

EXT AMAZON RIVER DAY

A small cargo pontoon plane flies low and slow across the wide mouth of the Amazon river. The pilot, GEORGE DEWHURST, mid thirties and in fair shape for a reprobate, wears an exhausted and irritated expression on his face. The man in the copilot's seat, Charles Agat, late 40's with a look of used car salesman to him, is sleeping peacefully. George looks at Charles and then moves the flight controls violently, causing the plane to elevate and then drop suddenly. Charles comes awake with a start.

CHARLES

You suck at flying. Try not to wake me until we're there.

Charles closes his eyes and is out immediately.

GEORGE

(muttering)
Somebody kill me, please.

EXT THE PORT OF MACAPA, BRAZIL DAY

The small plane lands on an open stretch of the river and taxis to a pier, where a dockhand helps secure the plane. George, still angry, exits the plane quickly and heads off a few strides in front of Charles.

GEORGE

We can't afford to keep doing this.

CHARLES

Are you an expert on our companies finances now? Been going over the books?

GEORGE

No, but maybe I should.

CHARLES

Oh God, don't do that. I mean, you know because its so boring.

EXT OFFICES OF MAGNIFICENT SEVEN TRANSPORT DAY

The offices of the Magnificent Seven Transport company are nestled in a busy section of one of the busiest piers in the city of Macapa, Brazil. The city itself sits at the mouth of the Amazon River. George and Charles make their way along the dock and to the office.

CHARLES

I'm telling you George, it was a good business trip. Well worth the expense.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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CHARLES (cont'd)

You've got to spend money to make money,
that sort of thing.

GEORGE

Recently, all you've done is the spend
money part.

CHARLES

I'm trying to position this company for
the future. It's 1975, we're going to
have a new guy in the White House. Things
are looking up.

GEORGE

And you'll still be stuck in Brazil with
an ex wife back in America who has every
cop in every state in the union looking
for you and let's not forget the sixty
grand that you stole from her.

CHARLES

I didn't steal it. Besides, America
prosper, we prosper, she'll prosper and
then what need will she have for my sixty
grand.

GEORGE

Her sixty grand.

CHARLES

Syntax.

Charles and George push open the door and walk into their
office.

INT OFFICES OF MAGNIFICENT SEVEN TRANSPORT DAY

The place is not impressive, but it does have a lot of charm.
The kind of charm that comes about when a very old building
in a coastal city is not properly cared for and left to decay
and develop a lot of charm. Paint is peeling of some of the
walls. The ceiling fans that spin to circulate the humid air
droop as if defeated by the entire endeavor.

Charles and George walk in to the office, still talking.

GEORGE

I just know we can't afford to keep
flying your ass down to Rio for business
every weekend. And what the hell kind of
business happens on the weekend anyway?

CHARLES

The best kind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carina PATRICO is sitting behind a desk typing away on a rather beat-up Smith Corona type-writer. She is an attractive Portuguese woman of 23. She peers at the paper she has been typing and pulls it from the machine.

CARINA

Excuse me.

GEORGE

Yes, Carina.

Charles holds his hand up to admonish George.

CHARLES

Let's keep everything professional, George. Please. Her name is Miss Portico.

George looks at Charles.

GEORGE

What in the hell are you talking about?

CHARLES

Miss Portico is our employee and deserves a modicum of respect.

CARINA

It's okay.

Charles holds his hand up to signal her to be quiet.

CHARLES

If we want this business to do well, we must treat it like a business. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?

CARINA

It's just...

Charles turns to shake a finger at her.

CHARLES

Eh... eh... eh...

(turning to George)

A business should be run by professionals and to be professionals we must act professional. Do I make myself clear, Mister Dewhurst?

GEORGE

Yeah, Charles, but-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLES

Eh. Eh. Eh. Mr. Agat, when we're in the office.

(leaning in close)

And don't mention my troubles in front of.

(points to Carina)

Very good.

Charles walks into the back office and closes the door.

CARINA

What's his deal?

GEORGE

His ex-wife hates him. He doesn't want you to know.

They look at the door where Charles exited and then Carina hands the typewritten sheet to George. He peers at it.

