

Bad Trip  
by  
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FADE IN

EXT. MEXICAN BEACH - DAY

Intricate, chaotic, fractal shapes and patterns. The Mandelbrot set entwined with fluorescent Escher-like infinite optical illusions. We pull back as they ebb and weave like fabric in a breeze... on a painted drape suspended between two palms.

A vast expanse of sand and ocean. Tropical paradise. We hear contented breathing. Distant repetitive beats. Footsteps approach.

PABLO

Hielo? Master Tom. Hielo?

The camera swings left to see PABLO (14), reversed baseball cap and basketball kit, saunter our way with a bucket of ice. We pan down to a bottle of Veuve Cliquot in an empty coolbox.

TOM

(o.s)

Ah. Good lad.

Next to us is BELLS (27), intelligent eyes and of an English beauty, tempered with an irresistible innocence and buxom demeanour.

BELLS

Still think it was worth lugging that thing all the way here?

She stares directly into the camera and it is clear that we are actually looking directly through Tom's eyes.

TOM

(o.s.)

I just always had a vision of how we'd begin this epic odyssey.

Pablo pours the ice into the coolbox.

BELLS

Aren't we supposed to be saving this for the Eclipse?

TOM

(his thoughts)

Bollocks to that. A thirst is a thirst.

TOM (CONT'D)

Bellsy. We'll be toasting the eclipse with something a little less conventional.

We pan across Tom's lower half, snug in a deckchair. A hand reaches for two styrofoam cups to the right.

TOM (CONT'D)

These far flung lands... You can never get the appropriate glassware.

He hands Bells the cups. Then takes 50 pesos out of his pocket and hands it to Pablo who nods, smiles, then wanders off and sits in attendance a short distance away.

BELLS

We've got to take a picture of you two together - it's so sweet.

Tom swirls the ice around and starts pulling the foil off the bottle.

BELLS (CONT'D)

What about Einy?

EINY (32) is slumped topless against a tree, mouth half-open, wonkily wearing eclipse-viewing glasses. His pale skin suggests a recent arrival in the tropics. Intelligent? Yes. Cool? Nope.

TOM

Reckon he's out of the K-Hole yet?

Tom grabs an ice cube and throws it. The first misses, but the second one hits tummy.

CUT TO

EINY POV

Eyelids open. We are now behind his eyes.

EINY

(thoughts)  
That bloody bastard.

BELLS

Tom, stop it.

EINY

No. Mate.

A cube hits a tooth.

He LURCHES upwards.

EINY (CONT'D)

JESUS. Ow.

He scowls at the camera.

EINY (CONT'D)  
What the hell did you do that  
for?

TOM  
Couldn't be sure if you were  
alive. Your eyes were open, but  
only technically...

EINY  
You ruined my dream. I was  
Schroedingers Cat, running a  
mushroom farm. Ruined it.

He frantically pats his pockets.

EINY (CONT'D)  
Bugger.

He stands up, to search further. He scrabbles in the dirt  
finally retrieving a sizeable packet. It is full of brown  
pills and a mass of darker brown powder.

EINY (CONT'D)  
Right. Well. Ah, I see. Champers.

He approaches Tom and Bells and sits cross-legged in front  
of them.

TOM  
Guess who we met?

We now get a good look at Tom (32) he is tall and a little  
gangly, with Nordic good looks but mildly thinning hair.  
His tan compliments piercing blue eyes, but his designer  
goatee is perhaps trying too hard.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Devil Features!

EINY  
Oh God.

He hands Einy a sachet of pink crystals.

BELLS  
Tommy! I had no idea you bought  
so much. Please don't go too  
crazy. Remember what happened at  
the Boom?

TOM  
You just need the tiniest amount -  
a couple of crystals will do.  
Beats the pill lottery.

EINY  
True. Wow. Pure MDMA there mate.

He smells the sachet. Recoils slightly.

POP! Tom pours the champagne out.

