

Tribal- Episode 9: Yanomami©



Across the road from the truck in the thicket stand some shadowy figures, watching.

27 INT. TRUCK, OUTSIDE CARACARAÍ - LATE EVENING

Lingering daylight almost gone. The truck stops about 30 yards down the road from an isolated jungle roadhouse next to a sign which reads "Caracaraí 135 km" There are a few pick up trucks and such parked outside the roadhouse and a big skeleton sign out by the road proclaiming "Finados" and from the sound of it, people in the roadhouse have been celebrating for a while. The Bearded Man is handcuffing Bill to a metal bar in the truck as Zarin speaks to him from outside the truck.

ZARIN

I am sorry my friend but you understand we cannot risk losing you. We won't be long. The men have been working hard and the next few days will be rough so I want to buy them a few rounds. Today they are celebrating Day of the Dead.

BILL

Um, it's a little warm in here.

It starts to rain. Zarin looks upward, smiling.

ZARIN

As if by order, eh?The rain will cool things down. And feel that? The breeze is picking up a little too. We'll leave the side flaps open. You'll live. We'll be back shortly.

Zarin and the men walk off towards the roadhouse, talking and laughing. Bill stretches out and makes himself as comfortable as possible.

28 EXT. TRUCK, OUTSIDE CARACARAÍ - NIGHT

A steady rain falls, Bill snores and a MILLION BUGS chirp, occasionally punctuated by the sound of distant drunken laughing emanating from the roadhouse. It is pitch black all around except for where the dim light of the neon roadhouse lights falls. Across the road from the truck in the thicket stand some shadowy figures, watching.

29 INT. TRUCK, OUTSIDE CARACARAÍ - LATER

The rain has gotten lighter, the snoring has stopped and the bugs have gotten louder. The distant sound of a screen door

slamming and drunken men's voices awakens Bill with a snort. He sighs.

30 EXT. TRUCK, OUTSIDE CARACARAÍ - CONTINUOUS

The men slowly make their way back to the truck, babbling drunkenly. The shadowy figures across the road crouch and watch. As the men approach, one of them decides to pee across the road. The Bearded Man notices and starts to walk over.

BEARDED MAN

That's not a bad idea.

As he is walking over, the first man suddenly falls down, immobile.

BEARDED MAN

Hey, what's the matter? Too much rum?

There is a quick HISSING sound, the Bearded Man grabs his neck and then he too falls. Zarin takes notice and sends one of the remaining two men over, using hand signals, to see what's going on. The man crouches down, looking at the Bearded Man and notices a dart protruding from his neck when...PFFFT!...he too is hit with a dart and keels over. Zarin and the other man draw guns and crouch.

ZARIN

Hey! Who's there? Come out, you.

31 INT. TRUCK, OUTSIDE CARACARAÍ - CONTINUOUS

Bill sits up, listening attentively to what's going on.

32 EXT. TRUCK, OUTSIDE CARACARAÍ - CONTINUOUS

The other man cocks his gun but is struck with a dart before he can squeeze off a shot and drops. Almost simultaneously, Zarin too is struck by a dart in his arm but immediately pulls it out. The drug has taken partial effect, making him groggy but not knocking him out. In a panic he climbs into the cab of the truck...Bill hearing all this with widening eyes...and tries to start the engine. It won't turn over. Zarin notices movement on the passenger side and looks over just in time to see an Indian aiming a blow gun at him...PFFFT!...and slumps over.

A small PARTY OF YANOMAMI INDIANS swarm around the trucks, with one YANOMAMI LEADER giving the rest directions. Two climb into the back of the trucks and look over the boxes. Bill has covered himself with some canvas and is trying not

to breath but is discovered. One of them yells and the Yanomami Leader climbs in and looks at Bill, regarding his handcuffs. He pulls out a machete type weapon and raises it. Bill raises his free arm defensively.

BILL

No!

The Yanomami Leader slams down his weapon, slicing through the chain on the hand cuffs, freeing Bill.

BILL

Uh, thank you....thank you.