CARINA

Your typewriter ribbon is officially dead.

GEORGE

I've never seen a letter actually fade out before.

CARINA

So, since I can't type and since you've had no customers.

GEORGE

Again?

CARINA

Again.

GEORGE

Damn.

CARINA

I'm gonna leave for the day.

GEORGE

Hate to ruin your plans, but...

He reaches into his pocket and produces a new typewriter ribbon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GEORGE (cont'd)
I noticed the ink was giving out. Here
you go. You can get back to typing
whatever you were typing.

She grabs the ribbon from his hand and trudges to her desk.
George walks back to the office where Charles is. He stops
with his hand on the knob.

GEORGE (cont'd)
What were you typing?

CARINA
My resumé.

GEORGE
Damn.

He walks into the back office. He closes the door and then
opens it a second later. Stepping into the office with
Carina, closing the door behind him.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Listen, Mr. Dickhead might not consider
this very professional of me, but would
you like to have a drink after work?

CARINA
I'm sorry, I can't, someone already
invited me to have a drink.

GEORGE
Was it Mr. Dickhead?

Carina nods.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Damn.

He walks into the back office.

INT BACK OFFICE DAY

George closes the door behind him. Charles is sitting at a
table with Emil and Lucas, his back to the door. Lucas is
dealing cards.

LUCAS
George, sit down, you're Emil's partner.
How'd it go?

George grabs a seat as he gives the others a thumbs down
behind Charles' back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

What are we playing?

EMIL

Spades, and try not to screw us up this time.

GEORGE

Shouldn't we be working?

EMIL

Yes, but since there is no work, then all that's left is cards.

LUCAS

And drinks.

Lucas grabs a bottle of scotch from the table behind him and pours a healthy slug into the glass at his side. George and the others gather up their cards and as they sort them George stares down Charles.

GEORGE

Speaking of drinks... Charles, sorry.
Mr. Agat.

CHARLES

Charles back here, George. That mister crap is just a show for the employee and client's.

GEORGE

What other kinds of shows do you have in store for the employee?

Charles sets down his cards and stares hard at George. George pretends not to notice. He casually continues to sort his cards.

LUCAS

What are you talking about, George?

GEORGE

Oh, nothing, just Charles is having drinks with Carina after work.

LUCAS

She agreed to have drinks with you? She turned me down.

CHARLES

If she agreed to have drinks it's none of your business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMIL

She turned me down too.

GEORGE

But, Charles, see the thing is that it is my business if you're gonna start humping the help.

LUCAS

You think she'll go that far for only drinks.

EMIL

I was hoping she would.

CHARLES

George, have you ever had any employees to worry about humping?

GEORGE

Well. No. It's just seems to me....

CHARLES

Seems to me you're jealous I got to her first.

LUCAS

Technically you were third, me and Emil already got to her. We just didn't get anywhere once we were there.

GEORGE

I just kinda think that since you've already screwed yourself out of one company and as a result one country, you might wanna not think with your dick on this one.

Charles throws his cards to the table and lunges at George, grabbing him by the throat and pulling him out of his chair. Emil lunges to break up the fight and Lucas lunges for the scotch to keep it from being broken. He is too slow, and Charles grabs the bottle first. He is trying to break it over George's head. George has been thrown back onto the desk and is trying to kick the bottle from Charles' hand. Emil is trying to wedge himself between the two fighting men and Lucas is jumping at the bottle.

LUCAS

The scotch!

CHARLES

(shouting)
You've screwed yourself out of two countries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GEORGE
You're a prick.

CHARLES (cont'd)
I'm gonna bash that grin of
your face, prickboy.

LUCAS
The scotch.

EMIL
You're both pricks.

GEORGE
Get out of the way Emil.

CHARLES
Move you french faggot.

EMIL
Go to hell you goddamn shit.

The door to the office opens and Thurston is standing in the doorway with a priest named MANUEL DOMINGUEZ. The fighting men all stop and look at the doorway in shock. Charles drops the bottle and it hits the floor, breaking upon impact.

LUCAS
God damn.

Emil, George and Charles, still locked in their fighting pose all turn and look at Lucas. He looks back at them.