TOM

So mate. How was it?

He passes the cups round.

EINY

Crazed. Completely fused. I became aware of the competitive aspects of survival of solid state intelligences versus those that were water-based.

Tom and Bells look at each other quizzically.

EINY (CONT'D)

It sounds nuts but it really felt that dolphins were the only beings that could save us.

Tom shakes his head in resignation.

TOM

Not a brilliant advert for Ketamine.... Still, if it's good enough for Madonna... OK! This is the last nice taste we're going to have in our mouths for a while. Cheers!

They drink the golden bubbles.

CUT TO

Bells's POV

She looks at Tom and Einy in turn and then sips again. We can hear her swallow, and her breathing. As Tom and Einy continue to talk we can hear her thoughts.

BELLS

(thoughts)

Ooh that's a bit too warm.

She looks down at the bottle.

BELLS (CONT'D)

(thoughts)

And alot more acidic than you'd expect for a quality French champagne. Maybe it doesn't travel well.

BELLS (CONT'D)

It hasn't travelled too well, has it?

The boys turn towards her and frown.

TOM

You are welcome to revert to the Gatorade and beer so favoured round here.

He reaches for her cup, and playfully pulls it from her.

BELLS

No, no, it's quite alright. Just could be a bit colder I thought. We could have waited for ten more minutes, after lugging the bloody thing for the past week.

Einy looks peeved at this lowering of the tone.

TOM

(to Bells)

You've already made that point.

VOICE

(o.s)

Guys, Tristan's about to go on.

NESSIE (35), approaches lithely, quite the tanned vision of 21st century hippy perfection.

NESSIE

Ooh, looks like you've got the right idea.

She towers over the group. This woman is a genetic marvel. She talks like a superior entity, because, at least physically, she is.

NESSIE (CONT'D)

Naughty naughty.

Tom and Bells dip their fingers into the sachet and then grimace at the revolting taste. Einy abstains.

NESSIE (CONT'D)

Tom, come. All of you. Tristan is about to go on and he wants to open with your song.

Tom stands up a little too keenly.

TOM

Blinder. Well.... Don't all jump up at once, will you?

Nessie takes him by the hand and turns back to blow a kiss to Bells.

BELLS  
(thoughts)  
Why can't I have a bottom like  
that.

Einy and her both stare at the perfect cheeks.

BELLS (CONT'D)  
Why can't I have a bottom like  
that?

EINY  
Iffy genes love.

EXT. DJ BOX - DAY

A Macbook Pro is open with Ableton Live in action. Cables and mixing equipment. "Dr Dre" Headphones are lifted and put on. We hear whistles. A track begins.

NESSIE  
(o.s.)  
Tristan! Here.

We turn to see Tom coming up the rickety steps. Behind him is a huge psychedelic Shiva drape that repeats into infinity.

Tom's POV

TRISTAN (37) is an old hand at the psy-trance DJ game. A mature tan, and vegan diet show off his chiselled cheekbones to perfection. Piercing, slightly bulging blue eyes suggest a decade or two of partying but his aura is strong.

TRISTAN  
Tommy!!

Big hug.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
(to the music)  
Recognise this?

TOM  
Mate. I was technically there,  
but you did the work.

TRISTAN  
Bollocks- you old badger-chest.  
You were the muse, buddy.

He tugs at the tufts of hair on Tom's chest. Tristan, being perfect, has no body hair. Just irritatingly well toned muscles.

He tends to the laptop, tweaks a few dials.

The track builds...

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

This is what it's all about.

He twists an important knob and the song KICKS IN.

The camera swings round to face a GIGANTIC crowd, caught in a frenzy of hedonistic abandon. As far as the eye can see there are thousands of freakish looking lunatics gyrating wildly and cheering to the ABSTRACT MADNESS that thunders out of the sound system, arms flailing in hypnotised revelry.

