

The Man Who Was an Island

By

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"Chasing Seconds" Episode 4

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EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A small cargo boat, the *Desnuda*, is puffing along the ocean.

JAMES  
(voice-over)  
There it is!

INT. PASSENGER'S QUARTERS - DAY

JAMES, MALTE, and FLORENCE are in one of the ship's passenger bunkers. James is viewing something through a telescope: a small tropical island.

MALTE  
Hughes Island?

JAMES  
The one and only! Completely uninhabited, if my memory serves me correctly. Sophomore year of high school I did a report on the archipelagos of the Bahamas.

FLORENCE  
At least it looks cleaner than Tenant's Way.

MALTE  
Like the last two times, I'll ask what possible reason James' father could have for coming here.

FLORENCE  
It's an abandoned island; he could do literally anything he wanted here.

JAMES  
When I was young I always wanted dad to take me camping on an island. He never did it. So whether we pick up a portal there or not, I'm looking forward to the experience.

He looks happily out the window. Florence and Malte are less enthused.

FLORENCE  
Malte, I was gonna ask, why didn't you want to use the bridge to get here anyway?

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

Er...it was a warning. One of the last things my mother told me.

JAMES

She warned you not to use the bridge?

MALTE

Well, she said it was important that my father never jumped through. Like that meant something good.

The three dwell on this.

FLORENCE

Junior, did our fathers ever jump through the bridge?

James nodded.

JAMES

Numerous times, If I recall correctly.

All were silent. Then a massive explosion rocks the boat, sending all three tumbling to the ground.

FLORENCE

--the hell was that?!

A rush of water busts down their door and floods the floor. Malte rushes to the hallway.

MALTE

We've got a breach! A large one! Ship's going down!

The entire boat tilts, sending Florence and James careening into the far wall, and Malte grasping the door frame to keep from tumbling deeper into the ship.

MALTE

Move! Come on!

James crawls to the door, Florence pauses only to notice the radio-flashlight skittering along the floor.

JAMES

Flo! The flashlight!

Florence pounces and grasps it, then follows James.

## INT. CARGO BOAT HALLWAY - DAY

The pair are crawling uphill to the deck, where Malte is keeping the door open. They are grasping door handles and using them to keep their balance. Then Florence grasps a door handle that swings open into her, sending her tumbling into the submerged hallway below them.

JAMES

Florence!

She screams one last time before plunging into the depths of the sinking ship.

MALTE

James! Keep moving, come on!

After a few moments, Malte slides down and grabs his arm, forcing James to continue. James gives one last look at the hallway then refocuses.

JAMES

Uhhh...there's a lifeboat over on each side of--

MALTE

There's no lifeboat on port side! I already checked!

JAMES

Well, then we better hope starboard has one. Er, which side is starboard?

Malte leads the way and slides down the tilted deck, using the railing as a ladder.

MALTE

It's on the lower deck! The one that's already underwater!

James dives over the railing.

## INT. THE SUNKEN SHIP - DAY

Florence spins in a cyclone of bubbles, frantically looking for the exit. After a few seconds, she picks a direction and swims.

After a few moments, she finds herself in the smoky clouds of the engine room. The engine is a mess of spare parts. Swimming curiously towards the mangled chassis, Florence picks up the blown casing of a CIA-grade plastic explosive. Realization crosses her face.

INT. OUTSIDE THE SUNKEN SHIP - DAY

Swimming to the lower deck, James locates the lifeboat and detaches it. He holds on as it floats free then shoots to the surface. Malte jumps overboard and James helps him into the boat. Both frantically siphon water out of the boat until it's relatively floatable.

MALTE

What the hell happened?

JAMES

Who knows? Who cares...

He's looking sadly at the ripples and wreckage left behind in the wake of the boat. A few moments of silence pass.

MALTE

James? There's something I need to tell you about Florence. (When James doesn't stop him) She--

Suddenly Florence comes coughing to the surface.

JAMES

Get her in the boat!

The two paddle over and pull her into the boat. She's slicked with oil and bits of metal are in her hair.

JAMES

Let her breathe! She's alive!

The two watch silently as she coughs up water and clutches her stomach. But after a few moments she's cleared up enough to smile.

FLORENCE

Girl's gotta take care of herself,  
I see...

JAMES

How did you...?

(CONTINUED)

FLORENCE

I swam through the giant hole that used to be our engineer room.

MALTE

Did you get a look at what caused it?

FLORENCE

Umm...based on what I learned as a construction worker, it looks like the engine maybe...overheated?

MALTE

What? Preposterous!

JAMES

It doesn't matter. We're all alive. And I remember what direction the island was from here.

FLORENCE

That was a completely unmanned ship, right?

JAMES

Right. They're completely automated these days.

FLORENCE

Probably why nothing picked up on the problem...whatever the problem was.

MALTE

Humph.

James steers the lifeboat.

JAMES

So, Malte, what were you going to say about Florence?

MALTE

Uh, I was going to say, "She's a good swimmer!"

Florence glances at him; Malte doesn't meet her eye.

TITLE CARD

EXT. SHORE - DAY

The lifeboat washes ashore on the island. The three disembark. Florence immediately peels her oily clothes off and starts washing them in the surf.

