

Goon Squad MotherF*ers!**

Written by:

J.R. Angelella

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Joseph Ross Angelella
5 Penny Lane
Baltimore, MD 21209
443-310-2623
jrangelella@gmail.com

OVER BLACK.

Chatter of reporters.

TITLE CARD: 1983.

FADE IN.

INT. WHITE HOUSE. PRESS ROOM. MORNING. (ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE)

Side door opens. President Reagan enters. Approaches podium.

TITLE CARD: Washington D.C.

RONALD REAGAN

Ladies and gentlemen, on Sunday, October 23, the United States received an urgent formal request from five member nations of the Organization of Eastern Caribbean States to assist in a joint effort to restore order and democracy on the island of Grenada.

EXT. DRAGON BAY. NIGHT.

Gorgeous beach and black water bay under a giant moon. A rainforest pulses in the distance. Giant KOMODO DRAGON lizards crawl across the beach.

TITLE CARD: DRAGON BAY. GRENADA.

RONALD REAGAN (V.O.)

Early this morning, forces from six Caribbean democracies and the United States began a landing or landings on the island of Grenada in the Eastern Caribbean.

A state-of-the-art military LANDING AIR CRAFT BOAT coasts over black water to the beach. Ten badass UNITED STATES ARMY GREEN BERET SOLDIERS roll out of boat and cross the beach. Head-to-toe in camo-black, masks, gloves, no skin showing. Real black ops shit.

EXT. RAINFOREST. CONTINUOUS.

Thick, lush trees. Birds chirp. Green Berets snake through paradise.

RONALD REAGAN (V.O.)

The United States objectives are clear: to protect our own citizens, to facilitate the evacuation of those who want to leave, and to help in the restoration of democratic institutions in Grenada.

The last soldier, RANDY, 35, wound tight, keeps looking behind him. He pulls off his mask, revealing a BLACK EYE. He listens to the birds. Military grade assault rifle at the ready. He puts his mask back on and continues.

The soldiers exit frame. Hold on the rainforest. *What the hell are we looking at?*

The jungle flinches. The WHITES OF EYES FLASH OPEN. An older woman, naked, steps out, a streak of green paint across her eyes. This is TE ATA, 65, Warrior Queen of the Troll Tribe. Leaves cover her nose and mouth. She pulls them down and smells the air. Listens to the birds. Then tracks Randy.

Other TROLL TRIBE SOLDIERS emerge behind her. We don't know how many. But we hear them move. It's a lot!

EXT. RAINFOREST. LATER.

The rainforest ascends. Randy's breathing is heavy. He stops again and listens. Birds have stopped.

RANDY
(to his team)
Yo. Hold up.

GREEN BERET #1
Keep moving.

RANDY
There's something back here.

GREEN BERET #2
Impossible. No one knows we're here.

GREEN BERET #3
We're not even in rebel territory.

Randy looks again. Too quiet out, he thinks. Nothing there. Only aching trees. Something doesn't feel right. He's ready for a fight. Looks up. Something is there. When --

-- a BLUE HERON rips through the trees and SMASHES into the face of GB1. Then a RED-BILLED TROPICBIRD hits another.

Then quiet. Soldiers stop. Stunned. All look up. And wait. Nothing happens. Several soldiers pull off their masks.

GREEN BERET #3 (CONT'D)

The fuck was that?

Then a subtle roar approaches from above. It grows.

RANDY

COVER!

A TORRENT OF DEAD BIRDS rains the fuck down. Hard and fast. The Green Berets not wearing masks go unconscious and drop. And just as fast as the dead birds began, it ends. They're surrounded by nothing but dead birds.

GREEN BERET #1

What the fuck?!?

GREEN BERET #2

Reagan never said no shit about dead birds raining from the sky.

GREEN BERET #4

That's a sign from God, man, to go the fuck home.

GREEN BERET #3

Protect, evacuate and restore, my ass.

Randy shushes them and snaps. There is something in the bush nearby. He signals them to be ready to fight. Randy approaches, aiming his weapon.

A giant KOMODO DRAGON sprints from the bush toward Randy who wastes the lizard. The Komodo dragon EXPLODES, its guts blasting Randy in the face. He wipes away the reptile guts.

GREEN BERET #3 (CONT'D)

(laughing)

You got some serious anger issues, bro?

Just then a SPEAR rips through GB3's throat. Gurgles. He yanks on the arrow, trying to pull it through. Instinct. Two more SPEARS sink through his chest and gut. Shish kabob-ed!

GREEN BERET #1

LIGHT IT UP!

The soldiers unleash hellfire on Paradise.

Randy can't see from lizard guts. He slips on dead birds and tumbles down a ravine, slamming into a hulking tree. Concussed. His mask fills with blood from a cut somewhere on his head.

The suppressing fire stops. His team descends down to him.

GREEN BERET #2 (O.C.)
Where is he?

GREEN BERET #1 (O.C.)
I see him.

GREEN BERET #4 (O.C.)
Hold on, man. We're coming.

Randy leans against the tree. Dazed. There is a RATTLE that rises and fades away. He pulls a handgun. Aims it at the rainforest, but there's nothing there.

His team reaches him. He keeps his gun on the jungle.

GREEN BERET #5
Shit, man. You're bleeding. Stay still. I got you.

GB5, the medic, checks the wound on his head.

GREEN BERET #5 (CONT'D)
Can you move your legs?

Randy raises his finger to his lips and says:

RANDY
(very quiet)
They're watching us.

One-by-one, the soldiers turn to the jungle where his gun is aimed. It is still. Until leaves move.

GREEN BERET #2
Maybe it's another Komodo dragon.

The RATTLE rises again. The soldiers take aim.

RANDY POV.

A realization: the rattle is a distraction. Keeps his gun on the jungle, but turns SLOW to look behind him to reveal --

-- TROLL TRIBE SOLDIERS.

They are all different ethnicities, ages, genders. All believers in the troll. Leaves cover their faces. Eyes painted in streaks of green. Naked. Axes and spears and swords in hand.

The Green Beret soldiers follow Randy's gaze, see the tribe and lower their weapons.

Te Ata appears and lifts a RAM'S HORN to her lips and blows. A deep, bellowing horn BOOMS. She's calling something.

The Troll Tribe soldiers field-strip the Green Berets naked. Leaving their weapons and black-camo in the jungle, before ushering them off deeper into Paradise.

FADE TO BLACK.

MUSIC CUE: "I Fought the Law" by The Clash

FADE IN.

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD. LATE AFTERNOON.

An old and beat-to-hell helicopter sits at rest. Swaying palm trees. Sun burns bright.

TITLE CARD: PORT OF MIAMI.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR. CONTINUOUS.

Work station of winches, battery charges, ear muffs. A boom box plays "I Fought the Law" by The Clash. A giant AMERICAN FLAG hangs from the rafters, Patton-style.

 ORTIZ (O.C.)
It's not ours. Leave it be.

 YOON (O.C.)
It's mine now.

 DUTCH (O.C.)
It's not. Leave it.

 MACREADY (O.C.)
Enough.

A SQUAD OF SEVEN GOONS stand around a wooden crate of M18 SMOKE GRENADES.

The soldiers are dressed in U.S. Woodland (military camo) and rigged with parachuting gear.

They are locked-and-loaded with Stoner 63s (a modular weapons system that includes a carbine, assault rifle, machine gun and automatic weapon).

The women are YOON, BILLIE, GOLDBERG and HAWKEYE. The men are ORTIZ, DUTCH and MACREADY. They've seen some shit. A badass group of middle-aged motherfuckers! With scars to prove it.

GOLDBERG, 30, Nigerian American, mini-gun operator, ties a bandana around her neck and examines an M18 canister.

GOLDBERG

I didn't know smoke grenades could
be violet.

YOON, 35, Korean American, the medic, pulls out two M18s.

YOON

Let's pull a pin and find out.

ORTIZ, 35, Mexican American, the scout, pipes up from the back. He stands at a table and unrolls a MAP OF GRENADA. Red-painted MACARONI BRACELET hangs on his wrist, the kind a kindergartner makes.

ORTIZ

Don't fucking pull shit.

YOON

(to Ortiz)
Pussy.

ORTIZ

Eat a dick.

YOON

I wanna blow some shit up!

HAWKEYE, 40, Mohican American, the pilot, examines one.

HAWKEYE

Yoon got an MD when she should've
been a demo expert.

GOLDBERG

When I'm bleeding out on the field,
the last thing I want is Yoon
coming to save me with an M18.

MACREADY, 70, white, WW2 vet with Baltimore accent, the boss, takes the M18s from Yoon and drops them back to the crate.

MACREADY

We used that shit to stay warm in Bastogne. Burns when you breathe it in. Leave it alone.

DUTCH, 40, white, the communication specialist, slaps the crate.

DUTCH

Shit is warped. Cans rusted. Who knows how old it is.

YOON

Dutch, when you get so fucking soft?

DUTCH

Not soft. Just tired. Of your bullshit.

Yoon picks two M18s back up.

ORTIZ

(pointing to the map)
Are we gonna fucking do this? Or should I just stand here and hold my dick?

The group moves to the map.

ORTIZ (CONT'D)

(annoyed at the lot)
It's amazing to me any of us are still alive.

Yoon slaps his back.

YOON

Sorry, man. We're here. Go ahead.

Ortiz takes an M18 canisters from Yoon and sets it on Miami.

ORTIZ

This is where we are.
(sets another on Grenada)
This is where we're going.

GOLDBERG

Do you think somewhere in the Pentagon some shriveled dick general is using M18s to war plan too?

(to MacReady)

Sorry, Mac. No offense.

MACREADY

His name is Ben Thurmond, and he's using paper weight cannons. Cuz he's a peckerwood in a suit.

(to Goldberg)

None taken.

(to the group)

This is a 3 hour mission with a 4 hour commute, each way. Hawkeye's gonna fly us in and dump us on Dragon Bay.

GOLDBERG

The chopper gonna make it there and back?

MACREADY

That bird is a work horse.

HAWKEYE

It's an old timer, but it'll hold.

MACREADY

Once in-country, Dutch, you're gonna take point.

DUTCH

Roger.

MACREADY

Green Berets should begin their invasion now, so there should be no friction by the time we arrive.

GOLDBERG

Ben Thurmond tell you that?

MACREADY

(to Goldberg)

Ben Thurmond told me that.

(to the group)

We cut our way through the jungle two kliks where we'll meet up with Hugo at Rendezvous One. Hugo's got transport waiting for us. We'll quick-change, then hit the target. Approximately one hour for the job. Then two kliks back to the chopper. Then 4 hours home to Miami.

HAWKEYE

What about refueling the chopper?

MACREADY

(to Hawkeye)

We'll bring reserves. You'll refill the bird while you wait.

HAWKEYE

Got it.

MACREADY

Lotta live wires to navigate in this asshole country. Reagan's boys running around. Rebels jerking each other off. Indigenous tribe fucking up the works. And then there's whatever is in the motherfucking cave.

HAWKEYE

What about the cave?

MACREADY

The tribe will be there. Those things will be there. And so long as we stick to the mission, we'll be fine. Everybody goes home.

YOON

We gonna hit it and quit it, baby.

GOLDBERG

What if it's not possible to just hit it and quit it?

DUTCH

Then we do what they pay us to do. We send motherfuckers back the stone ages.

MACREADY

A lot can go wrong, so we stay on mission. Full focus. No mistakes. In-and-out. Four hour there. Three hour mission. Four hour home. Yeah yeah?

The goons are excited, but serious.

BILLIE, 30, tech support, the nerd of the group, hands the M18s back to Yoon, rolls up the map and hands it to Ortiz.

BILLIE

Yo, Mac, where the fuck is Jones?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FARM. MORNING.

Beautiful sun over a flatland farm in middle America. A house in the middle of crop fields.

EXT. FARM HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Door kicks open. JONES, 40, steps out. Duffle bags in hand. He's a big dude. Scary as shit. The sniper of the Goon Squad. His WIFE, 40, and TWO BOYS, 5 and 7, rush behind him.

JONES
(over his shoulder)
Hurry up.

The family is quiet and afraid. They reach a hill behind the house. In the hill is a metal door. A bunker. Jones opens it. His family enters. He is next. Opens a duffel bag. Gas masks. Flame throwers. Canned food. Shotgun. Boxes of ammo.

Jones turns back to the house. He exhales. There's a catch in his throat. He enters the bunker. Door SLAMS closed. Locks.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR.

A seriousness settles on the squad.

MACREADY
Jones is out. It's just us.

No one asks why he's not coming. They know why. If they had been smart, they would have done the same thing.

DUTCH
Listen up good. Hear me clear. Some soldiers fuck. Some soldiers get fucked. And some soldiers be fucked. You all? You all fuck. Jones...he be fucked and if he were here, you all would get fucked. No one needs that shit. After this job, you will never have to work again. This is legacy money, Goon Squad.

Yoon shoves the M18s in her bag.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
(about the M18s)
You're not taking those.

Yoon smiles and offers them to Dutch.

YOON
Keister it up your ass for me then.

DUTCH
I love you, but fuck you.

HAWKEYE
Dutch's asshole is too tight.
Nickels not even getting up there.

Dutch flips them all the middle finger.

MacReady checks his watch.

MACREADY
Hawkeye. Light her up.

Hawkeye slaps a pilot helmet on.