We turn back to see Tristan bounding up and down punching the air, feeding off the crowd. We turn to Nessie - undisguised glee.

All the colours seem richer, the music sharp and clear.

Tom takes it all in, then leans in to speak in Tristan's ear.

TOM

When we die. We'll see that this was a significant movement. In hundreds of years they'll look back and remember what our generation started. It's shamanic.

Beat.

TRISTAN

Nah mate, it's just devil-worship.

Then he winks.

TOM

(thoughts)

Man I've come up fast.

TRISTAN

You always could find the words.

He turns to the crowd. It's vast. A spellbinding sight.

TOM

(thoughts)

Fuck's sake. This is nuts.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Why the hell didn't I pick this  
 career? Frigging LIFE OF RILEY.

He turns back to Tristan now back bounding wildly.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 (thoughts)  
 I can't believe he gets paid for  
 this.

Looking back into the crowd he sees Einy and Bells near the  
 front beaming back at him and beckoning.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 (thoughts)  
 I'm heading down. Got to dance.  
 Can't stand up here like a loose  
 peg.

Tristan winks, gives him the thumbs-up and goes back to his  
 twiddling.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 See you later mate - have a good  
 set.

EXT. BEACH PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

Tom's POV

Tom's sandals as he walks down the uneven steps, past  
 promoters and hangers on. Quite a backstage scene. Out onto  
 the beach and round the speaker stacks we go... Pablo waits  
 for him with an ice cold beer. This is exchanged for a  
 crumpled banknote.

TOM  
 Cheers Pablo.

And onto the dancefloor. There is alot of room near the  
 speakers, but it is deafeningly loud.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 (thoughts)  
 Better keep clear of those. Don't  
 want that tinnitus coming back.

We see Einy and Bells doing some eccentric dance moves.  
 Most of the males are topless and tanned, but Einy  
 noticeably not so. His pallid, weedy physique at odds with  
 this handsome, warrior-like crowd.

Bells has dilated pupils which lend her an ethereal  
 vulnerability. We look up at the DJ box - Tristan is  
 concentrating hard, preparing the next mix.

Tom looks up and around at the surroundings - the scale and effort of the decorations is astounding. There are some AMAZONIAN BEAUTIES dancing with serpentine-like moves. We observe the expressions on faces, the smiles, the celebration.

BELLS

(o.s.)

This is amazing. I love you.

She kisses him.

TOM

You're just saying that because you're twatted.

BELLS

No. No, I really do love you.

A styrofoam cup interrupts.

EINY

Want some champagne? Tastes like shit.

TOM

(thoughts)

God she's beautiful. Shall I do it now. Right here on the dancefloor. In the dirt amidst this gyrating frenzy?

TOM (CONT'D)

No thanks mate.

TOM (CONT'D)

(thoughts)

No, wait for the eclipse. Anyway, the ring is in the tent. THE RING IS IN THE TENT? You bloody idiot.

BELLS

What's up babe? Let's make love...

They pull closer.

TOM

A touch too public perhaps?

Einy's head burrows between theirs.

EINY

Get a tent, will you!

The three of them sway to the music in the midst of hundreds.

VOICE

(o.s.)

I wonder where all this energy  
has come from....

DEVIL FEATURES (35) looms up, whilst not a bad person, this is clearly a hardened drug nut, and looks a bad influence.

DEVIL FEATURES

Now you'll be wanting a candy-  
flip will you not, you love-  
birds?

He pulls out a tiny bottle of "Minty Fresh" breath  
freshening-drops.

TOM

No, please. I want to stay on  
earth.

Bells gives Tom her wicked, irresistible raised eyebrows...

BELLS

How many drops?

DEVIL FEATURES

Give me your hand.

Tom and Bells hold their hands out. Devil Features does two  
blobs on each hand.

Einy sticks his head through their little throng and sticks  
his tongue out.

DEVIL FEATURES (CONT'D)

I'll have to charge *him!*

TOM

Those aren't drops, they're  
blobs. Each blob probably has ten  
drops in it.