LUCAS (cont'd)
What?

Thurston takes the priest by the shoulder and turns to leave.

INT OFFICES OF MAGNIFICENT SEVEN TRANSPORT DAY

Father Dominguez and Thurston walk to the front of the office and stop.

THURSTON
Carina, will you get Father Dominguez
something to drink.
(to Dominguez)
Excuse me Father. Please make yourself
comfortable.

Thurston rushes back to the back office, slamming the door behind him.

INT BACK OFFICE DAY

He confronts his four business partners with a steely glare.

LUCAS
What's with the priest?

Thurston has to restrain himself from shouting.

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CONTINUED:

THURSTON

What's with the priest? What's with the priest? What's with you guys screwing on the desk?

EMIL

We weren't screwing.

GEORGE

We were fighting. Did it really look like we were screwing?

THURSTON

What it looked like was you guys jeopardizing the first business we've had in weeks.

CHARLES

The padre's got a job?

THURSTON

Hopefully, provided you guys haven't blown it.

CHARLES

Well, don't leave him sitting out there. Go get him, Thurston. Go get him.

Thurston walks back to the front office. As soon as he closes the door, all four men scramble to get the chair behind the desk. Charles wins the seat. The other three move to stand by one wall.

EMIL

(muttering)

He always gets to sit behind the desk.

Charles is composing himself when Thurston and Dominguez walk in.

THURSTON

Gentleman, it's my pleasure to introduce Father Dominguez. Father, this is Emil, George, Charles and Lucas. The rest of Magnificent Seven Transports.

DOMINGUEZ FRAN

There are only five of you?

THURSTON

Well, yes... we... um...

CHARLES

Thurston tells us you have a job for us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOMINGUEZ FRAN

Yes. A very important job. I need several crates delivered up river to a mission just east of Santa Isabel Do Rio Negro.

Dominguez pulls a map from his breast pocket and unfolds it on the desk. He places a finger at a spot deep in the Amazon. Oddly, his fingernails are disgustingly dirty.

CHARLES

That's a good 1000 miles, give or take. Still, we should be able to fly them there in no time flat. Provided the river is wide enough to land our plane.

Dominguez shakes his head no.

DOMINGUEZ FRAN

The priests of the mission are working with natives that have seen very little of the civilized world. A plane, it would surely frighten them. I'd like you to go by boat.

GEORGE

Then I'm sorry to let you down, father. We handle air shipments only. We don't have access to a boat.

CHARLES

What my associate means to say is we don't have access to a boat today. One of our ships should be available within the week.

George looks over at Charles.

DOMINGUEZ FRAN

It is all right. The crates will be arriving in two weeks. They will already be loaded on a ship. I want merely for you to pilot that ship to the mission. The people who have donated the cargo are also donating the boat.

CHARLES

Well, wonderful. Good to know there are people out there willing to give to help the church. We however are not in a position to give our services away.

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CONTINUED: (3)

DOMINGUEZ FRAN

I understand completely. We have also arranged for you to be paid handsomely for your services. This is very important cargo gentleman. Will 30,000 be enough?

GEORGE

American?

DOMINGUEZ FRAN

Yes. American.

LUCAS

Jesus Freakin' Christ.

EMIL

(whispering)

Lucas!

He kicks Lucas' shin.

EMIL (cont'd)

He means, Jesus H. Christ, father.

INT OFFICES OF MAGNIFICENT SEVEN TRANSPORT DAY

Emil, George and Lucas are sitting around the front office. Carina is not there.

LUCAS

This blows. We're out here while they negotiate the deal. Like we're children or something.

GEORGE

Doesn't this strike you as odd?

EMIL

The only odd thing is someone wanting to hire us. I don't care who it is.

GEORGE

Do you know anything about boats?

EMIL

No, do you?

GEORGE

No.

EMIL

Then you won't be captain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

And neither will you.

EMIL

No, I will navigate.

GEORGE

You know how to do that?

EMIL

It's a river. We go up it, how hard is that? Quit worrying.

LUCAS

I'd offer you a drink, but someone dropped the scotch.