HAWKEYE
Time to fly, motherfuckers.

And like Marines do with ooo-rah:

MACREADY
Goon Squad.

And the team responds:

EVERYONE
GOON SQUAD.

MacReady moves toward the open end of the hangar toward the helipad outside. Ortiz and Dutch follow.

Yoon shoves THREE CANISTERS into her bag attached to her waist and they barely fit. She throws an M18 to Dutch.

YOON
Heads up.

It hits Dutch in the chest and drops to the floor.

DUTCH
Why you treating this shit like a game? This isn't a game. This is a job. We're here to do a job. I'm here to do a job. What are you here to do?

"La Grange" by ZZ TOP comes on the boombox.

YOON
Get on your knees.

DUTCH
What'd you say?

YOON
You said you're here to do a job,
so get on your knees...

DUTCH
(he knows whats coming)
Don't say it?

Yoon smiles.

YOON
...and suck my dick!

Music soars. Audio silent. Action is in SLOW MOTION.

Yoon holds the M18 to her groin and pulls the pin.

A STREAM OF VIOLET SMOKE shoots out like a CUM SHOT in a MAJESTIC ARC right into Dutch's face. It's a beautiful sight!

Slow motion continues as each goon exits the airplane hangar and violet smoke fills the space. Their names appear on screen as each move toward an old, beat-up helicopter.

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD. CONTINUOUS.

MACREADY is the first to exit the hangar. He's pissed off, but not surprised. Like he knew that shit was gonna happen.

With a velvet residue on his face, **DUTCH** shouts at Yoon, as **ORTIZ** pushes toward the helicopter.

INT. HELICOPTER. CONTINUOUS.

HAWKEYE sits in the pilot seat, checking gauges. She stashes a SHOTGUN under her seat.

MacReady climbs inside the chopper. Ortiz pushes Dutch onboard, then turns to wave the rest on.

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD. CONTINUOUS.

Purple smoke swirls under the blades of the helicopter.

GOLDBERG walks out from inside the hangar, a massive fucking gun across her shoulders.

BILLIE follows, coughing and covering her mouth, carrying a metal suitcase of tech and giant radio on her back.

Finally, **YOON** appears. Aviator sunglasses on. Walking cool as a cucumber through it all.

INT. HELICOPTER. CONTINUOUS.

Yoon climbs aboard. MacReady signals to Hawkeye. Thumbs up. The helicopter ascends. As it lifts, and palm trees bend, we see our Goon Squad inside the chopper.

SMASH TO BLACK.

The title SPLASHES across the screen:

GOON SQUAD MOTHERF*ERS!**

Water drips, echoes. Bodies move across wet stone. Men moan.

FADE IN:

INT. CAVE. LATER.

CLOSE ON Randy's closed eyes. They SNAP open. Panicked.

PULL BACK to reveal him and his Green Berets, naked prisoners in a CAGE made of bones in the bowels of a cave.

A HELLBEAST SCREAM rips through the darkness.

Randy edges close to the bars, and sees the shimmer of dozens of WOODEN CRATES overflowing with GOLD and JEWELRY.

Te Ata and her troll tribe army appear from the shadows and open the cage door. Two troll tribe soldiers enter and drag Green Beret #5 out by his feet. Te Ata hands masks made of leaves to Randy, before she exits the cage.

Troll tribe soldiers put a leaf mask on GB5 and hold him down. Te Ata looms over him, a CEREMONIAL KNIFE in her hand. She presses the knife to his eyes, then RIPS the blade across. Blood and eye goo shoot out. GB5 SCREAMS, palms pressed to his sockets.

A BUCKET OF MILK appears. She dumps it on him.

A BOWL OF GREEN POWDER appears. She whips fistfuls at him.

A GOLDEN CROWN OF THORNS appears. She sets it on his head.

He is ready.

Te Ata blows her ram's horn five times.

The ground quakes. Snarls rise up. Nasty things approach.

Randy and his men scramble to the center of their cage. Panicked, GB5 rips the leaf mask from his face and passes out. The troll tribe retreats to the walls.

A TROLL appears. Some kind of gnarly, prehistoric beast. Fifteen feet tall. Straw-like hair covers its grotesque body pocked with disease and pussing boils. A thick, fat troll dick with tiny spikes flops along with each step. He moves fast through the cave. It looks around. Snarls. Then aims its face skyward and releases a godawful SCREAM. He looks pissed.

Another TROLL appear. Younger. Taller. Leaner. Angrier. Like the first, he, too, has a floppy troll dick covered in spikes. He screams too.

Both approach GB5 on the ground, drawn in by the golden crown of thorns.

Last, a PREGNANT TROLL appears. Giant belly. Three straw-haired breasts across her chest. She doesn't scream. She approaches GB5, unconscious. Picks him up. Rips off his arms and legs, and hands them to the other trolls who eat the limbs like chicken wings. She cradles his bloody torso and head still wearing the crown.

ON RANDY

In prayer. Eyes closed.

RANDY
(whispering)
*O my God, I am heartily sorry for
having offended Thee, and I detest
all my sins...*

ON PREGGO TROLL.

She snaps the head off with one bite. And spits out the crown.

ON CROWN.

The crown the ground and rolls into the shadows. A troll tribe soldier picks it up, then rushes back to the shadows.

ON RANDY.

Still paying. Eyes open now.

RANDY (CONT'D)
*...because they offend Thee, my
 God, who art all good and deserving
 of all my love.*

ON PREGGO TROLL.

She cracks the chest open, like separating the crab shell from the body, and sucks out the insides. Viscera rains down.

RANDY (CONT'D)
*I resolve to sin no more and to
 avoid the occasion of sin.
 Amen.*
 (to himself)
 Oh God.

The trolls release a cacophony of HELLBEST SCREAMS.

EXT. DRAGON BAY. NIGHT.

A giant Komodo dragon perches on a bay wall, watching the calm water. The troll scream echoes in the distance. The Komodo dragon turns its head.

An old helicopter descends, and lands on the beach. Goons jump out, and gather close to the nearby sea wall.

INT. HELICOPTER. CONTINUOUS.

MacReady leans toward Hawkeye and shouts:

MACREADY
 Hold the line. We'll see you in
 three hours.

HAWKEYE
 I'll ride this old bird into Hell
 if you tell me to.

MacReady punches her arm. She punches his back. *Goon Squad.*

EXT. DRAGON BAY. CONTINUOUS.

Dutch takes point. The rest follow behind. They march under darkness across the beach when they spot the Green Berets' Landing Air Craft Boat.

BILLIE

You think they'd mind if we took their fancy boat home instead of our rickshaw chopper?

GOLDBERG

Big dicks gonna swing, Billie.

YOON

Pussies.

ORTIZ

(worried more than the others)

They're here just like they said they'd be.

DUTCH

Stay frosty.

EXT. CABIN. PORCH. CONTINUOUS.

DR. HUGO NILSSON, 50, a civilian, the client, nervous, hangs a CAGE OF CANARIES from the porch ceiling. He reaches his hand in and pets one of the birds. They sing. He scans the surrounding jungle. Waiting for the goon squad.

A well-worn combat caravan is in the clearing behind him.

EXT. RAINFOREST. CLEARING. CONTINUOUS.

The Goon Squad move through the rainforest single file.

Ortiz is last in the line. He spots BLOOD ON THE LEAVES. He whistles and the Goons stop, then follows the blood trail off the path.

ORTIZ

Mac. Dutch. You wanna see this.

Dutch appears, sees it and squats to examine. It's the Green Beret's shit: high-powered weapons, black camo, tech gear, boots.

YOON

What the fuck, man.

BILLIE

So much for having big boats and fancy gear.

GOLDBERG
Looks like they got got.

ORTIZ
This who we think it is?

DUTCH
Looks like it. The invasion is on
the other side of the island. These
dudes were up to something else.

YOON
Who the fuck drop on these badass
banditos out here?

MACREADY
Let's not hang around to find out.
We're almost at Rendezvous One.

MacReady moves to the front of the line. Dutch hangs back.

ORTIZ
(to Dutch)
Yoon is right. Somebody forced
these boys into submission.

DUTCH
You heard the man. Rendezvous One.
Let's go.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

Dark inside. Benches line the vehicle. A tech console of
monitors. Door swings open. Light turns on. Hugo carries
another CAGE OF CANARIES and fastens it to the back.

EXT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

Hugo exits the combat caravan to find the Goon Squad, weapons
drawn, trained on him and the woods.

YOON
(unimpressed)
Rendezvous One my ass. Jones had
the right idea.

Hugo speaks in a British accent.

HUGO
Mac. You made it.

MACREADY

Dr. Nilsson. Glad you're not dead.

MacReady shakes Hugo's hand.

HUGO

Welcome to Grenada.

MACREADY

I'd rather be back in Baltimore.

BILLIE

That the ground transport?

The combat caravan has seen better days. The goons laugh.
This has got to be a joke.

GOLDBERG

Is this a family vacation? We gonna
see the Grand Canyon?

ORTIZ

Anybody know if they got AAA in
Grenada?

HUGO

I know how she looks. But she's
fast and full-loaded.

YOON

Your mom's fast and fully-loaded.

DUTCH

Cut the shit.

MACREADY

We just need shit to work.

Beat.

HUGO

On my life, it works.

MacReady turns to the Goon Squad. Looks across their faces.

MACREADY

Everybody goes home.

He leads the team inside the cabin.

Ortiz surveys the surrounding rainforest. It sounds alive out
there. Finally, he enters and and SLAMS the door shut.

FADE TO BLACK.

MACREADY (V.O.)
I'm sure they're on their way.

TITLE CARD: BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. ONE MONTH AGO.

FADE IN:

EXT. CAR KING OIL & AUTOBODY. MORNING.

Body shop at a busy intersection. Junked cars pock the lot. The business is closed. Sunday traffic putters past.

INT. CAR KING OIL & AUTOBODY. CONTINUOUS.

The garage is empty, except for a messy bay of tools and oil stains. A dozen metal chairs in a circle, like an AA meeting.

MacReady stands. Dr. Hugo Nilsson sits. Both men watch the clock on the wall. Seconds tick by. The Goon Squad is late.

MACREADY
(pissed)
They'll be here.

HUGO
I have no doubt.

The office door KICKS open and the Goon Squad enters. Hungover doesn't begin to describe their state of being. Goldberg, Hawkeye, Dutch, Yoon, Jones and Billie. No Ortiz.

MACREADY
(pointing to the chairs)
Sit down, you dumb motherfuckers.

They all do. In silence.

MACREADY (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is Ortiz?

No one responds. MacReady lets the silence hang.

YOON
On behalf of the group, I'd just like to say...

MACREADY
Shut the fuck up, Yoon. You don't talk now. I talk now.

He stalks the circle.

MACREADY (CONT'D)
 You dumb motherfuckers.

Finally, Ortiz enters. He looks exhausted and troubled.

ORTIZ
 Sorry, I'm late.

MACREADY
 You dumb motherfuckers.
 (to Yoon)
 I expect this kind of shit from
 you.
 (to Goldberg)
 And you.
 (to Hawkeye)
 And you.
 (to Jones)
 And you, you fuck.
 (to Billie)
 And you.
 (to Dutch)
 But not you.
 (to Ortiz)
 And never you. I thought you were
 sober.

ORTIZ
 I'm sorry.

MACREADY
 Shut the fuck up!

He moves to the center of the circle.

MACREADY (CONT'D)
 How much money do you dumb
 motherfuckers think it cost me to
 save your asses last night? Oh,
 I'll tell you. Twelve thousand. But
 it didn't cost me 12 thousand. It
 cost you 12 thousand. Each. You're
 each going to pay me back 13
 thousand dollars when this is all
 done. Twelve for my kindness and a
 thousand because you fucking piss
 me off.
 (beat)
 Now. Who wants to tell me what the
 fuck happened last night?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. YUPPIE BAR. BALTIMORE. LAST NIGHT.

It's a wedding reception for some young, yuppie couple. "I Still Can't Get Over Loving You" by Ray Parker Jr. blasts in the bar.

TITLE CARD: YUPPIE BAR. ONE MONTH + ONE DAY AGO.

Thirty white YUPPIES in their late-20s ooze around. Big, quaffed hair. A lot of tulle and puffy sleeves and high shoulder pads. They're dancing, if it can be called that. The BRIDE and GROOM are in the center of the group.

AT THE BAR.

Our goons -- Dutch, Ortiz, Goldberg, Hawkeye, Yoon, Jones and Billie -- lean against the wood of the bar. All in a line. Each nursing a beer and shot. Except Ortiz; he's not touched his. They're on a bender.

No one talks, but they all know what's going unsaid -- *these yuppies are an affront to everything we stand for.*

JONES
(to Ortiz)
Drink.

DUTCH
Leave him alone. He's sober.

YOON
He's sober?

DUTCH
He is.

YOON
No shit.

ORTIZ
Six months.

JONES
Drink.

ORTIZ
If I ever need a cheerleader,
you'll be the first I call.

JONES
Drink.

YOON
(to Jones)
Why you always bullying people?

JONES
Am I bullying you, Ortiz? Or am I
the only one being real with you
right now. Look at those fucking
yuppies out there. Look at all that
tule. Not a care in the world. And
look at you. Standing on the
outside of another wedding you
weren't invited to.

GOLDBERG
Dickhead.

DUTCH
Out of line.

ORTIZ
He's not wrong.

