

THE DESERTED ISLAND

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EXT. ISLAND - BEACH - NIGHT

Plane wreckage and clothing litter the pristine white sand.
WAVES WASH ashore rhythmically under a starry moon lit sky.
Giant palms stand stalwart in silent wait.

Battered, DIEGO, 20s, apprehensive student, struggles to walk onto shore and drops to a knee.

Survivor, KRYSTI, 20's, concerned citizen, wraps Diego's arm around her neck, drags him out of the water. They collapse in the sand exhausted.

DIEGO

How--

Diego coughs up salt water then rolls to his back to catch his breath.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

--How can you be so calm?

KRYSTI

My dad...was a Naval Test Pilot. He taught us to always expect the unexpected.

Krysti interlocks her hands above her head.

DIEGO

Sound's like he would be hard to please.

KRYSTI

He was the best dad a girl could ask for.

She takes a moment to slow her breathing.

KRYSTI (CONT'D)

What's your name?

DIEGO

Diego.

She extends her hand in greeting.

KRYSTI

I'm Krysti.

Diego ignores her gesture, reaches into his pocket and extracts a wallet.

He opens it, removes a photo, then discards the wallet into the white sand. Krysti eyes the photo in his hand.

KRYSTI (CONT'D)
Who is that?

DIEGO
People I will never see again...

KRYSTI
Don't say --

DIEGO
--Say what? Look around you. Do you see any ships? Lights? Anything? It is just us lost in the middle of fucking nowhere!

Krysti calmly rest a hand on his shoulder.

KRYSTI
You will die here if you lose hope.
You can't lose hope.

Diego solemnly gazes into Krysti's hazel eyes then points to the young thin boy with scruffy hair.

DIEGO
That...is my brother Hugo.

Krysti leans closer to the photo and wipes away water and sand from a woman's face.

KRYSTI
This must be your mother. She is much too old to be your girlfriend.

She flashes Diego a smile.

KRYSTI (CONT'D)
Unless that's your thing of course?
No judgement here.

Diego smirks away from Krysti's view.

DIEGO
No, that's our aunt Carmen. Our mom passed when we are kids.

Krysti's smile fades.

KRYSTI
I'm sorry to hear that.

Diego places the photo back into his pocket, stands, and faces the giant palms looming over them.

DIEGO

It happened a long time ago.

KRYSTI

You were on your way to see them weren't you?

Diego picks up a rock and tosses it in the direction of the nearby plane wreck.

DIEGO

Doesn't matter. They'll probably think I'm dead too.

Krysti twirls her wet brown hair into a messy ponytail, stands, and gestures towards the half submerged aircraft.

KRYSTI

Well it's a good thing I pulled you free from that harness.

DIEGO

(sarcastically)

Well aren't you my guardian angel.

KRYSTI

You're welcome, Mr. Fish Food. We should probably start a fire before we freeze to death.

Groaning metal filled the cold salty air as the aircraft swayed in the water, rising and falling with the ebb and flow of the waves crashing on the rocky shore.

DIEGO

That's probably a good idea.

KRYSTI

Good, you find some wood and I'll see what I can scavenge from the wreckage.

Krysti takes off towards the aircraft.

DIEGO

Wait? You mean alone? I-I--

KRYSTI (V.O.)

--Diego, you will be fine!

Diego stumbles up the beach towards the line of stalwart palm trees, then turns back momentarily to see Krysti pick up something from the water.

DIEGO

You got this man. The company could be worse. A lot worse.

Diego disappears amidst the shadowy grove of palm and brush.

EXT. ISLAND - GROVE - NIGHT

An eerie silence surrounds him. No animals, insects, nor the rustle of leaves. Every footstep echoes loudly under the canopy.

The trees sway with interest in their new visitor as disembodied WHISPERS fill the air.

Diego froze in fear. Inaudible WHISPERS drift sporadically all around him. Diego drops all the wood he collected.

The whispers suddenly dissipate.

WHISPERS

DIEGO!

Diego scrambles backwards. Clamoring to his feet he bolts back towards the shore, nature flashes past him in a green and tan blur.

Sweat gathers on his brow and his nostrils flare from his short quick breaths on the brink of hyperventilation. He quickly looks back to see if he is pursued and slams into a tree knocking him to the floor.

He looks up and sees an oily apparition of himself hung upside down. His face purplish red from the rush of blood to his tan skin.

Diego runs hard in the opposite direction. The trees give way to a vast black clearing. He spins around in horror. All the trees are gone. He is alone in a black abyss.

EXT. BLACK ABYSS - NIGHT

A small flat square object hit's him on the head before resting on the black floor. He reaches down, picks it up and flips it over only to drop it in shock.

DIEGO

Krysti?

The picture lands face up. He could clearly see her hazel eyes stare back at him. The whispers return and gradually peak to a crescendo. Diego cover's his ears tightly and drops to his knees in agony.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
Who are you?

The whispers fade into a ringing in his ears. A shower of photo's fall from the black cold heavens of his dark prison. They are all various photos of her.

A small light appears and traces the outline of a doorway. Bright white light radiates with warmth and familiarity. He raises his hands to shade his eyes.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
What do you want?

Diego hesitantly, walks up to the white doorway and steps through.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Diego gasps for breath as he jolts forward in his seat. His clammy hands clasp the arms of his seat tightly as the familiar HUM of the aircraft's engines and passenger CHATTER fills the cabin around him. He watches in confusion as a stewardess pushes a drink cart down the aisle.

PASSENGER
Excuse me sir, are you ok?

Diego's eyes widen. He turns his head to be met by the curious gaze of a woman with hazel eyes.

DIEGO
Krysti?

END