

**REVERIE**

-

An original story by Sasha Holmes

FIRST DRAFT SCRIPT:

(Date): 12-21-21

[Begin]:

**BLACKNESS:**

**1 INT: CITY STREETS - MORNING**

**1**

QUICK CUTS W/ CREDITS:

A small coffee shop named CARL'S COFFEE, with a crowd bustling in and out. Assorted cars line the streets, with the traffic lights blinking the trio of hues..

A different street, this one with cars going back and forth in the lanes. The buildings are small, cute, and quaint, none more than two stories.

Another part of the city, this time more urban, with houses mixed with random shops and restaurants ranging up to multiple stories. A few office buildings are visible, and the camera PANS along the street, passing pedestrians.

We rise above the city street and move over the rooftops until we near a large gray office building, tall enough to tower over the rest of the city, but certainly not big enough to be considered a skyscraper.

We move through the glass..

CUT TO:

**2 INT: OFFICE BUILDING, CUBICLE - CONTINUED**

**2**

...to see a man on the phone, yammering about a typo on an employee application. His paper, like everyone else's, is littered with papers. His quotidian uniform consists of a long-sleeved white collared shirt with black pants and a dark brown belt.

The man shifts in his chair 180 degrees, as our POV directs us forwards to the long row of cubicles.

We pass many men and women, each one doing the same thing: talking about nonsense. The camera rests on a grumpy-looking cod fish named JERRY (50's), who is angrily sorting through papers with an indignant look on his face.

He looks up in fury--

JERRY:  
LAWSON! Get your ass over here!

We turn to see a somewhat disheveled man with slightly big Levi Strauss jeans and a crumpled white shirt pause and turn to face Jerry.

This is our protagonist, KIRK LAWSON (30's), a moderately young man who looks years older due to constant stress. His dark, rumpled brown hair nearly hides his eyes as he approaches Jerry's cubicle.

KIRK:

Yes? What do you need?

Jerry slams the papers on the desk in anger.

JERRY:

What the hell happened to the files  
I told you to bring to me?

Kirk looks down at the paper, expecting an onslaught.

KIRK:

It seems I misplaced the hard  
copies, sir.

Jerry's mouth drops slightly in shock. His jaw clenches, and a vein shows through his reddened forehead.

JERRY:

Misplaced them? As in "lost them"?

Kirk shakes his head and puts his hands on his hips, trying to remember something. When he speaks, it sounds tired, as though he didn't sleep last night.

KIRK:

Which files were these? I remember  
ones consisting of accounting  
transfers for Paul and Melinda  
Franson, but...

JERRY:

No! The goddamn Lloyd transfers!  
(points to Kirk)  
If you lost those, then he'll have  
my ass fired, and definitely you,  
too. I'm not getting fired from  
accounting for a billionaire just  
because my stupid fuck-up of an  
employee couldn't keep a damn piece  
of paper safe!

Kirk throws his hands up.

KIRK:

He's paying you dirt so you can root through his daughter's spending account?

JERRY:

Keep talking, and I'll have you out of here back to the turmoil slums you crawled from. You're lucky to be here. Find the folder or else you're done.

Kirk walks out of the cubicle quickly, pissed.

KIRK:

God dammit.

CUT TO:

**3 INT: OFFICE BUILDING, HALLWAY - CONTINUED**

**3**

Kirk walks down the white-walled aisle of cubicles until he walks into an office with a curly-fonted name plastered on the translucent door: EARL MULLINS.

He opens the door with a slight squeak and turns to see EARL MULLINS sitting at his desk, typing into a computer. Earl has long dark hair and a friendly face, but you can tell by his sexy black suit that he is serious about his job.

KIRK:

Hey, Earl, I was won-...

Earl holds up a finger to silence Kirk, his other hand occupied with vigorously tapping the arrow keys on his black keyboard.

EARL:

Not right now, Kirk, I'm on my ten minute leisure break.

Kirk rolls his eyes.

KIRK:

Are you still going for the stupid milestone?

Earl doesn't answer, clearly invested. A moment passes, and then Earl jumps in his seat and claps loudly, both in anger and joy.

EARL:

Damn it!

He flips his computer screen around to show Kirk a TETRIS game. Earl has gotten a score of 357,825, and he is ecstatic.

EARL:  
Beat that, Kirk.

Kirk walks forwards in surprise.

KIRK:  
How the hell did you manage that?

Earl smiles smugly.

EARL:  
(flipping his wrist  
around)  
It's all in the wrist. Three hundred  
fifty thousand is a breeze for me.

KIRK:  
Oh please.

Earl closes the computer and turns his body to fully face Kirk.

EARL:  
So... of what assistance can I be?

KIRK:  
I was wondering if you could find me  
the transfer files for Alexander  
Lloyd to Jerry Mullins.

Earl immediately opens the computer, tapping quickly on the keys and making a rather satisfying array of "clicks" and "clacks".

EARL:  
He's that Beverly Hills guy, right?  
(Kirk nods)  
Didn't I already give these to you a  
couple days ago?

Kirk looks at the ground sheepishly.

KIRK:  
Yeah, but I (beat) misplaced them.

Earl scoffs, still looking at the computer.

EARL:  
To be honest, I don't even know how  
you still work here. These kinds of  
things are gonna get you fired.

Kirk gets defensive.

KIRK:  
Listen, Earl, I already got bashed  
by Jerry for this, so leave me  
alone.

EARL:  
Alright, alright.

He stands and walks over to the corner of the room, where a large black printer has begun beeping and spitting out a couple pieces of paper.

Earl GRABS the papers as they come out and hands them to Kirk with a satisfied look on his face.

EARL:  
There we go.  
(Taps the papers)  
Keep these babies safe. Pretend  
they're Darcy and Adam.

Kirk rolls his eyes.

KIRK:  
I will.

Kirk turns to leave, but Earl calls out.

EARL:  
Have a good one, Kirk.

He pauses at the door--

KIRK:  
I'll try.

He exits, the door giving one last triumphant squeak as he leaves.

CUT TO:

**INT: OFFICE, KIRK'S CUBICLE - A COUPLE MINUTES LATER**

Kirk's cubicle consists of a desk, a trash can, and roughly six square feet of space stretched into a rectangle stuffed into the back corner of the story where the air conditioning could barely reach.

Kirk sits quickly, the spinny chair squeaking obnoxiously as he grabs an empty folder from the top of a bunch of orange ones.

He slides the transfer files into the folder and seals it. Kirk grabs a pen and scribbles the words LLOYD TRANSFER FILES, DO NOT LOSE on the front.

He opens a drawer to his right and slides the orange folder safely, careful not to make any creases on the precious folder.

We hear a BUZZING, and Kirk pulls his phone out of his pocket. We catch a glimpse of the caller's name: SHARON, as Kirk presses the device to his ear.

KIRK:

Hi, honey! Thanks for calling.

Sharon's voice is light and sweet.

SHARON (V.O.):

Listen Kirk, I'm gonna leave the shop open a few extra hours if that's okay, so could you pick up the kids from school please?

Kirk nods, even though he is speaking through the phone--

KIRK:

Sure thing, honey. Do we still have the leftover chicken in the fridge?

SHARON (V.O.):

Yes, and I bought some cereal today for the kids.

Kirk's eyebrows furrow slightly.

KIRK:

You didn't get anything sugary for the cereal, did you?

SHARON (V.O.):

Of course not. I got those honey cheerio things. The kids like them.

Kirk nods again.

KIRK:

Good. So, how is work going today?

Sharon sighs deeply, and Kirk eyes the blank wall, expecting disaster.

SHARON (V.O.):

Not well. I've only had twenty people enter the shop today.

Kirk scoots up in his chair a little bit.

KIRK:

Twenty? How? You're on the corner of main street! You've got to have at least some business...

Another sigh.

SHARON (V.O.):

I don't really know, Kirk. It costs more to pay for the electricity bill than what I'm making here. I think it's time I close up and sell the excess items.

Kirk looks rather heartbroken.

KIRK:

You can't close up shop, Sharon! This is your dream! Your childhood fascination! You can't abandon like this!

SHARON (V.O.):

I'm losing money, Kirk. It's for the best. It isn't even a real dream, it's a fascination, but that doesn't matter. Let's just focus on finding me a new job when I get home.

Kirk looks sad, knowing in his heart that he can't change her mind... unless...

His face brightens--

KIRK:

I can put in some extra hours if you'd like! Then maybe you can add decoration, string up some lights around the exterior of the shop... make it more noticeable. The more people that notice, the more business you'll have.

SHARON (V.O.):

I can't have you do that, Kirk. You're doing enough as it is.

Kirk slumps back into the thin cushioning of his chair, defeated.

KIRK



Okay, but we're finding you a new job. I'm thinking I could get you a spot in the restaurant next to my work.

Sharon sighs, a mixture of emotions apparent.

SHARON (V.O.)  
Don't stress about it, please.  
You've got enough on your mind right now.

KIRK  
Okay. I love you.

SHARON (V.O.)  
I love you. Goodbye.

She hangs up, and Kirk stares blankly at the wall, still holding the phone to his ear.

KIRK  
Goodbye...

CUT TO:

**4 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - LATER**

**4**

Kirk is sitting in his car, a dark blue 2004 toyota 4runner. He peeks through the rear-view window to see DARCY (13) and ADAM (7) walking along the sidewalk towards him. Adam has long, curly brown hair, wearing overalls and a red shirt. Darcy has dark brown pigtails, with slightly tanned skin, and a blue casual dress.

**5 INT. KIRK'S TOYOTA - MOMENTS LATER**

**5**

The two kids enter the car, Darcy in the passenger's seat, and Adam in his booster seat.

KIRK  
Hey guys! How was school?

Darcy smiles politely, uninterested, but Adam is ecstatic as all little kids are.

ADAM  
It was great!

Adam's high-pitched voice is slightly slurred due to adolescence.

KIRK  
I'm glad to hear that. Darcy? How  
about you?

Darcy doesn't look at him.

DARCY  
It was okay.

Kirk knows something's up, but he starts the car anyways,  
knowing she needs her space.

CUT TO:

**6 INT: LAWSON HOUSE, DINING ROOM - THAT EVENING**

**6**

The whole family is sitting down at the white-clothed table,  
eating some cold leftover chicken from the previous  
night. Kirk is sitting at the head, with Sharon at the other  
side, and Darcy and Adam in between.

Kirk and Sharon are eating casually, but Darcy is picking at  
her food.

She looks up at the quiet family.

DARCY:  
Why can't we have something better  
to eat?

Kirk looks at her slowly.

KIRK:  
Why would we waste leftover food  
that's perfectly good?

Darcy rolls her eyes.

DARCY:  
Because it sucks. Chicken's only  
good after it's just been  
cooked. Reheating things is  
terrible.

SHARON:  
Sweetie, please just eat your food.

DARCY:  
Why? It's disgusting! Let's have  
pizza or something better.

SHARON:  
We're not getting takeout, Darcy.

DARCY:  
Why not? It's just a simple phone  
call.

SHARON:  
Because we can't afford to do that  
every day. Besides, home food is  
healthier.

Kirk clears his throat to get Sharon's attention.

KIRK:  
May I talk to you outside, Sharon?

SHARON:  
Gladly.

Both of them stand up and walk outside, leaving Darcy  
watching Adam spill his milk on his chin.

OUTSIDE:

KIRK:  
What have I told you about talking  
about finance in front of the kids?

SHARON:  
You think they care? They'll think  
it's boring!

KIRK:  
Darcy will understand what we're  
talking about! She can't know about  
this! I don't want this to become a  
burden!

SHARON:  
It won't become a burden!

KIRK:  
How do you know? It goes from  
confronting us about it to spending  
time after school selling newspapers  
or some shit because the stress is  
eating her! I was the same way when  
I was young!

Sharon rolls her eyes a little bit.

SHARON:  
Why are you so worried about this?

KIRK:

Because I don't want my children growing up thinking that their dad is a bum!

Sharon shakes her head.

SHARON:  
You're not a bum, Kirk.

Kirk throws up his hands.

KIRK:  
Then why can we barely pay rent? Why am I stuck with a shitty job?

SHARON:  
Your job helps give us food and keep the house.

KIRK:  
That's not enough, Sharon.

SHARON:  
What do you want me to do then? Call Harold and ask for a temporary loan? I'm sure he'd be happy.

KIRK:  
No! Don't drag Harold into this!

SHARON:  
He's your brother, Kirk. He'll be happy to help. Besides, have you seen his yacht?

KIRK:  
I can't have my little brother taking care of me! That's worse than being a bum!

SHARON:  
If you're so stressed about it, just find something to help us. If you won't get a loan, then stop worrying. It won't help us.

Kirk slumps his head, ashamed.

KIRK:  
I just think I'm a failure, Sharon. I want to be a better person. I want to die knowing I made a difference in somebody's life, with no regrets.

SHARON:  
You made a difference in mine. I  
love you for that.

Kirk smiles a little.

SHARON:  
You can talk to Harold tomorrow.

Kirk looks confused.

KIRK:  
What's tomorrow?

SHARON:  
We've been invited to dinner on  
their yacht.

Kirk looks angry.

KIRK:  
And you said yes?

Sharon gives him a look that pretty much says "duh".

SHARON:  
Of course I did. Me and Audrey get  
along great.

KIRK:  
But Harold's an idiot. Besides, I  
don't want to ask him about a loan  
after his egotistical rants.

SHARON:  
Then ask before.

KIRK:  
But he's always talking. He never  
shuts up to talk with me.

SHARON:  
Because you never talk with him. I  
want you to have a serious one-on-  
one conversation with him and  
discuss the offer. It's that simple.

He doesn't respond, thinking about this, so she turns and  
walks inside, closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

Kirk is wearing a long sleeve, white, collared shirt, with jeans and a belt. Everyone is in their nicest outfits, for the special occasion.

Kirk has an especially stressed look on his face, and he turns to face his kids.

