

ISLE OF THE DEAD

FADE IN:

EXT. ISLAND - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: ISLE OF THE DEAD, OCTOBER 31st, 1832.

A place that appears small from the outside, but is quite a large land mass, covered by trees and brush. A large ship is anchored nearby.

SCREAMS from men, women and children, who scatter the island as a neurotic SOLDIER, early 30's, hunts them down, slicing and dicing, relentless with each swing of his bone handled stone knife.

A panic stricken WOMAN drags her SON out from the brush onto surrounding rocks. Water lapses fierce at her feet. The cloud covered sky darkening any signs of direction.

She turns around as the Soldier charges towards them. He knocks them down as he cuts them through, stabbing from one to the other, countless times.

He leans in close to their bodies and runs his nose along them, as if smelling death. He grins, possessed, the smile of a madman.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

A CREW of two men and one woman kick back and enjoy drinks while the sun sets across the sea.

INT. YACHT CABIN - DAY

A young woman, mid 20's, her long brown hair plaited over her shoulder, sits on the edge of a double bed, she looks straight down the lens of a handycam.

This is ZOE, she oozes confidence while recording posts for her online series.

ZOE

Hey there Youtubers, For all of you who don't already keep up with my awesome vids, I'm Zoe and this is my boy toy Alan.

She points the camera at ALAN, 25, who ignores her, too preoccupied with a game on his iPhone to care. She turns the camera back to herself.

ZOE

Ignore him, he's being a big time loser right now.

Alan grunts at her remark.

ZOE

Moving on. I know this isn't the type of stuff you expect from me, but I'm trying something different, so here goes; They say that every five years, on Halloween, the Isle Of The Dead comes to life and brings forth a night for of the living dead, I know, weird, right? But they also say that you can hear screams of torture from across the shore. As for that bit, I never have and I personally think it's a crock of shit. And if we get caught at all, shhh, I'm not going down.

She points at Alan and cups her mouth to whisper.

ZOE

He and his crew are.

She turns to look at him. He glares at her from over his iPhone screen.

ZOE

Besides illegal, this legend is a complete waste of time and money.

Alan puts his iPhone down and pulls her towards him. She falls back on the bed.

He climbs on top of her. Zoe puts the camera in his face.

ZOE

Come to the Isle they said. It'd be fun they said.

Alan sticks his rude finger up at the lens.

ZOE

This is a family friendly show.

He takes the camera and awkwardly films himself kissing her neck. Zoe giggles. She pushes him away.

ZOE

Stop. You know how ticklish I am there.

She grabs his T-shirt and pulls him down to kiss her lips. She reaches her hand out and grabs the camera off him.

She turns it off.

LATER

Zoe, asleep, naked under the sheets, wakes to a blood curdling SCREAM.

She pulls the sheet up to cover herself and looks around the cabin, realizes she's alone. She calls out--

ZOE

Alan?

She turns a lamp on and sees a note beside her on the bed. It reads: 'Didn't want to wake you, gone to investigate the Island.'

She leans over and checks her camera case -- empty.

Disgruntled, she slinks her way off the edge of the bed and gets dressed.

She slips on a pair of thongs and grabs a knitted jumper on her way out.

EXT. ISLE OF THE DEAD - JETTY - NIGHT

With crossed arms, weary eyes, Zoe stands on the top deck of the yacht and looks around at her surroundings.

She climbs onto the jetty and wanders towards the Island.

EXT. ISLE OF THE DEAD - NIGHT

Zoe pushes through thick brush, dusting herself of spiderwebs along the way. The ground crunches beneath her feet.

She gazes up at the moon; tainted a blood red color.

ZOE

Wow.

She slips and cuts the side of her foot on something sharp. She grabs her foot and, unsteady, falls forward.

ZOE

Ow, ow, ow, far out.

She moves her hand across the ground.

ZOE
What is this.

She picks up a piece of broken bone and holds it up to see in the light. She immediately drops it.

She looks around, slow, suddenly realizing blue illuminated ghosts that float past and around her. They float dazed, with no purpose, an emptiness in their eyes.

Scared, she continues through the brush.

ZOE
Alan? Vicky? Ben?

Alan SCREAMS out, the sound of agony.

ZOE
Alan!

Zoe runs through the brush to a clearing with tall trees.

She immediately halts as the ghosts around her become real, as if human again, aware of themselves, they all start to scream and scatter in different directions.

One of them, a teenage BOY, 19, meets eyes with Zoe as he runs past her.

She follows his gaze until a Soldier, the one with the bone handled stone knife, stomps out from a bush in the distance. He comes at her.

She SCREAMS and turns, runs back in the direction she came from.

Zoe reaches the Jetty and runs towards the yacht. The sound of the Soldier's boots stomping not far behind.

As she gets closer to the yacht, it disappears from sight.

ZOE
No! What the fuck!

She stops, baffled. She sighs.

She turns to see the brush near the jetty moving. The stomping over crushed bone gets louder.

The Soldier makes his way onto the jetty -- nothing, no one there. He smells the air, makes his way down the end.

Zoe, underneath, holds onto a post to keep herself afloat. She swims backwards while she watches the Soldiers boots stomp over the beams above.

The Soldier glowers out over the ocean. He cocks his head to the side, zombie like.

He kneels on the edge of the jetty and drops his head down, searching underneath the jetty.

Zoe wades below the waters surface, eyes shut, in an attempt to be hidden.

She opens her eyes to see the Teenage Boy, who passed her before. He is nose to nose, right in front of her face, she hollers and races to the top of the water. She gasps for air.