JONES
You've been sober longer than she's
been remarried. Didn't even wait
for the ink to dry on your
paperwork.

(scoots drinks closer)
I think you drink this right here,
then we tear this whole wedding
down. Everyone has a breaking
point, O. What's yours?

ORTIZ
What's yours?

JONES
When logic overshadows faith.

DUTCH
Don't listen to this fuck.

ORTIZ
Doesn't that happen every day in
what he do?

JONES
Absolutely. And the threshold is
fast approaching. Didn't you run
guns for Dead Men Incorporated?
They hung you out to dry. Six years
in Jessup, left to carry the
weight.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

Didn't you own that auto body shop until that bitch almost took it in the divorce. Mac bought you out. Now it's his. Any one of those two would be enough to send me off the cliff, soldier. What's your breaking point, O?

ORTIZ

When my son stops seeing me as a good man?

JONES

That's a heavy load to carry.

Dutch pushes Jones away from Ortiz.

DUTCH

Ortiz, let's get out of here.

In a flash, Ortiz drops his shot into his beer and slams it. He digs out a quarter out of his pocket.

AT THE JUKEBOX.

Ortiz pulls the machine out from the wall and YANKS the cord from the outlet. "I Still Can't Get Over Loving You" ends. The party BOOS and SHOUTS for the music to come back on.

AT THE BAR.

The Goons watch, amused.

YOON

He's gonna beat the shit out of the groom.

GOLDBERG

The groom has major height on him. Like 5 inches.

YOON

Groom is in Heaven. Ortiz is in Hell. Battle of the Gods.

JONES

Bad day to be a bride and watch your man get stomped.

BILLIE

He's not gonna beat the shit out of the groom. He's gonna beat the shit out of the idea of the groom.

HAWKEYE
I wanna fight.

DUTCH
No one is gonna fight.

JONES
Ortiz is a runaway train, man.

Dutch reads the room. Shit. Jones is right.

DUTCH
Alright, listen up. No one does
shit until Ortiz gets hit.

GOLDBERG
Then we fight?

DUTCH
Then we tear this motherfucker to
the ground.

Dutch signals to the bartender for another shot.

AT THE JUKEBOX.

Ortiz plugs the jukebox back in. It starts back up. He jams a quarter in its neck and punches his selection. "Werewolves of London" by Warren Zevon consumes the room.

AT THE BAR.

The Goons, collectively, know there is no turning back now, and one-by-one drop their shots in their beers and chug.

GOLDBERG
Fuck. He played Zevon.

YOON
Dude's in bad shape.

HAWKEYE
I love this song.

JONES
Of course you do, it's Zevon.

BILLIE
Everyone loves this song.

DUTCH
(finishing his drink)
Okay. Be ready.

ON ORTIZ.

He walks into the reception at the back of the bar. Very calm and kind. Excuses himself through the crowd, until he reaches the bride and groom. He shakes the grooms hand, gripping it tight.

ORTIZ

You guys don't know me. I was having some drinks at the bar and saw your reception and just wanted to come over and say congratulations.

The Groom puffs up, showing off for his new wife.

GROOM

You killed our song, man! You got a problem or something.

Ortiz looks at the Bride. For a moment too long.

ORTIZ

(to the bride, but really his ex)
You cracked open my chest and ripped out my heart.

BRIDE

(so confused)
I don't even know you?

Ortiz kisses her. With tongue. Holding her cheeks in his hands. The macaroni bracelet at his wrist. She's so drunk she kind of kisses him back.

ORTIZ

Some day I'll stop loving you, but I will always fucking hate you.

He releases the Bride.

The groom pulls Ortiz away from her and hits him in the neck with a weakass punch.

AT THE BAR.

The goons snap to attention.

DUTCH

Here we go.

ON ORTIZ.

Ortiz smiles.

ORTIZ

Thank you.

Then Ortiz SMASHES the Groom in the jaw, dropping the dude to the floor. The macaroni necklace flies off his wrist from the force of the punch. He chases it down and sticks it in his pocket.

Everyone freezes. No one moves. Ortiz turns to the party.

ORTIZ (CONT'D)

I'm right here, motherfuckers.

Nothing. Then a CHAIR flies through the air, crashing into Ortiz.

ON THE BAR.

DUTCH

Everyone goes home.

The Goons don't rush to the their friend's aid. But walk. Through the crowd. Descending into MADNESS and MAYHEM.

The goons go wild. Lashing out at yuppies all around. Punching faces. Stomping feet. Wrestling people into headlocks. Body-slammings. Dropping elbows. They're having too much fun. It looks exactly like a WWF Royal Rumble.

POLICE enter. Pulling each of the goons out of the melee. Handcuffing them. Setting them by the bar. One at a time. Until all seven sit with their hands cuffed behind their backs.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CAR KING OIL & AUTOBODY. MORNING.

We're back in the scene. No one has said anything. Dutch pipes up:

MACREADY

No one wants to tell me what happened?

DUTCH

Just a little misunderstanding.

MACREADY

Let it be the last time there is ever a misunderstanding.

MacReady takes a moment. Readies himself. Then begins.

MACREADY (CONT'D)

The United States government is invading Grenada. Caribbean Island off the coast of Venezuela. Paradise near as I can tell.

ORTIZ

Somebody grow a pair and threaten Reagan with nukes?

MACREADY

Rebel forces took American med students hostage. Reagan's fucking pissed. Wants to bomb the country into the sea floor.

GOLDBERG

I'll save some pussyass med students.

MACREADY

This is not a rescue mission.

HAWKEYE

Rebel extermination?

MACREADY

The government is handling all logistics, extraction and assassinations.

BILLIE

Our little girl is all grown up!

YOON

That's a first.

MACREADY

Reagan wants the world to see just how big his dick is.

DUTCH

Why are we here then?

MACREADY

All of that is context for this.

MacReady points to Hugo who stands. Silence hangs.

YOON

You ever get bad feelings?

GOLDBERG
Every damn day.

ORTIZ
Shut the fuck up!

MACREADY
This is Dr. Hugo Nilsson.

HUGO
It's good to meet you. I was surprised when MacReady was willing to meet with me. Not many people take me seriously.

DUTCH
Why is that?

HUGO
No one wants to hear the truth when it challenges their perception of reality.

JONES
Enlighten us.

Hugo looks to MacReady for a sign.

MACREADY
Tell 'em. Floor is yours.

HUGO
Hidden away, deep in a cave, in the mountains of Grenada, just beyond Dragon Bay, is \$500 million dollars worth of gold and jewelry.

ORTIZ
You were right the first time. You sound crazy.

HAWKEYE
That's a lot of crazy.

GOLDBERG
(dancing in her chair)
Daddy's gonna buy himself a pony.

YOON
Hold up. Mac, didn't you just say the island's about to get fucked by Reagan's big dick?

MACREADY

I did, indeed.

BILLIE

Wait. Dragon Bay?

Hugo takes out a small velvet pouch and empties its contents into his hands: CRUDE CHUNKS OF GOLD, GOLD RINGS, ORNATE NECKLACES. Piece-by-piece, he sends it around the circle of goons. They go silent. And examine it.

MACREADY

You have their attention, Dr. Nilsson.

HUGO

I've had it appraised. It's antiquity. It's real.

The goons are now serious. Ball-busting time is done.

HAWKEYE

What's the volume?

HUGO

At least three truckloads. Less if we have a bigger transport. I have a contact down there who deals in military grade vehicles left behind by the British and am working to procure us transport.

YOON

We can't be the only ones who know about this.

DUTCH

Something like this goes missing, somebody's bound to come looking for it.

JONES

Somebody with an army.

BILLIE

And bombs.

HUGO

No one will come looking for it.

GOLDBERG

You sound arrogant.

HUGO
I am confident.

ORTIZ
Confidence makes me nervous. I
prefer arrogance.

HUGO
The man who would come looking for
it is dead.

BILLIE
Treasure this big...there's always
someone who steps into the dead
man's shoes.

HUGO
What do you know about Christopher
Columbus?

ORTIZ
Italian prick. Raped his way
through South America.

HAWKEYE
The Nina, the Pinta and the Santa
Maria.

GOLDBERG
Discovered America.

YOON
He 'aint discover shit.

HUGO
(confirming all of them)
That's the one.

ORTIZ
This is his?

HUGO
Spain funded his trips to the New
World. He promised to return with a
vast fortune. Gold, namely. It's
what Spain wanted more than
anything. Problem was he claimed to
never find much of any. Instead, he
returned with thousands of slaves
and new land.

Truth hits them. They get it now.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Whatever gold and jewelry he found,
he stashed. At the bottom of a
cave. On a mountain. In a
rainforest. On an island.

MACREADY

Grenada.

HUGO

Grenada.

YOON

You want to steal the treasure that
Christopher Columbus stole?

DUTCH

Why is it still there?

HUGO

In 1506, he set sail a final time.
To retrieve his stolen treasure.

MACREADY

One problem.

HUGO

There was a tribe on the island. He
called them Ghost Soldiers in his
journals. Moving through the
jungles like apparitions. He had
avoided them in his previous trips,
but they were waiting for him this
time.

ORTIZ

They get tired of all his raping?

HUGO

They slaughtered him and his men.

BILLIE

(to Ortiz)

Sounds like it.

YOON

So it's a cursed stolen treasure
you want to steal.

DUTCH

MacReady, you're always saying if a
story sounds too good to be true it
is. This sounds too good to be
true.

JONES

What's your angle on this, doc? Why do you care?

HUGO

It's my family's legacy.

DUTCH

(laughing)

You're not helping your case, Dr. Nilsson.

HAWKEYE

This story's only getting better, not worse.

ORTIZ

You're a descendent of Christopher Columbus?

HUGO

The black stain that he is on our family, yes -- this is true.

GOLDBERG

Motherfucker, you got a German name and a British accent. 'Aint nothing Italian or Spanish about you.

BILLIE

That's gotta be a tough row to hoe.

YOON

Lotta killer blood running through those genocide veins.

HUGO

The negative impact of his character and actions are not lost on me.

ORTIZ

That's one way to say you sleep well at night.

GOLDBERG

If the ghost soldiers killed everyone, how the fuck did you hear this story?

Hugo hands MacReady two aged and fragile pieces of laminated paper - one a LETTER, the other a MAP.

HUGO

Before he left on his final voyage, he sent his mistress a letter. And a map. In case he didn't return. It detailed the island, the tribe, the mountain, and the cave. It's been passed down from person to person over the years.

Hugo sends the letter and map around the circle too.

DUTCH

Why cut us in? Sounds like all you need are some moving trucks and local muscle.

HUGO

The logistics aren't the problem. I need you all to keep an open mind.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. CABIN. NIGHT.

Rain falls hard. Impossible that it ends anytime soon. Assaulting the combat caravan. The cage of canaries swings from the porch.

INT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

Tapestries of exotic birds hang from the walls. Wooden Komodo Dragons are in all of the corners. A pile of candy sits in the middle of a table. Bourbon sits untouched.

Our heroes stand around a table, changing out of their jump gear and into their tactical gear. Gas masks sit in front of each of the soldiers on the table.

MacReady moves around the table, locking eyes with each soldier. Each nods to him. Confirming. They're ready.

MACREADY

You got your head on backwards? Stay back. You not full in this? Don't come. You thinking about Susie Rottencrotch or Tommy Big Balls back home? Fuck you. We don't need any distractions. The success of this mission depends on every one watching out for every one.

The soldiers slap and rack their weapons. Check their vests for ammunition. Attach their masks to their belts.

MACREADY (CONT'D)
Goon Squad.

EVERYONE
(in unison)
Goon Squad.

MACREADY
Everybody goes home.

EXT. CABIN. PORCH. CONTINUOUS.

Rain hasn't let up.

The soldiers exit the cabin, passing the canary cage hanging from the porch. The birds are singing. Yoon kisses her fingers and slaps the cage. Goldberg pushes her. Like, *get the fuck outta here.*

YOON
For good luck!

EXT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

MacReady stares down at one of the tires totally sunk into a mudhole. Dutch and Yoon join him, looking down.

DUTCH
What are the odds?

YOON
A hundred bucks says one of us gets stuck in that mudhole.
(turns to Dutch)
Two hundred bucks says it's you.

MACREADY
Let's get to work.

The Goons lift the caravan up at the back corners.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

MacReady revs the engine. Gunning it.

MACREADY
Come on.

EXT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

The tire spins, spitting mud.

The Goons strain to lift the fucking caravan. Until finally the wheel lifts and gets traction and drives out of the mudhole.

Everyone climbs in. Door slams shut. Engine revs.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. LATER.

The cage swings from a hook at the back of the vehicle. Birds slide along perches. Eating. Drinking. Shitting. Singing.

The soldiers sit on benches. Billie, Dutch, Ortiz, Goldberg, and Yoon. Jostling as the vehicle speeds along. MacReady drives. Hugo rides shotgun.

MACREADY
(to the team)
Rendezvous Two up ahead.

EXT. BASE OF MOUNTAIN. CONTINUOUS.

The caravan slows to a stop. Rain still drilling down.

INT./EXT. COMBAT CARAVAN. BASE OF MOUNTAIN. CONTINUOUS.

Door slides open. Goon Squad jumps out.

MACREADY
Okay, Billie. You're up.

Billie stays inside the van and opens a big, box-like laptop.

ORTIZ
What the hell is that?

