

VERVE

THE BEAST

Written by

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VERVE
Madhouse Entertainment

BLACK. THEN: "*POMPEII*" BY BASTILLE FADES IN, BUILDING AND BUILDING UNTIL WE SMASH TO:

HIGH ABOVE THE ISLAND

The cloud floats past us and we can see it, sitting in the middle of the deep blue ocean. Imperfectly shaped, an awkward, curving splotch of land.

It is lush and green, a steep cliff where it meets the water on one side and a long beach on the other.

It is maybe 3 miles in diameter at its widest point.

CLOSER

As we glide over a tropical forest canopy.

This is the place travel brochures promise us and never deliver.

Something lightly rustles a patch of trees.

A FLOCK OF BIRDS erupts from that section of the canopy. They flutter around the treetops until they fully gather, then make their way:

OVER THE SEA

Squawking and rustling the wind with their flapping wings. We watch them FROM BELOW, as they pass over us.

Our gaze lowers.

JUST ATOP THE WATER

As we move up and down with the gently bobbing waves.

The ocean is calm and beautiful in the afternoon sun.

Something slowly drifts into view.

A seat cushion. The kind you see on airplanes.

It passes by us, and the ocean is empty again.

But something else passes in front of us: a glass minibar bottle.

Then a torn scrap of clothing.

Pieces of metal, large and small, torn and jagged.

An open suitcase, spilling its contents into the ocean.

More random pieces of clothing.

Another, larger shape floats by. As it gets closer, we can see:

It's a BODY. Facedown in the water amongst the debris.

One or two more corpses bob up and down, farther away from us. None look like they've been in the water very long.

It all passes by and we are alone again for the shortest of moments.

THE SONG abruptly cuts out as SHE BURSTS INTO VIEW.

Splashing around as she flails for her life.

She erupts from the surface, gasping for air. Scrambles to keep her head above water.

Looking around frantically for something, anything, to grab on to.

She latches onto the corpse. It very quickly starts to sink under her weight and she struggles to stay on top of it.

Finally she spies the floating seat cushion.

She lets go of the body and swims towards the seat cushion with everything she can muster.

It slips out of her grasp the first time she reaches for it and she goes under the surface.

She pulls herself back up, re-orienting herself to the cushion.

This time when she lunges, she manages to wrap both arms around it.

Panting hard, utterly out of breath, she clings to the just-big-enough flotation device for dear life.

This is JESSICA.

Now that she has something to support her in the water, she looks around, trying desperately to figure out where she is.

It doesn't do much good until she sees it.

THE ISLAND.

Maybe a mile away. The only land in sight.

Jessica kicks hard against the current, turning the cushion towards it.

Each agonizing sweep of her legs shoves her just a little bit closer to the salvation looming in the distance.

THE BEACH

Jessica reaches the shallows, trying to stand in the waist-high water and immediately collapsing. Steadying herself on her hands and knees.

She pulls the cushion with her as she crawls up the beach, through the tide going out.

She slips, accidentally letting go of the cushion as she steadies herself.

She grabs after it for a moment, but it's too far out of her reach.

She watches it float back out to sea - the beach is too close to consider going after it now.

So she keeps wading through the shallows.

It becomes easier, if only slightly, as she gets further and further out of the water.

Her hands dig into the sand less and less the further up the beach she gets, the drier the land becomes.

Finally, she passes the wet line of the shore and finds pure, dry sand.

Immediately, Jessica flops onto her back and breathes in deep.

She stays like that for a long moment, just looking up at the sky and breathing. Then:

She starts to chuckle.

And, very slowly: that chuckle turns into full-blown laughter. A mix of pure joy and genuine derangement.

She laughs and laughs as she moves her body around in the sand, reveling in the dry land.

JESSICA
(screaming with joy)
I'M ON AN ISLAND!!!

She laughs for a few moments longer before it begins to die out.

Without really sitting up, she looks around to see the ocean she came from, the beach around her, the thick treeline behind her.

She is totally.

Utterly.

Alone.

It all hits her in one moment as she collapses back onto the sand.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I'm on an island.

SMASH TO TITLE: **BEAST**

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

Jessica pulls herself further up the beach, away from the water. Shivering.

She unzips her RAIN JACKET and pulls it off, then pulls off her soaking wet shirt, shoes, and pants (this is not "sexy beach stripping." This is "holy shit I don't want to die of pneumonia" stripping).

She wrings her clothes out on the sand and shakes her jacket dry as best she can.

Sits on the sand in her underwear, legs pulled up tight to her chest, still shaking even in the warm sun.

We finally get a decent look at her: early 30's (let's say 31) average height, long hair, not much meat on her bones. She has a large SCAR on her right shoulder blade, bruises on the rest of her that might be hours old or from days ago.

She sees blood dripping on her knee and touches her forehead - there's a small gash. Nothing life-threatening. A few nicks and cuts on her arms and legs.

The sun's not doing its job fast enough. She grabs her jacket and pulls it over her shoulders, holding it tight around her.

Anything to get warm.

She takes her CELL PHONE out of her pants pocket. It's completely soaked. She tries all of the buttons . . .

It won't even consider turning on. Totally fried.

She throws the phone in the sand.

As she pulls the jacket around her again, her hand finds the INNER POCKET - zipped up tight. Something inside.

Jessica unzips the pocket and takes out an UNSEALED ENVELOPE.

It's a bit wet but remarkably, still intact and legible.

It's to "Lionel & Shane Landry" with an address in Seattle.

No return address.

Jessica removes the folded letter from inside the envelope, just to check if it's damaged. It's dotted with water, but seems alright.

She doesn't want to read it. Sets it on the sand to dry out and weighs it down with her otherwise-useless cell phone. Pats the jacket's inside pocket, "good boy."

She looks out over the ocean.

Bits of debris, small pieces of metal, wash up on the shore, a new piece appearing every few times the tide laps up on the sand.

Farther out to sea, a scattered parade of human bodies that weren't as lucky as her float along, unbothered.

LATER

The sunset here is rather beautiful.

Jessica puts her now-dry clothes back on. Puts the letter back in her jacket pocket. Just as she zips it closed -

A RAINDROP taps her on the head.

She looks up, to make sure she really felt it.

Two more drops hit her face.

JESSICA
Come on . . .

EXT. TREELINE - NIGHT

The drops have turned into a downpour.

Jessica huddles against the trunk of a tree at the edge of the beach.

The tree's spotty canopy and her rain jacket don't do much to diminish the misery of the rain.

She holds her knees to her chest and tries not to think about it.

A ROOM NOT HERE

We never get a good look at where we are. We're too close, our vision too hazy. But it is:

Quiet. Calm. Dry.

Warm light on her face, Jessica sits down on the edge of something. A bed?

Her fingers stroke the hair of a LITTLE BOY. No more than 5. He's sleeping.

She leans in close. Gentle.

JESSICA

C'mon sweetheart, time to get up.

EXT. TREELINE - MORNING

She wakes up to warm sunshine on her face.

The rain stopped hours ago, but the ground is still damp.

She stands.

Sees rainwater gathered in the center of a large leaf. Jessica lowers herself to the leaf and tips it to her lips.

Most of the water spills to the dirt, but she gets some in her mouth.

Just enough to be amazed at how thirsty she was.

She looks out over the ocean again.

Something nebulous rising in the distance.

Smoke? Steam?

From a boat?

She squints, stumbling towards the beach.

She can barely, just barely, make out the outline of something that might be a ship. Miles away at best.

JESSICA

Hey! Heyyyyyyyy!

EXT. THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

She runs down the sand, screaming as loud as her parched throat will let her.

JESSICA

HEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

They can't hear her, obviously.

She looks around. There has to be a way to get their attention, there has to -

She knows how.

Jessica runs back to the TREELINE, scooping up as many branches and fallen pieces of wood as she can.

Runs back to the BEACH and dumps them on the sand.

Back to the treeline, to find two small stones.

She runs back to the pile of wood and drops to her knees, striking the two stones together at the base of the wood.

Trying to start a fire. Like she's seen in the movies a hundred times.

She can't even get one measly spark.

She knows it, at least a little, but that doesn't stop her from trying again and again and again.

She just needs one little spark, please, just one -

But it won't come. Even if it would, the wood is wet.

Her hands hurt from trying. She stops, dropping the stones into the sand.

She looks out at the disappearing ship (if that really even was what she saw).

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Well fuck you too!

She drops back on her ass in the sand. What now?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jessica wanders through the trees, marveling at the forest growth. Like some strange melding of the tropics and midwest.

Vines and tall trees and small patches of grass dotted around in the dirt. Sunlight easily poking in through the canopy.

She hears a TRICKLE from somewhere up ahead.

EXT. STREAM - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica hurries out from the trees and sees the small stream, twisting through the forest floor.

She drops to the dirt and cups her hands in the water, bringing it to her lips.

She sucks it down and does it again and again, drinking greedily from the fresh water.

It's the best thing she's ever tasted.

She drinks until she can't hardly drink any more.

Exhales for what might be the first time since she washed up on shore.

Her stomach growls. Loud.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

She's walking through the trees, looking for something edible.

Suddenly, she freezes. A few yards in front of her, its back turned - a plump RABBIT. Her stomach can see the appeal in that.

She takes one step forward - and the rabbit promptly freaks, hopping away at a maddening speed.

Jessica gives chase, running as hard as she can.

She's lost the race well before she trips over an exposed root.

Hits the ground in an undignified lump.

Face in the dirt, just breathing. She has less energy than she realized.

She looks up.

A bush covered with bright red berries stares right back at her.

In half a second she's scrambling on her hands and knees towards it. Picking them and popping them into her mouth as fast as she can, gobbling them down.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Jessica violently vomits the berries and what little else was in her stomach up onto a tree trunk.

She braces herself against it as she heaves again.

Jessica sees a rabbit that may or may not be the one she was chasing watching her out of the corner of her eye.

She's not a fan. But she can't do anything about it, because she has to vomit again.

EXT. STREAM - LATER

She washes her mouth out and drinks. Still starving.

She's bringing another handful of water to her mouth when she spots something moving in the water.

Fish. More than a few of them, lazily moving downstream.

Maybe . . .

Jessica grabs for one of the fish, missing by a mile. She throws herself into the river, trying to snatch at the others. They're small and fast and move before her hands even get close.

She keeps trying.

Finally, by sheer dumb luck more than anything else - her hands close around one of the fish.

She tears it out of the water, squeezing it as tight as she can as it wriggles in her grip.

She smacks its head against a rock a couple of times. It wiggles again and then stops moving.

She laughs incredulously at what she just did.

EXT. THE BEACH - DUSK

Striking the two rocks against each other again, trying to start another fire. Jessica gets frustrated quickly when she still can't get a good spark out of them.

Done trying, she drops the stones. Takes a second to breathe, glances at the fish lying beside her.

Screw it.

She picks it up and bites deep into its raw flesh, tearing it off with her teeth.

Pulls a couple of thin bones out of her mouth.

Freshest sushi she's ever had.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jessica follows the stream inland.

Listening to the hiss and rustle of the forest.

Before long, she comes across:

EXT. THE CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

A small, treeless patch of land. Jessica scans it and sees two things almost simultaneously:

1) a small ring of stones set up for a campfire.

2) a backpack.

Jessica wants to rush to the bag - but what if she's not alone?

JESSICA

Hello?

No answer.

She steps further into the clearing, looking all around.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

HELLO!

Still nothing.

She goes for the backpack.

It's slightly torn at the top but still entirely functional. Jessica fumbles with the plastic buckles as she opens the bag. She pulls out the contents:

- 1) a blanket
- 2) a coil of thin rope
- 3) a folding knife
- 4) a plastic bag with a small notebook and pens inside
- 5) a metal water bottle
- 6) a box of matches.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Oh thank god.

She opens the matchbox - empty.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Of course.

She throws the matchbox aside. Looks at the rest of her find.

Jessica opens the plastic bag and takes out the notebook. Thumbs through the pages. Blank - except for a note written in the front of the book.

She looks at the name signed at the bottom of the page:
CHRISTINA KIM.

Her eyes flicker up to the note:

CHRISTINA (V.O.)

If you're reading this and I'm not with you, I'm probably dead. A storm marooned me on an island somewhere in the pacific, I'm not sure exactly where. But I can't be that far off course. I'm going to try and write in this journal every day like I told myself I would when I got it. Might as well. What else am I going to do?
Christina Kim, 7/12/2011.

Jessica flips through the notebook again, looking for more.

But there's just the one entry.

Jessica looks around the "campsite." Nothing besides the ring of stones.

JESSICA
HELLOOOOOO!

Still no answer. She looks at the date in the notebook again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Three years . . .

Jessica only hesitates for a moment before shoving everything back in the bag and putting it on her back.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Following the water upstream, looking for high ground.

Jessica comes to a fork in the water - the stream she's been following branches off from a wider river that cuts through the island.

She decides to follow the river.

Takes a moment to marvel at a family of deer grazing across the stream.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

Jessica emerges from the forest to something magnificent.

The WATERFALL, towering above her dozens of meters high, its contents crashing down into the LAKE below, flowing from there into the wide river mouth.

It's beautiful.

Jessica gets close, close enough to place her hand in the falling water.

Glances at the staggered rocks running up the side of the waterfall.

She starts to climb.

The rocks are just big enough for her to stand on and pull herself higher.

There's almost a smile on her face.

TOP OF THE WATERFALL

Jessica pulls herself onto the ledge, winded from the effort. Takes a moment to breathe.

Then she stands up and looks out over the island from her new vantage point.

Oh wow.

The sun's at the perfect angle, golden light bathing the gently-swaying canopy of trees, the pale sand of the beach, the sparkling ocean beyond it.

She looks all around - the river behind her leading to the waterfall, its stony banks, the lush green of the treetops.

She's never seen anything like this in her life.

The beauty hits her at the same time as everything else.

As we swirl around Jessica, we get *QUICK FLASHES* of images from somewhere else, more feelings than scenes:

A modest house in a modest neighborhood.

The backyard, the treeline marking its edge. Two BOYS (8 & 6) play in the grass.

Jessica struggles not to let it overwhelm her. We see more:

The GRUFF MAN pushes his way past Jessica, into the house. He is not gentle.

The boys in the yard keep playing.

Jessica has to sit down.

She lowers herself to the rocks, sitting so that she has a view over the island. Lets the pack slide off her back.

Jessica with the BOYS in the yard, hugging them close. She lets them go and they run to play with friends.

She reaches into her pocket and removes the ENVELOPE. Starts to read the letter:

JESSICA (V.O.)
Dear Lionel and Shane -

She cuts herself off, trying very hard not to sob. Takes a moment to collect herself and turns back to the words.

JESSICA (V.O.)
Dear Lionel and Shane. I love you.
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry . . .

The Gruff Man grabs her by the arm. Hard. Pulls her inside.

