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**THE I-LAND**

teleplay  
by  
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**EPISODE 101**

"brave new world"

**REVISED DRAFT**

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NETFLIX  
CONTEMPTIBLE ENTERTAINMENT

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"Hell is empty and all the devils are here..."

- William Shakespeare, THE TEMPEST

NOTHING BUT WHITE, STRETCHING INTO THE DISTANCE

Sand.

As far as the eye can see.

Pristine and beautiful.

Untouched.

A shore somewhere, hugging the coast of an island.

SOMETHING in the middle of that beach. Down the way.

PUSH CLOSER to see A BODY face down in the sand.

EYES opening slowly.

Looking around.

Trying to focus.

SOUND of waves crashing close by.

Sun shining down.

A YOUNG WOMAN--blonde, about 30 years old--sits up, squinting and turning her head in both directions. (THIS IS 'CHASE').

She stands up, wiping the wet sand from her clothes. As she does, she looks down at what she's wearing.

Light-colored shirt. Dark pants. Sporty and expensive (with a belt). Nice cut. A pair of sneakers finishing off the outfit.

Chase with her hands on her hips, looking in all four directions now.

Doesn't seem worried but definitely perplexed.

One direction: open water. Endless.

Next direction: long path of white sand.

Next direction: thick greenery of jungle.

Last direction: another slice of white sand.

CLOSE ON Chase's face as she tries to calculate all of this. What it means to her.

Nothing.

She's lost.

Chase glances down at her feet.

SEES the luminous tip of a shell sticking out of the ground. Near where she was lying.

Might normally walk right past it but this time gets down on her knees and begins digging in the wet sand.

Slowly she reveals a pearly Conch shell. Good size.

It is impacted in the ground and she fights to get it free.

Finally it gives way.

Chase holds it up. Shakes it. Listens to it.

Puts it to her lips and BLOWS.

A tiny noise but nothing of much merit.

She tries again and a bit more resonance this time around.

A thin smile on her salty lips.

Behind her--and further down the beach--A FIGURE steps out from the trees, answering her call.

Old man, grizzled, with tattered rags covering his body. He waits and watches, then turns and disappears.

She is about to try it again when she looks down the beach.

HER POV: A SHAPE in the sand. Far off.

Chase turns to it and RUNS, moving quickly along the thin strip of white that is perched between the blue of the water and the green of the land.

She reaches the mound and sees that it is ANOTHER PERSON.

A young man, about her age. Dark hair. Dressed the same way that she is. One shoe missing. (THIS IS 'BRODY').

She looks around and sees his other sneaker, bobbing in the water not far away.

Chase SHAKES Brody, then gets up and runs to his shoe.

Gathers it up before it can be carried out to sea.

When she returns, Brody is on all fours, trying to get his bearings. Shaking his head from side to side.

He SPITS up some salt water with a HACKING COUGH.

Chase kneels down and PATS him on the back.

As she makes contact, he turns and looks at her. Surprised. He pulls away and falls back on his ass in the sand.

Blinking his eyes. Trying to focus.

CHASE  
...it's gonna be okay.

He stares at her like she's just spoken in some exotic foreign language. Silently taking her in. Finally he SAYS:

BRODY  
Who're you?

Chase is about to answer when A SHOUT pierces the air. They both turn to see ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN walking toward them.

She is a redhead, about their age. (THIS IS 'K.C.'). Waving to get their attention. Hint of a Southern accent.

K.C.  
Hello! Hey there! Hell-o!

Chase gets up and WAVES to her, indicating that she should come to them rather than them going to her.

She kneels back down with Brody.

CHASE  
Do you feel alright? Any injuries or anything...that you can tell?

BRODY  
No, I'm...I don't think so. (FEELS HIS BODY A BIT) I'm sore but...no, I think I'm alright.

CHASE  
Good.

She looks down toward his impression on the beach and sees A SHAPE in the wet sand but K.C. has arrived and her attention turns to her now.

The young women face each other. Brody gets to his feet as well and the three of them look from face to face.

K.C.  
I was...I woke up down there. On the beach. I felt sick but I think I'm okay now... (BEAT) Do you know where we are?

The other two shake their heads and look around. A glance up at the sun, which is continuing to beat down on them.

CHASE

No, we just...same thing happened.  
We woke up on the beach, too.

A series of simple nods that masks their collectively growing concern.

CHASE (CONT'D)

We should get out of the sun before too long... (POINTS TO K.C.) You're starting to burn.

K.C.

Yeah...I don't do great without lotion or that sorta thing...

BRODY

What's your name?

K.C. starts to say something but stops. Catches herself and looks back at the two of them.

K.C.

What's yours...?

Brody looks at both of them, then shakes his head.

BRODY

I don't know.

K.C. turns to Chase and waits for her to say something but she gets nothing in return. Finally:

CHASE

Yeah. Same for me.

K.C.

You don't know your own *names*?

CHASE

Apparently you don't either...

K.C.

No, I just... (LOOKING AROUND)  
Where are we? What is this place?

CHASE

That's a good question...

K.C.

Meaning...?

CHASE

We have no fucking idea...that's what it means.

Chase glances back down at the ground. Sees that shape again. She sets down her shell and begins DIGGING in the sand.

A moment later and she has uncovered something. GO CLOSE to see that it is A COMPASS.

Water-proof and sturdy. Military style.

She holds it up toward the young man.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Is this yours...?

BRODY

I'm not sure...I think maybe it is, but... (LOOKS AT COMPASS) Yeah, I think it is. It's mine.

Chase is skeptical of this but she wipes it clean and hands it over to him. Picks up her shell as she stands.

He nods a 'thank you' to her and SLIPS it into his designer pocket.

Chase watches him, then looks at her own clothing and SAYS:

CHASE

Why're we dressed like this?

K.C.

Like what?

CHASE

The same way. The three of us... like a GAP store in *Honolulu* exploded on us or something. (WAITS) We obviously don't know each other ...so why?

K.C.

Oh. I mean...yeah, that's weird. (WAITS) That's a clothing store... right?

CHASE

Yeah. (WAITS) Think for a second... Is there anything you can remember before this? Anything? (BEAT) Even a little detail could help us, so just...think...

K.C. looks reluctantly at her, then closes her eyes.

INNER POV: rolling waves. Water that goes on forever.

K.C. opens her eyes and SHRUGS.

K.C.

Nothing.

CHASE

Nothing? (WAITS) You sound kinda Southern. Are you Southern?

K.C.

I have no idea. (WAITS) But when I close my eyes I see water.

CHASE

'Water.' Okay. (TO THE YOUNG MAN) What about you?

BRODY

*What* about me?

CHASE

Give it a try...close your eyes and tell us what you see.

The young man looks at them both, then closes his eyes.

INNER POV: rolling waves. Water that goes on forever.

He opens his eyes and SHRUGS.

BRODY

Same for me. Water.

Chase NODS at this, looking around. Back down the beach.

K.C.

And what do *you* see...?

Chase turns around and looks at them. Looks like it's her turn to try the experiment.

She closes her eyes.

INNER POV: A darkened room. Made of cement. A single red chair sitting dead center.

A POOL OF BLOOD on the floor. In front of it.

Chase's eyes shoot open. She looks at the other young woman and the young man. Waiting for her answer.



CHASE

Same. Just water...

Brody NODS and turns away. K.C. stares at Chase for a long time (as if she doesn't believe her), then looks out to sea.

Chase keeps looking at both of them. GO CLOSE to follow a single bead of sweat as it rolls down her temple and along her cheek.

**SCREEN GOES WHITE. BLAST OF MUSIC. TITLE READS: "THE I-LAND."**

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - MIDDLE OF THE DAY

Right where we left the three of them. Looking around and trying to understand what the fuck is happening right now.

Chase looks again in all directions, then turns to K.C.

CHASE

...did you see anyone else down there? In that direction?

K.C.

No, I didn't, but I was...you know...I woke up and then I just started walking. Down this way.

CHASE

Okay, that's okay...can you show us where you were?

K.C.

Why? There's nothing down there...