MALTE

Humph.

FLORENCE

Oh, come on, you've already seen me strip dance. Doesn't matter at this point.

MALTE

It's not that. I hate camping, or anything resembling it.

JAMES

Come on, stay positive now. It builds character. That's what my dad always said.

MALTE

That's what *everyone's* dad said. Mine luckily was satisfied with summer tech camp.

JAMES

Well, like it or not, we've got an entire island to tame, and I'm looking forward to it. You can either help me find some good walking sticks, or wash clothes with Lady Godiva over there.

Florence glances over at Malte, smiling.

MALTE

(to James)

Coming.

The two leave. Florence narrows her eyes as Malte's figure disappears into the trees.

EXT. THE JUNGLE - DAY

James and Malte are walking through the trees.

JAMES

We're going to need to find a good supply of flax; flax is useful for

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAMES (cont'd)  
a number of reasons, the most of  
which is a waterproof replacement  
for tarp. We can get a good strong  
tent up, make it a home base.

MALTE  
James, we're finding *one* portal  
point, confirming it, and then  
we're leaving. This isn't Robinson  
Crusoe.

JAMES  
Oh? Does your phone get signal out  
here? There's no way for the  
mainland to contact us. We're not  
even in America any more. Who knows  
how long we'll be stuck on this  
island alone?

MALTE  
You aren't sounding *nearly* sad  
enough when you say that.

JAMES  
One of us have to keep a positive  
outlook on things.

Something drops on Malte's head and he shrieks and  
frantically brushes it off. It's an old vine.

MALTE  
How long *is* the actual hike? We can  
worry about escaping the island  
after we reach the portal.

James takes out a map while walking.

JAMES  
Actual distance is like, a few  
miles. It's right in the center of  
the island. The path is just a bit  
twisty--

MALTE  
James, look out!

Because James wasn't watching where he was going, he trips  
on a root at the top of a steep incline hidden by fern  
fronds. Losing his footing, James tumbles head over heels  
down into the foliage. Malte races after him.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF THE HOT SPRINGS - DAY

Malte finds his friend and the base of the steep hill, having broken through the treeline. He doesn't immediately notice James is staring at something.

MALTE

James, you all--?

He breaks off as he notices what James noticed: A bubbling lake, with lit torches and bamboo chairs dotting the edges. As they watch, several light-skinned HUMANS wearing facepaint and leafy skirts come running through the other treeline and dive into the lake with whoops.

MALTE

...What?

Time skip. Same place, now approaching twilight. Malte and James push some branches aside to show the lake to Florence.

FLORENCE

...What?

MALTE

That's what I said!

JAMES

Nothing I've ever read says Hughes Island is inhabited. Nothing.

FLORENCE

How much research did you actually do?

JAMES

Well...normally I research a potential portal point extensively before we set out for it, but there weren't exactly libraries in Tenant's Way.

As they watch, a female LEOPARD with a coconut bra take a running dive into the pool. She's followed by a hulking RHINO, who cannonballs and sends a wave of swimmers tumbling out of the pool to screams of delight.

FLORENCE

They seem friendly enough. Let's talk to them.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES  
Out of the question.

MALTE  
Agreed.

FLORENCE  
Fine, jeez. Then what do you two  
think we should do?

JAMES  
Ignore them. The portal point is in  
the opposite direction. We don't  
bother them, they don't bother--

GUARD #1  
Freeze!

The three realize that a trio of "native" GUARDS have spears  
pointed at their backs.

GUARD #2  
Come with us!

The guards force them into the open, and then march them  
past the bubbling lake, where the partying islanders stop  
and ogle them in surprise.

FLORENCE  
(to James)  
You were saying?

EXT. TRIBAL HUTS - DAY

The guards bring the three to a collection of tribal huts a  
short walk from the bubbling lake. There are NATIVES around  
doing a number of things: sunbathing, drinking from coconut  
shells, dancing, conversing, some are bussing drinks. Many  
different species are represented, and all are wearing  
nothing but face paint and plants.

JAMES  
(to guards)  
Excuse me, would you mind  
explaining--?

GUARD #1  
The Chief'll have some questions  
for you before you get to ask  
anything!

(CONTINUED)

They are led to the largest and most luxurious of huts. A portly brown HORSE in a loincloth and lavish headdress is carried out on a servant-born stretcher made of bamboo and fronds. Sitting on the head of the stretcher is a large island toucan.

CHIEF

**And who might these three be?**

His voice is booming, but his body image and demeanor don't carry the authority.

GUARD #2

We found them near the hot springs,  
oh exalted Chief. *Snooping*  
*around...*

CHIEF

**You three! From where do you come?**

JAMES

Er, my name is James, this is Malte and Florence. We were shipwrecked near the south beach, and we...

CHIEF

**Were you really on that boat? We checked it out but couldn't find anything. Was there anything valuable left on board?**

JAMES

Figure it out for yourself. (He crosses his arms.) We'd just like to go.

CHIEF

**Nonsense! You are marooned on this small island! Where else have you to go? Come, smile at the fortune Kayfabe has bestowed upon you! Join us for festivities!**

JAMES

Kayfabe...?

