

# RED ON YELLOW

by

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**FADE IN**

**EXT. AMAZON BASIN - ESTABLISHING**

From above, the rainforest is seemingly endless. The tree canopies arch and blend together like a dark green carpet that allows very little sunlight through to the ground.

**EXT. GAME TRAIL - DAY**

Beneath the canopy, the heat and humidity promotes a thick undergrowth of dense vines, shrubs and small trees. Aside from the parakeet chatter high above, it's still and quiet.

A peccary suddenly bursts through the undergrowth and takes flight down the trail. It squeals a frantic plea for help.

Moments later, two Kawahiva tribesmen pass in pursuit of the game. They're incredibly fast and virtually silent.

Both are short in stature with hair dyed red in a bowl cut. Their faces are also painted with a red mask across their eyes for the hunt.

Donned only in loin cloths, they each carry a long bow with a handful of arrows and machetes on their backs.

In the lead is Ururu (35). He has a bamboo skewer pierced through his septum. He shouts to his fellow hunter in his native tongue.

URURU

(subtitled)

Konibu, you're slow today. Don't let this old man shame you!

Konibu (20), not as lean as Ururu, suffers to keep up.

KONIBU

(subtitled)

I do this for you, Ururu. It's a sign of respect for my Elder.

URURU

I'll take that as a compliment.

Ururu suddenly stops and holds up a hand to his partner. The peccary is cornered against an embankment.

URURU

Let's see if your aim is better than your stamina.

Konibu nocks an arrow, draws, and lets it fly. The arrow finds its mark and the peccary falls.

KONIBU

Ha! How was that, old man?

URURU

Nice shot. You should be proud.

Ururu dresses out the peccary and pulls out the liver. He hands it to Konibu as a prize.

KONIBU

You should share in the honor. I wouldn't have been successful without your pace to keep me going.

Konibu tears the liver in two and hands half back to Ururu.

As they down the delicacy, a loud screech and a low rumble echos through the forest. They are fearful as birds take flight from the commotion.

KONIBU

A roar? What is that?

URURU

No animal I know. It came from down valley.

KONIBU

What should we do?

URURU

Our duty. Stow the pig and follow me.

Moments later, the peccary hangs high from a tree and the tribesmen run down the game trail towards the noise.

The screech and rumble becomes louder and more frequent as they run. The forest is devoid of wildlife and birds.

As they continue, the air gets hazy with smoke.

KONIBU

It's wood smoke but there is something odd about it.

URURU

It burns my nose and eyes. Wait her, something is not right.

Ururu holds a hand up for a stop. He slowly advances through some undergrowth, pulls back a branch and pokes his head out for a look.

**EXT. FOREST EDGE - CONTINUOUS**

The forest is decimated. Trees are cleared and stacked. Slash piles burn with columns of black smoke.

Ururu is horrified. The devastation is unlike anything he's ever seen.

A loud screech draws his attention to the source of the noise and destruction.

A huge yellow beast with one fang and claws pushes against the trunk of a massive tree. As it struggles, it growls and belches black soot from it's snout.

When the roots finally give, it crashes down and almost hits Ururu. He retreats back to Konibu.

**EXT./INT. BEAST - CONTINUOUS**

The CAT D-11 bulldozer is one hundred and fifteen tons of pure destruction. Painted brilliant yellow with blinding halogen headlights.

The blade has a marlin spike that protrudes from the bottom left corner and giant ripper teeth mounted on the back.

The cab is state of the art. Tinted windows, GPS, and air conditioning. The XM is set to Willie's Roadhouse.

It's a shame that the operator has no respect for the equipment as it's trashed with litter and old food.

The operator is Jake (30), an ex-pat contract worker. He's overweight and his 'Don't Mess with Texas' t-shirt shows no wrinkles from the stress.

Jake runs the dozer hard. As he topples another Brazilian Cherry, the dash radio crackles.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Jake - Dispatch, come in.

JAKE

Now what.

Jakes idles down and picks up the mic. He answers the best he can with a big wad of Redman tobacco in his mouth.

JAKE

(spit)

Yo! You got Jake, here.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Jake, where you at, big boy?

JAKE

I'm finishing up the south east section perimeter line. Wha'sup?

DISPATCH (V.O.)

You're it, Jake. Everyone else is back at camp getting ready for rotation. You 'bout done?

JAKE

(spit)

We get paid by the acre, right? Well, I'm just 'bout done with my forty for the day. Someone coming to git me?

DISPATCH (V.O.)

It's gonna be a bit. Turbo down and lock'er up. Maintenance will give it a once over while you're gone.

JAKE

10-4. Don't take too long getting here!

DISPATCH (V.O.)

10-4. Out.

Jake throws the mic onto the dash where it settles in with chip bags, wrappers and empty cans of Red Bull.

JAKE

(spit)

Watch out, ladies! Big Jake is homeward bound!

He backs the dozer away from the felled tree and pulls up to the edge of the forest on a higher piece of open ground.

**EXT. FOREST EDGE - CONTINUOUS**

Ururu waves Konibu forward and points at the beast.

URURU

It's a powerful beast. It knocked over that tree with a single push!

KONIBU

I think it sees us! It's coming this way!

The beast crawls forward to open area in front of them. It stares down at them with its large blinding eyes.

Ururu draws an arrow and lets loose. It shatters one eye. Konibu shoots an arrow and hits it in the chest.

The beast hisses at them and they retreat into the undergrowth once again.

**EXT./INT. BEAST - CONTINUOUS**

As Jake pulls forward, a halogen headlight pops...

JAKE

What the---?

...and a geyser of steam erupts from the radiator.

JAKE

Son of a bitch!

