

WATCHERS

By

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ANGLE-ON: EMMA, 30, HER BEAUTY HIDDEN BY PAIN AND ANGER. A SINGLE LONG, JAGGED SCAR IS SET ACROSS HER CHEEK.

Emma is looking down on something. There is a close-off BEEPING.

EMMA

I know what I promised. And I am sure you have heard the rumors that I was thinking to unplug this thing. You know I would never do it without your permission.

(painful beat)

So, I need some help, Wyatt. You need to tell me whether or not I should unplug this machine.

PULL AWAY, REVEALING-

INT. INFIRMARY, SHIP - DAY

Emma is kneeling at WYATT's, 35, bedside. Throughout the room are several other beds full of sleeping and comatose PATIENTS.

An EKG monitor beside Wyatt is BEEPING. Secondly, a respirator tube is fixed down his open mouth and throat. The machine running it beside him is loud, blasting a sort of WHOOSING sound.

EMMA

It isn't fair if you are in pain.  
We can't have that, can we?

She strokes his cheek, looking down at her wedding ring. The light catches the wedding ring and reflects back into Emma's eyes. She looks away.

EMMA (CONT'D)

No. No we can't. Hon, everything seems to happen for a reason, remember? Remember I told you? It is always as if someone is always watching. They are always watching us, Wyatt, ready to help. Willing to help us through this hell we are living-

That is when she almost sinks into an awful sob, then, holding herself back--

She bends down, kisses him on his forehead. A line of drool runs from his mouth. She wipes it up with a bib hanging over his neck.

JULIE (O.S.)

How is he?

Behind Emma is JULIE, 55. She is wearing all white, a nurse's uniform.

EMMA

Wyatt's still Wyatt.

JULIE

Ever think of shocking him with some watts?

A CHUCKLE from Julie.

EMMA

I don't appreciate that.

JULIE

Just a joke.

EMMA

If so, then you have a sick sense of humor. What do you need?

JULIE

I was concerned about you.

EMMA

You were concerned about me?

JULIE

You sound hostile.

EMMA

(sarcastic)

No, no, now why would I sound hostile?

An off-glance. Beat.

JULIE

Did you decide?

EMMA

Of course not.

JULIE

I just hope he isn't suffering.

Julie and Emma are staring at each other for a long beat. Rage is building in both of their eyes.

INT. BRIDGE, SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting at a desk, blue-lit against a wide set of windows looking out into sea is CAPTAIN TAFT, 35.

He is reading a newspaper, only flipping through it. He is frustrated, folding and flying through the pages furiously.

TAFT

Shit.

He throws the newsprint across the floor.

TAFT (CONT'D)

Week old.

He looks out through the large windows into the sea. The blue ocean against the blue sky is mesmerizing.

A door behind Taft SWINGS open. CARSON, 22, a shipmate enters. He is in a hurry, rushing through the door madly.

CARSON

Captain-!

Taft turns, meeting Carson's gaze.

TAFT

Not this early.

CARSON

Hurry.

Taft stands, following Carson quickly through an exit, out into-

INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Their FOOTSTEPS are loud and heavy, ECHOING through the thick metal walls around them. Carson leads Taft as they race around corners and through several vestibules before they enter-

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

-where Emma and Julie are on the floor, SCREAMING at one another. A look to the left--there is a loud, steady BEEP and a SIREN RINGING out from Wyatt's EKG monitor.

Carson stands back as Taft approaches-

EMMA

You can just tell me! Tell me the truth. What have you done? You were the one-

JULIE

You're crazy. You're crazy.

EMMA

You murdered him. You murdered him!

Taft pulls at Emma's hair, yanking her off Julie. Emma lands on the floor in a convulsing heap.

Julie's lip is bleeding.

JULIE

She cut my lip. She cut my lip and there has to be something done about it-

Carson's gaze is fixed on Wyatt's machine still ECHOING out a steady BEEP.

CARSON

Is he dead?

Emma looks up, tears drying across her cheeks. She stands, walks to the bed. She bends down to Wyatt, who is no longer breathing.

Emma is looking down at him for a beat. A second later she takes the machine in her grasp and THROWS it across the room. It SHATTERS into pieces against a wall.

TAFT

Emma, that is enough!

EMMA

What kind of life is that?

TAFT

That is for him to decide.

EMMA

You bastard. All he knew was his melted mind. He couldn't love me, wouldn't love me. Would not even stir when I came around to touch him. They say patients have some sort of reaction to people's stimuli, even when comatose. No.

TAFT

He was dead a long time ago.

EMMA

You see her over there?

(points to Julie)

This is her doing. Captain, she's evil.

JULIE

You belong in a nut house.

EMMA

If I find out you did it-

TAFT

What did she do?

EMMA

She cut it! She cut his chord.

Emma turns, pointing to the machine powering the respirator. We follow the black plug all the way to the wall, the chord has been sliced in half at the middle, just away from the outlet.

A beat. Emma is shaking, in a state of shock. She shakes her head. "NO."

TAFT

Emma, did you see her do this?

EMMA

No. But who else would do something-

TAFT

Then I don't want to hear another word. We will settle this when we dock in two days. The police will investigate. Until then-you two have the responsibility to keep every one of these patients alive. I have had enough.

Taft turns towards the exit, powering through it and disappearing.

Carson is speechless. A beat.

CARSON

You know, I'm just a trainee. Trying to become a captain someday.

(MORE)

CARSON (CONT'D)

Ladies, you need to make your peace on this boat before something bad happens and you both need each other.

EMMA

Get out of here.

Carson is amazed at her severe level of nastiness. He turns away, exits.

The two women stand in the middle of the room--motionless for a beat.

JULIE

I will help you burn him.

EMMA

I am not burning him.

Emma goes to exit, when-

JULIE

Why would you think I killed him?

Emma doesn't even turn back to respond-

EMMA

The files downstairs keep a good history on who we are dealing with here on board. I got curious.

(beat)

Your file speaks lots of dangerous truth.

Emma walks down the length of the long, narrow infirmary. She exits, the door behind her closing with a loud THUNK.

Julie is all nerves, panicking behind her face's fake, calm facade.

INT. BRIDGE, SHIP - LATER

Taft sits at an array of controls drawn across wide sets of cabinets. Carson is behind him, sitting watching a sonar monitor BEEP.

CARSON

Haven't you read that paper already?

The sonar-BEEP.

TAFT  
Just like reading a book twice.

CARSON  
Oh.

BEEP.

TAFT  
You don't read, Carson?

CARSON  
I do.

BEEP.

TAFT  
Care for some funnies?

CARSON  
No, thank you.

BEEP.

TAFT  
Carson you came on this ship to  
learn from me, did you not?

CARSON  
Yes sir, I did.

TAFT  
Then what are you doing?

CARSON  
Everything you are.

TAFT  
True. I am sitting in a chair. You  
are sitting in a chair. The secret  
to all this shit is to let the ship  
do its thing. The ship does the  
work, son, you just got to make  
sure she is doing it right.

CARSON  
Of course.

BEEP.

TAFT  
What made you want to become a  
pirate?



CARSON  
I don't want to be a pirate.

TAFT  
You know what the hell I meant.

BEEP.

CARSON  
I don't remember.

There is something behind Carson's eyes, something painful he has no justification in sharing.

TAFT  
Liars smells, kid. They smell like dying rot and scream when they stink. I smell you, son. Don't bull-shit a bull-shitter.

BEEP.

ANGLE ON: THE SONAR SCREEN, BLANK BUT SOMETHING IS ABOUT TO--

Carson is nervous. He doesn't want to share what is running through his mind.

CARSON  
My dad had a boat. When I was young. I remember we lived on the coast and we took it out-a big schooner. There was a night we went out and he had been drinking. He was a drinking fiend. A good man, just rough around the edges.

BEEP.

CARSON (CONT'D)  
We went a mile out. Maybe more. Could barely see the shore when we saw this storm cloud pass right over us. My father, the drunk-ass he always was, pointed us into the storm and we almost sank. He was thrown out of the boat, into the water when a wave crashed onto us with the intensity of a falling skyscraper. I never saw him again. I was eventually brought to shore by a freak current in the water. But I wasn't brought home.

(MORE)

CARSON (CONT'D)  
 There was this island off the coast  
 of where we lived. The storm  
 brought me to that island. Never  
 forget it.

BEEP. Carson is looking around the room, trying to shake the  
 story off him. He shivers.

CARSON (CONT'D)  
 My father floated out to sea, and  
 so will I.

TAFT  
 Until you find him, right?

CARSON  
 I don't know.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Carson looks down at the sonar screen. A single dot far-off.  
 Speeding and coming in close towards the ship.

CARSON (CONT'D)  
 Captain?

Taft stands, walks to the sonar monitor.

TAFT  
 What the hell is that?

CARSON  
 Which side? Starboard side?

TAFT  
 Yeah. Get the glasses. The  
 binoculars.

Carson reaches into a cabinet below him, takes out a set of  
 binoculars. Taft grabs them, walks to right side of the room  
 and peers out the large set of windows where he sees-

Carson's palms are sweaty, he wipes them on his pant legs.

CARSON  
 What do you see? Captain?

TAFT'S POV

Through the binoculars, a tiny boat is approaching. A motor  
 is attached to its back. There is someone inside, SCREAMING  
 and dripping in a dark liquid.

TAFT (O.S.)  
Holy shit.

BACK TO SCENE

CARSON  
What is it?

Taft hurries to a radio, picking up the receiver, holding it to his mouth as-

Carson walks to the windows, looking out into the sea where something small in the distance is approaching fast. Behind him-

TAFT (O.S.)  
(into radio receiver)  
Coast Guard this is a hospital ship  
transporting comatose patients from  
Los Angeles to Sydney, come in.  
Over.

A beat. Then-

ANGLE ON: THE RADIO SPEAKER WHERE A SET OF STEADY STATIC IS PRESENT. UNTIL-

COAST GUARD VOICE  
(through radio)  
This is Coast Guard to hospital  
ship, go ahead.

Taft's hand and voice is shaking as he says-

TAFT  
(into radio)  
We have a potential piracy  
situation, over.

COAST GUARD VOICE  
Can you go ahead and justify that,  
captain? Over.

TAFT  
We have a small boat approaching  
us. Holds a single person. A motor  
on the back is propelling it  
towards us quickly. Sonar is  
telling me it is closing in fast.  
Waiting instructions from you,  
over.

A beat.

Carson's eyes are wide. Terror is written across his face.

COAST GUARD VOICE  
You said your name was?

TAFT  
Taft. Captain Taft on hospital  
vessel-

COAST GUARD VOICE  
Are you a Navy vessel?

TAFT  
No. We are funded by the Navy but-  
(redirects his statement)  
We have a serious situation here!

Beat. The sonar is BEEPING loudly, more quickly as the small  
boat approaches. Now in the short distance.

COAST GUARD VOICE  
Most likely a fishing boat, there,  
captain.

TAFT  
No. No. This is not a fishing boat.  
Over.

COAST GUARD VOICE  
If you have a serious situation on  
your hands then contact us back,  
over.

TAFT  
No. They are not here to fish.

Taft hangs up the receiver. He goes to an intercom  
microphone, hits a switch and a quick SCREECH ECHOES  
throughout the ship.

Taft speaks into the mic.

TAFT (CONT'D)  
(into mic)  
Ladies, we have a potential piracy  
situation. A boat is approaching us  
from the starboard side. Be on  
alert. I will let you know over  
this intercom if we have any  
further details. Make sure patients  
have received extra medical dosages  
in the event that we are unable to  
supply them in the next several  
hours.

He turns away from the intercom mic and flicks the switch back into its original position.

CARSON

What do you need me to do, captain?

TAFT

We are unarmed. Except for hooks and poles. Get out the fishing rods from out of my office cabinet and bring them to me. At least we will be able to hit the son of a bitch if he tries to get at us.

CARSON

Yes sir.

Carson quickly wanders off-screen. Taft approaches the glass of the large windows where-

A WOMAN is sitting in the approaching boat, waving her hands towards the ship. She looks like she is CRYING maybe even SCREAMING hysterically.

Taft stands back from the windows.

TAFT

Yeah. Good luck. Only way you are getting on my ship is if you have a fucking ladder.

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Julie, in a mad rush and stumbling in her panicking-state is wheeling a cart carrying several doses of medication across the floor to the beds of the six patients around the room.

She slips in the liquid medication into their IV's one at a time.