The door to the back offices open and Father Dominguez, Thurston and Charles walk out. Carina follows close behind with a note pad. She is making a few final marks as she pulls the door closed behind her.

DOMINGUEZ FRAN

So, I will have the boat ready for you up river in 15 days. Remember the supplies must be at the mission by

THURSTON

July 1.

CHARLES

Not to worry father. Your goal is our goal. We will not let you down. Miss Portico will type up the contract and we can sign it at the boat.

The priest shakes hands with Charles and then turns to walk out, waiving to the others as he leaves.

THURSTON

Excellent. Who's Miss Portico?

Carina raises her hand.

THURSTON (cont'd)

Oh, sorry. Of course it's you. Thank you for your help. Any chance you might like to have a drink after work to celebrate?

George follows Charles to the back office as Carina completely ignores Thurston and heads for her typewriter.

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CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE

I don't like this.

Carina takes notice of George's comment by looking towards him as he walks past. She says nothing.

CHARLES

What's not to like. We're doing a job that will actually mean something to someone. We'll be getting paid for performing a noble act.

LUCAS

Doesn't that detract from the nobility?

CHARLES

Hell if I know. Do you realize how long I've wanted to do something like this? Working back in the states was great, money, booze, more money, casual sex.

EMIL

What the hell kind of job did you have?

CHARLES

(ignoring Emil)

But it didn't matter. Now, now I'll be making a difference. I'll be actually helping people. Miss Portico, you've put in a long day, what say we get out of here.

Charles grabs Carina by the wrist and whisks her away.

GEORGE

Charles, don't you think you might wanna let us...

But Charles doesn't hear him. He's out the door before George can finish his sentence.

GEORGE (cont'd)

... know what's going on?

The men just stand in silence before Thurston speaks up.

THURSTON

I know what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GEORGE

God damn he pisses me off sometimes.
Thinks he's gonna be some kind of god
damn hero and he goes rushing outta here
with a hard-on, our secretary and no hint
as to what the hell is going on.

THURSTON

I know what's going on.

GEORGE

God Damn him. I'm getting a drink.

EMIL

I'll join you.

LUCAS

Me too.

They all storm out of the office. Leaving Thurston behind.

THURSTON

I did know what was going on.

Thurston looks around the place and then heads after them.

INT BAR NIGHT

Thurston, George, Emil and Lucas are sitting around a table
cluttered with empty glasses. All have rather glassy stares.
Thurston is holding up his glass to make a toast.

THURSTON (cont'd)

Here's to being noble.

LUCAS

God damn right.

Lucas raises his glass slopping some onto the table.

EMIL

Nobility.

GEORGE

I'm still fuzzy on a few things?

The others, save for Lucas, take a sip and set their glasses
down. Lucas takes moment more to finish his drink, before
placing the glass carefully in front of him.

LUCAS

Didn't wanna spill it.

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CONTINUED: (4)

EMIL

Now, what the hell are you fuzzy?

GEORGE

I'm fuzzy?

EMIL

Thurston explained everything. And you sit over there, "Ooh I'm fuzzy. I'm a stupid American can't pick up on anything. Help me. Ooh, dumb it down for me world."

GEORGE

You've got some major issues for a Frenchman.

EMIL

Screw you, buddy.

With a grand gesture Emil starts to flip George off and passes out mid flip. His head hits the table and he begins to softly snore.

LUCAS

Is it just me or have you guys been noticing a lot of tension around the office lately?

THURSTON

What more can I explain?

GEORGE

What the hell we're doing taking this job?

THURSTON

A. We need the money. B. There was no way in hell Charles was gonna say no once the padre started talking about a noble endeavour. C. We need the money.

GEORGE

I guess I'll try and round up a crew for the boat.

THURSTON

No can do. We really need the money. The five of us'll have to close up shop for a month and head up river. It's the only way we can afford it.

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CONTINUED: (5)

LUCAS

Couldn't we use the first part of the payment to...

THURSTON

No first installment. We get paid at the completion of the job. Charles already agreed to it.

GEORGE

Do we need to remind him he only owns one fifth of the company?

LUCAS

We could have the secretary type something up when they're done screwing.

