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Last Course

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LAST COURSE

A screenplay by David Hoffman
FADE IN

EXT. THE OCEAN--DAY

A small landing craft motors through the waves. The boat climbs each wave and hangs in the air momentarily. Then, the boat slaps the surface of the water, jolting the men on board.

Ahead of the boat, a small island pokes out of the sea. Sandy beaches outline the lush vegetation at the center. From the island, a small plume of smoke rises into the sky.

EXT. THE BEACH

Four of the men climb out of the boat when it nears the shore. One, a young LIEUTENANT, turns to the remaining SAILOR.

    LIEUTENANT

    Stay here.

    SAILOR

    Aye aye, sir.

The four men wade through the thigh-deep water to the beach.

EXT. THE FOREST

With the lieutenant leading the way, the men wind their way through the woods. The vegetation mainly consists of palm trees and bushes loaded with yellow fruit. A SAILOR plucks one from a branch.

    FIRST SAILOR

    Check it out.

Before he can take a bite, the lieutenant has grabbed his arm.

    LIEUTENANT

    Don't eat that, sailor. Could be poisonous.

The lieutenant turns to continue his trailblazing. The sailor drops the fruit and smiles to the others. It is mutual recognition of what they have already whispered to each other for weeks: the new, young lieutenant is a pompous, authoritative jerk.

The group walks past a lagoon. Large fish swim lazily near the surface. The first sailor pauses to distance himself from the lieutenant.
FIRST SAILOR  
(whispering to the others)  
Look. Poison goldfish.

EXT. THE BEACH

The search party emerges from the forest on the other side of the island. Far down the beach, they see a person sitting next to a fire. But at this distance, they cannot tell either the size or sex of that person.

A SECOND SAILOR, who is clearly the youngest member of the group, jumps and waves.

SECOND SAILOR  
(yelling)  
Hey you!!

A THIRD SAILOR, who is the most experienced of the group, grabs the kid by the shoulder. The kid shuts up.

LIEUTENANT

Follow me.

The search party walks down the beach toward the person. Gradually, their faces twist into sneers and their eyes dart around shiftily.

FIRST SAILOR

Jesus. What's that smell?

Nobody answers his question. Suddenly, the second sailor freezes and covers his mouth.

SECOND SAILOR

I think I'm going to puke, sir.

LIEUTENANT

Stow it, sailor.

SECOND SAILOR

I can't go on--

The third sailor steps in between them and faces the lieutenant.

THIRD SAILOR

You should handle this alone, sir.

The lieutenant's eyes flare with anger, but he catches himself. He hesitates and then marches toward the fire at a much quicker pace.
REVERSE ANGLE

from the fire. Above the fire, a spit holds a piece of blackened meat. We cannot see the person's face but can see enough of the body to know that it is a man. In the background, the lieutenant approaches.

At a safe distance from the man, the lieutenant stops and removes his hat.

LIEUTENANT
(almost deferential)
Sir, I'm Lieutenant Chambers, U.S. Navy. We've come to rescue you.

The lieutenant waits for a response. There is none.

LIEUTENANT
How long have you been here?
(pause)
What's your name, sir?

Again, no response. The lieutenant's expression is one of expectant confusion. HOLD, then:

DISSOLVE TO

INT. TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING--DAY

The room is an efficiency apartment which also doubles as the office of Trans-Island Airways. CYRUS KAVORE, a man in his thirties, lies on a lumpy mattress in the corner. In addition to a bed and a refrigerator, there is a wooden counter. Old travel posters, turning yellow with age, hang on the walls.

BUNNY WILSON stands with her hand on her hip. She is a beautiful woman in her twenties. Energetic but not naively so, she is not someone who will let life pass her by.

BUNNY
Cy, didn't you hear me? I'm leaving you.

Cy sits up on the edge of the bed and runs his fingers through his hair. He has seen more than most people see in a lifetime, but doesn't seem eager to share anything with anybody. Cy is not exactly a "people person."

CY
(shrugging)
Okay.

Cy stands up and walks out the back door. Bunny hesitates and then follows.
EXT. THE DOCK

The dock leads from the building to a gray seaplane. In faded paint, the top of the plane is labeled "Trans-Island Airways." Behind the plane, there is a placid, tree-lined bay and then the open sea.

Cy leans over a metal washbasin. He splashes water on his arms.

BUNNY

It's okay? That's all you think about it?

CY

Of course not.

BUNNY

Then why don't you tell me?

CY

Why should I? It's not my decision. If you want to leave, leave. If you want to stay, then stay.

BUNNY

Well, what would you like me to do?

CY

Whatever you want. Whatever you and your confused little brain decide.

BUNNY

(angry)

What's that supposed to mean?

CY

I can't decide what the hell you don't like about this place. You live in a paradise. Some people pour concrete or sell insurance their entire lives just so they can retire to a place like this. This is the meaning of life. Right here.

Cy refers to those jobs with pure disgust. They are hopeless dead-end jails to him.

BUNNY

This is the meaning of stagnation. We're too young to retire.

CY

You may be. I like it here.

Cy starts washing his face.
BUNNY

This is all you want out of life? Don't you want to live in a place with museums and movies and running water? This island has nothing to offer, except the casino. And you hate it there. How can--

Cy dunks his head in the water so he won't have to listen to her. He holds his breath hoping that she will run out of things to say. Bunny crosses her arms and waits.

Cy throws his head back, gasping for air.

BUNNY

(continuing with perfect timing)

How can you--

CY

(interrupting)

There's more?

BUNNY

Yes! You can't do anything with your life here.

CY

Like I can back in the States? There's nothing back there. Maybe I'd fly some two-bit shuttle three times a day.

(sarcastically)

Or maybe, just maybe, I could book airline reservations. Yeah, and hopefully by the time I hit sixty-five, I could retire to a trailer park.

BUNNY

There's more opportunity out there than that and you know it.

CY

Maybe I'd feel that way if I had your skills, Bunny. After all, I bet you could wait tables in any bar in the world.

Bunny's lips tremble in shock and anger. She looks as if she might cry.

BUNNY

You're a bastard, Cy.

Bunny turns and walks away.

CY

Go on. You'll see.
Cy stands helplessly. Then he turns around and knocks the washbasin to the ground in frustration.

EXT. NARROW ROAD--DAY

Two figures ride in a jeep down an asphalt road lined with palm trees. The pavement is riddled with holes and the jeep bounces violently. Heat radiating from the road distorts the image.

EXT. TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING

After the jeep pulls up, DONNY PLANCK hops out of the vehicle and yanks his backpack out of the back. A young college student who has devoted the last year to missionary work, Donny is the epitome of the "boy-next-door." He is the type of person who flosses his teeth three times a day.

DRIVER

You got everything?

DONNY

Yes. Thank you very much. God bless you.

After the jeep drives away, Donny walks toward the building. He is wearing a khaki shirt and pants but no shoes. Because the pavement burns his feet, he GRUNTS with each step.

INT. TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING

Cy pokes at two greasy pieces of sausage in a skillet. He is a lousy cook and is burning the meat. As the grease SIZZLES and POPS, a small drop lands on his hand.

CY

Goddam it.

A bell RINGS as Donny enters through the front door.

DONNY

Hello?

CY

(surprised)

What?!

DONNY

This is Trans-Island Airways, isn't it?

CY

What's left of it.
DONNY
(puzzled)
Good... I'm trying to get back to the States and I was wondering if I could book a flight. That food's done, don't you think?

CY
Oh, Jesus.

Donny bristles.

Cy picks up the skillet after wrapping a rag around the handle. He places it on the counter and begins to eat out of it.

CY
I can get you to Truk. From there you can get a flight to Guam and then on to Hawaii.

DONNY
 Doesn't Trans-Island offer any connecting flights?

Cy stabs at his meat with a knife and a fork, never looking at Donny.

CY
(dispassionately)
Back in the thirties, Trans-Island rivaled Pan-Am. After V-J Day, it all went to hell.

Cy spits a particularly rough piece of meat back into the skillet.

CY
So this is it. A freighter will be here in two or three weeks. Take that. But if you don't have that kind of time, this is it.

Donny reaches into his pack and removes a nylon sack. Out of this sack, he takes some traveller's checks. Cy eyes the wad of checks.

DONNY
How much would it cost to fly me to Truk?

CY
(curiously)
Four hundred.

DONNY
Sir, I am a missionary and this is the money of my church. It is supposed to carry me back to Oregon. I can only afford one hundred.
CY
Two-fifty, then.

DONNY
One-fifty.

Cy spits another piece of meat into the skillet.

CY
(impatiently)
Look. I have my own expenses. Two hundred or your flock in Oregon can wait.

DONNY
Fair enough.

Donny tries to shake Cy's hand, but Cy waves him off. Cy reaches into his pocket for a cigarette. He nods toward what is left of his meal.

CY
If you're hungry, take it.

INT. CASINO

This is not a large casino. In one corner, there is a bar. The rest of the room contains some slot machines, a roulette wheel and some card tables.

MOVING

A MAITRE D' snakes his way through the gamblers. He looks immaculate in his well-fitting tuxedo. He carries an envelope on a silver platter.

The gamblers are a mixed bag of shifty characters who might be drug smugglers, arms suppliers or any other two-bit hustler on the lam, hiding out on a remote island. Despite the low-lit atmosphere, many wear sunglasses.

In the background, Bunny serves drinks.

The maître d' approaches OSCAR MALONE, a small time criminal known to most people as "Scar" because of the hook-shaped scar on his chin. He is a huge, burly man who gets what he wants by throwing his weight around. At this moment, Scar towers over the craps table.

MAITRE D'
Monsieur Malone?

SCAR
(ignoring him)
Put five hundred on ten and five on twelve.
The TABLE OPERATOR slides Scar's chips into place.

**TABLE OPERATOR**

Anything else?

**SCAR**

(impatiently)

Just give me the fucking dice.

Scar hurls the dice. He throws them so hard that they nearly bounce back the length of the table.

**TABLE OPERATOR**

Twelve. And a winner with boxcars.

Scar pumps his fists wildly.

**SCAR**

Yes!

**MAITRE D'**

Sir?

Scar first notices the maitre d' as he leans forward to rake in his winnings.

**SCAR**

What? Just when a guy gets a little hot, you people decide to bar him? Is that it?

**MAITRE D'**

No, nothing of the kind. I congratulate you for your skill. I only came to deliver this telegram which recently came off the wire.

The maitre d' curtly bows as Scar rips the envelope open.

**INSERT--THE TELEGRAM**

CHARGES DROPPED STOP TOMMY AND SONNY CLEARED STOP CLEAR ENOUGH FOR YOUR RETURN STOP THE FAMILY LOVES AND RESPECTS YOU STOP GODSPEED STOP

SAL

**CUT TO SCAR**

Slowly, the impact of the news dawns on Scar's confused face. He smiles broadly and hugs the maitre d'.
Do you know what this means? I'm on the first freighter out of here. I'm going home. Away from this hellhole. Away from these mosquitos and the sunburn.

He releases the maitre d', who straightens his jacket and manages a smile.

A BRIGHT BEAM OF LIGHT forces everyone to squint. As the door to the outside was opened, the light blinded the casino patrons. When the door shuts, everyone relaxes again.

Cy stands in the doorway and removes his sunglasses. Because his eyes are accustomed to the outdoors, he cannot see very well.

(Cloudly)
Is the maitre d' here? Marcel, are you here?

The maitre d', whose name is MARCEL, rushes to the door. At the same time, Bunny escapes through the kitchen door.

Yes, Cy. What is it?

Is Bunny here?

Please. Can't you see we're busy?

Well, that's not why I'm here. Listen. I'm flying to Truk tomorrow. I thought that I should tell you in case anyone here needs to leave.

Marcel looks to the craps table where Scar has begun to create a disturbance.

Listen here, buddy. I want some new dice. Craps four times in a row? Doesn't that stretch the laws of probability?

Sir, I assure you these dice are legitimate.
Yeah, right. You're probably paid by commission, aren't you? I want to see the manager, you little weasel.

SCAR

ANGEL ON MARCEL AND CY

MARCEL

Hopefully, he will be your passenger.

CY

Who?

MARCEL

The big one. The gangster. Excuse me, Cy.

CY

He better have some money.

Marcel walks to the craps table.

MARCEL

Is there a problem here, sir?

SCAR

You're damn right there's a problem here. The dealer switched the dice on me. I paused to read a piece of personal mail and he—

(pointing at the table operator)

He changed dice. Since then, nothing but craps. Are you going to tell me that's fair?

MARCEL

Sir, please.

SCAR

I demand fair dice!

Scar throws the dice into his mouth and bites down. His face twists until there is a SHRILL POP as the dice shatter.

ANGEL ON CY

shaking his head and walking out the door.

ANGEL ON SCAR

gnawing on the dice and then spitting the shards of ivory onto the table.

SCAR

(wiping his mouth)

Now those are crap dice.
While Marcel questions the table operator about what happened, Scar collects his chips and heads for the bar. Marcel quickly chases him.

MARCEL
(formally)
Monsieur Malone, I must inform you that you will not be allowed to play on any of our gaming tables.

SCAR
So what? This place has no class. And even if it did, you wouldn't know how to run it.

MARCEL
I am only following the guidelines set by the proprietor. You are welcome to dine and drink at the bar.

SCAR
Where else would I go? You people have the only flushing john for a thousand miles. I'm stuck in this goddam place. I just want to go home.

MARCEL
Just a few minutes ago, I was speaking with a man who runs a small air carrier in this region. Tomorrow, he will be flying to Truk. I only tell you because from there you would be able to find passage to Hawaii.

SCAR
How long would it take?

MARCEL
Depending on the scheduling, maybe no less than a week.

Scar takes a long drink.

SCAR
Who is this guy?

EXT. TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING--EARLY EVENING

Scar staggers toward the front door and nearly trips on the stairs. He is obviously drunk.

We can hear Cy speaking inside.

CY (o.s.)
Bunny, we can work it out. Just give me a couple of days to get back. Think about it. You don't want to give up on us now, do you?
INT. TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING

Cy is speaking earnestly.

