black.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Gonzalo leads his men on. They stagger reach within a league of the Inca steps.

They halt. They gaze in wonder. They rush to the golden statues.

EXT. STEPS - DAY

Gonzalo's men rush up the steps. They huddle to the statues. A familiar ecstasy falls across their countenance.

SOLDIER 1 (O.S.)
Look!

SOLDIER 2 (O.S.)
It's here!

SOLDIER 3 (O.S.)
It is! It is!

SOLDIER 1 (O.S.)
We've found it! We've found it!

Gonzalo and Orellana catch up. The men gather round a chest filled with gold.

SOLDIER 2 (O.S.)
El Dorado! El Dorado! It's here!
It's here!

Orellana falls to his knees. His hands tremble. He reaches for a golden statue. He exhales and hands it to Gonzalo.

ORELLANA
It's here. We made it.

Gonzalo looks all around and stares at the steps. He points up and calls to his men.

GONZALO
Come on, men!

The Spanish rush to the steps. They trample over each other. They holler in ecstasy.

A dense fog suddenly hovers over the land. The Spanish pace. One soldier stops, points and cries.

SOLDIER
There he is!

And there on the highest step, wearing a golden robe and holding a golden staff, stands Titu Cusi.

VOICE (O.S.)
That's no Golden Man. It's a child!

The Spanish yell. Orellana leads his men. Swords in hands. They climb the steps. Titu Cusi disappears through the fog.

An Inca on a horse rides up the cliff. The Spanish ignore him. Their armor clangs off the stone and clay.

VOICE (O.S.)
There's more! There's more!

ORELLANA

Come on, men! It's just beyond!
Follow the boy! Follow the boy!

Thick fog increases and casts throughout the land. The Spanish keep climbing. They crash into each other.

VOICE (O.S.)

Where is he?! Where is he?!

Gonzalo whips his head back and forth. His eyes widen.

Below, the Inca horseman shows his face: Manco. Manco rides out and shouts out a battle cry.

His Incas cheer and attack the Spanish from all sides. The Spanish scream in horror.

The Incas launch spears, stones and heavy boulders from up top the cliffs.

The Spanish get pelted. Some lose their balance and fall down the steps. The Incas fire arrow after arrow.

The Spanish fire back, but the Incas withstand their blows. They charge back with spikes and spears.

Manco rides his horse straight into the heart of the Spanish line and leads a charge. A hundred Incas follow lead.

Gonzalo falls off his horse. Three Incas pile on top of him. But his guardsmen hasten and fend them off.

The Spanish try to hold ground. More Incas come with lit torches and clubs. They chase the Spanish down the steps.

More arrows fly. The fog lifts. 50 Spanish soldiers lie dead on the ground.

Gonzalo bleeds from his forehead. Orellana calls off his men and orders a retreat.

More Spanish soldiers die on the steps. The Incas yell a cry of joy. The Spanish fall back down the valley.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Gonzalo remains silent. His mouth quivers. More of his men retreat and move pass him.

The Incas dance and cheer in jubilation. Waman Poma screams and taunts down at the Spanish.

EXT. RIDGE - DAY

The defeated Spanish exit back up the valley. Gonzalo doesn't move an inch. Sardina hobbles towards him.

SARDINA
What now, General?

Gonzalo does not respond. Orellana enters. Gonzalo turns to him. They say nothing. Sardina exits.

GONZALO
I need a priest. I need a priest.
Valverde? Valverde? Where are you?!
Where is that God damn priest?

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

Two Incas grab Valverde by his wrists. Two other Incas grab his legs.

Waman Poma carries a wooden spoon. He staggers to a nearby pot along the fire.

Waman Poma dips the spoon into the pot and scopes out a hunk of melting gold. He turns to his men.

WAMAN POMA
Open.

They claw into Valverde's mouth, opening it as wide as they can. Waman Poma gets up and makes his way over.

The spoon of melting gold sizzles. The Incas all stare and smile. Waman Poma leans forward.

The Incas hold steady. Valverde shrieks in agony as Waman Poma inserts the smoldering gold into Valverde's mouth.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The Incas throw Valverde's corpse into the river. His robes drift down stream. Waman Poma and Manco watch.

WAMAN POMA
What now, Manco? Do we keep
defending like this?

MANCO
No. Not like this.

WAMAN POMA

Why not?

MANCO

They'll keep coming. We can only last so long if we stay here.

WAMAN POMA

Then what are we going to do?

MANCO

We keep moving.

WAMAN POMA

We've lost Cusco forever.

