

Harper's Island

by

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CBS/Paramount
Junction Entertainment
Network Draft
February 28, 2008

EXT. SEATTLE HARBOR - PARKING LOT - DAY

A picturesque sleepy Seattle harbour with lush green hills cascading into the water on either side.

A LIVE STRING QUARTET plays classical music on a small ferry docked in the distance. People are on board celebrating.

In the foreground, a sign welcoming guests to the wedding of Trish Wellington and Henry Dunn.

A sudden gust of wind tips over the sign. . .

At the entrance of the crowded parking lot, a taxi pulls forward. The reflection of the harbor is cast on its windows. As the back window opens, the reflection disappears and we reveal the taxi's lone passenger, ABBY MAY (25), simple, natural, pretty.

Abby is looking outside her opened window, focused on the celebration in the distance. . .

The taxi stops. She continues to look out the window. . .

INT. TAXI - DAY

The CAB DRIVER moves his finger towards the meter. He presses stop. . .

The driver looks back at Abby. . .

Abby looks down at the wedding invite she holds in her hand, staring at the elegantly printed location, "Harper's Island."

EXT. HARPER'S ISLAND FERRY - DAY

The sound of classical music grows louder as we follow closely behind a beer cooler being carried up the boat's ramp. . .

As the cooler reaches deck-level, we reveal WAITERS in white jackets serving hors d'oeuvres and champagne.

The dress of the crowd is casual; however, it is clear this is an upscale event.

The cooler is dropped on the deck of the boat.

FOUR GROOMSMEN, in their mid-twenties, stand proudly by its side.

SULLY, the stud, wearing an old University of Washington hat backwards, flips open the lid of the cooler as SHEP, the smallest of the group, looks down at the beer packed in ice through his thick-framed glasses.

Shep hands a beer to Sully as Sully passes it along to DANNY, a Brooklyn native.

SULLY

I need six more of these and two valium before I can even deal with these girls.

SHEP

Which girls?

SULLY

The bridesmaids. See Laurie. . . over there.

They quickly focus on a group of beautiful girls in the crowd.

SULLY

Bathroom stall. Craig's wedding. Real classy. . . Stacey, two days later at your graduation party.

SHEP

I remember that.

DANNY

Don't forget Beth at the Space Needle.

SULLY

Oh, yeah.

SHEP

Wait. . . My Beth.

SULLY

It was before you were dating her.

SHEP

How much before?

SULLY

It was like. . . You know. . . Like a lot. Long time. . .

(beat)

I think.

Off Shep's look, Sully reaches down into the cooler and tosses a beer to HENRY DUNN (24), the groom. Henry catches it, smiles. . .

HENRY

Where have you guys been? I could've used this beer an hour ago.

He takes a sip, stops. . .

HENRY

I think my father-in-law hates me.

MALCOLM, the fourth groomsmen, cracks a smile. . .

MALCOLM

You're just realizing this now?

SULLY

Henry, we all hate you.

HENRY

Guys, save the love for the speeches.

TRISH WELLINGTON (24), barbie-doll blond and radiant, approaches the group, greeting party guests on her way. She is dignified, intelligent, and well-put together. It is evident she is aware that all eyes are upon her and she wants everyone to know that she is in complete control of this moment, her moment.

SULLY

Trish.

Sully reaches down into the cooler, pulls out a Heineken, and tosses it to Trish. Trish watches the beer fly by her and roll down the deck. . .

TRISH

Nice, Sully. . . Henry, can I talk to you for a moment. . .

Henry approaches Trish. Trish leans over to him as she motions to the far side of the ferry. J.D. DUNN (21), rail-thin, rocker-type, is tossing sushi to seagulls on the dock.

TRISH

Look at your brother. He's feeding hundred dollar plates of seared ahi tuna to the seagulls.

Trish smiles and waves to a passing guest.

HENRY
 (calming)
 Honey, I'll take care of it. Don't
 worry. . .

TRISH
 I just want everything to be. . .

HENRY
 Perfect.

Trish pauses, looks at Henry, and nods.

HENRY
 Me too.

TRISH
 I love you so much.

Henry leans in and gives her a long kiss.

MR. WELLINGTON (O.S.)
 Sweetheart. . .

Trish and Henry instantly stop kissing as MR. WELLINGTON approaches. He is stiff, conservative. Shoes and watch alone, tell us this man's got money.

MR. WELLINGTON
 The captain says we should be on
 our way in five minutes.

TRISH
 Thanks, Dad.

Trish's cell phone RINGS. She steps aside from Henry and her father to answer it. . .

MR. WELLINGTON
 (to Trish)
 If that's your cousin, Ben, tell
 him the ferry is leaving with or
 without him.

Trish smiles, looks at the caller I.D. Her eyes instantly widen. The color draining from her face as she focuses on the name, "Hunter Jennings."

She will not dare answer *this* call. She turns away from Henry and quickly tucks the phone back in her purse. . .

EXT. DOCK - PARKING LOT

Abby is now standing outside her taxi. The driver brings her bags to her side. . .

DRIVER

Who's getting married?

ABBY

My best friend from growing up.

The driver looks at the words, "Harper's Island" printed on the ferry.

DRIVER

Harper's Island. . . Isn't that the place where that maniac murdered all those people?

The driver turns to Abby. Abby doesn't answer as she stares in the direction of the ferry.

EXT. HARPER'S ISLAND FERRY - DAY

Mr. Wellington and Henry continue to stand next to one another. Mr. Wellington focuses on Henry's friends hanging out by the cooler, chugging brews, ogling girls, and then, he focuses back on Henry.

MR. WELLINGTON

Are these your groomsmen, Henry?

HENRY

Yes, sir.

MR. WELLINGTON

You must be so proud.

Mr. Wellington steps away just as the soothing classical music is suddenly drowned-out by a different brand of music. . . It's. . . THE MEXICAN HAT DANCE.

Everyone turns their attention to the entrance as a MARIACHI BAND walks on board, playing loudly.

Mr. Wellington is barely able to contain his distaste as he watches his guests react to the noise with confusion and revelry.

Following right behind the band, is UNCLE MARTY, (late 40's), dressed in a white linen suit, making his grand entrance.

He grabs a glass of champagne from a waiter's tray as he approaches Henry.

HENRY
Uncle Marty!

Uncle Marty hugs Henry tightly as Trish joins them. . .

TRISH
Hi, Marty.

Uncle Marty kisses Trish's hand.

UNCLE MARTY
It's Uncle Marty to you. You're part of the family now. In fact, for this entire week, it's Uncle Marty to everyone!

The band continues. People surrounding Uncle Marty are amused by his antics.

UNCLE MARTY
Do you know how hard it is to find a Mariachi band in Seattle.

In the midst of the laughter and good cheer, Uncle Marty is distracted by a beautiful girl wearing a very revealing, and rather loud, bright pink sundress. Her name is CHLOE CARTER, (23). Uncle Marty tunes out just a bit as he watches her from across the boat. . .

Uncle Marty raises his champagne glass up to her. She smiles, right before her boyfriend, CAL VANDEUSON, comes to her side, toasts back to Uncle Marty, and kisses her on the cheek. Chloe keeps her focus on the party.

HENRY (O.S.)
Uncle Marty, you've outdone yourself. . .

Uncle Marty casually sips his champagne and looks back at Henry and Trish.

HENRY
But we're heading out soon, so try to get the Tijuana Brass back on dry land before Mr. Wellington kills you. . . and me.

TRISH
 (teasing)
 If that band comes to the wedding,
 I'll kill you both myself.

Uncle Marty grabs Trish and begins to spin her to the music.
 . .

UNCLE MARTY
 Have no fear, sweet thing. I only
 paid for two songs.

Trish laughs as she gets into the dance with Uncle Marty.
 Henry smiles, watching them have fun. . .

Henry is suddenly distracted as he looks to. . .

THE ENTRANCE OF THE FERRY

. . . where ABBY, walks up the ramp searching for a familiar
 face. She locks eyes with Henry, and instantly, she lights
 up. Henry hurries over to her.