INT. EMMA'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Emma is on the floor, tears wet and drying across her face. She looks up, hearing the HUMMING of a motor outside her cabin's port hole.

She stands, goes to the port hole and gazes out at a SCREAMING woman. She is guiding her motoring boat beside the ship.

EMMA

Dear God.



A beat.

TAFT  
She is outside and will stay there.

EMMA  
Stop touching me!

Taft stops, only meets Emma's gaze.

TAFT  
What?

EMMA  
I have worked with the dead and dying for most of my working life. There is an air about the ones who are about ready to crossover. Not just a smell but a sense of relief or sometimes an astounding fear. I have looked into the eyes of these men and women and now I am looking into the eyes of her. Out there. She needs help. Please, captain you have to help her.

TAFT  
She is not getting on my ship.

Emma turns, running off the bridge down into-

INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

-where she passes several vestibules before she encounters-

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Emma opens the door to a walk-in utility closet stock-piled with every emergency necessity you can imagine. Shelves and shelves of material.

Emma grabs for a long, thick swirl of tightly-packed rope. She carries it off a shelf and drags it out into-

INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

-where she passes the infirmary, personal cabins, and comes to a thick, metal door leading to an exterior deck.

She KICKS at the door, it flies open and in comes a SWOOSH of air.

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS

Carrying the rope, Emma hurries down the observation deck, towards-

Ahead and below is the SCREAMING woman in her boat, trying to keep up with the speed of the ship. Her SCREAMS and CALLS are audible.

WOMAN

My gas is running low! I can barely keep up, please! You need to know what is happening out there. Don't turn me away to die. I can't-

Emma looks over the rail, the woman and Emma's gazes meet.

EMMA

Hey! Grab the rope! I will pull you up.

Emma throws the rope over the rail, it cascades down towards the woman in her pathetic, rusted, motor boat.

The woman takes a firm grasp on the rope, Emma is STRUGGLING, pulling the woman towards the observation deck.

PANG! The door leading to the observation deck down from Emma opens ferociously.

Carson runs to Emma from the door-

CARSON

What are you doing?

EMMA

Carson, get your ass over here to help me. Now!

CARSON

What about the-

EMMA

Fuck him, now let's go! Go!

Carson takes several steps to Emma, pulling at the rope.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Almost there, hang tight!

The woman is half-way to the deck. She is hanging on desperately.



Emma and Carson are pulling on the rope with all their strength. They struggle and GASP before-

WHAM, the woman flops over the side of the ship and lands on the observation deck.

Emma and Carson back away as the woman tries to stand, stumbling.

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

WOMAN  
(weakly)  
Mo.

EMMA  
Mo, I'm Emma.

MO, 30, nods.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
We are going to take you to the infirmary. Can you walk yourself?

MO  
I need to speak with the captain.

EMMA  
He doesn't need to speak with you. Look, I am only trying to help-

MO  
No! He has to change his course. He has to listen to me.

CARSON  
Emma, I will take her to Taft. Stay put.

Emma nods.

CARSON (CONT'D)  
Can you walk, Mo?

MO  
I can do anything, just get me to the bridge.

CARSON  
We are getting you there, just follow me.

MO  
We don't have a lot of time before  
we get there.

EMMA  
Get where? What are we-

MO  
Christ just get me the hell  
upstairs!

CARSON  
Come on.

Carson leads Mo down the deck, to the door, they disappear a second later after entering the ship's interior.

Emma is uneasy. She turns to look down over the rail. The small motor boat is gone.

Emma looks out into the open sea beyond. It is now menacing and holds a certain uneasiness.

INT. BRIDGE, SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

Taft is holding the radio receiver in his hand, ready to speak into the device when Carson enters, Mo behind him.

CARSON  
Captain-

TAFT  
Who the hell is this?

CARSON  
Captain I want you to listen-

TAFT  
Who the hell did you bring onto my  
ship?

CARSON  
She needs you.

MO  
Sir, please listen to me-

TAFT  
I am beyond listening to anyone.  
This woman is a potential threat to  
not only myself and my crew but she  
is a threat to the patients we are  
transporting on board.

(MORE)

TAFT (CONT'D)

She is a direct violation of my orders and this will not end with satisfaction. On anyone's behalf.

Carson is incredibly nervous.

TAFT (CONT'D)

(to Carson)

Now, Carson, you need to tell me who brought her aboard this ship. Huh? Who?

Carson does not answer. A long beat.

TAFT (CONT'D)

Carson! I am going to give you three seconds before I throw you both into the holding compartments below deck.

CARSON

Emma brought her over the rail. She used a rope. I helped her.

TAFT

Astounding. What a disappointment. Bring her to me immediately.

CARSON

(hurt)

Yes sir-

Emma enters, furious.

EMMA

I heard it all.

CARSON

I'm so sorry-

TAFT

You. You piece of shit nurse.

EMMA

I'm sorry?

TAFT

God damn it, you heard me. You were in direct violation of captain's orders. We have no information on this woman whatsoever.

EMMA

Her name is Mo.

TAFT

So that makes it okay?

EMMA

It makes her a human being.

TAFT

Oh, so just because she is flesh  
and blood makes it okay to board my  
ship?

EMMA

This woman needs help-

TAFT

I don't give a shit. Take her to  
holding

EMMA

No!

MO

No! Captain, please. You must  
change your course.

TAFT

Excuse me?

MO

You are going west. We were too.

TAFT

Who is 'we?'

MO

I was apart of a science  
investigation to an uncharted  
island off the coast of Indonesia  
local pilots detected on radar.

TAFT

I don't understand.

MO

The United States government funded  
an operation to take an entire  
group of us to this island that  
randomly appeared on a plane's  
radar. We investigated and-

TAFT

I have heard enough. Carson, take  
this woman below.

(MORE)

TAFT (CONT'D)

She has obviously lost her mind while floating around the seven seas.

EMMA

You don't believe her? Look through your thick skull and into her eyes.

Carson stops, ready to grab Mo from behind.

EMMA (CONT'D)

The problem with these operations is the fact that people like myself have men on board. Men that are nothing but bullies that spit on the respect of everyone else because they have a prick!

TAFT

Get everyone off my bridge. All of you are out of line.

EMMA

Get her to the infirmary-

TAFT

(to Carson)

You know what to do.

CARSON

Yes sir, I do.

Carson turns to a cabinet behind him, withdraws a needle and small glass medical bottle full of a dark liquid. He stabs the needle into the bottle, sucking out the liquid inside.

EMMA

Captain what if she is right?

TAFT

About an island?

EMMA

Yes.

Carson flicks the needle.

TAFT

Then I would admit to being wrong.

EMMA

Right before we all perish at sea?

TAFT

No one on this boat is going to  
perish at sea.

EMMA

My husband already has.

Carson takes Emma from behind, injecting her with the needle,  
squeezing the liquid into her veins. She is SCREAMING.

MO

Just when I thought my hell was  
over.

TAFT

(to Mo)  
You are insane.

Emma goes limp, slowly sliding to the floor.

INT. INFIRMARY - EVENING

Amongst the six or so patients, Julie is standing at the  
bedside of one of the comatose WOMEN. The woman is drooling,  
spittle oozing from her lips and covering the V-neck of her T-  
shirt.

The room is dimly lit. Shadows are dancing around the  
corners.

Julie is sliding medicine into the IV of this female patient.  
Carson enters, walking the length of the infirmary to Julie.

JULIE

I heard a fuss.

CARSON

There is a woman on board.

JULIE

There were always women on board.

CARSON

A new one.

JULIE

Interesting. She is the one the  
captain was so concerned over, huh?

CARSON

Yes.

Julie wipes her hands on a towel that sits over her shoulder.

JULIE

Where is she now? What is her business here?

CARSON

She came to warn us.

JULIE

Warn us?

CARSON

Says there's an island out there. Recently discovered on radar charts from commercial airliners flying over the vicinity.

JULIE

Impossible.

CARSON

She said the government funded a trip for her and several others to investigate.

JULIE

What, is she some sort of curious one? Scientist, I mean.

CARSON

I think so.

A beat. Julie takes a step closer to Carson.

JULIE

Carson, may I ask a favor of you?

CARSON

Anything.

JULIE

Something no one else can know?

CARSON

I guess that all depends on what it is.

JULIE

Have you heard of the files downstairs?

CARSON

I have heard of them, sure.

JULIE

Because I want you to look at them.  
Go down whenever you get a chance  
and look up my name. Tell me what  
you find.

CARSON

I may not get to it today.

JULIE

No, no. But before we dock would be  
best. Okay?

Julie smiles.

CARSON

No problem.

JULIE

Thanks, hon.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The utility closet sits before us. A broom is shoved through  
the handle and against the wall, jamming Emma inside where  
she is BANGING for her release.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Mo is hunched over in the corner of the utility closet. A  
shadow is cast around her ankles by the single, swinging lamp  
hanging from the ceiling.

Emma continuously BANGS on the door.

EMMA

Open this door. Hello? You hear me?  
Open up this God damn door!

Mo sits up.

MO

It is no use, hon.

Emma stops, turns to Mo.

EMMA

What?

MO

You are only going to make yourself  
mad.



EMMA

Yeah, well, seems like you would know lots about that.

MO

Don't you dare. You have no idea. I came here with hope, and now I am stuck in a jail cell. Looks like hope gets us real far, huh?

EMMA

Why would you do something like that?

MO

What?

EMMA

Come to a ship in the middle of the ocean, on a boat like that, and expect someone to meet you at the rail with milk and cookies?

MO

Do you not see these clothes?

Her clothes are caked in a dry, red-

EMMA

Looks like oil.

MO

You are so wrong.

EMMA

Then what is it, Mo? Explain to me what the hell is caked all over your shirt.

Mo's gaze is dark. Dirty. Grim.

MO

This is blood.

INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER

Through and around the tiny, grim vestibules throughout the ship walks Carson. His walk is steady and full of purpose.

He passes a doorway, coming to a-

INT. LOWER STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

It is dark, lit dimly by a red overhead light. The light flickers. The area is grim.

Carson begins down the stairwell, coming to a thick steal door where he peers through a small window.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Emma is now on the floor, her legs twitching. Mo is still in her dark corner, the light from the hanging lamp barely reaching her.

EMMA

What happened to you?

MO

You mean 'what happened to everyone else?'

EMMA

That is not your blood?

MO

If it was my blood I would be long gone by now.

A dark gaze over the two of them. Beat.

MO (CONT'D)

A 747 on flight from Sydney, Australia to Los Angeles picked up something odd on radar two weeks ago. Something big. Half the size of Texas sitting smack-dab in the middle of the Pacific. A team of scientists were briefed on the situation, people thought it was a fleet of ships. They were wrong. Satellites picked it up as an island no one had ever seen.

EMMA

Is that possible?

MO

I was a part of the team of scientists that left from San Diego to go to this island, see if there was anything that we could use, 'we' being society.

EMMA

You did not find what you were looking for?

MO

We never expected what we encountered, and we are headed straight for this thing. I fled the island coming from the west, going east. That is when I ran into you. This boat is headed straight into the thing's heart.

EMMA

No.

MO

We will hit it soon I would imagine. It is like death waiting for you on a pile of rock. A big pile of rock.

EMMA

What can we do?

MO

The man in charge is useless. At best we can get rid of him.

EMMA

How could we do that?

Mo turns to a shelf on her left where a flare gun amongst a case of flares sits.

MO

It is Emma, right?

Emma nods.

MO (CONT'D)

Emma-do you have the strength to do something like that?

Emma is ready to cry. She is holding back a bucket of tears.

EMMA

I don't know. Do I?

MO

Do you? If you would let me, I would do it myself.

EMMA

Okay. But how do I know you aren't lying? How do I know there really is an island as bad as you say?

MO

It all sounds too much, doesn't it?

EMMA

It does.

MO

That is choice you have to be willing to make.

INT. FILES - CONTINUOUS

BLACKNESS

There is the NOISE of a DOOR CREAKING open and the soft THUMP of FOOTSTEPS before-

ZING! A series of lights brightens the room of filing cabinets. Carson is standing in the middle of the room, gazing at the incredible amount of paperwork.

CARSON

What the hell is so important? Are our lives that interesting?

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Emma grabs a sledge hammer off a top shelf of the utility closet. She hands it to Mo.

MO

No. I am doing the dirty work. The least you can do is open the door.

Emma takes a step towards the door, raises the sledge hammer over her head and takes a WHACK at the door. THUNK.

MO (CONT'D)

Again.