MANCO

No. Cusco's not lost. Cusco is here.

(points to his heart)

They cannot destroy this. For our people. For our sons. Our new Cusco awaits us.

WAMAN POMA

Where?

MANCO

The gods will tell us. The shamans will show us. We'll follow them.

Manco points over. Waman Poma squints. Shrugs. Manco's finger steadies and does not waver.

WAMAN POMA

I can't see it.

MANCO

Keep looking up.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Manco leads his people beyond the streams of the Amazon river, over rough and muddy terrain.

He finds the Shaman and smiles. The Shaman holds a shaft and the skull of an Inca warrior. Manco nods.

EXT. JUNGLE THREE MILES AWAY - DAY

Not far behind, Gonzalo and his men follow a trail. Gonzalo's grimace remains constant. He takes a long look

into the river.

Manco follows the Shaman through thick vines. He turns back to see Cura and Titu Cusi.

MANCO

Titu? Titu!

They are nowhere in sight.

EXT. RIVER BEND - DAY

The Spanish fire. Smoke rises from the distance.

Gonzalo sees Cura and Titu Cusi run for their lives. He and his men head out for them.

Titu races ahead of her. He stops and trips over vines. He turns back. She's nowhere in sight.

TITU CUSI

Mother!

Gonzalo leads ten men on horse back. They ride after Cura. One soldier throws a rope trap and catches her ankles. She falls.

She yells in terror. Titu Cusi catches up and bolts for her. He reaches for her hand, but she's too far away.

CURA

No, Titu! No! Run! Run!!!

The Spanish fire back at Titu. Titu dashes back and disappears.

The Spanish take Cura in chains towards Gonzalo. She flails at him and screams.

Sardina turns away with a dejected grimace. He can't stand the sight. Lost in thought. He stares down the river.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Manco's men find a box, floating down the river. Manco breaks down in tears. The Shaman helps Manco to his feet.

The box floats further towards them. Manco and the Shaman turn away. They know all too well what's inside it.

Manco's hands quake and tremble. The Shaman throws rose petals to the water.

MANCO

Titu?

The Shaman exits and heads back to the jungle. Manco waits. He closes his eyes. He opens them. He follows the Shaman.

Manco leads his people pass the river. He sighs with every step.

EXT. BEACH - LIMA - DAY

Soto waits for his ship. His fortune stays besides him.

Not far away, Francisco watches another ship chart its course towards shore. Soto and Francisco share a glance. Soto staggers over.

FRANCISCO

What are you doing here, Soto?

SOTO

Leaving, sir.

FRANCISCO

For Spain?

SOTO

For Spain.

FRANCISCO

Why so soon, Soto?

SOTO

I have my reasons.

FRANCISCO

What might they be?

SOTO

I no longer see who's side I'm on. Certainly not your brothers. Nor Almagros.

FRANCISCO

Is that so?

SOTO

But I've heard from both. And I know their intentions.

FRANCISCO

What have you heard?

SOTO
A little too much. But I'll tell
you what I know.

FRANCISCO
Tell, Soto.

SOTO
He's heading back to Cusco.

FRANCISCO
Who?

SOTO
Almagro.

FRANCISCO
They said he died.

SOTO
They say a lot of things, sir. But
you'll be happy to learn he hasn't
found it. He hasn't found El
Dorado.

FRANCISCO
He hasn't?

SOTO
Not a thing.

FRANCISCO
How do you know this, Soto?

SOTO
I've run into some of his men along
the way here. They were heading to
Cusco. Believe it, sir. You'll
waste your time doubting.

FRANCISCO
Does Hernando know of this?

SOTO
Not to my knowledge.

FRANCISCO
And Gonzalo?

SOTO
Not yet. They'll know soon enough.
Men have mouths.

FRANCISCO
Is that all you know, Soto?

SOTO
No.

FRANCISCO
Does it get better or worse?

SOTO
Worse, I'm afraid. Almagro's men already know Gonzalo's whereabouts. They know if they get there before he does, Hernando will be outnumbered. Cusco's theirs if they get there first.

FRANCISCO
It's not theirs. Cusco was never theirs!

SOTO
That might be the case, but for all we know they might already be there. That's all I know, sir. That's all I can say.

FRANCISCO
Quite astute, Soto. I expect nothing less of you. But why are you telling me?

SOTO
I'm telling you, sir, because you've been true to me, even when I didn't deserve it. Even when I was a young kid, fighting with you and Balboa. You always told me what to expect. What to watch out for. I never forgot that. I can't say the same for Almagro. So I'm returning you the favor. But I can't fight any more of your wars, sir. I can only fight my own now.

