

# *Nameless*

by HthereBeGt

FADE IN:

EXT. VALLEY - DAY (DUSK)

A group of BANDEIRANTES are walking through a forest. They're wearing wide-rimmed hats and carrying weapons. The leader, CRUZ DE FERREIRO (30s, mustachioed, burly, sunburnt) is sunburnt and cursing.

SUPERIMPOSE: "UNMAPPED TERRITORY, BRAZIL, 1650"

CRUZ stops suddenly when he comes to an open clearing. A river running north divides the clearing, keeping them from the other side.

Suddenly a SMILING MAN (brown-skinned, naked, handsome, tall) rises from the river, as if walking up a hill. Cruz raises his hand and his men stop. They shift at the sight of the stranger, who is dry despite the water.

SMILING MAN

Good travels, stranger. What brings you to the river?

Cruz narrows his eyes at him.

CRUZ

Which river?

SMILING MAN

The river.

CRUZ

What is it's name?

SMILING MAN

My river.

CRUZ

You use our words but you don't make sense.

Smiling Man chuckles instead of answering. Cruz gestures to the river beyond.

CRUZ  
The water looks sickly. It's unnatural.

SMILING MAN  
You would be judge to what is unnatural then?

CRUZ  
Yes.  
(hesitating)  
I have seen things.

SMILING MAN  
That is usually what eyes are for.

CRUZ  
...You're not a man, are you?

SMILING MAN  
I can assure you I am indeed a man, if you'd like to confirm for yourself.

A tense moment of silence passes as Smiling Man walks closer.

Smiling Man lets out a booming laugh that shakes the earth, the trees, and approaches. One of the bandeirantes drops his gun which fires randomly, and is still quieter than the laugh.

He reaches Cruz and puts an arm around him. He's two heads taller than them, and has a heavy presence, like an unfired cannon.

The bandeirantes startle and point their weapons at them, but don't fire.

SMILING MAN  
(unbothered)  
What do you do with the chains, stranger? The same thing you do with your flags? Do you fuck this

land raw like the hero you pretend  
to be?

Cruz swallows and seems to realize how fucked he is.

CRUZ

We're men of peace and mean you no  
harm. We just wish to reach the  
other side.

SMILING MAN

Men of peace, men of war, they all  
sound the same. Their taste, now,  
the taste is different! One mouth  
tastes like the bird shit in your  
soup, while the other's lips are  
better than the best fuck under the  
starlit sky. What do your words  
taste like?

CRUZ

My words are not my own. I am just  
a humble messenger.

SMILING MAN

Humble men are always so eager to  
prove their humility.

Cruz shivers when he leans his face in, and tries another  
tactic.

CRUZ

You talk like a deviant and a  
devil, sir. Who taught you our  
tongue?

At this, the smiling man pauses. Once again, he cants his  
head towards the mountain before looking down at Cruz. When  
he speaks it is slow, and wistful.

SMILING MAN

A good man. A loving man. A  
precious man. He learned from the  
Jesuits before they learned of me.  
Then he learned of cruelty and they  
of true mercy.

CRUZ

What became of this man?

Smiling Man says nothing.

Cruz nods, thinking he understands.

CRUZ

You have my sympathy.

No response. The clearing is eerily SILENT.

SMILING MAN

I will have much more than that.

Cruz jerks, but before he can react he's falling. The sounds of his men crying out fills the air. Rushing wind deafens him before he hits ground, and is obscured in darkness. He hears the bandeirantes scrambling, voices distorted by distance.

Gunshots, war cries, rushing footsteps and then nothing.

After a few seconds, something lifts the unnatural, muffling darkness from Cruz.

The smiling man crouches over him, holding Cruz's former hat. He is colossal and otherworldly, new moonlight obscuring nothing. Cruz is less than a pebble before him.

SMILING MAN

You are much less attractive than I would want, but that makes little difference.

CRUZ

(shaken, but gathering  
rage)

What did you do, monster?