Emma SIGHS, raises the sledge hammer over her head and-

INT. FILES - CONTINUOUS

Carson is wandering through the cabinets, walking past the labels of letters stuck across the front faces of them.

He WHISPERS Julie's name under his breath as he walks, looking for the correct cabinet. The first name is the only one audible.

Carson stops, coming to a cabinet in the middle of the room, standing away from the other rows. It is painted a separate color as well. Yellow.

CARSON

Here we are.

ANGLE ON: THE TOP DRAWER OF THE CABINET, CARSON REACHING INSIDE, EXTRACTING-

INT. CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE UTILITY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

WHACK!--the utility closet door is SMASHED open, the wood broom SNAPPING in two. Emma nearly falls to the floor, the sledge hammer weighing her down.

Mo is behind her, flare gun in hand.

MO

I will follow you to the bridge.

EMMA

I have to take you?

MO

This isn't my ship.

INT. FILES - CONTINUOUS

Carson's hand is deep within a file reading 'JULIE LETTS.' He fishes around for a moment before he stops cold. He slowly raises his hand out of the file, revealing-

A .45 pistol, gleaming in the light of the room. Carson has a look of confusion across his face. Then, from behind-

JULIE

You found it.

CARSON

I did. I--what did I find, Julie?

JULIE

My old .45. You see, things are about to blow up around here, and I wanted to make sure you were prepared.

CARSON  
You are giving this to me?

JULIE  
Well-

Julie shrugs.

CARSON  
I don't understand.

JULIE  
After being around patients like I  
have for most of my career. A whole  
thirty years. You can smell death,  
almost taste it. It starts off real  
faint, the scent. It gets stronger  
as it approaches, your tongue even  
sometimes rattles and your mouth  
gets dry. Then before long someone  
kicks the can. Well I tell you, I  
have never smelled, nor tasted  
something so rotten in all my life.

Carson is looking down at the .45.

CARSON  
What about you?

JULIE  
Me? I'm old. I would be the first  
to go anyway. Go on.

Carson hands are shaking.

CARSON  
You are scaring me.

JULIE  
You are just a kid. Of course you  
are. At least you have something to  
protect yourself when the boogie  
man comes out of your closet at  
night.

Carson is still on a state of confusion, and somewhat terror.

INT. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Taft sitting at the controls, looking out into the open sea  
ahead. The sky is getting dark as the sun is beginning to set  
on the horizon.

Then-

WHAM!--the door to the bridge behind him BURSTS open, Mo jumping through.

Taft turns, jumping out of his chair as-

WHOOSH!--Mo shoots a flare, missing Taft as it flies out the front windshield with a SHATTER of glass.

Taft

Christ! What are you-

Taft has fallen on the floor, scrambling to get to Mo who aims a second time for Taft, she COCKS the weapon and aims when-

BAM!--the entire ship LURCHES forward, the windows throughout the bridge SHATTERING as-

EXT. BAY OF ROCKS - CONTINUOUS

The ship has gone head-first into a steep facade of rock jutting out from the ocean. The bow rises with the power of the hit.

Something large, ahead of the rock, awaits. A shadow of this unknown object falls over the ship as its metal MOANS.

INT. BRIDGE, SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is on the floor. The flare gun has been thrown across the bridge, away from the heap of struggling bodies.

Emma has been thrown just past the entrance doorway to the bridge. She is the first to stand, looking up at something just beyond the ship.

Mo's head is against the end of a cabinet corner. It is bleeding quite badly.

Taft is staggering to his feet, looking past the shattered windows towards-

An island, topped with mountains and thick jungle in the midst of a cemetery of jagged rocks rising from the dark ocean depths.

Taft

(towards the island ahead)

You weren't kidding.

MO

I told you to turn us around.

TAFT

It just couldn't be done.  
Impossible.

MO

Get us out of here, captain.

Taft's gaze falls back to Mo.

TAFT

You are kidding, right? You  
honestly think we will be swimming  
away from this? The fucking hull is  
taking on water-

He points to a monitor, flashing and BEEPING red.

MACHINE VOICE

(from monitor/repeating)

Hull damaged. Hull damage. Hull  
damage.

MO

If you don't do something to get us  
out of here people will be dead in  
minutes.

INT. INFIRMARY - MOMENTS LATER

The light is dim. Outside, through the windows we are able to  
see the sun is slipping below the horizon.

The IV bottles are swinging above the comatose patients from  
the jolt.

INT. FILES - CONTINUOUS

The room is filling slowly with water. A wall not far-off  
from where Carson and Julie are strewn across the floor is  
cracked, misting water across the floor.

Carson helps Julie to her feet, both struggling. He picks up  
the .45 which is now on the opposite side of the room.

CARSON

Get to the bridge.

JULIE

This must be it.



CARSON

Be what?

JULIE

Exactly what I was talking about. I have patients to feed. Get yourself to the bridge, don't you worry about me.

Carson does not hesitate to flee, his clothes become more wet each second as-

SPLIT-the crack turns much larger, water pouring through.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Taft is on top of Mo, PUNCHING her across her jaw with a CRACK.

TAFT

I hope that was your jaw cracking.

Mo only MOANS as she struggles to her side. Her jaw is completely disconnected for her skull. It hangs, swinging back and forth grotesquely.

EMMA

This woman was trying to save the rest of us on this boat.

TAFT

I had every probable cause not to believe her!

EMMA

Now look where we are.

TAFT

I will call the Coast Guard, tell them we have a problem.

EMMA

Please hurry.

Then, SOFTLY at first, then growing LOUDER. WHACK, THWACK, WHACK, THWACK-

A NOISE off-screen. Something slapping metal.

TAFT

What the hell is that?

EMMA

It is coming from outside.

TAFT

Look over the rail.

Mo is MOANING in pain and WEEPING in terror. A basket case of emotions as-

Emma walks slowly to a side, shattered window. She peers out and below down on-

EXT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

The dusk's light is dimmer than before, but letting off just enough for us to witness incredibly thin, dark bodies moving up the side metal facade of the ship towards the bridge. They are cascading up the facade on rope.

Small rafts are strewn around the sinking ship. The ship's metal and keel MOAN as these moving bodies YELL and CRY as they climb towards the bridge of the ship above. There is probably twenty of them total. Twenty creatures of the dark.

INT. BRIDGE, SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Emma is still peering over the side of the ship, completely fixated in terror.

TAFT

Emma, what do you see?

ANGLE ON: MO IS CRINGING AS SHE HEARS THE THUMPING OF THE CREATURES GETTING CLOSER. SHE WANTS TO SAY SOMETHING SO BADLY. HER SWINGING JAW DOES NOT ALLOW HER.

TAFT (CONT'D)

Emma-

EMMA

Someone get the fucking Coast Guard!

Just then a MAN, naked other than a cloth strapped and hanging around his pelvis-covering his genitals, falls over the rail and through the shattered window, hitting the floor with a THUMP.

Emma and the others stand back. They are frozen-completely in shock.

The thin man takes a step towards Emma, SNIFFING her curiously.

A dagger is held in one of his hands.

Emma wants to scream. Then-

The man's head quickly turns to Mo. He takes a step towards her, SNIFFING the air intensely.

A second MAN comes through the shattered window. A THIRD. All hold wooden daggers.

The first man, is now very close to Mo's face. He holds his knife to her cheek. He slides it over her skin, smooth and subtle.

Mo can only MOAN and SHRIEK as the first man takes her in his grasp by the air, pulling her towards the shattered window.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Taft do something--!

The second man is inching towards Emma.

Now SCREAMS and CRIES, intense and many in numbers are EXPLODING from over the side of the ship.

The first man is near the shattered window, Mo SCREAMING oddly.

Taft dives for the flare gun across the room, taking it in his grasp and aiming it at the first man-

ZING!--the flare WHIZZES from its chamber and EXPLODES into the first man, he ignites into a flame.

Mo is under the burning man, she SCRAMBLES away from the madness, towards the exit of the bridge as-

Emma is second to stumble towards the exit-

The other two men are LEAPING after Taft. They pounce onto him, their TEETH exposed as they SNARL.

The second man bends down towards Taft's neck, GROWLS, and then quickly leans in, teeth exposed as he digs into his neck-

INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

The lighting is minimal as Emma leads Mo past door after door, vestibule after vestibule before they come to the-

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

-where they pass through the entrance and greet Julie, who is standing over one the patients, loading in medicine into an IV.

Emma turns to Mo.

EMMA

You need to hide in a corner. In case they get a whiff of your shirt.

Mo is shaking her head.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Go.

JULIE

Excuse me? What is this? A fuss I hear? Or-

EMMA

Julie, Julie, the captain has been murdered.

JULIE

I don't understand. We are in a time of emergency-the ship is sinking and we have duties to be-

EMMA

The ship is what? The ship is sinking?

JULIE

Open your ears, Emma.

EMMA

You are not listening, the captain has been murdered! Christ, why can't you just-

JULIE

He has what? Murder? Who has murdered him?

The door to the infirmary CREAKS. Emma and Julie's attention dart to the door.

EMMA

You need to hide. Get into a corner and do not come out.

Emma leaps behind a patient's bed. Julie follows to a bed beside it.

Mo, across the room, hidden in the shadows of her own corner, watches as a THIN WOMAN enters. Her eyes are fixed on the patients lying in the beds around the room.

The BEEPING of the EKG monitors is the only sound present. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The woman inches closer. Closer, passing Mo in the corner, moving towards the beds of the patients, looking over them one by one.

Emma has her hand over her mouth, refusing to let out a sound.

Julie is looking towards the odd woman with intent curiosity.

Emma is shaking her head.

Mo's expression is a bore, but her appearance frightening-her jaw swinging from side to side as she moves, even slightly.

The woman moves past the first two patients-closer to Emma and Julie.

Closer.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The woman's FOOTSTEPS are becoming LOUDER with each passing inch.

INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Carson, gun in hand, is moving through the underbelly of the ship, headed for the SCREAMS ECHOING around him.

CARSON  
Captain! Captain!

He is moving fast, past the utility closet where he stops, gaping at the broken broom and open door.

CARSON (CONT'D)  
No.

EXT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

The twenty-or-so thin bodies are climbing aboard the ship quickly. They are like animals. Vicious and moving with purposeful power.

In the distance, the sun is gone. The moon moves around from behind a cloud.

INT. INFIRMARY, SHIP - NIGHT

The woman has moved past the last patient, and out an exit. It is a SIGH of relief from everyone in the room.

EMMA  
(to Julie)  
We need to get off the ship.

JULIE  
Do you have an idea?

EMMA  
The lifeboats. We take them to the island.

Mo is shaking her head.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Mo, why not? What if others come?  
They will find us-

JULIE  
And this ship is sinking.

The ship MOANS.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
It will be under in not too much longer.

EMMA  
What will we do with-

JULIE  
We have no other option. They will not make it to the hospital in Sydney. Ever.

EMMA  
How can that be right?

JULIE

As far as I am concerned, they were  
dead a long time ago.

There is MOVEMENT coming from a deck above them. SHRIEKS and  
THROATED CRIES and MOANS.

EMMA

There are more on board.

JULIE

What are they?

EMMA

Don't ask me. No one has a single  
clue.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Carson has his .45 raised. He has stopped just outside the  
door to the bridge. He peers around the corner, where ten,  
fifteen, twenty of those thin MEN and WOMEN stalk the deck.

Carson is shaking. He takes a step away, another, a third  
until-

He runs into something directly behind him.

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

JULIE

I will take you to the lifeboats.

EMMA

What about Carson?

JULIE

Carson's got a gun.

BAM!--a GUNSHOT rings throughout the ship. They all turn  
their heads towards the origin on the level above.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A thin MAN is on the floor beside Carson--a hole in his chest.  
A pool of blood is forming around the floor.

Carson takes a step over the body.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The MEN and WOMEN have turned their attention towards the bridge's entrance. They are curious, walking towards the doorway.

Their SNARLS and GROANS are getting LOUDER.

INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Carson is racing throughout the various corridors of the ship. He is continuously looking behind him cautiously.

From a doorway beside him as he passing it, a thin MAN leaps at Carson, diving after him. Carson is thrown to the ground, his pistol sliding across the floor as the man bears his teeth on Carson.

Carson is struggling to become free of the creature's grasp.

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Emma is grabbing at an inflatable life raft in a hard-shelled canister. Mo, her jaw still dangling in place, watches behind them, listening to the growing CHAOS within the boat.

Julie assists Emma in grabbing one of two ropes on either side of the canister.