GEORGE

Why'd ya hafta remind me of that? I'm calling it a night boys... See ya in the morning...uh, aftermorning... I'll be in late.

George gets up and starts to head out. He turns back toward the table.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Is the company buying our drinks tonight?

LUCAS

Hell yes.

THURSTON

We really can't afford to keep drinking on the company tab.

LUCAS

Do you think Charles is buying Carina's drinks out of his own pocket?

Thurston takes a moment to think this over.

THURSTON

Company's buying.

INT GEORGE'S APARTMENT NIGHT

George's place is decorated in high bachelor fashion with clothes strewn about the place. There are no decorations in the two room apartment. George is sleeping on a mattress on the floor. A hammock is strung from one wall to the other. The one redeeming quality to the place is the copious amount of windows.

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George is sleeping restlessly. He slowly rises and rubs his head. He takes a sip from a glass of water he has close by the bed before stumbling into the bathroom.

In the bathroom, George opens the medicine case, pouring some aspirin into his hand and tossing them back with more water. There is a knock on the door. George stumbles across his living room.

GEORGE

Hold on.

He opens the door to find Carina standing in the hallway.

CARINA

Hello.

GEORGE

Hey.

CARINA

Mr. Agat got me drunk.

She stumbles in to the center of the room and turns to face George who is closing the door.

GEORGE

How very sweet of him. Now, what can I do for you?

Carina begins to unbutton her blouse.

CARINA

You can get me laid.

George turns the lock in the door and sweeps Carina into his arms. Carina is laughing excitedly as they fall back onto his mattress.

INT GEORGE'S APARTMENT DAY

George is still lying in bed. Carina is looking through the cupboards in the kitchenette.

CARINA

Don't you have anything to eat?

GEORGE

Morning.

CARINA

Morning.

She looks around the apartment.

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Carina (cont'd)
You're not much on decorating.

GEORGE
I had a plant around here somewhere.

CARINA
Maybe it escaped.

George gets to his feet and moves to the bathroom. Carina has stumbled across some cereal, but no bowl. She pours some of the cereal into her hand.

GEORGE
I'm gonna grab a shower. Care to join me?

Carina tosses the handful of cereal into her mouth and at the same time tosses the box toward the counter. She hurriedly moves to the bathroom.

INT GEORGE'S SHOWER DAY

George is holding Carina close, kissing her neck. She wraps her arms around him.

GEORGE
Last night was incredible.

CARINA
I wasn't going to come by originally. I was having drinks with Charles and listening to him bull shit his way through the evening and then I started thinking about you guys and your company and it occurred to me why you suck at business.

George steps away from her.

GEORGE
So you rushed over to sleep with me?

CARINA
No. That just sort of happened along the way to me telling you what I've figured out.

GEORGE
What is that?

CARINA
You guys are morons. I mean The Magnificent Seven Transport Company.
(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

CARINA (cont'd)

There are only five of your for Christ's sake.

GEORGE

I know.

CARINA

It's like the whole company just screams we're losers.

GEORGE

Thanks.

CARINA

You need to cut those guys loose. You've got something, I wouldn't be here if I didn't see it. You're not a loser like your partners.

GEORGE

No, I'm a whole different quality of loser.

CARINA

You should start your own business.

GEORGE

I'd need money to do that.

CARINA

You will after you take the supplies up river for the mission.

GEORGE

I was thinking we should turn that job down.

George steps out of the shower, grabbing a towel and walking into the other room.

INT GEORGE'S APARTMENT DAY

Carina follows George into the living room. With a towel wrapped around him, he collapses into the hammock.

CARINA

You can't turn the job down. You need that money. You'll be helping people, getting paid and you'll be able to get away from your fellow morons.

GEORGE

Thanks for calling them my fellow morons.

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CONTINUED:

CARINA

As long as you stay with them, you're one of them.

Carina climbs into the hammock with George. She kisses him, reaching her hand under his towel.

Carina (cont'd)

You start your own company and I know just the perfect secretary for you.

George quickly pulls her tight to him. A little too quickly and the hammock flips them to the floor.