SMILING MAN

More what you will do for me,  
little 'explorer'. You who seek  
glory and gold and think it is  
found in blood, stone, and the  
lands you fuck with your flagpoles.

CRUZ

This land is unclaimed! We are  
explorers! Who're you to come and  
claim otherwise?

SMILING MAN

A guardian.

Cruz spits. He reaches down to his side for his knife and only just realizes he is naked. He is surrounded by his former attire. Modesty overcomes him and he covers himself, but mocking laughter and nightfall knock him loose.

GUARDIAN (SMILING MAN)

I have no interest in the weakness of your body. Your pride is what I want.

Guardian reaches down and rolls Cruz between two fingers like an açai berry before collecting the rest of the bandeirantes. When he's done he walks back to the river.

He tosses a group of them into the air and they fall back into his open palm. The men are all tangled, groaning, and unharmed.

GUARDIAN

Liars. Killers. Slavers.

Guardian reaches down with the hand holding Cruz and scratches his crotch. Pubic hair and a penis larger than any naval ship drown out Cruz's umpteenth curse.

OFF SCREEN the noise of the river approaches. We focus on Cruz, who is inadvertently rubbing himself against Guardian's crotch in a futile attempt to escape. A shudder of pleasure ripples through at the same time water surrounds them.

GUARDIAN (O.S.)

I have a much better use for you.

FADE TO:

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT

Cruz comes to groggily in an eerie wooden room. He stops at the edge of the opening, and looks down. We ZOOM out to see that he is looking out the trunk of a babaçu tree that extends dozens of feet from base to top. There is no way down.

There are leaves stacked in a corner, and a dribble of oil. A husk of unidentified fruit is in the center of the floor. Cruz stumbles back as Guardian's face fills the opening.

GUARDIAN

A lovely home for a little fool  
like yourself. Of course, it is not  
without it's price. What say you,  
Cruz, can your bloody gold earned  
with skin not your own pay?

CRUZ

You haven't killed me yet. Clearly  
you expect me to pay somehow.

Guardian laughs and climbs so his cock fills the opening. Cruz flinches but is drawn to it regardless.

GUARDIAN (O.S.)

Trading words like they're  
worthless because words are  
worthless to you aren't they?

Guardian thrusts his dick through the smooth entrance. He is purposeful, restrained, but Cruz is still knocked back into a sticky puddle next to the fruit. He curses, and throws himself against the cock invading his shelter, before being knocked back into the wall.

CRUZ

What purpose is there in this?!  
Pointless fuckery?

Guardian's face appears in the opening once more. He looks annoyed.

GUARDIAN

No fuckery is without point, but  
little men with simple tastes  
wouldn't know better.

Some unseen signal, Guardian turns his head, and makes a face.

GUARDIAN

I don't like it, but very well,  
beloved.

The tree shakes as he adjusts his grip, presses the side of his head to the opening. Cruz is gobsmacked as a TINY MAN (beautiful, dark-skinned, scarred) hops down from Guardian's ear.

BELOVED (TINY MAN)

Please excuse him. He's excited and enjoys spectators.

Cruz looks ready to kick him, but doesn't.

CRUZ

Are you the beast's master?

BELOVED

We are no one's nothing except each other's.

Cruz scoffs.

CRUZ

Yet another who uses the words of man like a beast.

Beloved doesn't react to the insult. Guardian unsubtly looms and listens from outside.

BELOVED

What did you seek, when you came to the river?

CRUZ

To reach the other side.

BELOVED

(slowly, as if to an idiot)

And beyond that?

A SHOT of Cruz flinching away from the tiny man. Lighting from nowhere makes Beloved's shadow immense. Cruz's is nonexistent.

CRUZ

(grudgingly intimidated)

...I wished for a legacy.

Beloved shakes his head, as if disbelieving.

BELOVED

The smallest of men in service to  
the smallest of wishes.