FRANCISCO
Your own wars? I hope to see them someday, Soto.

Francisco hands Soto a payment of gold. Soto refuses. Francisco tries again. Soto refuses again.

FRANCISCO
Take it.

SOTO
I can't, sir.

FRANCISCO
Take it! Take it, Soto.

Francisco grabs hold of Soto's hand. Soto stops resisting. Francisco unhands from Soto.

The payment remains in Soto's hand. He looks at it with dismay.

Francisco exits through the sands. His eyes bleary. He forms a wide grin.

Soto waits by the beach. Waves crash to his boots. His fortune sits close behind him.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Orellana reads a letter. Gonzalo waits on a stump. Orellana finally concedes.

GONZALO
Is it true?

ORELLANA
Yes. It's true. Every bit of it. We have to go back.

GONZALO
Now?

ORELLANA
Now, Gonzalo. We must. We'll lose Cusco. We have no choice.

GONZALO
And lose El Dorado?

ORELLANA
There will be no El Dorado if we lose Cusco.

GONZALO
What about Manco?

ORELLANA
He can wait. One bastard at a time, Gonzalo.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Word spreads to the men. Gonzalo approaches Sardina and hands him another sack of gold.

GONZALO
Sardina?

SARDINA
Yes, sir?

GONZALO
I'm putting you in charge. Stay here. Hunt him down. Watch his every move.

SARDINA
What about Cusco, sir?

GONZALO
We'll handle Cusco.

Gonzalo takes most of his men and trails back to Cusco. Sardina and the rest of the men stay in the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Further into the jungle, Manco stares at Sardina's black rook. He studies his people. They all look weary and starved.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Sardina reaches into his bag and retrieves Manco's gemstone, the stone he found in Cajarmaca. He places it back into his pocket.

Sardina and his men continue to march the slopes of the Andes in search of Manco. A dense fog rolls in.

SARDINA (V.O.)
So we marched on. As did Manco. We stayed back in the jungle...The jungle. We were still convinced.

EXT. SLOPES - DAY

The fog hovers over, seemingly forever. Manco and his Incas disappear through it.

VOICE (O.S.)
But what happen to Cusco, Sardina?

SARDINA (V.O.)

Cusco?

VOICE (O.S.)

Yes. Cusco.

SARDINA (V.O.)

Cusco...What happen in Cusco is only what I heard... but what I heard, I still can't believe.

Sardina and his men fall silent. The men keep looking up, anticipating an ambush at any moment.

EXT. CUSCO - DAY

Gonzalo and his men find the city completely desolate. Shocked and startled. They mumble to themselves in disbelief.

SOLDIER

Where are they? Where are they?

The city remains absolutely silent. Gonzalo staggers over. His men follow close behind.

ORELLANA

Where?

GONZALO

Hernando? Hernando?! Brother?!

Gonzalo bends over. He picks up a familiar flag, hidden underneath the sand.

GONZALO

Of course.

Gonzalo peers into the steeple. He drops the flag and grabs a sword.

GONZALO

Almagro! Show yourself! Show yourself, you fucking bastard! This is not your city! This city belongs to Hernando Pizarro! Not you! Not your son! Almagro! Show your face, you coward! Show your fucking face!

EXT. HIGH TOWER - DAY

Almagro spies down from the steeple. Besides him lies Hernando, shackled in chains, his mouth trapped shut with

rope.

EXT. CUSCO'S MAIN SQUARE - DAY

Gonzalo staggers further. Soon he sees the rifleman up on the steeple. He orders his men to charge.

GONZALO

Santiago!

Almagro's men come out from their hiding places, which surround the entire perimeter.

Gonzalo's men find themselves trapped in the center. Their numbers dissolve to a few dozen.

Cusco lights up in fire blasts. Swords fall to the ground, along with soldiers. The city fills with smoke and debris.

In a matter of minutes, most of Gonzalo's men are instantly killed. The rest captured.

EXT. CUSCO'S MAIN SQUARE - DAY

Gonzalo finds himself on the ground, leaning against a post. Iron chains on his wrists.

He turns and finds Hernando besides him. Hernando bleeds from his eyes. His wrists also chained to the post.

Almagro smacks Hernando and Gonzalo across the face. The brothers remain silent.

ALMAGRO

What is sacred anymore? What is sacred?!!!