He claps his hands to get their attention as they face him as well.

KIRK:

Okay! Darcy? Adam? I want you two on your best behavior tonight on Uncle Harold's yacht.

Darcy looks at him in annoyance; she's done this routine before.

DARCY:

I know, dad.

Sharon puts her hand on Kirk's shoulder.

SHARON:

They're fine, Kirk.

KIRK:

I know, I just want this evening to go well.

Sharon smiles.

SHARON:

It hasn't even started yet and you're already worried. Relax and enjoy the time with your brother.

Kirk takes a deep breath.

KIRK:

Okay.

CUT TO:

**8 INT: DOCK TO YACHT, WALKWAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER**

**8**

HAROLD LAWSON is a moderately tall, well built man with a reddish brown head of hair and a small bushy beard. His eyes sparkle with childish delight as he sees his brother's family walk up to the yacht.

He does a small run forward, his arms outstretched.

HAROLD:

Hey! Kids! How are you guys doing?

He gives both kids a big bear hug.

DARCY:

Good.

Harold stands and smiles at Sharon.

HAROLD:

Sharon! You're looking absolutely splendid tonight!

Sharon looks deeply affirmed. She gives a happy scoff.

SHARON:

Well you just made my day! Thank you so much for inviting us on your lovely boat!

Harold smiles even wider.

HAROLD:

It's my pleasure! We're going to be off the dock tonight, since the gas has to be imported, if that's okay.

SHARON:

That's alright with me!

She laughs a little bit as Harold puts his hand out to indicate a gorgeous blonde woman. This is his wife, AUDREY (20's) clearly many years younger than Harold, but she smiles happily at Sharon.

HAROLD:

I'm not sure if you've met my wife, Kirk?

Kirk extends his hand in greeting and smiles slightly.

KIRK:

Very pleased to meet you.

Audrey's voice is tender.

AUDREY:

Nice to meet you, too! I love meeting Harold's relatives.

Audrey beckons for Sharon to follow her onto the boat, and she does. The two women keep chatting away as Harold turns to

Kirk, his arms out for a hug as he had done with his niece and nephew.

HAROLD:  
Ah! Kirk! Come here, you!

He tackles Kirk in a hug, and Kirk hugs him back.

HAROLD:  
How are you tonight?

KIRK:  
I'm alright, I guess.

Harold starts walking up the dock.

HAROLD:  
You're about to be a whole lot better. Did you bring your bathing suit?

KIRK:  
Yes. I thought you said we were going to be off the dock, though.

Harold smiles almost mischievously.

HAROLD:  
No need to go in the ocean. The pool is a lot warmer.

Kirk's face can be read as the epitome of dumbstruck.

KIRK:  
Pool?

CUT TO:

**9 INT: HAROLD'S YACHT, MAIN DECK - A FEW SECONDS LATER**

**9**

The yacht is very impressive. There is a decently sized pool at the front, until the polished wood leads you to the inside of the boat, where a nice dining area is placed.

Kirk admires the area in awe.

KIRK:  
This place is amazing.

His face is rather blank, in opposition to the huge smile covering Harold's.

HAROLD:



It cost a pretty penny, but it was sure worth it. Let's go to dinner, and we'll enjoy the pool later.

CUT TO:

**10 INT: HAROLD'S YACHT, DINING ROOM - A COUPLE MINUTES LATER 10**

Kirk's family is sitting down at the polished wooden table with Audrey, but then Harold comes out from below deck behind them, carrying a large tray of food.

HAROLD:

Ay! I've got dinner! Who's hungry?

Audrey smiles and claps a little, as well as Sharon, and Adam gives a triumphant "yay" of delight.

Harold sets down the silver tray in the center of the table, showing a large batch of fish and chips, some steaks, corn, salad, and some other delicacies.

HAROLD:

Eat up, everyone! There's more than enough!

SHARON:

Harold! That looks so good!

Harold puffs up a noticeable amount and imitates a medieval voice.

HAROLD:

Thank you, m'lady. I only prepare the best for my brother's dear family.

Sharon giggles a little bit, as Harold turns to go back down the stairs.

HAROLD:

Hold on, I just forgot one thing..

He comes back almost immediately, a wine bottle in his hands.

HAROLD:

Aha! Kirk, you do drink, I presume?

KIRK:

Yes, of course.

Harold puts the wine on the table for Kirk and Sharon to admire..

It is an expensive SAUVIGNON BLANC.

HAROLD:  
Would you care for a toast with  
this?

Kirk stutters slightly, in awe of the nonchalantly awarded alcohol.

KIRK:  
Of course!

HAROLD:  
Kids, I've got something for you  
two.

The two kids, who both had been looking away in boredom, perk up as Harold pulls out a large toy airplane for Adam, and a small box for Darcy.

The two kids stand to receive their gifts..

DARCY:  
Thank you, Uncle Harold.

He smiles warmly.

Meanwhile, Adam is distracted.

ADAM:  
Thanks!

He grabs the airplane and runs off. Kirk stands to take him back to the table, but Harold stops him with his hand.

HAROLD:  
Let the kid have some fun.

Behind them, Darcy opens her gift.

DARCY:  
Wow! A cell phone!

She smiles and rushes to hug Harold, who smiles at her.

HAROLD:  
It's the latest model. I assumed  
that you wouldn't want a giant  
airplane over this.

Darcy smiles as she admires her gift, but Kirk steps in front of Harold.

KIRK:

(slight whisper)  
 She's too young to have a cell phone! Also, how the hell am I supposed to pay for it?

HAROLD:  
 Don't worry, I'll add her phone to my plan to avoid you guys having to pay for anything. Besides, it wouldn't be a gift if you had to pay.

Kirk lets out a deep sigh of relief.

KIRK:  
 Thank you.

He leans forward to breath and puts his hands on Harold's shoulders, but Harold raises his own defensively.

HAROLD:  
 Don't thank me, brother, you're not the one with the new phone.

CUT TO:

**11 INT: HAROLD'S YACHT, DINING ROOM - A COUPLE MINUTES LATER 11**

Everybody's plates are empty, with no shortage of food remaining. Harold turns to Kirk eagerly.

HAROLD:  
 You sure ate a ton!

He chuckles a little bit, and behind them, Sharon clears her throat to get the two men's attention. They turn, and she talks.

SHARON:  
 If it would be okay with you, I would like to have one-on-one talks with both Audrey and Harold. Harold, would you like to chat first?

HAROLD:  
 Absolutely! I'd be happy to get to know each other better!

SHARON:  
 Great!

Harold puts out his hand, and Sharon takes it.

Kirk turns to Audrey, who says eagerly--

AUDREY:  
I'll go get my bathing suit on!

She lightly jogs past him before he says anything.

CUT TO:

**12 EXT: HAROLD'S YACHT, POOL - A LITTLE BIT LATER**

**12**

Audrey is wearing a dark red, two-piece bathing suit, while Kirk has changed into tan jean shorts and a navy T-Shirt. Audrey is swimming back and forth, while Kirk is sitting on the side of the pool with the water up to his knees.

KIRK:  
So, are you employed?

AUDREY:  
No, I'm staying at home. I used to be an interior decorator for a couple years, but there was no real point after I married Harold. I like to redesign certain rooms to surprise him when he comes home.

KIRK:  
What exactly does my brother do again?

Audrey thinks, uncertain.

AUDREY:  
He manages money for some rich guy in Beverly Hills. He doesn't talk about it that much to me, but clearly it's going well.

Kirk looks off to the dining hall.

KIRK:  
(enviously, to himself)  
Yeah, tell me about it.

AUDREY:  
So, what's your job?

Kirk turns back to her.

KIRK:

I work at an office for most of the day.

He tries to shrug off the anticlimactic effect of his words, but it fails.

AUDREY:  
What do you do in the office?

Audrey smiles encouragingly, as she is a genuinely kind person, but Kirk looks off to the side in a mix of embarrassment and fury.

KIRK:  
I'm an office assistant.

Audrey nods, pretending to be interested.

AUDREY:  
Interesting.

She smiles, and there is a moment of awkward silence.

KIRK:  
This is an amazing boat.

AUDREY:  
Thank you! Harold got it for me for my birthday this year. I thought it was a bit much, personally.

She swims over to the steps and gets out, as Kirk stares at her ass in the bikini. There is a large trash-can type towel bin, and Audrey grabs one out of it. She dries herself and walks over to Kirk.

AUDREY:  
So...

She smiles sweetly as she sits down.

AUDREY:  
I heard Sharon got a new job, right?

Kirk nods.

KIRK:  
Yeah, she's a small business owner now.

AUDREY:  
What does she sell?

KIRK:

Trinkets, fortunes, and  
superstitious items. It's cool and  
all, but business has been rough.

Audrey gives a disheartened look.

AUDREY:  
I'm sorry about that.

Kirk shrugs it off.

KIRK:  
Don't worry about it. It's  
fine. Everything's fine.

AUDREY:  
I'm glad to hear it.

He gives her a light smile, but then turns to see Harold and Sharon walking up to them. Sharon is laughing about something Harold said, and Harold is wearing the same carefree smile he's worn all night.

HAROLD:  
How are you two doing?

Audrey stands.

AUDREY:

Great!

KIRK:  
Hey, Harold, where'd Darcy and Adam  
go?

HAROLD:  
Below deck, playing.

Kirk nods, assured.

HAROLD:  
Okay! Kirk and Sharon! Audrey and I  
were going to tell you this after  
this evening, but I can't wait  
anymore.

Audrey and Harold exchange excited glances.

HAROLD:  
We...

AUDREY:  
Are going...

HAROLD:  
To Hawaii!

Sharon claps, and Kirk's expression is the same.

Harold notices the two's lack of emotion and says--

HAROLD:  
With you!

Sharon looks overjoyed and hugs Harold, as Kirk sternly ponders this.

KIRK:  
Seriously?

Harold smiles widely.

HAROLD:  
Yeah! We've booked reservations in the penthouse of a hotel on the coast, with flight tickets already bought! All you two have to do is say yes.

SHARON:  
Yes!

KIRK:  
Wait, wait, let me discuss this with my wife first.

Sharon looks slightly annoyed, but her excitement drowns it out.

SHARON:  
Kirk! This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!

KIRK:  
Yes, but we need to factor in the..

Harold interrupts by one-arm hugging Kirk roughly and happily saying--

HAROLD:  
Come on, Kirk. You know you want to go! Have some fun in the Hawaiian sun with us!

Kirk pauses, looking at Sharon.

He takes a deep breath.

KIRK:

Okay.

Harold lets go and claps once in excitement.

HAROLD:

Yes! I promise, this will be a life changer.

KIRK:

Thank you, Harold.

Harold smiles at him.

HAROLD:

No problem.

CUT TO:

**13 EXT: HAROLD'S YACHT, FRONT DECK - A COUPLE MINUTES LATER 13**

Kirk and Harold are slowly walking to the bow of the ship. There is only a little bit of light, so their faces are dark under the night sky.

HAROLD:

Do you know where our father has been? I've emailed him multiple times, but he hasn't responded.

Kirk stops and turns to face Harold indignantly.

KIRK:

Are you serious? Have you not known?

Harold stops as well and looks confused.

HAROLD:

Known about what?

KIRK:

He's been depressed for six months. He's cut himself off. He won't let anybody see him.

HAROLD:

Are you serious?

KIRK:

Yes, but you should've known that. I don't care how careless you are, but you have to know these things. He's



your goddamn father, Harold. He's our father.

HAROLD:

Don't put the blame on me, I wasn't informed.

KIRK:

When was the last time you saw him?

HAROLD:

The funeral.

KIRK:

That's eight months ago. You might as well have cut us out as well. You're stupid and lazy to not care about our father.

Harold takes an indignant step towards Kirk.

HAROLD:

Don't call me lazy, Kirk. I care for him with all my heart, and just because nobody gave me a call doesn't mean that I cut him off. You're the lazy one here. Sharon told me about your finance problems and asked me to talk with you about it. She told me that after every day at work, you sit alone in your room, complaining to yourself about how unfair everything is. I'm not giving you a fucking cent until you get yourself out of the hole you're in.

KIRK:

You wouldn't understand how I feel. Your life is better than mine.

HAROLD:

Do you know how hard I had to work for my job?

KIRK:

What? Accounting for some prick in Los Angeles?

HAROLD:

One of the richest men in Los Angeles. I had to build a reputation for myself until I attracted the

wealthiest people in the country. I worked for it!

Kirk points a finger at Harold.

KIRK:  
I'm working just as hard as you!

HAROLD:  
Clearly not. You'll get nothing from me until you change.

KIRK:  
Goddamn it, Harold!

HAROLD:  
Stop complaining or I'll have to get you a toy airplane to calm you down.

Harold smiles as Kirk's face gets red as a beet.

KIRK  
Fuck you, Harold!

Kirk turns and storms off.

CUT TO:

**14 EXT: HAROLD'S YACHT, POOL AREA - A FEW SECONDS LATER**

**14**

Audrey and Sharon are both sitting on the steps of the pool, laughing with each other. They both turn as they see Kirk speed-walking towards them angrily.

SHARON:  
Kirk? Where's Harold?

He angrily grabs her shoulder as she stands up.

KIRK:  
It doesn't matter. Let's get the kids and leave.

SHARON:  
Leave? Why? What happened?

Kirk starts walking inside, and Sharon follows.

KIRK:  
I don't want to talk about it. Let's just leave and get out of here.

Sharon forcefully grabs Kirk's shoulder and makes him turn to her.

SHARON:

No! I'm not going to leave until you tell me why.

Kirk is clearly desperate to leave, but he sighs.

KIRK:

Me and Harold talked, and things got heated. That's it.

SHARON:

What did you say?

Kirk replies with exaggerated hand movements.

KIRK:

I was mad that he didn't know about our father, and he called me lazy because he thinks that he's right all the damn time, which he's not, because he has to come up with an insulting defense to his claims when he's wrong. Then I got pissed and came to you.