CHASE

I'd just like to see where it was, that's all. (WAITS) Is that okay or did you have somewhere else that you needed to be...?

K.C.

You don't need to get *smart* about it...

CHASE

I'm not, I just--

K.C.

Yes you are, you just said--

CHASE

Look--

BRODY

Hey, hey, can we not fight right now, is that possible? Please? (TO K.C.) She must have a reason, so can you just do it...?

K.C.

Fine.

K.C. turns away from the two of them and starts STOMPING her way back down the beach the way that she came.

Chase and Brody look at each other--a secret little smile between them. After a moment they follow her.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - FURTHER ALONG - A BIT LATER

A spot a hundred yards or so further down the beach. Looks almost the same as where they were before.

K.C. stops at a fairly random spot and points out her faint impression in the sand.

K.C.

Here. (WAITS) Okay? You satisfied  
no  
w?

CHASE

Yeah. Thanks...

Chase looks further down the beach, as far as she can see. More and more sand, with a little rise in elevation.

She then looks down at her feet and, on a hunch, kneels down and starts digging in the sand.

Nothing.

Tries another spot.

Same thing.

Brody and K.C. look at each other. K.C. makes a face that silently says: 'she's crazy.'

At the same time, Chase PULLS a hunting knife in a sheath up from the earth. Dusts it off.

BRODY

Holy shit...look at that!

Chase smiles up at him while she dusts it off. PULLS it out and checks the blade. Razor sharp.

K.C.  
That's...how'd you know that was there?

CHASE  
I didn't.

K.C.  
Yeah, but...you found it just like that...started digging around in the sand and you suddenly come up with a *knife*? That's weird...

CHASE  
Yeah. (WAITS) Same way I found this shell--it was right by where I woke up--and the compass I found next to this guy, too...

Looks at Brody again, studying his face. He smiles at her.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
You remember your name yet?

BRODY  
No. Not yet.

K.C. watches this interaction and doesn't seem to approve so she starts more conversation:

K.C.  
Guys...where the hell are we?

Chase turns to answer her but something catches her eye and she looks past K.C. Down the beach.

HER POV: A GROUP OF PEOPLE, moving slowly in their direction, coming over the rise. All dressed the same as they are.

CHASE  
I dunno...but it looks like that GAP has a sister store...

BRODY  
Jesus. (WAITS) You think it's ok?

Her answer is to start WAVING and RUNNING in their direction. Brody and K.C. follow behind, SHOUTING as they move.

K.C.  
Hey! Over here! Hey guys!!

BRODY  
Hello! We're here! HEY!!

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - SHADOW OF PALM TREE - A BIT LATER

A group of about ten young people all together--mix of young men and young women--sitting together in the shade.

GO CLOSE to see A COCONUT being cut open with the new knife.

Three holes PUNCHED in the top of it to gain access to the sweet fluid inside.

Chase finishes the task, takes a drink and passes it along.

CHASE  
...just a sip for now. There's not that much milk inside those things.

A new young man takes the coconut and smiles at her. Shaved head. Well built. Mixed race. (THIS IS 'COOPER').

COOPER  
Thanks.

BRODY  
So none of you can remember anything about how we got here? At all?

He looks around the group. A few shrugs and heads that nod 'no' to him. Coconut keeps getting passed around.

BRODY (CONT'D)  
This is *nuts*...

CHASE  
Same for us.

BRODY  
Yeah, but somebody's gotta recall something! I mean...it's just not possible that we all got *amnesia*!

Another new member of the group SPEAKS UP. She is a dark-haired young woman with flashing eyes. (THIS IS 'BLAIR').

BLAIR  
Were we maybe on some kinda, like, team trip or something...since our clothes are so similar?

K.C.  
It's possible...

K.C. is looking at the back of Blair's shirt. She notices something but it hasn't clicked yet just what it is.

CHASE  
Yeah, but then what? Our *plane* went down...our *ship*? Think about it... (WAITS) Ten people escape something like that and have no memory of it? No injuries...no luggage floating in the water out there...or dead bodies? That's...just...

K.C.  
...please don't be gross...

CHASE  
I'm just *saying*! It doesn't add up!

K.C.  
Ok, sorry! We're just talking and trying to figure shit out...

CHASE  
I know that, all I said was--

K.C.  
Don't be so bossy all the time!

CHASE  
'All the time?' I've know you for maybe an *hour*...alright?

K.C.  
Yeah, and you've been a bitch for most of it! (WAITS) Sorry but it's true...

The others smile or CHUCKLE at this. Chase is hurt by her comment but has no choice other than to take it in stride.

CHASE  
*Nice*. Thanks.

K.C.  
Whatever...

CHASE  
That's right. 'Whatever.'

BRODY  
Ladies, can we just...?

COOPER

No, let 'em go at it...might be the only amusement we get out here...

CHASE

Yeah, no thanks...I'm gonna go walk around...see if I can figure any of this out...

Chase stands up and looks down at the group just as K.C. CRAWLS over to Blair and TAPS her on the shoulder.

K.C.

Hey, hi...do you mind? Can I check something on your shirt?

BLAIR

What is it...what's wrong? (JUMPS UP) Is it a *bug*?!

K.C.

No, nothing...it's just...your tag thingie is sticking up...and...

Blair settles down and sits back on the sand. She turns her neck and allows K.C. access to her collar.

Go close to see K.C. turn it over and look at it.

The word '*BLAIR*' in block letters. Like a designer's label.

She suddenly PULLS her own shirt off and over her head. Turns it inside out to check the label. It says '*K.C.*'

She holds it up to the group and all the others look at it.

They quickly STRIP their shirts off and check the labels. Each has a different name carefully sewn into it.

CAMERA moves from person to person, noting their own names and memorizing the names of the others.

COOPER

My name's 'Cooper'? That's so... I don't remember that at all.

CHASE

Yeah, me neither. 'Chase.'

BRODY

Same. (READING HIS) 'Brody.'

BLAIR

Strange.

BRODY

Maybe these are just designers...  
or, like...

K.C.

Please. We're all wearing the *same*  
shirt. (SMILES) Just go with it.  
"Brody." It's a nice name...

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - SHADOW OF PALM TREE - A BIT LATER

The ten castaways sitting in a tight little circle. Waiting  
for someone to do something.

CHASE

So...anyone wanna head out with me?

COOPER

Where?

CHASE

I dunno, but I wanna figure this  
thing out...

K.C.

What's to figure out?

Chase looks over at K.C. like she's some recently escaped  
lunatic.

CHASE

Ummmmmm...where we are...who we are?  
Just little shit like that...

K.C.

We just learned our names...isn't  
that enough for one day?

CHASE

No. (WAITS) Come on...surely some-  
body's as curious as I am...

Chase waits but no one is raising a hand to help join in.

K.C.

Guess not...'Chase.'

CHASE

You know what, K.C.? It's cool that  
you discovered our names--bravo--  
but I had one picked out for you  
already.

K.C.  
Yeah, what's that...?

CHASE  
I'll tell you sometime...

Chase looks at the rest of the group. Scanning the others for some support.

K.C. shooting silent daggers at her. The others are silent.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Anybody wanna go with me...have a look around? (WAITS) Guys, we need to do something here...build a camp or collect firewood or whatever you can do. Get up high, look around... (WAITS) Shit is gonna get serious out here, very soon...!

The others seem like they're in no hurry to help out, since the sky is blue and the temperature is agreeable.

COOPER  
Yeah, cool, I hear you but I just wanna take a little while and get my bearings, okay? My head is still spinning a little bit...

CHASE  
That's fine. Do what you want...but this isn't *SURVIVOR*. Nobody's gonna give us a million bucks when this is all over...I promise you that.

She turns to go and Brody stands up, dusts his ass off and moves to her side.

BRODY  
Hey, that's something, right there.

CHASE  
What?

BRODY  
*SURVIVOR*.

CHASE  
I don't get it...

BRODY  
You said that...and we all knew what you meant by it. *SURVIVOR*.  
(TO THE OTHERS) Right?