She has to stop. She can't do this, she just can't.

The flashes begin to coalesce . . .

The Gruff Man leaves in his car.

Shoving cash into her pocket. Zipping the bag.

The AIRPORT. She pays for her ticket in cash.

Pushing her bag into the overhead compartment.

In her seat, leg bouncing with anticipation.

Turbulence shakes the plane once, hard. A moment of calm and the passengers shake it off.

The plane rattles violently and doesn't stop.

Jessica's face is nothing but terror as the plane begins to spiral out of the sky.

She holds tight to the seat in front of her and braces for impact.

The water rushes up so fast.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

Tears flow freely from her eyes now.

JESSICA
I'm sorry.

Jessica's a wreck. She can only wipe so many of her tears away as she looks out over this magnificent island she's stuck on.

EXT. FOREST BY THE WATERFALL - MORNING

Jessica wakes up huddled under her new blanket.

She rises and puts the blanket away.

EXT. RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

She fills her bottle full of clear water and drinks from it.
Stomach growling hard again.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Back below the waterfall, among the trees.

Jessica spies a pair of rabbits nibbling at a bush.

Gets closer - it's a blackberry bush.

She races to it, scaring off the rabbits. Eats the blackberries as quickly as she can pick them.

As she's eating, she gets an idea. Takes the THIN ROPE out of her bag.

ANOTHER FOREST

Less tropical than this one. Jessica watches the GRUFF MAN tie a SNARE. They look a few years younger, actually seem to be enjoying each other's company. He's almost charming.

GRUFF MAN

So then when you pull it like this -

He demonstrates, snagging his thumb in the snare. Jessica giggles.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Jessica ties a snare of her own.

LATER

Jessica hides behind a tree, the snare rope in her hands. Watching and waiting.

A rabbit comes hopping along. She tenses.

It steps into the trap. Jessica PULLS -

The rabbit gets caught for half a second but it struggles and the knot slips. She didn't tie it right. The rabbit runs off.

JESSICA

Shit.

She casts her eyes down. Spies a large, flat rock. Gets another idea:

- With her hands, she digs a small, shallow hole in the dirt.
- Snaps off a small branch.
- Ties the rope around it.
- She sets the flat rock up at an angle over the hole, propped up by the branch.
- She lays a trail of blackberries from the blackberry bush to the hole.

Jessica takes the rope and settles down in the brush. All she has to do is wait . . .

THE HOUSE

Inside. A bedroom. Jessica's all dressed up. Puts on a nice pair of earrings.

The Gruff Man stops her as she heads for the door.

GRUFF MAN
Where you goin?

JESSICA
Out with some friends.

GRUFF MAN
What friends?

Jessica tries to move past him but he grabs her arm, HARD, pulling her back -

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Jessica wakes up. Still daylight.

Her eyes flick over to the two rabbits following her trail of blackberries. She gets ready, tightens her grip on the rope. One of the rabbits steps into the hole under the rock . . .

Jessica yanks on the rope and the support stick goes flying. The rock SMACKS down on the rabbit.

Jessica rushes over to her trap as the second bunny hurries away.

The bunny is still alive, mewling under the heavy rock that's crushed half its body.

JESSICA

Shit.

She kneels down, reaching out to the struggling animal (but doesn't touch it). Knows what she has to do. She takes out the KNIFE.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Sorry little guy.

The bunny squeals louder as Jessica pushes the knife into its neck, and then it goes still.

She pulls the knife out and lifts the rock off the rabbit. It's mangled flat. She's disgusted.

EXT. THE CLEARING - DUSK

The rabbit corpse rests on a rock. Jessica's trying to start a fire in the little campfire ring. She's got moss and twigs for kindling, but none of it will catch, even though she's able to get a few sparks from the stones.

She thinks for a second. Takes the notebook from its plastic bag. She rips out a few pages and wads them up by the kindling. Tries again.

Nothing, then sparks. Doesn't catch.

JESSICA

C'mon, c'mon . . .

Still won't light, but she's getting better at striking the flint. Suddenly - one of the pages CATCHES.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

YES!

She quickly leans down to gently blow oxygen onto the paper. The fire flickers to life.

She moves the other wadded pages closer to the new flame; they catch, and then the kindling catches, and, finally - the campfire starts.

LATER

Jessica tries to skin the rabbit, but she doesn't really know how. The whole thing's a bloody mess as she tries to rip all the fur off, cursing as she does.

LATER

She sets up two sticks as spit-holders, then takes a third and skewers the rabbit with it. It's harder (and grosser) than she expected.

LATER - NIGHT

She turns the skewered rabbit over the flames, roasting it. Smoke rising rapidly from the fire into a cloudy sky.

FLASH: A backyard family BBQ.

Jessica takes the rabbit off the fire.

The Gruff Man flips meat on the grill.

She rips into the meat with her teeth. Couldn't care less how it tastes - it's food.

Him and Jessica and the boys around a table, enjoying it.

She chews and swallows and savors her little victory.

She barely notices the flock of BIRDS flying overhead until their squawking becomes horrifically loud.

Something about them seems strange.

The treetops behind her are MOVING - little sways, too big to be the wind . . .

Some sixth sense makes Jessica set the rabbit down and reach for her pack.

Her hand just closes around the strap when:

THE BEAST BURSTS INTO THE CLEARING.

Instinct kicks in and Jessica grabs her pack and RUNS.

The Beast chases.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Jessica's running as fast as she can, barely glancing over her shoulder to see if it's gaining on her. It's dark and a blur and all she can tell is that it's BIG and strong and covered in BLACK FUR.

The Beast SCREECHES as it hurries after her, its FOUR LIMBS pounding the Earth, it's gaining on her it's gaining -

Jessica's pack gets snagged on a passing tree and she lets it go, barely ahead of the Beast as it is.

It's fucking fast.

She can barely see where she's going in the moonlight.

Its BEAK flashes as it screeches again.

It's more than twice her size.

It has three-fingered talons for feet.

(Don't look back, don't look back) Just RUN.

Jessica slips between two small trees just as the Beast is almost on top of her.

Keeps running as it slams into the trees.

It pushes - and the tree snaps.

Jessica hears the crash as it hits the ground.

She still has a lead.

But she can't outrun it.

She sees a RAVINE, just barely catching it in the dark.

She skids into it, hiding against the wall of Earth.

Holds her breath as the Beast gallops along the path she just took -

And goes past the ravine.

Just for a second, she thinks she's safe.

And then the Beast stops. Turns back.

Looking for her.

Still holding her breath. Trying to make herself as small as possible against the wall of the ravine.

The Beast gets closer, its talons digging into the Earth just above her head.

If she ever prayed, now would be a good time.

She can barely make out the Beast's thick, cylindrical torso, expanding and contracting with each breath. The THICK BLACK FUR all over . . .

It shifts position again, still looking. Getting closer to looking down into the ravine -

When RAIN starts to fall.

The Beast whines. Keeps searching, but shifts its feet more, like it's distressed.

The raindrops turn into a full-on shower.

The Beast's whine is even more plaintive this time. Distress, not pain. It holds out for barely another moment before it hurries off into the trees.

Jessica waits until she's sure it's gone before she exhales.

Peers over the ditch, the rain smacking her face.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

She finds her pack on the tree it was snagged on. Still intact. She makes sure it's shut tight, puts the hood of her jacket on.

EXT. THE CLEARING - NIGHT

Rain is smothering the campfire. Jessica looks at the three-toed tracks the Beast left in the mud with a mixture of wonder and horror.

What the fuck was that thing?

EXT. STREAM - MORNING

The rain has stopped.

Jessica drinks and refills her water bottle. Still shaken from last night.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

Jessica drags several pieces of wood out onto the sand. They're dry enough.

She arranges them into a bonfire, using more pages from the notebook as starters for the kindling.

The fire smokes more than it burns as the wood dries. Billowing black into the sky.

Someone's gotta see that.

LATER

Finally, the fire's really burning. Jessica puts a couple more pieces of wood on. Sits on the beach to wait.

Looking out over the ocean.

FLASH: Standing on the PIER with her family. Taking in the view. Holding her boys close. Her husband's too-tight grip on her arm again.

Jessica's shaken out of the memory by the sound of BIRDS.

Looks up to see them flying overhead.

Jessica looks over her shoulder to see the treetops rustling.

She doesn't wait this time. Grabs her pack and sprints for the:

TREELINE

She hides behind a thick tree trunk. Peers around it to get a look.

THE BEAST steps onto the beach. Now, in daylight, she can see it fully:

It is nearly 10 feet tall.

Its torso is a thick, blunt cylinder, its back end capped off by a scarred nub, like it used to have a tail, and it was torn off.

Its head is an angular bulb, anchored to its body by a short, thick neck.

It has a short, sharp beak in place of a mouth. No nose. Ears flat on the sides of its head.

Its four pitch-black eyes blink independently of each other, nestled in a diagonal slant on its face.

Each of its four spider-like legs ends in a three-fingered hand (almost like a chicken's). Each finger is capped by a sharp talon.

Save for its talons and beak, every inch of the Beast is covered in short, thick black fur.

The Beast walks straight to the fire, plopping down right next to it.

Makes a sound almost like purring.

It likes the heat.

Jessica watches its torso expand and contract as it breathes - not through its mouth, but through blowholes on either side of its torso.

She can't believe anything like this exists.

She glances away for a moment and sees a rabbit staring at the Beast alongside her.

JESSICA

Tell me you're seeing this too.

The rabbit runs away at the sound of her voice. Jessica takes another look at the Beast, curled up by the fire.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Further inland. Jessica moves through the trees with added caution now.

She spots a ROCK FORMATION in the side of a little hill.

There's a small opening in the formation, an ENTRANCE. Just big enough for her to slip through.

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

It's dry and sheltered in here, with enough light coming in through the entryway to see by.

There's a small ring of stones on the floor, like what was in the clearing.

She looks around the cave, sees MARKINGS etched on the wall by a stone:

CHRISTINA KIM

|

Jessica looks around again: spies a SMALL PILE of things in the back of the cave. Hurries over.

An extra pair of pants and a couple shirts, more rope, a pack of crackers, and a MATCHBOOK.

Jessica quickly opens the matchbook: 6 left.

She looks down at the rest of the stuff -- dirty and old, but still usable. These must be Christina's things. She must have been using this place as shelter.

Jessica picks up the crackers and sits down against the wall opposite the markings.

She bites into one of the crackers. Stale, but still, it's food.

She takes the notebook out of her pocket. After a moment, picks up a pen.

She turns past Christina's page and starts to write.

JESSICA (V.O.)
(as she's writing)
My name is Jessica Landry . . .

She hesitates, then scribbles out "Landry" and replaces it with "Hewitt."

JESSICA (V.O.)
Jessica Hewitt. I am stranded on an
island somewhere in the pacific
ocean. Something is on this island
with me.

MONTAGE AS SHE WRITES

Her subsequent days on the island:

- She fills her bottle from the stream.
- She tries making another rabbit snare. It holds the rabbit for a hot second before failing.
- She struggles to catch fish with her bare hands.
- But she's getting better at making fires in the CAVE. She uses a match once, then goes back to the flint.
- She sees the Beast through the trees, hides to avoid him.

JESSICA (V.O.)
I don't know what this thing is. It
isn't like anything I've seen or
read about before; it looks like
something out of a fantasy. But
it's real and it will try and kill
me every chance it gets.
(MORE)

JESSICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I think it already killed the last
 person who owned this notebook.

- She makes another snare . . . this one works!
- She finds a long, straight branch. Whittles its end into a sharp point with her knife. A spear.
- She uses that spear to fish with, and comes up with dinner.
- She makes fires and cooks in the cave. Getting good at starting fires with the flint.

JESSICA (V.O.)
 I hope no one finds this notebook
 instead of me. But if you're
 reading this, and I'm not there
 with you, please tell my boys I
 love them. I wrote their address in
 the front. I'm going to try and
 make it home to them. I don't know
 how. But I'm going to try.

BACK TO THE CAVE:

That first day in the cave. Jessica finishes writing.

She looks up at the wall Christina wrote on. Picks up a stone from the cave floor.

She carves into the cave wall:

JESSICA HEWITT

||||

Looks to Christina's lone mark.

JESSICA
 First place.

INT. CAVE - DAY

39 tally marks under Jessica's name on the wall.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jessica holds the rope for another rabbit snare.

A rabbit follows the trail of blackberries she's left and she pulls on the rope, SNAGGING it.

The bunny squeals and tries to flop away as she ties the snare rope off around a branch and hurries over to the rabbit.

She stabs the rabbit with her wooden spear, killing it quickly.

She kneels down, pack still on her back, undoing the snare from the rabbit's leg.

Looks up for just a moment.

THE BEAST'S EYES STARE BACK AT HER FROM THE TREES.

Oh fuck.

Jessica falls back in shock as the Beast bursts from his hiding spot, LUNGING AT HER.

Her hand closes around the spear and she THRUSTS UP instinctively.

The point sticks in the Beast's torso as it tries to come down on Jessica, forcing it on its hind legs. It SCREECHES.

Jessica shoves with the spear -- the Beast scrabbles, trying to get away.

It manages to twist itself away from the spear, backing up.

Jessica scrambles to her feet. Holding the spear up to ward the Beast off.

The Beast circles, wary. Clearly not used to being hurt by its prey.

It screeches again, stepping closer. Jessica jabs with the spear, forcing it back.

She's terrified. The Beast can sense it.

But she won't let it closer. Every time the Beast feints in she jabs.

The Beast clicks its beak and hisses.

Its shuffle-in approaches grows quicker.

Ducking to the side as she jabs.

Jessica recovers her footing before it can get too close, but the Beast swipes with its arm and rips the spear from her hands.

Jessica is defenseless -- the Beast lunges again.

Jessica dives behind a tree. Its trunk blocks the Beast, saving her from being crushed.

She RUNS.

She's never moved this fast in her life.

THROUGH THE FOREST, branches whipping at her face and hair as she rushes by them.

She can feel the Beast chasing her.

Looks back for half a second to see if it's gaining on her.

And her foot CATCHES ON A ROOT.

She trips and goes TUMBLING DOWN A HILL.

Narrowly missing a tree, scrabbling for a handhold and finding none -

Tumbling down until -

WHAM! She comes to an abrupt stop near the bottom, her back SLAMMING into a tree. Her backpack absorbs a tiny amount of the impact. She groans, badly shaken.

She tries to move but she can't.

Jessica looks down to see a THIN BRANCH IMPALING HER SIDE, entering through her right lower back and exiting out the front. Just barely missing her backpack.

Jessica gasps in horror and tries to push herself off the tree, but she can't. It's too painful and she doesn't have a good angle.

The branch isn't thick, but she can't slide herself off it.

She hears the Beast at the top of the hill.

Out of time.

Jessica tries one last time to push herself off the branch, with no luck.