SHARON:

Well can't you two just forgive and forget? We're about to go on vacation with them, and I don't want it to have to be like this there.

KIRK:

The answer is no. I'm not going on vacation with him just so he can seem generous as we bask in his false charisma. It's not happening.

SHARON:

Kirk, please. He's your brother.

KIRK:

Not if I could help it!

SHARON:

You don't mean that. What I think is that he was just playing around and made a bad joke. It's nothing that you can't have a little fun with! It'll blow over after a night's rest.

Kirk looks over to the pool, where Audrey has disappeared, thinking hard. He already seems calmer.

KIRK:  
 Alright, but this vacation better be quick. After this, I'm not going to see him.

Sharon looks away to roll her eyes.

SHARON:  
 Okay.

She puts a hand on his shoulder in comfort.

SHARON:  
 You alright?

Kirk sighs deeply.

KIRK:  
 Yeah. Let's go get the kids.

CUT TO:

**15 INT: HAROLD'S YACHT, BELOW DECK - A FEW MOMENTS LATER 15**

It is dim underneath the dining room as Kirk and Sharon walk down the stairs, but they can make out a hallway with a lit room at the end of it.

Kirk opens the door to see Harold and Audrey playing with Darcy and Adam. Harold smiles, much to Kirk's obvious distaste.

HAROLD:  
 How was the pep talk?

Kirk already looks annoyed.

KIRK:  
 It was fine.

He walks towards Adam and picks him up, much to Adam's dislike.

HAROLD:  
 Where are you guys going?

KIRK:  
 I'd love to stay, but it's past the kids' bedtimes.

Darcy turns to her parents.

DARCY:  
Mom! It's only 9:30!

Sharon looks at her sadly; she wants to stay as well.

SHARON:  
I know, sweetie, but you know the  
rules.

Darcy walks over next to Sharon, disappointed.

Audrey and Harold stand.

HAROLD:  
We'll escort you out. It was great  
having you here!

Sharon smiles at the couple, but Kirk stares on, carrying Adam, who is already starting to fall asleep.

SHARON:  
It was so nice to come here! Also,  
thank you so much for the  
vacation! I can't wait.

AUDREY:  
You're welcome! The flight is on the  
10th, so put that in your calendar!

SHARON:  
Sure thing.

They walk along the plank connecting to the dock, and Harold and Audrey wait at the top, waving.

HAROLD:  
See you soon!

AUDREY:  
Bye!

Kirk unlocks the passenger door, ignoring their calls as he puts the now asleep Adam in the seat. Darcy and Sharon get in as Kirk starts the ignition.

They drive off down the street, leaving Harold and Audrey still waving happily as the car grows smaller and smaller.

CUT TO:

**16 INT: THE LAWSON HOUSE, KIRK AND SHARON'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT 16 NIGHT**

Kirk and Sharon's bedroom is low-lit, and we get an aerial view of them both looking at the ceiling, thinking as they lie under the covers.

SHARON:

(whisper)

Are you going to use your vacation hours when we're gone?

KIRK:

Yeah.

SHARON:

When was the last time we've been on a plane?

KIRK:

Flying to the wedding, I think. About twelve years ago.

SHARON:

Are you going to be okay?

Kirk takes a long, exasperated breath.

KIRK:

Yeah.

SHARON:

Just don't think about it. Besides, the vacation's in two weeks.

KIRK:

I can't help it.

Sharon reaches over, puts a hand on his shoulder and lovingly caresses it.

SHARON:

You know, you have a better chance of getting hit by lightning than dying in a plane crash.

KIRK:

I would prefer neither.

Sharon smiles and nestles up next to Kirk.

SHARON:

Audrey's beautiful, isn't she?

Kirk pauses.

KIRK:

Yeah.

He looks back at the ceiling as we...

CUT TO:

**17 INT: AIRPORT, OUTSIDE SECURITY - MORNING OF THE VACATION 17**

Kirk, Sharon, and the two kids are getting past security, passing through. Kirk looks scared as he lets his wife and kids pass through the screening first. They finish, and the security woman beckons for Kirk to move forwards.

He takes a breath, and she looks annoyed.

SECURITY WOMAN:

Sir, please step into the device with your feet on the markings and your hands over your head.

Kirk smiles uncomfortably as he moves forwards, doing as she had described. There is a yellow-taped figure in front of him, indicating the proper form.

The monitor BEEPS, and Kirk looks scared as the Security woman beckons him forward.

SECURITY WOMAN:

Sir, I'm going to have to pat you down.

Kirk looks nervous, then remembers.

KIRK:

Oh shit, my keys!

He takes them out and hands them to her, but the woman still begins to pat him down anyway.

KIRK:

I found the problem, didn't I?

The woman continues.

SECURITY WOMAN:

Yes sir, but this is standard safety procedures when the monitor is triggered. Please stay still.

She finishes and hands Kirk his keys back. He takes them and helps his family grab their luggage.

SHARON:  
What was the problem?

Kirk looks angry as he stares at security.

KIRK:  
My goddamn keys were in my back pocket.

SHARON:  
What happened?

KIRK:  
She patted me down like I was Pablo Escobar importing coke into the country or some shit.

SHARON:  
She's just doing her job, Kirk.

KIRK:  
Whatever.

SHARON:  
You're just nervous.

Kirk turns to her.

KIRK:  
(sarcastically)  
Oh really?

CUT TO:

**18 INT: AIRPORT, GATE 3 - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

**18**

Kirk and his family are walking into their gate, where Harold and Audrey are waiting for them.

HAROLD:  
Hey guys! Good morning!

Sharon smiles and waves.

SHARON:  
Good morning!

She hugs Harold and then Audrey.

HAROLD:



You guys are right on time! I'd thought you were gonna be late for a moment, but they've only just started boarding.

SHARON:  
Glad to hear it!

Harold looks down to see Darcy and Adam smiling at him.

HAROLD:  
Kids! Hey!

He hugs them tightly and stands to hug Kirk.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Sorry about the argument on the boat! I guess brothers have to be brothers sometimes, huh?

Kirk gives a nervous laugh; his mind is on other things.

KIRK:  
Yeah, it's alright.

Behind them, the passenger service agent calls out to address the masses.

SERVICE AGENT:  
Groups two and three are now boarding! Groups two and three please!

HAROLD:  
That's us! Here, get in line, and me and Audrey will scoot in behind you. Got your tickets out?

KIRK:  
Uh, yeah. Here, Sharon, will you check in the kids, please?

Kirk hands her three tickets as they walk into the line of people. The line moves forwards quickly.

Sharon steps up and hands the service agent the tickets. After three quick beeps of admittance, Sharon, Darcy, and Adam walk through the open doorway and down the white ramp that leads to the airplane.

Kirk steps up nervously and hands her his ticket.

It beeps.

SERVICE AGENT:  
Have a nice day.

Kirk nods nervously.

KIRK:  
You too.

He walks down the ramp, and we hear his heartbeat in slo-mo as he walks.

CUT TO:

**19 INT: AIRPLANE, FIRST CLASS - A FEW SECONDS LATER**

**19**

Kirk is walking forward in the airplane walkway, looking for Sharon and his kids. They are sitting happily in the first class area.

SHARON:  
Kirk! Over here.

He walks over to them and sits next to Sharon. Kirk is on the aisle seat, and his kids are sitting across from them in the other row.

Kirk sits down, breathing hard in through his nose and out his mouth to calm himself.

SHARON:  
Did you run here?

Kirk looks at her, confused.

KIRK:  
What? No.

Sharon chuckles a little, almost jokingly.

SHARON:  
Are you really this scared?

He gives her an uncomfortable look, and her smile fades.

SHARON (CON'T):  
I'm sorry.

She kisses his cheek.

SHARON:  
Once we're up in the air, you'll forget all about it.

Kirk nods, assured. Harold walks up in front of them.

HAROLD:  
Do you guys like the seats?

Sharon smiles.

SHARON:  
I love them! Thank you so much!

HAROLD:  
No problem.

He looks over at Kirk, who is staring straight ahead in terror.

HAROLD:  
You okay, Kirk? What's the matter?

SHARON:  
He's not good with airplanes. Or anything involving heights for that matter.

Harold chuckles, but not unsympathetically.

HAROLD:  
It'll be fine, bro. Besides, we're in first class.

Kirk looks at him for the first time, nervously.

KIRK:  
What difference does that make? Do you think if we crash, only the back half will explode?

Harold thinks about this.

HAROLD:  
Maybe not, but I personally know the pilot. He's a buddy from college, and trust me, he knows his shit.

Sharon looks over at the kids, who are mindlessly looking out the window.

SHARON:  
Please don't curse around the children, Harold.

Harold nods.

HAROLD:

Okay. I'm just trying to be supportive.

SHARON:  
Thanks.

HAROLD:  
Hope you're okay, Kirk.

Kirk nods, looking back in front of him as Harold turns around.

CUT TO:

**20 EXT: AIRPORT, OUTSIDE GATE 3 - A FEW MINUTES LATER 20**

We see the plane slowly begin to reverse onto the runway out of the docking gate. It turns, pauses, and then rolls forwards.

CUT TO:

**21 INT: AIRPLANE - CONTINUED 21**

Kirk is grabbing the armrests of his seat tightly as the plane keeps moving. He glances out the window and then looks back, terrified.

Sharon notices--

SHARON:  
Don't look, Kirk. It'll only make it worse for you.

She closes the sliding window.

KIRK:  
I know, I know...

Sharon grabs his hand and holds it.

SHARON:  
It's okay. I'm right here for you.

Kirk grips her hand tightly as the plane ACCELERATES, and he grimaces. The plane's noise builds as it pushes off, and the whole cabin RATTLES a little bit.

KIRK:  
Oh shit!

He closes his eyes and waits for a moment.

SHARON:  
Are you okay?

Kirk breaths in through his nose and out his mouth rapidly and nods. The plane seems to smooth out, and Kirk opens his eyes.

KIRK:  
Yeah, are you sure this shit is safe?

Sharon nods.

SHARON  
I promise.

CUT TO:

**22 INT: AIRPLANE - ABOUT ONE HOUR LATER**

**22**

Kirk seems a lot better now, and he's listening to Harold rather happily as he makes jokes. Harold has his seatbelt off as he is turned facing in between the crack of the seat backs, and Audrey is listening intently with a smile on her face.

Sharon occasionally glances over at her kids, who are on devices.

HAROLD:  
That reminds me of a time when I went to Popeye's for a chicken sandwich after work. I eat my food, and the waitress gives me a reach around when I'm not looking. I turn to her and say, "My wallet's on the other side, ma'am."

Everyone chuckles, but Sharon looks grim.

SHARON:  
You probably shouldn't be joking about that, Harold.

She looks around, paranoid, but nobody seems to be paying attention to them.

Harold smiles a bit.

HAROLD:  
Don't worry, Sharon, nobody cares. If they did, what are they

gonna do? Kick me off the plane or something?

SHARON:  
I guess you're right.

Harold smiles confidently.

HAROLD:  
I thought so. Do you guys want to hear about the time my autistic cousin got stuck in a sewer pipeline?

Suddenly, the plane shakes, and the lights flicker. Harold almost falls forward as the plane goes dead silent in less than a second, and the pilot's voice comes over the speakers.

PILOT:  
Please keep your seatbelts fastened, as we have some light turbulence.

A ding is heard as the seatbelt sign replaces the "free to walk around the cabin" one.

Kirk looks at Sharon, terrified.

KIRK:  
That's LIGHT turbulence?

CUT TO:

**23 INT: AIRPLANE, COCKPIT - CONTINUED**

**23**

The cockpit is a cramped area, with the two pilots sitting before the mass of complex-looking controls. The one on the left is older, and clearly more experienced, while the other is young, blonde, and nervous-looking.

OLDER PILOT:  
(sarcastically)  
Nice flying, rookie.

The rookie looks embarrassed.

ROOKIE PILOT:  
I turned to grab my coat and hit the wheel. It's not my fault.

The older pilot looks angry.

OLDER PILOT:

You think your stupidity is justified? What about the hundred people you just gave a heart attack to?

ROOKIE PILOT:  
I'm sorry.

OLDER PILOT:  
You gonna tell them you're sorry?

ROOKIE PILOT:  
No.

OLDER PILOT:  
Don't you think they ought to know their lives aren't in danger?

The rookie nods.

ROOKIE PILOT:  
I guess so.

He reaches down and grabs his connected walkie-talkie.

ROOKIE PILOT:  
I'm sorry for the inconvenience, but I wanted to inform the passengers aboard the aircraft that the turbulence you experienced was actually my knee hitting the wheel.

CUT TO:

**24 INT: AIRPLANE, FIRST CLASS SEATING - CONTINUED**

**24**

Kirk and the others are paused, listening to the announcement through the speaker.

ROOKIE PILOT (V.O.):  
I'm sorry to startle you, and I hope you all enjoy the rest of the flight.

The pilot hangs up as Kirk turns to Harold.

KIRK:  
Some buddy you've got, Harold.

Harold looks surprised.

HAROLD:

That's not him, he must be the second pilot. He wouldn't make a mistake like that.

KIRK:  
When we get to Hawaii, remind him about that for me.

Harold chuckles, but then the plane buckles again. Kirk grips his armrests tightly.

KIRK:  
Jesus Christ!

He stands up ignoring the seatbelt sign, and walks down the aisle. He gets to the front of the plane, and a flight attendant stops him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:  
Sir! Please sit until the seatbelt sign has been turned off!

Kirk backs up a little.

KIRK:  
Tell your pilots to do a better job! I'm not spending seven hours on a flying bouncy house!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:  
I'm sorry sir, but you need to sit down in your seat until the turbulence ceases.

KIRK:  
Fine.

Kirk walks back, mumbling angrily as people glance at him. He sits down next to Sharon and buckles himself in.