FLORENCE

(abruptly cuts James off)  
That's a wonderful offer! Of course we accept!

James and Malte look at her, askance.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF

**Wonderful! As the leader of this village, I welcome you to the peaceful Iromish Tribe! Let us celebrate our new guests!**

The natives cheer.

CHIEF

**Come! We will prepare a hut for our newcomers and throw a celebratory feast tonight!**

The guards and Chief's stretcher lead the three through the festivities that popped up out of nowhere.

JAMES

Flo, what the hell?

FLORENCE

What? I fail to see why we can't live with the...whatever they called themselves, and go find the portal point tomorrow.

James glances suspiciously at the Chief.

JAMES

We'll talk about it later.

CHIEF

**Our lifestyle is a lavish one! All sorts of food, sweet nectars to drink, and endless fun!**

MALTE

Where does all the food come from?

CHIEF

**We catch it, just as our ancestors did before us! But it's nothing you need worry about. As guests you must only eat, drink, and be merry! Are any of you hungry now?**

JAMES AND MALTE

No.

FLORENCE

I could actually go for something to drink. Preferably alcoholic.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF

Wonderful! I'll have some hibiscus  
extract ready for you at the feast!  
A personal favorite of mine!

The promenade reaches a worn-down hut. As the three watch,  
servants clean it out and scrub it down, before ushering  
them inside.

INT. THE GUEST HUT - TWILIGHT

Inside the hut are cots woven out of bamboo, thick fibers,  
and wool blankets.

CHIEF

Become well-rested for now, but  
don't miss tonight! The feast in  
your honor will be one-of-a-kind!  
Oh, and one last thing:

A servant woman lays three leafy skirts, shell necklaces,  
and a coconut bra on the ground.

CHIEF

It is customary to wear the  
clothing of our people at all  
times! The island is always  
temperate, you will not need your  
layers!

MALTE

What if we want our, uh, layers?

CHIEF

I must insist. All glory to Kayfabe  
for bringing you here!

He and his servants leave.

JAMES

...so, who else thinks something  
funny is going on?

MALTE

They speak English. They're all  
sorts of different species. And  
they're eating more than an island  
could possibly supply.

JAMES

Well, yeah, it's clear this isn't a  
normal tribe. Must be a cover-up of  
sorts. But for what?

(CONTINUED)

FLORENCE

Listen to the two of you! Good god, these are just harmless people! Who cares what they're doing here?

MALTE

They almost stabbed us with spears.

JAMES

It'd be safer to have nothing to do with them. We're on the perimeter of the camp. We can make our way to--

FLORENCE

James, we all know you didn't get to go camping as a kid, but completely ignoring free room and board, when we have no way off this island or even a way to catch food, is stupid. Besides, it's almost dark, and they have booze.

She strips her shirt off and grabs the coconut bra. James glances at Malte exasperatedly.

JAMES

Back me up here!

MALTE

...This is admittedly a lot less like camping than what you're suggesting, James.

James throws up his arms up in protest.

JAMES

Fine, go get poisoned or sacrificed or whatever they have planned for you at that feast. I'm staying right here and leaving first thing in the morning.

Florence rolls her eyes and changes into the leafy skirt. By the time she's finished, Malte is still just holding his in disbelief.

FLORENCE

You gonna take all night there, Chiquita Banana? Put it on.

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

I'd almost rather go camping.

He keeps his underwear on when he dons the skirt. Florence giggles.

EXT. HOT SPRINGS - NIGHT

Long bamboo tables have been set up next to the hot springs, and every possible type of island food sits atop it in a buffet. Islanders are swimming, toasting, and eating. A BAND of islanders are creating music with drums, maracas, and wooden flutes. Florence and Malte are sitting at the head of the table, next to the Chief. Chief is far more interested in Florence than Malte.

CHIEF

**I hope you are finding your  
sleeping arrangement suitable, my  
most beauteous guest! I can always  
get you a private hut if you  
prefer...**

FLORENCE

Oh, I have my boys under control,  
don't you worry.

CHIEF

**Your spirit is full and fiery, like  
Kayfabe! Your visage smiles upon  
all and brightens the very night!**

Malte rolls his eyes.

MALTE

Seriously, where did all this food  
come from? And don't say the  
island.

CHIEF

**Our tribe prides itself on making a  
little go a long way! Enjoy more  
hibiscus extract!**

He practically forces Malte to drink more Hibiscus extract.

MALTE

Hibiscus isn't even native  
to....errgghh...this climate...

Malte's words slur and his eyes droop. The Chief leans over and whispers in his ear.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF

After food, I would be delighted to offer both of you a dance! I'm a bit heavy, I admit, but what I lack in grace I make up for in energy!

FLORENCE

I think Malte's going to need more alcohol before he agrees to that!

Malte pushes himself away from the table and stumbles dizzily towards the trees, out of sight.

CHIEF

Perhaps when our dance has concluded, Miss Florence, he'll have recovered. Hibiscus can be quite potent to the weak of stomach.

FLORENCE

I think I'll just go check on him.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF THE HOT SPRINGS - NIGHT

She skips over to Malte, who is shaking his head but otherwise seemingly recovered.