INT OFFICES OF MAGNIFICENT SEVEN TRANSPORT DAY

Carina is typing away at her desk when George enters. Emil and Lucas are reading a paper. A small television is playing an episode of Starsky and Hutch dubbed into Portuguese. No one seems to be watching it.

Emil looks up from his paper.

EMIL

Good of you to join us this afternoon.

GEORGE

Emil, Lucas. Where's the boys?

LUCAS

Working over details in the back.

EMIL

They're deciding who should be captain.

INT BACK OFFICE DAY

Thurston has a silver dollar in his hand and flips it into the air. He catches it, slapping it down onto the back of his arm. Slowly he removes his hand to reveal it has landed Heads.

THURSTON

Damn.

CHARLES

Guys get in here.

Charles quickly throws open the door.

CHARLES (cont'd)

Guys. Hurry up.

INT OFFICES OF MAGNIFICENT SEVEN TRANSPORT DAY

Lucas and Emil head immediately toward the back. George pauses by Carina's desk.

CHARLES

George!

George waives him off. He leans in close to Carina.

GEORGE

Carina, you wanna get dinner later?

CARINA

I can't. I've got plans with my husband.

George bolts upright.

GEORGE

You're married. To who?

CARINA

It's not anyone worth mentioning.

GEORGE

Yeah, I kinda noticed you hadn't.

CHARLES

(shouting)

Get in here, George. This is important.

George looks at Carina who gives him a sly smile. He dumbfoundedly turns and walks to the back office.

INT BACK OFFICE DAY

The five members of the Magnificent Seven Trading Company gather round the table in the office. Thurston unrolls a map.

CHARLES

This is to be a fairly simple job which should reap great rewards, gentleman. So let's not screw around on this one.

LUCAS

Who's in charge on this?

THURSTON

We've talked that over and Charles shall be captain on the voyage.

EMIL

What happened? You chose tails again?

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THURSTON

Yeah, but I was using my coin this time.
It was a fair toss a least.

Charles raises his hand to quiet the others.

CHARLES

Now, first order of business. Which one of us knows about boats? No one, okay, which one of us wants to learn about boats? George, why don't you volunteer?

GEORGE

Shouldn't the captain be in charge of that?

CHARLES

Fine. And as captain I delegate the responsibility of boat knowledge to you. You'll be first mate.

Thurston clears his throat.

CHARLES (cont'd)

Oh yes, that's right. Thurston's already first mate. George you can be engineer. Better yet, Chief engineer... just like that Star Trek fellow. Lucas you will navigate and Emil will serve as ship's cook.

EMIL

Why should I be cook?

CHARLES

You're french.

EMIL

Just because I'm French doesn't mean I can cook.... I could pick out the wine, but that's about it.

CHARLES

Then Lucas will cook. Emil will navigate. George will be our Scotty and Thurston will be the all important first mate.

LUCAS

That's good. Most boats have an accountant as first mate.

THURSTON

Come on, guys. It's just a title.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLES

He's right. Your titles don't really matter as long as I'm in charge and you perform your duties according to our schedule. The most important thing is that we keep right on schedule. Now, here's the way the trip will work. In two weeks, we will meet Father Dominguez here.

He points to an area on the map.

LUCAS

We're not getting the boat in the harbor?

CHARLES

No. The harbor master is protestant with a long history of hassling shipments to the mission. We must keep this very hush hush. Lucas we'll need you to talk to those friends of yours about guns.

GEORGE

Guns?

THURSTON

We don't wanna be unarmed should we come across any hostile native tribes.

CHARLES

There have also been several reports of communist insurgents in the jungles. The Cubans are probably getting a foothold out there even as we speak....

MONTAGE

As we hear the voice over the following images fill the screen.

CHARLES (VO) (cont'd)

So, Lucas will get us guns.... Now we all know our rather shaky relationship with the police and our own embassy, so that's why we'll be going black market shopping.

EXT SIDEWALK CAFE NIGHT

Lucas is pouring bourbon into his coffee when a man sits down with him. They talk briefly before the man gets up and disappears down an alley. Lucas gives him a minute before following after him.