In the middle of her dance, Trish sees where he's going.

OVER BY ABBY

Henry hugs her tightly. He lets her go, and takes a look at
 her.

HENRY
 I almost sent Sully down there to
 pull you out of that cab.

ABBY
 I needed a moment.

He looks at her a little more closely.

HENRY
 Second thoughts?

ABBY
 Many. . .

Abby smiles.

ABBY
 But I couldn't miss this.

HENRY
 You couldn't resist seeing me marry
 a Wellington, could you?

Abby notices Trish approaching.

ABBY
Trish. You look great.

TRISH
Thanks, Abby. You look great too.

They half-hug hello as the groomsmen walk over pounding their beers, turning down a passing waiter with a tray of champagne.

SULLY
What's with this crowd. Who wants
a beer?

Sully holds out an open bottle to Henry. From behind, a hand grabs it. Everyone turns to Abby as she DOWNS it, looks at the guys, and smiles.

ABBY
Now I feel better.

The guys cheer. Everyone surrounds her. Sully gives her a big hug, hello. . .

Trish casually grabs Henry away from Abby.

TRISH
Make your speech.

CUT TO:

AT THE CENTER OF THE BOAT

Henry and Trish stand together, addressing the crowd.

HENRY
I know some have you have travelled
from far away and others have come
under difficult circumstances. . .

Henry looks at Abby.

HENRY
I just want to say thank you. It
means a lot to us. . .

Abby smiles.

HENRY
We are about to ship off. . .

AT THE BOW OF THE FERRY

The groomsman continue to drink as Shep starts to sway.

SHEP
I think I drank too much. I'm
already seasick.

MALCOLM
The boat isn't moving yet.

SHEP
I don't think I'm going to make it,
guys. I'm going to die on this
boat.

He looks over the side.

SULLY
You're not going to die on the
boat. You're going to die on the
island.

Shep looks curiously at Sully. . .

SULLY
He doesn't know.

DANNY
Stop freaking him out.

SHEP
What the hell are you talking
about?

The guys all laugh at Shep.

AT THE CENTER OF THE BOAT

HENRY
. . . Harper's Island, the place
where Trish and I first met. . .

Cheers from the crowd.

At the side of the boat, Abby turns away from the group and
stands alone.

HENRY
I'm sure you're all going to fall
in love with this island just as
Trish and I have. . .

Abby turns toward the ocean. In the distance, Harper's Island--
-a mere speck on a horizon of choppy seas.

A subtle look of growing concern on her face as Henry's voice
fades into the background.

Abby continues to focus on the island.

The sound of applause as the guests continue to celebrate.

OVER BY HENRY AND TRISH

Locked in an embrace.

HENRY

Are you ready to get married?

TRISH

. . . We're still missing someone.

HENRY

Who?

TRISH

Cousin Ben.

HENRY

He's probably hung over. Call him
again.

Trish takes out her cell phone and dials the number. As she
holds the phone to her ear we move off of her. . .

TO THE BOW OF THE BOAT

Where the groomsmen celebrate. Sully holds his beer high.

SULLY

To us all making it back alive.

They all laugh except for Shep. Sully gulps his beer and
tosses the bottle overboard. . .

We follow the bottle as it hits the water and sinks

BELOW THE SURFACE

As we continue to follow it downward, deeper into the water,
something else is revealed. . .

There, under the boat, dressed in street clothes, tied-up
next to the propeller, kept alive by a regulator taped to his
mouth, is COUSIN BEN.

The cell phone on his waist lights up. Trish's calling him but he can't answer. He can't break free. All he can do is stare at the motionless blades of the boat's propeller and hope they don't start.

BACK ON BOARD

Trish turns to Henry.

TRISH

No answer.

HENRY

I don't want to hold this up any longer. Let's go. He'll make the next ferry, alright?

Trish hesitates, nods. Henry kisses her.

We stay with Trish as she watches Henry go talk with the CAPTAIN. As the captain moves into action, and the deckhands begin scurrying about on the docks, Trish finds herself swept away with the moment. It's really happening.

A smile comes across her face. Classical music getting louder. Her heart, beating faster. There is no question. The wedding, her wedding, is beginning right now.

BACK UNDER THE FERRY

The blades of the propeller slowly begin to rotate. Ben struggles. It's no use. The ropes suspend his body in such a way that as the blades move faster, he is being sucked forward into them.

He kicks at the blades but all that does is shred his shoes, and then, his bare feet. He is being sliced away into fish-bait as his cries bubble to the surface.

BACK ON THE FERRY

Guests sample another round of champagne, complemented with a delicate, red, meaty, ahi hors d'oeuvre.

Abby smiles at the groomsmen as she bites into it.

As the boat leaves the dock, everyone is caught up in the celebration, not noticing the rather large trail of blood left in the boat's wake.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. HARPER'S ISLAND FERRY - DAY

Out at sea. Chloe stands alone watching the waves slap against the side of the boat. Her loud, pink dress, sways in the wind, wrapping around her perfectly shaped body. . .

UNCLE MARTY (O.S.)
Beautiful, isn't it?

Uncle Marty moves next to her, looking out at the vast sea dotted with tiny specks of land in the far distance. . .

UNCLE MARTY
Reminds me of the Mediterranean. So blue. The sea. They have ferries that take you anywhere you want to go. Corsica. Sardinia. Tunis. . .

Chloe swirls her glass of champagne and turns toward Uncle Marty.

CHLOE
Wow. You've been to all those places? That's amazing. . .

UNCLE MARTY
I think it's important to get out and see the world. Every summer I would try to take Henry to a new exotic land, but he never wanted to leave Harper's Island.

CHLOE
Typical Henry.

Uncle Marty watches as Chloe sips the last of her champagne.
. . .

UNCLE MARTY
I have a feeling that you have an appreciation for the exotic.

Chloe smiles, moves closer. . .

CHLOE
I'm Chloe.

UNCLE MARTY
I'm Marty.

Uncle Marty focuses in on her eyes. So blue, so alluring. He can't help but move closer, looking into them as they begin to slant slightly to the right. . .

UNCLE MARTY
Pleasure to meet you. . .

Chloe giggles, extends her hand toward Uncle Marty, and then quickly uses it to grab the railing and brace herself as she leans overboard and THROWS UP into the sea.

Taken off guard, Uncle Marty remains still, not sure what to do. . . He hesitantly reaches out and pats her on the back.

Cal quickly comes to her side and takes hold of her.

CAL
Honey, you okay?

Uncle Marty casually backs away, just missing MADISON ALLEN (8), as she walks by.

Madison is a little lady, carefully holding on to a plate of cheese and crackers as she makes her way through the crowd.

We follow her on her journey, winding in between large adults who all smile at her in a "Look how cute she is" way.

Madison stops and gently pulls the hand of a WOMAN.

MADISON
Here you go, Mommy.

The woman is SHEA ALLEN. This is Trish's sister, who stands next to Trish and Shea's husband, RICHARD ALLEN.

SHEA
Thank you, sweetheart. Madison,
show 'em what I taught you.

Madison does a curtsy. Everyone claps. Trish leans down to her.

TRISH
You're going to make the best
flower girl in the whole world.

Madison smiles.

Trish and her sister go back into conversation as Madison is distracted. The boat is approaching a fog bank. Suddenly, no more voices can be heard. It's just Madison and the fog.

She walks to the side of the boat, keeping her focus out at sea. The fog engulfs the crowd. . .

A smirk creeps over little Madison's face as we reveal what she is looking at--a vision from a postcard, an island surrounded by rough seas slamming into jagged cliffs--beautiful, yet dangerous.

The crowd approaches Madison's side of the boat. Everyone, amazed with the first glimpse of Harper's Island.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BOAT

Abby isn't as taken with the view. Henry sneaks up on her.

HENRY

A lot has changed in seven years.