CY
We're like Adam and Eve.
(to himself)
Jesus, she won't go for that.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Cy speaking to his own reflection in a mirror.

CY
We need each other. I know if you think it over, you'll realize that we're really happy together....You wouldn't be so angry if we weren't.

Scar stumbles through the door.

SCAR
(drunk and confused)
Hey, where's the damn airport?

Surprised. Cy jumps from the mirror to the icebox.

CY
(irritated)
Damn it, can't you knock? There is no airport. I live here.

SCAR
That worm from the casino said something about an airplane.
(knocks on the table)
I'm sorry, man. Where is the plane?

CY
Out back.

SCAR
Take me with you. I want to get back to Chicago.

CY
I might not have room. I'm probably going to have to haul some mail or something.
SCAR
(dismayed)
No. I've got money. I'll do anything to get out of here. You don't know how badly I want to leave. I've spent every day for four months in that fucking casino.

CY
You owe money to the casino?

SCAR
Hell no. I've got an account there. I'm fine. But I could have made so much money they barred me.

CY
(completely unconvinced)
I see. How much have you got?

Scar pulls a ridiculously fat roll of twenty dollar bills from his pocket.

SCAR
Enough.

Cy can hardly take his eyes off the money. He walks toward his bed.

ANGLE ON CRATE UNDERNEATH BED

Cy reaches behind his bed. His fingers find a boot—a frame of reference. His fingers walk to a wooden crate with a mousetrap on the top. He slowly removes the mousetrap.

CY (o.s.)
Sorry to doubt you, but a lot of people have tried to con a free ride before.

Cy pulls a bottle of bourbon from the crate of liquor.

ANGLE ON CY

Cy offers the bottle.

CY
Want some?

INT. TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING—ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

The bottle lies on the counter, nearly empty. Scar looks awful and can hardly focus.
...and I'm gonna smoke the fattest, richest fucking cigar you can buy. And I'm gonna walk into Sal's club and say, "Sal, baby, did you guys think I was gonna rat on you?"

Cy pulls the bottle out of Scar's reach.

CY
It's late, buddy. You better get some rest.

SCAR
When are we leaving?

Cy shrugs.

CY
I don't know. There's one other passenger. A missionary... He'll be here around eleven. Be here by then. We'll load up and leave about an hour or so later.

SCAR
Okay.

Scar turns to leave.

CY
Listen. It would save time if you paid in advance.

SCAR
Sure. How much?

CY
(half-questioning)
Eight hundred?

Scar wobbles as he reaches into his pocket and thumbs through his bills.

SCAR
Here's nine. Some for the booze. You're all right, Cy.

Scar tries to hug Cy, but Cy backs off.

CY
Be careful. You could hurt yourself, drinking and walking like that.

Scar nods and opens the door. He pulls it back into his face. After he exits, we can hear him FALLING DOWN THE STEPS.
SCAR (o.s.)

Son of a bitch!

As he walks away, he WHISTLES "Chicago (My Kind of Town)".

Cy lights a cigarette and counts his money.

EXT. THE ROAD BETWEEN THE CASINO AND THE OFFICE--LATE MORNING THE NEXT DAY

Donny walks down the road.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

a body lying in the ditch. It is Scar who passed out from the previous night's drinking.

DONNY

Oh my gosh! Have you been hurt?

Scar stirs. He looks up at Donny. Dirt, gravel and a trace of vomit cling to Scar's face. He has the confused and pained expression of someone who is waking up without any idea of who or where he is.

DONNY

Who did this to you?

SCAR

(moaning)

Jesus Christ. Why did I drink so much?

DONNY

It's your fault, not his. Do you need help? A doctor?

Scar sits up and brushes the dirt off of his face. He spits in an effort to clear the taste from his mouth.

SCAR

No. Just some aspirin, eggs and a bloody mary.

DONNY

Why did you drink so much?

Scar spits again, barely missing Donny's feet.

SCAR

I had to celebrate. What time is it?

DONNY

I would say you celebrated a little too much. The last thing you need is another drink. Here.
Donny helps Scar to his feet.

**SCAR**

What time is it?

**DONNY**

Almost ten thirty, why?

**SCAR**

Shit!

**DONNY**

(insulted)

Don't bother to thank me.

**SCAR**

I'm supposed to catch a plane at eleven and I haven't even packed.

**DONNY**

Are you going to Truk?

**SCAR**

I don't know. Somewhere between here and Guam.

Scar spits again.

**DONNY**

I'm on that flight, too. Hurry and I'll try to get the captain to delay takeoff.

**SCAR**

He'd better fucking wait. I paid enough.

**DONNY**

You can say that again.

Scar wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and then offers it to Donny.

**SCAR**

Oscar Malone. People call me Scar because of this.

Scar points to his scar. Donny hesitates, then shakes Scar's hand.

**DONNY**

Donny Planck.

**SCAR**

Thanks. Tell that guy I might be a few minutes late, okay?
EXT. TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING--10:45 AM

Donny walks up the front stairs, checking his watch. Just as he raises his arm to knock on the door, Cy bursts out.

DONNY

Excuse me. I just met a Mr. Malone who said he would be on our flight.

CY

Yeah, he came by last night. I bet he looked like hell.

Cy walks around to the back of the building.

EXT. THE DOCK

Cy picks up two ten-gallon plastic water canisters. Donny appears.

DONNY

I wouldn't say he looked that bad. Apparently, he drank a lot last night.

CY

No shit.

Cy pushes the canisters into Donny's arms.

CY

Here. Fill these up with water, would you? There's a well across the street. There are two others on the dock here. Appreciate it.

Cy walks away.

DONNY

He said he might be late.

CY

(over his shoulder)

No problem. I've got to go down to the casino for a few minutes. There's been a slight delay. We'll leave whenever I get back. All right? Just throw your bag into the plane. It's not locked.

INT. CASINO--THAT MORNING

Cy is giving his speech to Bunny with the same poses and tone of voice as when he practiced. Bunny has been working the early morning shift.
CY
We complement each other, Bunny. Like yin and yang. Or Adam and Eve. If you think it over, you'll realize we're really happy together. You wouldn't be so angry if we weren't. We can work it out. What do you say?

BUNNY
How many times did you practice that one, Cy?

CY
(frustrated)
It's from the heart.

BUNNY
It's crap, Cy! You don't know what I feel. All you know is what you want. And that's someone to keep you company so you can have some type of human interaction and occasional sex.

The mention of sex attracts the attention of some of the gamblers. Their attention distracts Cy.

CY
Come on. Take it easy. I just want to give us one more chance. We're both going to be on this island for the foreseeable future, so I think it's worth a joint effort.

BUNNY
You just don't get it, do you? I'm leaving. Why do you think I'd work the graveyard shift with this freak show?

More reaction from the clientele.

BUNNY
I'm saving the extra money so I can get out of here and go home. Or maybe even to Europe. It's over and you're too dumb to notice.

Bunny turns and walks to the bar.

CY
(calling after her)
Yeah? What if you hate Europe? Nobody speaks English, you know. You'll miss me.
(waiting for a response)
We'll talk when I get back, right?

There is no response.
INT. SCAR'S HOTEL ROOM

This is a traditional hotel room found in hundreds of different hotel chains in hundreds of different cities—The only thing missing is a television. Cement walls add an institutional feeling.

Scar's suitcase lies on the bed. It is open and a pile of unfolded clothes lies on top of it. The door to the bathroom is open. We can hear SOUNDS OF VOMITING and COUGHS.

SCAR (o.s.)
Jesus, help me.

More disgusting COUGHS and WHIMPERS.

SCAR (o.s.)
(crying a little)
I'm never going to get out of here.

INT. HALLWAY

Scar wears a hopelessly out-of-style tuxedo. He is very pale and wipes at his mouth with a handkerchief. He carries the hastily packed suitcase. Clothes dangle out of it. Muttering to himself, he checks his watch and hurries his step as much as his condition allows.

INT. THE BAR

Bunny counts her tip money. Scar walks up to the bar, checks his appearance in the mirror and waves to the bartender.

SCAR
Get Marcel, would you? I need to close my account and get the hell out of here.

Leaving?

BUNNY

Going home.

SCAR

Where's that?

BUNNY

Chicago.

SCAR

He eyes her attractive figure.

Where are you from?
BUNNY
Knoxville. Tennessee. You probably haven't heard of it.

SCAR
I've been there once. On business.

BUNNY
No kidding?

SCAR
Yeah. Once, one of my associates had a misunderstanding with the group I represent.

What do you do?

Before Scar can make up an answer, Marcel arrives at the bar with a receipt and a stuffed manila envelope.

MARCEL
Monsieur Malone, I hear you have decided to end your stay.

That's right. I need my money.

Marcel places the receipt on the bar and explains the deductions to Scar. Scar listens attentively. His eyebrows twist as he tries to concentrate.

MARCEL
When you arrived, you opened an account with us by depositing twenty-five thousand dollars. Later you were wired an additional thirty-five thousand for total deposits of sixty thousand dollars. Your four month stay cost eighteen thousand for room, board and drinks. And this figure of twenty-nine thousand two hundred and fifty is the total of your gaming losses from the casino.

SCAR
You make it sound like I lost my shirt in there. Don't forget that I had some good days in there, too.

Scar shrugs and smiles sheepishly at Bunny.

MARCEL
Yes, of course. Your balance currently stands at twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars which I have right here.
Marcel hands Scar the manila envelope.

SCAR

Thank you.

MARCEL

I assure you it is all there. However, I would understand if you wished to count it yourself. Feel free to use my office.

Marcel bows and motions in the direction of his office door.

SCAR

I trust you. You wouldn't try to steal from me.

MARCEL

Very well. I hope you enjoyed your stay and should you or any of your associates ever wish to take an extended vacation, I hope you will remember us.

You bet.

They shake hands. Marcel walks away. Scar turns toward Bunny.

SCAR

I had a good time here.

He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a hundred dollar bill.

SCAR

If you ever need anything, look up Malone in the Chicago directory.

Bunny takes the money, hesitates and hands it back.

BUNNY

Actually, there is something you could do right now. Could you please loan me money so I could get home? My parents will pay you back as soon as I get there. I promise.

SCAR

Isn't the freighter supposed to be here soon?

By the way Bunny hesitates and dramatizes, it is clear to us that she is making up a story.
BUNNY
Yes. But you see my grandma is very sick.
She has this brain tumor and isn't supposed to
survive another month. And I'm closer to her
than anyone else in the whole world.
(summoning false tears)
I just want to see her one last time before
she dies. To tell her I love her.

Bunny begins to weep openly. This display is working
because Scar begins to choke up himself.

SCAR
Well, we need to hurry. I was supposed to be
there at eleven.

Bunny's expression returns to its normal state. She
smiles excitedly.

BUNNY
Thank you! You don't know how happy this
makes me.

Bunny kisses Scar. First on the cheek; then directly on
the mouth. As she walks away from the bar, she pulls his
hand.

BUNNY
Have you already paid for your ticket?

SCAR
Yeah.

BUNNY
Don't worry. Cy will wait for you. He
wouldn't want to make two trips.

SCAR
You know Cy?

BUNNY
I've lived with him for almost two years.

EXT. THE DOCK AT TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS--FIVE MINUTES LATER

Donny is sitting on the dock, dangling his feet over the
side. He is HUMMING "Amazing Grace." We hear the SOUND
OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS as Cy stomps down the dock.

CY
(brusquely)
Did you fill those tanks up?

DONNY
Yeah. Why the delay?
CY  
I had to take care of something.  
(sarcastically)  
Why?  Are you in a hurry?  

DONNY  
No. I was only wondering if anything was wrong.

CY  
Good. I would hate to inconvenience you.

Cy climbs into the plane.

DONNY  
Need help?  

CY (o.s.)  
No.

DONNY  
Can I ask why we need the water?

CY (o.s.)  
I don't know. Can you?

DONNY  
Is it for the engines?

Cy comes out of the plane holding a life jacket.

CY  
The engines are fine. But unless you've been preaching in the jungle for the last fifty years, you ought to know that these things go down every now and then, right? In the event of an emergency, I can land on the water.

Cy hits the plane with his fist.

CY  
These things are made for that. But the idea of performing a flawless emergency landing at sea, only to die a slow death from lack of water, makes me fucking sick. It's too ironic.

DONNY  
That's all you had to say. I'm not a dummy, you know.

CY  
Well, you have to demonstrate that to people. Otherwise, a guy like you will mislead them.
Cy reenters the plane. Donny shrugs.

DONNY
You don't have much faith. Do you, Cy?

CY (o.s.)
What makes you say that?

DONNY
What you just said about dying ironically.

CY (o.s.)
I don't like freak deaths.

DONNY
Maybe they aren't freakish at all.

A flying life preserver bounces off of Donny's back. Cy steps forward and leans over Donny.

CY
Don't preach.

DONNY
I was only suggesting another point of view.

CY
Save the brain-washing for Sunday school.

EXT. THE ROAD LEADING TO THE AIRWAYS OFFICE--SAME TIME

Scar and Bunny are walking together. With one arm, Scar carries both of their bags. His other arm is around her shoulder. Bunny is still wearing her waitress uniform and together, they look like a cheap wedding cake ornament.

BUNNY
Were you in Knoxville during the World's Fair?

SCAR
The what?

BUNNY
The 1982 World's Fair. It was about energy. I was wondering if you went.

SCAR
No. I was there in the late 80's.

We see they have reached the building.
EXT. THE DOCK

Scar and Bunny come around the corner of the building.

SCAR

Hey you! Cy!

Donny hoists his legs onto the dock to come introduce himself.

ANGLE ON CY

climbing out of the plane. He eyes the two of them together very suspiciously. He meets them halfway down the dock.

CY

(to Bunny)

What are you doing?

The tension between them is obvious.

DONNY

Hi, my name is Donny Planck.

BUNNY

Bunny Wilson. How do you do?

They shake hands.

DONNY

It will be great to have someone else along for the flight--

CY

Don't get too well-acquainted. She can't come, Don.

What do you mean?