The others look at Brody or each other and nod 'yes.' Brody turns back to Chase.

BRODY (CONT'D)  
See? That's a start...

CHASE  
Good. So we've ruled out that we're on a game show...that's great.

Brody smiles at this and SHRUGS--at least it's something.

BRODY  
I'll come with you...see what's what.

CHASE  
Cool. Thanks. (TO THE OTHERS) We'll see you guys in a bit...

The two of them walk off down the beach, in the direction that the others first came from.

A HARSH LAUGH as they exit; K.C. saying shit to the group.

They don't turn around but instead just keep moving along the stretch of sand in front of them.

Chase carries her conch shell with her, under one arm.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - FURTHER ALONG - A BIT LATER

A patch of white sand. Suddenly TWO HANDS plunge into it and start DIGGING. Quickly and furiously.

They stop after a moment and try another spot.

This time a small metal container with a battered red cross on the lid is uncovered.

Chase holds it up to Brody, smiling at the discovery.

BRODY  
...shit, this is crazy!

CHASE  
I know!

BRODY  
We've found something in every spot where somebody was lying...

Chase looks back at the seven little mounds in the distance.o

CHASE

Yeah, well, thank God we came down here when we did...little bit longer and the tide would've come in and you'd never be able to tell one spot from the other...

They crouch down together on the sand, sifting through the little pile of things that they've discovered.

A small hatchet, a tin of matches, packet of fishing hooks, a waterproof pack of playing cards, two signal flares, a hand mirror and a rugged metal flashlight.

BRODY

This is not a coincidence...

CHASE

You *think*?

BRODY

Ha! But it's...this is insane! What are we doing out here?!

CHASE

I wish I knew. (WAITS) Maybe we're all dead and this is 'heaven.'

Brody gives her a 'shut the fuck up' look, then suddenly pulls off his shirt. Revealing a well-muscled body under his tank-top.

He lays the shirt out, puts the items inside the material, then bundles it up and ties it off using the two sleeves.

Pretty neat trick. Chase smiles approvingly at this move.

BRODY

Eagle scout. I cannot lie...

CHASE

Well, good...and thanks for not making me do the same thing...

He pretends to tip his hat at her and they both smile at this. He turns and points to the jungle across the way.

BRODY

Should we take a look, see if we can find shelter or water or...?

Chase looks at him, then back down the beach in the direction of the others. She turns and smiles at him.

CHASE

Let's do it...I don't think I can deal with that other chick again right now, anyway...

Brody LAUGHS at this and heads across the beach toward the trees in the distance. Checks his compass as they walk.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - SHADOW OF PALM TREE - SAME TIME

The rest of the group is lounging in the shade or napping by this point. Acting like they're on vacation.

A YOUNG MAN suddenly stands up and strips off his shirt and pants, revealing multiple tattoos. KICKS off his shoes.

He has very light features, a crew cut. (THIS IS 'DONOVAN').

DONOVAN

...screw it, we're at the beach...  
I'm gonna go swimming.

Cooper looks over at ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN and smiles at her. She is dark-skinned and their same age. (THIS IS 'TAYLOR').

COOPER

Should we do it...?

TAYLOR

Sure...why not?

The two of them and a few others RUN down to the water and strip down. They PLUNGE in. Start SPLASHING around.

K.C. watches from the shadows. Content to be out of the sun.

EXT. THE I-LAND - JUNGLE - VARIOUS SHOTS - SAME TIME

Miles of dense foliage. A wall of green in every direction.

Chase and Brody making their way through the undergrowth as best they can. He even uses the compass on occasion.

HIGH OVERHEAD: two tiny figures fighting their way through the virgin jungle.

EXT. THE I-LAND - JUNGLE - WATERFALL - A BIT LATER

A beautiful, twisting plunge of water falling over the edge of a rocky cliff.

It creates an amazing vista and a gorgeous pool of water in the middle of nowhere.

Chase and Brody standing near the edge, staring up at it.

CHASE

...ok...so at least we've got fresh water now.

BRODY

Yeah. Amazing.

CHASE

Yep.

BRODY

Maybe more than that, too...

CHASE

How so?

BRODY

Look back there...behind the falls.

He places an easy hand on her shoulder, turning her to look where he is pointing.

HER POV: Rushing water with a glimmer of brightness behind it. Ghostly shimmers.

CHASE

I don't see anything...

BRODY

Yeah, but it's...see how the light is dancing off the water there?

CHASE

Yeah...so what?

BRODY

I think it's...maybe...there could be a cave behind it.

CHASE

Shut up! Behind the falls?

BRODY

Yep. One that goes all the way on through...to the other side. That's sunlight we're seeing...I think...

CHASE

Really? That's so cool...

BRODY

Could be. Only one way to find out.

He smiles at her, sets his shirt package down, then takes off RUNNING until there is no more ground under his feet.

Brody JUMPS into mid-air and drops fifteen feet or so into the pool in front of them.

SPLASH!

He comes to the surface a moment or two later. Drenched and smiling.

BRODY (CONT'D)

It's fantastic! Come on in!

CHASE

No thanks...I'm not...

BRODY

Come on!! It's so nice!!

Chase shakes her head, puts her conch down on the ground and DARTS off toward the lip of the pool.

She FLIES through the air and lands feet first in the pool.

SPLASH!

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - WATER - SAME TIME

Donovan is swimming through the water with big, strong, confident strokes. Enjoying the challenge.

The others are closer to shore. MAKING NOISE and SPLASHING about.

Donovan stops for a moment to take a breather. Looking back to shore.

He WAVES to the others, CALLING OUT to them:

DONOVAN

Hey, you pussies...come out where it's deeper...come on! (TO BLAIR)  
Do it! Show these other losers!

Blair nods to him and SWIMS further out--reaching deeper water. Gets close to Donovan.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Nice, huh?

BLAIR

I guess...it's kinda far out.

DONOVAN

Yeah, that's what's so great. Look how clear it is... (PUTS HIS HEAD UNDER) Whoa. Shit. I think there's a boat down there...a sunken ship.

BLAIR

*Really?*

Cooper is swimming and watching them. Suddenly, he sees something dark approaching. About to collide with them.

COOPER

Hey, man...look out! LOOK OUT!!

Donovan hears him and turns to see a massive fin moving their way.

He turns and panics. Thinking quickly, He PUSHES Blair into the path of the sea creature and heads for the shore.

Blair turns and sees the shark moving toward her and her eyes go wide. She freezes.

At the last moment, it ZIPS past her and continues on toward the frenzied movement that Donovan is making.

He is STRUCK from behind by the impossibly quick predator.

BOOM!

He is JERKED violently to one side and then pulled under.

Gone.

Cooper is watching with a horrified look on his face. The others with him are just catching on to what's happening.

They wait, terrified, watching the open water.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Oh shit, oh shit!! (TO THE OTHERS)  
That dude just got attacked! What's-his-name!

TAYLOR

'Donovan!' Go help him!

COOPER

Are you fucking *kidding* me?! Did you see the size of that thing?!!

TAYLOR

Blair is still out there! We have  
to save her! Come on!!

Taylor starts to SWIM OUT when Cooper GRABS her from behind and PUSHES her back toward shore.

COOPER

Just go! GO!! I'll get her!!

Cooper turns and SWIMS as fast as he can toward Blair, who is still bobbing up and down in the open water.

He reaches her and starts PULLING her back toward shore.

Out of nowhere, Donovan POPS back up to the surface, PADDLING and CRYING OUT:

DONOVAN

Oh fuck...fuck...please! HELP ME!!

WHAM!

He's hit again and the water starts to turn red and foamy. The creature ROLLS over in the water, exposing a white belly.

The others turn and head back to shore. Shit-scared and not ready to die for this person that they don't even know.

HIGH OVERHEAD: way above the natural lagoon that this little stretch of beach surrounds. Looking down.

A blossoming SPURT of blood in the water. A dark thing under the surface in the shape of a ship.

Donovan was right.

EXT. THE I-LAND - JUNGLE - WATERFALL - THE CAVE - SAME TIME

Wall of falling water. Light from outside.