JULIE  
Pull, Emma, pull.

They take one of the two ropes and pull once, nothing.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Again.

They pull a second time and WHOOSH--the raft is suddenly inflating in large PUFFS of AIR.

It is a large raft. They toss it over the rail of the ship, looking down in it from ten feet above.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Emma, jump.

EMMA  
I can barely see it.

JULIE  
Emma, get inside. We don't have a lot of time.



Mo steps forward, she jumps over the rail and into-

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

There is a SPLASH. Mo is WINCING in pain as she swims to the raft just a few feet away. She climbs inside and looks up at Emma and Julie above her.

Mo SCREAMS, waving her arms for them to follow her in jumping.

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS

JULIE

Excuse me.

Julie jumps over the rail. A second later-SPLASH.

Emma is hesitant. Her arms are shaking and she is looking back towards the interior of the ship. The SOUNDS of CHAOS are ERUPTING from within.

She takes a deep breath, and hurtles over the rail into the water below.

I/E. LIFE RAFT - CONTINUOUS

There is a small canopy over most of the raft. Mo is lying inside, HUFFING and PUFFING away the intense pain in her jaw.

Julie slumps over the side of the raft, soaked. She FLOPS into place under the canopy as Emma enters seconds later.

Emma is shivering uncontrollably.

EMMA

We left Carson. We left Carson!

JULIE

Carson has a gun.

Several GUN SHOTS ring out above them a second later.

EMMA

What is the next step? What do we do?

JULIE

We go to shore. We find shelter there.

Mo is shaking her head.

EMMA

Mo? Give me something, we can't understand.

JULIE

She doesn't want us on that island.

EMMA

Where else would we go?

Julie is searching the life raft, there are pockets all around the sides of the plastic interior. She extracts two wooden paddles.

JULIE

(handing one to Emma)

Take it. We are going to shore.

Emma is hesitant. She glances over at Mo, who is terrified. Her lower face is almost completely swelled. The bruising is incredible.

EMMA

If we go to shore, I am not dying there.

A grim look from Julie.

JULIE

Help me row.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING - WIDE

The waves are gently LAPPING a white sand. The beach is littered in vines, thicket, and various palm trees.

Down the beach, where a misty fog has settled, is the life raft. A small red light is blinking off the top of the raft through the fog.

Beyond the life raft, and the gentle CRASHING surf, is a steep hillside, its top hidden by cloud cover.

There is movement within the life raft.

ON EMMA

She is emerging from the life raft, her hair in tangled knots, the skin of her face bruised and battered. She is looking around the beach. The SOFT SOUND of the SURF is peaceful.

She takes a step out into the-

EXT. BEACH - MORNING - WIDE

She is stumbling through the sand. She is not familiar with such territory. The sun above her is blinding her as the cloud cover moves from the steep-

ON THE MOUNTAIN

-mountain that sits over the beach. It is made up of jagged, black rock that climbs into the sky and ends in a peak that sits above the entire area like a god.

ON EMMA

She is in a state of confusion and haze. She turns, looks out to sea where-

OUT TO SEA

-only the jagged rocks, a mile-or-so out are visible. There is not a ship in sight.

JULIE (O.S.)  
(high whisper)  
Emma? Emma?!

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Julie has stumbled out of the life raft. She is making her way towards Emma down the beach.

EMMA  
Julie! Jesus Christ, where-

JULIE  
You need to keep your voice down.  
They are here.

Emma's gaze turns sour. She remembers them.

EMMA  
Should we hide in the raft?

JULIE  
Until we think it is safe.

Emma moves down the beach, back towards the raft. The tide is now pulling in and BATTERS the raft VIOLENTLY.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Help me move it up the beach.

Emma and Julie STRUGGLE in moving the large raft away from the crashing surf. They fall into the sand.

EMMA

Is Mo okay?

JULIE

She keeps going in and out of consciousness.

EMMA

We really need to find her something to eat. I am sure her body is begging for something.

JULIE

She puked this morning. Early this morning.

Emma makes her slow crawl back into the-

INT. LIFE RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Emma looks into a corner where Mo is sleeping--her entire face is now swelling and bruised.

Emma looks down on Mo for a long time.

Julie enters behind Emma, digging into the various pockets around the raft. She takes out a stack of crackers, jug of water, and various cans of fruit.

JULIE

Perishables. Make them last.

Julie tosses Emma a can of peaches. Emma opens it through the top and holds it to her mouth. Then-

JULIE (CONT'D)

You know what I was wondering? How in God's name is she going to chew? Think of that?

Emma stops. She hadn't thought of that.

SOMETHING is MOVING outside. The thicket and brush suddenly sway VIOLENTLY.

They turn to the raft's opening, looking out towards the jungle just beyond the beach.

The sudden CRASH of surf is LOUD. Emma sticks her head outside the canopy of the raft, looking towards the waves where-

JULIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Emma, get inside. Get inside, right  
now-

Something big has washed up on the beach. The surf is POUNDING at it.

EMMA  
There is something out there.

Emma takes a step outside.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Julie watches from inside the raft's canopy as Emma takes steps towards the CRASHING TIDE and the strange object lying in the sand as the foot of the waves.

Emma is curious, she is expecting something dangerous and is tense.

Her steps are shaky and uneasy. Finally she comes to-

She is looking down on the back of a human corpse. Emma doesn't vomit, she doesn't move, only stares down on the corpse.

Emma grabs at the body, the surf almost knocking her over as the face is revealed-

ON EMMA

Horror. Utter disgust as she is looking down at the face of the corpse. She SCREAMS, holding her hands to her lips in agony.

Far-off, Julie's VOICE is desperate-

JULIE (O.S.)  
Emma, you need to be quiet! Emma-

Emma is being nothing but quiet. She continues to WEEP.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS - WIDE

Julie is running from the life raft, grabbing Emma from the CRASHING surf. At first Emma resists until-

SOMETHING MOVES in the jungle behind them. They freeze, turning towards the moving foliage ahead.

CLOSE ON JULIE AND EMMA

They are BREATHING HARD. Looking towards the jungle ahead something is watching them.

JULIE  
(whispering)  
We are going to walk back to the raft.

EMMA  
I can't do that.

JULIE  
You can. You can.

The MOVEMENT intensifies. The two women are shaking.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Emma-lets go. Now.

They take the first few steps towards the life raft.

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

There is something watching through the lush thicket and foliage at the women as they make it back towards their life raft.

There is the SOUND of something burning. The CRACKLING of a fire just a tad far-off.

A MAN, his skin rotting and grotesque, steps into frame, looking out towards the beach--

Julie and Emma enter their life raft. They are hidden by the canopy.

The man steps forward, out of the jungle onto the--

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS - WIDE

The CRASHING surf is now not the only the noise. The WIND is blowing intensely, maybe a storm is approaching. The man is walking across THICKET and LEAVES as he makes his way across the beach. CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH.

The man is looking out towards the life raft, curious. He takes a step forward. Then a step back.

There is a TICKING sound behind him. He turns, a second MAN, skin also rotting, is making odd SOUNDS with his mouth. TICK.

The first man retreats back into the jungle.

INT. LIFE RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Julie and Emma are practically holding their breath. The only sound is of Mo's HEAVY SLEEP BREATHING. Not quite a snore.

OUR SCREEN GOES BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

THE SOFT SOUNDS OF THE CRASHING SURF. THE CRUNCHING OF LEAVES--  
SOMEONE OR SOMETHING IS WALKING CLOSE BY--

EXT. JUNGLE - DAWN

Julie is stumbling through the thicket. Leaves are slapping her across the face, she is carefully looking around her, then stopping, looking up at the tall facade of a palm tree.

Something catches her eyes to her left. She does not become afraid. Julie is strong, almost to the point of it being bizarre.

She turns, where she notices a steep cliff face—a wall of rock leading into the sky and over the jungle canopy.

She goes to the cliff face, looking up, rubbing her hands on the jagged rocks.

Something moves behind her. She turns to nothing. She stares back at the cliff face until—

Something LOUD and moving quickly has obviously stopped behind her. Out of focus, maybe just a shadow, this something is perched behind her.

JULIE

You are not going to hurt me.

She has her eye on a stick poking up from out of the ground—a remnant of a fallen tree. The tip of the stick is sharper than a knife. Pointed.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Why don't you come a little closer?  
Let me get your scent.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 Maybe you smell like death? Maybe  
 you smell like-

It happens so fast--

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) JULIE GRABS AT THE STICK, IT POPS OUT OF THE GROUND.

B) SHE TURNS, STICK IN HAND. TOWARDS-

C) SHE IS TAKING THE STICK, STABBING AT SOMETHING AS IT  
**SCREAMS.**

D) AFTER A LONG MOMENT OF STABBING, BLOOD FLYING, JULIE STEPS  
 BACK AND--

BACK TO SCENE

Julie is standing over the bloody corpse of a wild boar. She  
 loves it. She takes the blood littered across the ground and  
 puts it to her lips.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 Death. How about it? Smells a lot  
 like copper.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING - WIDE

The life raft is the only sign of human life. Slowly moving,  
 from out of the jungle, Julie appears. She is dragging the  
 boar behind her, leaving a thick trail of blood.

She meets Emma, who has stumbled out of the raft and is now  
 sitting in the sand.

EMMA  
 What is it?

JULIE  
 Boar.

EMMA  
 You killed a boar?

JULIE  
 I hunted with my father when I was  
 young.

EMMA  
 How young? Must not have been that  
 young to remember.

(MORE)



EMMA (CONT'D)

I was playing dress up and worrying about being as pretty as Monroe but you were hunting, were you?

JULIE

Judge or be judged, I guess.

EMMA

Don't feel guilty. We are surviving, aren't we?

JULIE

We have been here two days. That does not count as surviving. Not yet.

A beat. Julie lets go of the boar, it PLOPS into the sand. There is a trickle of blood that is moving towards Emma in the sand.

EMMA

Please get it away.

JULIE

We are eating it. Help me skin it, would you?

EMMA

No.

JULIE

You know, if we are going to survive, we may have to set aside the worries about our hair and nails.

EMMA

Please. After being shit, pissed, and vomited on for the past ten years you think I am worried about getting dirty?

JULIE

Then what are you worried about?

Emma stands, walks back into the life raft, disappearing. Julie takes her stick and drives it deep into the boar's gut.

INT. LIFE RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Mo is lying uncomfortable in the corner where she has been for two days. Emma is sitting next to her.

EMMA  
They should come for us.

Mo can say nothing. There is a THUMP somewhere off-screen.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
You feel that? A trimmer.

THUMP. Emma stumbles outside-

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Julie is frozen over the gory boar. THUMP.

EMMA  
Do you feel that?

JULIE  
Earthquake maybe?

EMMA  
No. Not quite.

JULIE  
Almost like something is under our  
feet.

THUMP.

EMMA  
What the hell is that?

It gets more intense, more steady. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Emma and Julie are standing, frozen, feeling the ground shake underneath them.

It stops. Silence.

Emma staggers towards the jungle.

JULIE  
Emma, what are doing?

EMMA  
Maybe it was something in the  
woods.

JULIE  
Better be watching your step.

Emma nearly topples into the sand while stumbling over a tall sand bar. She moves in towards the entrance to the jungle.

She stops in front of the first thick pieces of foliage. She gazes into the underbelly of the tree tops and jungle canopy ahead.

She takes a single step into the-

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

-where there is a sudden ZING and she is strung up into a rope trap.

She is hanging in a sack of rope, upsidedown, SCREAMING.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Julie's attention turns to the jungle-she takes a step forward, a second, and is now running as-

Mo peeps her head out from the raft.

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Something in the thicket is MOVING around Emma-who is BREATHING HARD, trying to keep it together.

She watches as Julie is running towards her in the short distance.

EMMA

No! Julie, stop.

She watches as Julie freezes. She has her stick in hand, bloodied from the boar.

SNAP--the rope dangling Emma is broken and something pulls it across the jungle floor, Emma still trapped inside.

Emma is SCREAMING. She is looking up at her capture, who is--

Julie is HUFFING it into the jungle, her stick drawn. However, Emma is way ahead, she is maybe near fifty yards in front of Julie, and still being pulled by an unseen kidnapper.

ON EMMA

Her eyes are closed as her face is slapped with brush all around her. There are cuts across her cheeks here and there.

Something shining catches her eye. It is like a golden color-

But there is not enough time to process what it is, Emma is taken into--

DARKNESS

Only the SOUND of Emma's heavy breathing.