The Beast starts down the hill. Trying not to lose its footing.

Jessica's out of options.

She breathes in and out quickly, psyching herself up -

And then she THROWS HERSELF TO THE RIGHT, her weight BREAKING THE BRANCH OFF THE TREE. She screams.

The branch still in her side, she staggers to her feet. Holding her wound.

The Beast hasn't stopped.

Not quite able to run, but moving as fast as she can, Jessica hurries through the forest.

EXT. WATERFALL - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica emerges by the lake under the waterfall. The Beast hot on her heels.

Jessica jumps into the lake.

Comes back up for air, gasping, doggy-paddling as best she can to the other side. Unwilling to lose her shoes or pack.

She reaches the far bank and pulls herself onto dry land. Looks back.

The Beast has stopped on the other side of the lake. It screeches at her.

It dips one foot into the lake and immediately pulls it out, trying to shake it dry. It's not in pain, but it's distressed, annoyed, the way a cat is after getting wet.

Jessica looks on and laughs incredulously. This huge, terrifying creature won't cross a little bit of water.

JESSICA
(it just comes out)
Fuck you, Carl!

The Beast screeches at her from across the lake, pounding its "hands" down angrily. Like a tantrum.

Jessica's surprised herself with the name. But she keeps going:

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's right, Carl! That's
your name you big piece of shit!

CARL screeches again as he retreats.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Fuck you, CARL!

Carl disappears into the trees.

Jessica shudders in pain. Puts her hand to her bloody, impaled side.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

She can still walk, but it's harder every step.

Stops for a moment to steady herself against a tree. Looks down at the wound.

She has to keep moving.

INT. CAVE - LATER

Jessica squeezes in through the opening. The stick briefly catches on the outside. She gasps at the pain.

Makes it all the way inside. Drops her pack by where her jacket already lies on the floor.

She needs more light.

She opens the matchbook - three left.

Jessica grabs some of the moss and wood from the corner of the cave and sets up a fire. Lights it with a match.

MINUTES LATER

The fire's going now, enough light to really see by. She touches her side tentatively, hisses in pain.

She's got to get this stick out of her.

Jessica takes a hold of the stick where it exits her front. Only room for one hand to grip it.

Steels herself.

This is gonna fucking hurt.

Jessica YANKS the stick straight out with a horrible scream.

Drops the bloody thing on the floor and curls up, clutching her wound.

FLASH: Jessica in a HOSPITAL ROOM. A Doctor hovering behind her, looking at the deep gash on her shoulder blade (where her scar is now). Jessica refuses to look at the doctor or the nurse in front of her.

Moaning, Jessica pushes herself off the floor of the cave.

Without the stick to plug it up, the wound is bleeding freely.

Jessica pulls off her shirt and rips it into strips with her teeth.

Hands shaking.

She presses one of the strips hard against the wound, trying to staunch the bloodflow.

The Nurse helps the Doctor apply SUTURES to Jessica's shoulder blade. Jessica shakes and tries to wipe away tears.

She takes another strip and wraps it all the way around, tying it on her left side to hold the bandage in place.

The Nurse lays a gentle hand on hers. Jessica pulls away.

She grits her teeth and tries not to scream out loud as she tightens the bandage.

Shivering, she drags her jacket to her and puts it on.

Drinks some water.

Shivering's worse. Shock getting to her.

Jessica finds her blanket and pulls it over her as she lies down by the fire.

INT. CAVE - MORNING

Jessica wakes up in a puddle of her own blood.

She sits up, pulls the bloody blanket off her and peels off the blood-slick rain jacket.

The bandages are soaked through. Not enough to stop the bleeding, clearly.

FLASH: The Doctor finishes the last suture. Places a bandage over the wound. Blood immediately spotting it.

The bloodflow is slow, but steady.

Jessica's shaking badly again, and she starts to cry as she looks down at herself.

She's going to die if she can't stop the bleeding.

She's going to die if she can't stop crying.

Jessica sniffs hard and looks around for salvation.

The Doctor sits down in front of her. Notes the additional bruising on Jessica's arms.

DOCTOR

*You need to talk to someone,
Jessica.*

JESSICA

*(won't make eye contact)
It was my own fault.*

Jessica sees the knife by the dull remains of the fire.

So that's the plan.

Jessica struggles to stand. Finds more firewood and some moss, trying to keep the moss from getting too wet with blood.

She sets up the fire again. The embers aren't going to catch.

She picks up the matchbook. Two left.

She takes one out. Tries to strike it. It won't light.

Tries again. Thank god. A little flame.

She holds it to the moss -

And the match goes out.

Once chance left.

She takes out the second match, as careful as she can possibly be. The shaking makes it so hard . . .

She strikes the match.

Nothing.

Again.

Nothing.

Again -

And it LIGHTS.

She holds it to the moss and the moss CATCHES.

The fire's started.

She almost starts crying again.

But she picks up the knife instead.

Places the blade in the base of the flames, the hottest part of the fire.

She peels off the bloodsoaked bandages. Grabs a "fresh" strip of shirt and mops away some of the blood.

Takes a drink of water and then pours some on the wound. Mops more blood away.

She puts pressure on the wound as she pulls the knife out of the fire.

The blade is so hot it's cherry-red.

She gets ready -

And then she PRESSES THE BLADE AGAINST THE FRONT OF HER WOUND.

Jesus Christ it BURNS.

She screams so loud she almost drowns out the sound of searing flesh. Almost.

She lifts the blade away. The front of the wound cauterized and sealed.

But she's not done yet.

FLASH: Jessica forces herself halfway up off the floor of her house, blood flowing from her shoulder blade.

The smell of her flesh cooking rises to her nostrils. She can feel herself fading as she brings the knife around to her back.

And CAUTERIZES THE ENTRY WOUND.

She doesn't scream this time.

She can barely drop the knife away from her as she

BLACKS OUT.

FROM THE BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Jessica slowly wakes up.

She manages to push herself upright and look down at her wound.

It's blackened and horribly painful to the touch.

But the bleeding has stopped.

Jessica takes a rag tear and gently cleans the wound with a little water. Drinks a couple big gulps. Still a little left in the bottle.

Ties a bandage around herself with the last strip.

She opens the inside pocket of her rain jacket. The plastic baggie with the letter inside is still there - blood on the outside, but the letter is safe. She presses it to her forehead a moment, before putting it away again.

Jessica looks up at the tally wall. All the marks she's made.

She gets to her feet.

Walks to the wall, picks up the stone.

She makes one more mark.

One more day.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

The morning is bright and beautiful.

Jessica shields her face from the sunlight as she emerges from the cave, one hand clutching her side.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

She finds her way to the water, dropping to her knees by its bank.

She fills her bottle and drinks, sweet relief as the cold, clean liquid trickles down her throat.

When she's drunk as much as she can, she fills and caps the bottle.

Takes the bloody rags out of her pack and washes them in the river.

Red trails trickling into the flow.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

She changes her bandages. Drinks water by the fire. Eats some blackberries.

LATER

She pulls the blanket over herself to sleep.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Deeper in, on higher ground. Jessica caps her water bottle after taking a swig and puts it in her pack. She's still stiff.

She turns around to look over the ocean.

Doesn't believe her eyes at first.

Holy shit.

There's a BOAT on the beach.

EXT. FOREST - MINUTES LATER

Jessica moves as fast as she can through the trees, heading for the beach. Holding her side, ignoring the pain. She has to get to that boat, she has to . . .

She's so focused on getting there that she doesn't see HIM step out from behind the tree in front of her.

WHUMP! Jessica smacks right into him, goes tumbling to the ground -

Her head hits the tree with a SMA -

BLACK.

HAZY, IN AND OUT -

Treetops swaying as she passes under them.

Hands fumble, grasping her arms and legs.

Half-dragging her along.

DIPPING BACK TO
BLACK. INTO:

IN A HOUSE

Curled up tight on a couch. Eyelids fluttering open and closed, in and out, in and out. Too many empty bottles on the coffee table.

A small hand shakes her bare ankle.

CHILD
Wake up, mommy . . .

She tries to force her eyes open.

INT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Jessica's on a bed. A real bed. She takes a moment just to feel it, her head on a soft pillow, her fingers tracing smooth sheets . . .

She realizes she doesn't know where she is. Half-panicking, she tries to sit up. The pain from her side stops her.

She looks down at her torso to see her wound has been wrapped with a clean, real bandage.

Feels another bandage on the back of her head where she smacked it on the tree.

She starts to feel the bed ROCKING. Grips it tight for stability only to realize it's not the bed moving, it's the entire room.

She's trying to sit up again when a YOUNG MAN (early 20's, athletic) opens the door.

CHOI
(you're awake?)
Oh.

Jessica tries to get to her feet. CHOI sees her pain and hurries to her bedside:

CHOI (CONT'D)
No no no, lie back. It's okay,
you're safe.
(yelling out the door)
Tom! She's awake!

Choi turns his attention back to Jessica, who stares at him in awe and confusion. He gently guides her back flat onto the bed.

CHOI (CONT'D)
Lie back, yeah? I promise it's more comfortable.

JESSICA
Wh - where am . . .

CHOI
You're on a boat. My boat.

JESSICA
How?

CHOI
You ran into me. Literally. You hit your head, you were hurt and we didn't know what else to do, so we brought you back here. We're gonna get you to real dry land and get you to a hospital.

Jessica tries to hold it back, but she starts to cry.

CHOI (CONT'D)
What, what?

JESSICA
Thank you.

Tears stream freely down Jessica's face as she half-cries, half-laughs in relief.

TOM (O.S.)
Way to go Choi, you already made her cry.

Jessica looks up to see TOM (early 20's, beach bro) step into the room with a bottle of water and some food.

CHOI
Really?

TOM
Just sayin' man.

Tom comes over and hands Jessica the water and crackers.

TOM (CONT'D)
Figured you might be hungry. Or thirsty. Or both. Y'know.

Choi helps her sit up a little so she can sip the water.

JESSICA

Thank you.

TOM

It's no problem, really.

CHOI

What's your name?

JESSICA

Jessica.

CHOI

Jessica. Hi. I'm Choi. That asshole's Tom.

TOM

Hey!

JESSICA

Hi asshole Tom.

The boys both laugh. Jessica smiles too.

CHOI

Glad someone thinks this is at least a little funny.

There's a brief silence while Jessica sips some water and nibbles at a cracker.

TOM

I'm gonna head back up and see if I can reach Mark again. Holler if you need me.

CHOI

Sounds good.

Tom exits. Choi pulls up a seat next to the bed. More silence as Jessica keeps eating, until:

CHOI (CONT'D)

Were you - were you living on this island?

(Jessica nods)

For how long?

JESSICA

Forty-five days.

CHOI
Damn. Well I'm glad we found you.

JESSICA
Not as glad as I am.
(then)
How did you?

CHOI
Sheer dumb luck? We sprung a little leak, this was the closest land, so we pulled in to fix it. Decided to wander for a bit and, well . . .

He gestures to Jessica, "in general."

JESSICA
How long was I out?

CHOI
Couple hours.

JESSICA
Where are we headed?

CHOI
We still - we need to check where the closest port is, whether it's the mainland or Hawaii, or . . .

JESSICA
We're still on the island?

CHOI
Yeah.

JESSICA
Why?

CHOI
Mark's still looking for Carl.

Dread comes crashing over Jessica's face.

CHOI (CONT'D)
(not noticing yet)
You were muttering about him in your sleep, so Mark volunteered to go find him . . .

Ignoring the pain, Jessica tries to get out of bed. Choi intercepts her, trying to guide her back down. Her words come out jumbled, a little delirious, panic setting in -

CHOI (CONT'D)	JESSICA	*
Hey hey hey, what's up,	How far are we in the water?	*
what's -		*

CHOI (CONT'D)
What?

JESSICA
How far out to sea are we?

CHOI
We're not, we're, we're basically
running up against the beachhead.
We lost our anchor so we had to get
a rope up to the treeline to keep
us steady.

Jessica's face falls. She forces herself upright -

CHOI (CONT'D)
Calm down, just tell me -

Jessica gets past Choi, to the door. She grabs her backpack
from the corner.

JESSICA
He's coming for us we have to go -

CHOI
Who's coming, who -

JESSICA
Carl.

CHOI
I don't understand . . .

JESSICA
He's going to kill us all.

EXT. SAILBOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica pulls her backpack on as she makes her way on deck,
She spots TOM standing behind the control console, a THIRD
YOUNG MAN on the bow of the ship. As Choi described, a rope
stretches from the bow to the treeline, anchoring the boat to
a tree trunk.

Jessica heads for Tom and Choi follows.

JESSICA
Start the boat!

TOM
What?

JESSICA
Cut that rope and start the boat -

TOM
Choi, what's she talking about?

CHOI
I don't - I don't know -

JESSICA
He's going to kill us if we don't
leave!

TOM	CHOI	*
Wait what?	Jessica, please - Mark's	*
	going to find your friend -	*

The commotion starts to get the Third Man's attention. Tom and Choi are still speaking at Jessica as the flock of birds overhead catches her eye.

She looks at the forest, the trees rustling not too far back from the beach -

JESSICA (CONT'D)
He's here.

CHOI	TOM	*
Jessica, please -	She's crazy.	*

The SCREAM gets their attention. All of them whip around towards the beach -

TOM
What the . . .

A MAN comes hurtling from the treeline, running as fast as he can down the beach -

CHOI
Mark?

Carl BURSTS ONTO THE BEACH behind him.

The men on the boat stare dumbfounded as Carl overtakes Mark, knocking him to the sand with one swipe of his arm.

Mark tries to crawl to the boat.

Carl places one of his claws on the back of Mark's head. Presses his full weight down; shoving Mark's face into the sand -- until his skull collapses with a WET CRUNCH.

Carl looks up from his kill, finally noticing the humans staring at him from the SAILBOAT, frozen in horror.

His eyes track the rope attaching them to the tree.

CHOI (CONT'D)
CUT THE LINE!

Tom runs for the ax, but he's too late.

Carl grabs the rope and YANKS, dragging the boat into the beachhead and knocking everyone onboard off their feet.

With a screech, he bounds for the boat.

Jessica starts scrambling towards the stern.

Carl hits the front of the boat with a CRASH, knocking everyone back to the deck as they panic. He's not big enough to crush the boat in one blow, but the impact does damage.

Jessica keeps moving back.

Thinking fast, Choi hustles one of the emergency boxes on deck and pulls out a FLARE GUN. Grabs for the loose flares -

Carl brings his arms crashing down on the boat again. The Third Man screams as he starts to slide towards the beast -

WHAM! Carl hammers down straight onto the young man, driving him halfway into the deck. The anchor-rope snaps free as Carl's next blow crushes the bow.

WHAM! WHAM! More pounding crushes the man flatter and flatter, the final blow knocking a hole in the deck and sending his corpse tumbling through it.