DEVIL FEATURES

Chop chop. Don't be ungrateful.

BELLS

Now or never.

TOM

(thoughts)

Shit, he's blobbed my hand with  
invisible drugs. Am going to get  
fried out of my mind. Look at him  
for fucks sake.

We take in the addled face of Devil Features. Then Bells  
and Einy, both willing him on.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 (thoughts)  
 Oh God. Peer pressure.

Bells licks her blob.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Now we're done for.

He licks his blob.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Shouldn't we be taking the liquid  
 so that the sunrise rescues us  
 before it all gets too much? Like  
 at two or three?

BELLS  
 Bit late now. Could be in for a  
 long night.

EXT. BEACH PARTY CAFE - DUSK

Tom and Bells emerge from the crowds of the dancefloor into a chill-out cafe area. People lie around relaxing as the sun sets, and mellow music plays. Pablo is his customary 10 metres behind.

They settle down on some cushions, lay back down and take in the sculptures that hang above them.

BELLS  
 Cuddle me.

TOM  
 Cuddle?

BELLS  
 Cuddle.

TOM  
 I thought you didn't like  
 cuddles.

They snuggle up, un self-consciously. A couple who look like extras from Mad Max point amusedly at them smiling.

BELLS  
 I'm tingling.

TOM  
 How does this feel?

He traces his fingertips down her side.

We now alternate between their points of view of each other's faces.

Very subtle morphic exaggerations of their smiles and their eyes evolve into much greater exaggerations and distortions of sound and time.

BELLS

Am feeling it now are you?

TOM

Yes. I think so, I can't tell what's the E and what's the acid.

BELLS

Good. It feels strong already and it's only been 20 minutes....

TOM

Am actually a little bit... apprehensive.

BELLS

Frightened?

TOM

No. In a good way... Are you getting visuals?

He motions upwards at a rotating sculpture. It starts to pulsate, slowly becoming a living, breathing entity morphing in unison with the music.

The palms, sculptures and drapes morph into a single organic form.

We then leave reality and enter a PSYCHEDELIC WORLD.

EXT. PSYCHEDELIC WORLD - NIGHT

MONTAGE

A journey from night untith full intensity and accompanying psychedelic distortions. The music is progressive with synapse-displacing density.

MONTAGE 1 - ASCENDING

Using a combination of digital stills and conventional cinematography we blast through different areas of the festival, psychedelic installations, projections, and fluorescent artwork. We warp from two dimensional imagery back into three dimensional reality zooming relentlessly into successively higher resolution captures of the party in full flow. A sojourn to the DJ box reveals goblin like-figures hunched over their tools malevolently. Devil Features appears handing Tom a giant "Minty Fresh" bottle.

MONTAGE 2 - PLATEAU

We are completely removed from earthly reality. A journey across galaxies of sound, ever-morphing and twisting. All that is infinitely large seems to reduce into infinitely small points. We crescendo with a flight which smashes through crystalline chandeliers of reflective mirrors.

MONTAGE 3 - DESCENT

Far below, a tiny figure looms closer. We fall down, down out of the abstract netherworld back into reality.

WHAM. We land with a rapid exhalation into the middle of the dancefloor.

EXT. DANCEFLOOR - DAWN

Tom does strange dance, opening his arms wide, motioning to the heavens then pointing to a speck balanced between the nails of his thumb and forefinger. Tears have streaked down his face.

BELLS

What's the matter?

TOM

I flew through chandeliers of sound. Everything in the universe can be contained in a speck the size of a pinhead. I met entities. Goblins. Who showed me the essence of all things.

Bells looks a bit lost at this notion.

TOM (CONT'D)

You were with me weren't you?  
Flying by my side? Bells? Weren't you?

BELLS

What did you think you were doing rolling around with that woman?

TOM

What?