Gonzalo and Hernando say nothing. They turn to Orellana who is chained to the ground. He too gets lashed by Diego.

ALMAGRO

Nothing changes. It never ceases to amaze me how stupid you Pizarros are. What are you still doing in my city? And where are your bastard brothers? Where's Juan? Dead? Good. I never liked him anyway. And where's Francisco? Hmmm? My old friend. My old compadre? Where could he be?

Almagro slaps Hernando and Gonzalo across the face again. They say nothing.

ALMAGRO
 Captain?

CAPTAIN
 Yes, sir.

ALMAGRO
 Flog them. Take the slaves. Secure
 the bounty. Let no man forget whose
 city this is.

The soldiers strip Gonzalo and Hernando. They flog them
 several times across the back. Diego watches from afar. As
 does Almagro.

DIEGO
 They still won't talk, father.

ALMAGRO
 They'll talk.

DIEGO
 They might die before that.

ALMAGRO
 They might. They're only human.

DIEGO
 What if they still resist?

ALMAGRO
 Burn them. Burn them, Diego. It's
 in your hands, son.

Almagro hands Diego a lit torch. Diego turns to the bloodied
 Orellana and Pizarros.

Almagro continues to look on in the distance. Diego turns
 back to his father.

DIEGO
 What are you looking for, father?

ALMAGRO
 I don't know anymore.

EXT. CUSCO'S ENTRANCE - DAY

Four unmanned horses suddenly make their way to the gates.
 Almagro stares wide eyed.

DIEGO
 What is that?...What the hell is

that?!

SOLDIER

Four horses, sir. No riders.

EXT. GATES - DAY

The men grab the horses by their reigns. They pull them into the city. Almagro staggers in.

ALMAGRO

(to men)

No. Leave them be. Guard the gates!
Guard the gates, you fools!

Almagro hastens and climbs the steeple's narrow steps. The men obey and take to their orders.

EXT. TEMPLE ROOFTOP - DAY

Almagro scowls. He spies down on the valley, but sees nothing across the horizon.

EXT. ONE MILE FROM CUSCO - DAY

Francisco consults with his captains. They look on to their men. Then to Cusco.

EXT. CUSCO'S ENTRANCE - DAY

The whole of Almagro's army watches and waits. Almagro looks up to the sky, takes his sword and draws a line in the sand.

ALMAGRO

(whispers)

Where are you, Pizarro? Pizarro?
Pizarro!

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Francisco's army enters with little resistance. They slash their way into the city.

Hernando and Gonzalo watch from afar. Cannons fire. Smoke billows.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Almagro about faces. He takes the sword out of the sand and commands his army to charge.

EXT. CENTER OF CUSCO - DAY

The two armies charge at one another at a blistering pace. Blood spills from one end of the city to the other.

Blast after blasts shakes the ground. Swords, horses and men pile on top of each other.

Francisco frees his brothers from their posts. Hernando and Gonzalo each grab a sword and join the battle.

Almagro sees his army quickly dwindle to nothing. He's finally tackled to the ground by three soldiers.

Francisco rides and holds up his hand. He pulls out his sword, gets off his horse and stares down Almagro.

The soldiers withdraw their swords. Francisco looks back to the surviving soldiers who slash away through smoke and ash.

The majority of Almagro's men lie dead on the ground. The rest flee into the woods.

EXT. CUSCO'S MAIN SQUARE - DAY

Francisco takes his sword again and signals to his army. He turns back to Almagro.

Another dark plume of smoke emerges from the distance. Diego dashes through it and escapes to the jungle.

Francisco's men undo Almagro's armor and strip him down to his bloodied white shirt.

Hernando and Gonzalo forces Almagro to his knees. They wrap his wrists with iron chains.

FRANCISCO

I have nothing to say to you,
Almagro.

ALMAGRO

I have plenty.

FRANCISCO

God love you. So you wish to tell
your tale?

Almagro says nothing.

FRANCISCO

Do you wish to tell your tale?!
Gather round men. Come hear the
tale of a coward. A coward who was

once a friend. A friend once
trusted. Let us hear what he has to
say.

ALMAGRO

I speak nothing but the truth. I'll
die doing so.

FRANCISCO

The truth?!

ALMAGRO

Yes. The truth. There's nothing
more you've feared in life than the
truth, Francisco. No matter how
hard you think, no matter how much
you've forgotten, the truth is a
clear as God! You're a fraud. The
truth can only make it clearer. The
truth is this city. You've found it
with my men! You've found it,
riding my horses! This is my city!
My son's city! Not yours! Not your
brothers!