SCAR

Added weight. It'll cost extra fuel. And with a storm front ahead of us, I don't want to risk it.

Scar grabs Cy's shoulder.

SCAR

Listen, man, her grandmother is going to die. Soon. She's got to go pay her respects.

CY

I thought your grandparents were dead.
BUNNY
She's my step-grandmother.

CY
(unconvinced)
A step-grandmother. I see. But this is a safety issue. Besides, you wouldn't make it in time. She'll be in the ground long before you could make it back to the mainland.

Scar pushes Cy.

SCAR
Don't talk like that. I'm asking you real nice.

CY
Two passenger maximum or I don't fly.

Scar pushes Cy again, knocking him back a few steps.

DONNY
(to Bunny)
Do you want to buy my ticket?

Cy quickly intervenes.

CY
No refunds. No exchanges.

DONNY
Be reasonable.

CY
No. Got burned on that scam once before and told myself it would never happen again.

Both Donny and Scar open their mouths to protest, but Bunny cuts them off.

BUNNY
(coldly)
Thanks for trying guys, but I can see that Cy isn't going to let us work this thing out. Go ahead, Oscar.

SCAR
But what about your grandmother?

BUNNY
Don't worry.
CY
(insincere)
Sorry, Bunny. Maybe I can take you after I get back.

SCAR
You're a cold bastard, Cy.

Scar puts his arm around Bunny.

SCAR
If I didn't have to get back soon, you could take my place and I'd buy a whole other flight for myself.

BUNNY
I understand.

Scar pulls the manila envelope from his jacket. He removes some of the money and gives it to Bunny.

SCAR
Here, take this. This should carry you home.

BUNNY
I'll never be able to thank you.

They share a long, passionate kiss. Donny sighs in sweet appreciation of this fake romance.

SCAR
Call me when you get home.

Scar throws his bag into the plane.

Let's go.

SCAR
Donny follows Scar.

DONNY
(to Bunny)
Don't worry about your grandmother. He works in mysterious ways. Good bye.

BUNNY
Bye.

Cy unfastens the rigging which ties the plane to the dock. He nods at the money in Bunny's hand.

CY
Looks like you did pretty well for yourself.
BUNNY
You're not flying me anywhere, are you?

CY
We'll see when I get back.

Cy climbs into the plane and mugs for Bunny before closing the door.

EXT. THE BAY

The plane moves from the dock and circles around in the bay. Bunny walks towards the building without waiting to watch the takeoff.

The plane cruises slowly through the bay and finally out into the open sea. Here, the waves are stronger and the plane bobs up and down.

INT. THE COCKPIT

Cy sits in the pilot's chair in the front. There is no one in the co-pilot's chair to his right. Donny and Scar sit behind him.

All three are bouncing violently around because of the waves; this is particularly rough on Scar, who is still hung over.

DONNY
Why didn't we take off in the bay? It's much smoother.

CY
I don't need a back-seat co-pilot, Donny. It's just me and God calling the shots.

The engines ROAR as Cy guns them top gain speed. Cy takes a quick glance at Scar and smiles.

CY
Late night last night, huh Scar? I bet these rough seas are real hell on a hangover.

Scar groans.

CY
That's too bad.

EXT. PLANE IN FLIGHT--DAY

The plane flies high above the ocean. Not an island is in sight. It is a beautifully bright day with the sun glimmering off of the water's surface.
INT. THE COCKPIT

Cy wears sunglasses to block the glare. Donny and Scar look silently out of their windows.

SCAR
(whining)
When do we get there?

CY
If this weather holds up, probably in another four--maybe five hours. Longer if the storm hits us.

SCAR
I wish we were there.

They fall back into silence.

Suddenly, Donny starts fidgeting around in his seat. He feels his shirt pocket and then checks his pants pockets. When he doesn't find what he is looking for, he leans forward and digs around in his backpack. Scar watches him.

Cy also begins to shuffle around in his seat. He removes a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket, takes one out, taps it against his wrist and places it in his mouth. Scar watches this also.

DONNY
There it is.

Donny removes the wrapper from a granola bar and takes a large bite. As he chews, he grunts contentedly.

Cy lights his cigarette. He takes a long, deep drag and holds his breath. He exhales slowly and admires his cigarette with the serene admiration seen only in advertisements.

Scar checks his pockets and finds nothing.

SCAR
Donny?

DONNY
(his mouth is full)
Huh?

SCAR
Do you have another one of those things?
DONNY

Sorry. I ate the other when I was waiting for you to show up this morning.

Scar leans forward to talk to Cy.

SCAR

Cy.

CY
(snarling)
Crack a window if you can't handle the smoke.

Donny quickly opens his window.

SCAR
(amiably)
I was going to ask if I could bum one off you.

CY

Are you kidding? This is the only pack I've got. Sorry.

SCAR

Five bucks.

CY

I can't. I've been chain smoking since the eighth grade.

Donny breaks the remaining amount of his snack into two pieces and gives one to Scar. Scar immediately shoves the piece in his mouth.

Donny looks at him and smiles, but Scar doesn't notice. When it becomes apparent that Scar will not thank him, Donny's smile fades and he looks out of his window.

INT. THE CASINO BAR--THAT DAY

There are only a few people in the place. RAOUUL, the bartender, polishes a glass. Marcel is seated on a barstool, counting money. Occasionally, he enters a figure into a ledger sheet that he has placed on the bar.

Bunny walks up to Marcel and drops her bag.

MARCEL
(not looking at her)
Refused to take you, did he?

BUNNY

Of course.
MARCEL
And now you want your job back?

Yes, please.

BUNNY

Marcel looks at Bunny for the first time in the conversation.

MARCEL
You are always welcome to work here. Raoul, three bourbons, please. We must welcome Bunny back.

BUNNY
I'm still going to leave with the freighter.

Fine.

Raouls pours three shots.

RAOUL
To Bunny.

BUNNY
To Marcel.

MARCEL
To Cy. Thanks to his immaturity, Raoul and I have a few more days with you.

They drink.

MARCEL
(sighing)
Sometimes, you should treat yourself to a good drink, eh?

BUNNY
Definitely. And that reminds me that I have a gift for each of you.

MARCEL
Really? I love gifts.

INT. THE COCKPIT--AN HOUR LATER

Cy continues to stare forward, but looks obviously tired. Scar sleeps and SNORES slightly. Donny is reading a book entitled "New Testament Trivia."

Cy again reaches for a cigarette. He flicks his lighter but there is no flame. He flicks it again--only a spark. Again--no luck. Again--nothing.
DC

Dammit. Two rocks would work better.

Finally, it works. Cy lights his cigarette and inhales deeply. HOLD, then:

CUT TO

A CLOSE-UP OF THE RIGHT ENGINE

which SPUTTERS, COUGHS. The propellers wind down to a complete stop.

INT. THE COCKPIT

Donny looks up from his book with a worried face. Scar stirs but does not wake up.

Cy, in contrast, is completely unfazed. He shifts his position in his seat and starts flicking the ignition switch.

ANGLE ON DONNY

who can hardly breathe. He forces himself to swallow and begins gritting his teeth.

ANGLE ON CY

who remains completely cool.

CLOSE-UP OF THE RIGHT ENGINE

The propellers rotate in fits and starts but the engine does not turn over.

Finally, the engine ignites and the propellers vanish in a healthy blur.

INT. THE COCKPIT

Cy leans back and takes a deep drag off of his cigarette. Smoke gently filters out of his nostrils.

Donny closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and finally relaxes.

DONNY

Does that happen often?

CY

Yeah. It's been cutting out like that on almost every flight for the past year. But it always starts back up.
DONNY

Doesn't that worry you?

CY

Yeah, but I've stripped it down eight different times and couldn't find anything wrong.

DONNY

Maybe someone else should take a look.

CY

When we get to Truk, I'll give you a chance. Until then, you need to learn to relax. You're wrapped too tight.

Cy chuckles. Donny chuckles nervously, trying to look laid-back.

ANOTHER CLOSE-UP OF THE RIGHT ENGINE again SPUTTERING. The propellers wind to a stop.

INT. THE COCKPIT

DONNY

Pretty stubborn engine.

However, Cy is not as calm as he was before.

CY

This is a first.

Cy begins trying to reignite it. He grows frantic.

DONNY

Has this ever happened twice?

CY

No.

DONNY

But you can still fly, right?

CY

(reassuring)

Oh, yeah. These things can still fly with one engine. Only not as fast. (under his breath)

And not as far.

Cy continues to try to restart the engine.
CUT TO

A CLOSE-UP OF THE LEFT ENGINE

conking out like the other.

INT. THE COCKPIT

Cy and Donny greet this with stunned silence. Scar wakes up and looks around with swollen eyes and mussed hair.

SCAR

Almost there yet?

No one answers him. Cy now tries to start both engines without any reaction. Suddenly, Scar breaks the silence.

SCAR

What's wrong with the engines.
(exploding with the realization)

Christ! Are we going down? We're going down! Cy, start this thing up!

Scar wrings his hands.

SCAR

Oh fuck, we're going to crash. This is it. I can't believe this is it. And there's so much I haven't done. Florida. The desert. I'll never see those things. Marriage. I won't get married now. I wonder if Bunny would have married me. She would have, don't you think? She was on the rebound.

CY

Shut up. Watch me.

Cy reaches for the radio transmitter. With one finger, he presses the button.

CY

(into the transmitter)

Mayday. This is Trans-Island Airways. Nine hundred miles southeast of Truk. Attempting emergency landing.

Cy passes the microphone to the back seat.

CY

One of you needs to repeat that while I land.

Scar grabs the transmitter and tries his best. Donny sits with his fists clenched and eyes closed.
SCAR
(half-crying)
Mayday. This is Trans-Island Airways. We're going to crash and drown.

CY
Nine hundred miles southeast of Truk.

SCAR
Nine hundred miles southeast of Truk.

CY
You have to say where.

EXT. THE PLANE

Under no power of its own, the plane glides and banks as it slips out of the sky.

SCAR (o.s.)
This is Scar Malone on Trans-Island Airways. Mayday. We are going down nine hundred miles southeast of Truk. If anybody hears this, tell Aunt Sophia I love her. Mayday.

INT. TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING--THAT SAME INSTANT

Cy's radio is on a table in the foreground. The volume is low but we can faintly hear Scar's broadcast.

SCAR (o.s.)

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Through the front window, we can see Bunny walking to the building.

EXT. TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING

Bunny tries to open the front door, but it is locked. She peers through the window and then walks around to the back of the building.

INT. THE COCKPIT

DONNY
Our father, who art in heaven...

CY
Knock it off, Don!
DONNY  
(continuing)  
Hallowed be thy name...  

SCAR  
Mayday. Can't anybody hear us? Does this fucking thing work? Mayday!

EXT. THE DOCK  
Bunny tries the back door, but it is also locked. She gazes around the dock area.  

BUNNY  
Worth a try.

Bunny picks up a plank of wood. She wedges it between the doorknob and the door jam. Then she throws her weight against the wood, trying to force the door open.  

INT. THE COCKPIT  
Through the front window, we can see the surface of the water rising unavoidably toward the plane.

Scar and Donny break off their speeches and begin to SCREAM.  

Immediately before the crash, Cy opens his mouth and yells--  

CY  
Aaaaaaaahhhhh!!

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS  
showing the panicked faces of Cy, Scar and Donny; the sea through the front window; the radio in Cy's office; Bunny struggling to force the door to open.  

INT. THE COCKPIT  
A large wall of water swallows the front window. A DEAFENING CRASHING SOUND drowns out the passengers' screams.  

CUT TO  
INT. TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING  
We hear wood SPLINTER. The door flies open violently. Bunny staggers inside, panting from the effort.
Bunny scans the room without nostalgia or regret. She hears the soft WHINE of the radio and turns it off.

INT. THE COCKPIT

The groaning passengers twist their necks to make sure they are not broken.

Everybody okay?

Donny crosses himself.

CY

Yes. Thank God.

DONNY

You call that a landing? You almost killed us.

CY


DONNY

Don't.

SCAR

(sarcastic)

So that was a landing. Now, I understand. You had me confused. The way you nose-dived into the water, I thought we were looking for tuna.

DONNY

Come on, guys.

CY

(ignoring him)

You can do better?

SCAR

I couldn't have done any worse.

DONNY

Please.

CY

You ungrateful bastard.
Cy struggles to remove himself from his safety harness. Scar does also. But in their anger and excitement, neither can do it. As they struggle helplessly, their legs flail as if they were turtles turned over on their shell.

DONNY
(yelling)
Stop it! Get a hold of yourselves! Do you honestly think we're going to be saved if you kill each other? Look around. We are in the middle of the ocean. We're nowhere.

Cy settles back into his seat, dejected. He looks out of the window.

EXT. CY'S VIEW

It is a depressingly minimal image. Dark blue stretches infinitely far to the horizon where it meets the lighter blue of the sky.

INT. THE COCKPIT

CY
We could have died, you know.

Big talk.

SCAR

DONNY
Scar, please take it easy.

In a calmer frame of mind, Cy easily unfastens his harness. He lights a cigarette.

SCAR
(much nicer)
I'm really sorry, Cy. Can I have one of those?

Cy breaks the cigarette in half. He gives the smaller piece to Scar.

Scar sucks hungrily on his portion. He inhales sharply and holds it. After he milks his hit for all its worth, he releases.

SCAR
I think I got something off of that.

CY
Give me the transmitter.
Sucking again on his cigarette butt, Scar passes the transmitter with his free hand. The cord drags along the floor.

CY
( into the transmitter)
This is Trans-Island Airways--

Cy picks up the cord and checks the plug. It is broken. He feels the transmitter jack on the console.

Broken.

SCAR
Fix it.

CY
No problem. I'll just swim to Radio Shack.

DONNY
Do you have a back-up?

CY
No.

SCAR
No back-up? Jesus, Cy.

CY
In flight school, they never told me some ox might break your radio.

SCAR
Well, it's just a cheap piece of plastic. Even one of you wimps could have broken it.