The sailboat starts to slip back into the water. Trying not to get wet, Carl hooks his talons into the hole he smashed and HAULS THE BOAT FURTHER ONTO THE BEACH.

The yanking knocks everyone back to the deck -- hard.

Choi finally loads the flare gun, aiming it at Carl. FIRES!

The flare hits Carl just over the eye -- the beast howls in pain and turns away, trying to rub the burning out of his eye.

Jessica sees her chance.

As Choi reloads, Jessica grabs him, pulling her with him -

JESSICA

Come on!

Choi doesn't resist as she drags him -

OVER THE SIDE

Plunging them both into the shallow water.

Their heads dip in and out of the water as they scramble to get to the beach, splashing around.

Carl doesn't see them - he's focused on the ship again, smashing it to bits in his fury -

Choi and Jessica make it to the edge of the beach and Choi helps Jessica stand up so they can run for the treeline -

They look back just in time to watch.

ON THE BOAT, Tom tries to jump into the water too -- but Carl's talon catches the back of his calf, ripping it open -

Tom collapses to the deck with a bloody cry, smacking his face against the railing and knocking some teeth out on the way down.

Carl's talons rip into his back, pulling him closer -

The Beast opens his beak wide, revealing dozens of RAZOR-SHARP TEETH extending from inside his gums -

And he CHOMPS DOWN into Tom, SHAKING HIM LIKE A TOY, tearing flesh loose and BITING DOWN AGAIN -

Jessica tears her eyes away from the bloody scene and pulls Choi with her up the beach. Blood flows from a new gash in Choi's leg.

As they run, Choi keeps looking back at Carl SMASHING the boat to bits in a fit.

Jessica keeps her eyes on the treeline. Forward, forward, their feet slipping in the sand.

Carl finally lets go of the ragged flesh that used to be Tom and tears a few more pieces from the boat.

His attack slows, then stops. As if he's grown bored with it.

Carl turns around. Sees Jessica and Choi running for the treeline.

He starts galloping after them -

Jessica and Choi are nearly to the trees -

But Carl's gaining on them so quickly -

They reach the treeline -- Choi looks back -

Carl's NEARLY ON TOP OF THEM -

Choi wildly aims the flare gun and fires -

WOOSH! The flare smacks right into Carl's CHEST, the sudden pain causing the beast to lose his footing and TUMBLE into a tree trunk.

Jessica grabs Choi and yanks him along with her, into the forest.

Carl doesn't follow, too busy trying to snuff out the burning patch in his fur.

EXT. FOREST - MINUTES LATER

Deeper in, far from the beach. Jessica and Choi finally slow down, spent.

After he's had a second to catch his breath, Choi turns to Jessica with terror in his voice:

 CHOI
What was that?

 JESSICA
Carl.

 CHOI
That - that can't be real -

 JESSICA
Believe your eyes.
 (then)
We need to keep moving. He'll be
looking for us. Especially you.
 (off Choi's look)
You hurt him.

INT. CAVE - LATER

Jessica starts a small fire. Choi watches, huddled up against the wall.

CHOI
Where'd you learn to do that?

The kindling catches in earnest and Jessica steps back.

JESSICA
Taught myself.

It starts to rain outside. Jessica's comforted by the sound.
Sits by the fire.

CHOI
Are we safe here?

JESSICA
He hasn't found this place yet. And
he won't be looking any more
tonight.
(off Choi's look)
He doesn't like the rain.

CHOI
What is he?

JESSICA
I don't know. He was here long
before I was.

Choi looks over at the tally wall.

CHOI
Who's Christina?

JESSICA
She was here before me too.
(gestures to the backpack)
That was hers.

CHOI
And now?

Jessica's look tells him everything. Silence. She notices the
cut on his leg.

JESSICA
Here.

She picks up one of her makeshift bandages and binds his leg
with it. As she does:

CHOI
Jessica? How did you get here?

JESSICA
Plane crash.

CHOI
Oh my god. That Pacific flight a
couple months back? That was you?
(off her look)
It was on the news. They said there
weren't any survivors.

JESSICA
Well score one for that search
party.

CHOI
So you were going to Hawaii? Were
you going home?

JESSICA
No.

CHOI
Where is home?

JESSICA
Seattle.

CHOI
Do you have a family?

Jessica finishes with the bandage and backs off to tend the
fire. Clearly not a subject she likes.

JESSICA
Yes.
(Choi's look says "go on")
Two boys. Lionel and Shane.

CHOI
How old are they?

JESSICA
Eight and six.

CHOI
You miss them?

JESSICA
Every day.

CHOI
Were they . . . Were they on the
plane?

JESSICA

No.

CHOI

That's lucky.

Jessica deflects:

JESSICA

What about you? You must have a family out there.

CHOI

Yeah. Mom and dad and two sisters.

JESSICA

Older or younger?

CHOI

Younger.

(then)

I was gonna see them in a week.
Hadh't been home in like, a year. I
didn't go home last summer and Tom
and Mark and David and I, we were
taking this post-grad sailing trip.
See the world, y'know, before we
all get desk jobs and shit.

(he starts to break down
as he continues:)

A week, a week and we were gonna be
back in the Bay and they're dead,
they're fucking dead, they're
fucking dead, they're fucking dead.
I'm never gonna see my family . . .

Choi sobs into his arm, a total wreck. Jessica looks on with sympathy. Not quite sure if she can help.

After a few moments, she crawls over to Choi and wraps him in a hug. He keeps crying into her shoulder.

FLASH: Jessica on the floor of her house. Fresh bruises on her. Blood from her shoulder, the gash we've seen before. Mascara-smeared tears. Bastille's "POMPEII" - from the opening - plays on the radio in the background . . .

Lionel comes up to his mother and sits down next to her and hugs her. Shane does the same.

Jessica pulls Choi closer.

"POMPEII" mixes with Jessica's sobs as her boys hug her close. They're frightened. She starts to sing along to the radio to calm them down . . .

JESSICA

(singing)

*But if you close your eyes,
Does it almost feel like nothing
changed at all
And if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like you've
been here before . . .*

In the present, Jessica starts to sing along with her memory.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Nothing changed at all
Nothing changed at all
We were caught up and lost in all
of our vices
In your pose as the dust settled
around us . . .*

Jessica's voice reassures her boys as she calms herself down too -

And, as Jessica keeps singing to Choi . . .

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(singing)

*And the walls kept tumbling down
In the city that we love
Grey clouds roll over the hills
Bringing darkness from above
But if you close your eyes . . .*

The SONG BLEEDS INTO THE PRESENT. Its full pop arrangement blasts in the barren cave as Jessica sings, hugging the sobbing young man close, giving him what little comfort she can as the rain falls outside.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Choi fills the water bottle from the stream.

He glances over at Jessica, who's washing her face. She grimaces, a little unsteady, holding her side.

CHOI
There might still be supplies on
the boat. And if the radio still
works . . .

Jessica nods, "okay."

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

Blood mottles the sand around Mark's body. His head crushed
beyond all recognition.

Jessica doesn't really react to the sight even as Choi vomits
behind her. He recovers and joins her looking over:

The SAILBOAT, half-sunk in the shallows. Carl has torn it to
pieces, ripping a gaping hole in the hull and crushing the
mast into the deck. TOM'S CORPSE hangs halfway over the rail
where Carl dropped him, torn to ribbons. The third body
floats in the water nearby.

Undeterred, Jessica starts towards the boat. Choi follows.

INT. SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Water has invaded the boat's guts.

Jessica and Choi search the small cabins and main area,
opening the cabinets and boxes that haven't been torn apart.
Most of what they find is ruined.

Choi pulls out the GPS unit, smashed to bits. The RADIO too -
both broken beyond repair.

Jessica finds an intact FIRST AID KIT. A hand-crank powered
FLASHLIGHT. She gives the flashlight a whirl - still works.

All of the food has been thoroughly soaked.

Below deck, Jessica finds two spare gas canisters in a LOCKED
CAGE. She tries to open it, but the door won't budge and she
can't get the lock off. Leaves it.

Choi picks up a tackle box and fishing line from his cabin.
Grabs a BLANKET too.

Jessica puts the spare clothing she finds in her bag.

EXT. SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

They meet up on the deck. Choi hands Jessica the fishing line.

JESSICA

Radio?

Choi shakes his head "no." He looks over to Tom's body. Can't stand seeing his friend like that. Jessica watches as Choi goes over and pulls Tom back onto the deck, laying him down.

Choi starts to cover Tom with the blanket. Jessica stops him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You'll need it.

(he hesitates)

Choi.

CHOI

Can we bury them? At least that?

Jessica nods.

EXT. TREELINE - DUSK

In silence, they dig three graves with their hands and broken slats of wood. Drag the bodies of Choi's friends into their final resting places.

When they're done, they leave the wreckage behind, taking all they can carry with them.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Using the first aid kit, Choi helps Jessica change her bandage by the fire (she's already changed his). She winces as he finishes tightening it.

JESSICA

Thank you.

She puts her shirt and jacket back on. Notices Choi shivering, even though he's by the fire. Hands him a blanket. He pulls it over his shoulders, but he's still cold.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You get used to it.

Jessica picks a stone up from the floor. Offers it to Choi. He doesn't get it; she gestures to the tally wall, "mark your name."

CHOI
I don't want to get used to it.

He won't take the stone. Jessica goes and marks another day on the wall.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The fire's burnt down to just a flicker while Jessica slept. A POP-WOOSH jerks her awake as RED LIGHT floods the cave and pulls upward.

Jessica jumps to her feet -

EXT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

And she hurries outside to see Choi reloading the FLARE GUN. The first flare he fired hangs high in the night sky, casting red light down onto them.

JESSICA
Choi!

Ignoring her, he finishes reloading and fires a second flare into the sky.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

CHOI
Someone out there will see the
flares and they'll come get us -

A RUSTLING from the trees gets Jessica's attention. She cuts Choi off by grabbing his wrist and yanking him back towards the cave with her -

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

She pulls him inside and rushes to stomp out the fire.

CHOI
What the -

JESSICA
Shut up.

CHOI
I -

Jessica rushes over and clamps her hand over Choi's mouth, pressing them both against the wall of the cave. He's confused and tries to fight it until he hears -

THUMP. THUMP. The crack of branches underfoot. The low rumble of the beast's throat and the hiss of his strange breathing.

Her hand still over Choi's mouth, Jessica holds her breath as a SHADOW appears in the light from the flares, stretching into the cave -

CARL'S RIGHT OUTSIDE.

Choi's about to make a sound but Jessica clamps his mouth shut harder. Be silent, be still . . .

She can hear him SNIFFING outside, trying to figure out where the light came from.

And then, with a rustle of branches and plodding footsteps - he leaves.

Jessica keeps silent for several moments longer before finally taking her hand off of Choi's mouth. The red light of the flare disappearing.

CHOI (CONT'D)
(whispers)
I'm sorry.

JESSICA
(*you fucking idiot*)
No more fire tonight.

As the last of the flare fades away, Jessica lies back down under her blanket.

FADE TO:

INT. CAVE - DAY

Six more tallies under Jessica's name on the wall.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

It's sprinkling. Jessica stands upstream, knee deep in the water. She's holding a stick with FISHING LINE tied to it in her hands - a makeshift fishing rod.

Choi watches intently as Jessica gets a BITE -

JESSICA

Oh!

CHOI

Okay, slowly now, slowly . . .

Jessica starts to reel the flopping fish in, bit by bit, until it's close enough for her to pull it out of the water. She pins it to a rock and kills it with her knife. Looks up at Choi, smiling.

CHOI (CONT'D)

You're getting the hang of it.

JESSICA

Still a ways to go.

She gestures to the three fish at Choi's feet as he helps her out of the stream.

CHOI

I've had a lot of practice. I'm surprised you never fished before, I thought that was like, a big thing in Seattle.

JESSICA

My husband fished. Never showed me how. But he went fishing to drink with his buddies and get away from me, so . . .

Jessica realizes she's said more than she meant to and starts to gather up the fish and supplies.

CHOI

You have a husband?

(no response)

I mean, you've just never mentioned him -

JESSICA

(*shut up*)

Yeah. I had a husband. Now I'm here, and it's almost an improvement.

She grabs the last fish and marches off. Choi follows.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

CHOI
I was just curious, okay? I didn't
mean it in a bad way.

Jessica ignores him. Choi spots a bush covered in RED BERRIES
and calls out:

CHOI (CONT'D)
Hey hey hold up!

Jessica turns to see Choi gathering up a fistful of the
berries. As he pops one into his mouth -

JESSICA
Those make you vomit.

Choi spits it out immediately. Jessica keeps going -

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Choi catches up to her. Silent for a moment. Then:

CHOI
How's your side today?

JESSICA
Better. Thank you.

CHOI
(after a beat)
Look, I'm sorry about what I said.

JESSICA
I know.

*FLASH: Jessica's living room - guests are over, the game is
on. Her husband's arm around her, holding her too close.*

CHOI
I didn't think -

JESSICA
I know.

She keeps walking.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

They cook the fish over the fire. Eating with their bare hands, picking the bones out of their mouths as they go. The fish are small and they finish their portions quickly.

Jessica takes out her notebook to start writing. Choi still sits by the fire, disgruntled.

CHOI

Do we have any more food?

Jessica shakes her head.

CHOI (CONT'D)

I'm starving.

JESSICA

You get used to it.

CHOI

Why do you keep saying that!

JESSICA

You'll feel better if you sleep -

CHOI

I don't want to sleep! I want my friends back, I want my life, I don't want to be hungry, I don't want to be on an island with a monster out of a fucking fairytale.

JESSICA

The first week was the hardest for me too.

CHOI

Did you ever even try to escape?

(off her look)

You won't make a bonfire -

JESSICA

I did. Carl saw it.

CHOI

A raft then, you build a raft and take it out -

JESSICA

And die of starvation in the middle of the ocean. If I don't drown first.

CHOI

You don't know that! You haven't tried! The two of us, we could gather wood from the boat and rig something -

JESSICA

You think I want to be stuck on this island any more than you do?

CHOI

You're the one who said it was an improvement.

(she hesitates)

Back there, you -

JESSICA

I know what I said.

CHOI

Well is it?

Jessica's look is his answer.

CHOI (CONT'D)

You can't really mean that. You can't -

JESSICA

So why ask?

CHOI

Because -

JESSICA

"It can't be that bad," right?

(beat)

Everyone says that. They say it so much you start believing it.

CHOI

You must want to go home.

JESSICA

I don't want to be here.

CHOI

Your kids -

JESSICA

What about them, Choi?

CHOI

Don't you care about them? You get on a plane and you don't come back, how do you think they feel? Doesn't that matter, don't you want to get back to them? Every day they wake up thinking that Mom is never going to come home, that she's dead, and you could get back to them if you just fucking tried -

JESSICA

Stop talking.