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CONTINUED:

CHARLES (VO)

Emil, you'll need to study the charts and find the best way to get us to the mission. Talk with some of the local river captains. Learn everything you can about this river.

INT BAR NIGHT

Emil is talking with a group of sailors and fishermen over a round of drinks. Emil is laughing. One of the men is moving his arms, graphically describing a boat wreck. He starts to pantomime the last gasps of a drowning sailor, including the drowning man's reaction to a school of piranha attacking him. Emil stops laughing. An older sailor puts his arm on Emil's shoulder. He has lost his hand to some ancient injury.

CHARLES (VO)

Thurston and I will taking the plane up to Mexico. We've got a possible deal set-up with some business people that we're going to try to nail down before we head up river. Don't ask any question gentleman, I don't want to get your hopes up, just rest assured it should be very good for us.

EXT ACAPULCO RESORT NIGHT

Charles and Thurston are with two women who are obviously prostitutes. They're heading into their hotel.

INT ACAPULCO HOTEL

Charles is in his bed with a hooker. Thurston and his girl are drunkenly making out on the patio.

CHARLES (VO)

Very good business indeed. That leaves you George. Learn about boats. All kinds of boats... And watch the office for the others while we're handling our affairs.

INT GEORGE'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Georges is in his hammock reading Moby Dick. He looks to the door and gets up. He opens the door to find a drunken Carina standing there. He closes the door, pauses a second, debating what to do. He opens the door and she falls into his arms, lavishing him with kisses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLES (VO)

Everyone got it. We've got until the fifteenth to be completely ready. Thurston and I will be back on the 14th. Late.

INT BACK OFFICE DAY

George is sitting at the desk in back. He's now reading Treasure Island when Carina walks in.

CARINA

Shouldn't you be reading something more technical about boats?

GEORGE

Don't need to. My dad used to own a marina. If it floats, I probably know something about it.

CARINA

I thought none of you know what the hell you're doing.

GEORGE

If I let them know I know, then they'll know I know and somehow it'll result in me doing more work.

CARINA

So, he likes to play dumb.

GEORGE

As a stump.

CARINA

Have you decide what kind of company you'll start with the money?

GEORGE

Honey, this whole project's screwed from page one. I might just walk up to the guys and quit. The only reason I haven't, is that I haven't seen the guys in days.

CARINA

(slightly panicked)
You can't quit. Not without doing the job. You need the money. How else will you be able to afford to hire me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She moves in close, climbing into George's lap, unbuttoning the top button of her blouse. George grabs her by the shoulders.

Carina (cont'd)
Let's play office? I could be your secretary willing to take dictation.

GEORGE
This isn't right. What about your husband?

CARINA
He doesn't understand me the way you do.

GEORGE
I don't understand you at all.

Carina kisses him, shutting him up. He takes her in his arms and they slide from the chair to the floor.

There is a knock on the door. George's head pops up from behind the desk.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Hello.

George gets to his feet, zipping up his pants and trying to make himself presentable. Carina gets up as well, trying quickly to straighten her dress. She starts to walk, but almost trips on her panties around her ankle. She kicks them off and catches them, tucking them into George's shirt pocket as the door opens.

Carina walks out, nodding to the gentlemen standing in the doorway. Chief Consulate FELDMIRE and his assistant IVES are in the outer office. Ives is carrying several thick manila folders.

He watches Carina exit with great interest.

Feldmire steps into the office.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Mr. Feldmire, I would have thought they'd moved you to the embassy in Brasilia.

He extends his hand to Feldmire. Feldmire glances at the panties hanging from George's breast pocket.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Mr. Ives, how's it going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

IVES

Fine, just fine. Sir.

He hands Feldmire the folders and leaves, closing the door behind him.

FELDMIRE

Some offices have been moved to Brasilia, but the consulate is still open for a few more months at least.

GEORGE

So, what brings you round?

FELDMIRE

A report that some one from this company was buying guns. That wouldn't happen to be you, would it.

GEORGE

No. Not me. Not into guns.

Feldmire pulls the panties from George's pocket and holds them up.

FELDMIRE

No, you're more into lingerie these days. I always figured you more for a floral pattern kind of guy.