DONNY
Enough! Listen, we have to hope someone heard us before the crash. And that they'll come to look for us. Until then, we're all going to have to get along and get by with what we have.

SCAR
Well, I don't have shit.

DONNY
Cy thought far enough ahead to bring water. Just in case something like this happened. Scar and I both thank you for that, Cy.

SCAR
And he's got those cigarettes, too.
INT. TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING--THAT AFTERNOON

Bunny digs through Cy's drawers, throwing some of his clothes around the room. But she doesn't find anything of interest.

She opens the refrigerator and removes a red box of Christmas chocolates. She eats half of three different pieces and leaves the box on the counter.

Bunny picks up a coat hanger from the floor. She slides the coat hanger behind Cy's bed and pokes around. We hear a loud SNAP. When she pulls the hanger out, the mousetrap hangs from it. She reaches down and removes many cigarette packs and quite a few bottles of liquor.

EXT. THE PLANE IN A STORMY SEA--THAT NIGHT

A ferocious storm violently tosses the plane. Occasionally, waves overcome a wing, forcing the other to rise menacingly into the air. Slashing rain blurs the image.

INT. THE COCKPIT

The plane CREAKS loudly with each rock.

The three men have harnessed themselves back into their seats. Cy and Donny sit patiently, waiting for the weather to blow over.

Scar, though, is restless. He cranes his neck around to look out of all the windows and fidgets in his chair.

SCAR
Think this thing could sink us?

CY
Probably not.

DONNY
Will it push us off course?

CY
Probably.

SCAR
So, they're going to have a hard time finding us, right?

CY
Probably.

Scar explodes with anxiety. He begins pounding himself on the chest and forehead.
SCAR (yelling)
I knew it!

(whispering)
I knew it. I knew it....

Cy and Donny deal with the situation by ignoring Scar.

They sit in silence for a few seconds until Scar shatters the peace.

SCAR (blurting out)
Give me a cigarette.

CY
No.

Why not?

SCAR
I'm saving them.

CY
For what?

SCAR
For later.

CY

Frustrated, Scar throws his hands up and resumes his frantic monitoring of the windows. He faces Donny.

SCAR
Give me some water.

DONNY
You had some just fifteen minutes ago.

SCAR
No, I didn't.

DONNY
You did too. Didn't he, Cy?

Cy shrugs but doesn't bother to turn around.

Scar leans toward Donny and scowls.

SCAR
Are you telling me that's your water, Donny?

DONNY
Of course not. We should share it.
Donny meekly hands a canister to Scar.

EXT. THE PLANE AT SEA--THE NEXT MORNING

By the next morning, the storm has run its course. The sky is a clear cerulean blue.

WIDER ANGLE

showing that the storm has blown the plane near a small island. It is about a half mile from the plane. The island is a small patch of sand with a grove of palm trees on it. A couple of sea gulls circle lazily overhead. In short, it is the stereotypical "deserted isle."

INT. THE COCKPIT

Cy, Scar and Donny are all sound asleep with their chins resting on their chests.

Donny wakes up first. He stretches his neck, clears his throat and rubs his eyes. He looks outside, squinting his eyes from the glare of daylight. When he sees the island, his eyes widen in disbelief.

After double-checking to make sure it isn't a cruel mirage, he begins to shake Scar's shoulder.

DONNY


Scar whines and tries to squirm away from Donny's needling.

DONNY

Get up.

Scar throws a weak punch which knocks Donny backwards.

DONNY

Ouch. I've got a surprise. Come on, Scar.

SCAR

(half-awake)

All right. All right. I'm awake, dammit. What is it?

Donny points out his window.
DONNY

Look.

Scar peers out the window and looks questioningly at Donny. Donny smiles and nods.

With this verification, Scar lets out an exultant whoop loud enough to shatter glass. This scream disturbs Cy.

CY
(in his sleep)
Just a little bit off the top, please.

SCAR

Get up, Cy. Land ho!

Scar kicks Cy's chair and unfastens his safety belt. He stands up and staggers with the slow rocking of the plane.

DONNY

See Cy? Land.

SCAR

I can't speak for you guys, but I think this is worth a healthy drink, huh?

Now fully awake, Cy studies the island. He is not impressed.

CY
(quietly)
I don't know where the hell we are. Jesus, that thing could be any one of ten thousand little atolls.

Donny unfastens his belt and stands up.

DONNY

Not so much, okay Scar?

Scar ignores him. His adam's apple bobs up and down with each swallow.

DONNY

Really, Scar. I think that's enough. There's no telling how long the water is going to have to last.

Scar finishes and shoves the canister into Donny's arms. Scar's lips and chin are wet with water.
SCAR
You've got to learn to relax, choir boy.
We're practically saved.
(calling forward to Cy)
How about a cigarette, Cy?

Cy gazes at the island contemplatively. He lights a
cigarette for himself.

SCAR
No. I meant how about one for me. Since
we're going to be on land and everything.

Cy turns around.

CY
We can't abandon the plane.

Donny and Scar look confused.

DONNY
Why not, Cy?

CY
Just look at it. There's nothing there. Do
you think anybody would look for us there?
It's just a speck in the water.

SCAR
It's a lot bigger than the plane.

CY
But the plane sticks out. Where would you
look for survivors of a plane crash? On an
island that you knew was uninhabited? Or in
the plane itself? We'd be stupid to leave
the plane.

Scar staggers angrily toward the front of the cockpit.

SCAR
Stupid? You want to hear stupid? It's stupid
not to try to save ourselves. It's stupid for
me to waste my time in a little metal box with
you two assholes. And if I don't get out of
this thing, I might be likely to do some very
stupid things.

Scar walks to the back of the compartment and puts on one
of the life jackets.

DONNY
We can send some sort of signal from the
island. Who knows? Maybe there's some type
of food over there.
Cy speaks as if he might be deranged.

CY
(quickly)
Maybe not. Who's to say? But I think we have to stay with the plane. It's a bad idea to leave the plane. I'm not going to tell you guys what to do. That's not my place. You can decide for yourselves. But I've decided, and I'm not going to leave this plane and there's nothing you can do to change my mind. You can leave, but I'm staying. I have to stay here.

Cy takes a long drag from his cigarette and stares at Scar and Donny.

Scar tightens the straps of his life jacket and picks up the water canisters.

SCAR
Fine with me, Cy. Stay.

Scar opens the door.

You can't take it all.

CY

SCAR
And let it all go to waste? Now that would really be stupid.

Scar throws the canisters out the door and jumps.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PLANE

Scar and the water canisters bob to the surface. He gathers them together and kicks toward the island.

Donny leans out of the doorway.

DONNY
Scar! Don't!

Scar spits some sea water in Donny's direction and splashes off.

INT. THE COCKPIT

You have to come.

DONNY

CY
Can I be alone for a minute?
EXT. THE BEACH

Donny flounders in the surf. SPITTING and COUGHING, he pushes himself past the breakers and tries to climb to his feet.

Scar meets him in the sand. He is chewing a yellow fruit. The water canisters lie on the beach.

SCAR
Rough swim?

DONNY
Yeah.

Donny notices the fruit.

DONNY
What is that?

SCAR
I don't know. A mango or something. They grow all over the place.

DONNY
Are you sure they're edible?

SCAR
I'm swallowing it, aren't I?

DONNY
Aren't you afraid of disease?

SCAR
Quit being such a mama's boy. You see anything else to eat? You sound as ridiculous as Cy.

INT. THE COCKPIT--LATE THAT AFTERNOON

Cy takes the last cigarette of the pack and lights it. He crumbles the empty pack and throws it on the floor. He sighs heavily and scans the interior of the plane affectionately.

After this brief moment of nostalgia, Cy leans forward and removes a whole carton of cigarette packs from underneath his chair. He opens the box and removes a pack.

CY
(reading the label)
Individually wrapped.
ANGLE ON CIGARETTE PACK

which is wrapped individually in plastic.

ANGLE ON CY

Cy opens a compartment on the control console and
rummages through it. There is nothing particularly
useful in it: an old horse racing program; a book
promising to teach conversational Japanese in thirty
minutes; a stolen hotel towel; and a small framed
picture.

Cy looks at the picture.

INSERT--THE PICTURE

It is of a tall man in his forties with a young boy. The
man wears a black fedora and a gray suit. The boy wears
a baseball cap. They are standing in front of a shiny
seaplane emblazoned in fresh paint, "Trans-Island
Airways."

INT. THE COCKPIT

After a long look to commit the image to memory, he puts
the picture back in the compartment and removes the
towel.

Cy spreads the towel on his lap and places the cigarette
packs on top of it.

EXT. THE BEACH

Cy washes up on shore in the same exhausted manner that
Donny did. He gets caught in the surf amid floating
fruit cores.

Scar lies lazily on the beach. He has a pile of mangoes
stacked next to him. He eats one after the other,
throwing the cores into the water.

Donny paces nervously on the sand. When Cy stumbles onto
the shore, Donny hurries to assist him.

DONNY

You made it.

SCAR

(gloating)

Change your mind?

(mocking Cy)

Oh, they'll never look for crash survivors on
an island--only in a plane. Bullshit.
CY
(panting)

Where's the water?

SCAR
Oh sure, you can have some. Help yourself. It's over there.

Cy chugs heartily from a water canister.

SCAR
I hope you brought the lighter, Cy. It's the least you could have done. Especially since I took care of the water.

DONNY
It would be good to build a fire.

Cy reaches into his pocket and removes the lighter. He wisely wrapped it in the plastic from a cigarette pack.

Cy fights to catch his breath.

CY
You bastard. You would have let me die from thirst out there.

SCAR
I knew what was best. Sometimes persuasion should be as direct as possible.

CY
Really. Well, don't ever make my decisions for me again.

SCAR
Lighten up. You're safe, Cy. Go grab a mango for yourself.

Scar bites into another mango.

DONNY
We should think about conserving the water.

SCAR
What are you? Eagle Scout?

Donny nods.

SCAR
We've got plenty of time to talk about that stuff. Nobody's going anywhere.

Scar leans back and stretches his arms.
Look at this day, would you? It's beautiful. We found land. Can't you enjoy yourself without feeling guilty? Without worrying? Christ. Just look at that sunset.

INT. THE CASINO--THAT NIGHT

It is late. The gambling tables have been covered and there is only one customer at the bar. Bunny counts her money. She gives some of her tip money to the bartender.

BUNNY
Not very busy tonight, huh Raoul?

RAOUL
Not at all.

Marcel walks in and scowls when he sees how slow business is.

MARCEL
Let's close, Raoul. You can get some rest.

Raoul approaches the final customer who is hunched over his drink.

RAOUL
Last call, sir.

The customer wakes up. In an alcohol-induced haze, he is barely conscious. He slams a bill on the counter.

CUSTOMER
Keep it. I'll see you tomorrow morning.

The customer waves to Marcel and Bunny, but comes back when he sees that she has lit a cigarette.

CUSTOMER
Say, you wouldn't happen to have an extra cigarette, would you?

Bunny reaches over the bar to grab her purse.

BUNNY
Sure.

She removes a new pack and tosses them to the customer. Because he's so hammered, he drops them.

BUNNY
Take the whole thing.
CUSTOMER
Thanks. I've never been tipped by a waitress before.

BUNNY
It's Customer Appreciation Day.

CUSTOMER
No kidding. I would've thought more people would have shown up for something like that.

As the customer leaves, Bunny produces two more packs from her purse. She throws one to Raoul and hands one to Marcel.

BUNNY
Compliments of Cy.

Marcel places his pack in his coat pocket.

MARCEL
Very nice of him. Last night, a bottle of bourbon. Tonight cigarettes. Our friend Cy has grown more generous in his absence than in his presence.

BUNNY
Maybe, he's just shy.

RAOUL
Speaking of Cy, isn't he supposed to come back soon?

BUNNY
I wouldn't care to know. Good night.

Bunny puts her tips in her purse and leaves.

MARCEL
Good night.

RAOUL
Thanks for the smokes.
(pause)
Was it something I said?

EXT. THE BEACH OF THE UNINHABITED ISLAND--MORNING

Cy and Donny lie on the sand, asleep. They toss fitfully.

We hear Scar MOAN. Beyond the used mango cores lying on the sand, a trail of dragging footprints leads to the woods. On the edge of the woods, Scar kneels with his arms cradled around his stomach.
Cy wakes up. Taking note of Scar, he walks quietly down the beach.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND

Cy approaches a large rock that pokes out of the sand. Next to the boulder, he digs a hole about a foot deep.

From under his shirt, he removes the hotel towel that he had wrapped around his waist. He unfolds the towel, revealing the cigarette packs that he has brought to the island.

Cy buries this treasure in the sand.

EXT. THE BEACH--A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER

Donny finally wakes up. He looks at Cy who is staring out to sea.

OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT

Cy is staring at his seaplane which is now just a white dash near the horizon. During the night, the combination of wind and current pushed it out to sea.

TWO SHOT OF DONNY AND CY

Donny climbs to his feet and wipes the sand off of his clothes.

DONNY
(grunting)

Sleep well?

CY

Slept hard.

DONNY

Yeah. Where's Scar?

CY

Sick.

DONNY

Really?

Scar emerges from the woods. With one hand, he holds up his pants. With the other hand, he picks up a water canister and drinks greedily.

SCAR

Watch those mangoes, boys. They'll give you the shits.
Scar looks out to sea toward the plane.

SCAR
Damn, I can barely see that thing. Now are you going to thank me, Cy?

CY
Why should I?

DONNY
Come on, Cy. You've got a lot to be thankful for.

SCAR
To thank me for.

CY
Like what?

DONNY
Like your health. The fact that you're alive. Don't be ungrateful about miracles.

CY
Miracles? What miracles? Both engines shut out at once, and I get to see my plane, my business and my whole fucking livelihood fade away over the horizon. And you're trying to tell me that's a miracle?

SCAR
You're not the only one who lost something, Cy. I left all of my money on the plane. Have I complained once about it? No. And look at my tuxedo. Have I bitched about that?

Scar's tuxedo is wrinkled and damp.

DONNY
(conciliatory)
After we are rescued, the insurance companies will buy you another plane.