There's a violence in her voice that silences him. Choi turns away, ashamed.

Jessica softens, just a little. Hates seeing him that way. She reaches for her jacket. Opens the inside pocket, takes out the plastic baggie with the letter. Takes the letter out.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(reading)

Dear Lionel and Shane.

Choi turns as Jessica's voice catches. He sees the letter and waits for her to continue. When she does, she struggles to keep her voice steady, slipping as she goes.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I love you. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry I did this to you. I know you don't understand. I never wanted to make this decision. But I found myself in a position where it was the only thing I could do. I wish I could hold you close, and tell you why with my own voice, but I can't. I'm far away and I can't come home again. I can't come home to you because I can't come home to Daddy. He's probably very mad right now and I need you to know he's mad at me, not you. It's my fault. I stayed for as long as I could because of you, you beautiful boys, because I love you both very much. Please know that. But I had to leave before it was too late. I'll write you whenever I can from wherever I am. Maybe I can even have you visit me someday. And eventually, you'll understand. Be good. Please, be good. Love, Mommy.

She folds the letter and returns it to its home. Choi watches her with something new in his eyes. Jessica turns away for a long moment, pulling herself back together from the inside.

CHOI

Jessica -

JESSICA

I abandoned my kids, Choi. Plane crash or no.

CHOI

I shouldn't have said that.

(no response)

I'm sorry.

Jessica takes a beat before she turns back. Offers Choi the stone again, the tally wall. He hesitates.

CHOI (CONT'D)

I'm not giving up.

JESSICA

I'm not asking you to.

CHOI

I'm not dying here.

He's still deeply upset. Jessica, with nothing but sympathy:

JESSICA

I was alone. For a long time.

(then)

This is where we are. Sometimes you just . . . Survive.

Jessica moves close to Choi and pulls him into a hug. Forgiving him. Silently telling him it'll be all right, that they'll get through this together. Choi holds back a sob.

After a long, comforting moment, the embrace ends. Tears fall from Choi's eyes as he picks up the stone.

Choi goes to the tally wall and carves his name, marks his days. He stands there, taking it in. Accepting it.

Then he picks up the flashlight and water bottle.

CHOI

We'll need water for the morning.

Jessica starts to get up to go with him, but Choi gestures "it's okay."

CHOI (CONT'D)
I know the way to the stream. It
rained earlier, he won't be out. I
. . . I think I need the walk.

JESSICA
Okay.

She settles back and picks up her notebook again as Choi cranks the flashlight and steps out into the night.

After a moment she stops writing, closing her eyes with the pen pressed to the page. Allowing herself, for that brief second, hope.

Before she hears the SCREAM.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Jessica sprints towards the blood-curdling howl, ignoring the branches ripping at her skin -

Running towards the glow that could only be the FLASHLIGHT -

Another scream pierces the night and is abruptly cut off.

Jessica runs harder.

She reaches the glow and skids to a stop -- the flashlight and water bottle lie in the dirt in front of her.

Jessica picks up the flashlight as it starts to flicker in and out -

CHOI (O.S.)
Jessica . . .

Jessica whirls to Choi's voice -

The flickering light finds him LYING IN THE DIRT, BLOOD STREAMING FROM HIS FACE AND TORSO.

CHOI (CONT'D)
Help . . .

Jessica can't even move before Carl's TALONS PIERCE CHOI'S BACK and YANK HIM INTO THE DARKNESS.

JESSICA
NO!

She runs after them, following the trail of blood, racing -

But even carrying Choi, Carl's too fast.

The blood trail grows spotty and all of a sudden she can't find it anymore.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

CHOI!!

She spins around looking for a sign of him, anything -

Keeps searching, but she can't find the trail again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

CHOI!!!!

She's lost him.

EXT. WATERFALL - NIGHT

Jessica weeps atop the waterfall.

Broken, exhausted, finished. She can't stop the horrible sobs from wracking her body.

Not an ounce of hope left.

Slowly, she stands.

Shuffling her way to the edge.

She looks over.

If she jumped towards the rocks, the fall could kill her.

Maybe that wouldn't be so bad.

It's not like she has anything else left.

Jessica starts to slide one foot over the edge.

Closes her eyes.

She can let go now.

All it takes is one little step into thin air. Then she won't have to fight anymore.

She opens her eyes one last time to look at the world in moonlight.

Glances down across the waterfall and sees him.

Carl. Watching from below, his eyes gleaming, egging her on. Waiting for her to do it.

She meets his gaze.

And it fills her with rage.

She's shaking with it.

Jessica steps back from the ledge.

JESSICA
FUCK YOU!!!

She's not going to die tonight.

She'll live just to spite this motherfucker.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
FUCK!!! YOU!!!

An almost feral snarl on her lips as she screams it.

From far below, Carl looks up at his adversary.

He almost seems to be grinning.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Jessica writes what we hear in her notebook:

JESSICA (V.O.)
I wish I'd written more already.
I'm not used to keeping a diary, I
never did before.

- In the cave, Jessica uses supplies from the med kit to patch herself up. Her wound is healing - still ugly, but on the mend.

JESSICA (V.O.)
But I'm never getting off this
island, and I don't have a
volleyball to talk to, so I might
as well.

- She lays out her supplies, taking stock of everything she has. Not much at all - the flare gun (with no cartridges), flashlight, fishing line & tackle, what's left of the med kit, rope, water bottle, scattered clothing, two blankets, and her precious pen & notebook.

JESSICA (V.O.)
To whoever finds this - Carl, the
Beast, killed four young men who
landed here.

- She ties off rope into a snare.
- Makes another wooden spear.

JESSICA (V.O.)
One of them was named Choi. His
family is looking for him.

- She marks time on the wall.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jessica lies in wait in the brush, a tripline in her hands.
She looks stronger than before. More concentrated.

She watches as a small deer approaches a patch of grass.
Patient as can be.

The deer starts to graze.

Jessica yanks on the rope to spring the trap!

The snare closes around the deer's hind legs, yanking them
out from under it. It struggles, trying to get away. Bleating
loudly.

Jessica ties the rope to a tree to hold the trap in place and
she picks up her spear, rushing to the deer.

She stabs, as the deer kicks and thrashes, denying her an
easy opportunity.

Jessica has to feint in and out to dodge its flailing kicks
and try to land a killing blow.

Finally, she drives the stake deep into the deer's heart. The
creature struggles for a moment longer before sinking away.

Jessica's amazed at what she just did.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Using her knife, Jessica cuts the deer carcass open. Starts
to remove its organs.

She hears Carl before she sees him.

Jumping to her feet, Jessica readies her spear.

Carl emerges cautiously from the trees, already circling her.

Jessica wards him off with the spear. He stays just out of range. Hissing.

But he starts to encroach on her, testing the boundaries.

Jessica jabs with the spear to force him a step back and uses to opportunity to pull the FLARE GUN from her bag. She levels it at Carl.

Still burned over one eye, Carl recognizes it instantly. He hisses, nastier this time. Still circling. Looking for his chance.

As they pace around each other, Jessica realizes he's not going to back off. And while he may not know the flare gun is empty, she can only threaten with it for so long before she has to use it.

So slowly, she starts to back up. Still keeping the gun aimed at him. But leaving the deer carcass behind.

Carl advances on the deer in response.

Jessica stops as Carl drags the deer toward him with one hand.

Suddenly the Beast scurries away with its prize.

Jessica releases a heavy breath and lets the flare gun drop.

She sees the TRAIL OF BLOOD the deer left on the ground as Carl dragged it . . .

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Jessica follows the blood trail. It leads her uphill, on a path around the waterfall.

EXT. ROCK FORMATION - LATER

Past the waterfall, upstream a little ways.

The blood trail leads straight to the entrance of a LARGE CAVE.

CARL'S LAIR.

Jessica looks it over with apprehension - and curiosity.

INT. CARL'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Jessica peers into the long, dark tunnel leading deep into the cave. Takes the flashlight out of her bag, gives it a crank.

Turns it on and shines a light into the Cave.

The beam of light flickers, unsteady, over the uneven path down.

She takes the first step tentatively, like she's afraid the floor will fall out from under her.

Starts her descent into the darkness.

She watches her footing with every step. Freezes when she accidentally kicks a loose rock and it rattles down the tunnel.

The flashlight goes out, plunging the path forward into darkness. Jessica cranks it again - the whirring noise amplified by the tunnel's walls.

She keeps going.

FURTHER IN

A curve in the tunnel. Jessica's about to step around it when she hears shuffling, movement from around the corner - Carl.

She ducks into an ALCOVE in the cave wall and covers the flashlight with her hand.

The shuffling passes. Jessica takes her hand off the flashlight and sees what's just behind her in the alcove:

BONES. A giant pile of them. Mostly deer and other animals.

The light flickers. She cranks again, praying the beast can't hear.

She turns the corner and finds herself in:

THE CAVERN

A ceiling hollowed out of the stone, 30 feet high. Rock formations jutting from it at off angles. No place for light to sneak in. A tiny bit of condensation falls from a stalactite, drip drip, onto the floor.

Jessica's careful as she enters. Scanning for Carl. She makes her way slowly around the perimeter. Notes the small trickle of a stream that passes through the cave. Steps over it.

The flashlight goes out. WHIRRRRRR as she cranks it.

The beam sputters back to life, illuminating the space just ahead - and the GIANT SKELETON in front of her.

Jessica gasps, just a little, as she realizes what it is.

The skeleton is huge, shaped like Carl, but maybe three times his size. The only difference are the bones of a tail, tucked next to the body.

Jessica steps forward, almost in awe.

The whole skeleton is displayed with a sort of reverence, like a shrine. Carl's mother, maybe?

She reaches out to touch it. Places her hand against its forehead.

Then she hears him.

Jessica hurries to hide behind the skull. Turning the flashlight off, plunging herself into darkness.

She can hear him dragging something into the cavern.

A pause as he stops moving. Then: TEARING FLESH.

Jessica clutches the flashlight tight and tries not to breathe.

She peers between the bones, and as her eyes adjust to the dark, she can just barely see:

Across the cavern, Carl strips the flesh from the deer's bones and shoves it into his mouth. His talons are bent back, revealing a pair of 3-fingered SECONDARY HANDS in his forearms - which he can use for fine motor work.

Carl shoves another handful into his mouth and suddenly stops. Like he can sense her.

Jessica can't move a muscle.

Carl almost turns. But, at the last second -- he goes back to the deer.

She needs to find a way out of here.

She covers the flashlight with her hand and turns it on. Nothing. It needs more juice.

Jessica takes the handle and tries to crank it slowly - but that won't give her any power. She has to go faster, which means she has to go louder.

She doesn't have a choice. She cranks - a few revolutions, as fast as she can. The flashlight comes to life and she quickly covers the beam with her hand.

Carl's stopped chewing.

Jessica peers out from the skull to see the Beast looking around, searching for the source of the noise. He's blocking the way she came.

She takes a risk, turning back and letting a crack of light loose, looking for another exit.

She sees an opening (one just big enough for Carl) in the cavern wall 20 yards away. It could be another path out, or it could be a dead end . . .

The flashlight beam starts to flicker. She doesn't have much time.

Jessica slips out from behind the skull, as fast and quiet as she can, letting a crack of light loose to see by. Carl's turned the other way.

She gets past the skeleton before the flashlight dies again. She can't see a thing.

Jessica hugs the wall, feeling her way along it. She can sense Carl turning behind her. She has to hurry or he'll see her -

Her pace picks up, and with it her steps get louder . . .

Carl takes a step in her direction -

Her fingers find the edge of the OPENING -

She throws herself around the corner.

SIDE TUNNEL

She covers her mouth, staying as silent as she can.

SHE CAN HEAR HIM PASSING BY THE TUNNEL. His shuffling footsteps, his talons scraping on the rock. The wet hiss of his blowholes sucking air.

And then he moves on.

Jessica waits a moment longer before she finally exhales.

She feels her way down the tunnel.

FURTHER IN

She cranks the flashlight to life again. Looks ahead of her to see the tunnel twisting and curving. No way to tell where it leads. Not that she has a choice.

She turns a corner and sees, just around the next bend: a sliver of DAYLIGHT. A way out.

As she hurries towards it, her foot catches on something. She stops. Turns the flashlight to the floor to see what's in her way.

A HUMAN FOOT. Old, ratty shoe, flesh mostly decomposed around an exposed ankle.

Jessica looks up the leg to a SKELETON. Placed against a dip in the wall like a trophy. The flesh is mostly rotted away, what little remains shrivelled around the skeleton. Wisps of hair and the shreds of clothes. Jessica looks at the faded tag on the skeleton's jacket - handwritten on it:

C. KIM

She's found Christina.

Something's against the wall next to Christina too. Jessica turns the flashlight and reveals:

CHOI. Dead, eyes still open, his stomach and chest violently ripped open and intestines hanging out.

Jessica takes a moment, looking at the remains of her friend.

Determined, she starts back towards the light.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Jessica makes another mark on the tally wall. There are at least a few hundred now. She traces Choi's lonely marks with her finger.

MONTAGE - TIME PASSING:

JESSICA (V.O.)
Rescue isn't coming.

Jessica's diary entry continues over:

- She hunts, using snares, traps and her spear.

- Snags a rabbit, a deer gets away.
- She picks blackberries.
- Fishes in the stream.

JESSICA (V.O.)

More than a year since Choi landed here and no one's come looking for them. If no one's come for them by now, no one's coming for me. I died in a damn plane crash.

- She cuts her hair with the knife.
- Bathes in the river.
- Makes fires with the flint rocks.
- Cooks rabbits over the fire.
- Marks time on the wall.

JESSICA (V.O.)

Carl and I have a routine. He tries to hunt me, I hold him off by leaving some of what I kill for him.

- She throws rabbits off the waterfall to Carl below.

JESSICA (V.O.)

He could kill bigger food than the rabbits I bring himself, easily. But I think he likes making me do it for him. He likes having someone else here. He keeps me on edge.

- Jessica hides behind a tree as Carl passes by.

JESSICA (V.O.)

I'm safe when it rains.

- In a downpour, Jessica wanders the island freely.

JESSICA (V.O.)

Every day I have to focus. Or he'll kill me.

- From the Beach, she gathers the old anchor-rope from Choi's boat.

- Jessica finally catches a deer in one of her traps. Rushes up to spear it. After the struggle, she smiles at her success.

JESSICA (V.O.)
 I think about home less every day.
 I don't even know if I miss
 anything about it any more. There
 are days where I don't think about
 my kids once.

- She cooks the deer meat over the fire. A feast.

JESSICA (V.O.)
 Some days I even feel good. I'm not
 sure what that means.

- The sun sets on the beach. Beautiful.

END MONTAGE.