Two people, standing in the shadows, looking around. Taking in all the natural wonders.

CHASE

...holy shit.

BRODY

Yeah.

CHASE

This is unreal...you were absolutely right.

BRODY  
Thank you very much.

CHASE  
Wow.

BRODY  
Yep.

Chase starts walking around, checking out the spacious cavern behind the waterfall.

CHASE  
We could live in here if we had to.

BRODY  
Yeah, we could...we'd be smart to, actually.

CHASE  
Probably so.

BRODY  
Absolutely so. Fresh water...it's protected from the sun, surprisingly dry--for being inside of a waterfall--and pretty close to the beach as well.

CHASE  
And defendable.

BRODY  
Meaning what...?

CHASE  
Nothing. Just that. (WAITS) Saying we could defend it at both ends... if we had to.

BRODY  
Got it. Let's hope it's 'if.'

CHASE  
Right.

BRODY  
Plus...an escape hatch.

He points up and her eyes follow his finger. Near the top of the cave is another opening, where a strong shaft of light is pouring in from above.



BRODY (CONT'D)  
 Hey, maybe we shouldn't tell the  
 others about this...

CHASE  
 Are you kidding or what?

BRODY  
 Yeah. Sorta. (WAITS) A little bit.  
 (SMILING) *Maybe...*

She LAUGHS at this and NODS her head. He smiles again and  
 moves closer to her throughout the following:

BRODY (CONT'D)  
 I think this should just be our  
 little secret...for now...

CHASE  
 Oh yeah? Is that right?

BRODY  
 I really do.

CHASE  
 And why's that...?

BRODY  
 You know, just...great minds and  
 all that...

CHASE  
 Oh, I see...survival of the fittest  
 and that kinda deal...?

BRODY  
 Well...you are pretty fit...

#1  
 Ha! Thanks. You, too.

BRODY  
 Yeah...? You think...?

He's only inches away from her now but she doesn't back off.

Long beat in silence, then he moves to kiss her. A sweet  
 moment that lingers. Could become romantic at any second.

She allows him the peck, then steps back. Smiles.

CHASE  
 Okay, *Darwin*...that's enough life  
 lessons for one day...

A HAND lands on her shoulder, stopping her.

BRODY

Says who?

He smiles as he turns her back to him and GRABS her at the same time. Chase barely has time to think as Brody starts to PULL her down toward the sand.

CHASE

Hey, hey...knock it off. Come on.

Chase tries to FIGHT BACK but Brody is strong and determined. Very slowly he works on getting her to the ground.

Chase uses a BURST of strength and LASHES OUT again--nails on her left hand find Brody's forehead and leave a bloody mark.

He PULLS her down again and tries to force himself on her, there in the shadowy recesses of the darkened cave.

CHASE (CONT'D)

No, no, no! STOP! No fucking way!

She SMACKS him with a harsh kick and CRAWLS away. Stumbling away, she gets to her feet and RUNS for the opening.

DIVES through the opening and into the water. She SWIMS away from him and back to shore. Disappears into the jungle.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - SHADOW OF PALM TREE - LATER

The sun is starting to sink on the horizon. A frenzy of late-blooming colors.

The others are huddled together. Quiet. Scared.

Brody wanders back into camp alone. Carrying his bundle.

He kneels down and NODS to the group. Silence in return.

BRODY

...hey everybody. Look at what we found.

He opens his shirt and displays the items.

The others seem impressed but remain stand-offish and silent. He shares them as he looks around the group and SAYS:

BRODY (CONT'D)

What's up? (WAITS) Why're you guys so quiet...?

TAYLOR  
A guy died...out there...

BRODY  
'Died?' *What?!* (WAITS) Who died?!

TAYLOR  
That one guy! 'Donovan!'

COOPER  
The blonde guy with the tats...he went out swimming and so we joined him, just for some fun, you know... and he...he...got attacked...

BRODY  
By what...? (WAITS) Dude, by what?!

COOPER  
I don't know! A shark or a fucking ...who knows what! A *something!!* Doesn't matter, the guy is dead!! (POINTS) Almost got Blair, too...

BRODY  
Oh...God...really?!

BLAIR  
Yeah, that's right...

BRODY  
Oh shit...!

COOPER  
Yeah, *dude!* It was horrible!!

K.C. has been watching all this but now points at the items on the ground.

K.C.  
Where'd you find that stuff? (SHE POINTS AT THE ITEMS) Did the weird girl find it...?

BRODY  
Chase is not 'weird.' She's just... you know....

K.C.  
She jknew *exactly* where in the sand to look for survival stuff! Come on...that's weird!! I mean...it just is.

BRODY

Whatever...

K.C.

Yeah...right...

COOPER

What're you talking about...?

BRODY

Nothing.

K.C.

No, not nothing... (TO THE OTHERS)  
You know who I'm talking about...  
she just digs around a little bit  
in the sand, near where he woke up  
and where I did...and suddenly...  
*oh, look, there's a compass...ohh,  
cool, here's a knife.* (WAITS) Come  
on! That shit doesn't just happen!!

COOPER

So what're you saying?

K.C.

I'm saying she's fucking weird!!

BRODY

Okay, come on, let's just settle  
down, alright? Just because she's--

K.C.

Where is she, by the way? Huh?

BRODY

Oh...I dunno. (LOOKING AROUND) We  
split up, looking for...*things*...  
(WAITS) I thought she'd be back  
before me...

The others look at him and nod 'no.' Normally this might seem odd but they're all a bit shell-shocked by the day's events.

Brody tries to take charge and get off the subject of Chase.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Let's get a fire going...on the  
beach.

The others look at him skeptically but remain silent.

He rummages through the pile in front of him and holds up the matches.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Guys, it'll keep us warm...and somebody might see it, too. Like a boat or a plane...

K.C.

Out here? Who? (WAITS) Seriously...

He shrugs, pulls on his shirt and GRABS the matches, looking for dry palm fronds.

Starts to gather them and, after a beat, Cooper and a few others join him, including ANOTHER GUY, who has been quiet until now. Long-haired. Beard. (THIS IS 'MOSES').

MOSES

Cool...let's do it. Time to stop sitting on our asses. Come on.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - SUNDOWN

A raging bonfire. Burning brightly on the beach.

The others gathered in small groups around it. Trying to stay warm and close to each other.

K.C. SHIVERS. Brody removes his shirt and covers her with it.

She smiles up into his handsome face.

Out of the shimmer of the flames comes A FIGURE, walking down the beach.

Cooper spots it first and stands up. Looking that way.

HIS POV: a figure slowly becoming more distinct. It is Chase.

Stripped down to her sports bra and carrying a bundle in her arms (along with her conch).

She reaches the fire and kneels down.

Makes eye contact with Brody--whose eyes have gotten a little wider suddenly--and then the others.

CHASE

Food.

Thin smiles on most of the group. They are really hungry at this point.

She slowly distributes a stash of bananas and coconuts and berries.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I got enough for tonight...tomorrow  
we need to get organized.

The others are starving hungry and readily take the offerings as they MUMBLE their collective thanks and agreement.

Brody doesn't go over to get anything--just sits and watches as Chase CUTS holes in a coconut and DRINKS down the milk.

The sweet liquid runs down her chin and onto her chest but she doesn't stop. She DRAINS the thing.

After, she WIPES her mouth with an arm, HOLDS the coconut like a softball and stands up.

She THROWS it wickedly fast, straight at Brody. Just GRAZES his head.

Brody tries to protest and protect himself but he's no match for her speed. She CROSSES the ground between them and is on top of him before he can get to his feet.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Don't you ever fucking touch me  
again...! You hear me?!! EVER!!  
Fucker...!!

WHAM!

She SLAMS his head against the sand and KNOCKS him sideways.

Chase LANDS on his chest and PULLS out her knife.

WHAM!

Before she can do anything some others have jumped her and PULLED her away from Brody, whose forehead is GUSHING blood.

BRODY

Fuck! Owww!! Shit!!!