BILLIE
Some Big Brother shit.

She hands out small cameras to the Goons.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
Battle optics. Fasten them to your chest plate and let's get online.

GOLDBERG

How is it we got a dump truck
chopper and old man RV, but you got
high-end advanced tech shit?

BILLIE

You really wanna know how I got all
this? I'll tell you.

GOLDBERG

(laughing)
Nope. Changed my mind. We good.

YOON

She made it. She's a super nerd.
She didn't do any nefarious shit to
get it. She just didn't fuck dumb
boys in high school and built shit
instead.

Billie laughs, offering hand to Yoon who slaps it.

BILLIE

Dutch? You first.

Dutch taps his body cam mounted on his chest plate.

DUTCH

Check.

A grainy feed of Dutch's POV appears on Billie's screen.

BILLIE

Nice. Looking good. Yoon, turn me
on, son.

Yoon taps her body cam.

YOON

(referring to her camera)
This shit makes me look like a
pervert.

GOLDBERG

No, your face makes you look like a
pervert.

YOON

Fuck you.

Her grainy feed POV appears on Billie's screen.

BILLIE

Goldie.

Goldberg punches her body cam.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
Careful with the tech please.

Both of their grainy POV feeds turn on.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
Okay. Looking good. And now Ortiz.

He doesn't respond and throws the cam back to Billie.

ORTIZ
I don't wear tracking devices
anymore.

BILLIE
You're not on parole, motherfucker.

Dutch approaches Ortiz.

DUTCH
Talk to me, O. What's up?

Ortiz looks flooded with anxiety and stress.

ORTIZ
I'm tired of getting fucked, man.
Of being told what to do and how to
do it only to keep getting fucked.
I don't want to be watched, man. I
won't wear it.

DUTCH
You know me. I don't make promises
I can't keep. But I am making you a
promise. I promise you won't get
fucked. Billie's camera helps us
get you home. So you can keep up
the fight for Fern.

ORTIZ
(not fully sold)
Okay, man.

DUTCH
(hands the cam back to
Ortiz)
I promise.

Something SCRAMBLES along the outskirts of the jungle. The
soldiers look up. Grip their guns.

Ortiz attaches it and turns it on.

Back in the caravan, Ortiz's grainy POV feed powers on.

BILLIE
We're all set.

YOON
Body cam's are for pussies.

MACREADY
(to the goons)
Billie will be your eyes and ears.
We'll be right here, waiting for
you.

DUTCH
(to the goons)
Let's get rich.

EXT. RAINFOREST. SIDE OF MOUNTAIN. LATER.

The goons move in single line formation along a trail. Dutch leads the way. Ortiz, Goldberg (with her big gun) and Yoon follow. Ortiz in the rear. He stops. Hears something. Sees a DEAD DOVE on the ground nearby. Stiff. Blood in its beak.

ORTIZ
Yo, Dutch.

Dutch drops back. Ortiz kicks the dead bird.

DUTCH
Shit.
(to Hugo; over comm)
Zulu November. This is Charlie
Bravo Victor. You seeing this?
Should we be worried? Over.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

Hugo examines Dutch and Ortiz's feeds.

HUGO
(to Dutch; over comm)
If it's only one, we're fine.

EXT. RAINFOREST. SIDE OF MOUNTAIN. CONTINUOUS.

Dutch kicks the dead bird off the path.

DUTCH
 (to Hugo; over comm)
 Roger that.

GOLDBERG
 I feel like finding a dead bird is
 not the best sign when we're
 looking for dead birds as the sign.

DUTCH
 Shut up. Keep moving.

The goons push on. Exit frame. Hold. Track just off the path
 in the direction Dutch kicked the bird to reveal --

-- HUNDREDS OF DEAD TROPICAL BIRDS.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. LATER.

Billie sits at console of monitors. Hugo stands behind her,
 watching the screens. MacReady watches the canaries.

HUGO
 They're close.

BILLIE
 (over comm)
 Charlie Bravo Victor. This is Zulu
 November. Another 800 feet and
 you're at the target.

DUTCH (V.O.)
 (over comm)
 Clear to engage?

BILLIE
 (over comm)
 You look good from here. Copy on
 your approach. Over.

DUTCH (V.O.)
 (over comm)
 Beginning final push. Over.

MACREADY
 (to Hugo)
 You better be right about this.

HUGO
 (locked on screens)
 Trust me. I am.

EXT. CAVE. CONTINUOUS.

Dutch settles at the mouth of a monstrous cave that descends into darkness. He SNAPS to his squad and straps on his gas mask. They do the same. Then signals his team forward.

DUTCH
(to Billie; over comm)
Beginning our descent. Over.

Dutch and Yoon descend into the cave first. Careful with their footing. Followed by Ortiz and Goldberg. Goldberg slips on loose rock and Ortiz catches her by her elbow. Goldberg laughs, embarrassed. Ortiz doesn't.

The goon squad disappear into the cave. It is silent.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

The camera feeds go dark, one at a time. No sound. No chatter. Just silence. Hugo, MacReady and Billie waiting.

EXT. CAVE. CONTINUOUS.

Dark. Quiet. Nothing. Then a RATTLE rises up out of the cave.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. LATER.

The three hear the rattle on the feeds. Then a horn BLAST from outside the vehicle. MacReady pulls a gun, turns to the front window. The TROLL TRIBE surround the caravan. MacReady jumps in the driver's seat. Revs the engine.

BILLIE
Are those the fucking ghost
soldiers?

HUGO
We're not leaving!

MACREADY
(to Billie)
Stay on the team. We're not
leaving. Just relocating.

Hugo grabs MacReady's shoulder to stop him, but MacReady anticipates this. He jukes Hugo's hand, grabs his wrist, pulls him down and JAMS his gun in Hugo's eye.

MACREADY (CONT'D)

I want no misunderstandings. We're not leaving. We're just relocating. Being stupid rich is pointless if you're fucking dead. Now go stand by Billie and hold the fuck on.

MacReady releases Hugo who retreats. MacReady stomps the gas, passing the tribe. They do not attack the caravan.

MACREADY (CONT'D)

Tell the team to hold in position.

ON BILLIE.

She presses her comm button.

BILLIE

(over comm)

Charlie Bravo Victor. This is Zulu November. We're relocating. Do not return to Rendezvous Two. We have enemy...there's...

(doesn't know what to say)

...I'll send coordinates of new location soon. Over.

(waits)

Charlie Bravo Victor. Do you copy? Over.

MACREADY

Anything?

BILLIE

Nothing.

(then)

What the fuck?

The shadow of absolute horror slowly descends over her face.

ON BODY CAM FEEDS.

The Goons are in a full-on firefight. There is only static on the feeds. Broken audio cuts in. Then finally it is restored.

Weapons EXPLODE on each body cam feed. There is screaming, cursing. It's total fucking chaos.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

(over comm)

Dutch, do you copy? Ortiz, you there? Goldberg? Yoon?

ON DUTCH'S FEED.

Dutch's hand pushes Yoon down to a knee.

DUTCH (V.O.)
Cover the side. They're flanking
us.

His weapon swings over her. They aim in opposite directions,
covering each other, firing their guns.

YOON
How many are there?

Dutch stands and shouts to his team:

DUTCH (V.O.)
KILL THESE MOTHERFUCKING TROLLS!

ON YOON'S FEED.

Something big and monstrous rushes through the black,
illuminated by gun blasts.

DUTCH (V.O.)
I count three. Don't stop shooting!

YOON (V.O.)
They're fucking fast!

Ortiz appears in Yoon's frame, dropping down next to her.

ORTIZ
I can't lock them down!

ON BILLIE.

BILLIE
(over comm)
Dutch, do you copy? Get out of
there now. Yoon? YOON?

MACREADY
(over his shoulder;
driving)
What the fuck is going on?

BILLIE
They're pinned down.

HUGO
Tell them to get the gold.

ON DUTCH'S FEED.

Yoon looks up at Dutch. Spins. Aims her Stoner 63 over his shoulder.

YOON
Behind you!

Dutch dives to the side. His feed disconnects, before coming back online.

DUTCH (V.O.)
Fuck!

He scrambles to his feet and turns in time to see GIANT GNARLY BEAST LEG move off screen.

ON YOON'S FEED.

Goldberg appears through the fog of gunshots, not backing down from shit. She stands atop a rock and lays WASTE with her bigass gun.

GOLDBERG (V.O.)
Kill 'em all!

Ortiz drags Goldberg back from the edge.

ON GOLDBERG'S FEED.

She doesn't let go of her trigger.

ORTIZ
They won't go down.

YOON
None of this shit is working.

GOLDBERG (V.O.)
They're blocking the entrance.
Where's Dutch?

ON YOON'S FEED.

Ortiz helps Yoon to her feet. She crouches with Ortiz.

ORTIZ
We gotta get out of here.

GREEN BERETS (V.O.)
HELP! HELP US!

YOON (V.O.)
There's somebody else out down here!

Yoon pivots, looking for Dutch, but only see gun blasts.

DUTCH (V.O.)
Shoot their fucking knees.

Swell of GUN FIRE.

ON ORTIZ'S FEED.

He scrambles to a ledge. Peers down. TWO GIANT MASSES move fast along a rock ledge. SNARLS and GROWLS rise up. The BONE CAGE and the GREEN BERETS are in the distance.

ORTIZ (V.O.)
What the fuck!

He retreats. Yoon and Goldberg pop into frame.

GOLDBERG
Throw an M18.

YOON
What?

GOLDBERG
Drop a fucking smoke bomb on these cunts.

Yoon digs out canister. A beast appears.

GOLDBERG (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOO!

Goldberg aims her bigass gun. Ortiz aims her Stoner 63. They light that motherfucker up.

ON YOON'S FEED.

Yoon struggles to pull out an M18. A beast knocks it from her hand. And grabs her leg.

YOON (V.O.)
Motherfucker.

She pulls a kbar blade. Stabs the beast. It SCREAMS and retreats a bit.

Yoon grabs the M18 off the ground and pulls the pin. Violet smoke pumps out. The troll attacks again. Teeth gnash, trying to bite Yoon! Yoon thrusts the canister up into its mouth. An AWFUL HOWL and BEASTLY SCREAM rips through the cave. But the troll spits the M18 out.

ON GOLDBERG'S FEED.

Goldberg pulls a blaster from her vest and throws it. A small EXPLOSION. Rocks collapse in.

Violet smoke fills the space.

DUTCH
The whole fucking cave is gonna collapse.

GOLDBERG (V.O.)
Where's Yoon?

ORTIZ
Let's go!

ON ORTIZ'S FEED.

He's smashing something repeatedly with a rock, before losing the upper hand and grabbing hay-like hair of a head and pushing a nasty, snarling, giant, fucking terrifying MOUTH away from his face. The mouth is maggot-infested. Repulsive.

ORTIZ (V.O.)
A little help.

ON DUTCH'S FEED.

He scrambles over rocks to Ortiz. The beast's mouth SNAPS at Ortiz before sinking its teeth into his shoulder. Ortiz SCREAMS. Dutch wedges a hand gun into the mouth of the beast and pulls the trigger five times.

The beast CRIES OUT and retreats.

Another explosion RIPS off near by and --

ON BILLIE.

-- one-by-one the body cam feeds cut out. Until they are all transmitting nothing. Not even static. Just darkness.

EXT. COMBAT CARAVAN. MOVING. CONTINUOUS.

A dusty, dented combat caravan trucks down a jungle path.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

MacReady SLAMS on the breaks. The vehicle comes to a complete stop. He charges Hugo, weapon in his hand.

MACREADY
What the fuck just happened?

Hugo is not a fighter and throws his hands up.

HUGO
I don't know.

MACREADY
You said our weapons would work.

HUGO
There was a chance they wouldn't.

MACREADY
You fucked us!

HUGO
I didn't fuck you. They did. You
knew there was a risk. And this was
it.

MacReady wants to execute this bitch. Hugo recoils, preparing to be killed when Billie chimes in.

BILLIE
Hold up.

One camera feed comes back online. Goldberg. A locked angle. Quiet. No firefight. No monsters. She could be dead. Smoke moves through the frame. An image appears. A busted bone cage, ripped open. Naked bodies inside. Torn apart.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
You seeing this?

MACREADY
I see it.

BILLIE
(over comm)
Goldberg, do you copy? Goldie, come
in.

Then one man (Randy) stands from the pile. He's still alive. But barely.

EXT. SIDE OF MOUNTIAN. CONTINUOUS.

Dutch drags Ortiz down the mountain, both still in masks. Ortiz SCREAMS in pain. The bite is bad. Dutch shushes him.

DUTCH (V.O.)
(whispering)
Shut the fuck up. And keep moving.

Ortiz SCREAMS again and drops. They're in the wide open. Dutch looks around. Paranoid.

Then hears footsteps. Running. He readies himself. Aims his Stoner 63. Ready to kill it. When Yoon appears. Running full speed.

DUTCH
Shit! Yoon! I almost blew your
fucking head off.

Yoon bends over, gasping for breath. She's gased. Her tactical gear is splattered in sticky green blood.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Any of those things follow you out?

Yoon shakes her head: no.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
You get bit?

Yoon looks at her body and shakes her head: no.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Where's Goldberg?

Yoon shakes her head: don't know.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
You get any of the gold?

Beat. She shakes her head: no. She's got no words.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
We gotta get off this fucking
island.