The Yanomami Leader nods and says something incomprehensible to Bill. Bill stands and is much taller than the Yanomami Leader. As he takes a step forward another Yanomami suddenly appears in the truck and, apparently thinking Bill is a threat, blows a dart into his chest. Yanomami Leader yells at the other Yanomami while smacking him in the head and quickly pulls out the dart from Bill's chest. But Bill loses consciousness.

BILL

No, wait...

Too late, he's out cold. The Indians grab food and other supplies (ignoring the wooden crates) and carry Bill off with them into the forest, leaving the rest of the men laying where they are as the rain pours, turning the road to mud. The bar lights glow through the rain in the distance.

33 INT. YANOMAMI DWELLING - EARLY EVENING

The late day sky is darkening as it rains. Bill is lying in a hammock under the roof of a large circular open air wooden building facing into a central court, slowly regaining consciousness. As his blurred eyesight comes back into focus he sees an OLD YANOMAMI man, 70s, squatting about ten feet away, naked except for a sparse cloth around his waist, tending to a small fire in a hearth. Bill rubs his forehead and finds his wound has been covered with some sort of yellowish plant resin. The expressionless Old Yanomami watches all this and then walks over to Bill, gently moving his hand away from his forehead and placing it at his side. He calls out to someone and reassumes his squatting position.

After a few moments a YOUNG YANOMAMI man, 20s, approaches, wearing baggy shorts and a worn out Red Hot Chili Peppers tshirt. He stands for a while just staring at Bill who manages a weak smile. Finally, the Young Yanomami smiles ever so slightly, seemingly hiding it from the Old Yanomami and then speaks in broken Spanish monotone.

YOUNG YANOMAMI
Good day. Feel better?

BILL
(surprised)
Yes, much better, thank you.

The Young Yanomami continues to stare at Bill who's eyes dart around. Several seconds pass.

BILL
My name...wait, you speak Spanish?

The Old Yanomami interrupts, saying something to the Young Yanomami who snaps at him impatiently, then turns back to Bill with another hint of a smile.

YOUNG YANOMAMI
I went to mission school.

BILL
Mission school? We're in Brazil,
right?

YOUNG YANOMAMI
Venezuela.

BILL
Ah...my name is Bill. Who are you?

The Young Yanomami glances back furtively at the Old Yanomami who just glares.

YOUNG YANOMAMI
(eyes cast down)
No.

BILL
No? No is your name or no, you won't
tell me?

YOUNG YANOMAMI
I can't.

BILL
Why not?

YOUNG YANOMAMI
It is impolite.

BILL
Impolite? What about him?

YOUNG YANOMAMI
No, it is not our way. We do not
speak names.

The Old Yanomami repeats what he said before and again the
Young Yanomami yells at him, this time louder. They argue
back and forth briefly, ending with the Old Yanomami facing
away.

BILL
Is everything OK?

YOUNG YANOMAMI
Are you a gold miner?

BILL
Gold miner? No.

YOUNG YANOMAMI
Men in truck...gold miners?

BILL
No, the other men in the truck were
not gold miners.

YOUNG YANOMAMI
They gold miners. Bad men.

BILL
Bad men yes, gold miners no.

YOUNG YANOMAMI
You their prisoner? They hurt you?

BILL
Yes. What happened to them?

YOUNG YANOMAMI
Poison. We help you.

BILL
Poison? Are they dead?

Young Yanomami ignores his question.

BILL
Yes, thank you very much.

Bill attempts to sit up but is woozy and falls back.

YOUNG YANOMAMI
No, no, you rest. Here, eat.

He places a piece of fruit into Bill's mouth which he eats.

BILL

Mmm.

YOUNG YANOMAMI

Good, here, drink.

He hands Bill a clay pot to drink from. Bill drinks but then wrinkles his nose.

BILL

Uh, what is that?

YOUNG YANOMAMI

It help you.

Bill's head falls back and the clay pot drops from his hand, spilling to the ground, attracting a nearby scrawny black dog who laps it up. Thunder rumbles and the sky gets dark, as does Bill's vision. Young Yanomami sits on a stool and gently rocks Bill's hammock, while Old Yanomami dozes. As he drifts off to sleep the scrawny and now groggy dog curls up under the hammock.