Tristan and Nessie dance at the edge of the crowd looking surprisingly fresh-faced. He beckons Tom over.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hold that thought.

We approach Tristan who wears bright yellow Thai fishing-pants.

TRISTAN

Someone's had a large one.

TOM

I flew through chandeliers of sound, and the goblins gave me the answer. Everything in the Universe can be contained in a speck the size of a pinhead. I have captured the essence!

TRISTAN

That's why we're here buddy.

They dance in a slightly forced way for a bit.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Come over here, I need to talk to you for a second.

He pulls out a map and slaps it onto a palm tree. We can see the coastline and the PATH OF THE ECLIPSE

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

The eclipse is only going to last for about 45 seconds where we are.

He points to an area of coastline.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

The point of totality is about three or four hours drive this way.

His finger travels across a remote-looking area of forest.

TOM

Riiiiight...

TRISTAN

Bandit territory, yes, BUT me old codger, its got some ruins!

TOM

Can I ask you a question?

Tristan raises his eyebrows.

TOM (CONT'D)

Do I look like I'm ready for a trip into the jungle?

Tom's dirt-encrusted, teary face and disturbed expression answers the question.

TRISTAN

Compared to your mate. Yep.

He motions to Einy who is convulsing spasmodically to the beat, staring at the sand, tracing lines with his finger wearing a thousand-yard stare.

TOM  
I feel better already.

INT. MESSY TENT - LATER

Tom rummages around in his tent.

EINY  
(o.s.)  
Well, *my* stuff seems to be here.

BELLS  
(o.s.)  
Fucking great! This is a lovely come-down I must say. How they missed my camera I do not know.

TOM  
The rucksack has gone, and most of my clothes with it!

He pulls apart a pair of hiking socks. An engagement ring. Modest diamond. He kisses it and puts his hands in prayer.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

We push through the tent-flaps...

EXT. CAMPING AREA - MORNING

Bells sits cradling her camera. Tom's head sticks out.

BELLS  
Typical! Why didn't you lock the tent - you had the padlock. What's the point of buying the padlock if you don't use it.

Einy rolls a joint, sighing.

TOM  
Look, only clothes and a rucksack have gone.

BELLS  
But your nice belt and those Joseph trousers. Where's your fleece! Your fleece! You left it by the speakers. Aaargh! For crying out loud!

Einy's joint looks wonky.

BELLS (CONT'D)

And why didn't you tell me the  
eclipse would be shit from here?  
And anyway, am not going off into  
the bloody jungle for a minute's  
more eclipse for christ's sake!

Einy lights his rough-hewn creation. It flares up wildly.

EINY

Look, Bells, you are being a  
classic spoilt middle-class girl  
who frankly shouldn't be coming  
to festivals at all because the  
experience absolutely won't solve  
their underlying depression.

TOM

Mate.

Einy offers the blazing joint.

TOM (CONT'D)

Tobacco. Honey come here.

BELLS

Fuck off Einy. No, you come out  
of there.

TOM

Come inside.

INT. MESSY TENT - MORNING

Bells's half enters. He goes to kiss.

BELLS

How can you let him talk to me  
like that?

TOM

Look. We've come from the other  
side of the world to see this  
eclipse. It's a great opportunity  
to hang out with Tristan and  
Nessie.

BELLS

But why can you never defend me  
to Einy? You shouldn't let him  
speak to me like that.

He cups her face in his hands.

BELLS (CONT'D)

I wish you'd stand up for me  
more.

TOM

I do. Look he just hates petty  
issues. What about your pictures.  
Your project.

She caresses her camera.

BELLS

We've got to make a police report  
so we can claim for your stuff.

TOM

It's just a few clothes - besides  
what do I need other than a vest  
and shorts in Mexico?

BELLS

Some shoes?

Tom's feet are bare and mangy.

TOM

Good point.

EXT. MERIDA BUS STOP - DAY

Their coach pulls up. Souvenir stalls. Pallid tourists  
descend the bus steps. Tristan and Nessie follow.