Abby continues to look out at the island as they approach the waterfront town by the dock. This is the main town of the island. It is quaint, filled with little shops, eateries, and the local pub called THE TAVERN.

HENRY

It means a lot to me that you came.

Abby smiles.

ABBY

It's time I came back anyway.

HENRY

You going to see your dad?

She looks hesitant.

HENRY

Have you even talked to him?

ABBY

No.

The ferry pulls into the dock as its HORN ROARS.

EXT. THE TOWN OF SHELTON BAY - HARPER'S ISLAND - AFTERNOON

A decorated wedding TROLLEY rings its bells as the wedding guests board.

GUIDE (O.S.)

Welcome all of you to Harper's
Island and for some of you welcome
back.

A GUIDE stands in the front, addressing the crowd.

Chloe staggers toward Trish, who stands at the entrance of
the trolley.

CHLOE

I'm so embarrassed. I feel like
I've already ruined your wedding.

TRISH

Don't worry about it.
(playful)
I'll get you back at yours.

Chloe looks back at Cal approaching, struggling to carry all
the luggage.

CHLOE

I don't think Cal and I are there
yet.

ON BOARD THE TROLLEY

Madison focuses on a LITTLE BOY (7), sitting across the way
with his mother. The boy notices her. He suddenly looks
spooked, quickly reaching for his mother's hand. Madison
smiles wickedly to herself.

Abby is one of the last to board, taking her seat in the
back.

GUIDE

I'd like to extend a special
congratulations to the soon-to-be
Mr. and Mrs. Dunn.

Applause. Mr. Wellington sits next to his WIFE. They both
applaud. She smiles at him. He smiles back.

The trolley starts its journey through town. . .

GUIDE

Harper's Island was founded in
eighteen-sixty-seven. The Native
Americans came here to escape the
western colonization of the white
man.

(MORE)

GUIDE (cont'd)

Eventually there was a great battle on the northern shores of the island and the Native Americans were defeated. Today there are still many relics being discovered from the time. Our islanders believe it's a sign that the spirits of the Native American people continue to live on . .

Abby turns her attention to the town, the people watching the trolley pass.

GUIDE

The island's population is one thousand and five. Most of the islanders live here in Shelton's Bay. Summer is our peak tourist season and the people of Harper's Island always welcome them with open arms.

The trolley approaches The Tavern just as an old PICK-UP TRUCK, with the logo "MANCE'S FISHING" on its doors, comes to a break-squeaking stop. Abby focuses on the truck's TWO PASSENGERS. . .

GUIDE

We are pleased to have you as our guests and hope you enjoy your time here with us. Thank you.

Applause again as Abby watches the driver of the truck step out from the vehicle. . .

It's her old boyfriend, JIMMY MANCE, (27). Jimmy is equipped with a devilish charm, a handsome smile, and that same outfit he's been wearing for years: thick, rubber galoshes, bright yellow overall's, two over-sized black gloves, and a red bandana fastened to his forehead.

Jimmy and his buddy walk to the back of the truck and pull out a large container filled with freshly caught fish lying over ice.

As they maneuver the heavy container toward The Tavern, Jimmy stops, and focuses on the passing trolley and on Abby.

It is her.

Jimmy mentions something to his friend. They drop the container, Jimmy waves his big black gloves in the air, and starts making his way over. . .

JIMMY

Abby?

Abby smiles.

ABBY

Hi, Jimmy.

The trolley doesn't wait. Jimmy follows it on foot, struggling to keep up with his heavy galoshes.

JIMMY

You should've let me know you were coming. . .

Jimmy is falling behind. . . With a burst of speed he manages to leap on board the trolley and stand over Abby.

JIMMY

It's good to see you. You look great.

Abby can't help but laugh.

JIMMY

What's so funny?

ABBY

You still smell like fish.

JIMMY

Got a new boat. It's bigger. Faster. I'm reelin' 'em in like nobody's business. That's the name of it.

ABBY

Nobody's business?

JIMMY

Reelin' 'em in.

ABBY

Catchy.

JIMMY

That's what I said. Maybe you'll come down, I'll take you out.

ABBY

Maybe.

Jimmy looks at the front of the trolley, at Henry and Trish.
 . .

JIMMY
 Henry finally did it, huh. He's
 marrying the princess.

ABBY
 You heard?

JIMMY
 Everyone heard. He's got the
 Candlewood for the week. . . You
 coming here, that's the surprise.

Jimmy leans into Abby.

JIMMY
 Things have changed, Abby. For the
 better.

Abby smiles at Jimmy.

ABBY
 We'll see.

Jimmy leans backwards and jumps off. Abby and Jimmy continue
 to look at another for a moment as the trolley moves on.

WE STAY WITH JIMMY

Watching the trolley go. He turns back toward The Tavern. He
 didn't realize how far he's traveled. He raises his arms in
 the air and calls out to his buddy in the distance.

JIMMY
 Hey!

His buddy gets in the truck and starts making his way over to
 him. . .

EXT. HARPER'S ISLAND - A LONG WINDING HILL - AFTERNOON

The trolley has left the town below, making its way up a long
 winding hill. People are silent, looking out at trees
 bordering the road. No one can see past them, keeping the
 dimensions of the island a mystery.

AT THE FRONT OF THE TROLLEY

Trish snuggles next to Henry, not noticing her cell phone,
 with the ringer now turned off, is lighting up once again.

On the caller ID, "Hunter Jennings."

EXT. FRONT OF THE CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - AFTERNOON

At the very top of the hill, the trolley is approaching a hotel. This is the Candlewood: old-fashioned, quaint, vines and flowers spiraling around old wood.

From the front it doesn't appear very large, a few stories tall, not so wide, but as the trolley pulls up, through a glass doorway, we get a glimpse of the grounds behind the hotel, sprawling and intricate.

At the front door, BELLMEN stand ready to remove luggage.

Everyone gets off the trolley and heads to the hotel's steps where they are greeted by the manager, MAGGIE KRELL (45). Maggie is a rather large lady who takes great pride in her hotel and right now she is trying her best to seem appropriate for this all important moment. . .

MAGGIE

Welcome to the Candlewood.

As Trish and Henry exit the front of the trolley, a smile comes across Maggie's face. She can't contain herself any longer. . .

She hurries over to Trish and gives her a big hug. Maggie looks her up and down. She is becoming very emotional.

MAGGIE

I'm so happy for the both of you.
The big day has finally arrived.

HENRY

Thank you, Ms. Krell.

Maggie pinches Henry's cheek.

MAGGIE

How long have we known each other?
It's Maggie, Henry. It's Maggie.

INT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - LOBBY - AFTERNOON

The crowd is gathering. Maggie walks in front of the check-in counter, preparing to address everyone. . .

MAGGIE

My name is Maggie Krell. I am the manager of the Candlewood. You are our only guests for the week so you will have the full attention of our entire staff. Please feel free to knock on my door, which is right down this hallway, if there's anything you need. Anything at all. I never sleep and I'm always here.

. .

The guests start making their way to the counter.

MAGGIE

Oh. I almost forgot. The opening dinner celebration will be held at seven o'clock this evening in our main banquet hall which is right over there. . .

As Maggie points down a hallway, her eyes lock on Abby. Maggie approaches her.

MAGGIE

My oh my. Abby. That is you.

ABBY

How are you, Ms. Krell?

MAGGIE

I'm good. Very good. Your father was wondering if you were going to show up. I'm so glad you decided to.

A WOMAN from her staff whispers something in her ear. . .

MAGGIE

(to Abby)

Give me a second, will you, dear.

Abby nods. Maggie walks toward the check-in counter.

Abby looks out the back. Windows reveal the hotel's grounds and in the distance, a cliff which drops into the ocean.

Abby walks outside.

EXT. BACK OF CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Bordering a vast lawn, hedges, fifteen feet tall, are placed together forming hidden, tucked-away passageways to different cottages on the hotel's property.

Abby approaches the hedges. She looks down a long row. Everything is still. No wind. No sound. Then, there is a sound. A faint sound. It's the sound of a hedge trimmer.