Maybe a ray of light here or there, but it is incredibly hard to see.

Emma SCREAMS for only a second before it is CUT OFF by something, maybe someone's hand-?

Then--a match is LIT, a subtle WHOOSH and the area is dimly lit. We are within a-

INT. CAVE - DAY

Dim lighting from a crack in the cave above. The walls are black but there is a lantern somewhere just beyond Emma-

ON EMMA

She is in shock. Her face is home to terror. And--

Something is moving.

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS - WIDE

The cave is huge. There is a tunnel beyond the small cylinder-shaped room where Emma rests.

Something within the tunnel beyond the cave is making NOISE. Like a RUSTLING.

Emma is moving, struggling, she is having trouble due to-

ANGLE ON: THERE IS A CHAIN ATTACHED TO THE CAVE WALL. THE CHAIN TRICKLES ON DOWN THE WALL AND RESTS AROUND EMMA'S RIGHT ANKLE.

Emma is taking a long time to process her surroundings. A beat.

Something moves out of the tunnel, and into the cave, moving towards Emma. She fidgets, getting a good look into his face. We can not see him very well, only his overall figure as he bends down in front of Emma.

Emma is suddenly calmer. She is BREATHING and closes her eyes as-

The MAN, bending over her, is wearing a suit, shredded and threadbare. He is NEVILLE, 52, aged awfully, his hair salt and pepper. He has an awful past, one that reflects into his powerful eyes.

NEVILLE

Call me Neville.

His voice is soft. A surprise. Emma's ears perk. She sits a little straighter.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)

I know, I speak English. What a surprise it must be for you.

EMMA

Is Neville your real name?

NEVILLE

I used to lie about it, when I worked. But not anymore.

EMMA

You worked. For-

NEVILLE

You thought they had you. I am sorry I had to tie you up. You scare too easy. Running away is not an option.

EMMA

Not out there.

NEVILLE

Little bastards with the rotting skin running around.

EMMA

Them. Yeah. I met them.

NEVILLE

You come with friends?

EMMA

On the beach.

NEVILLE

I saw a tent out there. At the foot of the surf.

EMMA

Life raft. Our ship ran aground on the rocks.

Emma is shivering. She is so confused, so misguided. It is pitiful to watch.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(stuttering)

You have not asked my name.

NEVILLE

Don't hesitate.

EMMA

Emma.

A beat. Emma is nervous. That has made her very uncomfortable.

NEVILLE

What is it?

EMMA

Imagine being dropped into unknown territory, a place the world never knew existed, even. Imagine how you would react. How would you feel? What would you feel?

NEVILLE

The world knows about this place. It is very real. It is just only a very selected few were ever supposed to know.

EMMA

I don't think I understand. At all.

NEVILLE

In time you will understand. Right now it would be far too much to take in.

EMMA

I want to know.

NEVILLE

Everyone does, but then their ship runs aground and everyone on board is consumed by the beasts that inhabit this place. The end.

EMMA

No. No, you inhabit this place.

NEVILLE

Tomorrow.

EMMA

No. No, I deserve to know. Explain it to me.

NEVILLE

Tomorrow.

EMMA

It is still daylight out.

NEVILLE

You will find sleep soon enough. You don't have to worry about a hungry beast sneaking into your little life raft tonight. You will sleep once you acknowledge that. Trust me.

EMMA

I hate you.

NEVILLE

You are going to wish you never said that.

EMMA

When people do not give me what I want, when I want it-

NEVILLE

Aren't you turning out to be a snobby little wanker.

EMMA

Like I said-I hate you.

Neville is walking off-screen, back towards the tunnel ahead. He is soon consumed by the shadows.

EMMA (CONT'D)

And unlock this chain!

NEVILLE (O.S.)

Go the fuck to sleep.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The beach is deserted. The CRASHING surf is calm and tranquil.

INT. LIFE RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Julie is spread out across the center. Mo is in her corner. A beat.

Julie crawls to the opening beyond the canopy cover, looking out, down the beach. She retreats back into the life raft a moment later.

She is digging through the cracks and compartments on the sides of the life raft. She discards books, first aide kits, etc. She stops when she comes to a flare gun.

Julie holds the flare gun above her, looking into its chamber. It is loaded.

She turns to Mo.

JULIE  
Mo, listen to me.

Mo can barely keep her eyes open--they are practically swelled shut, her entire face one large swelled mess.

Mo is WHEEZING.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Is it hard to breath?

Mo nods. Tears are welding in her eyes.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Listen to me, I'm going out. Be back soon enough.

Mo is shaking her head. Vigorously.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
I will be fine. You need to sleep. Sleep, and then when you wake up it will all be over.

A sudden intense glare by Mo. She will not die without fighting. Julie seems to understand.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
You fought, hon. You fought better than any of us.

With that, Julie turns, exits the life raft and makes it out, onto the-



EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS - WIDE

The sun is highest in the sky. The sun's rays are intense as we dolly after Julie towards the jungle. Her flare gun is in one hand, her other is in a balled fist.

She comes to the edge of the jungle. Stops. She BREATHES. Looks back at the life raft and then moves forward into the-

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

The sound of birds is forbidden. The CREAKING of a far-off dart frog is not to be perceived. Nothing. Only the sound of the somewhat still WIND and the now far-off CRASHING SURF.

Shadows dance around the jungle floor with the sway of the trees.

Julie is walking slowly through the thicket. She picks up her pace, on and on and on, through the foliage towards-

The cliff face. She is looking up the solid, rock facade towards the scarce sunlight. The light's rays peak through for a quick beat through the thicket and then retreat back into the leaves.

Julie goes to touch the rock facade, getting a good foot and hand grasp into the sturdy material. Something catches her eye, just down the way is a pick axe.

She hops down from the cliff face. She wanders a few paces to her right where the pick axe rests over-

ANGLE ON: VEINS OF GOLDS SWIMMING THROUGH THE JAGGED ROCK. IT IS BEING PICKED AT BY SOMEONE OR SOMETHING.

ON JULIE

She is taken aback. Floored at what she is seeing, she takes a step back, away from the rock wall.

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Something moves in the forest behind Julie. She turns--Julie is determined to find the origin of the RUSTLE. She looks up and down several trees before she comes to-

A small security camera, blinking with a red light, is sitting up within the tree canopy. A wire trickles on down from the camera, down the tree trunk, disappearing into the forest floor.

The camera is ZOOMING in on Julie, she is watching it with a mixture of confusion and shock.

She looks up, over the cliff face, something is coming down.

PLOP!--a rope is thrown to the ground beside Julie, she looks up the rope. Something is coming down it. Something grey. Something big. Something rotten.

Julie darts through the foliage, several paces away from the wall of rock. She watches from behind a tree as a ROTTEN MAN moves through the thicket, smelling the air in WHIFFS. The man is moving away from Julie, but then SNIFFS the air a second or third time and turns directly towards her. She SHIVERS. The grasp on her flare gun tightens.

Julie moves her body away from the tree, she is beginning to raise her weapon when something CREAKS underneath her.

The rotten man is moving towards Julie now, certain there is something there.

Julie bends down to the jungle floor, brushing away leaves and thicket as quickly as she can.

It is paces behind, the rotten thing moving towards her faster now, certain, even positive--

WHAM, CREAK, POW!--a door in the forest floor opens. The sunlight reaches down just enough to expose a ladder. Julie takes to the ladder, shutting the door behind her before disappearing into the darkness of the tunnel beneath the jungle.

The rotten man is left bitterly confused.

INT. TUNNEL #1 - CONTINUOUS

BLACKNESS. Then-

POP, POW, WHACK!--a motion-activated switch board lights up the entire tunnel in a flash. Hundreds, maybe even thousands of fluorescence are over Julie's head. She squints, looking beyond her, into the distance, where the tunnel bends ahead.

Julie is moving forward, towards the bend in the tunnel. The area is built in thick concrete slabs. She looks out of place in her hanging, wet, threadbare clothes in what seems to be a complex tunnel system fortress.

She rounds the bend in the tunnel, coming to a massive metal vault door, a large spindle knob attached.

Julie is confused. What the hell is this doing under an island?

She moves towards the vault door, pressing her face against the metal. She listens for anything on the other side. Nothing.

There are faint FOOTSTEPS moving quickly across the concrete flooring around the bend. Julie turns, there is nowhere to hide. She is looking all around her for sanction. Nothing. She grips her flare gun tighter.

She holds her gun in front of her just as--

Two MEN IN SUITS round the corner. They freeze. Julie lowers her gun slowly--in shock.

JULIE

I'm sorry.

The first man, with his hair slicked back real nice and trim. This is GREG, 30.

GREG

You're sorry? No, no-  
(turns to ADAM, beside  
him)  
Who is this?

JULIE

My name is--

GREG

No, no--quiet sweetie-pie.

Julie is enraged.

ADAM

Crew picked up a couple grounders.

GREG

Running aground. What else?

ADAM

Their ship sank off the coast.  
Survivors floated ashore.

GREG

I guess the others didn't get them.  
Guess they have been slacking at  
their jobs, lately.

ADAM

I will have to check that out.

Greg turns, looks hard at Julie.

GREG

You can not be here. You understand?

JULIE

No. No, I don't. Who are-

GREG

Drop the gun, and everything will be okay. Understand? It is real simple. Simple enough for anyone.

JULIE

I am not dropping anything.

GREG

Then that makes it more simple for us.

It happens in a flash--Adam grabs a pistol under his coat, SHOOTS Julie in the leg, she falls to the floor, SCREAMING. The flare gun dribbles across the concrete.

Julie is in agony.

JULIE

What did you--?

GREG

Help me get her inside. She is one that doesn't know how to take direction. We can fix that.

ADAM

You got it.

They take her under the arms and drag her to the large metal vault door. The two men look up at a camera above the door frame. BUZZ--the door swings opens and all three disappear within the dark confines of--

The door swings back, and the florescences die out with a ZAP. We are left in

BLACKNESS

A ring of light comes slowly into focus. After that--a lantern. We then understand we are within--

INT. CAVE - DAWN

Emma is asleep against a rock. She wakes slowly to the presence of--

Neville is standing beside her, unlocking the chain around her ankle. She looks up, into his gaze. A beat.

NEVILLE

(stands)

I haven't eaten breakfast in three years. You?

Emma doesn't answer, she breaks down into SOBS. She covers her mouth with a hand, but she cannot stop it--she SCREAMS. Neville only watches for a long beat.

EMMA

(stuttering, through the SOBS)

What am I doing? There were people waiting for me. Waiting for me. I am not supposed to be here.

NEVILLE

Neither was I.

EMMA

(through her tears)

Tell me who you are.

NEVILLE

Who am I?

Emma stands, she is right in Neville's face.

EMMA

Who are you?

She WHACKS him across the face--a hard blow. He stumbles, falls to the ground.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I want answers! What brought me here? Why am I-

NEVILLE

(holding his bleeding lip)

The storm crushed them. Their boat didn't survive.

EMMA

Who?

NEVILLE

The researches who found this place on radar and were sent to investigate. No one was supposed to ever know about this island.

Emma stands back as Neville goes to stand.

EMMA

Yeah.

NEVILLE

You have no idea.

(beat)

They came into this place with all their shit and loaded up the forest with bullets when those things attacked. They were conceived to keep people away from here. They didn't seem to understand that. They wanted to keep going through the forest. To figure it all out. I guess how this place got here, who or what lived on it--I don't know. Things got hairy. Peopled ended up dying. One of them fled. A woman. On some piece of shit lifeboat out into the open ocean. Had a motor on it and out she went. That's when the island found you. I was long gone, away from the operation when you got here-

EMMA

What operation? You were with the scientists?

NEVILLE

No.

EMMA

You were here before them?

NEVILLE

I was.

EMMA

What were you doing here?

NEVILLE

That is what is so hard for you to understand.

EMMA

I need to know. I need to know or else I will die trying to understand what kind of hell this place festers.

NEVILLE

Everyone has died.

EMMA

What?

NEVILLE

Everyone has died at the mercy of this place. Your great grandmother. Their parents, your neighbor's ancestors, God damn Columbus—they are all dead because of this island. Everyone who ever lived. What is here is very dangerous for someone from the outside to try and understand.

Emma is beyond confusion or awe. She is completely dumb-founded.

EMMA

I don't seem to understand.

NEVILLE

The people working here determine who lives and dies. Everywhere. I worked with them. The crew that calls this place home. They are more than human.

EMMA

You worked with them?