SCAR
Yeah. At least you've got insurance.

CY
I didn't have any insurance.
SCAR
(incredulous)
No insurance? What type of half-ass airline do you run, Cy? One route. One plane. No real mechanic, obviously. You call that Trans-Island Airways?

Cy walks away.

SCAR
You should have called it something like Cy's Shitty Shuttle Service.

Scar laughs at his own joke.

EXT. THE WOODS
MOVING
as Cy walks angrily past the mango bushes and the palm trees.

He stops at the lagoon and watches the fish swim. He picks up a rock and throws it into the water. The fish scatter.

Cy continues his walk.

CY
(muttering)
I'm going to end up selling shoes somewhere. No money. No plane. Jesus.

Cy stops abruptly. He stretches his arms and looks to the sky.

CY
Rain. Come on, dammit, rain on me.

He stands like this for a few seconds. Then he drops his arms and continues his walk.

CY
See? It can't get any worse than this. It can't even rain on me.

ANGLE ON THE PATH
We see a mass of rotten fruit. Flies swarm around the decomposing mass. Cy's foot steps into the exact center of this mess. He slips and almost falls.
ANGLE ON CY

CY
(catching himself)
Whoa! Aw shit!
Cy tries to scrape the fruit off of his shoe by pressing it against the trunk of a palm tree.

EXT. THE BEACH

Scar lounges on the beach. Despite his sickness, he has gathered another large pile of fruit.
Donny is busy clearing an area in the sand.

SCAR
Building a castle?

DONNY
A fireplace. Maybe we can send some sort of signal.

SCAR
Good thinking.

DONNY
Then why don't you help me?

SCAR
I don't have any nature experience. You're the one who has been out in the wilderness, converting pagans. Fireplaces aren't my department.

Donny walks toward the forest to gather firewood.

ANGLE ON SCAR

SCAR
(voice raised)
Too bad about the plane, but Cy was asking for trouble if he never got insured.

DONNY (o.s.)
That surprised me. You know, considering the fact that each of us paid two hundred bucks.

Scar face registers the shock and then anger at being screwed. He accidentally inhales a piece of fruit and begins to COUGH.

Donny reappears with firewood and rushes to help Scar.

DONNY
Are you okay? Do you need help?
Scar punches himself in the chest. He does not respond.

Donny wraps his arms around Scar's stomach.

    DONNY
    Relax. I know the Heimlich maneuver. Just calm down, okay?

Scar tries to elbow Donny.

    DONNY
    I can't help you if you won't let me, Scar. Relax. One...Two....

Scar saves himself before Donny can do it for him. He coughs up the piece of fruit and spits it out. Before Donny reaches "Three," Scar whirls around and knocks him to the ground.

    SCAR
    Don't you ever touch me! What are you, queer?
    DONNY
    I'm trying to help you!
    SCAR
    I didn't want it.

Scar shakes his head.

    DONNY
    I thought you couldn't get any air.
    SCAR
    I was coughing, wasn't I?
    DONNY
    I'm sorry I tried to save your life. Why are you so mad?
    SCAR
    How much money did you give Cy?

Donny shrugs and grins.

    DONNY
    (boastfully)
    Well, he first wanted three hundred. But after a while, I got him down to two hundred.

Donny tries to pat Scar on the shoulder consolingly.
SCAR

That son of a bitch.

Scar pushes Donny aside and storms into the forest.

DONNY

(calling after him)
But my church couldn't afford three hundred.

SCAR

(yelling)

CY!!!

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND

Cy has dug up his stash of cigarettes and removes a pack. The rest lie in the hole.

He leans against the rock and smokes, trying to relax.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Scar emerging from the forest behind Cy. When he sees Cy blow out a large cloud of smoke, Scar charges him like a bull. He lunges and knocks Cy off the rock.

SCAR

You bastard!

Cy stumbles and turns around. Scar cannot see the hole full of cigarettes because his view is blocked by the rock. He points at the evidence in Cy's hands.

SCAR

No more cigarettes, Cy? How dumb do you think I am?

ANGLE ON THE HOLE

As Cy tries to explain, he walks forward while dragging sand with one foot.

CY (o.s.)

Okay. Okay. Now I'll admit I've been a little stingy with these things.

ANGLE ON SCAR

who is not calming down a bit.

SCAR

Stingy? You lied to me.

Scar pushes Cy again.
ANGLE ON THE HOLE

The pile of sand was only pushed to the lip of the hole before Scar knocked Cy back.

ANGLE ON CY

lying on his back. He takes a quick drag from his cigarette and stands up.

CY

I'm trying to say I'm sorry. This whole thing has made me a little crazy. I've been selfish. I don't dispute that.

ANGLE ON THE HOLE

as Cy tries to cover it again.

SCAR (o.s.)

How many are left?

TWO SHOT OF SCAR AND CY

Cy holds up the pack.

CY

In here?

Of course in there. How many?

CY

Plenty. I was smoking the first one.

SCAR

Take one out.

Cy removes one and leans forward to offer it to Scar.

ANGLE ON THE HOLE

which Cy covers when he leans toward Scar.

TWO SHOT OF SCAR AND CY

SCAR

(sounding tired)

I just wanted you to be honest with me.

CY

I'm sorry, Scar. Here--take one.
Suddenly, Scar grabs Cy's arm and pulls him. He takes the whole pack out of Cy's other hand.

SCAR
You can keep that extra cig, Cy. Be careful with it. It's the last one you're going to get.

CY
I said I apologized.

Scar shakes Cy violently.

SCAR
You stole from me.

CY
No, I didn't. Those are my cigarettes.

SCAR
It's got nothing to do with these. Now I want you to tell me something. How much did you charge Donny?

CY
For what?

Scar throws him down and climbs over the rock. He towers over Cy, who again lies on his back.

SCAR
Don't play innocent, Cy. It insults me. How much did Donny pay to fly with you?

CY
Regular fare.

SCAR
Really. Then how much did I pay?

CY
Just a little--

SCAR
A lot.

CY
Okay. A lot more. Whatever you say. But you took space that I usually use for mail or supplies for the casino. And your added weight eats up fuel. And you came so late. Any other airline would have charged more, too.

SCAR
Six hundred dollars more?
You didn't question it then.

Listen to me. I thought I could rely on you. But I can't. So help me, if you ever try to screw me over again, no one will ever know you set foot on this island.

That's a threat, right?

Looking up, Scar is a menacing black silhouette against the bright sky. Scar leans slightly, letting the blinding sun stream over his shoulder.

It's what you make it. If you turn against me again, it'll be a promise.

Scar squats down.

Where's the lighter?

Cy hands him the lighter. Scar lights a cigarette and blows the smoke into Cy's face.

Can I get up?

Sure.

When Cy tries to get up, Scar puts his hand on his shoulder and uses Cy as leverage to stand up. Cy falls back to the ground yet again.

Thanks, Cy.

Cy sighs, frustrated. Scar walks into the woods.

And thanks for the lighter.
EXT. THE BEACH--A FEW DAYS LATER--MORNING

From a blackened circle which functions as a fire pit, small threads of smoke rise from smouldering embers.

After waking up, Cy climbs to his feet and stretches. He sports a few days' stubble and his clothes are tattered around the cuffs.

Donny carries an armload of wood to the fire pit. His step is bouncy and annoyingly optimistic.

DONNY
Rise and shine, Cy. Good morning.

Cy spits in an attempt to clear the lousy taste from his mouth.

Donny blows on the embers but there are no hot coals left. Nevertheless, he arranges the wood in preparation for a fire.

DONNY
(over his shoulder)
Scar. You need to relight the signal fire.

There is no other response than Scar's GROANS from the woods.

DONNY
Scar! Hurry up!

Finally, Scar appears. He is fastening his pants.

DONNY
The fire's out.

SCAR
Don't get so excited, Donny.

He gestures to the empty seas.

SCAR
Do you think anybody missed it?

DONNY
A ship at sea might--

SCAR
(interrupting)
Might not ever come near us!
Scar reaches into his pocket and produces the lighter. He waves it at Donny.

SCAR
You know how I get sick every morning. So why can't you leave me alone?

DONNY
The fire needs to be burning at all times.

Donny reaches for lighter, but Scar pulls it away.

DONNY
Come on, Scar. Give me a break.

SCAR
(derisively)
You give me a break, Donny! I think it's pretty lousy to nag a guy who's sick, don't you, Cy?

CY
Sure, but we all want to be rescued.

SCAR
(turning on Cy)
You think I don't know that? Do you?

CY
Nobody's saying that, Scar.

SCAR
Butt out. This is between me and the missionary here.

DONNY
(slowly, quietly, deliberately)
I apologize for interrupting you, Scar. May I please borrow the lighter.

SCAR
I don't think I heard you.

DONNY
(loud and monotone)
I apologize for interrupting you. May I please borrow the lighter.

Scar allows Donny to take the lighter. Scar rubs his head with his hands.

SCAR
Jesus, how long have we been here?
CY
Four. No, five days, I think.

SCAR
It's got to be at least six or seven.

DONNY
I think Cy's right. I'll make a calendar later.

Scar staggers to the water canisters and shakes one. It sounds nearly empty. He takes a healthy gulp and wipes his mouth off with the back of his hand.

SCAR
Lighter.

Donny timidly returns the lighter to Scar.

DONNY
What do you think about keeping it by the pit?

SCAR
No. It's mine.

Scar bites a mango and stares at Cy. Cy cannot break the eye contact. He is scared.

EXT. THE FIRE PIT--THAT NIGHT

The three of them stare aimlessly into the flames. Scar belches loudly after finishing a mango. He hurls the core into the surf.

Cy winces in disgust.

CY
How can you eat so many of those damn things?

SCAR
What the hell else is there to eat? The coconuts aren't ripe. You want me to chew tree bark?

CY
It's the mangoes that make you sick every day.

SCAR
(ignoring him)
Donny, pass me the water.

Donny hesitates. Only after Scar insistently clears his throat does he pass the water canister.
DONNY
You know, it's the diarrhea that's making you so thirsty.

SCAR
Goddamit, leave me alone.

DONNY
But we're going to have to conserve that water. Unless we pool our resources and work together, we're going to die here.

I share.

CY
Not those cigarettes.

SCAR
Shut up. I already gave you one. That's a hell of a lot more than you were ever going to give me.

Donny raises his hands in a plea for reason.

DONNY
Forget about the cigarettes. They'll just kill you someday.

SCAR
I hope I'm that lucky.

DONNY
They're not important enough to fight over. We'll die a couple of days after we run out of water. That's why it's got to last. Scar, you have to drink less. I'd say you drink twice as much as Cy or I do.

SCAR
(angry)
Stand up!

What?

DONNY
You too, Cy.

Scar stands next to Donny, dwarfing him.

As Donny rises, he has his arms raised to deflect any punches that Scar might throw.
SCAR
How much do you weigh, Donny?

DONNY
One forty.

CY?

SCAR
Cy shrugs.

CY
I don't know. One sixty or seventy.

Scar snaps to attention, military style. He throws his
chest forward and his shoulders back.

SCAR
Two hundred and sixty-six pounds. Most of it
muscle.
(looking down at Donny)
I'm pretty fucking big, wouldn't you say, Don?

Scar flexes his biceps.

SCAR
A big guy like me probably eats twice as much
as a skinny kid like you.

Donny's voice shakes in protest.

DONNY
This is a matter of survival, Scar.

I know that!

Scar pushes Donny away and begins pacing.

SCAR
I need food! And all we've got is mangoes.
No meat. Nothing! And until we get rescued
or hamburgers start raining from the sky, I'm
going to eat as many goddam mangoes as I want.
And you guys can't stop me.

He stops pacing abruptly.

SCAR
I've got to take a piss.

Scar marches off into the darkness.
EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND--MORNING

CLOSE SHOT

of Cy's face in intense concentration. A cigarette dangles from his lips.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

his quivering hand holding a burning twig.

Crouched in an almost fetal position, Cy lights his cigarette.

There is a RUSTLING in the woods behind him.

Alarmed, Cy quickly covers the hole in which his cigarettes are stashed.

CY
(nervously)

Who is it?

Cy presses his cigarette against the rock and takes care to brush the soot from the stone.

CY

Scar? Is that you?

ANGLE ON THE FOREST

From the darkness of the brush, a sea gull hops onto the sand.

ANGLE ON CY

whose shoulders sag in relief. He throws a rock which lands far from the bird.

CY

Shoo! You little bastard.

EXT. THE FIRE PIT--A FEW MINUTES LATER

In his daily ritual, Scar has exiled himself to the woods.

At the fire pit, Donny weaves palm fronds together. Nearby, he has arranged some long sticks.

Cy appears.

CY

(trying to strike up chit-chat)

You're up early, aren't you?
Donny shoots him an unfriendly glance.

Donny
I'm always up early. It seems I'm the only one who does anything around here. Where have you been this morning?

Cy
Walking. Nothing special.

Cy turns to walk away and almost steps on Donny's sticks.

Donny
Careful. It took me a long time to find strong sticks that size.

Cy
What are they for?

Donny
I'm making a net. Hopefully, a bird-catching net. I'm worried about Scar.

Cy
(outraged)
Why Scar? I hate to tell you this, but he hates you. Not that something like that should bother you. He hates me, too.

Donny uses a vine to lash the sticks together.

Donny
I know that.

Cy
Then let him find his own food. Let him choke himself on every mango here. I don't see why we should give a damn what he eats.

Donny pulls too hard on his lashing and breaks it. His face is bright red.

Donny
You don't, do you? Really, Cy. Your apathy just burns the fire out of me sometimes.

He sticks his finger to his head.

Donny
Do you ever wonder if you might be shortsighted? Have you ever once thought about anything besides yourself? Have you? Have you been paying attention to anything?
Haven't you?

DONNY
(deliberately)
That...
(fumbling for the words)
That person said he was going to eat and eat until somebody rescues us. If somebody rescues us. And there's nothing here to eat except fruit. Which makes him sick, which makes him thirsty.
(emphasizing this point)
Which threatens us all.