INT. CAVE - DAY

More and more tallies on the wall. Months later? Years? It's impossible to know for sure because the tallies trail off near the bottom, with one word scrawled by them:

||| . . . **FUCK**

Jessica wakes with the sunlight. She's thinner than before, not emaciated, but nowhere close to properly fed. Dirtier, clothing worn and torn. Her shoes, now useless tatters, discarded in a corner. Even her rain jacket has a hole in it. But she looks strangely at ease.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

She washes in the stream. Might be her first bath in weeks. A nasty scar marks the healed wound in her side.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

She picks the few remaining blackberries from the bush. Pops one into her mouth, savors it. Saves the rest, wrapping them in a rag and putting them in the pouch of her backpack.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jessica checks her TRAPS. Simple tripwires and counterweights, made with rope and stones. The first few empty, not yet sprung.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

She nears another trap. Hears SQUEALING. She hurries to the snare to see a rabbit dangling from it, caught.

She swiftly wrings its neck and ties its dead body to her pack. Resets the trap.

EXT. THE BEACH - LATER

She sits on the sand and looks over the ocean like she's done a thousand times.

Removes the notebook from her pocket.

Flips through the pages.

She's filled almost all of them.

The ENVELOPE falls out of the front of the notebook. The old letter to her kids. Jessica picks it up.

Considers it for a long moment.

FLASH: She's in the house, the sounds of her kids playing in the other room.

She puts the envelope back in the front of the notebook.

She flips to one of few blank pages in the back. Uncaps a pen, wets it with her tongue and scratches it on the corner of the page until ink comes out.

JESSICA (V.O.)

I can't remember what they look like.

(then)

I should feel worse about that.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Jessica shoves her water bottle, flashlight, rope, and jacket, everything she needs for the day, into her pack. Carefully places her NOTEBOOK in the side pouch.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jessica follows the squeals. She's gotten good at tracking noise; it doesn't take her long to find the snare and the rabbit caught in it.

She slips off her pack and goes to pick up the rabbit, snatching at it with her bare hands until she finally grabs it and breaks its neck.

She tries to untie the knot of the snare but it won't come loose, so she cuts the rope instead. She hears the rumble a second too late.

Carl comes hurtling out of the trees, SLAMMING into her and knocking her against a tree.

Jessica yells and rolls out of the way of his next blow, getting to her feet and bringing her knife to the ready.

They circle each other; Carl makes a few exploratory swipes and Jessica slashes at him with the knife. Neither going in for a serious attack.

They circle until they've almost traded places.

Then Carl stops.

Jessica sees what he's standing over: her pack.

No -

Carl SNATCHES UP THE BACKPACK and rushes off through the trees with it.

JESSICA

NO!

She chases him, running as fast as she can.

But he's gone. She can't catch up.

Rage shoots through Jessica, as mad at herself as she is at Carl. She punches a tree:

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Stupid stupid stupid!

She starts to regain her composure. Looks at her bloodied hand, the skin torn from her knuckles.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The only things left are firewood, her blanket, and a few dead rabbits strung up in the corner.

Jessica paces by the fire. Thinking furiously. She needs that pack. Her notebook's in there.

She glances at the dead rabbits.

EXT. CARL'S LAIR - DAY

A rabbit corpse lies on a rock, ten yards from the entrance to Carl's cave.

ON JESSICA, hiding in the brush a little ways away. She hasn't slept a wink - watching and waiting.

She sees his legs emerge from the cave first, pulling his body out into the sunshine. Carl stretches and yawns in the warm air. Scratches his face with his forearm, like a dog.

Carl stops when he sees the rabbit. Approaches it, wary.

He pokes the rabbit, just to make sure it's dead. Nothing seems wrong with it . . .

Carl bends the talons on one forearm back, exposing his secondary hand. Picks up the rabbit.

And then he sees the second one. Maybe 15 yards away.

He starts towards it.

Jessica's body tenses with anticipation.

Carl picks up the second rabbit. Looks around until he sees a third. He hurries toward it, excited.

He's taken the bait.

Jessica HURRIES over open ground from the brush to the entrance to Carl's lair, looking over her shoulder to make sure Carl hasn't turned back.

INT. CARL'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Jessica hurries down the tunnel, rounding the first corner and immediately slowing her pace.

She can barely see in front of her.

Determined, she walks as quickly as she can, her arms in front of her face to try and guide her.

She nearly runs into a wall. Starts to feel her way along it, her pace picking up.

Carl could come back at any moment.

She comes to the second turn, the entrance to the main cavern. She can hear the trickling stream.

She steps out into the main cavern, totally blind.

Each step unsteady.

Slowly, she lowers herself to her hands and knees. She can move faster, sweeping the area in front of her with her arms, searching for her bag.

One hand slips in a puddle of something she prays is water.

This is taking too long. He's going to be on his way back with the rabbits. She won't even see him as he kills her.

Jessica picks up her pace, sweeping her arms as wide as she can.

Moving deeper into the cave.

Deeper.

Deeper.

The edge of her finger swipes against something.

Jessica stops.

Sweeps again.

The material rustles as she touches it.

HER PACK.

Jessica hurriedly drags the pack closer to her, checking it all over for rips.

She feels for the side pocket, for her notebook - thank god, it's still there.

She finds the opening flap and undoes the snaps and drawstring.

Shoves her hand into the bag, fishing around. C'mon, c'mon -

Yes!

She pulls her flashlight from the bag and fumbles for the handle.

Cranks it with a whirrrrrrrrrr -

She clicks it on just in time to see CARL BARRELING TOWARDS HER.

Jessica dives out of the way, Carl's arm just missing her. He skids to a halt.

Jessica's already on her feet, slinging the pack over her shoulders and racing towards the exit, the flashlight's bouncing beam going everywhere.

She hears Carl charging again. Ducks.

This time, she didn't quite move fast enough.

Carl clips her, sending her spinning and tumbling to the ground.

The flashlight falls from her hand.

She scrambles to pick it up again, get to her feet.

Turns to see Carl blocking the exit.

He's moving in slowly, thinks he has her trapped. Talons clacking on stone.

Jessica looks back to the other OPENING in the cavern wall. Her one shot.

She reaches into her bag, pulling out her water bottle. Takes off the cap.

Runs for it.

Carl chases.

He nearly intercepts her just before the opening, but Jessica splashes the bottle's contents in Carl's face.

She hurries by him as he mewls and shakes the water off.

TUNNEL

Jessica makes it to the tunnel, running through its twists and turns as fast as she can.

Carl close behind. Pissed. He doesn't have to squeeze much to fit in here, but he can't stretch out to his full length, and that slows him down.

The flashlight starts to fade and Jessica cranks it on the run.

Flying by Christina and Choi's bodies.

Carl's foot crushes their outstretched legs as he passes.

Jessica hurries towards the sliver of daylight.

Carl still gaining.

She reaches the other end of the tunnel - the crack in the wall that she can just barely fit through. Her pack blocks her and she takes it off, shoving it ahead of her.

Jessica squeezes through the crack.

Carl's just around the corner.

She's almost there -

Carl's arm reaches for her -

The FLASHLIGHT slips from her hand -

And Jessica falls through the other side!

MAIN TUNNEL

Jessica scrabbles to pick up the pack as Carl tries to grab her through the crack. He can't reach.

With a screech, he turns around, looping back.

Jessica runs through the tunnel.

EXT. CARL'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

For 50 yards after she clears the cave entrance, Jessica appears safe. Running for no good reason.

Until Carl comes roaring out of the tunnel behind her.

Jessica pushes herself, running as fast as she can.

Turns to the river and starts to run parallel to it.

Carl's gaining, quickly.

Jessica sprints along the widening river. A hundred yards ahead -

EXT. WATERFALL - CONTINUOUS

Jessica flashes a glance over her shoulder to see Carl bounding closer and closer.

Her eyes turn back to the fast-approaching waterfall.

She can't turn to the forest.

She'll never make it in time.

One other option.

Jessica pours on extra speed.

50 yards.

40.

Carl picks up his pace too -

30.

20.

10.

He's almost on top of her --

With one final burst as she reaches the edge of the waterfall, without hesitation, Jessica yells -

AND JUMPS.

Arms flailing, legs kicking, the water hurtling towards her.

As exhilarating as it is terrifying.

Jessica points her toes and straightens her body like an arrow just in time.

SMACK! She hits the water and slices through it, plunging deep.

The pack YANKING up on her armpits. Almost tearing.

Slowly, she comes to a natural halt.

Starts to swim back to the surface.

Jessica breaks the surface and shakes her hair from her eyes. Looks up to the top of the waterfall.

Carl, angry, leans over the edge, as close as he's willing to get to the water.

He screams at her.

Jessica laughs back. Exhausted, but wholehearted.

Carl's practically throwing a temper tantrum at the top of the waterfall, smacking the ground with his hands and screeching at her.

Jessica just keeps laughing.

Finally, Carl turns away, disappearing from the edge.

Jessica starts to swim downstream. The pack safely on her back.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Fire going. Jessica lays all of her soaked things out by the flames to dry.

She takes her notebook from the pack and opens the plastic baggie it's encased in -- breathes a sigh of relief when she feels it's still dry. She settles against the wall of the cave and holds it close.

She glances over the tally wall, all the time she's spent here and stopped keeping track of. The two other names on the wall that weren't as lucky as she was.

But tonight she beat Carl, and she's safe and warm.

She puts the notebook in her jacket pocket.

Curls up with her blanket and enjoys her victory.

INT. CAVE - MORNING

A noise she doesn't quite recognize wakes her up. Faint, somewhere in the distance.

Takes a moment to rouse herself. The embers of the fire still faintly glowing, her belongings laid out and dry.

She listens to the noise more carefully - an animal?

Whatever it is, it sounds distressed.

She pulls the blanket off and puts on her jacket. Knife in her pocket. Leaves everything else behind as she steps outside.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The distressed sound is louder now. More insistent.

Jessica scans the forest as she walks towards the noise.

She sees nothing.

The noise gets more intense as she gets closer and she recognizes it as bleating.

An animal in pain.

She keeps heading towards it.

She's maybe 100 yards from her cave.

The bleating is so loud now she must nearly be on top of it -

It's coming from behind the tree in front of her.

Jessica takes out her knife. Circles around the tree in a wide arc, until she sees what it is:

A DEER. Lying against the tree, crying out. All four of its legs broken, immobilizing it. No way this happened by accident.

Jessica realizes the deer for what it is too late.

A trap.

She turns back and sprints for the cave.

Hears the dull crash as she's running.

EXT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

She comes flying out of the forest, stumbling to a stop and gasping at what she sees:

Carl has CAVED IN the entrance to her home, bringing rocks down over the opening and blocking it off.

With everything she has inside.

JESSICA

No, no, no . . .

She hurries to the cave and tries to pull the stones from the entrance.

She can toss aside some of the smaller ones.

But the big rocks are immovable.

She'll never get back inside.

Jessica screams into the stones.

When she looks up again, only rage is left.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

Jessica stalks towards the scuttled sailboat. Only the jacket on her back and the knife in her pocket.

She picks up a heavy stone.

INT. SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

In far worse shape than we last saw it. Waterlogged, the wood slowly rotting from the inside. Rust creeping along its iron parts.

Jessica carries the rock to the engine area. The heavy lock on the gate between her and the FUEL CANISTERS.

She raises the rock and brings it down hard.

The lock shakes, but stays intact.

So she does it again.

And again.

Again and again without pause until the lock breaks.

She rips the door open.

She tries to pick up both fuel canisters at once. But they're too heavy.

So she grabs one of them and starts to haul it off the ship.

EXT. THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

She throws the gas canister down and goes back for the second.

INT. SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

The second one is lodged in hard, stuck on something Carl broke when he wrecked the boat. Jessica struggles to pull it free and finally does.

EXT. THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

She tosses it on the beach with the first.

Looks up the long hill ahead of her.

The path to Carl's Lair.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

One by one, Jessica hauls the gas canisters through the forest.

It's slow going. She forces herself to keep moving.

When she moves one canister about 50 yards, she goes back for the other.

And so on.

No matter how much she sweats, no matter how much her muscles protest.

Single-minded fury on her face.

EXT. FOREST BY CARL'S LAIR - LATER

She finally manages to drag the second of the gas canisters to a thick patch of brush at the edge of the woods by Carl's cave.

Takes care to hide them from view.

EXT. THE BEACH - DUSK

The sun is halfway done setting by the time Jessica gets back to the beach.

INT. SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

She boards.

Takes one last look around at the thing that might have been her salvation.

Then she takes the stone and bashes a hole in the fuel tank.

Hammers away until it splits open and gasoline spills all over the floor, into the water.

EXT. THE BEACH - MINUTES LATER

Jessica tears strips of fabric from the bottom of her shirt. Ties each around a long stick. Torches.

She rapidly strikes two new flint stones together until she gets sparks. Lights the kindling she's set up and holds the torches to it until they start to burn.

She carries them both down the beach.

And throws one onto the gasoline-soaked boat.

The flames start to spread instantly.

Jessica doesn't wait to see. She takes the other torch and heads back up the beach, towards the woods.

Flames lick the boat's insides and spill out the top, turning the whole thing into a giant FIRE BEACON.

You could see it for miles.

EXT. WATERFALL - NIGHT

Darkness has fallen.

Jessica reaches the top of the waterfall and looks back to the beach. The fire still burning bright.

She can see Carl ON THE BEACH, silhouetted in orange.

Rejoicing at the flames.

She tears herself away from the view.

EXT. FOREST BY THE WATERFALL - NIGHT

Jessica picks up the first of the gas canisters.

EXT. CARL'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

She rolls the can down the tunnel.

Goes back for the second.

She leaves it by the tunnel entrance.

INT. CARL'S LAIR - MOMENTS LATER

Lit by the flickering torch, Jessica hurries down the tunnel until she finds the where the canister came to a rest.

Grabs it and drags it with her.

She hauls it all the way to the center of the cavern.

Picks up a rock and smashes it down on the metal can, until she's knocked a hole in it.

Leaving the torch in the middle of the room, Jessica spreads the gas everywhere.

On the floor. Over the moss growing on the walls.

On the SKELETON Carl arranged with such reverence. She considers the skull for a second before SMASHING IT IN with the canister for good measure.

In the smaller tunnel, Jessica pours gasoline on Christina and Choi's bodies.

Back in the cavern, Jessica drags the still-leaking canister with her. Picks up her torch now that the canister has lost some of its weight.

Up the tunnel.

She makes sure to let the last of it out not too far from the entrance.

EXT. CARL'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

She drops the empty canister as she exits. Turns to the second can of gas.

She KICKS it, hard, down the tunnel.

Listens to it bang against rock as it rolls.

Her grip tightens around the torch.

She's ready.

Jessica tosses the torch into the small puddle of gasoline she left by the entrance.

It catches instantly, tracing its way down the path she made on her way back up.

Jessica starts to run away, back to the brush.

The fire hurries down the gasoline trail.