NEVILLE

I did.

EMMA

So what does that make you?

NEVILLE

I am not human.

EMMA

I beg your pardon?

NEVILLE

I am not human.

Emma is in a state of panic, shock, and confusion. She can barely speak.

EMMA

Then what are you?

NEVILLE

I used to be human.

EMMA

Used to be.

NEVILLE

I didn't belong with them, so they said. I violated my contract. I did not do my job, I tried letting the world know the truth.

(beat)

So they killed me.

A long beat. Neville turns away from the light as Emma stands looking back at him.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)

And I never left. Some choose never to leave. Some just can't let go.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS - WIDE

Crashing SURF. There are still no seagulls. The cliffs in the jungle ahead and the mountaintops are hidden by fog and cloud cover.

The life raft is still sitting in the sand. We are moving in on the raft as an intense storm is brewing in the ocean beyond.

We are moving towards the entrance to the life raft and-

INT. LIFE RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Mo is in her corner. STRUGGLING and GASPING for air. Her face is too swollen to allow her to breathe. Her legs and arms are thrashing for a long moment before she becomes still. Her eyes roll back into her head and she falls forward, limp.

A RUMBLE of THUNDER in the distance.



INT. BUNKER, INTERROGATION - DAY

We are looking straight into a bright light. Blinding. We  
PULL AWAY revealing--

Julie is tied to a chair, blood is tricking down her body and  
on to the floor. She is MOANING and GROANING in agony.

Greg and Adam are standing across from her in the room of  
concrete slabs.

GREG  
(to Adam)  
That is enough, we are good here.

Adam turns and exits through a metal door behind Julie. The  
door BANGS back into place and suddenly Greg is staring down  
on Julie.

GREG (CONT'D)  
What is your name?

JULIE  
I am Julie.

GREG  
Julie. Knowing my name would be  
pointless.

JULIE  
Why is that?

GREG  
What is your profession, Julie?

JULIE  
I am a nurse.

GREG  
And?

JULIE  
And I specialize in-

GREG  
Taking care of comatose patients.  
Right.

Julie is confused.

JULIE  
How would you know that?

GREG

I know a lot. I know the truth behind lots of things. Roswell, the Kennedy assassination, Watergate, I watched it all unfold right in front of a screen. I also know a thing or two about dying.

JULIE

Are you going to kill me?

GREG

Yes. And those things would have killed everyone on board your boat but you and your friends had to be difficult.

JULIE

The will to survive is being difficult?

GREG

People seem to forget their place in the world sometimes. My job is to remind them of that, sooner or later, they will die. It is all part of the plan. The plan of the island, the plan of the people who have kept it a secret since the beginning of time itself.

JULIE

What are you?

GREG

Me? You won't live long enough to find out. But when you die, and another crew takes over, they will make sure you understand the details. But that is not our job. Our job is to take your life, not make you understand it. Because what if you got away?

Julie is on the verge of crying. She wants to hold on to her strength but is slowly letting go.

GREG (CONT'D)

I really do not want to seem like that bad guy. Because I am not.

(beat)

No, you see, I am life. And in some ways, I am death, too.

A beat.

JULIE

When are you going to kill me?

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Emma is terrified, she is running away from the cylinder space in the cave. She is holding the lantern in front of her as she enters-

INT. ROCKY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

-a tunnel carved from the rock around it. She struggles with her stance, almost slipping from the water that is dripping off the tunnel's ceiling.

She stops, coming face to face with a metal vault door. She is gazing at her reflection in the metal.

Far off-

NEVILLE (O.S.)

Emma! Emma, you can not run from this.

Emma is scrambling, looking around the area for sanction. Her eyes pass over a camera above the vault door.

She takes the butt end of the lantern, SMASHES it against the vault door, there is a BANG, BANG, BANG, she CONTINUES.

ON THE CAMERA ABOVE THE DOOR

It is watching her, a red light coming on suddenly.

There is a WHOOSH of air and the vault door is slowly opening from the inside.

NEVILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Emma, no! Stop! You shouldn't do this.

Emma watches as the door opens, her hair being blown around her as-

The door opens to a pool of lights. Four MEN dressed in what looks like clothes a soldier would wear in a modern battle. They are armed with RIFLES and are wearing modern gas mask apparatuses.

The men's VOICES come through the air masks or filters MUFFLED. Their rifles are aimed at Emma.

SOLDIER  
(through the mask)  
Drop the lantern.

EMMA  
Who are you people?!

Emma is in shock and desperate. She is terrified as-

Neville breaks through the darkness behind Emma. His body is no longer human but somewhat transparent.

NEVILLE  
Emma, you shouldn't have.

Emma's knees are violently shaking. She is ready to faint. Her face is deathly pale.

EMMA  
Who are you?! Who are you?!

SOLDIER  
Ma'am, stand back. Drop the lantern and step away. Step away!

NEVILLE  
They did this to me! They did this to me! I used to be normal! I used to be.

Emma is frozen in place. She takes a DEEP BREATH and drops the lantern. It falls to the ground with a CLACK.

Behind the soldiers, there seems to be a massive room of TELECOMMUNICATION. We get an out-of-focus-glimpse at MEN and WOMEN behind desks, staring into computer monitors. As--

The soldiers COCK their weapons. Emma raises her hands to the air. And--

Neville is stepping away, moving back into the shadows of the tunnel-

NEVILLE  
I look like this because they killed me too.

INT. BUNKER, INTERROGATION - CONTINUOUS

Julie is slowly working at her rope behind her. She is untying the series of thick knots.

JULIE  
When are you going to kill me?

GREG

You are going to be okay. They take you on a ship to the sky. A ship only the dead can see.

JULIE

What?

GREG

Outsiders would say it sounds crazy. But this is the way it has always worked.

JULIE

What has worked?

GREG

There is a crew of thousands of men and women behind that door-

He motions to the door behind Julie. She is still working the knots...slowly.

GREG (CONT'D)

-watching and monitoring every single person in the world. You ever hear that little voice in the back of your head? That is us. That is how we control you. For the good. Then, when the world floats into these downward spirals where they kill and let the little boys and girls go hungry at night, we cause a ruckus. A push of a button and-bam!-you have an earthquake. A different button and-bam!-tordano. These disasters help teach everyone around the world to care and be thankful and to give-feelings that help make this world a better place. A better place so that when you go up there-

(points up)

You are ready to understand what all this means. Being good helps us see what all this was for later on. The next crew will teach you. That is not this crew's job.

Julie does not know what to make of all this. She is dumb-founded.

GREG (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Greg grabs for a gun under his belt as--

Julie jumps up from out of her chair, the ropes falling from her wrists. She jumps towards Greg, TACKLING him to the floor--  
-WHAM!

Greg has a firm grasp on his gun. He goes to stand, COCKING his weapon as Julie--

She is gone, the exit door SWINGING SHUT.

Greg is in awe.

INT. BUNKER, CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julie is powering through a room that is so large it stretches out of sight in every direction. MEN and WOMEN sit at hundreds, thousands of desks looking into computer monitors. Each man and woman has a headset over their skull.

Julie gazes at these computer screens in shock, across them are various aspects or scenes from people's lives. On one screen is an unknown person's POV of completing a test in a classroom. The MAN at that monitor is WHISPERING into his headset--

MAN WITH HEADSET

The answer has to be A. The answer  
is A. Write A.

Julie gazes at the next monitor where it is the unknown POV of someone cutting a birthday cake--

The next monitor, someone looking down at a newspaper in an airplane.

The next monitor, someone is looking down at a magazine in a bathroom stall.

The next monitor, someone is cutting grass.

The next monitor, someone is looking down at their folded hands as they pray.

Julie is in shock.

JULIE

They are the world's eye.

Julie looks back, a series of MEN and WOMEN, led by Greg is chasing her. She turns, running past the rows and rows and rows and rows of computers as TELECOMMUNICATION ERUPTS around us.

Julie is desperate.

GREG  
(not far behind Julie)  
Aim your weapons! Aim 'em!

MAN WITH GUN  
(next to Greg)  
She can't run that far.

GREG  
Aim them for Christ sake!

The six or seven people chasing Julie all raise weapons, COCKING them as they do so.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Fire! Fire!

Julie stops, she is scared beyond expression. She takes a long, deep BREATH and turns to the line of armed PEOPLE.

They fire their weapons towards her, GUNFIRE ERUPTING. Suddenly we--

INT. ROCKY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Emma has her arms raised as they soldiers slowly begin to squeeze their triggers and-

GUNFIRE ERUPTS as we SMASH TO--

BLACKNESS

The gunfire ECHOES until it FADES and DIES moments later.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT CHAMBER - LATER

Julie awakens abruptly to white walls and floor. There is something strange about her appearance as we watch her stumble to her feet. We notice she is semi-transparent.

She goes to the door of the chamber, begins POUNDING on the door with her fists--that is when she notices her odd appearance. She takes it lightly, only glancing and being confused for a moment.

JULIE  
(POUNDING on the door)  
Hello?! Somebody?! Where the hell  
am I? Please! Open up!!

She is peering out a small glass window in the chamber, looking out into a hallway, dimly lit and bending out of sight.

Julie looks down at her shoe, slips it off, takes it in her hand and SMASHES through the glass of the chamber door.

The room VIBRATES and SHAKES violently for a few moments. Julie struggles for balance until it suddenly stops.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE ISLAND - AREIAL - CONTINUOUS

A few thousands of feet above the island and the Pacific below. Something large is casting a shadow over the entire area. We pan up to reveal--

A massive ship. Like a flying saucer. It hovers over the island as large THRUSTERS towards its rear begin HUMMING loudly.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR, TRANSPORT SHIP - CONTINUOUS

The door to her solitary confinement chamber is wide open. Julie is moving down a long, dimly-lit corridor. The walls are dull and are made up of only boring metal sheets.

Julie stops, falls to the floor in an intense SOB. A long beat.

Then--something moves ahead. Around a bend in the corridor there is a moving shadow. Julie looks up towards the shadow and inches forward.

BUZZ!!--the walls around Julie become one, large television screen. A WOMAN appears on the screen. The woman wears a simple, clean suit, her hair tied back. She never blinks. She only looks straight into the eyes of Julie and SPEAKS, her words ECHOING throughout the corridor. This is IMOGENE.

IMOGENE

(off television)

My name is off the record. You are dead. This is the ship that will carry you to a world beyond the one you once knew.

Julie is in a state of shock, her legs are shaking and her lips are quivering.



IMOGENE (CONT'D)

(off television)

Here you will live on this ship until it reaches its destination on the outer rim of the universe. This is what happens when you die and only the dead may know. Be wise. Be well. Further information will be given when you arrive at your destination. The estimated time of arrival is one thousand, three hundred eighty seven years, three months, six days, and ten hours.

The screen winks out, the walls returning to their boring metal.

Julie turns back behind her, a shadow moving around the bend.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT CHAMBER #2, TRANSPORT SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Emma is semi-transparent, like Julie as she--

Emma is POUNDING on her door, in a daze. She is looking out the small door of her small chamber, out into the hallway which bends out of sight.

There is a sudden JOLT with a WHOOSHING sound and within a second Emma is thrown to the floor, hitting it hard with a WHACK as--

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Julie has been knocked to the floor as well. She stands back up in a flash and follows the hallway around the bend, coming to a vast--

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

--where she looks down several flights to the bottom of the craft, and up into what seems like infinity.

She proceeds up the stairs, taking them two at a time. As she does this, VOICES begin to become present. HUNDREDS of VOICES all mixing together to form a collage of CONVERSATION.

Julie takes the steps to an upper level where she comes to a door, slightly ajar. The CONVERSATION of the HUNDREDS is leaking from here.

Julie slowly opens the door, revealing a cafeteria of massive proportion. It spans the size of an arena. It is huge in scope and scale.

HUNDREDS of BODIES have collected here, all eating at benches throughout the room and off trays.

Julie walks through several rows of bench aisles before a MAN whispers to her slightly--

MAN AT BENCH

You new? Haven't seen you before.

Julie stops, looks down at the man that is sitting by himself. He wears a simple white robe. It is Wyatt, now semi-transparent like all the OTHERS in the large room.

JULIE

Yeah.

WYATT

You should get something to eat. If they see you like that-

JULIE

Like what?

WYATT

I was new not too long ago and found out the hard way that if you don't blend in, you will learn the hard way how to fit in like everyone else. They make you fit in here.

JULIE

Whose they?

Wyatt motions to a series of cameras above them, all hanging from the ceiling, watching the room.