Well, he can't have any of my water.

Donny slams his fist on the ground.

DONNY
But he's drinking it already, Cy! Every gulp that he swallows is a gulp that we are going to need in a week. But it won't be there for us.

Then we'll stop him from drinking any more than he needs.

DONNY
How, Cy? I've been trying to talk to him since the crash and it's gotten me nowhere. He won't listen to reason. For pete's sake, he won't even listen to his own body. I'm beginning to think he likes diarrhea. And you know how big he is. There's no way we can stop him physically. He'd kill us. The only solution I can think of is to find something else for him to eat. It's up to one of us, because, Lord knows, he's too stupid to figure it out himself.

Scar staggers out of the woods.

SCAR
Looks like you guys had an easier morning than me.
(pointing at Donny's work)
You making a kite?

Donny looks up at Cy.

DONNY
See what I mean?
EXT. THE ROAD BETWEEN THE CASINO AND THE AIRWAYS BUILDING--DAY

It is early in the morning. Marcel drives down the road in a golf cart owned by the casino.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING

Marcel parks the car. He gets out and straightens his clothes.

As he approaches the building, his pace picks up when he sees that the front door is open.

From the building, we hear the STATIC of the radio.

INT. THE TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING

ANGLE ON THE OPEN FRONT DOOR

Marcel bursts through it with a smile that fades immediately.

REVERSE ANGLE

showing that it is Bunny in the apartment, not Cy. Food SIZZLES on the stove.

Bunny has her back to the door. She speaks into the radio transmitter.

BUNNY

These eggs smell really good, Cy. And by the way, everybody from the bar sends their thanks for those cigarettes you had hidden away.

The only response from the radio is more STATIC.

Bunny jumps when she sees Marcel.

BUNNY

Marcel!

He steps inside and eyes the general decrepitude of the room.

MARCEL

This is the first time that I have been inside this place. Did you know that?

BUNNY

You haven't missed much. What do you think of it?
I think it's awful.

That's Cy for you.

Speaking of Cy, did he say when he was coming back?

Bunny points at the radio.

Oh, that. I was just reminding him of what he had left behind. Do you want some of this?

She pokes at the food with a spatula.

This does seem a little petty, Bunny.

Petty? Like abandoning someone just because of a lovers' quarrel? Maybe.

Marcel nods in understanding.

Bunny offers him a plate of food.

But aren't you worried about him?

He probably stayed over in Truk hoping to find a passenger back. Or maybe he went to the casinos in Hong Kong. He's done it before. Once, he spent three weeks in Manila without telling me.

And that didn't make you nervous?

Sure, it did. But that's the way he is. Cy's not very thoughtful. Other people are only distractions to him.

He could be anywhere. Scar Malone had plenty of money. Maybe Cy flew him all the way to Manila or Hawaii. Who knows? Cy might be at Disneyland this very moment.
MARCEL
It all seems very strange to me, Bunny. I fear something went wrong.

BUNNY
I'm sure he's milking Malone for every penny he can.

MARCEL
Probably. But I'm going to wire Truk. Just in case.

BUNNY
Suit yourself. But let's eat breakfast first. He's letting his food go bad. Considering all the starving people in the world, it would be a shame to let it go to waste.

EXT. THE BEACH OF THE UNINHABITED ISLAND--THAT DAY
A sea gull hops across the sand in quick spurts.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL
Donny following the bird with his net.

Farther down the beach, Cy and Scar are reclined on the sand to watch the only spectator sport available.

The bird stops. Donny positions his net above his target. He awkwardly throws it to the ground.

However, the bird easily hops away before flying lazily out of reach.

Scar, who is both smoking and eating, laughs.

SCAR
Keep your eye on the birdie.

DONNY
It's going to take some time.

SCAR
It's going to take a lot more than that.

DONNY
What do you mean?

SCAR
I'm only saying that it doesn't look like you have the skill to trap one of those birds, Don. Or the strength.
DONNY
It's a sea gull not an ostrich.

SCAR
I'm talking about that stick you've got there. You look like a little kid with that thing. Doesn't he, Cy?

Cy shrugs. It looks futile to him.

DONNY
Well, what do you think, Cy?

CY
I'm no hunter, but those birds are just too quick.

Scar elbows Cy.

SCAR
Look at him. He can hardly carry that thing. That's pretty obvious.

DONNY
What do you know about hunting, Scar? You grew up in Chicago.

Scar clambers to his feet, enraged. He spikes his half-eaten mango on the ground and stomps toward Donny.

SCAR
Give me that fucking thing.

Scar rips the net from Donny's hands.

DONNY
Good luck.

Scar uses the stick to push him away.

SCAR
Get out of my way and try to learn something.

EXT. THE BEACH--ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

Cy and Donny have relocated under a shady tree. The sun is beginning to take its toll on Scar. He has unbuttoned his shirt and sweats profusely. He wobbles from the heat as he follows a bird.

SCAR
Closer...closer....Relax. I'm going to kill you, you scrawny bastard.
Scar throws the stick in a pitiful attempt that fails. He SQUAWKS like a chicken. In frustration, he throws a handful of sand.

SCAR
Damn this thing!

Scar breaks the net's staff against his knee.

EXT. THE FIRE PIT--NIGHT

They sit around the fire. Scar relaxes with a cigarette and a mango. His arm is draped protectively around a water canister.

SCAR
Think they've sent out search planes yet?

CY
I don't know.

SCAR
This place is almost as boring as the casino.

CY
It's probably boring me to death.

Donny occupies himself by mending the net. Instead of repairing the staff, he reinforces the netting with palm fronds. But when he presses his hand against them to test it, they give way.

DONNY
(honestly frustrated)
Darn these dog-awful leaves.

CY
How do you know the net is the problem, Donny? You never got close enough to find out.

DONNY
(distracted)
They always fly away.

CY
Exactly.

Donny takes his shirt off. He starts ripping it into narrow strips.

SCAR
Have you lost your fucking mind?
DONNY
I just had a brainstorm. Cloth would make a perfect net.

Scar CHUCKLES.

DONNY
You won't be laughing tomorrow night when I'm eating fish.

SCAR
(breaking up into laughter)
Then why stop at fish, Don? Maybe you could catch a cow if you tore up your pants.

In hysterics, Scar hits Cy in the shoulder.

SCAR
What do you think, Cy? Would you give your shirt for some slimy fish that feeds off of garbage and kids' spit? Or would you give your pants for a prize-winning cow?

Cy shrugs.

SCAR
(continuing)
The cow would take a bigger investment. You know what I mean? But think of it. Imagine how good a T-Bone steak would taste right now. Or some filet mignon. I'll tell you what. Cy, you imagine you're having the filet and I'll pretend I'm eating a sixteen ounce T-Bone, okay?

Scar closes his eyes while he dreams of an ideal meal. His jaw vibrates as if he were chewing a succulent, mouth-watering piece of meat.

SCAR
Mmmmmmmmm...this steak is good. How's that filet, Cy?
    (not waiting for an answer)
I bet you're dreaming of Mommy's apple pie, eh Donny? You stupid queer.

Scar throws his mango at Donny.

EXT. THE CASINO--THAT NIGHT

Bright lights line the pool deck. The bar and restaurant is visible through a window. We can hear FAINT MUSIC in the background.
INT. MARCEL'S OFFICE

Marcel enters through the door. When the door shuts, the MURMUR of the crowd of gamblers outside is silenced.

Marcel counts a stack of money and then wraps a rubber band around the bills. He tosses the bills on his desk and steps up to a table that supports a telegraph.

He puts a set of headphones on his head and sends a signal in Morse Code. As he taps out each word, he says them aloud.

MARCEL
(quietly)
Oasis... Casino... to... Truk... Oasis...
Casino... to... Truk...

He pauses waiting to hear a response before continuing.

MARCEL
Tell... status... Trans... Island...
Flight...

As the reply comes in, he writes it down on a sheet of paper.

INSERT--MARCEL'S PAPER

His hand slowly writes the message letter by letter.

A SERIES OF CUTS

showing the paper, the earphones, and Marcel's concerned expression.

INSERT--THE FINISHED MESSAGE

NO RECORD ARRIVAL OF TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS
CYRUS KAVORE OSCAR MALONE STOP

EXT. THE LAGOON OF THE UNINHABITED ISLAND--MORNING

ANGLE ON A FISH

swimming in wide lazy circles.

ANGLE ON DONNY

who stands waist-deep in the water, dragging his net. In a sudden motion, he pulls it out of the water. He catches nothing.
EXT. THE LAGOON--A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER

The shadows have shifted and Donny's face is red.

Donny tries a new strategy. He tries to stand motionless in the water, controlling even his own breathing. Suddenly, he pulls the net out of the water, this time trying to push a fish into it with his free hand.

Again, no success.

DONNY

(muttering)

A little better.

EXT. THE LAGOON--LATE AFTERNOON

The shadows are long and dark. Donny's shoulders are a deep relentless red.

Donny has positioned himself near the entrance of the lagoon. The water reaches his chest.

ANGLE ON A FISH

swimming near him.

ANGLE ON DONNY

repeating the same awkward attempt to force a fish into the net with his free hand. He raises the empty net out of the water.

Completely discouraged, Donny SIGHS and throws his net onto the shore.

EXT. THE FIRE PIT--TEN MINUTES LATER

Scar sits on the sand, admiring the beauty of the sunset. He shakes his head nostalgically. He lights a cigarette.

Cy is unimpressed. He passes the time by breaking twigs and throwing the fragments into the fire.

SCAR

This is the life, Cy.

CY

(unbelieving)

Sure.
SCAR
Don't get me wrong. I don't like it that much. I'd love to have a drink and a woman by my side... But this is... it's...
(searching for the right word)
It's just... nice sometimes.

CY
Whatever.

Scar takes a deep drag from his cigarette.

SCAR
Damn. I love to smoke. It's just a great hobby. It doesn't require a lot of concentration. It gives you something to do with your hands. I don't look like an asshole when I'm doing it. In fact, I look cool. I just feel good when I smoke.

He takes another long drag.

CY
It would be great if it weren't for the cancer.

The cancer? Fuck the cancer.

At this time, Donny arrives. He angrily throws his net down.

SCAR
Catch anything, Ahab?

DONNY
The net's not big enough. I'm going to need your shirts.

SCAR
For what?

DONNY
For a larger net. For fish.

SCAR
You want to rip up my shirt? You've got to be kidding.

DONNY
Help me out here, Cy.

CY
Hang on. Look at yourself, Donny. Your back is burnt. You look like hell.
DONNY

So what?

CY

The sun's relentless here.

SCAR

And now you want us to lose our shirts just because you tore yours up? That's stupid.

DONNY

(incredulous)

I'm stupid? Think about it. We're about to run out of water and starve to death. And you guys are worried about the sun? You can't get your priorities straight. You're the stupid ones.

I am not.

You are too.

DONNY

No, I'm not.

SCAR

You are too. What are you waiting for? A miracle?

CY

You sound like less of a missionary every day.

Donny throws his hands up into the air.

DONNY

But we're here. That's what's miraculous. We have everything we need right here. All we have to do is work together.

SCAR

You mean give up our clothes.

DONNY

I mean cooperate! Work to save yourselves by saving each other. We could be each other's blessing.

Donny begins to pace.
DONNY

Somebody once said no man is an island. That all people were connected. You know what that means? It means we have to work together. Right? United we stand, divided we fall. It's all for one and one for all. That's how we're going to get rescued. It's the best way and the only way.

There is a long pause.

Donny stands hopefully in front of Cy and Scar. He turns his gaze from one to the other.

Scar and Cy stare blankly at him. After about fifteen seconds of this gridlock, Scar turns to Cy.

SCAR

I feel like we're about to play in the fucking Rose Bowl.

Dejected, Donny drops his hands and walks away.

SCAR

(giggling)

Who does he think he is? Vince Lombardi?

CY

He's gotten a little carried away with that fishing idea.

SCAR

The nerve of that guy. With that teamwork shit. Do you notice how he's always giving me a hard time?

(turning angry)

Always watching me. Whining about the water. Half the time, I think I'm going to blow my top and break his goddam neck. No kidding, Cy. I really want to hurt him sometimes. Most of the time.

Cy stares at him wondering how serious he really is. Then he stands up.

CY

Well, uh, try to take it easy, okay? Count to ten or something.

Cy picks a burning branch out of the fire.

SCAR

What are you doing?
I'm going for a walk.

Scar points at the stick.

No. With that.

(uncertain)

Oh, this. Well, it's going to be dark in a little while. I don't want to trip over anything.

Cy leaves.

Scar looks perplexed. Suddenly, his face lights up.

I get it. You're going to beat off, aren't you? Huh? You dog.

EXT. THE WOODS

Donny walks at a brisk pace, trying to blow off some steam. He talks to himself.

It's just not going to work. I'll starve to death with these idiots. And for what? Why?

He literally shakes with anger.

It's so... unfair.

Donny looks to the sky.

ANGLE ON A GULL

gliding over the tree tops and landing on top of a palm tree.

ANGLE ON DONNY

staring blankly at it. He blinks.

Eggs.

Donny removes his belt from his waist and loops it around the trunk of the tree. Holding each end in his hands, he leans back with all of his weight. He lifts his feet and pushes them against the trunk.
Suspended above the ground, Donny leans forward slightly and flicks the belt farther up the trunk. Taking a deep breath, he repeats the process.

After much strain, Donny begins to make real progress. As he nears the top, the tree begins to shake. The bird flies away.

A HIGHER ANGLE

showing Donny rising above smaller trees. He wraps his legs around the trunk and reaches into the nest.

CLOSE ON DONNY

whose eyes widen when he removes an egg from the nest.

DONNY

My God.

He relaxes in relief and loses his grip.

Donny slides a few feet down the trunk and then falls to the ground.

ANGLE ON DONNY

lying on his back. Dazed, he looks into his hand.

ANGLE ON THE CRUSHED EGG

in his hand.

DONNY’S POV

looking up to the tree top. The tree shakes and a large coconut swings precariously. It falls and heads directly toward Donny’s face.