KIRK:  
Harold, your buddy must've gotten trained by Osama Bin Laden or some shit the way he's been flying today.

Harold turns around in defense.

HAROLD:  
I already told you, he's not the one flying, he's the secondary pilot overseeing the controls.

KIRK:



I don't care. He's messed up enough as it is.

Kirk looks away, indignant.

SHARON:  
It's okay, Kirk, everything's fine.

KIRK:  
Really? Then why is there turbulence every five goddamn seconds?

SHARON:  
The pilot kicked the steering. He told us.

Kirk looks at her in disbelief.

KIRK:  
(sarcastically)  
Twice? ISIS trained Ronaldo to pilot commercial airliners? Holy shit! Call the paparazzi!

Sharon looks annoyed.

SHARON:  
Kirk, these are trained professionals, but they're still human. They still make mistakes.

KIRK:  
Isn't it coincidental that this all happens on my first flight in twelve years?

SHARON:  
Yes, but after this, you don't have to go on a plane for as long as you want.

Kirk nods, finally seeming to calm down.

KIRK:  
Okay, I hope so, because this plane is driving me nuts.

The entire cabin rattles, and a few people scream. This turbulence is bigger than the others, and the oxygen masks drop from the ceiling in front of every passenger.

Kirk closes his eyes and tries not to scream...

CUT TO:

**25 INT: AIRPLANE, COCKPIT - CONTINUED****25**

Inside the cockpit, the rookie has his hands firmly on the wheel while the older pilot is directing him.

OLDER PILOT:  
Try to straighten her out! The nose  
is dipping!

The rookie groans as he tries, but sure enough, the plane's nose is beginning to dip.

ROOKIE PILOT:  
What's happening!

OLDER PILOT:  
We lost engine power! Keep her up  
while I contact the tower!

The older pilot grabs a headset as the rookie strains to control the gigantic hunk of metal. The older pilot presses the HF button and speaks.

OLDER PILOT:  
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! Honolulu  
Tower! Atlanta o six two seven P  
declaring engine failure!

The rookie yells as the water slowly draws closer.

CUT TO:

**26 INT: AIRPLANE, FIRST CLASS SEATING - CONTINUED****26**

Chaos has erupted, with everyone grabbing wildly for the oxygen masks as they are lifted from the velocity of the plummeting aircraft. Kirk already has his mask, and he is helping Sharon put hers on.

CUT TO:

**27 EXT: AIRPLANE - CONTINUED****27**

An exterior shot of the plane as it "glides" towards the glossy-looking ocean below. The nose seems to right itself a little, but it is still falling quickly.

CUT TO:

**28 INT: AIRPLANE, COCKPIT - CONTINUED****28**

The rookie seems to have gained control over the steering, but a grimace is still on his face as he looks ahead at the inevitable sea below they would have to meet.

The older pilot turns to him, putting the headset down beside him.

OLDER PILOT:  
You need to get the plane parallel  
to the waves.

ROOKIE PILOT:  
We're going to land?

The older pilot eyes him grimly.

OLDER PILOT:  
You got a better idea, son?

The rookie shakes his head, and the older one continues.

OLDER PILOT:  
You need to slow her down so we  
don't wreck the aircraft as much as  
possible. Put the flaps up! You need  
to get the plane angled so that it's  
a smoother landing! It's like  
landing on the runway, except with a  
hundred people's lives on the line.

A tear falls down the stressed rookie's face.

The older pilot notices.

OLDER PILOT:  
If we die today, son, you don't want  
to have died crying, so wipe that  
pitiful fucking tear away and do  
your damn job. This is what you  
trained for isn't it?

The rookie shakes his head.

ROOKIE PILOT:  
I don't wanna die, Parker.

PARKER:  
Not on my watch. If you do what I  
say, you won't.

The water is getting CLOSER.

ROOKIE PILOT:  
Oh god.

His hands shake on the wheel, but the older pilot feels a touch of sympathy and puts a hand on his. Parker grabs the walkie-talkie and says--

PARKER:  
Brace for impact!

The water gets closer...

CUT TO:

**29 EXT: AIRPLANE - CONTINUED**

**29**

We see the huge airplane hit the water, causing a massive splash. The water rains down in a torrent as the plane creaks and groans.

CUT TO:

**30 INT: AIRPLANE, FIRST CLASS SEATING - CONTINUED**

**30**

The entire cabin of passengers BUCKLE forward as the plane hits the water, and screams fill the air as the plane slows in the water. Kirk leans his head back as the entire cabin vibrates under the pressure, the plane gliding on the water and making a huge ROAR.

His lips move in a silent prayer as the vibrations continue, until SILENCE, as the plane stops moving.

Everyone looks around at each other, unsure of what to do.

The cockpit door OPENS, and the older pilot steps out.

OLDER PILOT:  
Everyone! Get to the exit doors  
immediately and use the inflatable  
rafts to stay afloat! Now! Go!

Everybody stands, screaming, as the plane GROANS. Kirk and his family stand amongst the crowd as a flight attendant opens the exit doors to the sea below.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:  
Please! Everybody in this vicinity  
move this way! Under your seat  
cushions are floatation jackets! Put  
them on! Use the nozzle on the life  
jackets to inflate them by blowing  
into them!

The attendant undoes the slide, which auto-inflates as it falls down to the water level.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:

Evacuate quickly and inflate your vests! There are rafts being deployed at the wing exit! Swim to a close range where you can climb onto the wing, or walk to the wing exit through the cabin!

Kirk turns to Harold and Sharon.

KIRK:

What the hell do we do?

HAROLD:

This place is packed! Audrey and I are going to swim over!

SHARON:

I'll take the kids through the cabin! Go with Harold and Audrey!

Kirk nods and looks down at the water, looking almost dizzy.

The flight attendant walks over and undoes the slide. Multiple people jump at once, and some screams are heard as one man gets knocked off the slide. He hits the water hard, but keeps swimming, only dazed.

Harold and Audrey slide one after the other, and Kirk follows, bracing himself for the cold. He slides and hits the water, splashing slightly as he swims towards the wing.

Kirk sees Sharon and the kids on the wing, waiting for him, so he continues.

He reaches the wing behind Harold and climbs up amidst the large crowd of frightened people. Kirk looks for a little bit, stressed out, but sees Sharon and the kids about to enter one of the four large inflatable rafts. Two are on each side, with people scrambling in to avoid getting drowned by the aircraft as it begins to sink.

The plane lurches as the back begins to cover with water.

WOMAN:

Hurry up!

Kirk reaches Sharon, Darcy, and Adam right before they enter the raft, and they all climb into where Parker directs them. They sit in silence, waiting until the raft fills. Kirk

looks at Sharon, who is crying silent tears, watching the escaping passengers.

The raft is full, and Parker yells--

PARKER:

This one's full, Chris! Ship out!

Chris, the flight attendant leader of the raft, nods, and Parker pushes them away from the wing of the plane. As they slowly paddle away, Kirk watches the back of the ship, now mostly submerged, creak and groan as it keeps sinking.

The people still on the wings try to stay on as the wings angle upwards, making it harder to stand on.

Kirk looks away, but the plane erupts into flame as it explodes, causing him to look back in horror.

The wing that Kirk had been standing on only moments ago is launched by the force of the explosion over their heads, sending passengers screaming and flailing into the air.

Kirk watches in silence as the passengers try to douse the flames in the water, as the water burns from the leaking gas.

Audrey turns to Chris in terror.

AUDREY:

We have to turn back! Help them!

Chris shakes his head nervously.

CHRIS:

We can't. This raft is full, and we have to stay clear of the leaking gas.

AUDREY:

What if your wife and kids were drowning? Would you save them?

CHRIS:

I'm sorry, ma'am. I'm here to preserve the lives of the people in the raft.

A loud sound erupts from the wreckage as the plane begins to sink faster, sending shrapnel into the air. The swimming passengers who are still alive try to reach the rafts, but a couple get hit by flying pieces of metal and fall limp.

Blood pools in the water around the dead bodies, as the living rush to stay alive. The fire from the leaking gas

makes a trail, trapping some people in. The screams are horrifying, as the fire makes its way to the living victims.

Two men swim towards the raft, and Kirk and Harold help them up into the raft. Chris looks at Harold indignantly.

CHRIS:

What are you doing? This raft isn't meant for this many people! Only twenty per!

Harold smiles in an overloaded mix of annoyance and anger.

HAROLD:

If you want to get off, be my guest. Clearly we don't need your advice.

CHRIS:

We can't allow any more people on this ship!

HAROLD:

Listen, buddy, these people have families that they need to get back to, so shut up and help them onto the raft.

Chris shuts up, as he kneels to help a swimming woman onto the raft. She is crying, and as she comes completely out of the water, we can see a massive gash on her leg that immediately starts bleeding.

Red blood begins seeping onto the raft from her leg causing her to yell in agony, but a man behind her comforts her.

MAN:

Stay calm. My name is Jack, and I'm a doctor. We need to wrap your wound to keep you from losing too much blood.

The woman howls as he takes off his coat and puts it around her leg. Sharon covers Adam's eyes at this, looking away from the gruesome wound herself.

Kirk turns and looks back at the burning wreckage, a tear slowly dripping from the corner of his eye. The plane is almost completely submerged, and the fire rages on, seeming to burn the water.

CUT TO:

**31 INT: OCEAN, RAFT - SOME TIME LATER****31**

The smoke from the wreckage is gone, as the raft is many miles away now. It's some time in the afternoon, and the people on the raft are either sleeping, talking, or staring off to the open sea.

Kirk looks down at Darcy and Sharon, who are both asleep. He perks up to hear a young man playing a harmonica loudly, breaking the peaceful silence.

Kirk watches the man play, entranced slightly, but then another man, probably his friend, speaks up in a southern accent.

SOUTHERN MAN:

Goddamn it, Jimmy. Out of every single thing you packed, the harmonica had to survive?

Jimmy pulls the harmonica out of his mouth and replies in an equally southern tone--

JIMMY:

Just sit back and listen, Ronny.

RONNY:

I'm done with this bullshit! Gimme that!

Ronny grabs the harmonica and tosses it into the ocean, much to Jimmy's dismay.

JIMMY:

That was a present from my granddaddy! You son of a bitch!

Jimmy socks Ronny in the stomach, and Chris crawls over to prevent the two from beating each other up. The raft rocks a lot, and Chris calls out--

CHRIS:

Stop fighting, idiots! You'll capsize us!

The two break apart, glaring.

CHRIS (CON'T):

This is not what we need right now! Our focus is on survival.

JIMMY:

Tell him to stop being a little bitch.



RONNY:

Asshole!

They go at it again, with Jimmy lunging onto Ronny. Chris rushes forwards again...

CHRIS:

Stop!

CUT TO:

**32 INT: OCEAN, RAFT - LATER**

**32**

Silence. Kirk is closing his eyes, trying to fall asleep, as everything is quiet.

Across the orange raft is a dark haired, clearly saddened woman. She is young, probably mid-twenties, and she is sitting alone.

She opens her mouth... and SINGS:

SINGING WOMAN:

*Somewhere, over the rainbow..  
Way up high  
And the... dreams that you dream of  
Once in a lullaby  
Ohhh...*

Multiple people notice her beautiful voice and begin to mumble in sync, slightly embarrassed about their untrained voices. Soon the entire raft is in with the music, creating a beautiful harmony.

Kirk looks around at everybody, joined through art and beauty in a time of despair...

EVERYONE:

*Dreams really do come true  
Oooh  
Someday I'll wish upon a star  
Wake up where the dreams are far  
behind  
Me  
Where trouble melts like lemon drops  
High above the chimney top, that's  
where  
You'll find me, oh  
Somewhere, over the rainbow  
Way up high...*

CUT TO:

**33 INT: OCEAN, RAFT - A BIT LATER****33**

People are more active now, talking amongst themselves in groups. Chris is sitting cross-legged in the center, watching them converse.

A young boy, the only child in the raft other than Darcy and Adam, taps Chris on the back, who flinches.

YOUNG BOY:  
Um, sir? Do you have any food?

Chris looks nervous and looks around, paranoid. He's clearly pondered this, and he knows that people will begin to get anxious.

CHRIS:  
(through whisper)  
Not now, kid.

The boy looks sad, almost pained.

YOUNG BOY:  
But my stomach hurts.

Chris gives him a stern, irritated look.

CHRIS:  
(whisper)  
Not now!

A large man with long red hair down to his shoulders looks over and asks Chris--

LARGE MAN:  
Hey flyboy! When are we gonna get something to eat?

Chris gives the boy a quick look of pure rage, and then turns to the large man.

CHRIS:  
Sir, I can assure you that we will be discovered shortly. Planes and boats pass through here all the time, and I'm sure that you will be back for dinner by tomorrow.

LARGE MAN:  
Tomorrow? I can't wait that long! I haven't eaten in four hours!

Chris quickly runs his eyes up and down the large man's enormous frame.

CHRIS:  
I'm sure you can manage it.

A very ugly woman, clearly the large man's wife, pops her petite head out from behind the man.

Her voice is nasally and obnoxious.

UGLY WOMAN:  
Is there any food here?

Chris looks annoyed yet again.

CHRIS:  
Ma'am, I can assure you...

The large man cuts him off.

LARGE MAN:  
The skinny flyboy told me there isn't any.

Her jaw drops.

UGLY WOMAN:  
None? What the hell am I supposed to eat then?

LARGE MAN:  
Ask the skinny guy!

CHRIS:  
I told you! Our rations are gone! We can't prepare food for such a rare occurrence!

Another man joins in.

MAN ON RAFT:  
Give me some damn food!

Chris backs up... or crawls backwards slightly with his hands up.

CHRIS:  
Listen, people...

An old man behind Chris interrupts loudly.

OLD MAN:  
You heard the man, people! Shut up!