WYATT

From the bridge. They are all watching.

JULIE

I don't know what anything of this-

WYATT

You are not dreaming.

JULIE

No, I am having a nightmare, aren't I?

WYATT

No one is bad here. They are just trying to get us to where we need to go.

JULIE

Could have fooled me. They put me in solitary confinement.

WYATT

They let you out?

JULIE

I broke out.

Just then, SIRENS RING OUT throughout the entire room.

WYATT

This is when you run.

Julie stands. Heavy FOOTSTEPS, the soles of BOOTS CLACKING in the distance...

JULIE

What? I didn't do-

WYATT

If they catch you what they will do is a lot worse.

JULIE

This is not supposed to happen.

WYATT

You listen to them. You hear? You have to listen to them! Run, run, run!

GUARDS are approaching, all armed.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Run. Before they garb you-

JULIE

No.

(she is watching him closely)

I know you. I do. I know you from someplace.

WYATT

You are running out of time. Leave!

Wyatt is LAUGHING hysterically.

Everyone around them is now watching as Julie turns, taking off past the rows of benches, back into the-

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

-where she begins descending flight after flight of stairs in a flash, the FOOTSTEPS of the armed guards closing in fast.

It takes several moments of heavy BREATHING and quick movements for Julie to come to--

There is a door at the very bottom of the stairwell. Julie does not hesitate moving past this door and into--

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT CHAMBER #2 - CONTINUOUS

Emma has calmed and is no longer banging on the door. She steps towards the back of her chamber where she sits on the floor, her head in her hands. She wants to sob but is too overwhelmed to do so. She shivers and shakes uncontrollably instead.

There is beat before there is a BANG on the chamber door. Outside, there is a MAN'S VOICE.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You Emma, in there?

Emma looks towards the window, where THEO stands. He looks middle-aged. His hair is somewhat grey. He is wearing all white.

THEO (O.S.)

Name's Theo. Come to ask you a question or two.

Emma approaches the chamber door.

THEO (CONT'D)

You willing to cooperate?

Theo is now looking through the little window in the door. A beat.

EMMA

Where are the others I was with? I need to know and-

THEO

You need to come with me. Don't be afraid. You are not hurt here. Unless you deserve it, of course.

Theo CHUCKLES.

EMMA

I want to eat.

THEO

Are you hungry?

EMMA

No. But you know, like, when you are bored and you just what food? I want to eat. I want food. I should be hungry-

THEO

You are dead. The dead don't need to eat.

EMMA

Are you going to let me out of here or-

The door opens with a loud JOLT. Theo awaits.

THEO

Please.

He motions for her to exit. She hesitates, then complies. The door SHUTS and LOCKS behind her.

EMMA

I got the message. On that TV. I heard it.

THEO

We play it to the newcomers. This entire floor is dedicated to them.

Emma notices she is passing several other solitary confinement chambers as they walk down a-

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

EMMA

Why do I get to leave?

THEO

A friend of yours escaped. We got word she was murdered on Earth and she is angry regarding it.

EMMA

I was murdered too.

THEO

We know.

EMMA

Who, exactly? I never understood.

THEO

The council. They live upstairs and run this entire ship. We take care of all the dead until they arrive to the location.

EMMA

Are there other ships?

THEO

Millions that leave Earth every few seconds. The living don't see them, but they are there.

They come to an elevator at the end of the corridor. There is DING and the doors open. They enter.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

There is a HUM as they ride the elevator up hundreds of levels.

A beat of silence.

EMMA

I'm dead.

THEO

Like the rest of us.

EMMA

This is what it comes to?

THEO

No. No. Like I said, we are just taking you to that other thing. The thing that really is the afterlife.

EMMA

What can I expect there?

THEO

That is not my job to explain. Look, now all I am doing is asking you some questions.

EMMA  
Here?

THEO  
No, in interrogation.

EMMA  
Oh. Okay, yeah, sure. Right.

THEO  
Talker, huh?

EMMA  
Not usually.

THEO  
Nervous?

EMMA  
You have no idea.

THEO  
There is no need to be nervous. No  
one will hurt you here.

(beat)  
Unless you disrupt the order of  
things.

EMMA  
How could I do that?

THEO  
You didn't break out of solitary  
confinement, did you?

A beat. Emma looks confused.

EMMA  
No, I-

THEO  
I was just kidding. I was using it  
as an example.

EMMA  
I take it someone did that.

THEO  
Uh huh. Someone you know.

Emma becomes very nervous. A dark look comes over her.

THEO (CONT'D)

Oh, but don't worry. Most of the time they cooperate. They just get into shock and we have to track them down and put them back into sorts. Back into an understanding.

EMMA

An understanding of what?

THEO

Where they are. Who is in charge.

EMMA

What if they have even more trouble?

THEO

They are taken to a different place.

DING!--the doors swing open, Theo leads Emma out into--

INT. INTERROGATION, TRANSPORT SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

A stark room. The single lamp hanging from the ceiling. Emma and Theo sit across from one another.

EMMA

What is it? You want to know where she is?

THEO

Oh, we know where she is, we just need a way to get through to her.

EMMA

What makes you think I would know something so intimate about her?

THEO

People are afraid of what this is, Emma. Bottom line. And if you don't help us, she will become a threat to herself, because if she does not follow the rules, we have to take her someplace else.

EMMA

Where?

THEO

Excuse me?



EMMA

Where do you take her?

A long beat as Theo shares a dark look with Emma. And--

INT. FLIGHT DECK, TRANSPORT SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Julie has a chair wedged up against the door as FOOTSTEPS are approaching in the faint distance...

She walks towards mindless CHATTER, where a set of large French doors appears to be leading to a bridge or large control room of some sort.

The ship moves and sways under Julie's feet, she stumbles, quickly regaining her balance as she moves towards an electrical box. She TEARS open the box with her fingers, exposing hundreds of wires, all different colors.

She rummages through the wires, a beat passes before she RIPS several of them to shreds and--

The room goes dark. We are in complete BLACKNESS for a quick beat before--

ZING!--emergency back-up lighting kicks in, illuminating the hallway with a red glow.

INT. INTERROGATION, TRANSPORT SHIP - CONTINUOUS

THEO

Emma, she is afraid, we need to help her.

EMMA

I wish I knew how to help you. But I really don't. I'm sorry but I am no-

THEO

Some souls don't adjust well to new environments, at first they seem alright, then, other times, they transform into disturbed souls that become impossible to help.

EMMA

That is when they are transferred to-

THEO

That is beyond the point. The point is, I need to know how to get through to her to even see if she is capable of being helped.

EMMA

I don't know.

THEO

You have to know of something.

EMMA

I don't.

A beat.

THEO

You are our key, Emma. Just you, and you alone.

EMMA

What about the other girl?

THEO

What other girl? You mean-

EMMA

Mo. Yeah, Mo. Her name was Mo, where is she?

A dark gaze from Theo.

THEO

She didn't-

EMMA

What? She didn't what?

THEO

She didn't adjust too well. She is still--acclimating, if you will.

A beat.

EMMA

What the hell does that mean?

(furious)

I want answers! I deserve answers and to understand! Help me understand! Help me dammit!

The lights WINK OUT. They are left in the dark until the emergency red lights ZING into power a moment later. Their faces are illuminated with a dark glow.

INT. FLIGHT DECK, TRANSPORT SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Julie is turned toward the barricaded door, where GUARDS, maybe ten, are gathered around trying to POUND their way towards Julie.

Julie takes a step towards the French doors. She is terrified. She stumbles over backwards, through the French doors, onto the-

INT. BRIDGE, TRANSPORT SHIP - CONTINUOUS

-where she tumbles to the floor. A beat. She slowly tries to regain her balance as she stands, before realizing--

PAN AROUND the room--revealing there are SEVERAL other MEN and WOMEN who have all stopped their various activities to all stare, in awe, at Julie.

INT. INTERROGATION, TRANSPORT SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Theo goes to stand, in a fluttered state.

EMMA

No, no--wait!

THEO

What? What?

Theo meets Emma's strong gaze.

EMMA

My husband. I lost my husband not two days ago, where is he?

Emma is so serious, beyond serious--desperate.

THEO

His name is Wyatt, is it not?

A glimmer of hope in Emma.

EMMA

It was. Is. You have to understand-

THEO

You are wrong. I understand very well, Emma. All I can tell you is that he will find you when he has the chance. He loves you more than anything.

(beat)

I must go.

Theo goes to exit, he is walking out the door as-

EMMA

What does that mean? Theo! I need to see my husband! I need to see my husband! I need him. I need--

She collapses to the floor, SOBBING dreadfully.

INT. FLIGHT DECK, TRANSPORT SHIP - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON: THE BARRICADED DOOR. SOMEONE IS STEPPING PAST THE GUARDS, THEY ARE STEPPING ASIDE AS WYATT TAKES CENTER STAGE, HOLDING A KNIFE IN THE AIR, THEN **SHATTERING** A SMALL WINDOW IN THE DOOR, GOING FOR THE CHAIR, **KNOCKING** IT ASIDE AS HE STEPS THROUGH INTO THE ROOM.

He is looking down at the knife, vengeance in his eyes. He seems satisfied, relieved at something. He turns to the guards.

WYATT

She is on the bridge, boys.

The guards step towards the French doors as Wyatt disappears behind them, making his way back into the-

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt is descending the stairs rapidly. We follow him down three or four flights of stairs before he comes to a door where he BURSTS through, moving forward into--

INT. INTERROGATION - CONTINUOUS

Emma is at the table, sobbing when the door behind her CREAKS open slowly. She jumps, startled, slowly turning to the dark figure behind her.

Emma is holding her breath as the figure steps into the dull, red light.

A beat before we see it is--Wyatt.

There is a longer beat in which Emma and Wyatt only stare at one another for the longest time. Time seems to freeze. The lights flicker. The world moves for these two lovers as--

Emma stands, her knees shaking. A tear rolls down her cheek.

EMMA

I asked about you.

Wyatt takes a step towards her.

WYATT

(teary-eyed)

I know. I heard you where down here. Through the grapevine.

Emma takes a step towards him.

EMMA

You need to tell me so much.

WYATT

But we have so little time.

EMMA

(utterly confused, upset)

What do you mean, hon? What do you mean? We have all the time in the-

WYATT

Julie. She is ready to be caught and she will be transferred. You know they go someplace else, those who do not cooperate to adjusting.

EMMA

Julie.

The name seems to be sour to Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Julie, did she--?

Emma trails off, he glances down at the knife still dangling from Wyatt's grasp. He holds the dagger into the air.

WYATT

This slid from her pocket while she was climbing the stairs to the bridge.

EMMA  
The bridge.

WYATT  
Hon, the bridge of the ship. We are  
on a huge ship now.

Emma falls to the floor, Wyatt kneels beside her, taking her  
in his arms as she SOBS.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
It is alright. It is okay, now.  
Sush. Sush now, hon.

Emma pulls just slightly away from Wyatt, to look up into his  
gaze and-

EMMA  
It fell from her pocket, did it?

WYATT  
Yes it did.

EMMA  
I knew she cut the wire. Didn't  
she?

There is a dark gaze over the both of them. A long beat. VERY  
LONG. Almost too long.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Wyatt, was I right? Did she cut the  
wire?

A beat. Then-

WYATT  
Emma, murderers are the only ones  
that have trouble adjusting.

Emma breaks down into intense WEEPS, she buries herself in  
Wyatt's embrace.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
We have to go.

EMMA  
No, no, what do you mean? I-

WYATT  
You don't want to see Julie off?

Emma looks up, into Wyatt. She smiles.

INT. BRIDGE, TRANSPORT SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Julie is standing in the midst of the guards, who all have their weapons raised to her.

Theo fights through the crowd, stepping into the ring where Julie stands.

THEO

I don't really understand all this confusion you must be feeling.

JULIE

(terrified)

You don't? How could you not?

THEO

Oh, very simply. I am no murderer.

A beat. Julie's eyes are welding in tears.

THEO (CONT'D)

A source picked up a little piece of evidence as you were climbing the stairs. A knife. Dagger of some kind you used to cut the wires of-

JULIE

I know. You have these guns on me, what are you going to do--kill me?

THEO

No, no. Of course not.

JULIE

Because I am already dead.

THEO

I know.

The guards lower their weapon's aims.

JULIE

But you don't have the evidence. Not with you, so how can you tie me to anything?

THEO

Oh, we have everything. Right here, in the databases of our computers.