CUT TO BLACK

We hear a loud THUD.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND

Cy furtively smokes a cigarette.

From the woods, there is a RUSTLING sound.

Cy cups his cigarette and holds it behind his back. Suddenly he drops it and kicks sand over it.

Scar hurries out of the woods. He is out of breath.
What do you want?

Donny.

I don't know where the hell he is.

Scar wrings his hands nervously.

He's lying on the ground. In a pool of blood.

Cy eyes Scar suspiciously.

What happened? What have you done?

Nothing. I left him there.

Jesus.

I think a coconut must have hit him on the head or something. Did you hear anything?

No.

Really? It happened just a minute ago.

How do you know?

Because the blood's still wet.

Scar stares at Cy. His face twists, trying to speak words that he can hardly force himself to say.

Let's eat him.

FADE OUT
FADE IN

EXT. THE FIRE PIT--THAT NIGHT

Hunks of meat hang on a spit over a raging fire.

Cy and Scar sit eating. Cy's bites are tentative, hampered by a bad conscience.

Scar eats voraciously, clearly enjoying his meal. As he eats, we hear LOUD SMACKS and SATISFIED GRUNTS.

SCAR
(cheerfully)
This isn't too bad. You know, I think Donny tastes like chicken. A little like beef but more like chicken. I don't know. I haven't had anything in so long. Doesn't really matter to me.

Scar pulls some meat off a bone with a loud POP. Then he pushes another piece of meat off the spit onto a large leaf. He blows on the meat furiously.

SCAR
Damn this is hot. You know, I've been thinking lately.

Cy does not respond. He looks shell-shocked.

SCAR
Cy?

CY
Yeah?

SCAR
I was thinking that Donny must have exercised a lot. Run, swam, I don't know. But I think he worked out in some way. You know why I say that?

CY
Why?

SCAR
(blurts out)
Because this is damn good meat!

Laughing, Scar leans over and slaps Cy's shoulder.
SCAR
There's hardly any fat on this at all! Hell, I've got relatives that own restaurants. An uncle and a couple of cousins. And even they would charge me full price for a meal like this. With quality this high, nobody can afford to cut a deal for anybody.

Scar dives face first into another hunk of meat.

EXT. THE FIRE PIT--THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Scar rubs his stomach contentedly while he carefully licks the fingers of his other hand. The loud SMACKS don't bother Cy who stares blankly at the flames.

Scar GRUNTS and leans forward pointing at the last piece of meat. Cy doesn't respond.

SCAR
Cy.

CY
(startled)
What?!

SCAR
You going to eat that?

CY
No. I don't think I can.

SCAR
Are you sure about that? It might be a while before one of us has a meal like this again. Of course, if that happens, somebody'll have all they want.

Scar laughs heartily, but Cy does not.

SCAR
Anyway, I ate a lot more than you did. That piece is yours.

CY
Go ahead.

Scar pushes the meat onto a leaf. He juggles it between his hands to cool it.

SCAR
Suit yourself. No reason to waste any.
(in a mock-authoritative voice)
Donny doesn't grow on trees, you know.
Cy eyes his movements warily. Scar tears a huge bite out of the meat. It is a disgusting sight. Grease glistens on both side of his face as he dives into his food. A little piece falls on the sand. Scar picks it up, blows on it and throws it down. He wipes his mouth on his sleeve, leaving a red stain.

Scar picks up a canister of water and shakes it. He looks down through the mouth.

**SCAR**

Less than half left.  
(calling over to Cy)

Hey, Cy.

Cy doesn't answer.

**SCAR**

Take it easy on the water, okay? We're going to have to be careful with this stuff.

Scar starts to screw the top back on, but he hesitates. He cannot resist the temptation; he cannot stop himself. Suddenly, he rips off the cap.

**SCAR**

Donny doesn't need any.

Scar leans back and takes a long drink. Water leaks out the corners of his mouth. Veins of water reflect the flames as they run down his neck.

Scar sits down next to Cy trying not to look at him. When they make eye contact, Scar shrugs.

**SCAR**

(sheepishly)

I forgot about Donny. There's plenty for now.

Scar lights a cigarette.

**SCAR**

I forgot how great it was to smoke after a meal.

Cy finally speaks. His voice is strained. He is a victim of his own memory.

**CY**

I can't believe he's dead. We've spent every minute of the past two weeks with him. And now he's gone. I keep expecting him to just walk out of the woods.
Scar blows a smoke ring and then shoots a stream of smoke through it.

SCAR
(unsympathetic)
You've been away from home for far too long, Cy. Death is a common reality in modern, urban America. I know.

Cy shakes his head.

CY
It's just so weird....

Scar's jaw moves up and down. He runs his tongue over his teeth.

Yeah, it sure is.

Scar shakes his head and looks into the flames.

SCAR
(abruptly changing the subject)
Cy, do you have any type of floss? I've got a piece of Donny stuck between my teeth.

INT. THE CASINO BAR--LATE THAT NIGHT

The customers have left. Bunny counts her money at the bar. Raoul, the bartender, polishes glasses.

Marcel approaches and lightly touches Bunny's arm.

MARCEL
Raoul, could you count Bunny's receipts? I need to speak with her for a few moments.

Bunny begins to count her tips.

BUNNY
Let me tip you out, Raoul.

Marcel tugs her arm.

MARCEL
Surely that can wait until tomorrow, can't it, Raoul?

RAOUL
Uh, sure. Tomorrow's fine, Bunny.

INT. MARCEL'S OFFICE

Bunny drops into the chair facing Marcel's desk.
MARCEL
(nervously)
Would you like a cigarette?

Bunny holds hers up in the air.

BUNNY
I've got one. What's the deal, Marcel?
Why should Raoul close down for me?

MARCEL
Listen. I wired Truk last night--

INT. THE CASINO BAR

Raoul WHISTLES to himself as he wipes off the bar. The peace is broken when he hears Bunny SOBBING inside Marcel's office.

INT. MARCEL'S OFFICE

Marcel kneels next to Bunny's chair and has his arm wrapped around her.

MARCEL
They could still be out there somewhere.

BUNNY
(weeping)
Do you honestly believe that? He's dead. It's been over a week....And I feel so guilty. I hate him....No, I don't hate him, but I didn't want to see him anymore. But I didn't want him to die.

MARCEL
You don't know that he did.

He shakes her gently.

MARCEL
There's a front coming through. When the weather clears, they're going to send out some search planes. We have to wait and see.

Bunny rocks back and forth in her chair.

EXT. THE FIRE PIT--LATE THAT NIGHT

It is dark. The fire has died down. A wisp of smoke rises from some bright coals. Scar lies on his back, spread-eagle, SNORING contentedly. Cy lies in a fetal position, with his legs quivering fitfully in his sleep.
Slowly, the wind builds. First, their hair flickers in
the breeze. Soon, sand and leaves are thrown down the
beach. Big drops of rain begin to fall upon them and
-crash into the fire with a loud distinct HISS. Then--
ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.

The rain and wind increase in intensity. LOUD CRASHES of
thunder and BRIGHT FLASHES of lightning wake Scar and Cy.

They are blinded by flying sand. Scar jumps to his feet
and violently shakes Cy. The din of the storm nearly
drowns his voice.

SCAR

Cy! Wake up!

Cy twists and fully opens his eyes.

CY

Where's Donny?

Scar doesn't wait around to answer. He runs for the
woods. Shielding his eyes, Cy climbs to his feet and
also runs for shelter.

EXT. THE WOODS

Deep in the woods, Cy shivers in a nest of several tree
trunks. He holds his arms over his head to protect
himself from flying debris.

EXT. THE BEACH

In the frequent flashes of brilliant lightning, we can
see the angry waves punish the beach. The wind ROARS
through the tree tops, ripping off the upper branches of
the weaker plants and throwing them into the sea. In the
midst of this mayhem, the empty water canisters are also
being blown toward the water.

MOVING

with Scar running like a crazed freak across the sand.
He rips his shirt off, twirls it over his head and shoves
it in his pants so it won't blow away.

Scar plunges into the surf to save the canisters. Waves
-crash over his body but somehow he regains his footing
and drags them up onto the beach.

Battered by nature's fury, Scar lets loose a HIGH
PIERCING SCREAM which knifes through the din of the
storm.
EXT. THE WOODS--THE NEXT MORNING

The storm is over. Mangoes and broken branches litter the wet, heavy sand.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Cy who sleeps between the tree trunks. Scar's legs appear and stop in front of Cy. The LOUD SOUNDS OF A CLEAVING MANGO can be heard.

SCAR

Cy.

Cy stirs slightly.

SCAR

(louder)

Cy.

Scar throws a half-eaten mango at Cy. Cy looks around confusedly. Scar kicks his leg.

SCAR

Wake up, damn it.

CY

What happened?

Scar kicks his leg again.

SCAR

You remember. We ate Donny. The storm. All of that was real.

Cy rubs his head.

CY

Yeah. I remember.

SCAR

Of course you do. Listen Cy, it's time you get up and get some work done.

EXT. THE BEACH

Scar points at the water canisters which are halfway buried in the sand. In the mouth of each canister, there is a folded leaf which acts as a funnel.

SCAR

I set these things up last night. Each one is almost a third full now.

Scar begins to pull the canisters out of the sand.
Good thinking.

SCAR
Things are going to be different around here. Anytime I do something for you, you have to do something for me. See how that works?

CY
(with reservations)
Yeah. I guess.

SCAR
Well, it's simple. I'll give you some of my water if you--

CY
Your water?!

SCAR
(combative)
Yeah! My fucking water! I chased the tanks into the water. I set them up. If it weren't for me, nobody would have seen these things again. So if you want any water, you have to bring some food or some wood.

(pauses)
That way you'll have something to trade. It's like money.

CY
Scar, be reasonable--

SCAR
(interrupting)
I am being reasonable, Cy. It's up to you. You can either be reasonable or thirsty.

EXT. THE WOODS
Cy stomps on a fallen branch to break it up into smaller pieces. He gathers them together and carries them on his shoulder.

EXT. THE BEACH
Scar lights a cigarette. It is his last. He crumbles the empty pack and throws it away. Cy approaches, his back bent under his load.

SCAR
Goddam it, I'm out.

CY
Really?
Yeah. Really.

Scar notes Cy's load.

You going to play by the rules now?

Yeah.

How much?

Your guess is as good as mine. I'd say this ought to last all day.

No. I mean how much do you want for it. Make me an offer. How many gulps?

Cy drops the wood on the ground.

I told you things were going to be different.

How about ten gulps?

Scar scans the wood.

Ten? If it's going to cost me ten I might as well go get it myself.

Cy throws his hands into the air.

Jesus, Scar--

Scar holds up a finger.

Ten if you also bring me ten mangoes.

Damn it. You're going to milk this for all it's worth, aren't you? You're going to make me a slave.
EXT. THE BEACH--MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON A PILE OF MANGOES

on Scar's lap. One by one, he checks them to see if they are fit for consumption.

SCAR
Any off the ground?

CY
(lying)

No.

SCAR
They look dirty to me.

Scar rubs the fruit against his shirt and takes a large bite from it.

SCAR
(mouth full)
No more dirty ones. Ten gulps.

ANGLE ON CY
drinking heavily. His throat pulsates with each swallow.

ANGLE ON SCAR
counting quietly as Cy drinks.

SCAR
(aloud)
Eight...Nine...Ten...Hey!

TWO SHOT OF CY AND SCAR

Cy keeps drinking. Scar lunges forward, causing his mangoes to roll off of his lap. He grabs the canister with one hand and punches Cy in the stomach with the other. Water spews from Cy's mouth.

SCAR
I said ten.

CY
(wheezing)
I haven't had any all day.

SCAR
Then work for it. Don't steal.

CY
Why can't we just work together and share?
Don't talk like a savior, Cy. Donny talked like our savior and look where it got him.

The old Trans-Island Airways plane rocks with the waves. It sits low in the water because the previous storm swamped it. Hundreds of gallons were washed through the open door.

Gradually, a soft BUZZ grows louder. In the blue sky above, a plane circles overhead.

Cy's plane looks like a small, floating crucifix.

The copilot taps the pilot on the shoulder. He screams to be heard above the engines.

Look!

From high above the island, we can see that the freighter has arrived. It has anchored about two hundred yards offshore, directly in front of the casino.

SAILORS unload supplies from a smaller ferry. Many crates are marked "LIQUOR". There are also large sides of beef and fuel drums. As the goods are being unloaded, a FOREMAN checks each item off an invoice.

Three cases bourbon.

On the ferry, a sailor scans the cargo.

I see two.

Goddamit. MacKenzie! Any bourbon left in the hold?

MacKenzie is trying to move a fuel drum.
MACKENZIE
(preoccupied)

Don't ask me.

Wringing her hands, Bunny approaches the foreman.

BUNNY

Excuse me.

FOREMAN

Just a minute, please.

The foreman picks up his radio to contact the freighter. While he is talking, some of the other sailors try to wink and flirt with Bunny. She ignores them.

FOREMAN
(into radio)

Fernandez here. We're short on bourbon.

RADIO

How much?

FOREMAN

A case. There might be other problems, we've only gone through half of the invoice.

BUNNY

I'd like to talk to someone about--

FOREMAN
(interrupting)

Miss, I'm kind of busy right now. You're going to have to wait.

BUNNY
(continuing and louder)

--buying a ride back to the States and find out how much it would cost.

The foreman covers the transmitter with his hands.

FOREMAN

We're going to be here until tomorrow night. Why don't you come back in the morning? Give us a chance to do our job first.

BUNNY
(firm)

I think I'll talk to someone today.
EXT. THE CASINO PATIO

Marcel steps out of the building, impeccably dressed as usual. He nods and smiles to a few customers as he makes his way to the patio bar. He leans forward to whisper to the bartender.

MARCEL
Have you seen Bunny recently?

BARTENDER
She's down the pier.

EXT. THE PIER

Bunny is still cutting her deal with the foreman.

BUNNY
I can give you a case of bourbon if you'll talk to your boss now.

FOREMAN
Why should I believe you?