They do so, and look at him with many mixed expressions. Everybody on the raft is looking at him. The man

has very tan, almost reddish skin, wrinkled and leathery, and his white hair wraps around his face down to a lengthy beard.

His wisened, aged eyes stare into the soul of the people who'd crossed him.

OLD MAN:

I've been on this damn earth for longer than all of you, and I still see a bunch of ungrateful creatures. This man has tried to fulfill your needs, provided encouragement, and even saved some of you, but you still turn on him like a pack of wild animals. I've learned many things in my life, but one of the most important things was that gratefulness is a necessity, or else you got something for nothing. It's time you people tried it. Thank this man for what he's done for you.

The indignant people think about these words.

LARGE MAN:

I'm sorry, sir.

UGLY WOMAN:

I'm sorry.

Chris nods.

CHRIS:

Thank you. We need to stay together, or else we don't stand a chance.

CUT TO:

**34 INT: OCEAN, RAFT - NEARING SUNDOWN**

**34**

The silent dusk approaches swiftly, and the sun begins to dip its yellow-orange rays beneath the blackening water. The raft sways above the small waves, and many people are sleeping, as though the rocking from the sea could be a baby's crib.

Kirk is trying to sleep, closing his eyes and switching around uncomfortably. He looks at the rippling ocean peacefully for a moment, and closes his eyes.

HAROLD (O.S.):

Psst! Kirk!

Kirk's eyes snap open, and he groans quietly as he sees Harold beckoning him over.

KIRK:  
(through groan)  
What?

Harold looks around to see if anyone is watching; they are unnoticed.

HAROLD:  
Look at this.

He shows Kirk, who seems disinterested, an open bag.

KIRK:  
Great.

Harold realizes that Kirk can't see, and tilts the bag further down. Inside is a ton of candy, protein bars, and fruit snacks.

Kirk's eyes open wide as he sits up to get a better look.

KIRK:  
Why didn't you mention this before?

Harold scoffs quietly.

HAROLD:  
Have you seen these people? They'd  
kill me for it.

Kirk nods as he grabs a large Milky-Way bar, careful not to crinkle the thin foil and get any attention drawn to them.

HAROLD:  
Take about five and split them with  
your family. I don't know how long  
we'll be out here, so we need to  
conserve our rations.

KIRK:  
Ok. I'll need more in the morning.

HAROLD:  
I'll try.

Kirk looks at Harold for the first time with brotherly love.

KIRK:  
I love you, Harold. Thank you.

Harold nods.

HAROLD:  
I love you too.

Kirk turns to put the food into his backpack, but Harold calls out.

HAROLD:  
(emotional)  
I'm sorry that I didn't know about Dad. I would have given up my life, my job... just to see him alive one more time. I never got to see him... because my job was too important to me. I regret that, and I'm sorry.

Kirk pauses.

KIRK:  
It's okay. He wasn't much of a sight anyway.

CUT TO:

**35 INT: OCEAN, RAFT - THE NEXT MORNING**

**35**

Everyone is miserable. Most are asleep, but the ones that are awake have sleep-deprived eyes and sour moods. The almost still water shows the reflection of the raft, which is only broken by a single finger being dragged as the raft drifts.

The finger belongs to KIRK.

He looks at his reflection, and then SEES SOMETHING on the water. An ISLAND up ahead in the distance.

KIRK  
Hey! HEY! Land, everybody! Land!

Everybody's heads PERK UP and people start talking amongst themselves at this glorious sight.

Kirk looks down at his sleeping family.

KIRK (CONT'D)  
Sharon! Darcy! Harold! Wake up!

He SHAKES Sharon almost harshly, and she wakes up groggily.

SHARON  
Kirk? What the hell?...

Kirk points to the land mass.

KIRK  
An island!

HAROLD (O.S.)  
An island?

Kirk turns to face Harold.

KIRK  
Look for yourself!

Harold's head turns in annoyance, but then he lightens up once he sees.

HAROLD  
Holy shit, there IS an island!

Chris has stood up in the middle of the boat.

CHRIS  
Everyone!  
(clears throat)  
Paddle towards the island!

Nobody questions this, as they are too desperate for the touch of solid ground.

CUT TO:

**36 INT. OPEN SEA, NEARING ISLAND - MINUTES LATER**

**36**

The people on the raft are paddling furiously as one, moving as fast as possible towards their final hope. They are now only a few hundred meters from the island, and people have begun jumping off and swimming towards the beach.

CUT TO:

**37 INT. ISLAND SHORE, BEACH - MOMENTS LATER**

**37**

The first few people have arrived, and they fall forwards onto the sand. More and more people continue to arrive, until the raft has been washed onto the shore by the waves, empty.

Kirk HUGS his kids.

KIRK  
We're alive!

He lets go and hugs Sharon.

SHARON

We're alive!

They both laugh in their happiness, and then they turn to observe the island.

CUT TO:

**38 EXT. ISLAND - THAT MOMENT**

**38**

We get an amazing bird's eye view of the lush green island, the hills in the middle slowly rising to a flat plateau-like peak in the center of the island.

CUT TO:

**39 INT. BEACH - LATER**

**39**

The beginnings of a camp are starting to appear, with the wooden outlines of huts visible in the open beach. Fireplaces have sprouted around, sending small streams of smoke into the blue sky.

Kirk and his family huddle around a fire, drying off.

KIRK

We should get to work on a hut soon.

Sharon nods.

SHARON

Where should we put it?

KIRK

Away from the camp. I want privacy.

SHARON

Kirk, we can't be secluded. We need to stay with the group.

KIRK

I know that. We'll only be a few hundred meters or so. Around that bend there.

Kirk points down the beach, where the cliffside turns down to the other side of the island.

SHARON

Okay, I guess that works.

Harold walks up behind Kirk.



HAROLD

Kirk!

Kirk turns.

KIRK

What is it, Harold?

HAROLD

We need a few extra arms to lift materials.

Kirk stands.

KIRK

Ok, sounds good.

He follows Harold as they walk towards the other side of camp.

CUT TO:

**40 INT. : ISLAND BEACH, CAMP - MOMENTS LATER**

**40**

Kirk and Harold pick up a chopped tree trunk and begin walking slowly towards the frame of a house. There is a MAN (40's) with a long beard sitting in front of it, using a pocketknife to cut the wood.

HAROLD

Drop it on three. One... Two...  
Three.

They let go at the same time, but it drops on Harold's FOOT.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

OW! Shit!

Harold immediately falls over, pulling his bare foot out from under the tree.

Kirk quickly kneels.

KIRK

Hey! We need help over here!

A couple bystanders, including the pocketknife man, rush over to assist the injured Harold.

POCKETKNIFE MAN:

What happened?

KIRK

The log fell onto his foot.

We see Harold's foot BLEEDING HEAVILY. Harold groans in agony.

The man with the pocketknife presses on Harold's foot tenderly.

HAROLD

OW!

Kirk stands, the anxiety getting the better of him.

KIRK

Fuck... is he gonna be okay?

POCKETKNIFE MAN

Yes, he'll be fine, sir.

Kirk's body shakes slightly in his nervousness.

KIRK

Okay... okay...

HAROLD

(groaning)

Damn, I wish we had like a bandage or something...

Kirk turns around, and the pocketknife man gasps, causing him to look back.

POCKETKNIFE MAN

What the hell?...

There, on Harold's foot, is a BANDAGE. It's appeared out of nowhere, like magic...

Kirk looks at Harold, bewildered.

KIRK

How the hell did you do that?

Harold looks as shocked as Kirk is.

HAROLD

I don't know, I swear to God.

He looks down at his newly bandaged foot.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I wish my foot was healed.

Everybody pauses, holding their breath. Harold reaches down and slowly unwraps his bandages. As the final wrap comes off, we see that his foot is HEALED.

Some people step back in shock.

POCKETKNIFE MAN  
Holy shit.

KIRK  
It's... healed.

Harold touches it gingerly, but his casual expression doesn't change.

HAROLD  
Doesn't hurt at all.

He stands up and puts all his weight on the previously injured foot.

POCKETKNIFE MAN  
Wait, does that mean we can just wish?

Kirk shrugs.

KIRK  
Only one way to find out.

The man shrugs, smiling--

POCKETKNIFE MAN  
I wish for a billion dollars.

Immediately, the man's wrists begin to SPLIT OFF HIS BODY, spilling blood onto the snow. He SCREAMS in agony as they fall off his body, and he rolls around on the ground as blood stains the sand.

HAROLD  
Holy shit!

The people around the man begin trying to help him, and they take off his shirt to bandage the stumps.

The man cries in agony, but then Kirk points past the man's writhing body.

KIRK  
Look at that.

A couple people turn, and there on the sand is a huge pile of money. A billion dollars.

HAROLD  
A billion dollars.

The man stops groaning a little bit to muster up the strength to speak-

POCKETKNIFE MAN  
(breathing hard)  
What... the fuck... happened to me?

KIRK  
I think it was the wish you made.  
You got it.

The man looks angry.

POCKETKNIFE MAN  
(breathing hard)  
Then why... the hell... are my  
goddamn hands missing?

He looks down, but Harold kneels and pushes his head up gently.

HAROLD  
Don't look.

KIRK  
You asked for such a big wish. Maybe  
you have to sacrifice something in  
order to get the wish.

POCKETKNIFE MAN  
(nods towards Harold)  
He got his wish.

Kirk thinks about this as he looks down at the man's bloody stumps.

KIRK  
He had already made his sacrifice.  
His leg was hurt, and that counted  
towards the equilibrium when he made  
his wish.

The man nods.

POCKETKNIFE MAN  
Wish I'd known. Now look at me. I'm  
fucking useless.

HAROLD  
At least you're alive. We don't know  
how this system works, so we

shouldn't make any more wishes.  
Everybody here must keep this to  
ourselves. We don't know what could  
happen if this gets out.

The five people around him nod, and Harold stands up, acting  
as leader.

A brown bearded man raises his hand.

KIRK  
Does this look like a fucking  
classroom to you? You can talk.

The man stutters slightly.

MAN  
Sh-shouldn't we test the wishes some  
more? We don't know what we're up  
against.

Harold turns to him dangerously.

HAROLD  
Maybe that's a good thing. Look at  
what they've already done. What do  
you think will happen if the whole  
island knows?

MAN  
I don't know what will happen, but  
maybe we can use the wishes to get  
off the island.

Harold takes a breath, pondering this, but then shakes his  
head.

HAROLD  
No. We can't risk this.

MAN  
But...

HAROLD  
No! We can't.  
(gestures to the  
pocketknife man)  
If the wishes can do that, who knows  
what else could happen.

CUT TO:

Sharon is helping build a hut, placing large leaves onto the roof frame. She doesn't notice Kirk walking up behind her until he taps her shoulder, and she jumps a little with a gasp.

SHARON  
Jesus Christ!

KIRK  
It's just me, Sharon.

SHARON  
You scared me, Kirk.

She notices his expression, which looks sad.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

Kirk looks behind him, slightly paranoid as though he were being watched.

KIRK  
I'm just stressed.

SHARON  
Is there anything I can do?

Kirk shakes his head and looks at the ground.

KIRK  
No.  
(looks up at her)  
I think I just need some space. I think I'll explore the island.

Sharon nods in understanding.

SHARON  
Okay. Just be safe.

She leans in and kisses his cheek, but he pays no mind to this. Instead of kissing her back, he turns around and starts walking towards the line of trees.

CUT TO:

**42 INT. ISLAND, BEHIND CAMP - LATER**

**42**

We see the man from earlier shaking his arms and breathing hard.

MAN

I wish...

He looks down, and we see a stick on the ground in front of him.

MAN (CONT'D)

I wish that that stick would move over there.

He points over to his right, and he flinches slightly.

MAN (CONT'D)

Ow!

He looks at his finger, where a tiny mark has been made as though by a needle. He squeezes the end of his finger, and a bead of blood becomes visible.

The man looks around his surroundings to find something else to wish for.

MAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

That wasn't so bad. I wish... that I could have a dollar.

He finches again, and he looks down to see a dollar bill clutched in his fist. He puts it into his other hand and sees another prick on his finger.

MAN (CONT'D)

I wish for a raft.

He jumps in pain, and falls backwards onto the sand. However, instead of hitting the sand, he lands on a large orange raft. It is similar to the ones from the airplane.

The man groans in pain and looks down at his leg, where a long bloody scratch has appeared.

MAN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

CUT TO:

**43 INT. ISLAND, FOREST - SAME TIME**

**43**

We see Kirk exploring the island, walking along a grass field covered by large trees. He walks for a little bit, but then sits on a rock, thinking deeply about something we can only imagine.

CUT TO:

**44 INT. ISLAND, OUTSIDE CAMP - SAME TIME****44**

We see Sharon and Harold building a hut together, except this isn't camp, this is the location that Kirk had told Sharon about: around the bend of the cliff.

SHARON

Thank you so much for helping us make the hut, Harold. I don't know what we'd do without you.

Harold smiles.

HAROLD

Trust me, it's no problem. I'm sure Kirk will come around some time.

Sharon sighs.

SHARON

He doesn't seem to be much help in times like these. You're much braver and more resourceful than he is.

HAROLD

I'm sure he's fine. He just gets nervous sometimes.

SHARON

Yeah, I know. I just worry about him. He tends to overthink everything, like a couple weeks ago, he was super jealous of you.

Harold chuckles, but with sympathy.

HAROLD

Me? What do I have for him to be jealous of?

Sharon shakes her head, possibly regretting saying this to Harold.

SHARON

I don't know... You've got a good job, a yacht...

Harold chuckles again a little bit, and looks at Sharon sympathetically.

HAROLD

I've got to work constantly, because my boss makes me work extra. I barely see Audrey, and half the time



when I get home from work, she's asleep. My job is torture, and I don't think Kirk understands that.

SHARON

I've told him that, but he still can't stand you.

HAROLD

He's too focused on material objects. He needs to learn that you and your kids are all he needs.