Jessica makes it to

THE BRUSH

And turns back just in time.

BOOM! An EXPLOSION! Flames roll up, licking at the entrance of the cave.

ON THE BEACH

Carl turns to the noise.

He sees the red-orange glow at the top of his hill.

Starts bounding towards it.

BACK WITH JESSICA

She can hear him howling.

She watches as the flames somehow keep growing brighter, hotter. Like something's adding to them.

CARL HURTLES THROUGH THE TREES TOWARDS HIS HOME.

Jessica stays hidden as Carl comes skidding out of the trees, his eyes on the fire. He seems to freeze, just for a moment, before he starts running for the cave.

He's 20 yards away when:

BOOOM! A secondary blast ERUPTS from the cave, far bigger than the first.

The fireball flares out, nearly touching Carl.

Jessica must have set off some sort of natural gas.

The Beast screeches, the horrifying sound tinged with deep distress.

He's not just agitated - he's panicking.

He keeps shuffling towards the cave and being forced back by the heat.

Forces himself a few steps into the tunnel and pulls away when fire wraps itself around his forearm.

He freaks, shaking his arm, desperately trying to put it out.

Smothers the flames with his body and moans.

He stands, almost unsteadily.

Turns to the cave with a plaintive HOWL, realizing his home is utterly destroyed.

Jessica's never seen Carl like this.

And she's enjoying it.

A sick smile on her face, the flames reflected in her eyes.

HIGH ABOVE THE ISLAND

The two raging fires, BEACONS, billowing smoke and red ash into the night.

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

Curled up on the ground, Jessica stirs herself awake. The smell of smoke heavy in the air.

The cave is still burning.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

She carefully makes her way down the steep, wet path.

Goes to the lake's edge and drinks from the water. Splashes some on her face and arms, wiping away soot and dirt.

Something on the rocks by the waterfall catches her eye.

Takes her vision a moment to focus, make out what it is.

Her FLASHLIGHT.

Just sitting there on a rock.

How the hell did it get there?

Jessica stands, water dripping from her. Approaches slowly.

She looks around, wary. She dropped the flashlight in the cave, how can it be here? Did she drop it when she jumped and she just doesn't remember?

There's no ominous rustling of treetops, no birds flying fast away, no sign of Carl.

She needs that flashlight.

Slowly, Jessica reaches . . .

Her fingers wrap around it . . .

She gives it the gentlest of tugs . . .

She feels it go immediately, and just a moment too late.

The rope tugs, the branch moves, the stone FALLS - all so fast she doesn't have time to register what's happening until the ROCK COMES SMASHING DOWN ON HER HAND.

Jessica screams. Loud.

Her right hand is pinned up to her wrist beneath the rock.

When the first wave of agony passes she tries using her free hand to push the rock up. But it's too heavy; she can only budge it a millimeter.

She tries pulling her hand free. The pain is incredible.

Struggles in vain against the boulder, tugging and pushing and wriggling.

But she can't move an inch.

Jessica stops herself, trying to breathe deep, trying to come up with a plan.

Then she hears the birds. Glances up to see them overhead.

She looks across the river to see Carl standing there, a sick satisfaction in his eyes at seeing Jessica caught in his trap.

He growls and starts to bound up the hill to the waterfall, running the long way around to get to her so he doesn't have to swim in the river.

Jessica doesn't have much time and she knows it.

She remembers the knife in her right pocket.

Quickly, she slashes the top of her forearm, a bit above what's trapped. Not deeply, but enough to bleed freely.

She puts the knife away and squeezes at her arm, forcing the blood out, spreading it down her arm to her wrist. Making sure to get it all over, seeping into the crack between her hand and the rock. Lubricant.

She tries to pull free.

The pain sets in, hot like fire.

But her hand wiggles. The smallest bit.

She squeezes more blood out and tugs again.

She can hear Carl running. He could be halfway up the hill by now.

Whatever progress she's making, it's not fast enough.

Jessica pulls out the knife again and opens the cut in her arm wider, increasing the bloodflow.

Pockets the knife and leverages her free hand against the boulder weighting down on her, pushing as she pulls.

Yells as the pain gets worse.

But she isn't making more progress.

Her hand is sliding, barely, but it's still wedged too tight, far too tight.

It might take her hours to get free this way.

He's getting closer.

Jessica tugs again and again, desperation setting in.

Snot and blood and tears dripping down her.

She realizes she's never getting out in time. Not this way.

Wolves will gnaw their own legs off to get free from a trap.

She hesitates for just a moment, steeling herself.

Anger and desperation and pain tumble out of her in a roar as she BRACES HER FOOT AGAINST THE BOULDER -

AND SHOVES OFF WITH ALL HER MIGHT.

The slick blood between her hand and the rock squelches -

The flesh of her wrist SLOWLY STRETCHES AND TEARS AROUND THE BONE -

Jessica screams as she keeps pushing -

And with a HORRIBLE RIPPING OF MEAT AND SKIN -

HER HAND POPS FREE.

Jessica smacks to the ground on her back, clutching her hand to her. It's HORRIBLY MANGLED - crushed nearly beyond recognition, half the skin torn off as she pulled it free from the trap. It dangles, spurting red and useless.

She cries, half in relief, half in pain. Doesn't have time for more than a moment's break.

She forces herself to her knees, pulling off her jacket. Takes off her belt and uses it to make a tourniquet for her arm, cinching it with her teeth.

Wraps her jacket around the mangled ruins of her hand, tying it tight.

Stands unsteadily. Taps her back pocket to make sure the knife's still there.

Blood dripping down her arm, Jessica stumbles down the riverbank.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The trail of blood follows her.

She's fading by the minute.

She needs to stop the bleeding.

EXT. TREELINE - DAY

She braces herself against a tree, scanning for the wreckage of the boat.

The tourniquet barely seems to be helping anymore.

She pushes forward onto:

EXT. THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

What's left of the boat is still burning, barely. The fire almost out. Hot embers sinking below the surface.

Jessica drops to her knees in the sand. Unwraps her jacket, revealing her gristly, ruined appendage.

She tries to move her fingers but she can't. Her hand is destroyed. A quick glance and she can see the crushed bones between strands of torn muscle.

That glance is all she needs to know she can't save the hand.

She's losing a lot of blood. She needs to cauterize the wound. And the fire is dying quickly.

Her good hand pulls the knife from her pocket.

She holds it in her teeth as she gingerly probes her shattered wrist with her good hand, looking for the weakest point.

Takes the knife in her hand again. Bites down on the dangling end of her belt-tourniquet.

And she CUTS.

HIGH ABOVE THE ISLAND

The scream echoes in the trees.

The cave-beacon still burning.

EXT. THE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Her teeth have left bite marks on the belt.

The RAGGED STUMP of her wrist sputters blood as she re-tightens the tourniquet.

She has to move through the pain.

Doggedly, Jessica shuffles towards the shoreline. Towards the BOAT.

Leaving her severed hand on the beach behind her.

THE SHALLOWS

The husk of the ship has collapsed in on itself, weakened by the flames.

Jessica wades through the waist-high surf. She can see the METAL STEERING CONSOLE glowing cherry-red, bobbing above the water. She can use it to stop the bleeding - if she can get to it.

First she has to find a way around the burning hull.

Drops of blood disintegrate as they hit the water, clouding into beautiful strands.

Jessica makes her way around the console, the water nearly to her chest. She holds her arms above her head.

There's just enough wood jutting out from below the console to make a handhold.

Jessica reaches for it, retracts her hand as soon as it gets close enough to feel the burning heat.

She accidentally flicks some water onto the wood - it sizzles as it hits, steaming.

Some droplets hit the steel of the console. Dangerously close to cooling it down too much for her to use.

Jessica tests the handhold. It'll support her weight - barely.

She wraps her good hand around the cooled wood.

Using the wood to support her weight, she lunges halfway out of the water, thrusting her arm forward until it makes contact with the BLAZING STEEL.

The stump of her wrist SIZZLES like a hamburger hitting the griddle.

She screams.

Smoke rising from her flesh as she HOLDS IT THERE AS LONG AS SHE CAN -

Until the wooden handhold, weakened from the fire, SNAPS -- Jessica drops, PLUNGING -

UNDERWATER.

Blood trails curling around her like cigarette smoke.

Dirty water and debris.

She tries to stay conscious. Eyes struggling to stay open.

Pain making her slip back and forth.

FLASH: She opens her eyes at the bottom of a SWIMMING POOL. Calm. Content. Other people around her, a public pool. The calm disrupted as two swimmers cannonball into the water in front of her, her boys, appearing in an explosion of bubbles.

Somehow, she finds it in herself to push back up:

TO THE SURFACE.

She gasps for air.

The stump of her wrist mottled black, burned, the bleeding stopped.

She starts to pull herself back to shore.

EXT. THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

She collapses as she reaches the sand.

A moment to breathe before she starts crawling up the beach. Dragging her jacket along.

Tucking her ruined arm close.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Storm clouds gather overhead.

Jessica takes her NOTEBOOK and shoves it in her pocket; wraps her jacket around her stump, tying it in place with her belt. Grimacing as the polyester rubs against raw flesh.

She shivers from the pain and the shock and the cold that's creeping into her bones.

Not far from the beach, she keeps moving uphill.

EXT. FOREST - HILL - NIGHT

Moonlight gives her just enough to see by.

Jessica makes it to the plateau at the top of a large hill. Looks back to see she hasn't moved far from the beach. But she can't keep walking.

She sits down against the trunk of a tree, finally catching her breath. God she's cold.

Fire. She needs a fire.

Jessica gathers small rocks and arranges them in a rough circle. Puts moss and twigs in the middle - it's hard with one hand.

She drops to her knees, holding a flint stone in her hand. Awkwardly starts trying to start the fire with it.

She can't get any sparks.

Repositions herself and tries again. Trying to control her shaking.

She tries furiously to get something going, anything, just a little bit -

And she's able to get a few hot sparks to spring onto the moss -- where they immediately fizzle and die.

The moss is too damp.

Jessica crumples the moss in her fist, hanging her head and trying not to cry.

No. Not now. She can't cry now.

She finds the notebook in her back pocket. Still in its plastic bag.

The pages still dry.

Shaky, Jessica removes the notebook from the bag. Opens to the back, the last two blank pages. Rips them out, crumples them into little balls. Places them near the flint.

Strikes the stone again.

A SPARK -- the paper catches -- Jessica quickly blows a little air on it, feeding the flames -

But the paper burns up before the moss or twigs can catch.

The fire needs more fuel.

The next page of the notebook has her handwriting on it. She hesitates.

FLASH: Jessica enjoys her last hot meal in her cave.

She rips the page out and sets it in the moss.

Lights it. The paper flares and starts to die quickly. The twigs still not catching.

She rips out another few pages and adds them to the fire.

Jessica marks time on the wall. Draws water from the stream.

The fire isn't burning fast enough. She tears out more pages to feed it.

The fireball erupts from Carl's cave.

Her husband throws her down.

She pulls the branch out and clutches her side as it bleeds.

Jessica starts to rip at the notebook in a frenzy, tears streaming from her eyes. The fire and her pain and her memories flash and swirl around her as the pages burn -

She tucks her boys in to bed.

Choi shows her how to fish.

She and Choi share a meal by the fire.

She hugs Choi close as she sings to him.

Her husband teaches her to tie a snare.

Carl lunges from the wilderness.

The plane spirals down towards the water as she holds on for dear life.

Her oldest child leads her by the hand to the backyard.

The doctor sits across from her and says things she can't hear.

She finds Christina & Choi's bodies.

She marches away from the burning boat with fury on her face.

She washes up on the beach amidst the wreckage.

She makes her first mark on the wall.

Jessica tears the last page from the notebook and hurls the husk of it into the BLAZING FIRE. It might hurt more than her wrist does.

As the heat of the flames surrounds her, Jessica bows her head and sobs.

A DROPLET OF RAIN HITS THE BACK OF HER HEAD.

She doesn't look up.

The rain starts to fall harder, faster.

She's on the floor where he threw her.

The drizzle becomes a shower. Smothering the fire she just burned her memories to build. One last insult.

A WOOSH overhead. Jessica looks up, against the rain -- two small lights, so small she can barely see them, red and green, blinking in the sky. Moving fast. A plane?

No. It can't be. No one came before. No one's coming now. She's seeing things.

Head back down, crying. The weight of it crashing down. All these years, and she's going to die here, broken and beaten in the rain.

She can hear his approach. Branches snapping under his weight.

The hissing growl from his throat.

Close. The other edge of the plateau.

She doesn't want to look.

His feet in front of her. Bleeding, she pushes herself halfway off the floor ("POMPEII," faint, on the radio). We've seen this moment before -- but this time it keeps going . . .

He takes a step forward - and she stops. Lowering herself, prostrate, submissive. Beaten.

She can't be like that again.

She won't.

So -- slowly -- she raises her eyes. And FACES HIM.

Carl, furious, stands at the edge of the trees, growling and soaked in the rain. Looking at his adversary with death in his eyes.

Jessica pulls the little knife from her pocket.

Unsteady -- she STANDS.

Breathing heavy. Her own fury building. No.

She's not going to lie down for him. If he wants to kill her - he's going to have to do it the hard way.

JESSICA LETS LOOSE A FERAL ROAR -

JESSICA
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

CARL CHARGES.

Jessica meets him head-on.

Carl swipes with an open claw and Jessica swings with the knife, driving it deep into his palm.

As he pulls back she presses in, slashing at his leg.

His next swing catches her in the back and sends her tumbling forward.

She rolls in the mud and gets to her feet.

Carl turns to face her and his foot slips in the mud - he pitches to the side before he can recover, unprepared for the wet ground -

Jessica drives in, stabbing at his side.

Carl howls and bumps her, knocking her into a tree -

She drops the knife --

He lunges -- Jessica ducks out of the way and narrowly avoids him as he smashes into the tree, knocking it down.

Jessica scoops up the knife and backpedals out of his reach.

He turns to her, bleeding, nearly blinded by rage. He's never had to fight like this before.

They feint in and out, advancing a step, retreating. Giving and taking ground equally.

Each looking for the opening. The killshot.

Carl swipes and Jessica slashes.

The rain beating down.

Water carries blood with it, drip drip, to the forest floor.

Black fur glistening, wet hair swinging in front of her eyes.

Fingers curl around the knife.

Talons dig into mud and slice air.

Bared teeth flash in moonlight.

They move at the same time.

Jessica ducks under Carl's attack, hurtling towards his belly.

Her knife stabs deep.

Carl scrabbles, trying to retreat, to get her out from under him, but she keeps pushing in, pumping the knife in and out of him as fast as she can - a dozen little cuts.

Carl jumps forward, knocking Jessica down as he finally escapes the attack.

She rolls over quickly to face him.

Screaming, she CHARGES.

Carl reacts a moment too late.