CRUZ

I'm not the small one between us.

Beloved fixes him with a look of utter boredom. Cruz snarls,  
raises a fist, but doesn't approach when Guardian rumbles.

BELOVED

You wished for a legacy Cruz de  
Ferreira?

CRUZ

What does the little parasite know  
of me?

BELOVED

I should ask the same of you.

Beloved puts his hand on the side of the tree.

BELOVED

This will be your legacy. You will  
care for this tree like it's your  
blood. You will listen to its needs  
and tend to it. Your glory will be  
the green of its leaves. Your pride  
will be the strength of its trunk.

Beloved coldly glares at him and turns away. He climbs the  
side of the wall and hops onto Guardian's enormous finger  
extending into the alcove.

BELOVED

Your name will be forgotten.

CRUZ

I will lose myself!

BELOVED

That won't be a great loss.

Beloved smiles and it is beautiful, but a harsh kind of  
beautiful. Guardian cuddles Beloved to his chest, and Cruz  
rushes to the opening. He watches as Guardian presses  
Beloved to his lips like he's going to swallow like the



savage beast Cruz thinks Guardian to be. Instead, he stops at a kiss.

Silent CLOSE UP SHOT of Guardian murmuring something unintelligible to Beloved, who squirms with delight, tiny but precious.

FADE TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Harsh sun filters in through the opening in the tree. Cruz is noticeably leaner, and bearded. On the forest floor below, Guardian walks with an ankle-high Beloved following.

BELOVED (V.O.)  
The smallest of men--

Terrifying rainstorm rages around him, while Cruz uses makeshift ropes he's fashioned from palm leaves to rappel down and inspect a large gash in the trunk.

BELOVED (V.O.)  
--in service to the smallest of wishes.

Beloved, now half Guardian's height, eagerly climbing the various trees, as if testing recovered strength. Cruz waves at one of his former men, who don't acknowledge him anymore.

BELOVED (V.O.)  
This will be your legacy.

Beloved and Guardian fucking on the forest floor, their sizes matched, grunts and gasps piercing the lonely silence while Cruz watches them from high up in his babaçu tree. Their fucking turns to lovemaking and Cruz looks broken.

???? (FORMERLY CRUZ) (V.O.)  
I will lose myself!

END MONTAGE:

EXT. BABAÇU TREE - DAY (DAWN)

Beloved and Guardian sit at the base of the tree. Beloved is now larger than Guardian, and Guardian sits in front of him, his back to Beloved's front.

GUARDIAN  
(sighing contentedly)  
It took a while for you to heal up  
this time. You grew too slowly.

Beloved strokes his cheek.

BELOVED  
Don't say it like you didn't enjoy  
caring for me.

Guardian snuggles deeper into Beloved's embrace.

GUARDIAN  
That was never the issue. I enjoyed  
carrying you with me everywhere.

BELOVED  
Ah, so you were jealous?

GUARDIAN  
Be quiet and be large for me,  
beloved. Large and healthy.

He squirms against Beloved, drawing a breathy inhale from  
him. Beloved laughs and turns Guardian around, who now looks  
petulant.

BELOVED  
It bothers you to know there is  
another who wants me.

Guardian looks away, but is fragile and small in Beloved's  
arms.

GUARDIAN  
You are mine.

BELOVED  
(musing)  
We'll need to move on soon. A new  
group of them approaches by the  
day.

GUARDIAN  
(viciously)  
I'll make them yours then, just  
like these and others. I'll plant  
them in trees just like these and

they'll grow you and raise you and  
then they'll stop and love you  
and--

Beloved interrupts with an enormous kiss.

BELOVED

Hush now. A problem for tomorrow.

ZOOM OUT with them looking over a valley, the sounds of men  
and weapons distant but present.

In the trees the nameless men watch them. They fear for  
them, their trees, and each other. They have all forgotten  
themselves.

Civilization marches closer.

FADE TO BLACK.