FLORENCE

You certainly don't hold your liquor very well, do you?

MALTE

I'm...fine...I think this may be the first time I've been drunk.

FLORENCE

Seriously? What were you doing in college? Ha ha!

MALTE

Glad one of us finds this humorous...

He tries to go back to the party, but Florence wraps her arms around him.

FLORENCE

You're right...I'm sorry. Stay with me a while. It's quite beautiful...the jungle at night. Don't you think?

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

Florence...

He's not falling for it this time. Still, she tries to hold him in place.

FLORENCE

Just the quiet trees and us...

She slowly slides her hand under his skirt. Malte instantly pushes her away and she goes sprawling into the ferns.

MALTE

No! Goddammit! I told you, Florence, I'm not interested! What the hell is wrong with you?

Even she seems shocked by his response.

FLORENCE

What's gotten into you? I get the feeling you've been avoiding me lately...you weren't like this before.

MALTE

I hadn't yet gotten completely fed up with your transparent attempts to seduce me! Why can't you take no for an answer?

FLORENCE

Well, you certainly didn't care the last two times we did it!

MALTE

Yes *I did*! I could not have been any clearer! What the hell is wrong with you?

FLORENCE

Is this why you've been avoiding me? First on the beach, then you wouldn't talk to me at dinner!

MALTE

No, *that* was because I know you've been working with Agent Pomson until recently back on that boat!

Dead silence.

(CONTINUED)

FLORENCE  
...How do you know that...?

INT. A TRAIN - TWILIGHT

Flashback to the three of them on a train heading to Tenant's Way. James is sleeping, Florence is using a touch screen on her armrest to buy something with James' money. Malte has the radio-flashlight plugged into his phone via wires, and is staring at something on the screen.

MALTE (V.O.)  
You contacted her once using the  
radio-flashlight. I stumbled across  
its call history while trying to  
find where it saved the potential  
bridge coordinates.

Malte glances at Florence, but chooses not to speak up.

FLORENCE (V.O.)  
She warned me never to call her  
with it again for that very  
reason...

MALTE (V.O.)  
Yeah, but I didn't know *who* it was  
you called, it was just a channel  
number. I figured you could have  
had some valid personal reason to  
call somebody, so I ignored it.

EXT. LOWER DECKS OF THE CARGO SHIP - DAY

Malte excuses himself from James' company on the upper deck and walks after Florence.

MALTE (V.O.)  
Until back on the boat, when I  
followed you, hoping to have a  
private chance to politely ask you  
never to hit on me again, and see  
you dumping her off the edge!

He almost turns a corner, but hides instead when he witnesses Florence talking to Pomson, who was hiding in the lifeboat.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF THE HOT SPRINGS - NIGHT

Florence is still laying in the ferns.

FLORENCE

Have you told James any of this...?

MALTE

No, because I overheard you very clearly break up the allegiance on the boat. That doesn't excuse your previous behavior, but it was good enough for me to hold my tongue until we weren't trapped on an uninhabited island with you.

Florence stands up.

FLORENCE

You don't understand! When I agreed to help her, I'd never met either of you! I understood we had some familial connections, barely, but they weren't by blood, and my family completely sucked anyway! I mainly agreed because she said she'd fly me to California! I was a starving stripper in Detroit!

MALTE

I don't care what your reasons were! I knew from Day One we shouldn't trust you, I warned James right after we first met you! I should have demanded he kick you out immediately after you started violating my personal space--

FLORENCE

Oh, is that what we're calling it now? (She stands up) You have no grasp on how unfair and cruel this world is! You lived a perfect life and went to college and have had your dad to pay for *everything*, you've never starved on a street corner! You've never had absolutely nowhere to go! You don't even understand that I *gave up my only chance to be rich* when I dumped Pomson off that boat! Because you don't know any life other than rich!

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

I already said that I'm holding my tongue because you dumped Pomson! Hell, because you did it in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, we may be finally free of that bitch forever! But that just means you've betrayed your home team twice, no reason you won't do it again!

FLORENCE

At least I'm aware of what I'm doing! How many times have you almost gotten us all killed by being a complete idiot? I've saved your ungrateful ass through beating people up more times than your science has done anything for me! Go tell James, have him kick me out, and then have fun when the two of you ask a rape gang for directions because you've both been sheltered your whole life!

MALTE

If I hold my tongue, it's more for James' sake than yours. Because he had a really high opinion of you. Because then he never has to know that he stood up for a selfish backstabber who seduces and lies and is completely incapable of forming a real relationship with anyone.

FLORENCE

Fine! Do it for whatever reason you want! Just have fun dying alone because you refuse to even consider a relationship unless its with a rich Russian Cassowary girl who likes physics and hates social skills!

The two glare at each other for several strained seconds, and then Malte marches off. Florence shudders for a few seconds, tears filling her eyes, and then with a cry punches a thin tree so hard it breaks.

EXT. HOT SPRINGS - NIGHT

Malte marches past the Chief and his celebrating islanders.

CHIEF

**Friend! Where have you and the  
lovely lady been?**

Malte completely ignores him and keeps marching.

INT. THE GUEST HUT - NIGHT

James is asleep in his cot, but awakens with a start when Malte stomps in and fling himself on his cot.