TRISTAN

Watch out for that.

The bottom step is wobbly. He holds the door open, as it  
wants to shut.

BOY

(o.s.)

El Eclipse. El Eclipse. Get your  
glasses here. El Eclipse.

NESSIE

Looks like someone else had the  
same idea.

Tom, Einy and Bells lope up looking entirely unprepared for  
jungle. Einy does have a small rucksack, which could be  
useful.

EINY

(to Tristan)

So now what?

TRISTAN

We take a taxi. About 20 kilometres.

NESSIE

How many miles is that.

EINY

Thirteen point five to be precise.

Bells is taking photos of some of the local kids.

TRISTAN

And then we hike about five kilomteres.

BELLS

Who said anything about a hike?

Tristan, Einy and Tom are amused by this.

BELLS (CONT'D)

Hey, Nessie. Wait.

She wanders off in pursuit.

The bus pulls away from behind the group.

TRISTAN

Now where we gonna find the right taxi?

They turn around just as the departing bus reveals a big old pickup truck with TAXI festooned on the side.

TOM

Aha!

EXT. MERIDA TAXI RANK - MOMENTS LATER.

Tom knocks on the window.

TOM

Senor...? Hola... Senor?

From the back of the pickup a dog LEAPS FORWARD barking. The boys recoil in alarm.

Einy gives the mutt a taste of his own medicine.

EINY

Woof! Woof! Woof!

The TAXI DRIVER (45) winds down his window. Trucker cap and 'tache.

DRIVER  
Calla te chiquito!

TOM  
Buenos dias senior.

DRIVER  
Buenas!

TOM  
Habla ingles?

DRIVER  
Si, si.

Tristan shows the map.

TRISTAN  
How much to drive us here?

He points to a ruin on the map.

Beat.

DRIVER  
No. No. This place. No good. I  
take you to Chitchen Itza. Big  
Pyramid! Much better!

Tristan pulls out a roll of cash.

TRISTAN  
50 dolares?

DRIVER  
OK, OK, I take you. Get in!  
Vamonos!

TOM  
Hey, Bells! Nessie!

The girls emerge from their stall with fistfuls of eclipse-  
glasses.

BELLS  
Is THIS the taxi?

Bells has a new necklace - a silver serpent.

TOM  
That's the way forward - piss our  
piffling funds up the wall on  
tacky trinkets.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Dust trails frame our five heroes. Jefferson Airplane's "We Built This City" peals from the stereo.

TAXI DRIVER

(o.s.)

We built this city!

BELLS

Put them on, let's take a picture!

TAXI DRIVER

(o.s.)

We built this city -

NESSIE

OK, everyone together.

TAXI DRIVER

- on Rock and Roll!

The four huddle into the frame, and as the shutter captures the moment, Nessie's glasses fly off, landing on the dusty track behind them.

EXT PLANTATION ENTRANCE - DAY

A pristine vintage Cadillac emerges through rusty gates.

The sign reads "Hacienda Yaxcopixil"

The taxi has to stop and our group draw up alongside the debonair HECTOR (56) in a fedora, and faded white linen suit. He reeks of faded riches, with vein-stricken eyes tinged with a menacing charm.

TRISTAN

That is a fine set of wheels,  
senyor..

Hector takes a moment to survey our motley group.

HECTOR

Strange. This is not a popular...  
tourist destination.

Hector surveys the young flesh on display.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Why do you come here?

Bells waves her eclipse-glasses innocently.

BELLS

We're here for El Eclipse.

HECTOR  
El Eclipse es muy malo.

He takes a contemplative puff of his cigarette.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
We Maya? We stay inside. You  
should do the same. Take care  
ninyos.

He roars off.

The group look at each other and shrug.

BELLS  
Aww, I didn't get a picture.

TOM  
You pointed the bloody thing -  
might as well have taken the  
shot. Gutless!