George motions for Feldmire to take a seat. The consulate sits, tossing the panties to the desk.

FELDMIRE (cont'd)

Where are the other reprobates?

GEORGE

Two are in Mexico and the other two are out. What's with the files?

FELDMIRE

The files? Oh, yes. The files. George, have I told you what a pain in the ass this company has been?

GEORGE

It was mentioned once or twice.

FELDMIRE

How five of the biggest... What's the word?

GEORGE

Assholes? Losers? Morons?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FELDMIRE

Those are all good. How did the five of you get together? Let's see....

Feldmire picks up the folders and begins to look over each one.

FELDMIRE (cont'd)

Just to update you. Charles Agat-

GEORGE

He's in Mexico.

FELDMIRE

Well, let's hope he stays out of trouble. His ex-wife is trying to have him extradited back to the states. I'll give the Mexicans a call and have them keep an eye open. Thurston Glickman, he in Mexico too?

George nods.

FELDMIRE (cont'd)

Glickman, two ex-wives, don't seem to want him back. He's the best behaved of you boys. Lucas Medved, arrested on four separate occasions for various smuggling activities. Somehow got away with little more than a warning.

George leans back in his chair.

GEORGE

The trick is to smuggle the right things to the right people.

FELDMIRE

And, George, there's you. George Dewhurst. Left America penniless. Girlfriend stole everything you owned and you went to Mexico.

GEORGE

The ironic thing about that was the girl's name was penny. Penny-less?

Feldmire gives him a disdainful look.

FELDMIRE

Went to Mexico. Had a girl steal everything of yours there two. Plus you seem to have had problems with the law.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GEORGE

Nothing major.

FELDMIRE

Most people would consider it major. Three arrests for drunken disorderly conduct and public indecency and solicitation in the same day.

GEORGE

Everyone can have an off morning.

FELDMIRE

And as long as you can in anyway be considered my responsibility I'm going to do my best to make sure you don't have any more of your off mornings.

GEORGE

You didn't read off Emil's file.

FELDMIRE

He's a problem for the French, not me. Listen, you know you guys are screw ups. You know I know you're screw-ups.

GEORGE

Yes.

FELDMIRE

So, don't screw up. I'm gonna keep looking into these gun rumors. Everyone around the embassy is stressed over rumors of communists in the jungles. They heard gun smuggling and wanted to lock you up on the spot.

GEORGE

And you stopped them?

FELDMIRE

Okay, I wanted to lock you up on the spot. They wouldn't go for it. I just wanted you to know that I've pulled your files and have them sitting permanently on the corner of my desk. If you guys so much as make a twitch I don't like, that's it. You'll be labeled undesirable and your visas will be yanked.

GEORGE

I'm supposed to have a Visa?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

FELDMIRE

Don't even joke around. Do you really want to be run out of three countries?

GEORGE

You have nothing to worry about. We've got a job that's gonna keep us out of everyone's hair for a month or more.

FELDMIRE

Good.

Feldmire gets up and walks to the door.

INT OFFICES OF MAGNIFICENT SEVEN TRANSPORT DAY

Feldmire walks out of the back office followed by George. Ives is leaning over Carina's desk.

IVES

So, if you're not busy maybe we could grab a drink after work.

FELDMIRE

Ives, let's go.

GEORGE

Always a pleasure, Mr. Feldmire.

Feldmire hands the files to Ives and the two walk out.

CARINA

What did they want?

GEORGE

They were worried about communists.

Carina grabs George and kisses him, backing him into the back office and kicking the door closed behind her.

EXT DESERTED DOCK DAY

Two Hispanic MEN IN COMBAT FATIGUES stand guard along side the *Traición*, a small gasoline powered cargo boat. It is a very dilapidated Novi lobster boat. It is, based on the numerous modifications and half-assed additions, most kindly described as well used. It is moored to a dock that is in almost as bad a shape as the boat. The two creek with the simple strain of not sliding to the river's bottom. The lower deck is covered by a canvas tent. The tent shields several crates and two more hammocks. The crates vary in sizes from 2'x3'x4' to an 8'x8'x8'.

(CONTINUED)