JAMES

What's wrong?

MALTE

Don't want to talk about it.

JAMES

What happened?

MALTE

Don't talk to me. Don't speak to me  
for the rest of the night.

JAMES

Is this about me?

MALTE

No! Just please James, for once  
don't talk to me!

James grows silent. When Malte offers no further conversation, James lies back and uneasily goes back to sleep.

INT. THE GUEST HUT - DAY

Morning. When James wakes up, neither Malte nor Florence is in their bed. Florence's bed in particular shows no signs of being slept in.

James goes outside and sees a GUARD standing by their hut.

JAMES

What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

GUARD

I'm your hut's personal guard  
during your stay. I make sure  
nobody except you three enter your  
hut and take things.

JAMES

Did Florence ever enter or leave  
the hut last night or this morning?

GUARD

The cat? I haven't seen her, no.

James looks concerned but heads out. He walks around the landmarks to the village, but doesn't see Florence. He does see Malte chatting to villagers by the Hot Springs, but decides not to bother him.

Reaching the far end of the village, James walks into the jungle.

EXT. THE JUNGLE - DAY

He doesn't get far when he hears the ba-caw of a toucan. Flying overhead, Chief's bird swoops past James, crowing. He becomes aware of people thundering through the trees after him. A trio of guards burst through the foliage.

GUARD #1

Halt! Where are you going?

JAMES

I'm...uh, looking for Florence. Is  
there a problem?

GUARD #2

Only authorized islanders are  
allowed to leave the village.

JAMES

What? Why the hell is that?

GUARD #1

It's for your own safety! There are  
many dangerous animals and natural  
hazards beyond the realm of  
Kayfabe!

JAMES

I'll take my chances.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD #2  
We must insist. Chief's orders.

EXT. THE HUTS - DAY

The guards have led James back to the huts. James is incensed.

JAMES  
I demand to speak to the Chief at once!

GUARD #1  
He's not available right now! Wait until after he's had his breakfast!

The guards leave. James angrily stomps to the hot springs.

EXT. HOT SPRINGS - DAY

He runs into Malte going the opposite way.

JAMES  
Malte, you won't believe it! They are actively stopping people from leaving the village grounds! What the hell is going on here?

MALTE  
I actually just heard something you might find more interesting. Come with me.

He leads James to a hut off the hot springs. The hut is full of plastic pool equipment, and sitting next to it is an old German MAN, still dressed in tribal wear.

MALTE  
This is Johan. He keeps the hot springs habitable.

JAMES  
"Johan"? That's not a tribal name.

Johan nods.

JOHAN  
I was a pool cleaner when I lived in Germany.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Are there other people on this island who weren't born here?

JOHAN

Of course, I'd say most of the hired hands are from other places.

MALTE

That's not what I wanted you to hear, James. Johan, tell me about your life before you came to the island.

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

Johan is now a clean-shaven young man among a fellowship of SETTLERS, lugging a large tarp backpack through the desert. The others wear similar nomadic clothing and carry simple supplies.

JOHAN (V.O.)

As a young man, I came to California in the hopes of a better life, like so many do. But around that time they invented machines that could clean pools far better than I could ever hope to. With no other options, I joined other German immigrants who had heard that a man in the Nevadan deserts was forming a cult.

Johan and the settler train crosses a dune and witnesses a colony of adobe dwellings that spreads far into the desert.

JOHAN (V.O.)

A cult that hated technology, and more importantly functioned as a completely standalone community that shunned the outside, open to all who had been similarly abandoned by society.

EXT. THE DESERT SETTLEMENT - DAY

Johan is building his own hut out of clay and designing the inner furnishings. The simple society functions around him.

(CONTINUED)

JOHAN (V.O.)

It's not what I expected when I came to America, but it was nice. We lived off the land, sustained our simple homes, and in idle time cursed the tyranny of the technology poisoning everything outside. Looking back, the leader, Halsey, really used an awful lot of hate to scare us away from leaving...but it also united us.

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

An older Johan, now with a bit of a beard, is part of a makeshift REGIMENT, training with guns in the harsh desert sand. Johan is carrying a .9 mm pistol.

JOHAN (V.O.)

Eventually it became clear that Halsey was not content with avoiding technology...he was hoping to strike back. And with his encouragement, most of us wanted to as well. He procured an arsenal somehow, and under his leadership, we trained an army.

EXT. OUTSIDE PELVANIDA - DAY

A large research institute sits gleaming amongst the desert sands.

JOHAN (V.O.)

We had an obvious target; Pelvanida Research Institute. One of the shining beacons of technology in the entire state. Less than a week's walk from our home. Halsey planned the assault extensively, and in early 2009 we invaded.

INT. PELVANIDA HANGAR - DAY

Johan and other residents of the settlement are opening fire on Pelvanida SECURITY GUARDS and SCIENTISTS.

JOHAN (V.O.)

I'll never forget that day. At first the assault went well; we  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHAN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
took most major sections of the  
base, and the rest were falling in  
line. But then, one lab didn't  
fall.