Ortiz screams in pain again.

YOON
(to Ortiz)
Shut the fuck up, man.

Yoon aims her weapon back up the mountain.

ORTIZ
My skins on fire.

DUTCH
Rendezvous Two is just up ahead.

Another HELLBEAST SCREAM. The sonic wave hits them from behind, knocking them to the ground.

From the ground, Yoon rolls on her back and opens fire up the mountain. At nothing. Dutch follows suit. They aren't taking any chances. Ripping the jungle to shit.

Dutch lifts Ortiz. And exits frame. Yoon follows.

EXT. BASE OF MOUNTAIN. LATER.

This is Rendezvous Two. Dutch stands where the combat caravan should be. But it's gone. So is the tribe. They are alone.

DUTCH

Shit.

YOON

Fuck.

They remove their gas masks. Yoon tries her comm.

YOON (CONT'D)

(over comm)

Zulu November, come in. This is Charlie Bravo Victor. Do you copy?

Radio crackles. Nothing comes back. She tries again.

YOON (CONT'D)

(over comm)

Zulu November, come in. Billie, where the fuck are you? We just ate shit and need an evac. STAT.

From somewhere up the mountain, a SONIC SCREAM descends. They grip their guns. Ready to fight. Ortiz can't hold himself up anymore and collapses to the ground. Ripping at his gear.

ORTIZ

Get this shit off of me.

Dutch and Yoon rush to his side and strip him of his gear. There is a SIZZLE like acid. His skin bubbles.

ORTIZ (CONT'D)

...FUCKING BURNS, MAN!

Yoon dumps a canteen of water on the wound, washing away the troll saliva, revealing GIANT TEETH MARKS. One bigass, black tooth with maggots twirling at the root sticks out.

ORTIZ (CONT'D)

(seeing the wound)

IT FUCKING BIT ME, MAN!

Yoon knocks the troll tooth out.

YOON
 (breaking balls)
 Why you gotta be so dramatic? My
 daughter doesn't even bitch this
 much and she's 13.

Yoon cracks a MED KIT with her teeth. Presses a PATCH against
 the wound, then wraps his shoulder in GAUZE. Not her first
 time doing. She retrieves a small needle.

YOON (CONT'D)
 This'll take some of the pain away.

ORTIZ
 STOP! NO! NO DRUGS.

YOON
 Fuck your sobriety. You got bit by
 a troll.

Yoon grabs Ortiz's hand and presses it to his shoulder.

YOON (CONT'D)
 Whatever you do, don't let go.

ORTIZ
 Or I'm gonna die?

YOON
 Yes.

DUTCH
 (stop it!)
 Yoon.

YOON
 I'm not about to lie to a dead man.

ORTIZ
 (grit teeth)
 Gonna gut that fucking thing.
 (to the mountain)
 YOU AND YOUR WHOLE FUCKING FAMILY!

Yoon stabs Ortiz and hits the plunger. Ortiz relaxes.

YOON
 Just a little bit. To cut the edge.
 You'll fucking thank me later.

Dutch drapes Ortiz's arm over his shoulder, and crosses the
 road back to rainforest, continuing down the mountain.

YOON (CONT'D)
Where you going?

DUTCH
We're toast if we stay here. Gotta
keep moving.

YOON
Fuck.

She follows.

EXT. RAINFOREST. LATER.

Real dense jungle shit. Anything could be hiding in here.

YOON
(over comm)
Zulu November. This is Charlie
Bravo Victor. Do you copy?

Radio crackles. Nothing comes back. Dutch hears something in the jungle. Looks behind them.

DUTCH
(whispering)
Something is tracking us.

Yoon aims her Stoner 63.

YOON
I'm not running anymore.

ORTIZ
Put me down.

Dutch let's Ortiz slide to the ground. An inaudible voice CRACKLES over the comm. Yoon crouches.

YOON
(over comm)
Say again. Zulu November? Come in.

Nothing.

There is nothing but the AMBIENT SOUND of the rainforest. Birds chirping. Trees aching. Wind whistling.

Then they hear FEET. Running hard. Coming fast. The soldiers aim their guns. Ready to blast these fucking things BACK TO HELL!

A FAMILY OF DEER sprint past.

The soldiers laugh a little. Momentary relief. And just as they settle into the relief, that's when they hear it --

-- a RATTLE. That RATTLE! Somewhere nearby another RATTLE. Then from another location, another RATTLE. A choir of this shit! All around them.

YOON (CONT'D)

That's not good.

A HATCHET flips through the air and sinks into the trunk of a tree nearby!

Dutch lifts Ortiz off the ground. Yoon holds him up on the other side. They BOOK IT through the woods. Until they finally reach a clearing.

EXT. CLEARING. CONTINUOUS.

A sonic HELLBEAST SCREAM rips. The shockwaves knocks them off their feet again. They eat wet ground. They struggle to pull their masks back on.

Two SUVs roll to a stop, one REVOLUTIONARY in each, drinking shitty beer and smoking cigarettes. Yoon aims her gun at one. Dutch does the same to the other. Ortiz stays limp on the ground.

The revolutionaries raise their hands. Yoon and Dutch open their doors.

DUTCH

OUT!

REVOLUTIONARY #1

Shit.

R1 exits fast.

YOON

Out, motherfucker.

REVOLUTIONARY #2

Fuck you, bitch.

YOON

Last time. Out.

REVOLUTIONARY #2

Suck my dick.

YOON

Well, you said that to the wrong person.

Yoon cocks her Stoner 63 and SMASHES the butt of it across R2's head. Blood pours out his ear. She grabs him by the shirt, and yanks his ass out of the vehicle, followed by a boot to his chest.

Dutch helps Ortiz to his feet and puts him in the backseat.

Another sonic HELLBEAST SCREAM rips through the woods.

INT. SUV. CONTINUOUS.

Dutch and Ortiz shutter inside the vehicle, bracing for it. The windows can't take the pressure and EXPLODE in.

EXT. CLEARING. CONTINUOUS.

Trees sway. Branches snap and fall from the force coming from the wilderness.

The revolutionaries are scared shitless. Then suddenly pass out and drop to the ground. Just like the birds.

Yoon shoots out the front tires of R2's SUV, before jumping in the passenger seat next to Dutch with Ortiz in the back. Dutch REVS the engine and FLOORS IT the fuck out of there.

INT. CABIN. LATER.

The cabin is empty and peaceful. Then Yoon crashes in, searching every room. Frantic. Dutch ushers Ortiz in. They drop their gas masks to the floor.

YOON

Mac? Billie?

DUTCH

(to Ortiz)

We made it, man.

Yoon disappears to a back room.

YOON (O.S.)

Where the fuck is MacReady?

Dutch drags a limp Ortiz to a cot in the corner. Drops him.

DUTCH
(to Ortiz)
Easy.

Yoon returns to the main room.

YOON
They're not here.

ORTIZ
(shivering)
How do I look?

Ortiz looks like absolute DEATH.

YOON
Like you're gonna die.

ORTIZ
(laughing)
I feel totally fine.

Dutch grabs a bottle of bourbon off the table. Opens it.
Takes a long pull himself.

DUTCH
Here.

Ortiz hesitates.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
You already took morphine. The
bourbon might as well be a dessert
wine.

Yoon intercepts the bottle and takes a swig herself. She
hands it to Ortiz.

ORTIZ
Don't tell my sponsor.

Ortiz takes a small swig at first. Then drains the bottle.

DUTCH
The tribe. They're hunting us.

YOON
I didn't sign up for this shit,
man.

DUTCH
Yes, you did. We all did.

YOON
What do we do now?

ON ORTIZ.

Ortiz removes the gauze. The flesh is gone. Muscle exposed.
Puss bubbling up.

DUTCH (O.C.)
We wait.

YOON (O.C.)
If we wait here, we are gonna die.

BACK IN SCENE.

DUTCH
Unless Mac shows and says
different, we wait for daybreak.
Then we move.

Yoon digs out two remaining M18 smoke grenades.

YOON
You know what this job reminds me
of?

DUTCH
Everett Drennan Drive?

YOON
Everett Drennan Drive.

DUTCH
Fucking tigers.

YOON
We should have gotten a fucking
medal for that job.

DUTCH
The amount of C4 we used to take
that compound, I'm surprised any of
those things survived.

YOON
Who has a harem of tigers roam your
property?

DUTCH
Perk of being a kingpin in
Mississippi.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
 (holding an M18)
 I owe you an apology. We should
 taken the whole fucking stash.

ON ORTIZ.

He slides his red-painted macaroni bracelet into his palm and squeezes it tight.

ORTIZ
 Dutch, I don't feel good.

Without warning, Ortiz convulses. It's violent. Dutch rushes to his side. BLACK FOAM bubbles from his mouth. Eyes roll back. Body arches. Teeth clench.

DUTCH
 HOLD HIM DOWN!

Yoon leverages her body over his to keep him down. And just like that, the seizure ends. Ortiz, unconscious. Dutch feels for a pulse.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
 Fuck me. He's still alive.

Then collapses onto the floor, staring at the ceiling. Yoon grabs chocolate off the table and throws it at Dutch. He catches it. And eats it.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
 Tastes different.

YOON
 Everything tastes different after
 days like today.

DUTCH
 Everett Drennan Drive.

YOON
 Everett Drennan Drive.

DUTCH
 You see Goldie break free?

YOON
 I didn't. We got separated. She can
 handle herself though. No way she's
 troll food.

Dutch moves to the window. Scans the clearing. All the canaries in the cage hanging from the porch are still alive.

YOON (CONT'D)

You see the motherfuckers in the cage?

DUTCH

I did.

YOON

Reagan's gonna be pissed.

DUTCH

I don't think they were his boys. I think they were ours.

Branches SNAPS outside. Yoon cradles her Stoner 63. Dutch pulls a handgun, nervous, his fingers on the trigger.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Remember when Hugo asked if we had any questions?

YOON

Yeah.

DUTCH

If I had known then what I know now, I would have asked so many more fucking questions.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CAR KING OIL & AUTOBODY. IN THE PAST.

Hugo told them about Christopher Columbus. Now, the trolls.

HUGO

The logistics aren't the problem. I need you all to keep an open mind.

DUTCH

It's \$500 million dollars open, Dr. Nilsson.

HUGO

(to MacReady)
Lights.

MACREADY

Ortiz.

Ortiz walks to the wall and turns off the lights. Pictures of Ortiz and his son FERN at ages 2, 3 and 4, hang on the wall.

A projection cart is aimed at a blank space on the wall. A blank slide projects. Then another. And another. Before --

-- the first image hits the wall: a TROLL. Horrific. Ungodly.

HUGO

This is also at the bottom of the cave. At least 2, but likely 3.

Slide after slide hits the wall. Deformed bodies from generations of in-breeding. Milky eyes. Barnacles cover their legs and backs. Their hair like hay, stiff and brittle. Massive jaw span, like a Komodo Dragon, razor teeth. There's human DNA somewhere in there. Lizard too. Feral beasts.

The soldiers look on in disbelief.

BILLIE

Are these...?

HUGO

Yes.

HAWKEYE

But...

HUGO

Yes.

GOLDBERG

Oh, hell no.

YOON

Can't be real.

HUGO

They are.

Ortiz still stands by the lights.

ORTIZ

I need to sit down.

He doesn't.

JONES

Fuck me.

HUGO

(confirming to the goons)
Believers in the scientific community call them *dinosauris homo varanus komodoensis*.

ORTIZ
In English?

 HUGO
Trolls.

Long beat.

 HUGO (CONT'D)
I imagine some of you may have
questions?

Every goon raises their hand.

 JONES
How do you kill them?

 HUGO
Firepower at critical points, like
the knees and hips. I have read
about the modular weapons system
you carry. Stoner 63s. All three
will hurt, and in time, break down
and kill these beasts. The carbine,
assault rifle, the machine gun and
automatic weapon. These will work.

 YOON
(laughing)
Come on, man. What are we talking
about here. Trolls? No.

 MACREADY
Explosives too, but we need to be
mindful as any disruption tot he
integrity of the infrastructure
will weaken the cave walls.

 ORTIZ
If it bleeds, we can kill it.

 HAWKEYE
Ortiz, you gettin' all dark and
existential and shit?

 YOON
This is bad.

 DUTCH
Do we know anything else about
them?

HUGO

The troll bloodline dates back 65 million years. End of the Cretaceous period. Born out of genetic necessity. To survive climate changes and environmental threats. They dwell in caves. Usually in mountains. From Scandinavia mostly. But have migrated in recent centuries.

ORTIZ

Temperament?

HUGO

They're dino-human hybrids. Feral brains. But blind as shit.

BILLIE

Biometrics?

HUGO

Fifteen feet tall on average. Heavy. When provoked, they're aggressive. Their instinct is to protect the nest. Eat, sleep, kill, procreate -- that's all they do.

GOLDBERG

I need a vacation.

HUGO

Their smell is a paralytic agent and their saliva an acidic toxin. Burns through skin and muscle and bone. Their scent neutralizes its prey, but doesn't kill. Makes it so you can't escape. Saliva kills you quick. They're big, so they're slow. And they've lived in caves their whole lives, so their eyesight is shit. So evolution has hardwired their glands.

JONES

Should have listened to my mom and stayed home to work on the family farm.

DUTCH

How do we protect against these paralytic agents?

HUGO
Canaries.