She walks down the long row of hedges and looks around the corner. . .

In the distance, with the sun to his back, A MAN looks directly at Abby, his hedge trimmer turned on, held tightly in his grip.

Abby focuses. His features, shadowed by the light. He stands still, watching her. She takes a step forward as he walks into a passageway of hedges and disappears from sight.

The hedge trimmer stops. Silence once again. Abby takes another step forward. . .

FROM OUT OF AN OPENING

Between the hedges, right in front of her path, the hedge trimmer suddenly shoots forward, turned on, sound deafening.

Abby jumps back. Screams.

The man steps out from the hedges. The shadow on his face is gone. She can now see his features clearly. And it is not who she thought.

He turns off his hedge trimmer.

GARDENER

Sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.
Are you alright?

Abby catches her breath, nods, and smiles.

He turns his hedge trimmer back on and walks away, down the row of hedges.

Abby turns back toward the hotel. Henry has been watching her. He approaches. A look of concern on his face.

ABBY

He looked like. . .

HENRY

Abby.

ABBY

Just for a moment.

Henry takes her chin in his hand, draws her face near, and looks her in the eyes.

HENRY

He's dead.

Abby remains still, wanting to believe, knowing it's true, but at the same time, hesitating. . .

ABBY

I know.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HARPER'S ISLAND - SUNSET

The sun is lowering in the sky, turning a deep burgundy red as it bleeds into the water. . .

Trees surrounding the bluff by the Candlewood are casting long shadows over the hotel. . .

EXT. HENRY AND TRISH'S COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Henry has his hands over Trish's eyes as he pushes the door of their cottage open.

INT. HENRY AND TRISH'S COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

He positions her in front of the bed and gently removes his hands from her eyes. She loves what she sees. Rose petals strewn around the bed and the surrounding floor.

TRISH

It's perfect. . . Everything *is* perfect.

EXT. SHEA'S COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Shea accepts a wedding gift bag from a BELLMAN and tips him. He smiles and walks away. From the window of the cottage, her husband Richard leans out.

RICHARD

Honey, can you grab Madison. It's time to get ready.

Shea looks off in the garden. Madison is kneeling down in the flowers.

SHEA

(calling out)

Madison. Time to get ready for dinner.

OVER BY MADISON

Remaining where she is. With the sunlight fading she is finding it very difficult to burn this one particular ant with her magnifying glass. . .

SHEA (O.S.)

Madison.

Madison looks frustrated. She hides the magnifying glass in her pocket, picks a rose, and steps on the ant.

She walks to her mother and gives her the rose.

SHEA

For me? Thank you, sweetheart.

INT. J.D.'S HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

J.D., Henry's brother, is looking at himself in the mirror. He begins to unbutton his shirt, revealing his body is covered in tattoos.

The themes, life and death, skulls, the reaper. . .

Reaching into his gift bag, a SCAR is revealed on the inside of his wrist. . .

INT. UNCLE MARTY'S HOTEL ROOM - BEDROOM - SUNSET

CU on a STRAIGHT RAZOR moving down the neck of Uncle Marty. He nick's himself. A drop of blood. . .

He reaches into his gift bag and pulls out a small packet of tissues. . .

He dabs the cut. Checks himself in the mirror. It's all good.

Uncle Marty opens the drawer of the bathroom counter. He places the razor inside the drawer, next to a 9-MILLIMETER BERETTA.

He closes the drawer.

INT. CHLOE AND CAL'S HOTEL ROOM - BALCONY - SUNSET

Cal looks out as the sun is setting over the ocean. The moment, the beauty, taking him over. . .

He reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a tiny black jewelry box. He opens it, revealing a large diamond ring.

He stares at it. Its brilliance giving him confidence. . .

CAL
(calling out)
Chloe. . .

No response. Cal turns around and looks. . .

INTO THE ROOM

Chloe is lying in bed. Her eyes, closed. She's not feeling well. She MOANS. . .

CHLOE
I still feel it rocking.

Cal pauses, this is not the moment. He puts the ring back in his pocket.

CAL
I'll get you something.

Cal looks around, stopping by the wedding gift bag. He peers inside. It's filled with lotions and trinkets.

Chloe opens her eyes, looks over at him. . .

CHLOE
They don't put alka seltzer in a
wedding gift bag.

INT. MR. AND MRS. WELLINGTON'S HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

Mr. Wellington looks at his gift bag and throws it in the trash. . .

He receives an email on his laptop just as Mrs. Wellington steps out of the bathroom wearing an elegant dress.

MRS. WELLINGTON
What do you think? Too much?

Mr. Wellington glances at the email reading the words, "Just arrived."

MR. WELLINGTON
No. It's just right.

INT. ABBY'S HOTEL ROOM - BEDROOM - EVENING

Abby puts the finishing touches on her lipstick. All of the lotions and make-up from the gift bag are on the counter in front of her. She places her lipstick next to them and pauses. . .

In the waste-basket, the gift bag is turned upside down. Falling out of the bag, a tiny white envelope. She reaches into the waste-basket and removes the envelope. She opens it, takes out a note and reads it. . .

"Would love to see you. Dad."

Abby stops. . . crumples the note in her fist.

EXT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

We track along the windows of the banquet hall. Music can be heard from within, people dancing.

INT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Tables are placed around the room. Half of the guests sit and nibble on the remaining portions of their dinner. The other half is on the dance floor swaying to the music of the live band. The slow song comes to an end.

Chloe and Cal are over by the bar. Chloe is freshened-up and ready to go. A bartender brings over two martinis. Cal hands one to Chloe. She drops an alka seltzer tablet in her martini and slowly takes a sip.

Chloe smiles as a new song begins playing. A sexy, sultry, Spanish flavored song.

Chloe can't help herself. She begins grooving away from Cal, heading out on the dance floor.

Cal remains where he is, watching her move.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

More and more people are coming. Cal loses sight of Chloe. .

.

Abby is shaking it up with some of the bridesmaids as the groomsmen move in.

Uncle Marty is also moving in. . . on Chloe.

He does his best to keep pace with her even though his movements are dated to say the least.

As the music picks up, their bodies move closer.

UNCLE MARTY

You know, I used to have a summer place here.

CHLOE

What?

UNCLE MARTY

I said I used to have a summer place on the island.

CHLOE

So you can show me around.

UNCLE MARTY

Exactly.

Back into the music. No conversation necessary. They are feeling the groove. . .

And then, a third body joins them -- it's Cal.

Uncle Marty becomes cautious with his moves, keeping a respectful distance. . .

Cal dances closer to Chloe. He looks at Uncle Marty. He's still around.

Chloe's eyes are closed. She has no idea what's going on.

Cal shoots Uncle Marty a look. He's getting somewhat annoyed. Uncle Marty smiles and sways away. . .

WE FOLLOW UNCLE MARTY

As he dances past Henry and Trish.

TRISH

(to Henry)

Concentrate. Like I showed you.

They continue dancing. Trish is taking it very seriously. She's obviously had many lessons.

TRISH

Better. . .

A CAMERAMAN positions his camera next to them.

TRISH

Smile.

Henry smiles. The cameraman takes a picture and walks away as Trish's eyes focus on an empty seat, and an empty placemat with the name "BEN WELLINGTON" in front of it.

HENRY

Any word from Ben?

TRISH

No. I can only imagine where he is.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DOCK - HARPER'S ISLAND - NIGHT

The captain of the ferry which brought the wedding to the island stands on the dock next to WALTER, a deckhand.

Walter is dressed in scuba gear.

WALTER

See it?

The captain and Walter look at a mysterious rope, dangling from under the boat.

CAPTAIN

Yeah. I see it.

WALTER

Give me five minutes. I'll get it out.

Walter puts his regulator in his mouth and jumps into the ocean.

UNDERWATER

A light from the dock keeps the area dimly lit.

Walter takes a moment to gather himself. He spots the rope. He grabs hold of it and pulls. . .