FRANCISCO

So why did you leave it? But
you're right. This is your city.
This part anyway.

Francisco unleashes his sword and draws a line in the sand.
They share a final glare. The same glare that lead them to
Peru.

Almagro spits on to Francisco's boots. The soldiers rush in
and lay his head down on a wooden stump.

FRANCISCO

You'll still be in my prayers,
Diego

ALMAGRO

Pizarros!! Burn in hell!!! All of
you!!

A soldier readies his sword. Almagro screams his last. His
head falls to the ground.

EXT. CUSCO - NIGHT

Bells chime. Monks gather and march up and down Cusco with
lanterns and incense. The Spanish carry body after body and
hammer down crosses to the ground.

EXT. FIRESIDE - NIGHT

The Pizarros huddle near a fire. All of them are exhausted and weary.

HERNANDO
Back to Lima?

FRANCISCO
Yes. For now and the rest of time.
I've made it my city. Almagro was
right. Cusco is not my city. It
wasn't his either. It's yours,
Hernando. Protect it with all you
have.

HERNANDO
I have to.

FRANCISCO
What about you, Gonzalo? Have you
found yours? Have you found El
Dorado?

GONZALO
No. There's still a king on the
board. It's best I leave now.

FRANCISCO
Do what you must, Gonzalo. God be
with you.

Gonzalo bows and exits.

HERNANDO
You look ill, Francisco. Are you
wounded?

FRANCISCO
No. My eyes are tired. I can't see
anymore.

HERNANDO
Get some rest, brother.

FRANCISCO
No. I must pray.

Hernando exits. Francisco remains alone, clutching his forehead. Smoke dissipates. Dusk settles to night's stars.

EXT. TEMPLE ROOF TOP - CUSCO - DAY

Hernando watches over his city. A MESSENGER cries from

below.

MESSENGER

A message from the king, sir.

Hernando sighs. The Messenger shows Hernando the letter. Hernando waves the Messenger away.

MESSENGER

Sir. His Majesty...

HERNANDO

Not now.

MESSENGER

But, Sir!

Hernando exhales and shakes his head. He slowly exits down the stairs.

EXT. BEACH. (LIMA) - DAY

Francisco reaches the ocean. He gets off his horse, kneels to the sand and whispers a little prayer.

Waves ebb and flow. A SLAVE approaches and taps Francisco on his shoulder. Francisco scowls.

SLAVE

He's waiting for you, sir.

FRANCISCO

Who?

The slave points. Francisco squints. He shivers and stares into the wind.

FRANCISCO

Well whoever it is, tell him to wait.

The slave exits. Francisco remains in prayer. He undoes his armor and reveals his bloodied arm.

INT. CHAMBER ROOM - DAY

Francisco enters. The door closes. He lights a torch. His treasure gleams from one end of the room to the other.

Gold fills every square inch. Gold from Cusco. Gold from Cajamarca. Francisco smiles, but only for a second.

He moves to the end of the room and sits on Apawalta's

golden throne. He tries to close his eyes. He can't.

Something on the ground catches his eye: his sword. He bends over and picks it up.

FRANCISCO
Come, my faithful friend.

The door creaks open. A light forms from the crevice, revealing several shadows. Francisco trembles.

FRANCISCO
You there! Slave! Show yourself!
Who are you? Who are you?!...
Diego?

Suddenly, twelve torches light the room. Francisco jumps off from the throne.

The men dash in. They surround Francisco and stab him repeatedly with swords.

The men reveal their faces in the light. Their leader comes up to the light last: Diego.

They watch Francisco's blood stream down the floor. His men climb back up the steps and shake the blood off their boots.

Diego stabs Francisco's corpse one final time. He unhinges his sword.

Diego bends over and takes a golden coin from Francisco's hand. He exits back up the stairs.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Gonzalo rides up. His horse powers through thick vines and bramble. His men point towards the upcoming valley. They return back where they left off.

A messenger approaches on horseback. Gonzalo and his men halt.

GONZALO
Are they still alive?

MESSENGER
Yes, sir. They're further north from here. They found him, sir.

GONZALO
Good. Lead the way.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

Sardina points. His men confirm. Manco's army appear in clear sight.

Sardina gives a signal. His men creep to the other side of the waterfall. Sardina stops and whips back and forth.

The Incas. Nowhere in sight. Spanish eyes open wide with fright. An empty city lies before them.

EXT. EMPTY CITY - DAY

Sardina leads his men further. They lurk and look all over. A warm fire burns in the center.

