

3

EXT. PETTING FARM. DAY

We see rabbits, hens, sheep, piglets, horses, donkeys and an eagle all packed in small swiss-style chalets. The space is claustrophobic and the caged animals scream in desperation. A hand lays down food in bowls and the animals press in close, eating hungrily, all the while keeping a nervous eye on the human figure.

Neurotic hens turn their heads in unison as DANTE, a muscular maintenance man dressed in a beige uniform, casually holds a frantically flapping hen while reaching for one more.

4

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE FIELD. DAY

ISRAEL, the chief groundsman, a leathery skinned old man in the same beige uniform, moves amid the Christmas trees with a bright-eyed 7 year-old girl, his niece SELENA. The girl has pine needles in her hair and brandishes a large triangular ruler. The device assures that the angle of the sides of every fir tree is equal. Israel clips in accordance with the guide held by Selina.

SELENA

Why triangles?

ISRAEL

It's the Illuminatis, you know,
like on the one dollar bill...

SELENA

Oh yeah, I forgot.

SELENA smiles up sympathetically studying Israel's wizened face. Israel looks at his watch, his face clouds.

ISRAEL

We'd better get a move on, they'll
be arriving soon.

The pair cast an anxious glance to the entrance of the camp before continuing to clip.

5

EXT. CAMP'S GROUNDS. DAY.

As we pass round the camp we see it's high-end - constructed with the most expensive materials and meticulously clean.

The entire site has been built to resemble a Swiss Alpine resort, if it wasn't for the occasional maguey cactus and the dreary grey Mexican village in the distance, we could believe we were in the Alps.

The camp consists of a large dormitory building: 4 stone walled rooms filled with neat pine bunk beds, a communal dining hall with a large viewing deck looking out over a valley, dense with pine trees. There's a campfire area with a large circle of benches, an open air chapel with a large wooden cross, several zip lines, an assault course, a sizable labyrinth made of high clipped hedges, a muddy pool, a soccer field and a helicopter landing pad.

6 **INT. DORM. DAY**

Inside the pristine dormitory block we follow a mop through the room as it cleans the already sparkling floor. The feet of FIVE WOMEN hurry across the frame, we catch glimpses of them between the beds as they rush to make the finishing touches: wiping, polishing, spraying.

EL TECHNICIAN, a small but robust indigenous boy with sweet face and neat bowl haircut and wearing school uniform minus the cape sits on an upper bunk bed. He is engrossed in a book as the women bustle about in the foreground.

7 **INT. WATCH TOWER DAY**

Above the dormitory building is a watch tower, leaning out of the window is LOLO the guard, he finishes cleaning a SHOT GUN and casually fires a few rounds off at nothing in particular, testing the weapon.

8 **EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE FIELD. DAY**

We observe the group of women walking at a brisk pace in single file from the dorms and into the christmas tree field.

As the camera pans we see the black bus parking at the edge of the grounds.

9 **EXT. CARPARK. DAY**

The door of the bus opens, and an uncontrollable stampede of teenagers run down the hill towards the rooms, lugging suitcases and trampling seedling Christmas trees, as they surge towards the "best beds". Bringing up the rear of the pack is Jordi (with the diamond earring), the boy curses as he drags a huge shell suitcase.

DIEGO PEÑA, a pale looking boy with his arm in a cast strapped at a right angle to his body, a neck brace and a leg support, makes his way slowly helped by EDWIN, a clumsy young man with dental braces. Edwin drops Diego's suitcase and all his clothes fall to the ground.

DIEGO

Oh no...

EDWIN

Oooops, butter-fingers strikes again!

The adults move at a more sedate pace towards their rooms, making jokes and enjoying the fresh air of the countryside. Last of all comes Father Pelayo, a saggy old priest, riding a sad old donkey led by a gardener.

INT. DORM. DAY

The Technician is still engrossed in his book, he jumps out of his skin when kids burst into the bedroom and begin to fight over beds. He peers down wide eyed at the scene.

Amid the pushing and shoving 4 kids are looking back up at him with hard eyes, they are *The Popular Kids*: Jordi, JOSUE, MARIO and SANTI.

JORDI

(to Santi)

Well, how the fuck did this happen?
I told you to reserve my bed.

SANTI

(to Jordi)

Dude, it's not my fault, he was already there! Why'd you bring such a big bag anyway? You can't expect to get a good spot if you're lugging half a shopping mall...

Santi and Mario exchange glances and laugh a little. Jordi spins round fiercely and slaps Santi hard on the face,

JORDI

Then why the fuck didn't you help me, meat-head?

Santi hangs his head and looks at the floor. It seems he's used to this treatment.

JORDI (CONT'D)
 (a little nervously)
 That fucking Indio, how dare he
 invade our territory?

SANTI
 (punching one hand into
 the other with renewed
 enthusiasm)
 I'll beat the crap outta him!

JORDI
 (patting Santi on the head
 and talking to him like a
 dog)
 There-there! Cool-it doggie, we'll
 get it back tonight.

Santi starts to pant and bark, boys laugh and huddle together
 to make plans.

Professor Tanaka, the Mexican-Japanese camp councilor, enters
 the room smiling radiantly, he's followed closely by Edwin
 who still holds the injured Diego's arm.

Tanaka's presence creates a buzz of excitement amongst the
 youths who are obviously fond of him. He speaks in a loud
 entertainer's voice.

PROFESSOR TANAKA
 How're we doing soldiers? I don't
 want any fighting for beds! Not
 that you'll be getting much sleep
 in here!

EDWIN
 (bringing his face down to
 Diego's level)
 No sleep for you soldier! Heh-heh!
 Noo sir-reee!

Edwin spits as he talks. Diego moves backwards awkwardly
 without smiling.

PROFESSOR TANAKA
 (irritated, to Edwin)
 Edwin, the bags?

EDWIN
 Ok Kids, I've gotta make a little
 bag check now... You know the
 rules!

KID IN THE BACKGROUND (O.S.)
Hands off, creep!

A bell rings outside. Boys, already changed into their home clothes, leave the room. Edwin is searching El Technician's tattered bag, he pulls out a few books and school uniforms.

EDWIN
Uh-oh... Where are your home clothes? Didn't your parents get the list? And why all these books?! Get ready for a rough ride...

Edwin's words wash over The Technician, he surveys through a window the retreating figures of the *Popular Kids* with a frown. Joaquincito (The kid with the Pink Floyd T-shirt) lounges lazily on a bed nearby.

JOAQUINCITO
Bad luck dude, they seemed... I dunno... Pissed that you took that bed.

TECHNICIAN
It was the same in my last school, I'm used to it.

Silence.

JOAQUINCITO
This school is seriously fucked up, don't you think?

Silence

JOAQUINCITO (CONT'D)
What's your name?

TECHNICIAN
Eduardo.

JOAQUINCITO
I knew it! You're the scholarship boy! Eduardo Gómez, national maths champ! I'm Joaquín, I suck at maths, pleased to meet you...

Edwin, who has been nosing around in bags pops up suddenly behind them scaring the kids.

EDWIN
Umm... sorry... Joaquin? Did I check your bag?

JOAQUINCITO
Yeah man, of course.

Joaquincito winks at Technician.