It's stuck on something under the boat.

Walter follows the rope, all the way under, all the way toward the propeller.

He pulls again. It's stuck on the blades. He reaches his hand inside, past the blades. He can't see what it is but this rope is tangled on something. . .

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BLADES

Walter's gloved hand reaches in. It moves around something fuzzy. As he dislodges the rope, BEN'S FACE TURNS TOWARD US.

OUTSIDE THE PROPELLER

Walter has removed the rope. He turns toward the dock. Behind him, Ben's head is now visible, in between the blades, floating.

It rests for a moment and then falls out heading down to the dark sea below.

Sensing something, Walter spins back around toward the propeller. But sees nothing. . .

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

The band finishes their song. Trish walks up to the microphone.

TRISH

Can I have everyone's attention, please. Thank you. We have a lot of fun activities planned for this week. But before we have too much fun, I wanted to thank a very special person in my life for making this all possible. Thank you, Dad. Thank you for caring. Thank you for everything you've ever given to me. I love you so much.

People look over at Mr. Wellington, sitting next to his wife. Henry joins Trish on stage.

HENRY

And I didn't know when the right time to say this was, but as I'm sure my own father would understand, I need to say it. . .

Henry looks at Mr. Wellington.

HENRY

Thank you, Dad.

There's SILENCE as everyone looks to Mr. Wellington for a response. Mr. Wellington slowly raises his glass of champagne to the couple. The crowd applauds. His wife leans over to him.

MRS. WELLINGTON

I'm very proud of you.

Mr. Wellington smiles at his wife and then looks off at the entrance. . . .

EXT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Abby steps outside to a patio. She breathes in the moonlight and then stops, staring at a particular area of the bluff, at the very edge of the cliff.

For a moment, she is transfixed. . . .

MADISON (O.S.)

He's been waiting for you, Abby.

Abby spins around. Madison stands in the doorway of the banquet hall.

ABBY

Who?

Madison smiles. . . .

MADISON

Henry.

Abby looks through the window. Henry is sitting next to Trish at a table with some groomsmen and bridesmaids. He waves to Abby.

MADISON

Who did you think I was talking about?

Abby looks back at little Madison. Shea comes over.

SHEA

Madison, don't walk away from me like that again, okay.

MADISON

I'm sorry, Mommy.

Shea leads Madison away. Abby heads inside.

INT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

AT TRISH AND HENRY'S TABLE

Trish is talking to the group of friends.

TRISH

Henry always made sure he was first
in line to help with my dad's boat.

HENRY

Believe me, it had nothing to do
with his tip. It was the little
bikinis she used to wear.

TRISH

They weren't that little.

HENRY

They were little.

Trish smiles, kisses him. Alison, a bridesmaid, turns to
Henry.

ALISON

That's how you guys met?

Henry nods.

HENRY

Me and my brother worked the docks
every summer. Best pay on the
island.

Henry glances at J.D. off by the bar. Malcolm, the groomsman,
chimes in.

MALCOLM

So that's when your dad first
started hating Henry. . .

TRISH

My dad does not hate, Henry.

Everyone looks at Trish.

TRISH

What?

HENRY

I'll give you this. He has been in a good mood lately.

TRISH

He loves you. And he's going to love you for a very long time.

Abby walks over.

ABBY

We all love you, Henry.

Cheers around.

Trish's cell phone vibrates. As the group continues with their conversation, she sneaks a look at the caller ID. "Hunter Jennings."

And this time he has sent her a text. . .

Trish looks at Henry. He's having a good time. No one's watching her. She opens it. . .

"Do you love him?"

Trish's heart skips a beat. She closes her phone and smiles at Henry. Her phone vibrates again. She can't resist. She opens it. Another text. . .

"You look lovely tonight."

She looks around. She's getting nervous. She quickly texts back.

"Where are you?"

A pause. And then. . .

"Right behind you."

Trish drops the phone. Henry notices. She picks it up, hides it in her purse.

HENRY

You okay?

TRISH

(playing it off)
Uh huh.

Henry goes back to his conversation. Trish's heart is beating faster, faster. She doesn't want to, but she knows she must. . . turn around.

AND THERE HE IS. HUNTER JENNINGS.

Standing by the entrance. Stunning, dressed impeccably, just how she remembered him, only sexier.

She turns back to the table. Everyone is talking amongst themselves. She casually slips away. . .

Trish heads to the entrance, takes Hunter by the arm, and pulls him around the door. . .

JUST OUTSIDE THE BANQUET HALL

TRISH

What are you doing here?

Hunter has no response. All he does is stare into those eyes of hers. . .

TRISH

You can't be here!

And with that, Hunter leans forward, and KISSES HER.

Trish reels back. She's about to smack him, but she can't. She can't do anything except look into his eyes and feel utterly conflicted.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Trish composes herself as she walks back to the table, alone, passing Cal and Chloe on their way out. . .

EXT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - NIGHT

Chloe and Cal walk out into the night. Cal looks around, and stops, focusing on the perfect place. . .

CAL

Why don't we take a walk out to the bluff, there's something I want to show you. . .

FROM THE FRINGE OF THE TREES

A POV is watching Chloe and Cal approach the bluff in the distance.

END POV

BY THE BLUFF

They reach the edge. Cal looks at Chloe. Chloe looks down at the waves crashing on the beach forty-feet below. . .

Cal reaches into his back pocket. Chloe's focus remains on the beach.

CHLOE

Oh, my God, it's beautiful.

Suddenly, Chloe takes off running. She heads to a wooden staircase which leads to the beach. . .

A look of frustration on Cal as he puts his black jewelry box back in his pants pocket, and hurries after her.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Chloe reaches the sand and flips off her shoes. Cal comes down the steps and looks at her walking towards the water's edge. . .

He takes off his shoes and follows. . .

She turns back to Cal who is still walking towards her.

A smirk comes across her face as her mind twists around something fiendish.

She begins moving side to side, ducking, dodging, playful.

Cal looks on curiously, as he continues his approach.

From out of nowhere, Chloe charges. Like a linebacker she dives into his mid-section and takes him off his feet.

She climbs on top of him. She looks down at him. Sand covering their faces. She lunges, kissing him passionately.

CHLOE

Is this what you want?

She kisses him again. And then quickly leaps off him.

CHLOE

You got to catch me first.

Cal gets back to his feet. She looks at him, smiling seductively. She removes her dress and tosses it on the sand. She is now standing in her underwear. A sexy sight. She moves her fingers, beckoning him to come closer.

He takes a step, and another step. He is real close now.

CAL

Okay, I got you.

CHLOE

Not yet.

Cal smiles, playing along. He reaches his hands out for her shoulders. She inches backward.

He reaches out for her again. She ducks out from his grasp and laughs. . .

Cal pauses, then quickly runs at her. . .

She smiles, turns, runs, and in a moment of utter surprise, DIVES head-first INTO THE BLACK OCEAN.

Cal stops. What the hell?

Cal watches helplessly as she swims past the surf into darkness. . .

CAL

Chloe!

No response. Silence. He can barely see her. Within the sound of breaking waves a single faint word can be heard. . .

CHLOE
(from the darkness)
Help!

Cal paces frantically. After a moment of hesitation, he takes off his shirt and his pants, stripping down to his boxers.

Cal takes the plunge. . .

INTO THE OCEAN

Cal is swimming, ducking under the huge surf crashing over his head.

CAL
Chloe!

He can't see her anymore. Then, in the darkness, past the crashing surf, he spots something. . . A bobbing head.

He swims deeper into the ocean as fast as he can, and STOPS. She's gone. He looks around frantically, spinning wildly. A look of pure terror. . .

CAL
Chloe!!

From underneath the surface, he is PULLED DOWN. The ocean, now still, dark, quiet. . .

Cal LUNGES UPWARD

Gasping for air. . . As he catches his breath, he hears the sound of LAUGHTER. . .

Chloe is floating by his side.

CHLOE
You should've seen yourself. You
were so scared. . .