CHASE

You fucking asshole!!

BRODY

*What?!*

Chase FIGHTS to get away but can't. THROWS the rest of her weight against Cooper but it's no use.

He wrestles the knife out of her hand and holds her back.

CHASE

You piece of shit...!! You touch me or anybody else ever again and I'll kill you!! Ya hear me?! I will fucking KILL you!!!

She is being held back but BREAKS free of them. Pushes them aside but doesn't go after Brody again. She's made her point.

BRODY

She's crazy! (TO CHASE) You're fucking crazy!!

CHASE

Yeah, really, am I? (TO THE OTHERS) Did you tell 'em about the waterfall...and the cave...did you tell 'em about all that shit we found?! Huh?!

She stares down the others, pointing at Brody and trying to catch her breath.

BRODY

...

CHASE

Yeah, I figured you didn't...and here I thought you were an *Eagle Scout*, you fucking shithead. (TO THE OTHERS) Fresh water, a place to live...and he wanted it to be 'our secret.' That's what he told me...right before he attacked me...

BRODY

Oh please! 'Attacked' you!! That's a good one...

CHASE

You did, you fucking liar!!

BRODY

Bull...*shit*! (TO THE OTHERS) She came on to me...it's no big deal but she's the one who kissed me!!

CHASE

You fucker! You mother-fucking...!!

Chase LAUNCHES herself at him again but Cooper and a few others HOLD her back.

Brody is worked up now and POINTS at her. YELLING:

BRODY  
You did, too!!

CHASE  
Fuck YOU!!

BRODY  
I mean, Jesus...do I look like  
I need to *attack* girls for sex?!  
I mean, *please*!!

The others don't know who to believe--they both sound angry and truthful and the whole thing is just confusing.

CHASE  
You fucking prick...you're such a--

BRODY  
Come on, people, think about it!  
If somebody just attacked you...  
would you stop and pick *fruit* for  
everyone after...or would you go  
straight back to wherever and do  
something about it?! (LOOKING AT  
THE OTHERS) *Hey guys...here's a  
banana and some mangoes, oh, and  
yeah, I almost forgot...that guy  
over there attacked me. I mean,  
that's just, like, insane talk!*

CHASE  
You cocksucker...fucking dick!!

Chase STRUGGLES to get away and finally PULLS herself free.  
She backs away from them rather than advancing on Brody.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Don't touch me! Any of you!! All of  
you...just stay away from me...!!

Chase GRABS up her shirt and pulls it on, moving back toward  
the trees and away from the fire.

The others watch her go, then turn back to Brody.

MOSES  
Dude...what happened out there?

#2  
Nothing! We *kissed*! (WAITS) Guys...  
I'm telling you the truth.

They say nothing but look him over a few times. K.C. seems to  
be taking his side--literally moving over next to him.



Brody looks at her. She looks at him. A connection is slowly starting to form here.

K.C.

I told you before...that girl is crazy. Something is up with her.

And with that, most of the group SITS down and continues to warm themselves by the fire as they eat the fruit that has been brought to them.

Brody and K.C. off to one side. WHISPERING.

Cooper and two of the quieter members of the group move off to check on Chase.

She brushes them off without a word and they make their way back again to the edge of the fire.

Cooper keeps an eye on Brody from across the flames.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - NIGHT

The fire has died down now. A bed of reddish-black embers.

The others are ASLEEP or RESTING.

GO CLOSE on Chase. Eyes open and alert. Staring up at the dark sky filled with a million stars.

HER POV: A full and shining moon, staring back at her.

She pulls her arms around herself to try and stay warm as she finally drifts off to sleep, leaning up against a palm tree.

INT. CEMENT ROOM - SOME TIME

The room again.

SOUND of WATER DRIPPING somewhere.

The red chair, front and center.

That pool of blood on the floor as well.

CAMERA SLOWLY CRAWLING LOW across the room.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - NEXT MORNING

CLOSE ON the eyes of Chase.

They SNAP open with a start. She is breathing heavily and panicked.

Slowly realizing that she was dreaming. Or something.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - FURTHER ALONG - A BIT LATER

It's early and still a little cold.

The sun hasn't come up over the mountains that form the center of the island.

Chase is by herself, down by the water and searching around. Carrying her conch with her and checking out the water.

She stands down by the lapping waves and turns back to the island to get a better perspective on her surroundings.

It's a fairly big place when you take it all in from a distance.

Beaches, jungle, cliffs, mountains.

It's got a little bit of everything, and that's what she's afraid of.

The unknown.

Chase raises her conch and BLOWS. She's getting better each time she tries it.

Down the beach, the figure of the old man appears again. He stands waiting. Watching.

Chase finally puts the conch down and the mysterious figure disappears back into the jungle.

She backs up a little bit and STUMBLES over a patch of seaweed.

Chase loses her balance and goes to the ground.

PLOP!

She ends up next to the sea vines and, caught within the cluster, the torn body and haunted face of Donovan.

Horrified, Chase reaches down to touch the silent figure.

Donovan's eyes FLASH open and he makes a RASPING SOUND.

Chase SCREAMS and STUMBLES back and away, putting some space between her and this gruesome discovery.

Her shout brings most of the others RUNNING down the beach toward her (not Brody and not K.C.).

Chase gets to her feet as they arrive with questioning looks on their faces.

She points at the cluster of seaweed and SAYS:

CHASE  
...it's him. Donovan.

COOPER  
What?!

CHASE  
He's alive...!

She points again, unable to finish the thought before BENDING OVER and THROWING UP.

Cooper breaks from the group and goes to inspect him.

COOPER  
Oh...shit...that's unreal. Damn.

CHASE  
Yeah...

Cooper looks out to sea for a second, SHUDDERING at this.

COOPER  
That shark...it tore him to *pieces*.  
Jesus, look at him...

BLAIR  
We need to help him! Get him back  
to the first aid kit!

CHASE  
You're kidding, right? (WAITS) That  
kit probably has *Spiderman* bandages  
in it! That's not gonna help him...

BLAIR  
Well, we've gotta try!

With that, Blair has PULLED her shirt off and has applied it to one wound that is still bleeding.

She looks up at the others, who slowly move to her and try to help her with their injured comrade.

CHASE  
Told you this wasn't *SURVIVOR*...

The others look at her, surprised at just how cold she can be in the face of this horrific accident.

COOPER  
Jesus...that's not funny...

CHASE  
I know.

MOSES  
...ok, great...

CHASE  
I wasn't trying to be funny.

COOPER  
Fine, Jesus...whatever. Grab a leg.

CHASE  
Sure. (WAITS) But he doesn't stand a chance...you know that, right?

BLAIR  
Guys! We gotta move him...now!!

CHASE  
I'm ready.

COOPER  
On one...

CHASE  
Let's get him close to the fire.  
Keep him warm...

BLAIR  
Careful...and up we go...

As they raise him up they see the darkened sand beneath him. Now they know just how much blood he's lost.

CHASE  
Pretty much what I said...

Blair bends down and GRABS the wet seaweed from the beach. WRAPS it around his body. Chase reaches over to help her.

The others notice that she is now carrying the small hatchet on her belt, along with the knife on the other side.

Together they all start to move slowly down the beach toward the fire in the distance.

COOPER

Just for the record...I'm not sure that I'm at all comfortable with you carrying around a bunch of *weapons*. (WAITS) Anybody else?

The rest NOD at this and continue to carry Donovan.

No answer from Chase, who silently helps carry the body.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - SHADOW OF PALM TREE - A BIT LATER

CLOSE ON top of the first-aid kit POPPING open.

Blair DIGGING through it, taking a few supplies as she tries to help comfort Donovan.

Her eyes meet Chase, who is sitting sullenly against a tree quite some distance from the others.

After a minute, she looks out at the ocean, then back toward the jungle. Trying to make sense of what's happening to her.

A SHADOW looms overhead and lands on her.

It is Brody standing there, looking down at her--but far enough away to feel safe from whatever reaction she's about to have.

BRODY

...hey there.