We drive on catching glimpses of a RUINED PLANTATION.

TRISTAN  
Want some help with that?

CRUNK!

The truck jolts the half finished joint from Einy's hand

EINY  
-happens to... bollocks!

TRISTAN  
This ain't the autobahn,  
sunshine.

We can just make out ruined buldings through the trees.

EINY  
Hey, that must be one of the  
henequen plantations.

TOM  
Hene-what?

EINY  
Henequen. Before nylon was  
invented the world used the stuff  
to make ropes. Sisal.

TOM  
Ooh, who's been Googling the  
Yucatan then?

We see the crumbling brickwork through the rusty gate.

TRISTAN  
 (consulting the map)  
 OK, we're soon to be out of road.

The truck descends a steep hill and drives towards a wall of intimidating-looking jungle.

EXT. NARROW JUNGLE ROAD - DAY.

The truck continues but it looks dense and impassable.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

The end of the road. Thick jungle. The taxi stops.

TRISTAN  
 This is it, losers!

Everyone piles out. Tristan leans into the cab

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
 OK, at nine... nine o'clock.

Tom leans in.

TOM  
 Nueve de la tarde. Despues del  
 Eclisee. Aqui. Otro cinquenta  
 dolares.

He holds up the readies.

DRIVER  
 OK. OK.

TRISTAN  
 Bueno. Gracias. Hasta luego.

DRIVER  
 (o.s.)  
 Hasta luego.

The truck drives off.

BELLS  
 Wait, how are we going to get  
 out?

TOM  
 He's booked to meet us here in  
 six hours.

BELLS  
 That's sorted then. Can't imagine  
 anything going wrong with that  
 plan.

EXT. DEAD END CLEARING - DAY

The group collects their gear while Tristan consults his map.

TRISTAN  
The ruin is half a mile due  
north.

He points towards Nessie.

TOM  
Did you bring the axe mate? Shall  
we chop ourselves a view when we  
get there?

Nessie is inspecting a large stone mound.

NESSIE  
There's some kind of path...

Tristan looks up excitedly.

TRISTAN  
Bingo!

NESSIE  
Whoa.

EINY  
Destiny.

They walk into the clearing, dazzled by the sunlight and take in a huge mound, partly cleared of vegetation.

TRISTAN  
Now there's your view...

The others emerge behind him and are similarly awestruck.

He leads Nessie by the hand to the first step.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
Ladies first.

EXT. TOP OF TEMPLE OF UXMAL - DAY

Endless expanses of jungle span the horizon.

A lizard skeets off. A delicate hand claps onto the top layer of stone.

BELLS (O.S.)  
No, I haven't looked down yet.  
I'm saving myself for...

Her foot is planted at the top.

## BELLS (CONT'D)

Wow.

We pull back as the rest of the group assemble at the roof of the world.

Speechless.

EXT. TOP OF TEMPLE OF UXMAL - TEN MINUTES LATER.

The five sit, shaded by a makeshift canopy fashioned from a vast tie-dyed sarong.

A fire is going and on it sits a bubbling brew.

TOM

It's hard to keep so many down.

They share a flask of mineral water each scoffing a large handful of capsules. Bells takes pictures.

EINY

This unlocks the pathways in the brain that prevent the brew from becoming active. It's the same part of the brain that stops blue cheese from killing us.

Beat.

TOM

Any closet cheese-heads better hand over their secret stashes.

No-one seems particularly amused. Tom leans out from the shade and surveys the sun with his darkened eyeglass.

TRISTAN

Look, you can just see the edge of the moon. Here.

He passes the glass to Nessie.

NESSIE

Let's see.

EXT. BLAZING SUN - DAY

We see the darkened lens pass in front of the sun. As it does, we can indeed see the edge of the moon.

EXT. TOP OF TEMPLE OF UXMAL - DAY

Nessie passes the glass to Tristan.