BUNNY
(mocking him)
But you're going to be here until tomorrow night.
(in a normal tone)
Why should I lie to you? If you don't get the case, you're not going to let me go.

Reluctantly, the foreman speaks into the radio.

FOREMAN
Listen, there's a woman here who wants to sail back home with us. She can pay a fare and she's got a case of liquor. It would clear us with the invoice.

There is a pause.

RADIO
That'll work.

Bunny jumps in celebration just as Marcel reaches her. She hugs him.

BUNNY
Marcel, I'm going home.

MARCEL
(solemn)
I have some news for you.
BUNNY

What?

MARCEL

They spotted Cy's plane. It was swamped and empty.

Devastated, Bunny walks back to the building. Marcel stands alone and speechless.

EXT. THE BEACH OF THE DESERTED ISLAND--DAY

Scar sifts through a pile of fruit, examining them one by one. He keeps the good ones on his lap and tosses a reject at Cy's feet.

Cy stands patiently next to a water canister waiting for permission to drink.

SCAR

I thought I told you no dirty ones.

He throws another at Cy's feet.

SCAR

And no small ones either.

CY

They don't look so small to me.

Scar grabs Cy's hand and yanks on it, nearly dislocating Cy's shoulder. He presses Cy's hand into a fist.

SCAR

Bigger than that. Bigger than your fist. How many fucking times do I have to tell you?

CY

(weakly)

I forgot.

SCAR

(disbelieving)

Sure. Go get more.

Cy turns to walk away, but suddenly lunges at Scar. Scar falls on his back. Before Scar can get up, Cy picks up a water canister and tries to run toward the woods.

Enraged, Scar races after him. In an instant, he tackles Cy, knocking the canister from his hands. Scar proceeds to punch the hell out of Cy. Cy's neck snaps from side to side as Scar's fists SMACK into his face.
SCAR
Who the hell do you think you are?

ANGLE ON THE CANISTER

lying on its side. Water pulses out of the mouth with soft GLUGGING SOUNDS and SLAPS the thirsty sand.

ANGLE ON SCAR

as he turns to look at the water, his face frozen in shock and horror.

   No!

SCAR

Scar climbs off of Cy and rushes to save the water.

SCAR

Look at what you fucking did!

Scar picks up the canister and turns around in time to see Cy escape into the woods.

EXT. THE BEACH—LATE THAT AFTERNOON

Much more sedate, Scar draws pictures in the sand with a stick. He draws a woman's figure and CHUCKLES as he draws her breasts. Looking around guiltily, he erases it with his foot.

There is a RUSTLING from the edge of the woods.

   CY (o.s.)
Scar. Are you still mad?

Yeah.

   SCAR

   CY (o.s.)
Are you going to beat me up again?

   SCAR

Probably not.

Cy emerges from the woods with a load of fruit. Dried blood covers much of his face.

   CY
I'm really thirsty Scar.

   SCAR

I bet you are.

Scar takes the mangoes from him.
SCAR
You can have five. I'm counting.

CY
I'll get some wood for tonight.

EXT. THE FIRE PIT--THAT NIGHT

Cy and Scar look into the flames. Scar runs his hand through his hair. He scratches his neck. He is fidgety.

SCAR
God, I miss meat. I wish we could have saved some of Donny. Don't you, Cy? I could really use some decent food.

Cy says nothing. Scar stands up and begins to pace.

SCAR
No food, no cigarettes. This is driving me crazy. And no women. I've been thinking about that a lot lately. Why did you leave Bunny behind? I haven't gotten laid in so damn long, the tension is killing me.

Cy starts breathing heavily.

CY
Leave her out of this.

Scar stops pacing and faces Cy.

SCAR
I'm sorry. Is that a sore spot? Must have been a rough break-up. She practically jumped in my lap. You must have made her awfully mad.

CY
Don't ever mention her name to me again.

SCAR
Fair enough. I hardly knew her. I don't want to get another fight with you. Especially about a girl that I didn't have enough time to sleep with. Besides, you were my last great dinner companion.

(sternly)

But if you don't lighten up, I might have you for dinner again.

They sit motionless, locked in uneasy eye contact.
After a few seconds, Cy clears his throat and stands up. He leans over and picks up a flaming stick from the fire. Before he can stand up, Scar grabs the stick and holds it down.

SCAR
What are you doing?

CY
I'm going for a walk.

SCAR
Don't get any crazy ideas.

Cy walks away. Scar watches his torch disappear into the woods. Scowling, he walks after him.

EXT. THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

Scar follows the flickering light by running along the perimeter of the woods.

Looking to his right, Scar sees the moon's reflection on the water. To his left, he follows Cy's torch. He tiptoes, walks and even sprints to keep up.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND

Cy comes out of the woods. He turns and peers back into the woods.

CY
(whispering)
Scar? Are you there?

He waits for an answer.

CY
(a little louder)
Quick! Come here!

He hears nothing. Sufficiently confident of his solitude, Cy stabs the flaming stick into the sand near the woods. The light illuminates the first row of trees.

Cy unearths a pack of cigarettes and lights one with the torch. He leans against the boulder and stares out to sea at the moon.

CY
Jesus. Look at me.
Millions of stars flicker in the night sky and the sea reflects the full moon. As the waves break on the shore, the translucent foam glows in the dark.

A figure of blackness blocks part of the foam. This darkness moves and expands, now blocking the moon's reflection.

smoking leisurely and trying to discern what the figure is.

The pulsating blackness swells. The top of the figure towers into the sky.

confused and perplexed. HOLD, then:

whose face is lit by the torch. Water plasters his hair onto his face. Above his glimmering beard, yellow eyes squint with rage.

(momentary panic)

(fighting to regain composure)

Scar. Look. I found a few packs.

Scar says nothing.

Want one?

Like a cat on its prey, Scar grabs Cy. Cy tries to flee but it is futile. Scar throws him through the air toward the water. As he struggles to climb to his feet, Cy tries to calm Scar down.

Listen, Scar. I can explain.

Scar kicks him in the head and Cy collapses. Scar then drags his limp body to the water. Scar forces his head under the waves. Cy's body struggles weakly.
ANGLE ON CY'S NECK

in the water. After a few seconds, Scar pulls him up. While Cy gasps for breath, Scar leans forward and SCREAMS directly into his face.

SCAR

CY!!!!!!

Scar dunks Cy's head again. This time there is no resistance. When Scar pulls his head up, he YELLS again. But it is a DEEP, THROATY, PRIMAL SCREAM with no meaning besides pure anger.

WIDER ANGLE

Scar drags Cy back up on the beach and throws him up against the boulder.

SCAR

What were you thinking?

Cy is only partly conscious.

Huh?

SCAR

Scar slaps him across the face.

SCAR

What the hell could you have been thinking, (another three slaps with these last words) you--little--fucking--bastard?

Cy can barely be heard. His voice is strained and weak.

CY

I was going to show them to you. I just found them. Honest. You've got to believe me.

Cy holds out his hand in a gesture of good faith. Scar looks at it for a moment and then slowly shakes it.

SCAR

(quiet)

Why do I have such a hard time believing you?

ANGLE ON THEIR HANDS

Scar holds Cy's hand and pulls Cy's thumb back toward the wrist.
WIDER ANGLE

showing Cy trying to arch away from the pain. There is no escape. We hear a loud POP as the thumb breaks.

Scar grabs Cy's chin and forces him to look at him.

**SCAR**
You found them, huh? They just washed up on the beach here. You think I'm stupid? You think you can keep lying to me like that? I hate you goddam liars.

Scar releases Cy and after gathering the remaining cigarette packs walks away.

**SCAR**
I'm going to go have a smoke.

**EXT. THE FIRE PIT**

Scar sits next to the roaring fire, smoking. As he finishes one cigarette, he uses it to light another.

Scar then takes a large drink of water. He spits some of the water into the fire with a loud HISS. After this indulgence, he pours some of the water on his head.

**EXT. THE EDGE OF THE WOODS**

Cy has crawled to the forest's edge. Blood is caked to the side of his face and he holds his damaged hand to his side. He WHIMPERS a bit and COUGHS.

**EXT. THE FIRE PIT**

Scar hears him and jumps to his feet.

**SCAR**
Stay back!

He throws a rock which rips through the branches.

**SCAR**
Don't come down here asking for favors, Cy. I'm not finished with you. Do you understand me? (yelling)

Do you? (completely out of control)

**CY!!!**

**EXT. THE EDGE OF THE WOODS**

Cy shakes with fear.
EXT. THE ISLAND--LATE THAT NIGHT

The island lies dark and foreboding in the empty sea.

CLOSE ON THE FIRE PIT

A few coals emit a dark red glow. There is no sound but the CRASHING OF THE TIDE.

MOVING

A pair of feet steps cautiously across the sand. We cannot tell whose feet they are. The feet stop next to a coconut. A hand reaches down and picks it up.

DIFFERENT ANGLE ON THE DARKNESS

The hand rises into frame holding the coconut. The hand hesitates. Suddenly, it is pulled violently out of the frame. We hear a loud sound--the combination of THUD and SLAP resulting from the collision of flesh and coconut.

The hand and coconut rise again into frame, wavering in indecision or fatigue. Again, they drop out of frame followed by the same SLAPPING THUD.

The sequence is repeated numerous times. The interval between strikes decreases until there is a blur with an almost machine-gun-like repetition of SLAPPING THUDS.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. THE TRANS-ISLAND AIRWAYS BUILDING--MORNING

Bunny signs a letter and places it in an envelope. She writes "For Cy" on the cover and leaves it on the empty counter.

Bunny takes one last look and walks out the front door. We can see her walking away through the front window.
A SERIES OF SCENES FOLLOWS as we hear Bunny reading the letter:

(1) Bunny packs only a few of her things in her small room at the casino. She removes a 1982 World's Fair poster from the wall and places it on the top of her already full suitcase. She leaves the rest of her belongings behind.

(2) She waves good-bye to the bartender and hugs some of her friends. She sees Marcel in his office but sneaks out, avoiding an emotional good-bye.

(3) Bunny walks down the pier to a ferry. She looks at the freighter which will carry her away.

BUNNY(over)
(monotone recitation)
Dear Cy. For all I know, you are dead. The thought seems so unreal, but so unavoidable. I guess this letter is as much for me as it is for you. The freighter finally came and I left. I have many nice memories of our time together. Maybe it was love...I don't know. I have wondered if I am betraying you by leaving. But I would only betray myself if I stayed. I made the decision to move on before you left. There's no point in changing it now. Life has so much to offer if we only let it. I think you had given up, Cy. If you live to read this, I hope you learn to live again. You will have received a second chance. Make the most of it. Love, Beatrice.

EXT. THE PIER

Just as the voice-over ends, a sailor starts the motor and the ferry pulls away from the pier. Suddenly, Marcel appears at the edge of the pier, breathing heavily.

MARCEL
(yelling)
Bunny!

ANGLE ON BUNNY

turning around, revealing the tears streaming down her face.

ANGLE ON MARCEL

MARCEL

Why didn't you say good-bye?
ANGLE ON BUNNY

    BUNNY
    I couldn't. Promise you'll write.

ANGLE ON MARCEL

    MARCEL
    I don't know where you'll be.

ANGLE ON BUNNY

    BUNNY
    I'll let you know if you promise to write back.

ANGLE ON MARCEL

    MARCEL
    I promise. But what of Cy?

pulling away, drowned out completely by the ROAR of the motor. Her mouth moves but we hear nothing.

EXT. THE OCEAN--DAY

THIS IS THE SAME FOOTAGE FROM THE FILM'S BEGINNING.

A small landing craft motors through the waves. The boat climbs each wave and hangs in the air momentarily. Then, the boat slaps the surface of the water, jolting the men on board.

Ahead of the boat, a small island pokes out of the sea. Sandy beaches outline the lush vegetation at the center. From the island, a small plume of smoke rise into the sky.

EXT. THE BEACH

The search party emerges from the forest on the other side of the island. Far down the beach, they see a person sitting next to a fire. But at this distance, they cannot tell either the size or sex of that person.

The SECOND SAILOR, who is clearly the youngest member of the group, jumps and waves.

SECOND SAILOR
(yelling)

    Hey you!!
The THIRD SAILOR, the most experienced, grabs the kid by the shoulder. The second sailor shuts up.

LIEUTENANT

Follow me.

The search party walks down the beach toward the person.

Gradually, their faces twist into sneers and their eyes dart around shiftily.

FIRST SAILOR

Jesus. What's that smell?

Nobody answers his question. Suddenly, the second sailor freezes and covers his mouth.

SECOND SAILOR

I think I'm going to puke, sir.

LIEUTENANT

Stow it, sailor.

SECOND SAILOR

I can't go on--

The third sailor steps in between them and faces the lieutenant.

THIRD SAILOR

You should handle this alone, sir.

The lieutenant's eyes flare with anger, but he catches himself. He hesitates and then marches toward the fire at a much quicker pace.

REVERSE ANGLE

from the fire. Above the fire, a spit holds a piece of blackened meat. We cannot see the person's face but can see enough of the body to know that it is a man. In the background, the lieutenant approaches.

At a safe distance from the man, the lieutenant stops and removes his hat.

LIEUTENANT

(almost deferential)

Sir, I'm Lieutenant Chambers, U.S. Navy. We've come to rescue you.

The lieutenant waits for a response. There is none.
LIEUTENANT
How long have you been here?
(pause)
What's your name, sir?

Again, there is no response. The lieutenant's expression is one of expectant confusion.

LIEUTENANT
Sir?

There is a HOLLOW COUGHING sound from the survivor.

HOLD ON THE LIEUTENANT, then:

REVERSE ANGLE

showing that the survivor is Cy. He tries to take another bite of meat, but sinewy fat holds it together. He yanks it apart violently.

CY

Cy.  
(clearing his throat)
Cyrus Kavore.

The lieutenant holds out his arm and waves for Cy to follow him.

LIEUTENANT

Please. Let us take you home.

Cy drops his meat and reaches for the other on the spit. He has a sullen, empty stare.

CY

Let me finish.

FINAL FADE OUT