INT. PELVANIDA LABORATORY - DAY

Johan kicks the door down to a laboratory and aims his pistol at the scientist within, but the scientist shoots first and hits Johan right in the chest. As Johan falls backwards onto the broken door, he witnesses the scientist steals Johan's ammunition, cock his pistol, and leave the lab with his horse ASSISTANT. Before he passes out, he stares at the name on the door: DR. JAMES ZANASIU.

JOHAN (V.O.)  
A pocketful of Pelvanida personnel  
didn't fall over and die. They  
fought back. They retook labs, they  
rescued their allies...their  
numbers grew. And ultimately, they  
won.

MONTAGE

-Later in the day, Johan comes to and staggers to his feet, badly wounded.

-Johan stumbles through hallways filled with dead bodies from both sides.

-Johan is in a dark underground area full of titanium vaults. In a small control room are a number of mangled bodies.

-Johan sees the ruined hangar, where ash and fire cover hundreds of bodies of his former neighbors.

-Johan, stumbling out of a side door, sees a contingent of Pelvanida PERSONNEL, all blood-spattered and most heavily armed, standing in the parking lot as military copters and tanks approach. He sees James Zanasiu standing at the head of the Pelvanida group.

JOHAN (V.O.)  
Somehow, they outlasted us,  
outgunned us and retook their own  
facility. I barely managed to  
escape with my life.

EXT. HOT SPRINGS - DAY

James is looking amazed at Johan.

JAMES

My parents worked at Pelvanida! (At Malte) Your father worked at Pelvanida!

MALTE

Apparently that "lab accident" that got our parents fired was slightly bigger than they claimed.

JOHAN

Of course they'd cover such an event up. It was a tragedy, caused by a group of misguided people behaving stupidly. Your parents were scapegoats. I had to flee the country, and I'll never forgive myself for what I did.

JAMES

How could we have never heard about any of this? How could they have never told us?

MALTE

My parents never talked to me about anything. I'm not surprised.

JAMES

Where's Florence? Has she heard all of this?

MALTE

I haven't seen her.

JAMES

We need to find her. Start searching around. I'll start at that large dancing area on the far side of the village.

The two of them leave Johan.

EXT. THE HUTS - DAY

Malte is walking through the huts back to his own. However, when he passes the Chief's hut he's stopped when the Chief himself comes out on his stretcher.

CHIEF

**Another wonderful day on this fine  
island! Praise Kayfabe!**

Florence leaves the hut after the Chief, whose mood grows combative when she sees Malte.

FLORENCE

What do you want?

MALTE

James is looking everywhere for  
you.

FLORENCE

I spent the night with Chief. He  
had me "hailing Kayfabe" all night,  
if you know what I mean.

MALTE

I could not care less.

Malte starts to walk off.

FLORENCE

Where the hell do you think you're  
going?

MALTE

Back to the hut.

FLORENCE

No you aren't, because *I'm* going  
back to the hut. I haven't gotten  
any sleep!

MALTE

No, you're going to find James so  
he stops wasting time being worried  
about you. (folds his arms) But  
fine, after that take the hut, I  
have somebody I'd like to talk to  
some more anyway.

Malte returns to the hot springs. Florence searches for James.

EXT. MOSH PIT - DAY

There's a large dance floor, still littered from the festivities last night, but the band is playing slow morning tunes anyway. However most islanders present are too hung over to dance. James, who was glancing at every person in the area, jumps and rushes over when he sees Florence.

JAMES

Florence! There you were!

FLORENCE

Hi Junior!

She sits him down. At the same time, she surreptitiously flags a WAITER and holds up two fingers. He nods in understanding.

JAMES

Where have you been all night?

FLORENCE

I was...walking in the jungle. It's so entrancing, I lost track of time.

JAMES

What? They let you wander the jungle? I just tried that and got the third degree!

FLORENCE

Huh. Maybe you didn't ask right.

JAMES

How exactly are you supposed to "ask right"?

FLORENCE

You've got to act and have fun!  
You've been looking at this whole island experience the wrong way.  
I'll teach you.

The waiter brings both of them coconut bowls of Hibiscus extract.

FLORENCE

Drink up.

James hesitates, but takes a few sips. It immediately becomes apparent he doesn't hold his alcohol either.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Florence, we need to focus on the mission at *\*hic\** hand...

FLORENCE

Junior, Junior, Junior...the portal's not going anywhere. And it's a *time* portal, we literally have all the time in the world to find it! You're not appreciating the *here and now*!

She takes another sip of her own, so he drinks to match her.

JAMES

I don't see how *\*hic\** that *\*hic\** matters...I mean, once we find the portal, *\*hic\**, then I can...

Florence shushes him with a finger to his lips and aids him in finishing his drink. Taking him by the hand, she leads him to the dance floor.

Seeing a couple looking to dance, the band starts up a slower and well-tempoed song. Florence takes James by the hands and leads him in a waltz, guiding him because he's both clueless and having trouble standing.

JAMES

*\*hic\** Why are *\*hic\** we--

FLORENCE

Don't talk...

They waltz, and then they tango. The band plays peppier songs, and soon Florence and a very inebriated James are dancing a fast and loose salsa. At the end of the salsa she wraps her arms around him and kisses him.