The Soldiers head still propped over the edge of the Jetty. He smirks at her, an 'I'm going to get you' type smile.

Zoe climbs the rocks against the edge of the island. She heads into the brush again. The Soldier stomps after her.

Zoe finds a spot to hide in the brush. Bloody and carved up, dead ghosts lie scattered throughout.

The Soldier unmercifully slashes through ghosts as he heads towards her, then past her.

One of the ghosts lands beside Zoe, she almost gasps, covering her mouth with both hands to stop herself.

The Soldier stops stomping, as if he's heard something, he looks around, waiting.

Something grabs his attention, he stares in the opposite direction to Zoe. He runs off into the brush beyond.

Zoe sighs relief. She puts her hands down, then jumps back as the Teenage Boy appears in front of her. He puts a finger to her lips, to hush her.

He helps her to stand then points to a direction of the brush beside her.

She follows him to a large tree across the clearing; this is no ordinary tree with a twisted trunk and thin, twisted, branches that stem out in every direction.

ZOE

Where are you taking me?

He turns towards her, finger pressed to his lips as in 'shh'.

He points the stem of the tree.

ZOE

What? I don't understand what you
want me to do.

He stands close to her, stares into her eyes then places his
palm against her head.

He closes his eyes and the world around her begins to change.
She watches as--

FLASHBACK (MOS)

EXT. ISLE OF THE DEAD - NIGHT (1832)

A fleet of settlers, including woman and children, board
boats from the large anchored ship.

They row to the isle and disembark the boats.

They explore the Island while killing the local CLAN that
live there.

A voodoo WITCH DOCTOR escapes their terror and runs for his
life, gripping a small book and handmade bone handled knife.

He finds the tree and kneels beside it. He opens the book and
hums while he rocks back and forth.

He lifts the knife above his head and with one sharp move,
stabs himself through the heart.

A Soldier runs up to Witch Doctors body and removes the
knife. He admires its craftsmanship. Holds it up to the moon
to get a better look.

The Soldier grimaces as the moon turns blood red. He falls to
the ground. His body seizes then stops, as if dead.

He rises, slow, different, zombie like.

He picks the knife up and runs towards an approaching
soldier.

BACK TO PRESENT

The fog lifts.

The Teenage Boy points back to the ground at the tree trunk.

ZOE

Ok.

Zoe kneels before the tree and rummages through bones until she reaches dirt beneath. She finds the Witch Doctors book.

She opens the book.

ZOE
I can't read this.

He points to the pictures. She studies the small stick figure drawings.

She shrugs her shoulders. He taps words on the book, they turn to English.

ZOE
Blood for blood, the knife must be used to undo the curse of the haunted man. What does that mean? Using the knife? The one that he has? That lunatic hunting me down?

The Teenage Boy nods.

ZOE
And who's blood? His or mine?

He points at her.

ZOE
My blood? Why mine? I've done nothing wrong!

He points at the book. She reads:

ZOE
Pure and true, it must be, the heart of a warrior we must see.

She paces back and forth.

ZOE
I can't do this. This isn't me.

The Teenage Boy grabs both her arms. He puts his hand on her chest, her heart, and looks pleadingly into her eyes. She stares into his, sympathetic.

ZOE
This is the only way?

He nods.

A rustling sounds from the bushes behind. Zoe runs for the bushes in front of her.

The Soldier emerges from the brush and heads in Zoe's direction.

Zoe runs through trees and brush, guarding her face from wispy branches that hit her on the way past.

Stomping follows, always constant, always nearby.

She doesn't see a large log in front of her and trips over it, rolling across the grass.

She pushes her self up and brushes something gooey from her hand.

She looks beside her and screams at the top of her lungs -- Alan lies slain, eyes open, his innards cut out. Broken, the handycam flashes on and off at his feet.

She cries, struggling to breath. She strokes his hair.

The stomping of the Soldiers gets closer, louder. She turns around and can see him in the distance.

The Teenage Boy is suddenly gone.

The Soldier stops. He stands still, trying to stare her down.

She looks at the log between them and then at the knife in his hands, determination setting in.

ZOE

Come and get me, you mother fucker.

She turns to run and the Soldier sprints towards her.

He tries to jump the log but stumbles over it, dropping the knife.

Zoe turns back and quickly grabs the knife before the Soldier can get it.

As fast as she can, body brittle and defeated, She makes her way back to the tree. She kneels before it.

She holds the knife up, opens the book, and rushes to read.

The Soldier heads her way.

ZOE

Blood for blood. A life for a life.
Penance must be paid.

She stabs herself through the heart.

The Soldier cries out as Zoe's body lands beside the tree.

Zoe, barely breathing, turns onto her back. She watches as all of the ghosts turn into a tiny illuminating blue light, each one after the other floating up to the sky.

The last one to go is the Teenage boy, who reappears beside her. He kisses her head.

She smiles as she watches him float towards the sky.

Death takes over and she closes her eyes.

She suddenly awakens in a foetal position to a quiet, serene, Island. No wounds, no voodoo book, knife or any other signs of any other life.

EXT. JETTY - DAY

As the sun rises, Zoe stands at the edge of the deck, mystified that in front of her, the Yacht stands as it was.

She boards the yacht.

Frazzled and detached, she stares at the ocean ahead as she sails away from the Island, her handycam beside her.

The handycam rewinds itself.

CLOSE ON - HANDYCAM SCREEN

Zoe sits on the bed, Alan on top.

ZOE
Come to the Isle they said. It'd be
fun they said.

The screen goes fuzzy.

FADE OUT.