Jessica stabs him in the shoulder -- tries to pull out the knife to do it again -

It's STUCK.

Carl grabs Jessica with his other arm and HURLS HER ASIDE.

She hits the ground hard, rolling to a stop.

Carl JUMPS ON HER -

And she just manages to grab a BRANCH -- the forearm of her stump helping her brace it -- and JAM IT INTO HIS BEAK as he tries to bite down.

Jessica pushes up with all her strength.

For a moment, it seems like she's stopped him.

But then Carl clamps down hard -- the branch SHATTERS under the pressure of his jaw -

Jessica barely manages to roll to the side before his beak slams into where she just was.

She dodges another bite -- grabs the thick half of the broken branch -- swings it hard -

It hits Carl in the side of the head. He barely seems to notice.

Jessica swings again, hitting him on the ear -

And he STAGGERS a little - enough for Jessica to roll out from under him and find her feet again.

She puts some distance between them, turns around just in time -

As Carl SLAMS INTO HER, DRIVING HER BACK -

He PINS HER TO A TREE -- driving in to bite the moment she impacts -

And Jessica thrusts out with the branch, just getting it out in time -

The branch just barely holds Carl's jaws back -- the trunk of the tree anchoring it as she pushes with her hand on the other end, trying to lever him away -

But he's too strong.

His beak inches closer.

The horrid hiss and click of his mouth in her ear.

His four eyes so close she can see her reflection in them.

The two HOWLING in each others' face.

A final confrontation.

Even with the tree as an anchor, Carl is too strong for Jessica. His beak inching closer to her neck. His teeth extending inside of it, ready to bite . . .

She sees her knife. Still buried in his shoulder.

Within reach.

A last-ditch effort if there ever was one.

Now or never.

Jessica lets go of the branch -- ducking to the side -

Carl's beak CLAMPS DOWN ON HER SHOULDER AND HIS TEETH GNASH DEEP -

She sacrifices it to get her hand around the knife -

Pulling it from his shoulder with all her strength -

Carl bites down harder, trying to rip her arm from her body -

She tears the knife free -

AND DRIVES IT DOWN TO THE HILT IN CARL'S EYE.

The beast screams, dropping her instantly. She hits the ground hard.

Too tired, in too much pain, to push herself to her feet.

Carl flails wildly, in pain like he's never known.

She can't get out of the way in time.

One of Carl's legs hits Jessica, FLINGING HER OVER THE EDGE OF THE HILL.

She goes tumbling -

A disorienting, dizzying whirl down the slope -

Until she comes to a rest -

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL

Halfway concealed in the brush.

She groans. Everything hurts.

From the top of the hill, Carl screeches, still flailing around for his enemy.

Jessica can't keep her eyes open anymore.

FADE TO BLACK.

DARKNESS. SILENCE. THEN: A LOW WHIRRING, CHOP CHOP CHOP, STEADY AND GETTING LOUDER . . .

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - BOTTOM OF THE HILL - DAY

Jessica comes to slowly. Waking to the sound of a horrid WHIRRING overhead.

Trying to push herself awake, using the tree she's lying against the help herself into a sitting position. Still halfway out of it.

She peers around the tree to look over THE BEACH -

WHERE SHE SEES MEN.

THE COAST GUARD. A SEARCH PARTY. With a MEDICAL HELICOPTER OVERHEAD.

It takes her a moment to believe her eyes.

The search party fans out, looking for her. They must be.

She's just barely hidden from their view by the brush. Struggling against the pain to stay upright.

She opens her mouth to shout out -

But she stops herself. Stays silent. Torn, conflicted. Not sure what she wants to do.

The rescue she prayed for is right before her eyes. But *he'll* be there if she goes home.

Carl will be here if she stays. But she can fight Carl.

Jessica nearly tears herself apart trying to decide.

COAST GUARD #1 (O.S.)
We've got someone!

Jessica barely turns her head in time to see the two COAST GUARD OFFICERS that pick her up, making the choice for her.

She's too weak to resist.

COAST GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
(re: her stump & shoulder)
Jesus . . .

COAST GUARD #2
(into radio)
Female, 30's, multiple injuries, we need to medivac her right away.

They half-drag, half-carry Jessica onto:

EXT. THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Where the rest of the coast guard squad awaits them. A few officers shepherd them towards the HELICOPTER, which lowers a cradle for Jessica.

They shield Jessica's eyes from the sand kicked up by the copter blades. She's practically collapsed into them by the time they get her to the cradle and settle her in.

She can barely keep her eyes open. They start to strap her down.

JESSICA
(barely audible)
Carl . . .

They tighten the last strap and give the officer in the helicopter a thumbs up.

The winch turns and the cradle slowly starts to bring Jessica up to the helicopter.

It's really happening . . .

She turns her head to take one more look at the forest.

Sees the trees swaying.

The birds taking off from the canopy.

He's coming towards the noise.

Carl emerges onto the beach, in full view of a dozen coast guard officers. The knife still stuck in his eye.

All of them stop in their tracks, completely unable to believe their eyes.

Carl stares back - he's never seen this many humans before.

He SCREECHES.

One of the coast guard officers fires at Carl with his sidearm.

Carl jerks back and howls as the bullet hits his leg. He's too big for the shot to bring him down, but it stings like hell.

He starts to advance on the officers, menacing.

They all start to open fire!

More shots miss than hit - Carl may be a big target, but he's shuffling quickly - but the pain is more than enough to keep him at bay.

As she watches, the strangest look comes over Jessica's face. Hate and pity and, maybe . . .

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(weak)
Stop . . .

A hint of compassion?

Carl sees Jessica in the cradle. Tries to get to her. But he can't advance down the beach, not with the officers firing at him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You're hurting him.

No one can hear her.

The bullets force Carl back to the treeline. His eyes locked on her, howling.

Jessica's losing consciousness. Fading.

The cradle reaches the chopper and two officers haul Jessica onboard. Strap her down. She can still hear his howls, even as she stares at the ceiling of the chopper . . .

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You're hurting him . . .

The helicopter starts to fly away from the island, taking Jessica with it. All those years growing smaller and smaller behind her.

Carl's cries echo in her ears.

She should be overjoyed. But she doesn't know how to feel right now.

So she closes her eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

TV's on. Some reality show.

CLICK. The channel changes to a home improvement program. Click. A cooking show. Click. NCIS reruns. Click. Sports. Click. Nature programming.

From the hospital bed, Jessica looks up at the TV, trying to find something interesting about it. She clicks to change the channel one last time. Still nothing.

She turns the TV off.

Her wounds have been dressed, an IV in her good arm. Her stump covered by clean white bandages. She's been bathed and her hair is combed. Not her first day here.

But she's still pale, too thin, her eyes sunken. A bland tray of food sits by her bed, untouched. She looks like she felt better when she was dying on that island.

A NURSE enters. Jessica glances out the window, to the trees, as the Nurse changes her IV and, disappointed, takes away the tray.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Some days later. Jessica looks more or less the same. She keeps looking at a bouquets of flowers on the table nearby - the note "From the Kim Family."

She sometimes glances at the DOCTOR as he speaks.

DOCTOR

We can't do much about the scarring on your shoulder and side. But your wrist might qualify for a skin graft. Considering the shape you were in when you were admitted, your recovery is remarkable. I'd still like to keep you here for a while, so we can keep up the regiment of fluids and antibiotics and monitor your condition.

(no response)

Mrs. Landry?

Jessica turns to the Doctor.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You're very lucky.

JESSICA

(small)

Lucky . . .

F.B.I. AGENT (O.S.)

Yes. Lucky.

Jessica looks up at the NEW VOICE and we realize we've

JUMPED TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A different day, later on. An FBI AGENT stands by Jessica's bedside, taking notes on his pad. A COST GUARD OFFICER (male) and SHERIFF (female) are there too, listening.

F.B.I. AGENT

The doctor tells me you'll be well enough to travel soon. Might even be able to go home in a couple weeks.

(no response)

He also tells me you've been eating more. And speaking.

Jessica turns back to look at the Agent.

JESSICA

(*fuck off*)

Yes.

F.B.I. AGENT

Mrs. Landry - Jessica. I know you've been through incredible trauma. I know you don't like talking to me about it. But you've seen things that we quite literally thought impossible. We just need your help in understanding what happened on that island.

JESSICA

I've already told you.

COAST GUARD OFFICER

And we appreciate your cooperation. We all believe you, Mrs. Landry. A dozen coast guards saw that thing with their own eyes. You were with it for more than seven years. We just need to know more about it.

She doesn't respond. The Agent changes tactics:

F.B.I. AGENT

What about Choi? Is there anything more you can tell us about him, his friends?

(then)

We still haven't been able to locate their families.

JESSICA

(takes a long time)

I'm sorry.

The Agent nods, disappointed. Then:

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Did you find him?

F.B.I. AGENT
Who? The beast?

Jessica nods.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
No. Not yet. We've combed the
island looking for his body.

JESSICA
He's dead?

COAST GUARD OFFICER
Nothing could survive the number of
bullets that thing took on the
beach.

JESSICA
You don't know . . .

COAST GUARD OFFICER
We'll find it. You have my word.

F.B.I. AGENT
You're safe here. That thing will
never hurt you again.

The look on Jessica's face tells us that isn't what she was
worried about. The Agent re-focuses:

F.B.I. AGENT (CONT'D)
You don't need to worry about that
right now. You have visitors.
(off her surprise)
The doctor said it was alright,
just for these guys . . .

The Agent stands and motions for someone outside to open the
door. As he and the other two officers slip out -

The nurse leads her KIDS in. LIONEL (15) and SHANE (13),
years older and completely different from the last time she
saw them. She doesn't recognize them at first.

	LIONEL	SHANE
Mom?		Mommy?

Jessica barely reacts as her children rush to her bed to hug
her.

NURSE
Careful boys, don't crush her.

They squeeze her as tight as they can without hurting her. She slowly brings her arms up around them, halfheartedly returning the hug.

LIONEL SHANE
We thought you weren't coming What happened to your hand?
home.

She doesn't have any words for them. She's not even sure she wants to be hugging them.

Footsteps by the door. The kids hug her for a few more moments before they let go, stepping aside as HE enters.

We know him before we see his face.

The just-lumbering gait and dirty boots.

The rough hands.

The scruff on his cheeks and the too-slick smile.

HUSBAND
Hey baby.

Jessica's nearly shaking as he pulls up a stool to sit by her bedside. She won't look at him.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
What, no smile for me?

Her eyes travel up the length of his arm, to the NAME TAG on his uniform's breast that says exactly what we know it will.

"CARL"

CARL
Everything's gonna be just fine,
baby.

He reaches out and PUTS HIS HAND ON HER ARM.

Jessica's eyes finally meet his.

The smirk on his face disappears when he sees the rage in her eyes.

His grip tightens, just a little -

And JESSICA FUCKING LOSES IT.

With a yell she leaps off the bed, tackling Carl out of his chair to the floor.

She PINS HIM with her legs and her stump arm and POUNDS down on him, OVER and OVER -

Her kids gape in horror as the Nurse drags them from the room.

Carl yells as blood bursts from his broken nose, too stunned to fight back. Jessica keeps punching, swinging at him with both arms now, a decade of pain and repression and hate coursing out through her fist -

The OFFICERS hurry into the room, grab Jessica, trying to pull her off Carl -- she fights against them, continuing her assault.

She SINKS HER TEETH INTO HIS CHEEK AND RIPS - a CHUNK OF HIS FLESH COMING WITH HER -

Jessica HOWLS and breaks into a feral grin as they finally pull her away . . .

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

She's handcuffed to the bed. Carl and the kids long gone. His blood still on her mouth.

Jessica doesn't show an ounce of regret.

The officers and doctor are outside her room - she can see them talking about her through the window in the door.

After a moment, the FEMALE SHERIFF from before slips in, closing the door behind her.

They regard each other for a moment. Then the Sheriff crosses and unlocks the cuffs. Jessica doesn't try anything. A moment of trust.

The Sheriff sits down on a stool. Her voice is understanding:

SHERIFF

They told your husband that you were "in shock." That you still needed time to adjust after the island. They said by the time you're well enough to be released, with counseling, you'll be alright to go home with him and your children.

(then)

I heard how he spoke about you.

Jessica knows what she means.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
He'll have the kids. We can't do
anything about that. Not right
away, maybe not ever. Do you
understand?

Jessica nods, "go on."

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
So, Jessica. I'm asking: do you
want to go home with him?

Jessica thinks for a moment. Then, with steel in her voice:

JESSICA
No.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A month later, maybe more. Jessica is upright now, in street
clothes. Her bad arm in a sling. She looks stronger. Ready to
leave.

And OLDER WOMAN (mid 60's) enters the room.

OLDER WOMAN
Jessica.

Jessica turns to face her. A weight behind her words, like
they haven't seen each other since long before Jessica landed
on that island.

JESSICA
Hi Mom.

Jessica's Mother goes over to her daughter. Slowly pulls her
into an embrace that Jessica is too numb to return.

A Nurse enters with a wheelchair. Jessica's Mother lets her
embrace go and gestures to it.

JESSICA'S MOTHER
They want you to leave in that.

Jessica shakes her head. Walks out of the room under her own
power. The nurse knows better than to try and stop her.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

They're just faces in the crowd here, Jessica in the middle of the row and her Mother looking out the window.

TURBULENCE briefly rattles the plane. Jessica grabs her Mother's hand and squeezes it tight.

Her Mother returns the squeeze, comforting.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

The plane finishes its descent onto the runway. Taxiing to a stop.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
(over the speakers)
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to
San Francisco . . .

Jessica finally lets go of her mother's hand.

I/E. CAR - SAN FRANCISCO ROADS - DAY

Overcast, the sky just hinting at rain.

Jessica watches the city pass by from the window of her mother's car. She turns on the radio - pop music. Flicks through a few stations but can't find something she likes, so she turns the radio off again, and they drive in silence.

EXT. JESSICA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

A nice house, a little ways outside of the city. Close enough to the bay. Trees all around.

Jessica's Mother parks the car in the driveway. She gets out, grabbing the luggage from the trunk and starting to make her way inside.

Jessica is slow to follow. Her mother steps in, but Jessica stays on the porch.

JESSICA'S MOTHER
You can come inside.

Jessica doesn't say anything.

JESSICA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Alright. Take your time.

As her mother goes into the house, Jessica turns to look out over the trees.

Longer than maybe she should.

The grey clouds in the sky.

The treetops swaying gently.

Maybe a little more than just the wind would cause.

A low rustle that could be the wind, or the faintest of growls . . .

Jessica watches as a flock of birds take flight, rising from the trees at the edge of the woods and gliding overhead.

She knows.

"POMPEII" starts to worm its way into our ears . . .

Jessica lowers her gaze to the edge of the woods.

An indescribable sensation gathering behind her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.