Cal's face contorts as his anger brews inside. In one swift motion, he reaches out for her and DUNKS HER BACK UNDER THE SURFACE. . .

ON HIS FACE

As his anger slowly subsides and he begins to realize what he's doing. He let's go. . .

Chloe rises to the surface, catching her breath. She looks at Cal.

CHLOE
What the hell is wrong with you?

CAL
Me? You've been a train wreck all night, puking all over the place, flirting with viagra man. . .

CHLOE
You tried to kill me!

Chloe splashes water in his face and swims back to the shore. Cal looks around. Spooked by the dark ocean, he swims after her. . .

P.O.V. FROM ON TOP OF THE BLUFF

The POV continues to watch them. As Chloe reaches the shore, she picks up Cal's pants and tosses them into the ocean. . .

END P.O.V.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Chloe begins walking up the steps as Cal steps out from the water, his wet pants in hand.

He feels in the back pocket. The jewelry box is gone.

In frustration he YELLS, slapping his pants hard against the sand over and over again.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TAVERN - NIGHT

Abby opens the door of The Tavern and walks inside.

INT. THE TAVERN - NIGHT

It's a crowded local bar. Photos of the islanders and beer labels taped to its walls.

Abby walks to the bar and stares down the BARTENDER who is pouring draft beer into two glasses.

ABBY
Hey, sexy momma.

The bartender turns around. She has jet black hair, multiple tats, and a sexy, young-rebel smile. This is NIKKI.

NIKKI
Abby?!

She hurries over to Abby and gives her a huge hug over the bar. The girls stop, look at one another.

ABBY
Look at you with that nose ring.

Nikki sticks out her tongue showing her other ring.

ABBY
And. . . Wow.

NIKKI
Yeah, got bored one day.

SHANE (28), sits at the other end of the bar with two friends. He calls out to Nikki. . .

SHANE
Nikki, two more for the boys.

NIKKI
Alright, I'm coming, I'm coming.

Nikki walks to the other side of the bar with the beers, still talking to Abby.

NIKKI
. . . So, tell me, what's going on in L.A.? Dating any actors?

ABBY
It's not like that.

NIKKI
What's it like?

ABBY
Just focused on writing. . . I got put on staff recently. L.A. Times.

NIKKI
The Times. No way. What kind of articles?

ABBY

Obituaries.

NIKKI

You write obituaries? Pretty
creepy, Abs. But very cool.

Abby is focused on the walls behind the bar. They are covered with pictures and old framed articles about the happenings on the island; a shark fisherman pulls in a large great white. A fire in the school. Two children are saved by a local fireman hero. And, a third article, from seven years ago, with the title, "Police Kill Murderer John Wakefield." Abby stares at the article and at the picture of the man, focusing in on his eyes. She'll never forget them.

Nikki turns around and notices what Abby's looking at.

ABBY

I was at the hotel tonight and I
was looking at the bluff where he
got shot, and I swear, just for a
moment, just for a second, I felt
him looking back at me.

NIKKI

Abby, no one even mentions his name
anymore.

ABBY

That's the way it should be.

Nikki smiles, pours two shots. . .

As the groomsmen walk into the bar. A moment later, J.D.
enters and goes his separate way.

Nikki notices J.D.

NIKKI

Who's that?

ABBY

Henry's brother.

NIKKI

J.D. Dunn. No way.

ABBY

Drool much?

NIKKI

Over him. Drool plenty.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Any takers?

Abby turns to the back of the bar.

Jimmy stands with a pool cue in his hand. A bunch of his friends are at the pool table with him.

Nikki and Abby look at one another.

NIKKI
He's all yours, girl. . . Be careful.

OVER BY JIMMY

JIMMY
Who's next?

And from the crowd, with a pool cue in her hand, walks Abby.

ABBY
Rack 'em.

Jimmy smiles wide.

BY THE BAR

J.D. sits. Nikki walks over to him.

NIKKI
Remember me?

J.D. looks at her.

NIKKI
I used to sneak you and your brother crab cakes from Donovan's.

J.D.
Abby's friend. The waitress.

NIKKI
Nikki.

J.D.
Right.

J.D.'s focus turns to her right breast.

NIKKI
What are you looking at?

J.D. continues to look at her breast.

NIKKI

Hello?

J.D.

. . . Nice tat.

Nikki looks down at the tattoo on her breast and then looks at J.D.. He lifts his sleeve and shows her he has the same one. Nikki smiles as Shane, from the other end of the bar, turns his attention toward J.D. . .

OVER BY JIMMY AND ABBY

Abby sinks a solid ball into the corner pocket.

JIMMY

You shouldn't have left.

Abby moves around the table and takes another shot.

ABBY

I had to.

Another solid goes in the pocket.

JIMMY

Maybe. . . But you could have called.

Abby shoots again. Misses. Jimmy moves closer to her. He shoots his shot and misses.

JIMMY

Got a date for the wedding?

Abby shoots again and makes it.

ABBY

No.

JIMMY

Want one?

Abby lines up the shot to sink the eight ball.

ABBY

No.

JIMMY

Miss this shot, you're taking me.

ABBY
And if I make it?

JIMMY
You won't. . .

Abby concentrates, she's about to shoot until she notices Jimmy staring over at the bar. . . Abby stops and looks over.

SHANE is now standing next to J.D. and Nikki.

OVER BY THE BAR

J.D. continues to focus on Nikki as Shane leans into him.

SHANE
You know, it's interesting. Your brother and I used to be boys, but for some reason I didn't get an invite to the wedding. Nikki didn't either.

J.D. doesn't respond. He continues to stare at Nikki.

SHANE
Guess when you get in with those kind of people, you become one of them, huh?

J.D. remains silent.

SHANE
Do you talk? . . . You really are crazy, aren't you?

NIKKI
Leave him alone, Shane.

SHANE
I want to know. What were you thinking when you sliced your wrist with that fishing lure, did you really want to die, or did you just want the attention?

No response from J.D.. A look of embarrassment from Nikki.

NIKKI
Shane, stop it.

SHANE
They should never have let you out of that psych ward. . .

J.D. continues focusing on Nikki. Nikki feels sorry for him. Shane snickers, turns away from J.D. and looks at Nikki.

SHANE

Anyway. When you finish your shift,
you want to get a bite to. . .

Before Shane can finish his sentence, J.D. grabs the back of Shane's head and SLAMS his face into the bar. Once. Twice. Three times.

Nikki is in shock. J.D. stops, lets go of Shane, and turns to her. He smiles, calming, not wanting to scare her. After the initial shock, she can't help but smile softly back at him. .

RIGHT BEFORE A BOTTLE SMASHES ACROSS THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD.

J.D. drops to the ground. Shane stands above him, bottle in hand. . .

A look of concern on Nikki. J.D. remains on the ground. Blood dripping from his forehead. He takes his hand and places it on his open wound. He stares at the blood, not paying attention to anything else. . .

TWO of Shane's buddies come over.

But J.D. remains on the ground. He looks up at the ceiling, casually puts his hands behind his head, and smiles. . .

Shane and his buddies begin kicking him in the mid-section.

From across the bar, the groomsmen run over, coming to J.D.'s aid. . .

OVER BY JIMMY AND ABBY

Watching tensions rise. The groomsmen are standing up to the locals. No one's backing down.

J.D. remains on the ground, looking up at the ceiling, as guys push each other all around him. Feet just missing him.

He remains still, untouched, as the two groups head out to the parking lot. . .

Jimmy takes a step toward the brewing confrontation. Abby grabs his arm.

ABBY

Jimmy. Don't.

Jimmy looks at Abby.

JIMMY

They're my friends, Abby.

Jimmy continues toward the front door. Abby goes after them.

J.D. remains on the ground.

P.O.V. LOOKING UP AT THE CEILING.

Nikki leans her head over the bar. . . and smiles.

EXT. THE TAVERN - NIGHT

The two sides square off, calling each other out. Abby storms into the middle.