INT. THE GUEST HUT - DAY

Florence leads James into the hut and immediately begins making out with him. He's startled but goes along with it.

After a minute James initiates some heavy petting, so Florence strips his shirt off and pushes him onto the bed. James groans as she unzips his pants and begins fellating him while sliding them completely off.

Before long, they are having sex. They continue lovemaking for a time, and afterward fall asleep in each others arms.

(CONTINUED)

That afternoon, Malte returns to find them in the same bed, still wrapped together. Both slowly wake up, until James realizes the situation and leaps out of bed.

MALTE

Wow.

JAMES

Malte--

MALTE

No, I don't care. (crosses to his bunk.)

JAMES

Look, the two of us accidentally drank too much, and didn't mean for--

FLORENCE

--Don't justify yourself, Junior, he says he doesn't care.

MALTE

(at Florence)

I can't believe you would--

FLORENCE

I thought you said you didn't care! Besides, at minimum, "invading someone's personal space" isn't a crime!

JAMES

Guys? Uh, what is--

MALTE

(to Florence)

That's not what this is about and you know it! You're treading on thin ice here!

FLORENCE

You're not my mother! I know because somehow she's easier to be around than you!

JAMES

STOP! What the hell has gotten into both of you?

Both go silent.

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

Nothing.

FLORENCE

Forget it.

Both turn away and fold their arms.

JAMES

It's this damn village, I'm telling you. Giving us Cabin Fever or something. We need to get out of here. Now.

He grabs both of his friends by the shoulder.

JAMES

Malte, does Johan ever go on guard duty?

MALTE

Yeah, that's why I left.

JAMES

Florence, do you think you could convince the Chief to do something for you?

FLORENCE

I could find a way.

JAMES

Then here's what we're going to do...

EXT. THE HUTS - TWILIGHT

The Chief is touring the village on his stretcher when Florence walks up to him.

CHIEF

**Milady! The Gem of the Horizons!  
The Lotus of the Mainland! I've  
been looking for you all day!**

FLORENCE

Oh Chief, I enjoyed dancing so much last night, that I've been at the dance floor all day trying to recapture that feeling of ecstasy...but nobody feels like dancing. I'm lonely. Do you think we could throw another dance party?

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF

For you, my divine damsel, I would  
throw a thousand balls! IROMISH!  
All who desire fun and fancy,  
congregate at the dance floor! We  
shall shake the very spirits of the  
sun in its moments of setting!

It takes very little time to whip up most of the village,  
who all follow the Chief excitedly to the dance floor.

Johan is standing guard on the far side of the huts, when  
Malte walks up to him.

MALTE

Is the hot spring supposed to be  
drained?

JOHAN

What? It is?

MALTE

There's no water in the pool.  
Luckily everyone is at the dance  
floor, but...

JOHAN

I could lose my job if someone  
notices! Quickly, show me!

He races off with Malte. James exits the nearest hut and  
darts into the wilderness, clutching the radio-flashlight  
and wearing traditional native clothes for the first time.

EXT. THE JUNGLE - TWILIGHT

James navigates the jungle as quickly as he can. He glances  
at the radio-flashlight.

JAMES

Should be almost there...

He stops. In the distance, he notices large black buildings.  
They have no windows, and nobody is standing around them.

Narrowing his eyes, he creeps forward to investigate, when  
he hears the ba-caw of the toucan. As it sails over his  
head, he hears distant footsteps. He takes off into the  
trees. Guards from the village are in pursuit.

(CONTINUED)

GUARDS  
Stop! Freeze!

James ducks trees and leaps rivers in his haste. Before long, the flashlight lights up. He's in a very small clearing. Quickly, he hits a button.

JAMES  
Come on, scan faster....

The guards burst out of the trees, but James grabs a large stick and waves it at them.

JAMES  
Back! All of you!

GUARD #1  
What the hell are you doing out here?

JAMES  
I said get back!

The flashlight beeps and flashes a red light. James deflates, defeated, then drops the stick and surrenders. The guards grab him.

EXT. THE HUTS - NIGHT

The guards lead James to the Chief, who is angrily standing flanked by tribesmen.

GUARD #1  
He was halfway across the island before we caught him!

CHIEF  
**I hear this is the second time you have disobeyed my direct order and left the village! Explain yourself!**

JAMES  
I can't. And I don't plan to.

GUARD #2  
And he had this on him!

He hands Chief the radio-flashlight.

CHIEF  
**This is a forbidden object! It is not of the Iromish! Why do you have it?**

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

None of your business, now give it back! I'm getting really sick of your native crap! What the hell are you guys? Out there I saw buildings--

CHIEF

**--Silence! You have broken several of our most sacred rules and refuse to beg forgiveness! You leave me no choice! I sentence you...to be SACRIFICED!**

The crowd gasps, then starts cheering.

CHIEF

**Find his friends! They helped him leave! All will be sacrificed to Kayfabe!**

James tries to wrestle free, but the guards keep an iron grip on him.

EXT. A LONELY JUNGLE PATH - NIGHT

James is being dragged by guards, and an excited crowd of tribesmen are following and chanting. They are joined soon by two guards leading Malte, who is similarly fighting.

GUARD #1

I was unable to secure the other outsider, my liege!