A SCRIBE screams and dashes out from the woods. The men all turn.

SCRIBE

Captain Sardina! Captain Sardina!
Look out!

The scribe gets shot in the back. A bevy of arrows follow. Manco's army attacks in full force.

An arrow strikes Sardina on the shoulder. He falls to his knees. He watches all of his men die in seconds.

Manco takes a knife and cuts out the last soldier's throat. He turns and stares at Sardina.

Manco's men salivate and surround Sardina. Manco calls them off. They back off. He staggers towards him.

Manco stands over him. Sardina reaches into his pocket and retrieves the sacred stone.

Sardina hands the stone to Manco. Manco's mouth quivers. He accepts the stone and stares at Sardina.

Manco reaches into his chest and retrieves Sardina's black rook. He hands it over. Sardina accepts.

They stare at each other for the longest time. Manco nods. Sardina nods as well.

Manco turns to his men and orders them to leave. They obey his command. Manco finally exits. Sardina exhales.

The Incas retreat. Waman Poma stares at Manco. Manco peers over to Sardina for the final time. Sardina stares back.

WAMAN POMA

Manco?

Manco turns away. He and his men disappear into the jungle.

Sardina stays back. His wounded arm bleeds. He pushes himself to his feet.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Gonzalo slashes away. His men trek up to the mouth of the river. A waterfall appears in clear sight.

GONZALO

Sardina! Sardina! Speak, man!

Gonzalo crosses the river alone. Water to his waist. He barges further inland. His men about a hundred yards ahead.

The men halt and gawk at what they see: five golden Inca statues, standing underneath the waterfall.

VOICE (O.S.)

Oh my God in heaven!

VOICE (O.S.)

I don't believe it.

The Spaniards cry out to themselves and fight over the five golden Inca statues.

ORELLANA

El Dorado! It's here. It's here.

Gonzalo comes to the scene. His men continue to point like children. He stares at the waterfall.

EXT. EMPTY CITY - DAY

But as the Spaniards make their way over, they can only stand in silence. They shake their heads.

They drop their jaws. The city stands completely empty. They find Sardina's men lying dead on the ground.

Gonzalo paces a bit more and falls to his knees. He tries to utter a word, but the shock proves to be too much.

Gonzalo inhales, lifts his sword to the sky and gives out a hellish shriek of anger. It echoes through the land.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Titu Cusi sees his father and his men march forward. He dashes towards him. Manco turns and embraces his son.

TITU CUSI
Father! Father!

MANCO
Titu. My son... My son.

Manco and Titu Cusi trek side by side. Manco and his people look up to the sky. They welcome the sun as it breaks through the clouds.

INT. CORONADO'S TENT - FIVE YEARS LATER

Sardina, now five years older, sits on a wooden chair. A young Spanish gentleman, CORONADO, stares in admiration.

CORONADO
Your story. It's too much for me,
Sardina.

SARDINA
It's only what I remember.

CORONADO
Do you miss it?

SARDINA
Miss what?

CORONADO
Never mind.

Coronado avoids eye contact. His eyes focused on a golden coin. Sardina stares right at him.

SARDINA
Miss what, Coronado?

CORONADO
Do you miss the chaos?

Sardina gives a blank stare. Coronado uncrosses his legs. He heads for the jugs of wine.

CORONADO
You don't have to answer. So what
happen to him? What happen to Manco
Inca?

EXT. ANDES MOUNTAIN - DAY

The sun breaks. Just about to rise. Morning snow falls on the jagged slopes. The wind picks up.

The Incas trek up to welcome the sun. Manco, Titu Cusi and about two dozen others sing a lilting song; the same song they sung to Apawalta long ago.

The Incas stop at a gigantic sheet of ice. They pray to the Lord of the Snow Star, throwing beads and rose petals.

The sun rises. The Incas cheer. Manco and Titu smile. They pray. They whisper.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - A MILE AWAY - DAY

Sardina trails behind. He stops and tries to regain his breath. He hears the Incas sing aloud.

Sardina's sword stands upright in the ground. Ahead of it appears a line. Sardina stays right behind it.

Snow and sun blend. It forms a bright golden glow. Sardina stares into it, but it blinds his eyes.

Snow continues to fall and covers the ground. The line disappears.

Sardina takes a final gaze towards the Incas and the mountain. He pulls out his sword from the ice.

INT. CORONADO'S TENT

Sardina takes a last sip from his golden chalice. He glares at Coronado. Coronado smiles.

FADE OUT