(Sharon blushes)

I'm serious. Let me tell you something.

(Sharon leans in intensively)

I've always wanted kids. My first wife didn't exactly... work out. She was very controlling, but that wasn't the reason that I divorced her. She had a... condition... that didn't allow her to have children, and I... let her go.

Sharon looks slightly sad, but not judgmental. Kind of how you'd react if your best friend came out as gay.

SHARON

I didn't know about this.

HAROLD

I regret being so shallow. I know that I loved, but when she told me about her problem, everything changed. I had imagined having kids with her... having a beautiful family... but then I realized I could never have that with her. So I left her.

SHARON

I'm sorry, Harold.

Harold looks at the ground sadly, but when he looks up, his expression has lightened.

HAROLD

It's my fault, but I can't change my past. I can only look to the future, and by the look of it, we'll be stuck on this fucking island for a while.

SHARON  
Someone will find us, I'm sure of  
it.

CUT TO:

**45 INT. ISLAND, CAMP - SAME TIME**

**45**

We see a large group of people sitting around the center of camp, eating food. The food came from their backpacks. They talk peacefully amongst themselves, until-

Suddenly, the man comes out from behind a tent and runs in front of them.

MAN  
Everybody listen!

Everyone's heads turn to face him, and they eye him intently as he speaks.

MAN (CONT'D)  
This island gives you wishes! If you  
wish for something, you must give  
something in return.

Everyone stares at him strangely.

A random woman speaks up-

RANDOM WOMAN  
What the hell do you mean?

The man is clearly disturbed, and he talks fast as he replies.

MAN  
I'll prove it. Come here, ma'am.

The woman looks around strangely, but walks forwards up to where the man is standing.

RANDOM WOMAN  
What are you going to do?

MAN  
Wish.

He takes out a knife and shows it to the audience. He brings it to his palm and CUTS across his skin, causing blood to drip down onto the sand. The crowd cringes at this, but the man holds up a finger to tell them to wait.

MAN (CONT'D)

Watch this.

(pauses)

I wish that my hand was healed.

He extended his palm outwards, and everybody watches in awe as the cut slowly heals rapidly.

RANDOM WOMAN

So we can just wish for whatever we want?

The man nods.

MAN

There's one kink. You have to sacrifice something. For my wish just now, I had cut my hand, which is proportional to the wish I made.

RANDOM WOMAN

Well, what if you wanted something bigger?

MAN

Well... let's say I wanted something really bad. I think I want a machine gun.

He whips out his knife and STABS THE WOMAN IN THE EYE. People scream and run away as her body slumps onto the ground, bleeding.

MAN (CONT'D)

I wish for a machine gun.

Instantly, a machine gun appears on the ground in front of him. He picks it up, cocks it, and begins firing on the crowd. Bodies begin to fall as people rush to escape from the massacre.

The man doesn't notice, but behind him, another man approaches. This man picks up a large log and SLAMS it into the psycho's head. He falls over and slumps onto the ground.

The man looks up at the slaughter, as well as the fires that have started to erupt.

People begin coming out of hiding as they think it's safe, and they stare at the bodies, terrified.

A woman speaks up.

WOMAN

What do we do?

The man looks up, nervously.

MAN 2

We wish.

CUT TO:

**46 INT. ISLAND, HILLS - SAME TIME**

**46**

We see Kirk walking up a trail of pebbles. He pushes past some branches as he sees a clearing up ahead. He walks forwards and admires the view. It overlooks the ocean, with a cool V-shaped crevasse in the center of the black rock.

Kirk sits on a rock, admiring the ocean, but something catches his eye-

SMOKE. Over the line of trees, stretching upwards like a black ladder into the clouds above.

Kirk stands and rushes back the way he came.

CUT TO:

**47 INT. ISLAND, OUTSIDE CAMP - SAME TIME**

**47**

Sharon, Darcy, and Harold are putting the finishing touches on the hut, and they admire their handiwork.

Sharon turns to Darcy-

SHARON

Can you find Adam for me, Darcy? He should be playing somewhere around here.

DARCY

Okay, mom.

She runs off, and Sharon turns to Harold.

SHARON

It looks great, Harold.

Harold smiles his classic smile.

HAROLD

It sure does.

SHARON

If Kirk were here, he'd say it looks just like our house back on the mainland.

Harold scoffs.

HAROLD

Let's not talk about Kirk, how about? Let's talk about...  
(looks down to think)  
Hmmm...

SHARON

Harold.

Harold looks up, but Sharon is looking the other way, towards camp.

HAROLD

What?

He turns to where she is looking, and they see a black cloud of smoke from the direction of camp.

SHARON

Holy shit.

Harold starts walking towards camp, but holds out his hand to stop Sharon, who had started following.

HAROLD

No. Stay here with the kids. I'm going to see what they're doing.

Harold begins jogging down the beach towards the plume of smoke.

CUT TO:

**48 INT. ISLAND, OUTSIDE CAMP - A FEW MOMENTS LATER**

**48**

Kirk breaks through the clearing of trees and runs in a full sprint towards the middle of camp. He comes to a stop due to what he sees--

A PILE of DEAD BODIES from the machine gun fire, piled up together from the previous slaughter...

A bunch of people standing around, WISHING for assorted things.

We see a couple people with missing limbs from wishing too big, and they are bleeding out on the ground.

Many screams fill the air, and Kirk rushes over to help the injured.

CUT TO:

**49 INT. ISLAND, CAMP - LATER**

**49**

We see Kirk sitting on a sandy log, his head in his hands. He looks at his sandy hands, contemplating his world.

KIRK

Where am I in all of this?

He turns to his left, where a dead body with its eyes open seems to be looking at him.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Wishes could be the answer to get out of this.

CUT TO:

**50 INT. ISLAND - DAY**

**50**

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO DAYS LATER:

**51 INT: ISLAND BEACH, CAMP - MORNING**

**51**

The beginning of the community camp is finished, with the outlines of dark wood huts visible. Sharon and Harold are helping build someone's house.

Harold is using a rock to bash the sticks into place between the improvised beams.

HAROLD:

Sharon, has Kirk came back to your house yet?

Sharon wonders this herself and turns to look down the beach, where not a soul can be seen.

SHARON:

I assume not, although he might just be waiting for us there.

HAROLD:

I notice he tends to stay away from attention. What's up with that?

Sharon looks off as though wondering whether Kirk would mind her talking about this, but he's not here.

SHARON:

He has anxiety around crowds a lot, especially now, after what's happened. I think he just needs some time to himself.

Harold nods in understanding.

HAROLD:

This must have been hard on him. Especially since you know that you can just wish it all away.

Sharon eyes him in confusion.

SHARON:

What do you mean?

Harold gives her a slightly bewildered look in return, but then shrugs and informs her--

HAROLD:

There's something wrong with this island. I believe that you were gone when we discovered it, but look around you.

Sharon does so, but doesn't really see anything out of the ordinary. She turns to Harold for answers, but he continues.

HAROLD (CON'T):

You think twenty-five or so people can build a camp this fast?

Sharon looks back again to ponder this, and she nods as she notices the peculiar fact.

SHARON:

What did they do?

A twinkle lights up in Harold's eyes as he turns to her, taking his hands off the unfinished hut.

HAROLD:

They wished.

CUT TO:

Kirk is sitting on a dark sandy log, wringing his hands and looking around as though being watched. He looks at his dirty hands, and then talks to himself.

KIRK:  
The world at my fingertips... but what  
to wish?

He looks over his shoulder, paranoid.

KIRK:  
(whisper)  
Do I have what it takes?

He picks up a small handful of sand, watching it slip through his grasp.

KIRK:  
(whisper)  
All I want is a chance to get what I  
need.

Again, he looks over his shoulder, and he sees a small blonde boy (8-9) sitting on a log a few hundred yards away.

He stands up...

And RUNS towards the boy.

KIRK:  
Kid! Come here! Come here!

The kid looks up as Kirk draws closer.

KIRK (CONT'D):  
I want to show you something.

The kid looks at him nervously.

KID:  
I'm not supposed to talk to  
strangers.

Kirk lowers his tone and kneels to be at the boy's eye level.

KIRK:  
Am I a stranger? You don't think I'm  
strange, do you?

The boy nods, and Kirk looks angry.

He stops himself from going off at the boy...

Staying sane...



KIRK (CONT'D):  
Just come with me. I'll take you  
right back to your parents.

A tear dribbles from the boy's eye.

KID:  
My parents are dead. The crash  
killed them.

Kirk turns to look around. Nobody in sight.

KIRK:  
I'll take care of you. What's your  
name?

The boy looks at him with distrust, but gives in.

KID:  
It's Luke.

Kirk nods, trying not to scare the kid off.

KIRK:  
Luke... that's a cool name. My name is  
Kirk.

Luke smiles a little bit, and Kirk smiles back.

LUKE:  
That's a cool name too.

KIRK:  
See? We aren't strangers anymore. If  
we pass each other on the streets,  
we'll say each other's names. That's  
what friends do, right?

Luke looks away bashfully, hiding a kiddish smile.

LUKE:  
Yeah, I guess so.

KIRK:  
So, Luke, do you want to see the  
cool thing I've got?

Luke smiles giddily, as kids do when surprises are involved.

LUKE:  
Yeah.

Kirk holds out his hand, and Luke takes it as though he were  
strolling in the park with his real father.

CUT TO:

**53 INT: ISLAND BEACH, CAMP - CONTINUED**

**53**

Sharon is still talking with Harold, but they are walking away from the unfinished hut.

SHARON:  
Can we wish to get off the island?

Harold shakes his head.

HAROLD:  
I haven't tried it yet. I think that would be a lot to wish for. The sacrifice would have to be... astronomical.

SHARON:  
What would you have to sacrifice?

Harold chuckles a little bit, unsure.

HAROLD:  
I dunno. Maybe a limb? A loved one? Don't ask me, I don't make the rules.

SHARON:  
What would you wish for?

HAROLD:  
Nothing, really. I don't think I could pay the price.

SHARON:  
Without the payment. Free of charge.

Harold thinks briefly. He looks out at the beautiful ocean as he ponders.

HAROLD:  
It would be... that I could see my father one last time.

SHARON:  
I'm sorry.

HAROLD:  
It's okay. Just remember, if you make a wish, you have to say that you wish it. You can't imply it or

say that you want it. You have to  
WISH for it.

Sharon and Harold turn to see Darcy jogging along the sand  
towards them.

DARCY:  
Mom! Where's Dad? He's not at the  
hut.

SHARON:  
I'm not sure, maybe you missed him  
or something.

DARCY:  
I doubt it.

SHARON:  
I'm sure he's just taking another  
walk around the island. If you go to  
the hut and wait, I'm sure he'll be  
back soon, honey.

Darcy nods slowly, but then turns and jogs back the way she  
came.

DARCY:  
Bye mom!

SHARON:  
Bye.

She waits and watches her daughter leave for a moment, and  
then turns to Harold--

SHARON:  
Where were we?

CUT TO:

**54 EXT: ISLAND HILL - MINUTES LATER**

**54**

Kirk leads Luke up through a thick brush, pushing past  
branches until they reach an open clearing, with black, sharp  
rocks overlooking a beautiful view of the ocean.

Kirk points, and Luke smiles.

KIRK:  
Look at that! It's beautiful!

LUKE:  
Wow.

Luke walks closer to the edge, Kirk right behind him.

LUKE:  
That's a long way down.

Kirk's face shows a glimpse of pity.

KIRK:  
It is.

Kirk comes closer, but then Luke turns around, causing him to stop and pretend that he is peering over the edge.

LUKE:  
Where's your family, Kirk?

Kirk comes up with a fib on the spot--

KIRK:  
I'm alone, like you. My family died  
in the crash.

Luke tilts his head in curious observation.

LUKE:  
We're kind of like brothers, then.

He smiles lovingly.

KIRK:  
Like Cain and Abel.

Luke clearly doesn't understand this, and Kirk continues.

KIRK (CON'T):  
Can I ask you a question, Luke?

He nods.

KIRK (CON'T):  
If you could have one wish in the  
entire world, what would it be? It  
can be anything you desire.

Luke thinks for a moment, and replies.

LUKE:  
To have my mommy and daddy back.

Kirk stares at him blankly.

KIRK:  
Would you be willing to pay the  
price for that?

Luke's smile fades.

KIRK (CONT'D):  
Would you do anything to have them  
back?

LUKE:  
I guess so.

Kirk nods.

KIRK:  
Me too, kid.

LUKE:  
What do you want more than anything?

KIRK:  
You see, there's this beautiful  
woman I love with all my heart, and  
I'd do anything for her, but she  
fell in love with the wrong man. My  
wish would be for her and I to live  
happily ever after.

LUKE:  
That's nice.

Kirk's face turns into one of childish mischievousness, but  
he's no child.

KIRK:  
There's something about this island,  
Luke. Something mysterious.

Luke's face turns scared as though Kirk is telling him a  
ghost story.

LUKE:  
What?

KIRK:  
All the wishes you want, all the  
dreams you've dreamed; they're  
possible on this island.

Luke's face brightens.

LUKE:  
Really?

Kirk's face brightens too, but only to keep Luke convinced.

KIRK:

Yeah! If you can wish big enough,  
this island will give it to you. All  
you have to do is wish.

Luke looks confused.

LUKE:  
Then why aren't my dreams true right  
now?

KIRK:  
There's a catch. Your wish requires  
a special sacrifice equal to what  
you wish. The bigger the wish, the  
more you have to sacrifice.

LUKE:  
How would you do that?

Kirk smiles wickedly.

KIRK:  
By killing you.

There is absolutely no mercy in Kirk's face, and only fear in  
Luke's.

KIRK (CON'T):  
My future is with the woman I love,  
Luke, and if she doesn't love me, I  
don't know what I'll do. That's why  
I need to do this. It's nothing  
personal.