The camera pans through the rows of computers on the bridge.

THEO (CONT'D)

That island knows everything. It sees and hears everything known to man. All apart of the system. That is our proof.

A beat. Julie is trapped, there is no way out and she is taking all this in.

JULIE

I will not go to hell.

THEO

Of course not. We do not call it hell.

JULIE

Right.

Julie takes a step forward. The weapons are suddenly re-aimed.

THEO

Stop it right-

JULIE

No. You stop. You have everything on me, and we all have to live up to our faults, right? Well I am living up to mine, right now. Here I am, take me.

Julie is slowly walking towards the guards, getting closer and closer until-

JULIE (CONT'D)

Just take me. Please. Get it over with as soon as-

She BUSTS a guard upside his head, he falls to the floor as Julie tries to escape a sudden CACOPHONY of GUNFIRE, which TEARS through controls, computers, and-

There is an entire panel of computer monitors and broken chords SPARKING with bits of flame here and there and--

A large pipe, just past Julie BURSTS in a sudden cross of GUNFIRE. It is suddenly SPEWING oil, gasoline, jet-fuel all over the bridge.

THEO

Somebody get that up!



INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Emma and Wyatt are quickly gaining ground up the massive stairwell as a sudden ALARM sounds throughout the entire ship. Red lights are now flashing, mixing with yellow lights as--

Emma and Wyatt stop, looking up towards the bridge in the short distance above as--

The metal walls turn back to the screen where Imogene is speaking in a very monotone VOICE, once again.

IMOGENE

(on screen)

Please remain calm. There has been a fuel leak on this ship. Please proceed towards the nearest life ship possible in order to ensure a safe evacuation from the problem. Follow the yellow arrows posted through the ship's corridors, these lead to the appropriate life ship for you. Thank you. Keep calm, be well. Be wise.

The screens WINK OUT where Emma and Wyatt are left on the staircase, looking for-

WYATT

There--!

He points to the first yellow arrow he sees, leading them down the staircase, several flights. We follow them past many yellow arrows into--

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

We are quickly dollying past ten...twenty...thirty...forty solitary confinement chambers as all their doors are suddenly opening, letting out all their OCCUPANTS. Mo is among one of the many exiting. The camera's focus falls on her, as she follows the mass crowd towards--

There is a massive exit up ahead, where HUNDREDS of PEOPLE, all semi-transparent, are heading towards and into an unknown destination.

Mo is stumbling through the mad crowd of panicking people. She is in a dazed state, confused and groggy.

We continue following Mo for several moments as she fights to gain ground towards the exit.

## INT. LIFE SHIP CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

There is yet another massive corridor, so long in length it disappears out of sight into the distance of the ship's interior.

Emma and Wyatt are among the first to stagger towards one of the hundreds, maybe even thousands of small life ships planted on the exterior walls of the corridor, like life boats hanging off a cruise ship.

MASSES of PEOPLE are walking through. There is the intense CACOPHONY of MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN trying to enter through the many life ships.

Through the hundreds of people, Captain Taft quickly appears being crammed into a life ship no too far away as our attention re-directs towards--

Wyatt leads Emma through a small entrance-way into one of the many-

## INT. LIFE SHIP - CONTINUOUS

-where they are packed into tight seating positions with maybe fifty other OCCUPANTS.

There is an AUTOMATED VOICE that is coming over a loud speaker in the ceiling of the small life ship.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

Please wear your protective safety belts, as the life ship is about to be deployed.

Everyone grabs for over-the-shoulder seat belts installed throughout the space and their seating.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The life ship will take you to a second vessel awaiting you several light years away. The journey will take three and a half hours to complete. Please be prepared to hang on to a sturdy object nearby.

Some people are anxious when they can not find something to hold on to.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Please, back away from the doors. The doors are closing.

There is a BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP as the door to the life ship begins to close, OTHERS on the now outside are POUNDING to get inside, however, the doors are permitting them to do so as they SLAM SHUT.

TIGHT ON EMMA AND WYATT AS THEY LOOK UP AT EACH OTHER.  
SUDDENLY--

EXT. TRANSPORT SHIP ABOVE THE ISLAND - DAY

POOF!--a life ship is SPED out from the larger transport ship and is now SOARING into the sky above, and disappearing out of sight.

Others follow. Hundreds, even. Hundreds and even thousands of life ships are now POPPING out from the larger ship and are heading into the sky above.

INT. BRIDGE, TRANSPORT SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Everyone on the bridge is in a state of panic. Through the dim lighting Julie is present, swimming, even fighting against the crowd of people.

The fuel continues to flow from the large pipe, SPEWING out over the bridge and into the crowd of panicked MEN and WOMEN.

We follow Julie as she STUMBLES towards the flight deck ahead, it is taking her quite some time, as the crowds are so massive and panicked.

INT. LIFE SHIP CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Mo is herded, with another crowd of people, into a life ship just seconds before the doors begin to close, MEN and WOMEN, with their CHILDREN among them BANGING on the doors to get inside.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)  
Please, back away from the doors.  
The doors are closing. The doors  
are-

The VOICE is cut off as the door SLAMS SHUT.

INT. LIFE SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Wyatt are holding one another in a firm embrace as the ship ROCKS and SWAYS violently.

The room is completely SILENT, with the exception of the occasional COUGH or CLEARING OF THE THROAT.

Emma meets Wyatt's gaze.

EMMA

Wyatt?

WYATT

Hm? What is it?

EMMA

What did you see?

WYATT

What did I see? When, where did I-

EMMA

When you were asleep for all that time. What did you see?

A beat. Wyatt hesitates before he comes out with--

WYATT

You and me. Somewhere I had never seen before.

Emma's eyes are welding in tears.

WYATT (CONT'D)

I think it was hope, Emma. It was a glimpse of hope that no one fully grasps while living. It was God.

EMMA

How can you know for sure?

WYATT

I am your husband. We are not just wed. We are bound together forever. Do you trust me?

A long beat. Emma smiles.

EMMA

More than anyone.

WYATT

I saw God. And he is waiting. For all of us. That is where we are headed.

EMMA

What about the rest of them?

WYATT  
You mean Julie?

EMMA  
Julie, where will she go?

WYATT  
I am thankful I didn't dream of  
that place.

EMMA  
You know?

WYATT  
No. I don't.

INT. BRIDGE, TRANSPORT SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Through the CHAOS of PEOPLE running here and there, we are moving in on the panel of controls that are sparking once every few seconds--

And the fuel that is not just leaking from the pipes, but SPEWING EVERYWHERE in intense WHOOSHES.

A slash of fuel over a spark, and suddenly--WHAM!

The frame fills with nothing but intense FLAME!

EXT. TRANSPORT SHIP ABOVE THE ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Even the day is lit up with the EXPLOSION of the transport ship, still hovering over the island thousands of feet--

The EXPLOSION is absolutely incredible. This ship--so huge and grand in nature--suddenly ripped apart by rings of fire POWERING through it.

Debris, some pieces large, others small, rocket back down to Earth.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS - WIDE

The beach is calm and peaceful. Only the SOUND of the CRASHING surf and the SWAYING palm trees in the WIND. Then, suddenly--

Pieces of wreckage from the ship above, in the sky, fall into the water just off the beach, bringing large waves and surf to tear apart the sand, and to carry the abandoned life raft out of frame.

Fire is reigning down and over most of the island, existing only in the world of the afterlife, whereas in the world of the living--

EXT. BEACH - WORLD OF THE LIVING - DAWN

The beach is calm and peaceful. Only the SOUND of the CRASHING surf and the SWAYING palm trees in the WIND.

A long beat. Suddenly--

A coconut falls from a tree, onto the sand with a PLOP.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - WORLD OF THE AFTERLIFE - DAY

The beach is littered with fire and burning wreckage from the transport ship above which is--

WE PAN UP TO THE SKY

--no longer there. The sky is calm. Only a massive black cloud of hanging smoke.

HOLD ON THE INTENSE BURNING OF FLAMES. Then-

INT. LIFE SHIP - DRIFTING THROUGH OUTER SPACE

Stars and planets in the far-off distance WHIZZ past the small port-hole-like windows of the life ship. The ENGINE is HUMMING in the background.

Emma is sleeping on Wyatt's shoulder. Most of the others are sleeping as well until--

An intense SHUTTER of the ship. It is intense enough to wake almost everyone.

Emma sits up, still somewhat in the arms of her husband. She turns to a WOMAN next to her, they smile.

EMMA

Hi.

WOMAN

Oh, hello.

EMMA

I am Emma.

WOMAN

Emma, I am Catherine.

EMMA

Catherine. What a pretty name.

A beat.

CATHERINE

How did you die?

EMMA

Oh, I was shot, actually.

CATHERINE

No kidding.

EMMA

Yeah.

CATHERINE

I am so sorry.

EMMA

What about you?

CATHERINE

I died in a house fire.

EMMA

Really? Oh dear.

CATHERINE

I was the only one that didn't get out. A fire on the second floor of my apartment complex. They thought someone had left a laptop on their bed, and you know how those laptop computers can overheat.

EMMA

Of course.

CATHERINE

It turned the bed into a giant ball of flame. It reached my apartment, and most of the others. It is a wonder there weren't any more that perished.

A beat.

EMMA

Did you meet anyone up here you knew?

CATHERINE

My mother is sitting next to me, asleep. She is always tired.

Another WOMAN, older, is propped up against Catherine's shoulder snoozing.

EMMA

I never thought it would be like this.

CATHERINE

I hear it isn't. Where this ship is taking us is where the real fun begins.

EMMA

Is that so?

CATHERINE

Uh huh. So I hear.

A beat.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Oh, oh, here! Did you meet my brother?

EMMA

No.

Catherine motions to a MAN who has his back to us.

CATHERINE

(to man)

Hey, come on, I met this nice lady, say hello.

EMMA

Hi.

CATHERINE

(to Emma)

He is a little shy. Died horribly. Is still adjusting.

EMMA

Right.



CATHERINE

(to man)

Come on, dear. New people. Good thing.

The man turns, we know the face. Emma is taken aback. She stares at the man, now off-screen for the longest time. Then we pan right, revealing the man is--

CARSON

Oh, hi.

--Carson.

CATHERINE

Carson, you know this woman?

CARSON

I do.

Emma does not know what to say.

EMMA

Carson, is it?

CARSON

Yes. Emma.

EMMA

Right.

WYATT

I am, sorry, who is this?

EMMA

He worked on the ship.

Then--

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

Approaching destination, on right.

Several peek out their small port-hole-like window, gaping out at--

EXT. OUTER SPACE

In the midst of the black world, where stars glimmer and shine all around us, hundreds, even thousands of life ships and moving in on a massive space ship. The ship is larger, newer than the previous one. It is majestic. Incredible.

INT. LIFE SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Emma and Wyatt share a glance as they pull away from the port hole.

EMMA

What do you think?

WYATT

Never travelled so luxuriously.

"OOH's" and "AHH's" from the PEOPLE of the LIFE SHIP as-

EXT. OUTER SPACE

-the life ships all begin to come in towards the majestic ship in the short distance. The people are further awaiting their final journey to their trip to heaven.

The blackness of space slowly consumes us as we begin to--

FADE TO BLACK

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT CHAMBER - NO HINTS AS TO TIME

Harsh lighting in a small isolation chamber. The walls are white, the floor is white and padded.

ANGLE ON: JULIE IS ON THE FLOOR. HER EYES ARE MOVING UNDER HER EYE LIDS. TWITCHING.

Julie awakens, squinting into the harsh lighting of the room. She is looking around for a long while until she-

Julie struggles to stand, she moves around the room until she finds a small window where she gazes out into-

COMPLETE DARKNESS

Julie is suddenly terrified, overcome by fear.

JULIE

Hello?

Her voice only ECHOES through the empty space.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Hello? Someone?

Julie is SQUINTING, trying so hard to see out her little window. She begins to SCREAM.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Somebody! Please, help me! I am not  
supposed to be here! I am not  
supposed to be--

Behind her, on a wall, hangs her dagger. And we are--

PASSING through her small window, pulling back and back,  
further and further away from the isolation chamber...

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN SPACE AND TIME

We are moving higher and higher above what seems to be a  
small box where Julie's CRIES are ECHOING from. We are  
pulling farther back, revealing--

There are hundreds, thousands, millions of these boxes, so  
many they stretch into the distance and finally out of sight  
where everyone's SCREAMS mix together to form one giant,  
ugly, CACOPHONY of HORROR.

This is hell.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END