

POPEYE

TEASER

INT. SOMEWHERE DARK AND MYSTERIOUS - NIGHT

Over BLACK:

TEDDY

Shit.

A clanking sound, metal striking metal, then a flashlight blinks on. Teddy's banging it against a crate. It flickers, stays lit for a few heartbeats, then fades, and he's plunged into darkness again. Batteries dead.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Fumbling. Rustling. A click. A click. Nothing.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Shit!

One more CLICK. Then a FLAME: Teddy's got a lighter. CLOSE on his face: He's sweaty and really fucking dirty. He looks around, dissatisfied, vexed. We only see his face, the background is shrouded in darkness.

He burns his fingers with the flame -

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Ow!

- drops the lighter, and finds himself in total darkness once again.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

...Shit.

Where the fuck is he? A dungeon? A cave? A tent? Wherever it is, it's small, and hot, and perilous.

EXT. AN EQUATORIAL JUNGLE - NIGHT

#FYI*

[A SCRAWNY KID (13) pisses against a tree. He's short for his age, greasy hair, probably hasn't eaten three-squares a day in over a year, but he's got wide, intelligent eyes and no shortage of spunk. This is POPEYE.]

He hears a TWIG CRACK, the RUSTLING OF LEAVES.

POPEYE

Mierda.

SNOWFALL - F/X

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Outside the door, a row of orange plastic barrels are lined up. Teddy peeks inside: A mushy, brownish-green toxic brew. It's chopped coca leaves soaking in gasoline.

INT. CAMP LAS VEGAS - COCAINE PROCESSING TENT - DAY

Inside the tent, Teddy faces a dour GRANNY. She stands over a gas range stirring bubbling gloop inside a battered aluminum pot. At a table behind him, a row of FOUR YOUNG WOMEN use butter knives to break dried cocaine paste into a crumbly, yellowish mountain.

Teddy engages the Granny in conversation. Gesticulating, trying to make himself understood -

TEDDY

(in Spanish)

*How long to take? To go from leaf
in ground to cocaine? Plant
growing, pick pick, mash mash, boil
boil, white powder, sniff sniff.
How long?*

She stirs the boiling cauldron of mucilage, staring at Teddy, expressionless.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

*What if I wants more? How fast you
make?*

Still nothing.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

(in English)

*Oh really? Whoa. That's fast.
Thanks for the info, you hairy
cunt.*

Behind Teddy, a voice -

POPEYE

What's cunt?

← START

Teddy turns. It's the kid he rescued, all smiles.

TEDDY

*It's a term of respect for elderly
ladies. Your name's Popeye right?*

The kid nods.

SNOWFALL - F/X

POPEYE^{24.}

POPEYE

They were ordered not to talk to you.

TEDDY

Why?

The kid shrugs, I dunno.

POPEYE

Plus, your Spanish sucks.

EXT. CAMP LAS VEGAS - DAY

Popeye talks a mile-a-minute as he picks through guns in the charred weapons cache - basically a mound of black melted metal - and holds up a decimated U.S. M-14, showing Teddy.

POPEYE

Fifteen years ago this puppy was the gun of choice for US Army snipers.

He holds it like he's going fire it, aiming it at a nearby contra who eyes them suspiciously.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

Gas operated, made outta fiberglass so it don't rot in the swampy jungles of 'Nam, it's as fast as Road Runner and Speedy Gonzales and Tasmanian Devil combined.

TEDDY

You know your stuff, kid.

POPEYE

My dad had Guns & Ammo delivered to our flat.

TEDDY

Where's your dad now?

Popeye shrugs, clearly doesn't want to talk about it, changes the subject.

POPEYE

These guns... you blew them up because they were no good?

TEDDY

Not exactly.

SNOWFALL - F/X

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POPEYE

25.

POPEYE
You bring new ones?

TEDDY
Soon. Where did you learn to speak
such good English?

POPEYE
They try to teach in school but no
sticky, so I pick it up with
Gunsmoke. Andy Griffith. Y&R. But
Looney Toons, the best, man.

TEDDY
Huh. That stuff airs down here?

Elena approaches.

ELENA
(to Popeye)
Carlita needs you to kill another
chicken.

POPEYE
Arriba, arriba! ¡Andale! // END

He runs off.

ELENA
He likes to slaughter the chickens.
Got any of your own? Kids?

TEDDY
No.
(beat)
What am I saying. Jesus. Yeah, I
have a son.

ELENA
What's his name?

TEDDY
Paul. He's two.

ELENA
You have a picture?

TEDDY
No.

Elena turns to go, hesitates -

SNOWFALL - F/X

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