JAMES

(to Chief)

You sent two guards to capture Malte, but only one to capture Florence? You don't know either of them very well, do you?

MALTE

Could I be informed how exactly we are being sacrificed? I'd really like to know that...

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF MT. KAYFABE - NIGHT

The congregation drags James and Malte to the bottom of a steaming volcano, with a ziggurat-like ramp leading to the mouth of the Volcano, which emanates a reddish glow.

CHIEF

**Behold, Kayfabe! We must sate its  
anger before it enacts its wrath  
upon all of us!**

The guards begin dragging Malte and James up the volcano side. Tribal dancers wearing crests of feathers and beads dance on both sides of the steps as James and Malte are led up the volcano.

MALTE

I should have guessed it was going  
to be a volcano...

JAMES

Don't worry, Malte! Florence is  
still free! She's going to get us  
out of this somehow!

MALTE

I wouldn't bet on that, James...

JAMES

Just you wait!

They've reached the top. They are blocked only by the lead dancer, who is silhouetted in the reddish glow from the volcano's crater as she moves and sways to the tribal chants.

MALTE

James, there's something you don't  
know about Florence! She...

Suddenly the lead dancer finishes her dance and step out of the light. It is Florence!

JAMES

Florence--!

FLORENCE

Sacrifice them to Kayfabe! All  
glory to its righteous will!

She steps out of the way as the guards fling them into the volcano. Both scream as they fall.

INT. INSIDE MT. KAYFABE - NIGHT

After a brief fall, both hit a plushy rock-colored spiral slide that drags them through the red-tinted maw of the volcano.

After a brief ride, both fall splashing into a large heated spa. Surrounding it are very non-tribal saunas, glass cases with complimentary sodas, and racks of towels. The two splash to the surface, thoroughly confused.

JAMES

I...?

They hear Florence shouting in delight as she comes falling from the slide and landing in the spa. James and Malte angrily regard her.

JAMES

Florence, what the hell is going on here?

FLORENCE

Don't you both get it yet? This is a resort! The Iromish Tribe is a tropical getaway for rich people like you two!

She splashes them with water. Both still look confused and angry.

JAMES

Then those buildings I saw?

FLORENCE

The exits from this spa will lead us there. It's where the boat to the mainland drop future tribesmen off, and where they make all the food and stuff.

JAMES

You knew all this? Why didn't you tell us?

FLORENCE

It was so funny to see you two with your conspiracy theories! Also, I figured you'd get it on your own. Kayfabe means "keeping in character", everyone knows that, and Chief built this place for rich people who want a break from all

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FLORENCE (cont'd)  
the hardships and stress that  
technology gives these days. At the  
end, when its time for someone to  
leave, they get "sacrificed" to  
Kayfabe!

She starts losing her playfulness as she realizes both of  
them are still very irate.

MALTE  
That wasn't funny, Florence! I  
bruised both of my wrists fighting  
up there on the volcano!

JAMES  
This friendship was one of trust.  
And I don't appreciate that you'd  
let us stew in confusion for two  
days because you thought it was  
funny.

FLORENCE  
Well...geez, I'm sorry. I didn't  
mean to insult either of you.  
I...just thought you'd figure it  
out. You're college kids, after  
all. Aren't you supposed to be  
smart?

JAMES  
Could you stop bringing that up as  
an insult? Do you see us calling  
you stupid because you didn't go to  
college? Or playing mind games with  
you in situations you don't  
understand?

FLORENCE  
I'm sorry! I didn't think this was  
such a big deal. Thought you two  
could enjoy the resort...

JAMES  
Hard to do when people don't tell  
us it was a resort!

Frustrated, he detaches himself from his friends and marches  
to get a towel. Malte observes Florence, keeping his voice  
and expression neutral.

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

If you had so much fun at the resort, why don't you stay? The Chief would love to keep you around, make you his Chieftess or something.

FLORENCE

He actually offered to do just that, but I'm not leaving you guys now!

MALTE

Are you sure? It might make things easier for all of us...

Florence catches his implication and breaks off her reply. Behind them, James notices a pneumatic tube deliver their original outfits, washed and folded. The radio-flashlight sits on top.

MALTE

If you don't go willingly, I can tell James things that will give you no choice.

Florence can't reply. James walks back with their clothes.

JAMES

All right. Let's put this behind us. Florence was just having harmless fun, she didn't understand the impact it would have. Nobody got hurt so let's just move on. Okay?

MALTE

(deep breath)

James, I have to tell you that Florence--

JAMES

Can it, I don't wanna hear it now. I don't know what happened between the two of you, but that's for you two to settle, I'm not getting involved. This whole resort sidetrack was stupid and pointless, but it's made me positive that the last coordinates are correct.

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

You mean, for a reason other than  
them being the last coordinates?

James nods.

JAMES

They land us right in the middle of  
the Nevadan Desert. A week's hike  
from Pelvanida.

INT. A WARM ROOM - DAY

An elder man walks into his hut, one of the huts in the  
settlement Johan spoke about. He's startled to see Pomson  
sitting at his writing desk, smiling wickedly at him.

POMSON

They'll be here soon...and we'll be  
ready!

THE END