ABBY

Guys, stop it!

Sully grabs Abby by the arm.

SULLY

Get out of here, Abby.

Jimmy hurries over to Sully. He winds up his swing just as a POLICE SPOTLIGHT shines on his face.

A SIREN is heard. Everyone stops. They separate.

A DEPUTY and SHERIFF arrive on the scene. They step out of their cars, shining flashlights on the faces of the crowd.

As the sheriff approaches Abby he keeps his light on her face. She can't see a thing. He lowers the flashlight. Abby's eyes take a moment to adjust. She looks at the sheriff standing in front of her and softly mutters the words. . .

ABBY

Hi, Dad.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. THE TAVERN - NIGHT

Abby stands next to her dad. His name is SHERIFF CHARLIE MAY. He is rugged, tough-looking. Not one for many words and at the moment, the right ones aren't coming out.

SHERIFF MAY
It's been a long time.

Abby's conflicted, confused. Sheriff May takes a step closer, trying to reach out. . .

SHERIFF MAY
Abby. . .

She turns away.

SHERIFF MAY
Wait.

Abby stops.

ABBY
Save it.

She continues walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHEA'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Trish nervously paces on the porch as Shea sits watching.

SHEA
When was the last time you saw
Hunter?

TRISH
Four years ago. Right before he
took the job in Germany. I haven't
talked to him since.

SHEA
Did you ask him to leave?

TRISH
How did he even know about the
wedding?

SHEA
Trish, did you?

TRISH
Yes.

SHEA
And?

TRISH
He said he won't leave without me.

SHEA
. . . Why do I get the feeling
you're enjoying this?

TRISH
Shea, please. We all know you have
the perfect life. You don't have to
pass judgement on me.

Inside the cottage, Madison is sneaking up to the window,
trying to eavesdrop.

SHEA
Does Henry know Hunter?

TRISH
They never met. But he knows who he
is.

SHEA
Trish, do you love Henry?

TRISH
What kind of question is that?
Of course I do.

SHEA
But obviously you still have
feelings for Hunter?

TRISH
It's my wedding. I am getting
married.

SHEA
So, what are you going to do?

Trish ponders the possibilities.

EXT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - PIANO LOUNGE - NIGHT

Through the windows, a song from the piano is heard. A group of people gather around Uncle Marty as he plays his festive tune. . .

INT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - PIANO LOUNGE - NIGHT

Uncle Marty's song continues. He's getting into it, breaking into a sweat, having a great time, and so is everyone around him.

Henry and Abby sit in the corner of the lounge.

HENRY

He's reaching out for you, Abby.
You should give him a chance.

ABBY

When I needed him, he wasn't there
for me.

HENRY

I'm not trying to justify what he
did. . . It's been seven years. At
least listen to what the man's got
to say.

Abby considers.

Uncle Marty ends his song, stands, and takes a bow. People clap as he smiles to the crowd.

Uncle Marty whisks his martini off the top of the piano and saunters away. . .

BY THE FIREPLACE

Uncle Marty spots Mr. Wellington sitting by himself, staring at the burning embers.

Uncle Marty gulps the rest of his drink, places it down, and makes his way over. He pulls out two expensive cigars. . .

UNCLE MARTY

Cuban?

Mr. Wellington looks at Uncle Marty, nods and takes the cigar. Uncle Marty reaches over and lights it for him.

Uncle Marty takes a seat across from Mr. Wellington.

The men smoke for a moment before. . .

UNCLE MARTY

Let me tell you something, Thomas.
May I call you, Thomas?

Mr. Wellington nods.

UNCLE MARTY

Henry's a good kid. The best. He's never been handed a thing. When I was his age, I didn't care about the things you're supposed to care about. Family. But Henry, he's smarter than I was. He's doing things the right way, and for that, he deserves your respect. . . He is going to devote his life to making sure your daughter is happy. I want you to know that.

Mr. Wellington slowly puts out the cigar after two drags.

MR. WELLINGTON

I have never put into question the happiness of my daughter. If there is a certainty in my life, a mission, it is just that, to make sure she is happy, to make sure she has everything she needs, and that, Marty, is what I have seen to.

Uncle Marty focuses on Mr. Wellington, slightly confused by his words, but nonetheless. . .

UNCLE MARTY

Then we understand each other.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

Trish walks by. . .

EXT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Into the hedges, Trish moves. Thoughts racing through her mind.

As she turns the corner, she is trying her best to stay composed.

Suddenly, she slows her pace. She turns. Nothing. Stillness. A long empty row of hedges. She continues walking. . .

She hears footsteps. Around her. Near her. She picks up the pace. . .

She turns another corner and spots her cottage down the row. She walks toward it, moving alongside the hedges. Her cottage, almost in reach. The sound of footsteps, now gone.

Walking past the hedges to an opening, she is startled. . .

AS Cal TURNS THE CORNER AND RUNS SMACK INTO HER.

Trish catches her breath.

TRISH
Cal, you scared me.

CAL
I'm sorry.

TRISH
What are you doing?

CAL
Looking for Chloe. Have you seen her?

TRISH
Not since dinner.

CAL
Where are you going?

TRISH
I'm going to bed.

CAL
. . . Good night.

Trish moves on to her cottage. She takes out her keys, pauses, and turns back around. Cal is no longer there.

INT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - PIANO LOUNGE - NIGHT

Uncle Marty walks to the bar. The BARTENDER comes over.

UNCLE MARTY
Martini. Up. . .

Before he finishes his statement, Uncle Marty spots Chloe sitting alone in the corner of the bar. She raises her cosmopolitan up to him. As he stares at her. . .

UNCLE MARTY
(to the bartender)
And dirty.

The bartender makes his drink, while Uncle Marty heads over to Chloe. He sits down next to her.

UNCLE MARTY
How's your evening going so far?

CHLOE
Liberating...

UNCLE MARTY
Really.

Chloe nods.

CHLOE
It's time I let loose a little.
It's a beautiful place. Nice night.
I say, why not?

UNCLE MARTY
. . . Have you seen the beach?

CHLOE
I have.

UNCLE MARTY
The stars are shining in such a way
that when the waves break. . . It's
glowing.

CHLOE
The way you say things. . .

UNCLE MARTY
What?

CHLOE
It's so romantic.

UNCLE MARTY
. . . I'd love to show you that.
The waves. The stars. Would you
take a walk with me?

CHLOE
I don't think that's a good idea.

UNCLE MARTY
No?

CHLOE
 You're cute and all. You're just
 too old for me.

Uncle Marty pauses. He didn't see that one coming. His smile slowly fades. Any charm, any words of wisdom have just left. All he can do is look at Chloe and nod. . .

CHLOE
 See ya.

Chloe gets up and walks away. In the background, she stops, smiling flirtatiously at Sully. The two of them instantly locking eyes. . .

The bartender brings Uncle Marty his dirty martini.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 Girls.

UNCLE MARTY
 (in deep thought)
 Yeah. . .

WOMAN (O.S.)
 They never know what they want.

Uncle Marty suddenly realizes someone's talking to him. He turns. An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (40) sits down in Chloe's seat.

WOMAN
 . . . I don't usually do this,
 approach men I don't know, but I
 needed to tell you, that song you
 played, it was beautiful.

UNCLE MARTY
 You're not from the wedding, are
 you?

WOMAN
 No. I just came by for a drink.

UNCLE MARTY
 Would you like another?

EXT. THE PIANO LOUNGE - BACK PATIO - NIGHT

Mr. Wellington steps outside the bar. He gently closes the door behind him and takes a breath of the fresh air. . .

HUNTER (O.S.)
I won't leave the island without
her.

Mr. Wellington turns toward Hunter who sits in a back corner
of the patio.

MR. WELLINGTON
That's the idea.

Mr. Wellington walks over to him. . .

MR. WELLINGTON
If anyone gives you a problem, and
I mean anyone, you tell them you're
my guest.