HAWKEYE
Birds?

HUGO
And gas masks. Yes.

ORTIZ
We're gonna fight trolls with
canaries and gas masks?

JONES
Fuck.

HUGO
Miners used canaries in mines to
warn of any toxic gas. The birds
would stop singing and die. Which
was a sign to strap on their gas
masks and get the fuck out. We will
use them the same way.

MACREADY
Any last questions?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CABIN. PRESENT.

Dutch. At the window. Looking at cage of canaries singing.

DUTCH
Fucking canaries.

A fucked up car engine approaches.

EXT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

The SUV with flat tires (the one that Yoon shot up earlier)
swerves into the clearing and CRASHES into the working SUV.

INT. SUV. CONTINUOUS.

Hugo drives. The force of the crash SMASHES his head against
the steering wheel. An airbag POPS out. His head bleeds.

EXT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

Cabin door kicks open. Dutch and Yoon rush out. Guns up. Hugo stumbles out of the SUV. He touches his head. Blood on his hand.

HUGO

You're alive. Thank God. We got attacked.

DUTCH

Who attacked you?

HUGO

The ghost soldiers.

YOON

Mac and Billie?

HUGO

Things happened fast. I got dragged from the caravan. Broke free. Started running. Didn't look back.

DUTCH

Shit.

YOON

(to Hugo)

This is all your fault, fucko. You did this.

Yoon PUNCHES Hugo in the jaw, knocking him to the ground. Dutch slams Yoon against the SUV.

DUTCH

Kill each other later. I need you both alive right now. Don't need anyone else dying on me.

HUGO

Who is dying?

DUTCH

Ortiz.

YOON

He's the ass-end of okay.

DUTCH

Got bit.

HUGO

Have the seizures started?

DUTCH

Yes.

HUGO

Doesn't have long. Few hours. If he's lucky. First are seizures. Last is paralysis.

DUTCH

Anything we can do to help him?

HUGO

The saliva is a highly contagious viral acidic toxin. No one survives a troll bite.

YOON

(smiling)

When we survive this, I'm gonna enjoy knocking your teeth down your throat.

Hugo stands and moves to the hatch of the SUV.

HUGO

No doubt you will. I'm sorry this happened. I'm sorry about Ortiz.

Hugo opens the hatch.

HUGO (CONT'D)

I have something to show you.

ON HATCH.

Inside is RANDY, naked. Unconscious. Covered in blood, all human, none of it his. A bite mark on his leg.

YOON

(excited to be right)

This was one of them motherfuckers in the cage.

HUGO

Found him half-dead, leaning against the SUV with this.

Hugo holds a SAT phone. Dutch sees a tattoo on Randy's arm. Two Arrows Crossed.

DUTCH

He's Army. Special Forces.

YOON

I thought the rebel bases were on
the other side of the mountain?
What were they doing in the cave?

DUTCH

(to Yoon)
This is the guy.

HUGO

(signaling the bite)
Whoever he is, he's not got long to
live.

DUTCH

Let's get him inside. Wake his ass
up. See if we can get some answers.
(to Yoon)
Try Billie again. We need to know
if they're still out there.

Dutch and Hugo lift Randy and carry him inside. Yoon follows.

YOON

(over comm)
Zulu November. This is Charlie
Bravo Victor. Come in. Billie, you
copy? Zulu November. Please don't
be dead.

All go inside inside. Door closes. And the canaries are still
alive. Still singing.

EXT. RAINFOREST. COMBAT CARAVAN. IN THE PAST.

The combat caravan GUNS IT down a road.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

MacReady drives. Billie sits at the body cam feeds. Hugo
holds on. The caravan is rocking all over the place. The
canary cage swings with every hole the caravan hits.

EXT. RAINFOREST. CONTINUOUS.

Rustling in the jungle. Goldberg emerges. Beat up, but still
standing, big gun at her side. She moves to the center of the
road. An engine approaches. She readies for a fight.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

MacReady smashes the brake as the caravan grinds to a halt. Nothing but serenity and peaceful rainforest on either side. We hear birds chirping. Through the windshield, Mac sees Goldberg. Both laugh.

Side door swings open. Goldberg is there.

GOLDBERG
(to Billie)
Help me with these bitches.

She hoists three long wooden crates into the caravan, before climbing in.

HUGO
You got the gold?

GOLDBERG
Of course I got the gold. I'm a professional motherfucker, motherfucker!

They all laugh.

JUMP AHEAD IN TIME.

MacReady resumes driving fast.

MACREADY
(over his shoulder)
Open 'em up.

Hugo pops the lids. RAW GOLD. JEWELS. It's more amazing than anything.

BILLIE
Well then.

HUGO
Yeah.

GOLDBERG
Fuck yeah.

HUGO
(to Goldberg)
You did good. You did so good.

MACREADY
Goldie, you seen Dutch? Yoon?
Ortiz?

GOLDBERG
Just trolls, man.

Suddenly, the body cam feeds come back online as Dutch, Yoon and Ortiz jack the rebels out of the SUVs.

BILLIE
(over comm)
Thank God, they're still alive.

MacReady eases off the gas.

MACREADY
Heads up, kids. We got company.

The Troll Tribe Soldiers emerge from the rainforest and block the path ahead. MacReady checks his side mirrors, and the soldiers are behind them now too.

BILLIE
No getting around?

MACREADY
We're gonna have to fight our way through.

The caravan stops. MacReady pulls a handgun. Goldberg removes her her big ass gun from her back. She's ready to rock. Billie readies her Stoner 63. Hugo cowers. All put on their masks.

The tribe doesn't move. They are stone cold still.

GODLBERG
(whispering)
What are they waiting for?

Billie turns and watches the canaries. One in particular rocks back-and-forth. Then drops. All of them stop signing.

GOLDBERG
Maybe it was just an old canary.

Another canary drops dead. And another. And another.

BILLIE
Mac.

Mac looks back. Sees them dying.

MACREADY
Masks.

Everyone pulls their GAS MASKS on. A QUAKE shutters in from the rainforest. The caravan SHAKES.

Animals SPRINT across the road. Deer. Rabbits. Bears. Something CRASHES into the caravan. Windshield cracks. Dead birds rain down.

There is a RATTLE! And a deep, bellowing horn that BOOMS! Te Ata appears in front of the caravan, horn in hand.

Then...a Sonic HELLBEAST SCREAM rips through the woods. More glass in the windshield cracks and spiderwebs from the sonic waves.

BILLIE

Mow those motherfuckers down.

MacReady STOMPS the gas. But the engine GRINDS. Goes nowhere.

MACREADY

It's jammed.

GOLDBERG

WELL, UNJAM IT!

BILLIE

THEY'RE CLOSING IN! LOCK IN!

The caravan GURGLES and GRINDS, but doesn't move.

GOLDBERG

Fuck it. I'm tired of running. I
'ain't never been no bitch. I
'ain't about to start being a bitch
now.

Goldberg kicks open the door. Exits.

BILLIE

(to MacReady)

Get that engine up.

Then Billie exits.

EXT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

The animals have stopped RUNNING and RAINING.

Goldberg storms to the front of the caravan. Billie follows. They approach Te Ata, guns aimed at her and the troll tribe soldiers. Te Ata doesn't flinch.

GOLDBERG

(to Te Ata)

I don't wanna waste you, man, but I
fucking will.

Billie stands back-to-back with Goldberg. Covering all sides
with their weapons. But the tribe retreats into the jungle.
Te Ata is the last to disappear.

GOLDBERG (CONT'D)

Where he fuck they going?

BILLIE

Don't waste ammo.

There's a moment of silence.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

Something worse is coming.

GOLDBERG

It's been a goddamn pleasure,
Billie.

Goldberg holds out a fist. Billie punches it back. They both
explode their fists. They tilt their weapons upward. Waiting
for the trolls.

BILLIE

Lets send these motherfuckers back
to Hell.

GOLDBERG

You have anger issues.

BILLIE

You sound like my ex-husband.

GOLDBERG

Mine said I lacked empathy.

BILLIE

Empathy's over-rated.

GOLDBERG

Exactly what I said before I took
his dog in the divorce.

BILLIE

Marry me.

GOLDBERG

Bitch. Stop flirting.

Trees SWAY. Branches SNAP. Something massive moves. There is a RATTLE again. All around.

Another HELLBEAST SCREAM.

BILLIE

Fuck these uglyass motherfuckers.

ON GOLDBERG AND BILLIE.

Guns Blasting. Unleashing hell like the bad motherfuckers they are. Holding Their ground.

ON COMBAT CARAVAN WINDSHIELD.

MacReady fights with the engine. Hugo appears. Frozen. Watching the gun fight outside. It sounds BRUTAL. There is a CRUNCH and SPLAT.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

Green and red blood SPLASH across the windshield. MacReady turns wipers on, trying to clear it away, but it just smears.

A blurry, obscured mass can be seen through the bloody windshield. It is UNGODLY IN SIZE! A giant SHADOW looms over the caravan. It SCREAMS!

MACREADY

Fucking hell.

MacReady throws the caravan in reverse. It finally works! He looks at his side mirror to navigate when something RIPS it off.

MACREADY (CONT'D)

FUCK.

He looks to the other mirror, still moving back, but slow. Something RIPS the other side mirror off.

MACREADY (CONT'D)

GOD DAMMIT!

The side door SLAMS open. Troll tribe members surge in, trying to gain entrance. They grab Hugo by the legs and drag him half out when he grabs the doorframe. A shoulder strap of blasters lays on the floor next to a Stoner 63. He reaches for them. But it is just out of reach.

MacReady jams on the gas in reverse, but the bodies slow the caravan down.

INT. CABIN. DAY.

Randy lays on the table, naked, unconscious. Huge black eye, his sclera full of broken blood vessels. Randy resurfaces.

RANDY
I can't move my legs.

HUGO
You're paralyzed. Don't fight it.

YOON
You're dying, motherfucker.

RANDY
Goddamn thing bit me.

HUGO
They say you're special forces.
What are you doing on this side of
the island? Why were you in that
cave?

RANDY
(through grit teeth)
Fuck you.

Yoon shoots Dutch a look -- she is uncomfortable. Hugo leans in close to Randy.

HUGO
I know you're a big American
cowboy, but these soldiers behind
me will kill you. If you give me
answers, I can help you.

RANDY
I. Said. Fuck. You.

DUTCH
(to Hugo)
The bravado, it's part of the gig.
These boys are tough.

An engine approaches. All heads snap to the door.

EXT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

The combat caravan skids in the mud, SPEEDING toward the cabin. Slams on the brakes. Slides to a stop.

INT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

The front door SLAMS open. MacReady rushes in.

MACREADY

God damn, it's good to see you ugly motherfuckers.

(sees Hugo)

Holy shit. You're alive.

HUGO

You underestimate my commitment to live.

YOON

What about Billie?

DUTCH

Goldberg?

MACREADY

They didn't make it. They saved my life.

Yoon sits, shook. Dutch looks exhausted. Unsure they're gonna make it out alive.

YOON

They did some damage first, right?

MACREADY

They went down guns up.

YOON

(laughs)

Everyone goes home.

DUTCH

They did their job.

MACREADY

This is it then -- just us.

(sees Ortiz)

Shit.

YOON

Bit.

DUTCH

Not gonna make it.

MACREADY

(sees Randy)

What the hell is he doing here?

YOON

Found him and a bunch of his boys
at the bottom of the cave.

HUGO

I found him half dead. Thought he
could give us some answers.

DUTCH

(to MacReady)

We didn't make it out with
anything.

MACREADY

Goldie did.

The room goes silent.

MACREADY (CONT'D)

Three boxes.

They laugh. The mood lightens. A bit.

MACREADY (CONT'D)

Okay. We've had a bad fucking day.
Time to turn it around. Yoon,
Dutch. Come with me. Let's take a
look at the vehicles. Hugo, you
stay here and babysit the sick. No
more fucking fighting.

MacReady, Dutch, and Yoon exit.

Hugo checks on Ortiz, still out. Then stands over Randy.

HUGO

Let's try this again. What were you
doing down there?

Just then a RATTLE hisses in the distance. Hugo and Randy
know what this means.

RANDY

(whispering)

They're coming.

The canaries on the porch -- still alive, still singing.

HUGO

(to himself)

This is the end then. We did our
best.

Randy rolls on his side and points to a bottle of bourbon on the table.

RANDY

Please.

Hugo hands it to him.

HUGO

Americans and your bourbon.

Randy chugs it. Coughs.

RANDY

God, that tastes awful. I fucking hate bourbon.

He offers the bottle back to Hugo who declines.

HUGO

Don't drink.

RANDY

(eyes clicking to Ortiz)
Can't believe I'm gonna die
surrounded by sober motherfuckers
who don't drink.

HUGO

What did you say?

Randy is silent.

HUGO (CONT'D)

(pointing to Ortiz)
You know him?

Randy doesn't say anything.

Clouds part. Hugo puts it together. Ortiz and Randy...they know each other.

HUGO (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

In a FLASH, Randy SMASHES the bottle in Hugo's face. Glass shatters. Randy grabs Hugo's arm, YANKS him close, palms a shard off glass his chest and THRUSTS the glass into Hugo's other arm. Hugo stumbles back. Examining the wound in his arm.

HUGO (CONT'D)

I can't believe you did that.

Hugo grips the glass and RIPS it out. Retrieves a gun from the table, aims it at Randy.