CHASE

The fuck are you doing over here?  
(WAITS) Answer me.

BRODY

I came to apologize.

CHASE

...

BRODY

Hoping we can get past whatever... what happened...and still maybe be friends. Or something.

A tense moment of silence between the two of them. Finally:

CHASE

Kinda still waiting on that big *apology* of yours...

BRODY

So, yeah...I'm sorry...

CHASE

For what exactly? What you did to me...or lying about it? Which?

BRODY

I dunno, it was just more of a... you know...general type thing...

CHASE

You mean 'bullshit.' Right?

BRODY

No...no! Not bullshit. I do mean it. I'm sorry you're upset with me and so, yeah...I'm sorry about that.

CHASE

Anything else? Now's your chance...

Brody is having trouble with a full apology. He glances down the beach to see the others working, resting, etc.

BRODY

I just didn't...listen, it doesn't matter, but people are gonna...it's gonna get worse before it gets any better out here...you're smart so I know that you can see that...

CHASE

So...?

BRODY

We don't even have a clue what the hell's going on...or how we woke up here...and I just think that people need to end up on the right side with each other before it's too late. (WAITS) That's all. Before things start to go down or fall apart or, or...you know...

CHASE

I see. (WAITS) Thanks, *Brody*.

BRODY

Yeah. I just wanted to say that... so that's all.

(MORE)

BRODY (CONT'D)

(WAITS) We're stuck here, it seems,  
for who-knows-how-long...and I just  
wanna have the best group by my  
side. In the end. That's all...

Chase looks at him after this speech, waiting to see if he's  
going to say anything more substantial but he doesn't.

WHOOSH! A red flare is fired into the sky. Moses on the other  
end of it.

CHASE

Great. Now we have one left.

MOSES

It's an emergency flare and that's  
what this is, right? An emergency.

Chase shrugs and looks back at Brody, who is waiting for her.

CHASE

So I should forget that you *choked*  
the shit outta me and *held* me down  
and stuff like that, because things  
are gonna get 'worse' soon?

BRODY

I mean...kinda...yeah.

CHASE

How much worse do you think they're  
gonna get for me--I'm just curious.

BRODY

Hey...who knows...?

CHASE

You know what? I think I'm gonna  
take my chances on this one...

She STANDS up at this and touches the knife at her hip.

Brody takes an involuntary step back, which she clocks.

BRODY

Anyway, look...they wanna have a  
meeting soon. The rest of 'em, so  
I said I'd walk down and tell you.  
(WAITS) I hope you'll show up...

CHASE

Maybe.

BRODY

I hope so...I could use your vote.

CHASE

'Vote?'

BRODY

I've got some ideas, that's all...  
and I'm sure folks are gonna wanna  
put things to a vote at some point.

CHASE

Don't hold your breath.

BRODY

Hey, I don't *need* you for this...  
I'm just asking to be *nice*.

CHASE

I see. (WAITS) *Thanks*.

BRODY

They're also kinda worried that you  
decided to start carrying a hatchet  
and a knife now...so there's that,  
too...

CHASE

Tell them I need 'em in case you  
try to *rape* me again, you fucker.

BRODY

Hey, I'm just the *messenger*...

CHASE

And we all know what happens to  
him, don't we...

Brody shrugs and turns back toward the others. He stops,  
takes one last glance at Chase over his shoulder.

BRODY

And by the way, for the record...  
I wasn't trying to *rape* you.

CHASE

*Oh really?* You weren't?

BRODY

No. And there's no such thing out  
here, anyway. Not in this place.

CHASE

...



BRODY

There's just 'sex' and 'no sex.'  
(WAITS) We had 'no sex.'

A thin smile from him as he produces that pocket mirror they found from his pants. Checks his reflection in it.

Satisfied, off he walks. Back toward the fire and the others.

GO CLOSE on the face of Chase. She is fighting back tears but will not allow them to fall.

She WIPES harshly at her eyes with her bare arm while watching Brody receding into the distance.

Her eyes shift as she notices something in the distance, far off down the beach.

She shades her eyes to see what it is and can just barely make it out.

HER POV: TWO PEOPLE, moving slowly down the beach. Taking a series of long, calculated steps. Like shore birds.

One of them is A YOUNG WOMAN. Stringy hair and a thick pair of glasses. Their age. She's been very quiet up until now. (THIS IS 'HAYDEN').

She is with A GUY. A little heavy, short cropped hair, about their age as well. (THIS IS 'MASON').

Chase realizes she's seen them with the rest of the group but neither of them has said much if anything.

Just quietly watching and waiting. Looking scared.

Now they are moving along the shore in this strange manner and Chase sets off behind them. Curious to find out why.

Hayden and Mason disappear around a bend in the beach and, moments later, so does Chase.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - THE CLIFF - A BIT LATER

A PAIR OF HANDS come suddenly into view, knuckles turning white as they cling to an outcropping of rock.

A body follows and WE SEE Moses as he PULLS HIMSELF up the side of a rock wall. Headed for the top.

He is following Cooper, who is free-climbing ahead of him.

PULL BACK to see that they are working in tandem to climb up beyond the beach to get a better look at where they are.

MOSES

...dude...this sucks.

COOPER

No shit...but it's the only way we're ever gonna see what's up above us, the rest of the island and it's something we can do to help. (WAITS) So come on...maybe we'll even find something that can be useful for Donovan.

MOSES

Like what? You think we'll find an ER or something up there...?

Cooper LAUGHS at this and keeps climbing slowly upward. He looks behind him and sees the jungle floor below him.

MOSES (CONT'D)

This is so not me. A rock climber.

COOPER

Yeah, me either...!

MOSES

Funny thing is...I know that about myself...but that's all I know. A few little things like that. Know what I mean? I think I don't like peanut butter...or tuna. I used to drive a yellow car. Shit like that.

COOPER

Same for me--a couple little bits--and it's driving me crazy!

MOSES

I mean...I just do not get this... it's so strange. Right? This whole thing!

COOPER

Completely...

MOSES

But, it's like, I can't even think of where I was born! That's...just ...insane! It's INSANE, right?!

Moses LAUGHS to himself at this fact as his hand misses the next indent in the cliff.

Suddenly he is hanging by one hand and his feet SLIP as well.

WHAM!

He SLIDES down the rock face, SCRAMBLING for something to grab onto.

Moses is about to fall into space when A HAND shoots out and GRABS him by the wrist.

It is Cooper. Leaning back and not letting go of Moses, even though he himself is hanging from a tiny piece of rock.

Silence for a moment as they SWING there in the breeze.

Back and forth.

MOSES (CONT'D)

Don't let go, bro...

COOPER

I got you. Don't worry.

Cooper is starting to sweat from the strain of the extra weight. He looks around, needing to make some decisions.

He glances down at Moses, making eye contact.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Just look at me....dude...listen to me...and concentrate. Do not look down or away from me. Just look in my eyes and fucking...hold...on...

Cooper looks next to him one more time, mentally measuring what he's about to suggest.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna swing you...a couple times...over to that rock. Right there. (WAITS) Okay? (WAITS) No, look over there and see the rock I'm talking about...to the left.

MOSES

We're...not gonna...make it...

COOPER

Shut the hell up! We are gonna do this and we're gonna make it! Now look.

MOSES

...

Another precious minute of hanging there and Moses finally glances over at what Cooper is referring to.

A tiny knob of stone that sticks out from the cliff face.

Not much of a target, even on a good day.

COOPER

So...when I say...I'm gonna swing you back and forth...and back and forth...and once I get you rocking, you gotta let go of me and fly for that rock right there. You hear me? You are gonna *fly*...

MOSES

Are you *smoking*, bro...? Me, *flying* for a *rock*?! (WAITS) I will never reach it!

Cooper's arm is burning now and he SHOUTS at Moses:

COOPER

Yes, you will!

MOSES

Dude...that's some kinda *Cirque du Soleil* shit...!!

COOPER

I can't pull you up and I'm getting weaker by the second...so just shut up and do this...!

MOSES

Okay, okay...shit...!!

COOPER

Come on, let's go for it...