Hunter nods at Mr. Wellington. They turn, looking into the
window of the bar. Uncle Marty is sitting with the woman,
staring back at them.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. ONE-STORY HOUSE - NIGHT

Abby stands outside the dark structure. She peers into the living room window. Everything is still. Too dark to see.

Headlights from a car cut the darkness. A cop car is approaching. Abby hides behind a tree.

The cop car pulls into the driveway. Sheriff May, her dad, steps out. He walks to his steps and enters the house.

The living room light is now turned on.

Abby comes out from the tree. She looks inside the window. Sheriff May walks back toward the kitchen. . .

Abby takes a step closer. Pictures of Abby and her mom are scattered around the living room. She focuses on one in particular. They are hugging each other, laughing. . .

Sheriff May suddenly reappears. Abby takes a step back, accidently cracking a branch on the ground.

Sheriff May looks toward the window. Abby hesitates, but doesn't move. He sees her. They look at one another. . .

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Abby walks inside. Sheriff May closes the door behind her.

SHERIFF MAY
I've missed you, Abby.

Abby pauses, takes a look around. She can't quite bring herself to focus on her dad.

In the background, the sound of a kettle whistling. . .

SHERIFF MAY
I have so much to tell you. . .

The kettle whistles louder, louder. The silence now between them adding to the tension.

ABBY
You going to get that?

SHERIFF MAY
Will you stay for a moment?

Abby stops and looks him. She nods.

Sheriff May walks into the kitchen. Down a dark hallway, Abby spots a familiar door. . .

She steps toward it. She opens it.

INT. ABBY'S OLD ROOM - NIGHT

She flicks on the light. The room is not how she remembered. A desk sits where her bed was. On its surface, multiple files.

Pictures hang on the walls, telling the decorated history of her father's work as a cop.

The room has been transformed into his office; however, remnants of her old room remain. . .

She walks to her old mirror. Pictures of when she was younger are still tucked into the lower right corner.

A pink dresser still holds the dolls she used to care for on its surface.

She turns to the closet and opens the sliding door.

A case filled with files lies at her feet. She pushes it aside and looks at the wall behind it.

It's still there. A finger painting of a sun, a house, and a little girl holding the stick-figure hands of her mom and dad.

Abby bends down and looks at the painting. She gently brushes her finger along its lines, as if she was painting it again.

She leans up and notices a name inside the case of files. The name is "John Wakefield."

She opens the manila folder. Newspaper clippings detailing his murders. She stops and focuses on a title. "Sheriff's Wife Butchered with Hedge Trimmer."

She looks at the photo of her mother in the article. Her mother is smiling, a happier time.

She takes the article, folds it, and places it in her purse.

She keeps browsing through more articles. All of them about Wakefield. Another title, "Sheriff Avenges Wife's Murder by Shooting Wakefield."

Then, something else catches her eye. . .

This is not the only case filled with files. The entire closet is stacked with them.

On every box, the name "Wakefield" is marked.

Abby leans away from the closet. Sheriff May stands in the doorway.

SHERIFF MAY

I still think about him. What happened. What I could have done different. After your mom died I lost my mind. I didn't want you to be here. I didn't want you to see me like that. And I didn't want to see you, because every time I looked at you, you reminded me of her.

ABBY

You think I didn't hurt? You think I wasn't scared? I needed you and you shut me out.

SHERIFF MAY

I'm sorry, Abby. I'm so sorry.

He is shaking.

SHERIFF MAY

I want to make it right. And I don't know how.

Sheriff May sits down. He can no longer hold in his emotions.

Abby looks at her dad. She sees that his feelings are genuine, that he is sorry and has been reaching out for her. But as she stands her ground, a distance is kept between them.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - NIGHT

Only a few rooms still lit. Quiet, peaceful. The sound of waves crashing in the distance. . .

INT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - HUNTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hunter is unpacking his bag. He puts shirts away in the closet. He goes back to the bag and pulls out an old picture of himself with Trish.

He gently places the photo on his night table.

CUT TO:

INT. CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chloe fixes her hair in the mirror. She's wearing a sexy nightgown. She sprays perfume on her neck and opens the bathroom door. She exits the room and enters

THE BEDROOM

We follow her as she lies in bed next to. . . Sully.

The two of them start to kiss as we move out the window.

EXT. BACK OF CANDLEWOOD HOTEL - NIGHT

Moving down onto a dark path. There is Cal, still walking the grounds, searching for his girlfriend.

He stops, looking at J.D. open the door to his hotel room. Nikki stands outside with him. She kisses him, pulling him inside the room and closing the door behind them. . .

Cal walks on, passing Shea's cottage. Through the window, Shea is approaching a bedroom door.

INT. SHEA'S COTTAGE - AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Madison is staring at the bluff outside her window. Shea comes into her room.

SHEA
Time to go to sleep.

MADISON
Mommy.

SHEA
Yes, sweetheart.

MADISON
Did you know people died here?

Shea stops.

SHEA
What did you say?

MADISON
People died here. On this island.
They were murdered, Mommy.

Madison turns away from the window and looks at her mom. Shea looks stunned. Madison smiles softly. . .

MADISON
Would you like to know how?

CUT TO:

INT. ABBY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Abby sits at the desk. From her purse, she removes the folded article she got from her dad's house. She unfolds it and places it, flat, on the desk's surface.

Using a tiny scissors, she cuts the smiling photo of her mom away from the rest of the article.

She looks at the article with the photo now missing. She focuses on the ugly words, "Wakefield. Murder. Sheriff's wife." She slowly crumples the article in her fist and then stops, reading one last sentence. "Daughter witnesses sheriff shoot Wakefield. . . "

She rips up the rest of the article and throws it in the trash.

She turns her attention back to her smiling mother. A photo she handles with care.

She can't help but smile back at her.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S AND TRISH'S COTTAGE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Henry is brushing his teeth. He finishes and looks at Trish's purse lying on the counter. Her phone is sticking out. Henry picks it up, looks at the incoming calls, and sees the name, "Hunter Jennings."

Henry stops, then places the phone back in her purse.

INT. HENRY'S AND TRISH'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trish lies in bed, looking out at the moon over the ocean. Henry comes to her side, lies down beside her.

She reaches back for his hand. He gives it to her, softly caressing her fingers. She smiles.

TRISH

This is going to be a great wedding.

Henry kisses her on the back of the neck. She closes her eyes. . .

Henry gently raises his head from the pillow and looks at her sleeping peacefully.

WE RISE ABOVE

To the window. The moonlight over the ocean.

SLOWLY we move closer. . .

The sound of the waves as we. . .

FADE TO BLACK:

THE SOUND OF THE WAVES CONTINUE IN BLACKNESS.

And then, a different sound. A STRIKING MATCH brings us back as we. . .

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Uncle Marty is lighting his cigar as he sits on a blanket with the attractive woman he met in the bar.

She finishes buttoning up her blouse and passes Uncle Marty her business card.

WOMAN

Call me.

Uncle Marty takes it and smiles. The woman gets up and heads toward the steps leading back to the hotel.

Uncle Marty stares out at the ocean and the stars making the waves glow as they crash. . .

UNCLE MARTY
I love weddings.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Uncle Marty is walking to the steps. He stops and looks up. This is quite a climb. He takes one step after the other. . .

UNTIL, HIS FOOT FALLS THROUGH.

He tries to pull himself up. He's stuck. He hears a sound. A strange sound coming from under the dark staircase. It's machine-like. As it comes near, it's more identifiable. It's a hedge trimmer.

UNCLE MARTY
Hello.

No response. The sound comes closer.

UNCLE MARTY
Hey, who's back there?

Still nothing. Only the menacing sound. Uncle Marty jerks his foot upward. It is PULLED BACK DOWN. His entire leg, now under the steps. Uncle Marty YELLS OUT.

And now, a different sound. The sound of flesh being cut. He manages to lift his leg. His pants are shredded. His leg, bleeding. He can't get his foot out. From below his waist, the cutting continues as he manages to yell one last time.

CUT TO BLACK:

END PILOT