ON THE CAGE OF CANARIES.

The gun blasts: BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. The birds flutter from the noise.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. CABIN. BACK A BIT IN TIME.

Minutes earlier. MacReady, Dutch and Yoon exit the cabin to assess the vehicles.

 YOON
 I wanna see it.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

Door slides open. Looking down on the open wooden crates. The most beautiful raw gold and jewelry.

 DUTCH
 Looks like the mission was a
 success.

They laugh and hug. Yoon puts the lids back on. When from inside the cabin comes BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. The goons HAUL ASS toward the cabin.

ON THE WODEN CRATES

The most beautiful raw gold and jewelry. Birds sing and chirp in background...and then stop.

CUT FORWARD TO:

INT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS. REAL TIME.

CLOSE UP on the BARREL OF A HANDGUN. Smoke pouring out. PULL BACK to reveal Ortiz. His son's macaroni bracelet at his wrist. He looks like absolute death, poison coursing through his body.

Hugo stumbles back and collapses to the floor.

 RANDY
 Tector is close.

ORTIZ

Fuck you.

RANDY

(laughing)

You forgot to say lawyer.

Ortiz drops the gun, son's bracelet at his wrist.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. YUPPY BAR. BALTIMORE. IN THE PAST.

Our goons have finished busting up the yuppy bar. Cops drag each goon out in handcuffs and throw them in the back of a paddy wagon. Dutch followed by Yoon followed by Goldberg followed by Jones followed by Hawkeye. Ortiz is last.

A cop stops Ortiz at the curb as the other goons get loaded into the back of the wagon. A slick dude dressed in a leather jacket and jeans rolls up on Ortiz. It's Randy.

RANDY

Look good in handcuffs, Benecio?

Randy doesn't wait and throws an elbow into Ortiz's side. Ortiz SMASHES his forehead into Randy's face. There's that black eye! Cops swarm Ortiz and drag him away.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. IN THE PAST.

Ortiz sits by himself. Tapping the table slowly and quietly. No macaroni bracelet on his wrist. The door opens and two men enter: Randy and TECTOR, 60s, a grizzled old lawman.

RANDY

Sorry to leave you in here so long.
You needed time to sober up.

They sit at the table. Ortiz says nothing. Tector pulls out a flask and takes a swig. Offers it to Randy. He accepts it and pulls long. Randy offers it to Ortiz who doesn't accept it.

TECTOR

Go on. You can have a sip. Helps
with the nerves.

RANDY

You don't like bourbon?

ORTIZ

Fuck you. Lawyer.

RANDY
You haven't even said hello yet.

ORTIZ
Hello. Fuck you. Lawyer.

TECTOR
(reading the name off a
paper)
Benecio Ortiz.
(to Ortiz)
If I had to guess you go by Benny.
Do you go by Benny?

ORTIZ
Fuck you. Lawyer.

TECTOR
I'm gonna call you Benny.

RANDY
Benny's nice.

They wait for Ortiz to repeat himself. He doesn't.

TECTOR
(to Randy)
He didn't say fuck you.

RANDY
(to Tector)
Or ask for a lawyer.

TECTOR
(to Randy)
I think he likes us a little.

RANDY
(points to his eye)
You got me good, Benny. Assaulting
an officer. Bad look for you.

TECTOR
We know who you are. We know what
you do. We know you run with Denton
MacReady. We know you're meeting
with your crew tomorrow. Hell, my
people are the ones who trained
your people when they still wore
the flag on their blouse. I
understand. I get it. You
sacrificed for your country.

(MORE)

TECTOR (CONT'D)

And when you got out, your country didn't sacrifice for you. Hence, the goon shit. Easy cash. I get it.

RANDY

Total sense.

TECTOR

We don't give a shit about that. We don't give a shit about Denton MacReady. Or your crew. What we do give a shit about is the man you're going to work for: Dmitry Belov.

RANDY

But he will tell you his name is Dr. Hugo Nilsson.

Randy is listening.

TECTOR

He's the kind of bad guy we hunt. He's The kind of bad guy who kills his wife and her whole family when he finds out she's been having an affair. He's the kind of bad guy who wants to propagate communism and set up Little Russias all over the world.

RANDY

He's the kind of bad guy who absolutely can't get his hands on whatever is in Grenada.

TECTOR

We don't know what he wants to get or even where it is on the island. Otherwise, we'd just take his ass out.

RANDY

We need you and your team to take the job, get the location, then let us intercept him.

TECTOR

We don't want him alive. We need him alive.

RANDY

And for that we're willing to pay. You and Denton and the whole goon squad.

TECTOR
A lot of money.

Ortiz doesn't respond.

RANDY
(to Tector)
Notice how he hasn't said fuck you
in a while?

TECTOR
(to Randy)
I did notice that.

Randy digs in his pocket and slides the macaroni bracelet across the table. There is an AA chip on it. He's been sober six months.

RANDY
Didn't want you to lose this. Looks
like you had a good run, Benny.
What made you blow it last night?

Ortiz receives it and ties it to his wrist. Then:

ORTIZ
Fuck you. Lawyer.

INT. WAREHOUSE. IN THE PAST.

Everyone is there. They've just heard Hugo talk about the treasure and the trolls.

HUGO
I will leave you all to discuss the
job. Thank you for your time. I
hope to hear from you soon.

Hugo leaves. The room is silent. Until Ortiz steps forward.

DUTCH
What is it?

ORTIZ
We got a fucking problem.

CUT FORWARD TO:

INT. CABIN. IN REAL TIME.

Dutch and Yoon enter the cabin first. Dutch goes to Ortiz. Yoon checks on Hugo who is writhing on the floor. Randy is toast. MacReady stands by the door.

DUTCH
What the fuck happened?

ORTIZ
(nodding toward Randy)
Hugo found out.

YOON
Shit.

MACREADY
(referencing Hugo)
Prop his ass up.

Yoon props Hugo up. MacReady walks over and SMASHES his boot into Hugo's face, sending him back down.

DUTCH
Feel better, bossman?

MACREADY
I've wanted to do that for a long
time now.

The RATTLE shakes again from outside. The room falls quiet. Yoon goes to the window. Looks. Snaps her fingers. Points.

BLACK SUVs park around the edge of the clearing, surrounding the cabin. A hard-boiled crew of GREEN BERETS hang in open car doors, guns drawn on the cabin.

Tector appears.

TECTOR
(shouting)
We don't have much time. Send him
out.

MacReady looks defiant. Then storms over to Hugo and lifts him off the floor.

MACREADY
Everybody goes home. Except you,
fucko.

EXT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

Yoon and Dutch exit the cabin, Stoner 63s up and ready to rock, covering MacReady who drags Hugo off the porch to the middle of the clearing, forcing him to his knees. He aims a hand gun to the back of Hugo's head.

TECTOR

I knew Benny was gonna run and tell you.

HUGO

Why didn't you just come to me.

TECTOR

You needed to hear the job first from Dmitry here. Then hear the twist second. From your own guy. Not me.

HUGO

Fuck you, Tector.

TECTOR

(looking at Hugo)
Bad day, Dmitry?

HUGO

They killed your friend. Randy.

Hugo's in self-preservation mode.

TECTOR

(to MacReady)
Denton. Randy in there?

MACREADY

Don't act like you know me.

TECTOR

Randy in there? He okay?

MACREADY

Yes and no.

TECTOR

What about Benny?

MACREADY

Yes and no.

TECTOR

They gonna be okay.

MACREADY
Most assuredly not.

HUGO
They killed your boy, you pigfuck.

MacReady pistol-whips Hugo, dropping him to the ground.

TECTOR
I'm not leaving without our guy.

MACREADY
Here is your piece of shit. Just like you asked. Alive. Just like you asked. Now pay us.

TECTOR
Therein lies a problem.

MACREADY
Sounds about right.

MacReady yanks Hugo back to his feet.

MACREADY (CONT'D)
No money, no deal.

A Green Beret whistles. Tector turns, facing the rainforest now, to reveal Te Ata and the Troll Tribe. Hundreds of them. Painted-leaf masks. Axes. Ornamental staffs. All ethnicities. All ages. Ready to fight!

Yoon lowers her weapon a bit, out of shock. Dutch does too.

The Green Berets shout at the Troll Tribe to STAND DOWN. The Troll Tribe shout back in high-pitched SCREAMS.

Dutch looks at the cage on the porch next to him and EVERY CANARY IS DEAD.

DUTCH
Mac!

MacReady looks back.

YOON
Gotta go, bossman.

Dutch and Yoon retreat inside the cabin. MacReady follows and leaves Hugo who scrambles into the combat caravan.

INT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

Our goons pull on masks. Dutch slides a mask on Ortiz.

ORTIZ
Thank you, man.

DUTCH
I got you, buddy.

EXT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

A sonic HELLBEAST SCREAM rips through the woods. Longer. Louder. Scarier.

The Green Berets begin to drop, and hit the ground, unconscious, from the troll scent. Troll Tribe arrows and axes whip through the air. Attacking the remaining Green Berets who take cover and return fire.

INT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

The goons watch in horror.

MACREADY
We have to get to the van.
(to Dutch; referencing
Ortiz)
Can he make it?

DUTCH
I'll get him there.

The ground SHAKES.

YOON
We should get hazard pay for this
shit.

Dutch drags Ortiz across the floor to the entrance.

DUTCH
Okay. Ready.

MACREADY
Move fast. Cover the flanks.

ORTIZ
I can't breathe.

YOON
I don't see Hugo.

MACREADY
He's in the van.

Everyone loads their weapons, readies themselves.

MACREADY (CONT'D)
One last push. Ready?

Ortiz removes his mask. He's not passing out.

ORTIZ
(coughing)
I can't breathe.

YOON
(an idea hits)
Wait!

Yoon digs into her bag and pulls out THREE M18 CANISTERS.

DUTCH
(he understands)
Let's fucking go.

YOON
Let's fucking go.

Yoon exits.

EXT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

Yoon rushes out, pulls the pin and launches an M18 into the middle of the melee outside. It hits the ground and rolls. A lush violet smoke pumps out.

The Green Berets have all been neutralized from the troll vapor.

The Troll Tribe, most still standing, drag their dead and dying into the jungle. The rest disappear into the violet smoke.

INT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

Ortiz pulls himself to his feet.

ORTIZ
I can't breathe.

DUTCH
Put your fucking mask on.

ORTIZ
I CAN'T BREATHE!

Yoon crashes back through the door, watching the purple haze through the window, just as Ortiz moves to exit.

EXT. CABIN. PORCH. CONTINUOUS.

Giant trees sway. Something is coming. Ortiz crosses the porch before collapsing. He's near death. Slumps against a porch post, trying to catch his breath.

ORTIZ
I can't breathe.

The ground shakes. Ortiz looks up. He sees it.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ACQUARIUM. DAY. IN THE PAST.

Ortiz sits on a bench next to his son FERN, 5, watching a giant tank of fish and sharks. People pass by them. Ortiz peels a banana for Fern who breaks it in half and hands half back to Ortiz. They eat in silence.

FERN
When is God's birthday?

ORTIZ
I don't think he has one.

FERN
Mommy says he's as old as the earth.

ORTIZ
She does, does she?

FERN
Yeah.

ORTIZ
Could be.

FERN
What do you think?

ORTIZ
I think God is everywhere and in everything.

FERN
Even in bad people?

ORTIZ
Even in bad people.

FERN
Why does God make bad people?

ORTIZ
Bad people are good people who make
bad decisions.

FERN
Are you a good person?

Ortiz sits in that question.

ORTIZ
What did your mom say?

FERN
She said you were when she met you.

ORTIZ
She's right.

FERN
What about now?

ORTIZ
I'm doing my best. And sometimes
that's the most important.

Fern pulls out a MACARONI BRACELET and hands it to Ortiz.

FERN
I made you this at school.

ORTIZ
You're not suppose to give me
presents on your birthday.

FERN
God wanted me to make it for you.
It's the most important.

ORTIZ
Oh yeah, buddy. Why?

FERN
To help you be good again.

Ortiz ties it to his wrist.

ORTIZ
Thank you, buddy. I love it.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. CABIN. PORCH. PRESENT.

Tears run from his eyes, but Ortiz doesn't cry. He holds the bracelet.

Violet smoke swirls around the clearing. THREE TROLLS come through the tree line. The pregnant one, the young one and the big one. The young one picks up the busted SUV with two gnarly hands and crushes it like an accordion, before spiking it back to the ground.

ORTIZ
(in awe and wonder)
My God.

INT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

Our goons drop down beneath the window.

DUTCH
Ortiz!

YOON
He is gone, man.

MACREADY
We'll grab him on the way out.

DUTCH
Goon Squad.

YOON
Good Squad.

MACREADY
Goon squad.

EXT. CABIN. CONTINUOUS.

Our goons exit the cabin. Ortiz is not on the porch.

DUTCH
Where's Ortiz?

MACREADY
 We'll find him. Get to the van
 first. We need more ammo.

EXT. CLEARING. CONTINUOUS.

GIANT CLOVEN FOOTPRINTS all around. The trolls hunker over Green Berets and feast. Spines, limbs, heads, torsos. It's a bloody feast!

Our goons hustle through the purple smoke to the caravan. The young troll stops eating his Green Berets, stands and charges the Goon Squad.

MACREADY
 LIGHT THIS BITCH UP!