Cooper takes a DEEP BREATH, then starts to SWING Moses back and forth through the air.

Back and forth. Back and forth.

With a final SWING, Cooper uses all the strength he's got to send Moses CAREENING through the air.

Moses FLIES through space for what seems like an eternity, then HITS the wall.

WHAM!

He CLINGS to the spot. Eyes closed. CLUTCHING the rock for dear life.

COOPER (CONT'D)

YES!!

Cooper watches, satisfied, then looks up and continues on with the climb.

MOSES

Dude...I hate you so much!!

Cooper smiles at this and keeps moving upward. After a beat or two, Moses begins to timidly follow behind.

RISE BEYOND them and up the cliff face until WE SEE what's up above: miles of pristine jungle and several mountain peaks.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - BONFIRE - EARLY EVENING

The group is gathered around, TALKING and waiting for Chase to arrive. Moses and Taylor are using the playing cards.

Blair further off, near a quiet, trembling Donovan.

BRODY

...and that's all I'm saying...yes, it's a risk but I think it's a risk we should take...especially now we have someone who's injured.

COOPER

I dunno, man, off the beach doesn't make sense to me...

BRODY

Cool, so...then...don't go. Simple.

COOPER

Yeah, but...

BRODY

*What?*

COOPER

I just... (LOOKING AROUND) People, help me out here...come on!

BLAIR

How?

COOPER

We've talked about this!

MOSES

It's just an idea. Let 'em finish.

COOPER

I know that! I'm just pointing out that splitting up is maybe not the best idea in the world...

BLAIR

Guys, is this really worth arguing about? Huh? We've got someone who's *dying* here...

BRODY

Yeah, and the rest of us wanna live...so, *yes*, it's important! If we all go together then we're not splitting up...and we can do fires and stuff during the days.

COOPER

Going off into the jungle where nobody knows where we are is not necessarily a great idea either! (WAITS) Look, I'm not trying to bully people and I didn't mean to raise my voice just then, but...

BRODY

Dude, you're *scared* of the water from what I hear, so why don't you just admit it? Stop trying to beat your fears and make a smart choice for once...

Cooper LAUGHS out loud at this, turning and looking at Brody.

COOPER

Are you being serious right now? Huh? Are you? I'm not scared of the water, pal...I'm scared of what's in the water, ok? *Big* difference.

BRODY

Whatever.

COOPER

Yeah, well, we saw a guy get torn apart while you were off splashing around in a waterfall and getting laid...so...

BRODY  
I wasn't getting *laid*...

COOPER  
Yeah, right...

BRODY  
You better watch your mouth, man.

CHASE  
It's true...because I fought him off and didn't let him *forcibly* fuck me--I've also been informed that there's no such thing as *rape* on this island, there's just 'sex' and 'no sex.' (TO BRODY) Did I get that right, Brody? (TO THE OTHERS) Be sure you make a note of that, ladies...

Chase steps out of the growing shadows. She has apparently approached without anyone else knowing she was there.

The others glance at one another and share silent looks.

Chase sits alone, on the edge of the group with her conch.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Sorry I'm late--I wasn't sure about being here but then I figured, hey, you guys are all I got...so...let the big council meeting begin!

Brody locks eyes with Chase and slowly smiles. Stands and SNAPS on the heavy flashlight. Shines it on various faces.

BRODY  
People, listen...we're here. Wherever the hell 'here' is...this is where we're at now. We don't know *why*...we don't know *how*...but it's real and you can get sunburned and killed by shit in the water and we still get hungry and thirsty and... you know what I'm saying! All I'm proposing is that we take a vote about moving off the beach to a cave a little bit inland where we have fresh water and shelter and, you know...we're protected. That's all.

COOPER  
And where nobody knows we're at...

BRODY

Dude, will you STOP with that?! NO ONE KNOWS ANYWAY! NO ONE IS COMING FOR US!! We're on our own here... face facts, for God's sake!!

COOPER

You don't know that! (TO THE REST OF THEM) He doesn't know that!!

CHASE

You're right... (TO THE OTHERS) He's right...we have no idea if anybody else is out there or not BUT we have to have hope! Right?

K.C.

Why don't you let them finish without butting in...?

CHASE

Why don't you shut the fuck up...?

K.C. wants to say something back to Cooper but she doesn't know what to say and doesn't quite have the balls to keep going.

BRODY

Come on, guys...we're gonna die out here, without a roof over our heads and in the open. Weather, animals, all the crap that could be out here and lemme tell you what...I promise you, we haven't seen half the shit this island is gonna throw at us yet...no way. It's just a fact... and we need to be ready.

He waits, looking from face to face in hopes of support.

BRODY

(CONT'D)

You guys went up the cliff earlier today, right? What'd you see?

MOSES

I mean...not much. We climbed up the rocks at the other end of the beach...tried to get up to where we could see what's what...but...it's all jungle up there, mostly anyway ...and a mountain or two. No one's gonna really see much unless we get to the top of one of the peaks...

(MORE)



MOSES (CONT'D)

(WAITS) It looked pretty *rugged* up there, from what I could see. (TO COOPER) Didn't you think so, bro?

COOPER

Yeah...it's a lot of jungle, and hills and shit...I think that we are better off down here, yes... no question...but on the beach. (WAITS) We keep the fire going, we take turns searching for food and getting water and we survive. (WAITS) That's what I think...

CHASE

OR...we try and get outta here.

The others SMIRK at this or make faces. K.C. sees her chance:

K.C.

Yeah, what're you gonna use for a boat...the *first-aid kit*? Or that little knife on your belt there?

CHASE

That's funny...that's good...

K.C.

Just try *listening*, okay?

CHASE

I have been but I'm not really that impressed with anything being said.

BRODY

*Sorry*. (WAITS) Did you find out a bit of info that we don't have...? Why the hell would you say that, 'get outta here?' Huh? (WAITS) HOW? (WAITS) We're in the middle of nowhere and we don't even know where the hell 'nowhere' is!! Okay?!!

Brody looks pretty proud of himself for his speech and now stops to see if Chase has anything to say in return.

CHASE

You done now...or did you have a big finish planned, because...I can wait...

BRODY

No, you go right ahead.

CHASE

Thanks. (TO THE OTHERS) Look, we are here for a reason. We must be. There's no other explanation.

No one challenges this, no matter what they think. After a beat, Chase continues on.

She turns to the couple she followed earlier down the beach, the quiet pair. Hayden and Mason.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Anybody know who these two are...? That guy right there, and the girl next to him? Hmmm?

The others look around, over at them and then back at each other. No one says anything.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Yeah, me either...because I didn't take the *time* or have the *decency* to introduce myself. Shame on me. (WAITS) This is *Hayden* and *Mason*.

They look at the others--not with anger but with faces that agree with and are resigned to what Chase has just said.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Members of our group but quiet and not bothering anyone so who cares about them...right? Yep. Same way I acted. Shitty. But earlier... I saw them together, moving down the beach in an odd way...like... they were counting out steps. (TO BOTH OF THEM) But it wasn't just that, was it? It was more.

They shake their heads at the same time. Hayden pushes her glasses back up onto her nose and SPEAKS:

HAYDEN

It was an algorithm...

MASON

She figured out the numbering... but I noticed the sequence first, and I built the code from there...

COOPER

Okay, so...when we inevitably start *pairing up*...I can see how this is gonna go down.

The others GIGGLE at this but Chase is quick to SNAP at him:

CHASE

Hey, funny guy, can you just shut up for a second so they can try to explain? (WAITS) Thank you. (TURNS TO HAYDEN) Go on...don't be afraid. (WAITS) Hayden, go ahead.

HAYDEN

But...they'll laugh at us...

CHASE

No, they won't... (TO THE OTHERS) ...because I'm carrying an axe and I'll chop the fucking *hand* off the next person who acts like an asshole to you. (TO THE OTHERS) Fair warning. (TO HAYDEN) So go on...

Hayden looks around at the group, pushes up her glasses and CONTINUES:

HAYDEN

It was the number of steps. Between each of us. That's what I noticed.