He sets the ripper teeth, drops the blade, and shuts down the engine. Jake puts on a greasy Hooters ball cap and swings open the cab door.

The humid air hits him like a bucket water. Sweat instantly runs off his face and soaks his shirt.

JAKE

This fuckin' shit-hole.

He walks down the angled track towards the front and peers around the front. An arrow protrudes from the radiator.

JAKE

Holy Hell, Indians?

He jerks it out and stares at it dumbfounded. His eyes go wide and he looks around with the realization that he's probably being watched.

**EXT. FOREST EDGE - CONTINUOUS**

The tribesmen watch as Jake stands on the beast, arrow in hand and looks around.

KONIBU

What is he? Where did he come from?  
He's so...

URURU

Big. And wet. Did the beast just  
spit him out?

KONIBU

Should we save him?

Ururu shrugs, nocks another arrow, and walks out into the open ground. Konibu follows reluctantly.

**EXT./INT. BEAST - CONTINUOUS**

Jake has yet to move from the track as the two tribesmen appear from the undergrowth with bows drawn. Both aim at the dozer yet keep a wary eye on Jake.

Jake is startled and gasps so hard that he begins to choke on his tobacco. He coughs and gags until a huge black wad flies out of his mouth.

KONIBU

What is that?

URURU

He may have been possessed.

KONIBU

I think he just spit out a Devil.

Jake is bent over and heaves. He finally stands upright and the three stare at each other for a long beat.

He raises one hand for the only appropriate Indian greeting that comes to mind.

JAKE

How?

The tribesmen look to each other confused.

KONIBU

There's something wrong with him. I don't think he's right in the head.

URURU

He smells...bad.

The dozer lets out a groan and begins to pop and crackle from being shut down so quick.

Ururu lets an arrow fly and punctures one of the large hydraulic hoses attached to the blade cylinders.

Hot hydraulic fluid gushes out onto the ground like an arterial spurt. Ururu shows a hint of satisfaction that he has mortally wounded the beast.

Jake is not so pleased. He waves his arms around, and throws quite a tantrum.

JAKE

Aw, fuck, dude! Really?

Ururu nocks yet another arrow and the tribesmen slowly circle the beast.

Jake outstretches his arms as if to protect the dozer.

JAKE

Come on, man! Quit punching holes  
in my rig!

Ururu stops and calls to Konibu.

URURU

Does he protect the beast?

KONIBU

This man's crazy.

URURU

He must be possessed.

Jake finally realizes that the men are afraid of the dozer. He climbs slowly down from the machine and approaches with both hands raised.

JAKE

Easy now, Chief. Don't be flinging  
any more arrows at my baby, okay?

Jake nears the tribesmen, their appearance becomes his focus of attention and interest.

JAKE

Whoa, dude. You're for real, aren't  
ya.

(he extends a hand)

My...name...is...Jake!

I...am...your...friend!

Jake's greeting is yelled and broken, just like when he orders sushi at a Japanese restaurant.

KONIBU

Why does he yell at us?

URURU

I don't know. Am I supposed to give  
him something? I have nothing to  
give?

KONIBU

Ugh, he really does smell bad!

Jake puts his hands on his hips, as if he had them, to think. He has an 'ah-ha' moment, reaches in his back pocket and pulls out a pouch of Redman.

JAKE  
Indians like tobacco.

He opens the pouch and sticks his nose in for a deep inhale.

JAKE  
Ah...good.

He pinches a few leaves and sticks it in his cheek. He gives it a couple good chews and spits a long stream of juice.

JAKE  
Here, try some.

He offers the pouch and the tribesmen lean in close to see inside. Konibu gets a good smell. He withdraws and gags.

KONIBU  
It's the Devil! He put it back in his mouth!

URURU  
This is wrong. I think he might be akin to the beast.

The tribesmen back away once more to the dismay of Jake.

JAKE  
No, no, come back! It's okay.  
(to himself)  
Shit, no one is gonna believe this.

Another bright idea and Jake motions them to wait. He waves both palms down.

JAKE  
Wait! I'll be right back!

Jake hauls himself back up the short ladder and clamors up the track to the cab.

KONIBU  
What is he doing?

URURU  
I have no idea. He is a mystery.

KONIBU  
I think he might be dangerous. I think he and the beast are one with each other.

With his large backside sticking out of the cab, Jake rummages through the trash on the dashboard.

URURU

I am amazed at the size of this man.

Jake emerges from the cab with hand held high.

JAKE

Got it!

He climbs back down and stands before the tribesmen. He holds up a smartphone and takes a photo.

When the flash goes off, the tribesmen become more defensive and immediately draw their bows.

JAKE

Whoa, whoa! Settle down! It's a camera! See?

Jake holds the screen up and the tribesmen go wide-eyed and visibly nervous.

He makes an adjustment to the phone with a couple quick swipes and jumps next to the tribesmen.

JAKE

Smile!

The screen mirrors the three men and Jake suddenly jerks as the flash goes off.

Blood spurts from Jake's mouth. He looks down to the tip of a machete that protrudes from his belly.

JAKE

It's...called...a selfie.

Ururu's machete slides out with a slurp as Jake falls face first to the ground.

URURU

He is better off now.

KONIBU

Look at that...

The two tribesmen lean over Jake.

KONIBU

You look fierce.

URURU

You look scared.

KONIBU

Old man.

The phone is screen up next to Jake. The picture of the three men stares back.

Ururu picks up Jake's hat and puts it on. The tribesmen enter back into the undergrowth.

URURU (O.S.)

What do you think?

KONIBU (O.S.)

Meh.

The hat sails back out from the forest and lands on Jake.

FADE OUT