Dutch, Yoon and MacReady open fire, but do little damage. The thing bleeds, but the bullets barely break the skin and fur.

YOON
 HE'S STILL COMING.

DUTCH
 RUN!

MacReady and Yoon run toward the remaining SUV. The young troll smashes his foot down, trying to pulverize them, but misses. They drop to the ground and crawl under the vehicle. The troll screams, grabs the SUV and spins it around, trying to find them.

Yoon fires, but runs out of ammo when she sees Dutch across the clearing stuck in a mud hole up to his knees.

ON DUTCH.

The little troll sets its sights on Dutch -- easy pickings! Dutch unloads the last of his magazine. But the troll stands over him now. Saliva drips all around him.

ON YOON.

YOON
 (to MacReady)
 COVER ME.

MacReady aims his Stoner 63 at the little troll and fires.

Yoon drags herself out from under the SUV, M18 in hand, and rushes toward to the younger troll.

She pulls the pin and when she gets close she JAMS the canister UP THE TROLL'S ASS as hard as she can. The beast SCREAMS. Yoon throws herself on top of Dutch.

YOON (CONT'D)
DOWN, MOTHERFUCKER.

They cover their heads.

The troll EXPLODES. A GYSER OF TROLL SHIT shoots out. Then LIME-GREEN BLOOD and TROLL GUTS.

The pregnant troll screams, in pain. Her son!

Yoon rolls off Dutch. They're covered in awfulness.

DUTCH
Help me out, you fuck.

YOON
You owe me two hundred bucks,
bitch.

Yoon pulls Dutch out of the mudhole. They haul ass over to the SUV, and regroup with MacReady. Then advance on the caravan.

Yoon sees the big troll, squatting low to the ground, eating Green Berets. Yoon breaks away from the team and charges toward the troll.

YOON (CONT'D)
Take the van. I got this fuckjob.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

The door kicks open. Dutch enters to find a handgun aimed at him. It's Hugo. Dutch stops.

HUGO
Sorry. Not everyone is going home
on this one, Dutch.

DUTCH
Don't.

But Hugo fires, hitting Dutch in the shoulder, spinning him.

MacReady runs in behind Dutch, but Hugo pops off again and MacReady retreats. Hugo fills a bag of gold and exits the caravan.

EXT. CARAVAN. CLEARING. CONTINUOUS.

Hugo hustles across the open field. Nothing around. No Green Berets. No trolls. He breathes heavy. He gets to the remaining SUV. Opens the door. Chucks the bag in.

INT. SUV. CONTINUOUS.

Hugo gets in. Fires up the engine and slams the gas when --

-- SMASH --

The hood crashes into the leg of the preggo troll. She is PISSED! Hugo scrambles out of the SUV, leaving the bag behind.

EXT. SUV. CONTINUOUS.

Hugo runs, but slip and falls SPLAT in the mud. A shadow moves over him. He flops over on his back. Looks up. And see her. She reaches down and snatches him up.

Inside the troll's hairy grip, his bones snap. He screams in pain. The troll moves him closer to her open mouth. Until he is plunged inside and the mouth CLAMPS SHUT. Blood and bones shatter and spray out of the diseased orifice.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

MacReady runs inside and drags Dutch to the bench, pressing his hand to this shoulder.

MACREADY

Hold on, Dutch.

DUTCH

Drive. I'm not dying here. Not like this.

MacReady climbs into the driver's seat. Turns the ignition. Pulls the caravan around in time to see Yoon SPRINT across the field.

EXT. CLEARING. CONTINUOUS.

Yoon trucks through viscera toward the other male troll. She pulls the pin of the canister and runs at the troll's ass when he turns and backhands Yoon away. She whips through the air and CRASHES into --

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

-- the windshield of the caravan. The imprint of her body crunches the windshield in.

MacReady STOMPS the brake. Yoon drops to the ground like a dead bird.

MACREADY
Fucking hell!

EXT. CLEARING. CONTINUOUS.

The M18 skips across the ground, still pumping smoke.

Yoon's arm is broken, bent in an ungodly way. She screams.

Dozens of Troll Tribe soldiers appear. Men. Women. Children. Leaves painted red covering their noses and mouths, like masks. Hatchets in hands. Bows and arrows pointed at the caravan. Staffs RATTLE.

EXT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

Troll Tribe soldiers charge the caravan and ATTACK the windows.

INT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

Glass cracks. Fists and feet hit and kick the windshield. MacReady retreats to the back with the dead canaries and Dutch who looks pale as shit from blood loss. The windshield finally shatters inward and Troll Tribe collapse through.

Something JUMPS on the roof of the caravan. It's the prego troll. Metal crunches down and collapses from the weight.

MacReady open fire on the tribe. Human blood and bone spray everywhere, but there are too many to fight. They just keep coming. Never stop. MacReady and Dutch are finally dragged outside.

EXT. COMBAT CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

MacReady and Dutch lay on the ground. The tribe retrieves the treasure and lays it out on the ground next to them.

Te Ata towers holds the ceremonial knife. She squares on MacReady. He says nothing, but his face says fuck you. Te Ata places the golden crown of thorns on MacReady's head. Dutch struggles to break free, but is held back.

Te Ata steps back and holds the knife out for another tribe member. Someone steps out from the group.

OH SHIT! It's Ortiz. He's alive. And one of them. Stripped of his fatigues. Naked. Eyes painted. Red-painted leaf on his face. He accepts the ceremonial knife from her.

DUTCH

Ortiz.

MACREADY

Benny.

But Ortiz is gone. He lifts MacReady to his knees and tilts his head back. The RED-PAINTED MACARONI BRACELET hangs from Ortiz's wrist.

MACREADY (CONT'D)

Kid, don't do this.

Ortiz sets the cerated edge of the knife to MacReady's eyes. Te Ata blows the horn. The preggo troll, crying amongst the troll viscera, stomps over. She looks down at the men and the treasure.

MACREADY (CONT'D)

Benny, if you can hear me, let us go. We love you. We understand. But not us, man. Not like this.

Ortiz looks up at her. She SCREAMS and looks to the last standing male troll who is distracted with something.

ON YOON.

On the other side of the caravan, the male troll stalks Yoon while she drags her broken body to the smoking M18. Yoon grabs it just as the troll lifts her to his mouth.

The troll squeezes her. More broken bones.

There is a WHISTLE!

WHIP PAN!

At the edge of the jungle. Goldberg and Billie. They look like goddamn conquering heroes who've survived hell, covered in green slime and mud. Billie hollers!

Tribe and trolls turn to look.

GOLDBERG

(shouting)

You don't fuck with the goon squad,
motherfuckers.

BILLIE

Heads up, Yoon!

Goldberg aims her bigass gun at the male troll and lets it rip! Her rapid fire shit obliterates the troll's MILKY EYE. Eye goo gushes all over Yoon who RAMS the M18 into it's blown-out socket! The troll drops Yoon, grabbing for the M18 wedged in its eye when its whole head fucking EXPLODES and troll brain and blood rains down.

Preggo Troll HOWLS! The tribe CRIES OUT.

Goldberg and Billie run to Yoon.

ON MACREADY.

Ortiz is in a fugue state. MacReady takes the crown of thorns off and eases the knife away from his eyes. Stands. Gets Dutch to his feet and retreats to the last standing SUV, easing Dutch into the back. Billie, Goldberg, and Yoon follow.

MacReady looks back at the treasure on the ground behind them. They were so close.

GOLDBERG

Floor it, Mac.

BILLIE

Let's get the fuck outta here.

YOON

What about Benny?

GOLDBERG

Fuck, Benny, man. He's gone!

MacReady opens the driver side door when Ta Ata slams it shut and SMASHES her staff into his head. MacReady staggers back. She SWINGS again, hitting him in the gut this time. He crumples forward. But he's a bad motherfucker, and doesn't go down easy. He swings on Te Ata and hits her in the chin, but she swings back and connects with his temple, dropping him.

Te Ata bends over him. Makes a fist in his hair with her hand, lifts it toward her, and as she is about to cave his skull in Ortiz appears behind her. With the grace of a loon, he glides up on her, holds back her forehead, places the ceremonial knife at her eyes and slices, killing her sight.

Ortiz drops her body to the ground. She doesn't thrash or cry or plead. Only crawls slow through the mud like a lizard. This is her lot in life. There is a new pack leader now.

MacReady stands and reaches for Ortiz's hand, still dripping with Te Ata's blood, and rips the macaroni bracelet from his wrist.

MACREADY

I'll get this to Fern for you.

Finally, a light comes to Ortiz.

ORTIZ

Tell him I tried. Tell him I tried
really hard.

MacReady returns to the SUV. Revs the engine. And pulls away.

The tribe tends to its dead and injured. The prego troll has collected its dead family members and holds them to her giant belly, CRY-SCREAMING!

INT. SUV. CONTINUOUS.

The Goon Squad ride quiet. No words for what they've come through. MacReady FLOORS IT through the rainforest. Yoon looks at her feet and sees a bag. Opens it. Full of gold. Its what Hugo hoarded away. Yoon shows it to the others. It's a painful reminder of the job. No one is happy.

EXT. DRAGON BAY. CONTINUOUS.

Hawkeye refills the chopper with a gas can.

HAWKEYE

Come on, motherfucker.

She finishes and there is some left in the can, so she slides it behind her seat in the chopper and patrols the beach.

An SUV appears in the distance. She readies herself to engage. Exhales. Finger on trigger. Then sees its her people.

HAWKEYE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Our goons exit the SUV. No masks.

HAWKEYE (CONT'D)
Almost lit you motherfuckers up.

MACREADY
Really glad you didn't.

Goldberg helps Dutch to the chopper.

HAWKEYE
Where's the gold, baby?

Yoon throws the bag of gold to Hawkeye and continues on to the chopper. Hawkeye looks in the bag, but recognizes this is not a win for them.

HAWKEYE (CONT'D)
Ortiz?

No response. Just a somber weight to things.

MACREADY
Let's go home.

Everyone climbs in the chopper. Hawkeye is last and lights up the bird. There is a RUMBLE. Everyone knows what it is. Trees sway in the distance. They scramble for masks. Everyone gets theirs on in time except for Dutch and Goldberg who pass out.

Then it appears --

-- one fucking angry, grieving, pissed-off, pregnant troll.

YOON
This bitch won't quit.

MACREADY
Hawkeye. Get us out of here!

INT. HELICOPTER. CONTINUOUS.

The blades whip. Preggo troll stomps toward them.

YOON
Hurray! She's coming!

BILLIE
FLY NOW PLEASE!

The chopper lifts. Pulls away. They've made it.

YOON

Woo!

But at the last moment the troll launches off the Green Beret boat. JUMPS. And grabs the landing rails of the chopper with both horned hands. The chopper JERKS down. Goldberg's unconscious body slides across the back and over the side, her arm tangled in a safety harness, keeping her from falling out. The troll SCREAMS and HOWLS below.

MACREADY

HOLD MY LEGS!

MacReady hits the deck and crawls to the edge. Yoon grabs his legs as he reaches Goldberg.

YOON

BILIE. GET OVER HERE.

ON BILLIE.

Billie digs through a bag. And pulls out one last M18 canister. She runs to MacReady and hands it to him, then grabs his leg. MacReady grabs ahold of Goldberg and pulls her back inside.

The troll pulls herself up too. MacReady lays back and waits for her.

MACREADY

Come on, girl.

She SCREAMS as her hand reaches the entrance to the chopper. MacReady pulls the pin.

MACREADY (CONT'D)

Suck on this!

He winds back and CHUCKS IT at her mouth. But the M18 pings off her cheek as she turns away at the last moment and the M18 spirals down into the bay, trailing a beautiful purple haze. The troll slides her other hands onto the entrance to the chopper, jerking it down again. Gadgets FLASH and WARN of an impending crash.

The gas can tips over and slides into Yoon's foot. She kicks it away. Then it DAWNS on her and she grabs the can, sliding it to MacReady.

YOON

Mac.

Yoon reaches under Hawkeye's seat and retrieves the SHOTGUN she stowed at the beginning.

The troll comes for MacReady, climbing. She's close. And just as she grabs his leg, MacReady CHUCKS the gas can at her. The troll turns her head again knocking it away. The gas can pings off her face but this time --

-- Yoon racks the shotgun and BLASTS the can with two shots. BLAM! BLAM! The gas can EXPLODES, ripping through the troll's chest in a brilliant plume of troll blood and a magnificent fire ball. A smoke cloud consumes the chopper. The troll lets go of the chopper and falls back to the bay below.

The chopper ascends. Everyone back inside. MacReady looks at his goons. Everybody goes home.

EXT. DRAGON BAY. CONTINUOUS.

The preggo troll is dead and her charred, maimed body lays in the shallow water of the bay. Foul innards cover the land. Purple smoke chokes the air.

The fur of her belly moves. A claw pierces the skin and rips it open. Two arms extend out. Then two more. And two more. THREE DISGUSTING BABY TROLLS, covered in troll amniotic fluid, stand from the exploded remains of their mother.

Their screams sound cute.

In the distance, Ortiz appears on the beach surrounded by the Ghost Soldiers. He walks into the water and squats near the lifeless body of the troll mother. The babies cry-scream at him. He pets them, holding the staff now. The ghost soldiers behind him.

He is the new Te Ata. And these are his motherfuckers!

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END.