He takes a step ominously towards Luke, who tries to dart  
past him, but Kirk grabs his arm. Luke tries to break free by  
scratching and clawing, but Kirk is much stronger than him.

Kirk grabs him quickly by the waist and THROWS Luke over the  
cliff of black rocks.

Kirk watches as Luke's body hits the water below, confirming  
his death.

Kirk looks around, terrified of being caught with his heinous  
crime. He looks to the sky, thinking fast.

KIRK:  
I need her to love me..

He looks down at the ground.

KIRK (CONT'D):

But is that enough? Does power make  
love? Can love be bought? Love can  
be broken...

He takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, and speaks--

KIRK (CONT'D)  
I wish to be the most powerful man  
in the world.

He waits for a moment, and then opens his eyes in shock.

He looks at his hands and his body; nothing. Kirk stares down  
the cliff, where Luke's body is still floating limply face-  
down.

Kirk SCREAMS in emotional agony, horrified that he'd just  
killed an innocent child.

KIRK:  
(whisper)  
Why didn't it work?

He looks around some more.

KIRK (CONT'D):  
WHY DIDN'T IT FUCKING WORK?!

He kneels, sobbing.

KIRK (CONT'D):  
I wish... for Luke to be alive.

He looks at the body again. Nothing. Has his dream been  
fulfilled?

KIRK (CONT'D):  
I wish for Luke to come back to me.

Tears flood from Kirk's eyes.

KIRK (CONT'D):  
I wish for Audrey to fall in love  
with me.

Still nothing.

Kirk waits, watching the body.

KIRK (CONT'D):  
At least your wish got answered.

He turns and walks back through the brush.

CUT TO:

**55 EXT: ISLAND SHORE, CAMP - MINUTES LATER**

**55**

Kirk is walking back to the camp, where the group has made a large fire, with multiple people standing around it.

Everybody turns to face Kirk in a line, not moving, and the ocean waves are the only sounds.

KIRK:  
What's going on here?

Silence.

Sharon walks up behind Kirk and taps his shoulder.

SHARON:  
We made you a fire.

Kirk looks confused

KIRK:  
Why? I don't need one.

SHARON:  
To honor your presence.

Kirk looks confused, then REALIZES...

KIRK:  
Am I the most powerful person in the world?

Sharon looks confused.

SHARON:  
It seems so. Everyone here is under your control. Even me. I feel you, Kirk, but you're different. Did you wish for this?

Kirk nods.

Sharon looks scared.

SHARON (CONT'D):  
But the algorithm... What did you sacrifice?

Kirk lies again.

KIRK:



I was taking another walk to aid my anxiety, but I stepped on a bird's nest, killing four of the hatchlings.

Sharon doesn't look convinced.

SHARON:  
Why did you wish for this?

KIRK:  
My brother. Every single day I envy his wealth, his family, his lavish lifestyle. It's my turn for a share of that. What's wrong? Don't you want this for me?

Sharon takes a step back, but then strains as she steps forwards, as though she is being restrained from walking away.

SHARON:  
Revoke your wish, Kirk. Look around you. Is this what you want? You want your family to be your slaves for you? Just because you want to get back at your brother?

Kirk looks at the line of people, looking towards the sea as though they were robots on sale at an auction.

KIRK:  
No, of course not.

He looks back at her.

KIRK (CONT'D):  
But I can't revoke it. Not yet. I need this glory.

A tear falls from Sharon's eye. She lifts a hand to wipe it, but the tear disappears into her skin.

She can't even cry in his presence.

SHARON:  
I'm begging you, Kirk. Do what's right for us as a family. Harold is family as well, and when this is all over, you'll love him as a brother.

Kirk thinks for a moment, nods, and takes a longing look back to the line of people.

KIRK:  
I revoke my wish.

Immediately, many gasps are heard, as people fall out of the trance they were once in.

Sharon smiles at him sadly, and Kirk embraces her tightly, closing his eyes as a small tear comes out of one of them.

LUKE (O.S.)  
Kirk?

Kirk's eyes snap open.

Kirk lets go of Sharon and turns to face Luke.

KIRK:  
Luke?

Luke is looking at himself.

LUKE:  
What happened? What did you do to me?

Kirk watches, terrified, as Sharon asks-

SHARON:  
Kirk... what happened?

KIRK:  
Nothing, I...

LUKE:  
He killed me...

He stares at Kirk in horror.

LUKE (CONT'D):  
You killed me...

KIRK:  
But I brought you back. You're here. Isn't that what matters?

Sharon turns to Kirk, half horrified, half indignant.

SHARON:  
You lied to me! Why would you kill an innocent boy, no matter what the cost?

KIRK:

It was experimental! I was going to bring him back!

SHARON:  
Next time you gamble, bet your own life! Would you have killed Darcy or Adam?

KIRK:  
No!

SHARON:  
But you'd kill him? How dare you!

She turns and starts walking away.

KIRK:  
Sharon, please!

She WHIPS around, indignancy radiating from her.

SHARON:  
Fuck you, Kirk! I'm finding the kids.

Kirk throws up his hands in disbelief.

KIRK:  
What are you gonna do, Sharon? Leave?

She whips around again.

SHARON:  
Yes! I'm leaving you!

Kirk watches, as well as the group, who had been silently observing the battle.

Kirk turns to Luke, who runs off into the crowd.

Kirk is alone..

CUT TO:

**56 INT: ISLAND SHORE, THE LAWSON'S HUT - LATER**

**56**

Adam is playing in the sand next to his bed, while Darcy is looking off at the ocean.

Darcy's head turns to see Sharon walking up to them.

DARCY:

Mom?

SHARON:  
It's okay, Darcy, I'm just getting  
your father's things.

Darcy stares at her strangely.

DARCY:  
What for?

SHARON:  
He's moving out.

DARCY:  
Why?

SHARON:  
He's done some things that make me  
not want to have him in our family  
anymore. I don't want you or Adam to  
talk to him again, for your safety.

DARCY:  
What did he do?

Sharon looks at the ground, unsure whether her daughter is  
old enough to hear these things.

SHARON:  
I'm not going to tell you.

Darcy sits up indignantly.

DARCY:  
I'm his daughter, so I ought to  
know!

SHARON:  
Well I'm your mother, and I'm  
supposed to protect you!

DARCY:  
What kind of mother has to protect  
her kids from her husband?

Sharon is speechless.

SHARON:  
I don't know. I don't want to be a  
bad mother to you, but after all  
that's happened, I don't know what  
to think anymore. I need you to know  
that there are some bad people in

this world. Evil, horrible people, and they will kill you to get what they want. Your father is turning into one of those people.

DARCY:  
Is he making wishes?

Sharon nods.

SHARON:  
A lot of them. Today he killed a small boy to get a wish. The boy was lucky enough to be brought back, but your father might not stop there. I'm scared to be around him, because I know he doesn't love me anymore. All he wants is the world, while he's stuck on this stupid island.

DARCY:  
Where will we go? How will we escape?

Sharon PAUSES, and thinks...

She hasn't pondered this yet.

SHARON:  
I don't know. Maybe the wishes are involved, but there's no way that we can survive in the ocean. We're too far away from any mainland.

DARCY:  
We could build a raft...

SHARON:  
Our rations would run out in a week. We're lucky enough to even have food here.

DARCY:  
What about the airplane inflatables?

SHARON:  
They got popped.

DARCY:  
I wish we could...

Sharon rushes forwards and clamps her hand over Darcy's mouth to keep her quiet.

SHARON:  
 (whisper yell)  
 No! You cannot wish for  
 anything! This island takes as much  
 as it gives, and if you wish for  
 something, it will take something  
 from you.

Sharon removes her hand from blocking her daughter's mouth.

SHARON:  
 You can't wish.

Darcy looks saddened by this, but she understands...

DARCY:  
 What would you wish for?

Sharon looks at her daughter lovingly.

SHARON:  
 It would be for you and Adam to have  
 the best lives possible. No matter  
 what happens on this island, I will  
 protect you.

DARCY:  
 What if somebody wishes for world  
 peace?

Sharon pauses.

SHARON:  
 Then they'd have to give up  
 something truly enormous. I don't  
 think anybody in the world could pay  
 the price for something like that.

CUT TO:

**57 EXT: ISLAND SHORE, LAWSON'S HUT - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

**57**

Sharon is standing outside the hut, waving goodbye to her kids.

She directs her attention to Darcy--

SHARON:  
 I'm giving your father his  
 stuff. This might be the last time I  
 see you, so if anything happens,  
 take care of Adam.

DARCY:  
What if dad comes here?

Sharon smiles a little bit.

SHARON:  
Then kick his ass. Don't trust  
anything he says, and if you can,  
run away until he leaves. Stay safe.

Darcy rushes forwards and embraces her mother.

DARCY:  
I love you, mom.

SHARON:  
I love you, baby.

They let go, and Sharon walks over to Adam, who has sat down  
and is playing in the sand.

SHARON:  
I love you, Adam.

He looks at her for a tiny second, and then goes back to  
playing.

Sharon turns and starts walking down the beach, back to the  
group.

CUT TO:

**58 INT: ISLAND SHORE, CAMP - LATER**

**58**

A long shot of camp; people are sitting around the fire,  
holding hands, singing, or just sitting in silence.

Our view switches over away from camp, moving along the  
shore, until we see Kirk sitting on a fallen tree, alone.

He is singing..

KIRK:  
(singing)  
Lean on me...  
when you're not strong...  
and I'll be your friend...  
I'll help you carry on...

A small thud is audible behind him.

He whips around to see Sharon standing there, looking angry;  
his stuff lying on the ground.

KIRK:  
What's that for?

Sharon doesn't respond. Instead, she turns around and starts walking away.

Kirk stands and begins walking towards her.

KIRK:  
Sharon.

She is silent, still walking.

KIRK:  
Sharon! Come here! I want to talk!

She pauses, pondering the offer...

She continues...

KIRK:  
Come here, you fucking whore!

Sharon continues ignoring him.

Kirk's had enough. He RUSHES towards her in a full sprint. She turns, and whips out a long hunting knife. Kirk stops in his tracks and watches her carefully.

SHARON:  
What have you become? You used to care about me!

Kirk seems to back off his hostility now that he has her attention.

KIRK:  
I do! I do! I want our family to have the best life we can!

SHARON:  
So you went and killed a child?! That's what's best?

KIRK:  
If it helps our family, then yes! I wished to be great so you wouldn't think I'm a bum anymore!

Sharon pauses a moment.

SHARON:  
(Sad)



Is that what this is for? I never thought you were a bum. You had a job, and so did I. That was enough for me. I didn't need you to become rich and famous! I was happy with you just the way you were.

Kirk shakes his head.

KIRK:

Well I wasn't! We could barely pay the bills with our jobs, and that wasn't enough. I wanted to sit down after every day and know that I didn't have to worry about everything. I'm happier now than I ever was back home.

SHARON:

Really? On this island? With a broken family?

Kirk's eyes shine with tears: the last etches of humanity dripping from his face.

KIRK:

No, without you! I haven't felt love for you in two years. Living with you was like living with a stranger.

Tears form in Sharon's eyes the knife falls down to her waist.

SHARON:

Why didn't you say anything? You know I love you...

KIRK:

And that is why I couldn't leave you. I couldn't leave the life we'd created. Our kids need us. That's why I stayed.

SHARON:

But this...

She throws her hands up and looks around.

SHARON (CONT'D):

This is not what the kids need.

KIRK:

Yes, it is! If I can get a wish right, then our kids can go to

college! They can live comfortably! WE can live comfortably.

Sharon's compassion fades, and her eyebrows furrow into a malevolent hatred.

SHARON:  
You're disgusting. All you care about is money and yourself.

Kirk throws up his hands as though he were saying "so what".

KIRK:  
You still love me. That's all I need.

Sharon shakes her head.

SHARON:  
Not anymore. Not when you're like this. Goodbye, Kirk.

She turns, and Kirk tries to run at her again.

KIRK:  
Don't turn your back to me, slut!

She pulls out the knife again, holding it out in front of her with two hands.

SHARON:  
Don't come near me! Don't come near me or the kids.

She begins to walk backwards, not taking her eyes off of Kirk.

He starts to walk towards her again similarly to Jack Torrence in the Shining.

KIRK  
What are you gonna do,

SHARON:  
Stay back! I swear to God, I will stab you!

KIRK:  
You would never stab me. You love me too much! You told me you love me!

He comes forward again and reaches out a hand as though to touch her cheek, purely manipulatively.

A tear falls down Sharon's cheek.

KIRK:  
I love you, Sharon.

Suddenly, Sharon takes her knife and slides it across her forearm, gushing blood onto the sand.

Kirk stares in horror as she screams in agony.

SHARON:  
I wish you would stay away from me!

She closes her eyes, and there is silence.

She opens them to see Kirk gone...

SHARON:  
Kirk?

Nothing.

She looks around, but he has disappeared.

Just as she had wished for...

CUT TO:

**59 INT: ISLAND SHORE, LAWSON'S HUT - A FEW SECONDS LATER 59**

Adam is asleep, his nose whistling peacefully as he breathes, and Darcy is sitting next to him, trying to stay awake.

She hears something to the right.

DARCY:  
Mom?

Another scuffle...

Darcy sits up, as Kirk walks into the doorway.

Darcy STANDS, grabbing a small pocket knife from her bag, which is sitting on the end of the bed.

DARCY:  
Why are you here?

Kirk thinks.

KIRK:  
You mother... wished for me to stay  
away from her. I came here somehow.

DARCY:  
You're a liar.

KIRK:  
Darcy, I need you to listen to me. There's something terribly wrong with your mother. She's obsessed with the wishes. I'm afraid that she might try to hurt you. She already fought with me and wished for me not to see her.

Darcy doesn't look convinced.

DARCY:  
I don't believe you. I talked with mom before, and she told me that you killed somebody.