CHASE

Like when I saw the things buried in the sand...first one, then one more...I guessed about the rest... but I was right. They were there.

MASON

It was 39 steps between each of us. Without fail. 39 large steps.

TAYLOR

Isn't that a movie or something...? THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS...?

COOPER

Yeah, but that probably doesn't have anything to do with--

CHASE

Maybe not, but who knows? (TO THE OTHERS) That's the *point* here! We have gotta open ourselves up to what's around us, use what we can remember from our lives to figure out what all this shit means...! Our bodies, words we remember... *anything* might unlock the truth.

Chase hopes that people embrace this but it seems to be going over most of their heads.

K.C.

So what? What do 39 steps have to do with us?

CHASE

We don't know yet...something or nothing...but it's a start!

MASON

...we calculated the number of steps we had, times the number of people that existed here... and then followed that number.

COOPER

Ok, I'm fucking lost now...

TAYLOR

Yeah, me too...

BRODY

Can we just take a vote, please? If we're going to move, then we need to be on our--

CHASE

JUST LISTEN! Jesus Christ, it's not that hard!! Just...fucking... (SHE CATCHES HERSELF) Please. Continue. Mason?

Mason looks nervous to be the center of attention but he does his best.

MASON

Okay...so...not counting the ocean, since it would be impossible to go out there and calculate steps in a credible way while swimming...

COOPER

And not counting the shark...

MASON

Right...and not counting the shark, we began taking a series of random samplings in terms of the jungle and also in both directions on the beach...and...allowing for a size differential based on the biggest and smallest of us...bingo.

BLAIR  
Meaning what...?

HAYDEN  
Meaning...we found something.

The others stop at this, leaning forward to hear what's next.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - FURTHER ALONG - SUNSET

The group is moving along in single file through the sand, heading down the beach. Holding lit torches.

Mason leads the way, COUNTING out the steps as they go.

MASON  
...I just wanna be sure...so...

Hayden is right behind him, COUNTING it out to herself.

Brody catches up to Chase and walks next to her for a beat.

BRODY  
...you should've helped me out  
while you had the chance.

CHASE  
Thanks for the tip.

BRODY  
You'll see. I promise you...

CHASE  
It's a long walk--save your breath.

Brody SHAKES his head and moves on, heading up toward the front of the line. K.C. is following him, but not before giving Chase the stinkiest of 'stink eyes.'

Chase just LAUGHS to herself--in this place, you have to laugh or you just might start screaming.

HIGH OVERHEAD: a tiny column of people carrying torches is marching down a long stretch of pure white sand.

The red sun sits like a boiling ball of fire on the horizon.

EXT. THE I-LAND - BEACH - NEW STRETCH OF SAND - A BIT LATER

Mason and Hayden finally come to a halt, turning back to the others as Hayden SAYS:

HAYDEN

...this is it.

CHASE

Thanks, you guys...thank you. (TO THE OTHERS) Come over here. Look.

They slowly gather around what is essentially a drop-off from the beach into the rougher waters on the edge of the lagoon.

A jumble of rocks but, more importantly, what looks like a series of crude stone steps. Leading into the water.

Could be man-made...or just a coincidence of nature.

At the bottom of the 'steps,' however, something far more interesting. And irregular.

GO CLOSE to see a pole, covered in barnacles, with a weather-ed METAL SIGN bolted to the top of it. Man-made for sure.

It reads: "FIND YOUR WAY BACK."

The others look at the sign, then back at each other.

Okay, this is odd.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I was down here earlier myself but I didn't see it--the tide was in or I wasn't looking for it--doesn't matter. It's here. It's in English. (WAITS) I mean...come on...!

The rest of them are still taking it in. Weighing it out.

BRODY

Okay...so there's a sign...

CHASE

Yeah! A sign that is the exact number of steps times the number of us that are here from where we woke up on this...fucking...beach! Is that not at all surprising to you...?! (WAITS) It says FIND YOUR WAY BACK.

They look back at the sign. It's rusted and definitely old.

K.C.

Yep. (POINTING) Right there.

BRODY

We can read...

CHASE

Good! So does it say GO LIVE IN A CAVE or STAY ON THE BEACH or does it say something else...? (WAITS) I'm speechless. Seriously, does this not say anything to you guys at all...? (WAITS) NO ONE??!

BRODY

Yeah, that somebody was here before us...so what? That's actually bad news...because they're gone now... so they either figured something out we didn't or they died. (BEAT) Sucks either way.

K.C.

And it's not like it's *magic*; it's not even *math*... (WAITS) They just walked to the end of the beach. If they hadn't found it, somebody else would've...at some point...

This is not what Chase expected from them...not even the most skeptical or annoying of them. She feels defeated.

CHASE

Yeah, I guess so...you're right. (WAITS) Sorry I wasted your time.

MOSES

No, it's cool, but it's not exactly like you found a *map* or whatever... some proof that we're...you know?

CHASE

How do you know? Maybe it is...maybe that's exactly what it is! The point is: it's *something*! This is the start of something, I know it!

She looks from face to face. Unfortunately, Chase hasn't made many friends so she's left with little support at this point.

K.C.

I'm cold...I'm going back...

BRODY

Yeah, I'll come with you.

Chase and Brody lock eyes as he's leaving--a little smile from him that seems to say: 'no one is going to take you seriously ever again.'

Slowly the others turn and leave as well. Cooper and Blair are the next to go. Blair at least offers an excuse:

BLAIR

Sorry, but...I'm gonna go check on Donovan. Might use those fish hooks to try and close up his wounds...

They're gone. Only Hayden and Mason stick close to her now.

CHASE

Don't you get it? It says FIND YOUR WAY BACK! It doesn't say HOME...it says BACK! But 'back' where? BACK to where?! Huh?! (WAITS) WHERE?!!

A HAND touches her back and Chase turns around, fist balled up and ready to punch somebody's lights out.

She is looking into the dirty glasses on Hayden's face.

She stops herself and tries to calm down. Forcing a smile.

CHASE (CONT'D)

They just don't understand...we're supposed to go somewhere! Do something! (LOOKS AT THEM) We are!!

HAYDEN

Who knows? Maybe they're right and it's nothing...

MASON

The numbers are correct...I know that much...

HAYDEN

But so what? It could just be a sign...an actual sign...left here by someone a long time ago...about something that means nothing now.

She shrugs and walks away, heading back with the others and holding her torch high. Mason turns and follows her.

Chase is frustrated and angry. Feels all alone in the world: a world that she doesn't understand and is afraid of.

CHASE

No, no, no! It *means* something!!  
It does! I promise you it does!!

She is gritting her teeth and rage-filled. She looks at the pink and delicate conch shell in her hands.



She lifts it to her mouth and BLOWS. It emits a LOW, BEAUTIFUL SOUND.

The others turn back toward her, then realize what the sound is. They turn away and keep walking.

Only Moses stays looking at her for a moment. His eyes shift as he thinks he sees something even further down the beach.

The figure of an old man, dressed in rags.

Chase turns, follow the gaze of Moses and just catches the glimpse of something. Someone. A moment later it's gone.

She looks back at Moses, who shrugs and turns away.

WHAM!

Chase SMASHES the conch onto the stone steps and takes a DEEP BREATH. Fighting back her emotions.

She feels like she's starting to lose it. She can't manage to stop the tears from coming this time so she doesn't fight it.

Chase stands there, alone at the end of the long beach, and finally allows herself to CRY.

Big, rolling tears that spill down her cheeks.

CHASE (CONT'D)

It has to mean *something*...  
(quietly)  
Doesn't it?

After a moment she gathers herself and sits down on the top step alone, holding her torch. Looking out to sea.

GO CLOSE on the broken conch pieces on the next step down.

A rubber key fob with a blinking light on one side, hidden amongst the fragments.

And something written there as well, on the inner wall of one of the larger chunks of shell.

Thick white block letters.

It says "PROPERTY OF THE..." but the rest is lost.

Hidden from view.

END OF EPISODE 101.