KIRK:  
(sad)  
Your mother isn't well right now. She's lied to you, Darcy. She's trying to break your trust with me. Don't let her do that, please. I love you so much, and I would give you the world. You know I'd never hurt you. I've lost too much today, and I don't want to lose you too.

Darcy looks at him, truly conflicted.

The knife in her hands wobbles...

DARCY:  
I don't know who to trust anymore. You're supposed to be here for me, Dad.

KIRK:  
I'm here now, baby.

He kneels and stretches his arms to embrace her.

Darcy lets the knife fall to her side.

She walks forwards and hugs her dad. Kirk's eyes are open, watching the sleeping Adam to make sure he doesn't wake up.

They break apart-

KIRK:  
I want you to take your brother and hide.

Darcy looks confused.

DARCY:  
But where do we go?

KIRK:  
Anywhere but here. Stay safe from  
your mother.

Darcy looks confused, but she nods, trusting her father.

CUT TO:

**60 INT: ISLAND SHORE OUTSIDE CAMP - CONTINUED**

**60**

Sharon is walking towards camp, which has a couple people sitting by the fire, eating. Her arm is very bloody, as the gash is still open.

She goes into a random tent and grabs a shirt on the sand.

She takes it and wraps it around her arm, wincing as it reddens quickly.

Sharon looks around, and then begins walking.

SHARON:  
(To herself)  
Where did you go, you bastard?

She begins to jog.

SHARON (CONT'D):  
Where'd you go?!

She looks around, and then down at her arm as she comes to a stop.

SHARON  
I revoke my wish.

She unwraps her arm, but the cut is still there. She looks surprised, but rewraps the bandage, and continues onwards.

CUT TO:

**61 INT: ISLAND SHORE, LAWSON'S HUT - A LITTLE BIT LATER**

**61**

Kirk is sitting by himself, humming to himself, pleased.

He sees something in the distance and stands abruptly.

**62 SHARON'S VIEW:****62**

Sharon looks up to see Kirk standing, and she RUSHES towards him.

SHARON:  
What the hell are you doing here?

KIRK:  
You can't wish me away, Sharon!

SHARON:  
Where are my kids!

Kirk chuckles.

KIRK:  
You wished me right to them! I told Darcy that you aren't safe; that the wishes corrupted you. You're not safe to be around!

Sharon is rightfully indignant.

SHARON:  
You monster!

She walks forwards with the knife.

KIRK:  
Are you going to kill me? Would you make a wish then? Would you wish to have your kids back? Just to see the father they trust lying dead on the ground? With their crazy mother with a knife standing over his corpse?

Sharon stops dead in her tracks.

SHARON:  
I hate you.

KIRK:  
I know you do. That's why I let the kids go. To keep them safe from you.

SHARON:  
You would let them die to get what you want!

KIRK:  
No, I'm keeping them safe! No one will hurt them if they're alone!

SHARON:  
They're safer with me!

KIRK:  
Then go get them.

Kirk stands to the side and points to where the kids had gone. Sharon walks past him, turning towards him as she walks past.

He fakes to jump at her, and she screams. He laughs maliciously, and she runs away.

Kirk starts to walk away from her, towards camp.

CUT TO:

**63 INT: ISLAND SHORE, CAMP - LATER**

**63**

Kirk is walking into camp, looking around..

He spies Audrey sitting by herself, putting sticks into the blazing fire. He slicks his hair upwards and walks towards her.

KIRK:  
Hey.

She turns and smiles a little.

AUDREY:  
Hey.

KIRK:  
How are you doing?

She gives him an uncertain shrug of her shoulders.

AUDREY:  
Okay, I guess.

KIRK:  
Is something wrong?

AUDREY:  
It's just..

She stares into the dying fire--

AUDREY:  
Harold's been helping others make homes for themselves, and I haven't been able to see him very much. It's

really selfless of him, but I've just felt lonely.

Kirk nods in fake compassion.

KIRK:  
I'm sorry.

Audrey smiles to hide her loneliness.

AUDREY:  
Oh, no. It's okay. I'm glad he's doing it. I guess I could use a little free time.

Kirk pauses to look around.

KIRK:  
So what do you think about all of this?

She looks around as well, admiring the landscape.

AUDREY:  
The island?

Kirk nods quickly, almost impatiently.

AUDREY:  
It's beautiful.

KIRK:  
And what of the wishes?

AUDREY:  
I haven't made any yet.

KIRK:  
What would you wish for? If you could have anything you wanted.

She thinks for a little moment.

AUDREY:  
Nothing, really. I'm happy with my life. Harold's job is amazing, and I get to accessorize the house while he's gone. Life's really good.

Kirk nods, but you can see a hint of frustration radiating from him.

KIRK:



So there's nothing that you would change?

She shakes her head.

AUDREY:

Not really, no. How about you?

Kirk fakes sadness.

KIRK:

I feel incomplete. Sharon and I have been having problems. Money's been short, and we've been conserving everything just to keep up with rent costs.

Audrey's face lightens rather empathetically.

AUDREY:

Harold and I could always help out! We'd be happy to!

Kirk fakes another sad look and looks off to the island.

KIRK:

I guess it doesn't really matter as long as we're stuck here.

AUDREY:

Don't worry, as soon as we're off this place, Harold and I will help your family out.

KIRK:

Thank you, Audrey.

She smiles sweetly, and he looks at the ground.

KIRK:

You know, there is one thing I wish for.

AUDREY:

What is it?

Kirk looks longingly at her.

KIRK:

You. Your love. I love you, Audrey, and I know in my heart that my brother doesn't deserve you. Tell me you love me too.

Audrey's smile fades.

AUDREY:  
Kirk, you have a wife... a family...

KIRK:  
Tell me you love me, Audrey. Please.

He looks at her pleadingly, but her empathy has disintegrated.

AUDREY:  
I don't. I don't love you, Kirk. I love my husband, and that will never change.

KIRK:  
Kiss me, then. Just once, and then I'll leave. I promise.

He scoots towards her, and she stands up.

AUDREY:  
No! I'm not going to kiss you!

He stands as well, looming over her.

KIRK:  
Kiss me, please! I love you.

AUDREY:  
You need to love your wife. You're married and so am I.

She starts to walk away, but he grabs her hand.

AUDREY:  
Let go of me!

Kirk tries to bring her closer to him, but a shout is heard--

HAROLD (O.S.):  
HEY!

Kirk stops and looks to see Harold speed walking towards him, furious.

HAROLD:  
Kirk! What are you doing with her!

KIRK:  
None of your goddamn business, Harold!

Audrey jogs over to Harold.

AUDREY:  
He tried to kiss me!

Harold immediately looks indignant.

HAROLD:  
What the hell? Kirk, is this true?

Kirk tries to look surprised, but it turns to disgust.

KIRK:  
No! Of course not! I'd never kiss  
your whore of a wife.

Harold steps in front of Kirk, encouraging a fight.

HAROLD:  
Don't talk to her like that! What  
the hell has gotten into you?

KIRK:  
Nothing, dammit!

HAROLD:  
Then why'd you attack my wife?

KIRK:  
I didn't! I told you!

HAROLD:  
Don't bullshit me! I saw you chase  
her! Why?

KIRK:  
Because I love her!

Harold looks shocked, almost disgusted.

HAROLD:  
You've got a family, Kirk...

KIRK:  
A broken one...

HAROLD:  
It's still a family! You can still  
be there for your kids!

KIRK:  
You don't know what it's like! You  
don't know hardships or failure! You  
don't know what it's like to sleep

next to someone who loves you when  
you don't love them back! Don't  
fucking judge me!

HAROLD:  
Is this what's best for your  
family? For Darcy or Adam? God,  
you're fucking insane!

Kirk takes a step forward as though to attack Harold.

KIRK:  
Fuck you!

Harold PUNCHES Kirk with a hard right hook to the nose, and  
Kirk falls backwards, stunned.

Harold steps back and returns to Audrey.

HAROLD:  
Don't come near my wife again,  
Kirk! Don't even come near me!

He turns and walks away, with Audrey at his side, leaving  
Kirk with a gushing nose, alone.

CUT TO:

**64 INT: ISLAND, HILLS - CONTINUED**

**64**

Sharon is walking forward up a small hill under a larger  
cliff that overlooks the seashore, groaning as she holds her  
arm. The hills are a lovely green, but they are getting  
darker as the sun begins to dip under the line of the  
horizon.

She calls for her kids.

SHARON:  
Adam!

Nothing. They must be farther up the hill...

SHARON:  
Darcy!

Sharon begins to cry.

SHARON:  
Darcy?

Slightly behind her, on the ledge overlooking Sharon's  
position, are Adam and Darcy. Adam's mouth is being covered

by Darcy to keep him from calling out, and Darcy is looking down at Sharon.

Sharon falls to her knees, sobbing.

DARCY:

Why did you follow us, mom?

Sharon whips around to the direction of the sound and looks up at her kids with tear-filled eyes.

SHARON:

Oh my god... my babies...

Darcy looks sad at the sight of her mom in this state, but she doesn't know whether to trust her or not.

DARCY:

Why did you follow us?

SHARON:

Because I was scared for you. I didn't want you to be alone.

DARCY:

Isn't it safer to be alone?

Sharon looks horrified.

SHARON:

What did your father do to you?

DARCY:

Nothing. He hugged me. He told me you'd gone crazy from the wishes.

SHARON:

It's not true, Darcy. He lied!

Darcy looks conflicted again.

DARCY:

How do I know what this is? How do I know you even love me anymore?

SHARON:

I do! I love you more than anything, Darcy!

DARCY:

That's what dad said. Are you both right? Or are you both wrong?

SHARON:

He's wrong! He killed someone just for his wishes!

DARCY:  
And you abused the wishes to send him away! To us! Isn't that what you didn't want?

SHARON:  
That was my mistake! I was trying to keep you away from him! I thought by making him go away that he wouldn't be able to harm you two!

DARCY:  
I don't know you anymore, mom. That's why we need to be alone.

Sharon sobs in unfathomable emotional agony.

SHARON:  
You know I love you, Darcy. You know that.

Darcy begins to cry.

DARCY:  
I love you, mom...

Darcy and Adam walk away from the edge of the cliff, out of sight of Sharon, who begins to run around some bushes to a presumably climbable face, which zig-zags back and forth up to the face.

CUT TO:

**65 INT: ISLAND FOREST - NEARING SUNSET**

**65**

Kirk is walking alone in the forest, leaves and sticks crunching beneath his feet as he trudges forward. His face and shirt are COVERED WITH BLOOD.

KIRK (V.O.):  
Do I have what it takes?

Kirk continues, but he doesn't see a large rock in his way.

He TRIPS, and falls with a thud.

He looks back to see a large gash in his foot, bleeding out onto the dirt.

He groans in agony.

KIRK (V.O.):  
All I need is a chance to get what I  
love..

He closes his eyes and whispers some inaudible words to himself.

He looks down at his hand, where a large CLUB has appeared, due to his wish, and smiles..

KIRK:  
A chance..

CUT TO:

**66 INT: ISLAND SHORE, CAMP - CONTINUED**

**66**

Harold is bringing a large bucket of water towards the large fire. Another man behind him is carrying a bucket as well, and Harold dumps the bucket on the steaming fire.

It hisses as white steam and smoke mixes.

Harold turns to the small group of people there, the sun reflecting off his pupils.

HAROLD:  
Let's all have a good night's sleep.

The crowd shuffles as they move to their huts, murmuring "good night's" to each other.

Audrey walks up behind Harold and kisses his cheek.

AUDREY:  
Is the raft ready?

He looks at the ground, slightly embarrassed.

HAROLD:  
No, I haven't found enough wood yet. It'll be done in a few days, though.

AUDREY:  
That's great, hun. Will it have room for anybody else?

Harold looks at her in sadness.

HAROLD:

We can't have more mouths to feed. Our rations are limited as it is. I have no idea how many miles it is to the mainland, but it won't be easy.

AUDREY:

Is your brother's family not worth saving?

Harold looks at her sternly.

HAROLD:

His family isn't our priority. I'm not risking our lives for him after what he did.

Audrey nods in understanding.

AUDREY:

I understand. We'll call the authorities about this, right? When we return?

Harold gives her an assured nod, but it is clearly fugazy.

HAROLD:

Of course, baby.

They embrace, but then Audrey breaks apart from Harold and screams.

Harold whips around, but gets whacked in the face by a large wooden club, wielded by Kirk. He drops instantly, bleeding onto the sand.

Kirk YELLS as he keeps hitting Harold in the head, and Harold's face breaks under the repeated blows, splattering blood all over the sand.

Audrey screams, and kneels on the ground, sobbing her eyes out.

Kirk watches her for a long moment, breathing hard.

He takes a deep breath and says--

KIRK:

I wish for Audrey to fall deeply in love with me.

Audrey chokes on her tears, and they stop flooding from her eyes. She wipes them away, stands, and smiles at Kirk,



completely disregarding her dead husband as she steps over his bleeding body.

She walks towards Kirk, almost seductively..

CUT TO:

**67 INT: SOMEWHERE ON THE ISLAND - CONTINUED**

**67**

We see Sharon walking, clearly dead tired, her feet dragging in the sand. She looks into the sunset and sees her kids up ahead.

She calls for them, but we can't hear over the drowning soundtrack.

She rushes towards them and EMBRACES both of them.

Adam looks childish as ever, but Darcy looks unsure about her.

CUT TO:

**68 INT: ISLAND SHORE, CAMP - CONTINUED**

**68**

Audrey is walking towards Kirk, who walks to her in return.

They kiss passionately, and embrace..

Close up on Audrey's face, leaning against Kirk's chest, the evening sun reflecting off of her; her eyes are closed with a small smile on her face. She is truly, hopelessly in love.

AUDREY:

I love you..

We get a full shot of the camp, with Audrey and Kirk standing over Harold's bleeding corpse.

**SMASH CUT TO BLACK**

END: