

# WRIT LARGE

SKELETON TREE

By

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EXT. DARKNESS - DAY

1

**TITLES**

**COASTAL JAPAN**  
**March 11th, 2011**

Slowly the screen starts to fill with small and dark (yet familiar) images and footage. As they get brighter and bigger. We are met with...

FADE IN:

2

A COLLECTION OF NEWS & ON-LINE FOOTAGE - DAY

2

Various angles from ground and above - A slow moving wave of water moves across the ocean as far as the eye can see. As it makes contact with land, nothing is spared. An entire village is gone in seconds.

Over this relentless and terrifying collection of images that have been imprinted on so many of our minds, we hear a boy's voice.... A voice indicating a wiser mind and soul than one might expect...

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)

I was born in 2000. I've never written a letter to anyone and I suppose I never will, not with a pen or pencil at least. I guess I'm a ground zero example of the digital generation. As long as I can remember I have had a front row seat to natural disasters, pandemics, wars, and assorted calamity from the comfort of my home or smart phone. You might think that I've become desensitized to death and not very appreciative of life...

The 2011 Japanese TSUNAMI. An ocean of despair and destruction.

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Nothing could be further from the case.

Through numerous cuts from the countless sources of footage we witness first hand as it demolishes seaside communities. All is lost.

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)

The fragility of life is not lost on me. I was taught from a young age to appreciate it. On more than one occasion I remember hearing my Mom say that there is nothing more tragic than a parent losing a child. While I would rarely argue with my Mom, from my perspective, there is one thing worse...

All of the structures and inhabitants (visible and not) succumb...

BOY'S VOICE

...For me, there is nothing more tragic than a child losing a parent... But that's just how I feel about it.

And we -

SLOW DISSOLVE  
TO:

**TITLES OVER:**

3 INT. VANCOUVER CHURCH (FUNERAL) - DAY (FLASHBACK) 3

Staying on a young boy, CHRIS. The face behind the voice-over of the Tsunami. Chris is looking at the aforementioned footage on his smart phone. He is slightly small for his age and pale. Dressed in a poor-fitting black suit and next to his mother, ABBY, also dressed in black at a well-attended funeral. The service has just ended. Never leaving the boy's face we hear fellow mourners offering their respects to his mother and speaking well of his recently deceased father, Jeff.

ABBY (NECK DOWN)  
Jesus Chris, put that thing away.

Chris does as instructed.

From the neck down a strong and healthy man who maybe has one too many beers each week, UNCLE JACK, approaches them. Maybe notice a 'ska' button attached to his lapel. (For those of you too young, symbolizing a style of British punk music from the seventies that originated in Jamaica.) As he hugs Chris' Mom...

UNCLE JACK (NECK DOWN)  
I'm so, so sorry Abby. I can't believe he's gone.

ABBY (NECK DOWN)  
 Thanks Jack. Sorry for your loss  
 too.

Chris looks up at his Mom and mouths the words: 'Sorry for your loss'.

UNCLE JACK (NECK DOWN)  
 Abby, I'm sorry about the  
 commotion. She's not getting out of  
 that car.

Neck down man leans down to our boy. He is the first face we see up close other than the boy. 45 years old, bearded and handsome.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
 Things will get better, Chris.  
 We'll get through this.

4 EXT. CHURCH (FUNERAL) - DAY (FLASHBACK) 4

A coffin is carried out the main doors into the dreary grey outdoors. Through the pall-bearers we see Chris, stoic and silent as he follows the procession with his Mother. Again we stay on this young boy holding his unseen Mother's gloved hand. We deviate from him only once to take in his view of the coffin being carried away amongst a sea of gray and black. The only bit of color in the sad setting are the few bouquets of flowers present and a yellow taxi leaving in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. A CITY - DAY (PRESENT) 5

A beautiful, tranquil, summer's day.

**VANCOUVER, CANADA**  
**ONE YEAR LATER**

6 EXT. MAIN STREET NEAR A SCHOOL, VANCOUVER - CONTINUOUS 6

Chris, a year older - now 12 - but looking basically the same. Slightly out of place on this summer day walking with his school backpack hanging from one shoulder. Smaller groups of kids also head down the sidewalk from school but Chris is the only one walking on his own. He is immersed playing a game on his smart phone.

7 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

7

Chris steps onto a narrow pathway leading to an older but well-maintained two-story wood framed house. Smart phone goes in his pocket.

8 INT. KITCHEN, CHRIS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

8

CHRIS'S MOM, ABBY listens on a phone. She doesn't hear the front door open and close. We might notice that she still wears her wedding ring. A calendar on the wall reads July 2012. There is faint rhythmic music and a loud male voice coming through the phone. Abby responds.

ABBY

Jesus Jack, it's been a year and you're right and you know you're right. I just don't know when I'll know. (Beat) Yes, it needs to happen... Can you turn down the Madness?

9 INT. HALLWAY, THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

9

Chris places the backpack on a peg marked 'Chris' and kicks off his shoes. His Mom can be heard on the phone and she now hears him in the hallway.

ABBY (O.S.)

(On Phone)

Chris is home. Before you plan anything, let me see how he feels about the trip first.

10 INT. KITCHEN, CHRIS'S HOUSE - SAME

10

She thinks for a second.

ABBY

Scratch that, I need to see how I feel about the trip first...

Chris joins her.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I'll try you back tonight when he's at his scouts.

Hangs up and looks to her son.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Hey baby-bear...

CHRIS  
Who was on the phone?

ABBY  
Your Dad's brother, Uncle Jack. How  
was school?

CHRIS  
Good, happy to be done.

He stares at his Mom saying nothing else, waiting for her to elaborate on what he heard. Finally...

ABBY  
Uncle Jack wants to take you out  
with him for a week on his boat. A  
7-day adventure. He's sailing it  
back down from Alaska. You'd have  
to fly up to Kodiak and join him  
there.

CHRIS  
Motor.

Abby doesn't understand. Chris sees this.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
It's not a sail boat.

ABBY  
Motor then... Anyways, he wants to  
spend some time with you and  
there's no escaping one another on  
the ocean. Teach you the ways of  
the sea and mold your character.

Chris's face lights up. His Mom does not react as planned.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
I'm not sure if it's the right time  
for this sort of thing.

CHRIS  
Why not?

ABBY  
Summer School. You missed enough  
school already this past year...

CHRIS

There's two weeks left and we do nothing.

ABBY

No. I'm not ready. I'm not there. I might never get there either, young man.

Long stand-off pause.

CHRIS

I want to go Mom. I'll learn so much. It'll be good for me. Character building. All that stuff. What you said.

She's in cupboards. Fetching pots and pans. Prep for dinner.

ABBY

Chris, no. Please. It's not safe. Drop it.

CHRIS

I want to go Mom, please.

ABBY

(annoyed puzzlement)  
Why? Why all this!? Why is this so important!?

Saucepan in hand, face to face, she returns Chris's forceful stare.

CHRIS

Because he's fun, he rides motorcycles, he fishes those crazy waters, he's funny, he's nothing like...

Chris stops himself. He doesn't have to say it but both he and Abby know it's also because he's not what Chris' Dad was (none of these things).

Chris gives her a great big beaming smile. She melts in defeat.

ABBY

Maybe. I'll think about it. Go get ready for scouts.

CUT TO:

11

INT. SCOUT MEETING - EVENING

11

Two dozen kids sit around a SCOUT LEADER in an older multi-use community center room. They are mostly Chris' age and an eclectic mix of races and varying degrees of popularity. A second scout leader and a parent-helper watch from the corner. The Scout Leader is finishing the meeting.

SCOUT LEADER

...before you all leave, make sure you have your things and don't forget to...

Chris is sitting amongst his peers and is lost in thought and memories as the Scout Leader drones on..

SCOUT LEADER (CONT'D)

...bring your permission slips for the outdoor survival weekend at the end of the month in Camp Mawilaka. Also if your parent has signed up to be a chaperone...

Chris drifts off to...

12

EXT. LOW RIVER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

12

A scouting trip. Wide shot of almost two dozen kids, two scout leaders and a handful of parents. The troop is walking through a low yet scenic river. All in wellington-style boots that are just tall enough to keep everyone's feet dry as they hike through. A group of three boys and a parent have fallen behind the main group. Again in keeping with Chris' flashbacks, we stay on him and only him (other than this establishing wide). Chris is hiking through. Shoulders of two boys around him and the body of the adult slightly behind him seen only from the neck down.

LEFT SHOULDER SCOUT

...so the female Praying Mantis bites the head of it's mate after doing the nasty with it...

RIGHT SHOULDER SCOUT

... that's BS, Landon. If that were the case then there'd be no praying mantis' anywhere... Chris?

Not stopping, Chris looks back to the adult who is following this group of three.

CHRIS

Dad? Is Landon right?

NECK DOWN TORSO (DAD)  
 Keep up boys. You're falling  
 behind. Less talk more walk. Chris,  
 be a leader and keep your group  
 focused.

Chris nods. Awkward yet visibly thankful that his Dad isn't demonstrating his normal level of stern-ness... The unseen Scout Leader calls from ahead in the river.

SCOUT LEADER (O.S.)

Chris?

Chris looks ahead but does not answer.

SCOUT LEADER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Chris?! CHRIS REAVIS!!!!???

CUT TO:

13 INT. SCOUT MEETING (PRESENT DAY) - NIGHT

13

Only the Scout Leader's voice wasn't from the river flashback, its from the meeting. Chris is back in the present and snaps out of his memory to rejoin the troop. Scout meeting over. All the kids stare at Chris and start laughing... The Scout Leader is a little more sympathetic as he is well aware of Chris' situation.

SCOUT LEADER  
 OK...OK...enough boys. Chris, we're  
 done.

14 EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

14

Moms and Dads wait in their cars for the departing scouts. Chris gets into his Mom's smaller SUV.

15 INT. ABBY'S SUV (PARKED) - SAME

15

ABBY  
 How'd it go, Angel?

CHRIS  
 Fine. You're supposed to sign some  
 permission papers for Camp  
 Mawilaka...

ABBY

Are you sure you want to go this year?

CHRIS

I dunno Mom. Seems like I would learn more skills somewhere different. If only I had an Uncle that had a boat up in Alaska and he could invite me on an adventure....

Abby caves but she already had.

ABBY

You win. I spoke to Jack and we are a go. I've booked you on a one way flight this Thursday. (Beat) But Chris, listen. There might be some other kids going. Jack has lots of friends and he has no qualms about inviting everyone and anyone to the party. God, I wonder how he and your Dad were even brothers.

A beat. She gently takes Chris' face and lines it up with hers as her eyes well up slightly.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Chris. You be careful with this. I can't lose you as well.

She kisses his forehead.

16

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

16

Abby's SUV is the last car waiting and they pull out.

CUT TO:

17

INT. SMALL PASSENGER PLANE (FLYING) - DAY

17

Chris has a window seat in a half-empty Dash-8. Everyone else on board is an adult.

The Flight attendant joins him in the empty seat beside him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

You must have left this in the bathroom

She replaces an 'unaccompanied minor' label around his neck.

CHRIS  
Thank you.

She smiles as she gets up and goes. Chris is slightly embarrassed so he turns to look out the window - No signs of civilization - Just mountains, lakes, and forests. Snow can be seen at higher elevations and the August sun illuminates it all. A rugged coast line like nothing he's ever seen.

Chris presses his hand up against the window.

CUT TO:

18 INT. ARRIVALS, KODIAK AIRPORT - DAY 18

Backpack on and one of Abby's more colorful suitcases in his hand. Chris follows The Flight Attendant through the tiny terminal.

They get to the small arrivals hall where HOLLY waits holding a hand written sign with Chris' name on it. She's a 'Something about Mary' type that one might assume would be a fish out of water in this place. One would be wrong.

HOLLY  
You must be Chris. I'm Holly, a friend of your Uncle Jack.

The flight attendant nods as the two women exchange the kid. Chris and Holly start to walk.

CHRIS  
Where's Uncle Jack?

HOLLY  
He's at the boat getting things ready. I'll be dropping you off.

CHRIS  
Are you coming on the boat?

HOLLY  
Me? God no. Not in a million..

Off Chris. She catches herself.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
I'd love to join you all but this is a special trip just for you guys.

Chris doesn't believe her. She knows it.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
 ... And well... more details than  
 you need but I'm an Olympic class  
 puker.

She motions vomiting a swath of puke. Chris laughs.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. KODIAK MARINA - SUNSET

19

A mixture of fishing, sailing and pleasure boats. Chris and Holly pull up in her older pick up truck. They step out and Holly goes to grab a box of provisions from the back. Chris throws his pack on and grabs Abby's suitcase. Smart phone in his free hand.

Chris takes in the view. At sunset a beautiful sight. A few larger boat are parked right next to the parking lot. One boat stands out. It's a converted 40 foot long fishing boat. Very popular style on the coast. 2 older motorcycles are parked next to a lamp post. The band Madness blares from a decades old ghetto-blaster on deck. Over the song 'Our House', they approach.

UNCLE JACK hops off the boat onto the asphalt lot. He has the energy of a man half his age and he wears an original Madness tour shirt that's slightly younger than him. He's the kind of guy that most women want to date and most men want to be their best friend. He sees Chris and goes to greet them. Chris slides his smart phone into his pocket.

UNCLE JACK  
 Chrissy!! Holly Shit! You made it!!  
 I was sure your Mom would chicken  
 out at the last second and not send  
 you.

CHRIS  
 I distracted her then grabbed a  
 taxi to the airport when she wasn't  
 looking.

Jack laughs. Not just any laugh. But a room stopping roar of a laugh. A contagious one.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 No one calls me Chrissy anymore by  
 the way. I just like Chris.

UNCLE JACK  
 (Not hearing his request)  
 That's some funny shit, Son.  
 (MORE)

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)

Thank your God of choice that you  
didn't get your Dad's lack of  
humor.

He steps closer to Chris and reads the unattended minor sign  
that he still wears. Jack gently lifts it up and over Chris'  
head.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)

You'll not need this shit anymore.  
How's Abby?

He launches the sign towards a garbage pile by one of the  
moorings. Yes, Jack struggles to complete a sentence without  
using the word shit.

CHRIS

Mom? She's ok. She still thinks  
this trip is a bad idea.

Jack laughs. Again that laugh. Holly joins with the box of  
provisions.

HOLLY

Here's those last things you  
wanted, Jack.

Jack grabs the box and they head towards the boats.

UNCLE JACK

Thanks Hol. Chris, you like  
Madness?

CHRIS

Like what?

UNCLE JACK

(Points to the cassette  
playing in the blaster)

Madness? The band? 'Our house'?  
'Must be love'?

Nothing.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)

Only the greatest goddam band to  
come out of the UK in the nineteen  
seventies. They cut through a  
tsunami of shitty bands to stand  
out the way only true musical  
genius does..

Holly has heard this too many times and gently cuts Jack off.

HOLLY

His favorite band, Chris. You'll know them real well soon too I'm afraid.

She shields her mouth from jack with her hand and says to Chris.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Slightly over-rated.

Hand drops and she winks to Jack who has obviously heard. Not the first time she has done this. He ignores her. Changing the subject, Uncle Jack motions to the boat.

UNCLE JACK

Here she is.

Chris takes the boat in. It's an impressive craft. He can see someone's silhouette in one of the portholes next to an elaborately painted name, *The Puff*.

CHRIS

(the boat's name)

It's called Puff?

Uncle Jack nods as they head towards the wooden ramp.

UNCLE JACK

The Puff

HOLLY

I'm off, Jack.

He stops to give her a kiss.

UNCLE JACK

You had me at hello. You complete me. You make me want to be a better..

HOLLY

(finishing)

...man.

(and kissing)

Love you. Call me on the marine radio tonight.

Jack smiles and nods. As Holly walks away, Jack hands Chris one of the boxes from a picnic table.

UNCLE JACK  
 Give an old man a hand with all  
 this shit, would you Son? I'll grab  
 your case.

As Holly gets to her truck. One last thought

HOLLY  
 (Yelling back)  
 Hey Dingo! Watch out for all that  
 goddam debris out there too!

UNCLE JACK  
 (Yells as well)  
 Will do.

Holly gets into her truck and heads off. Chris follows Uncle Jack on board.

CHRIS  
 Why The Puff?

UNCLE JACK  
 That one will have to wait.

The old mariner smiles at his joke. He goes to turn down the music.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. ON BOARD THE PUFF - MOMENTS LATER

20

Chris has dropped the box off and now carries the suitcase. Jack leads him down the outside of the Puff towards the rear.

UNCLE JACK  
 Bring your things down here. Chris,  
 what day is it today?

CHRIS  
 Today? Thursday.

UNCLE JACK  
 Thursday, July 4th 1776. What  
 happened that day, son?

Chris thinks. They have made it to the middle of the boat. Uncle Jack stops and looks at Chris awaiting an answer.

CHRIS  
 American Independence Day?

UNCLE JACK  
Chris Reavis for the win.

Uncle Jack laughs.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
Thursday July 4th 1776; American  
Independence. Thursday, August  
16th, 2012; beginning of Chris  
Reavis' Independence. Chrissy  
Independence Day...

Uncle Jack opens the door/hatch to the bunk room.

21 INT. BUNK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

21

They head down a steep ladder. Jack is the first to go down. Chris struggles with the suitcase.

UNCLE JACK  
Here. Hand me that, Son.

Chris is more than happy to pass the case down. As he carefully heads down the ladder, he sees bunks, a marine radio, storage boxes, and Madness memorabilia like you could not imagine. Cassette tapes, posters, clothing, pins..etc...

CHRIS  
Mom said that there might be other  
kids joining us.

On this, Chris takes note of another kid laying on his back on one of the bunks. This is FRANK.

3 years Chris' senior, friendly is not the first thing that comes to mind describing him. He has shoulder length black hair and a healthy dose of not giving a shit.

UNCLE JACK  
Chrissy, this is Frank.

Chris cringes at the name 'Chrissy' once again. Frank's smiles and comes to life hearing this unfortunate extension to Chris' name.

FRANK  
(a non-welcome)  
How's it going 'Chrissy'?

He eyeballs Abby's less-than manly suitcase

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Nice case.

Frank heaves himself up. Tosses hair away from eyes. He heads off and they watch him leave.

UNCLE JACK

Frank's the son of someone really close to me. And needs some get-away time to straighten a few things out. Don't worry about him, he'll come around.

Chris puts his things down and pulls out his phone.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. ON DECK, THE PUFF - LATER

22

Chris sits alone absorbing his new surroundings. All he can hear is the water lapping at the hull and the seagulls overhead.

The setting sun, Vessels bobbing slightly in the water. Chris laps up the Marina's relaxing and inviting atmosphere and energy. Chris smiles at it all.

The moment is broken as a Madness song becomes the only ambient sound. Uncle Jack has puts a fresh Madness tape in the Ghetto Blaster and sits next to his nephew. Their silence is broken by the song 'It must be love'.

UNCLE JACK

This one's 'Must be Love'... they released it as a stand alone single in '81...

Jack wants to go on with this encyclopedic knowledge but sees Chris doesn't quite care. He joins Chris silently observing their surroundings.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
What's on your mind, Son?

CHRIS  
How lucky I am. Being here.

Chris beams a smile at Uncle Jack.

UNCLE JACK  
That's good.

CHRIS  
Who is he Uncle Jack?

UNCLE JACK  
Suggs? The singer?

Chris motions back to the cabin. Jack chooses his words carefully.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
Oh, Frank? Just a kid dealing with his own hurdles right now. I like to help try and make things right when I can. He might not be handling life's heavy shit well like you seem to be doing, Son. I'll tell you all the sordid details tomorrow when we're at sea.

CHRIS  
He seems like a really angry kid.

UNCLE JACK  
He is. And there's that old sayin', 'A tiger never changes it's stripes'.

CHRIS  
Cannot.

UNCLE JACK  
Cannot what?

CHRIS  
The saying. I'm pretty sure it's 'cannot' not 'never'. A tiger cannot change it's stripes.

UNCLE JACK  
Jesus wept son. Who cares about that shit. Whatever the saying... maybe we'll change this tiger's stripes on this adventure.

Jack laughs again. Chris can't help but laugh too. Jack looks down at his wrist and removes a thin black rope bracelet with a silver anchor charm. He hands it to Chris.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
Put this on and tighten it around your wrist. It's an old sailor's good luck charm.

Chris gives it a questioning look.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
It works well against sea sickness  
too.

The bracelet is quickly placed around Chris' wrist.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. THE MARINA - SUNSET

23

A beautiful evening. Other than the last few crying seagulls, the harbor is quiet. One boat heads out, The Puff. Frank has joined Jack and Chris up in the bridge as they head away from the shore.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. THE PUFF AT SEA - LAST LIGHT

24

The waves are getting big enough to give the Puff a fair bit of motion. Chris fights a strong wind and the undulating waters as he methodically makes his way across deck.

He grabs the railing and steadies himself. He barely makes out what little shoreline is visible then takes a deep breath. He looks over at the wheelhouse door then waits for the exact right time to head over working with the motion of the boat as opposed to against it.

25 INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

25

Chris enters and wrestles the door closed behind him with the motion of the boat. Uncle Jack oversees Frank as he handles the big steering wheel. Music playing as always. Chris stares at the wheel. It's a classic brown wood and brass boat wheel with 6 pegs for a better grip in rough seas. He smiles.

FRANK  
How goes Chrissy?

As he speaks, Frank keeps his focus on the wheel and looks ahead through the large window. His hair is tied back to not obscure his vision.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Seasick?

Then Frank diverts his attention from his helming duties and looks Chris directly in the eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Have you puked yet?

UNCLE JACK  
Easy there Frank.

Frank motions like he is vomiting and throws in the sound for good measure. He laughs.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
(To Chris)  
OK son, time to hand it over.

Chris is confused.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
Your phone... Nokia, iPhone,  
Motorola, Blackberry, flip-phone...  
whatever it is you have. You won't  
be needing it where we're headed.  
No signal out here and neither of  
you will have time for any of those  
shitty games.

Chris hands over his iPhone 4 and Uncle Jack puts it in a cupboard with two other phones.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
Mine's there too for the record.

FRANK  
(To Jack)  
He's looking really pale.

CHRIS  
I'm alright. I feel ok.

Jack gives Chris a hard look as Frank unties his hair. He immediately has to brush his dark locks back to see out to the sea.

UNCLE JACK  
You feeling a little shitty there,  
Son?

Chris' brow is looking sweaty, he looks for the quickest way back to the deck.

CHRIS  
I'm fine. I just need some air.

Once again, Frank does his sea sick routine. Chris leaves the door open behind him as he steps outside.

26

EXT. THE PUFF DECK - CONTINUOUS

26

Chris steadies himself as he makes his way out and gets back to the railing. The boat's motion feels like it's twice as strong as it was before. Chris is not ok.

Inside the wheelhouse Jack takes the wheel from Frank.

UNCLE JACK  
Make sure he's okay...

Frank does as told. He enthusiastically heads over and watches from the open doorway.

27

EXT. ON DECK - CONTINUOUS

27

Chris looks down to the ocean below. Wave after wave after wave. The beat and words of 'One Step Beyond' overwhelm him.... He looks back to the wheelhouse door, opening and closing behind Frank with each shift of the boat.

FRANK  
Jack! He's white as a ghost.

Uncle Jack looks over from the wheel. Chris looks like death warmed over.

UNCLE JACK  
(Yelling over the ocean  
noise)  
Chrissy!! Get back in here. We'll  
do up some dinner and you'll be  
feeling better in no time.

The waves. The door. The motion. Chris thinks about food then immediately vomits over the railing.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
(Yelling)  
ARE YOU WEARING THE NAUSEA  
BRACELET?

Chris holds his wrist up in the air as he leans over the edge to puke some more

CHRIS  
(In between puking)  
I....don't go by...  
Chrissy...anymore...

FRANK  
(delighted)  
Oh gross!

Chris proceeds to empty his stomach even more. Frank is delighted. The happiest we have seen him thus far.

UNCLE JACK  
Franklyn, shut your trap!

Franklyn?! Franklyn!!! Frank is traumatized that Jack has called him by his full name. Chris stops his heaving, looks up, wipes his mouth, and smiles. That will come in handy. He returns to barfing into the ocean.

CUT TO:

28 INT. BUNK ROOM - CHRIS'S BUNK - LATER 28

The room and boat list back and forth gently. Chris lays fast asleep on one of the bunks. He slowly wakes up and looks at the empty bunk across from him, the small sink, the battery powered back up radio, those Madness posters, and then Uncle Jack sitting by the ladder reading a book. He looks up.

UNCLE JACK  
There you are, Skipper. You must be starving after all that came out of you up there.

Chris nods.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
Do you need the bucket?

Jack motions to the metal bucket beside the bunk. Chris takes note of it.

CHRIS  
I can't imagine having anything left to barf. I feel like the cake from my 8th birthday made it into the ocean. And everything I've eaten since then.

Jack laughs his bear of a laugh once again.

UNCLE JACK  
You're going to be fine. The first day's the worst.

Jack puts his book down, gets up, and takes a bottle of pills and bottle of water from the counter. He takes out one pill and delivers it to Chris...

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
Take two of these

He empties out two pills into Chris' open palm. Chris examines the pills.

CHRIS  
What's in it?

UNCLE JACK  
Tastes like shit but boy does it work. There'll be no more nausea once they kick in.

Before Uncle Jack can finish saying 'in', Chris has taken both the pills.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
Easy Tiger. Don't forget to wash them down.

Chris takes the bottle of water and does as instructed.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
Let those pills do their job.  
You'll wake up feeling buckets better. Sleep like a baby in no time at all, Son.

Uncle Jack looks at the boy seeing all the traits of Jack's deceased brother.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
I miss your dad Chris.

Chris is taken aback by this serious moment.

CHRIS  
I miss him so much as well.

Jack glances down to the ground.

UNCLE JACK  
A great brother. I know he could be tough but he only wanted to provide the best for you and your Mom. But a misunderstood man as well...

Before Uncle Jack can go on, all of a sudden Frank climbs through the open hatch, down the ladder, and hops into the empty bunk. Jack looks at him in disbelief.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
Who's got the wheel, boy?

FRANK  
(nonchalantly)  
I put the throttle down to slow and  
locked the wheel on straight.

UNCLE JACK  
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

Uncle Jack heads towards the ladder. Then looks back at Chris.

UNCLE JACK (CONT'D)  
I'll tell you more later. Get some  
shut-eye boys. I'll be doing the  
night watch so your real work  
starts tomorrow.

He heads back up the ladder. Frank looks over to Chris. They are directly across from one another.

CHRIS  
Do you have any brothers or  
sisters?

FRANK  
No, just me. You?

CHRIS  
Me neither.

They stare at each other for a beat.

FRANK  
Good night Chrissy.

CHRIS  
Good night Franklyn.

They both smile. Frank shuts his eyes but Chris keeps his open. He takes a long hard look at Frank, taking in his older features. It's only a three year difference but it's also the difference between a young man and an old boy.

As Chris continues to stare and think. Will I look like him in a few years?

The boat and bunk room are in a rhythmic motion moving from one side to the other. The pill starts to kick in and Chris passes out.

FADE TO:

29 BLACK

29

The wind and sea permeates the darkness. But then the sound of crashing wood and metal joins it.

Some shouting can be heard then...

SMASH CUT:

30 INT. BUNK ROOM - CHRIS'S BUNK - NIGHT

30

Chris snaps awake. The sea is rising inside the boat all around him.

The bunk room and boat begin to list to one side. The groaning of strained beams, the hammering of wood on wood.

Not sure if he is dreaming, the enormity of the situation hits Chris.

CHRIS  
Uncle Jack?

Frank is still asleep in the opposing bunk. Chris sees his mother's suitcase floating rapidly past. The sea water is rapidly filling the cabin.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
(sudden panic)  
FRANK! FRANK!!! UNCLE JACK! UNCLE  
JACK!

Frank now wakes beside him.

FRANK  
What the f....???

Chris and Frank scramble out of their bunks. No time to register or react to the freezing ocean water now at their lower legs.

Both grab their hoodies as they race up the ladder to escape the sinking Puff.

31

ON DECK

31

...hell on earth. The ship continues to list and they are pelted with waves and rain. Uncle Jack is there. He hands a life-jacket to Frank and puts a second one on Chris.

UNCLE JACK

BOYS! THIS IS SOME SIDEWAYS SHIT.  
WE HIT SOMETHING. OR SOMETHING HIT  
US. THROW THESE ON AND GET TO THE  
BACK & UNTIE THAT LIFEBOAT! I'M  
GOING TO GRAB THE BACK UP RADIO.

CHRIS

PLEASE DON'T LEAVE...

Jack grabs Chris by the shoulders and gives him the biggest smile with a wink.

UNCLE JACK

Son. I'll be back in a jiff. You go  
to the back with Frank.

Jack makes his way back into the quickly submerging bunk room. Frank & Chris get to the stern and struggle desperately to undo the LIFEBOAT.

The ship is not going to make it out of this one. It's listing heavily to one side getting battered by the waves.

The boys aren't having any luck with the ropes and the angle of the boat. Frank takes a knife from his pocket, a switch blade knife. In all this insanity, Chris registers this and wonders what kind of kid sleeps with a weapon like this.

Frank cuts the ropes and the tiny lifeboat falls 5 feet down into the water. The raft's longline stays attached to the Puff and Frank holds it tight enough to keep the two crafts together. They both struggle with the angle of the boat and the constant waves.

Both boys look back to the open hatch to the bunk room mid way up the boat, barely keeping their balance as the ship lists even more...

FRANK

JACK!!!!

Out of nowhere a wave crashes onto the ever exposed boat tossing the boys to the deck. Frank manages to hold onto the lifeboat rope.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 I'LL HOLD ONTO THE BOAT HERE. GO  
 GET JACK... WE GOTTA GET OUT NOW.

Chris crawls back to the open hatch and looks in. The bunk room is almost completely submerged.

32 INT. BUNK ROOM - SAME

32

He sees Uncle Jack pulling with all of his strength at the battery powered radio and it's wires in the one dry corner on the high side of the list, Uncle Jack up to his neck in freezing water. The radio breaks free from it's fasteners... The force of the water starting to get the better of Jack, he Looks up to the open hatch.

UNCLE JACK  
 CHRIS! CATCH THIS!!!

33 EXT. MAIN DECK - STERN OF PUFF - CONTINUOUS

33

Frank holds onto the lifeboat's longline with all of his weight. He can hear the yelling from the bunk room.

34 INT. BUNK ROOM - SAME

34

Uncle Jack throws the radio up to Chris at the open hatch. Chris snags it with the tips of his fingers but not anticipating it's weight, he can't hold on...

The radio falls back and disappears into the water in the cabin.

Uncle Jack ponders diving down to try and find the radio. Mission impossible. He looks back up to Chris, smiles, and calmly says...

UNCLE JACK  
 Get in that lifeboat, Son.

But Chris stays. He reaches his arm down the ladder towards his Uncle.

A wave surges over the deck. Chris barely hangs on. The sea gushes through the hatch and Uncle Jack is obliterated by the water as it sucks him into the darkness. The deck slips away from Chris's feet. He slides seemingly out of control right back to the stern.

Frank is in the lifeboat and the Puff is now sinking like a rock.

He is desperately holding the longline tight keeping the lifeboat in place with the switchblade ready to cut the line.

FRANK  
WHERE'S JACK??? WHERE'S THE RADIO??

Chris says nothing but manages to make it safely into the small boat. Frank has no choice but to cut the longline freeing the lifeboat. A wave instantly pulls the lifeboat away from the sinking Puff. The motion rocks Frank back and his knife goes sliding out of his hands and into the sea.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Fuccc....

In the blink of an eye, the ship itself quickly disappears behind them.

Nothing but terrible crazy stirred up sea everywhere. And the noise of wind. And the lashing of rain.

Chris shouts into the wind, and to the sea itself.

CHRIS  
UNCLE JACK! JACK! UNCLE JACK!

35 EXT. LIFEBOAT, AT SEA - CONTINUOUS

35

Sea, raging. Wind, roaring. Boat, both boys holding on for dear life. A HUGE WAVE picks them up, takes them for a ride to the sky.

The lifeboat falls, ninety degrees, into a watery void, off the top of the wave, like a rollercoaster.

DISOLVE TO:

36 BLACK

36

37 INT. KITCHEN, CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

37

Once again we stay on Chris, 11 years old. He's working on homework at the kitchen table. Close on his face as the memory is seen in his world, on his reactions. A look of confusion and sadness that begs for an explanation of the goings-on. Voices can be heard from what must be the front door. A contrite and gentle man's voice can be heard.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 ...He either had some kind of  
 medical event ma'am or fell asleep  
 at the wheel. We are so sorry to  
 have to inform you of this...

ABBY (O.S.)  
 (Beat then voice cracking)  
 Chris...

DISOLVE TO:

38 EXT. STONEY BEACH - FIRST LIGHT (DAY 1) 38

Chris wakes from this memory/dream. Daylight. Both he and Frank are in the lifeboat near a deserted rocky beach. Frank is still passed out. The constant and gentle waves lap the shore and keep the lifeboat in shallow waters just off the beach. He reaches down to his wrist to see if his bracelet is still there.

They have survived and made it to land.

Chris looks around, the beach looks to be about the length of two football fields and there is nothing but vast ocean behind them. There is an 200 foot high cliff on one end of the beach and a dense forest surrounding the whole site. A much higher peak can be seen in the distance. The beach is rocky but there are signs of life at it's highest tide lines. Man-made debris and objects amongst a solid line of seaweed and driftwood. A barrel, plastic boxes, a doll? Not many things but impossible to miss. Civilization is surely close by. Chris leans over Frank and tries to nudge him awake.

CHRIS  
 Frank?....

Nothing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Frank! Frank, wake up we're on  
 land. There are people near by. We  
 need to let someone know about what  
 happened and find Uncle Jack.

Nothing still.

Chris leans over the side of the boat and scoops up some of the frigid water and splashes it into Franks face. This works.

FRANK  
 Wha..... Jesus....

CHRIS

Frank. It's me. Chrissy. The boat sank. We made it to shore. There are people here.

Frank sits up and looks around. The beach. The ocean.

FRANK

(Now remembering)  
Did you get the radio?

Off Chris.

39

EXT. STONEY BEACH - LATE MORNING

39

The boys are walking through the shallow water and onto land. They carry their shoes. Frank holds onto the frayed rope keeping their lifeboat as close to shore as the scraping hull will allow. He hands the rope to Chris.

FRANK

Hold this.

Frank goes up the beach and gets a barrel from the highest tide line. He tips it on it's side and struggles to roll the dented and beaten thing back to the shore line. Without asking, he grabs the boat's rope back from Chris and manages to tie it to a hook on the barrel.

Both boys fall to the ground and catch their breath.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened? Where's Jack?

CHRIS

(Fighting back tears)

Last I saw him he was in the bunk room and a wave engulfed him. Just before we got into the lifeboat.

Frank thinks and stays silent.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Where do you think we are?

Frank looks around then looks at the barrel. It's covered in Japanese lettering.

FRANK

Did we cross the goddam ocean?...

CUT TO:

40

EXT. STONEY BEACH - LATE MORNING

40

All of the man made beach debris has been gathered into a small pile next to the barrel. Mostly plastic and definitely useless. Anything with any lettering is clearly in Japanese. The boys' clothes have dried up in the August sun and their discarded lifejackets have joined the mound of debris. Frank takes a long stare at the pile.

FRANK

This is all from the Japanese tsunami. I heard Jack and Holly talking about it. It's been washing up all over the coast. Taken over a year to get here. Even some Japanese boats have been found.

Chris picks up a rusted Kirin beer can and empties out some sea water.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What happened with Jack before the wave?

CHRIS

I told you. He was getting that back up radio and the wave hit.

FRANK

I'm not talking about that. (Beat)  
Did he try and get the radio to you?

Chris knows that Frank is well aware of what happened with the radio. He falls silent.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ...

Frank gets up and heads towards the trees on the cliff side of the beach.

CHRIS

Where are you going?

Frank disappears into the woods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

FRANK!!! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Chris gets up and scurries after Frank.

41

EXT. WOODS BEACH TRAIL - LATE MORNING

41

Chris catches up to Frank on the closest thing to a trail that the trees provide. He falls into step behind the older boy.

CHRIS

(Out of breath)

Frank! Where are you headed? We should bring that lifeboat higher...

In an unexpected moment of anger. Frank spins around and pushes Chris to the ground.

FRANK

(Sharp and direct)

Listen Chrissy. If you had caught that goddam radio we would be calling for help right now. You didn't. So here we are. I don't know if Jack made it or not so right now it's you, me, the lifeboat, a barrel, and some useless plastic shit that's travelled half-way around the world. In the meantime I'm going to find a way to the top of that cliff and see where we are.

Frank doesn't wait for a response. He does a 180 and continues through the forest. Chris gets up and looks back to the beach. Brushes himself off and follows Frank at a safe distance.

42

EXT. BEACH AND SHORELINE - DAY

42

The morning has passed and the sun is fully up. The tide has come in and most of the beach is obscured by what must be the day's high tide.

43

EXT. CLIFF-TOP CLEARING - DAY

43

Frank and Chris get to a clearing at the top of the cliff. They are hot and tired and the route up was not as easy or quick as either might have expected.

Frank surveys the land away from the water. Trees, hills, mountains in the distance. No power lines. No homes. No signs of life. Chris follows his gaze.

This cliff-top is a better vantage point to see the higher mountain. It's possibly within hiking distance and looks to be about three thousand feet high. The boys can see some bald eagles flying near a lower point of the mountain.

FRANK  
Let's call that Eagle Mountain.

CHRIS  
What about this spot?

Frank thinks for a minute.

FRANK  
Chrissy cliff.

Before giving Chris an opportunity to protest this, Frank turns his look to the water and beach. He then registers what has happened with the tide. Everything is gone. Including the lifeboat...

FRANK (CONT'D)  
What the...

He runs back down the way they came. Chris looks down to the beach to see what Frank was reacting to. Chris turns and follows again.

44 EXT. STONEY BEACH - DAY

44

They return to the beach in a fraction of the time that it took to get up the cliff. With the high tide comes rougher seas. The loud crashing sounds of the larger waves are deafening.

FRANK  
NO! NO! NO! NO!

He collapses at the seaweed line on the non submerged part of the stoney beach and buries his head in his hands.

Chris eventually joins him there but remains standing and stares out to the sea. It's there that Chris notices something in the water. The silence and tension is broken with...

CHRIS  
Do you think The Puff hit one of  
those?

Frank tries not to look up but eventually does. He stares out to the sea and registers what Chris is referring to.

About a hundred yards out, they see the corner of a shipping container bobbing in and out of the surface amongst the heavy seas. Japanese writing can clearly be seen when the large waves expose more of it.

Off Chris and Frank.

45 EXT. CLEARING - LAST LIGHT

45

In the forest about 5 minutes from the beach, the boys have put together a rudimentary shelter using leafy branches against a fallen tree. From their interaction, we get the sense that Frank has not spoken to Chris all day. A river can be heard in the distance.

Frank lays down on one side and Chris on the other.

CHRIS

Should we go and investigate that river?

Nothing. Chris waits a beat then...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do you think Jack made it out of the Puff alive?

Still nothing. Chris resigns himself and turns his head away from Frank. Tears well up in his eyes as he rests his head in the few dry leaves he has fashioned into bedding.

46 EXT. CLEARING - NEXT MORNING (DAY 2)

46

Ravens squawking startle Chris and wake him up in the crude shelter. Frank is gone. Chris looks up to see the birds flying over head and then shifts his focus to the sound of the river. He gets up and makes his way through the brush following the sound of water.

47 EXT. FOREST TRAIL - MORNING

47

Chris struggles through the woods getting his bearings.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. FOREST TRAIL NEAR RIVER - MORNING

48

A ripped piece of orange fabric hangs from a sharp broken bush branch. It flutters gently in a light wind. Reveal Chris staring at it like it's an object from another planet.

He gently takes the fabric and heads off in the direction of the moving water he hears.

49

EXT. RIVER IN THE FOREST - MORNING

49

Louder rushing water now. Chris finds Frank on a moss covered bank crouching down to drink from a fast-running freshwater river. It's only 10 feet wide but it appears to be quite deep.

Frank rises up and looks at Chris.

FRANK

(Proudly)

Look what I found.

Chris ignores the absurdity of his comment. Just happy that the silence has been broken. Chris shows Frank the Orange fabric.

CHRIS

I found this on the way here.

Frank studies it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It was hanging off a broken tree branch.

FRANK

That's weird. I wonder if one of those ravens dropped it.

Off Chris.

He approaches the bank, rolls up his sleeves, and starts to drink from the stream as well. He looks down and sees a wall of orange and pink flash by in the stream.

CHRIS

Frank?

Frank looks down in the stream.

FRANK

They're salmon. Grab one!

FRANK (CONT'D)

Get down there and try and catch us some food.

Chris reaches into the stream with a fruitless attempt to grab onto one of the speeding fish.

Frank laughs at the absurdity of using one's hands to catch a fish.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Forget it Chrissy. I'm pulling  
your leg. You'll never catch one of  
those fish. We need a rod or a net.

Frank gets up and goes to some berry bushes near-by. Chris sees what he's up to. He sits up and starts to dry his arms on his pant legs.

CHRIS  
Are they safe to eat.

Frank ignores him and plucks the berries.

FRANK  
Until we figure out how to stop one  
of those salmon, we can eat these.  
They're fine.

The school of Frank is now in full session.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
My Dad used to take me in the woods  
all the time. The purple ones are  
salal, red ones huckleberries, blue  
ones too. The things you work the  
hardest to get, you appreciate the  
most.

He shoves some in his mouth.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
If I'm going to get us rescued, I  
need to stay strong, Chrissy.

He continues his mini-feast.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Eat some.

Chris does as told. He joins Frank and tries one of the berries he is offered.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You're going to have to grow up  
really fast if you're going to make  
it until someone finds us. Let's go  
see the beach.

Without giving Chris a chance to chime in, Frank gets up and walks away from the river. Leaving Chris no choice but to follow.

CHRIS  
(Muttering to himself)  
A tiger cannot change it's  
stripes...

FRANK  
(From up ahead)  
What??

Chris is petrified that Frank has heard him.

CHRIS  
Nothing.

Before Chris leaves, a raven lands on a large rock by some thick bushes at the river. He looks over at the bird. It squawks and looks down at the bush next to the rock. Chris smiles and chases after the non-waiting Frank.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. FOREST - LATER

50

Frank leads the charge through the woods. A man on a mission. They get to the little clearing where they made their shelter and a familiar path. Chris folds the orange fabric he found and folds it into his pant pocket.

CHRIS  
Did you see that crow?

FRANK  
That's a raven. You can tell by the tail. Although ravens usually travel in pairs...

Lesson 2 complete.

CHRIS  
Can we take a break.

Frank does not stop. They pass last night's shelter at the clearing.

FRANK  
Do what you want. I need to see if any more tsunami debris washed up over night.  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 Get it higher up the beach before  
 the tide takes it out again.

Lesson also learned for Frank.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. TRAIL TO BEACH - LATER

51

Back on Mother Nature's best attempt at a trail. Frank is getting his bearings and heads back to the beach. Chris still tries to keep up.

As they get closer to the shore, the sound of waves and ocean gets stronger.

52 EXT. STONEY BEACH - SAME

52

The same beach that gave the boys so much hope and disappointment. Low tide has delivered some random debris. A large tire sticks out as the one recognizable thing. Frank heads to it and starts to roll it up to the tree line. Tide lesson definitely learned from day one.

He flops the tire on it's side. Some japanese brand on it's side. Frank sits in the tire like it's a throne. He is still victorious from his river and water find. Chris joins him but sits on the rocks.

CHRIS  
 Do you think something new will  
 wash up every day?

FRANK  
 Entire villages and towns were  
 wiped off the map in that tsunami.  
 I guess it could go on for years.

Chris ponders this statement. Will they be there for years?

CHRIS  
 Years?

FRANK  
 (reading Chris' mind)  
 Yes years. We might be here for  
 years as well, Chrissy!

Frank gets out of his tire/throne. And heads for the tree line.

FRANK (CONT'D)

C'mon lets get our bearings and figure out where we can build a proper shelter.

Chris gets up to follow. As Frank gets to the trees. He stops. Turns around to Chris but looks past him. He takes a moment to register the tide. The high tide line. And finally, the tire's position. All good. This won't be taken away by the ocean.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to himself)

All good. Let's head...

53 EXT. CLEARING - DAY

53

The boys again walk past their make-shift camp where they slept the night before. We are all starting to get familiar with the area. River through the brush. Beach the way they came. The boys continue up the trail away from the beach.

FRANK

Let's see where this takes us.

54 EXT. DEEP FOREST - DAY

54

The trail was not exactly a real trail. The boys are in thick brush. Branches that Frank bends back to pass whip back at Chris. Things seem to get thicker and thicker.

CHRIS

This is crazy. We should head back.

Frank turns to reply while still walking and ends up directly in a large bramble bush.

FRANK

No, I got this. Mother fuc....

Frank does a crazy dance trying to get brambles off any area of exposed flesh. There are many. Chris joins him and pulls his sleeves over his hands as he tries to clear Frank from the painful prickly balls. In his exuberance to help, Chris goes too far and too fast and falls through one of the non prickly trees.

55 EXT. PATH/TRAIL - DAY

55

Chris lands directly on another trail. Not a nature provided trail but a bona fide pathway through the trees.

Man made or at least man-assisted. He gets his bearings and checks for brambles on his skin. None. Frank can be heard swearing on the other side of the bushes.

CHRIS

Frank! You should come through and see this. This might be our way out of here.

Frank bashes through the bushes. A dozen brambles still attached to his clothing and skin.

FRANK

Wha?...What?... Where?

Frank sees Chris and the path. All of a sudden the brambles aren't so painful as he registers what they've found...

FRANK (CONT'D)

Where do you think this goes.

Chris leans over and takes a bramble ball out of Frank's hair. Frank is still stunned from the bramble attack and for once, is in no mood to lead.

CHRIS

Let's try this way.

Chris leads them up a slight grade in the hill.

56

EXT. PATH INTO MEADOW - LATER

56

A short while later the boys get to a meadow. In the middle of this much larger clearing, there resides one single tree, black and bare. It has a few leafed branches but they take no notice of that. What grabs all of their attention is the fact that there are four wooden boxes secured in the strongest branches closest to the tree trunk.

The boys exchange a mute look then slowly approach the tree. They can see two open boxes either from decay or something else. They can just make out the shapes of human bones. Chris struggles to not turn away as he sees what must be a human skull. The Raven is perched on one of the higher branches. The same raven from the river.

CHRIS

What is it?

Nothing from Frank as he isn't so sure.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Is it real? Are those real?

Frank does not shy away at all from the sight.

FRANK  
It's a skeleton tree.

Frank reaches up to the lowest branch and coffin. The Raven takes flight as he does.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
It's how some of the indigenous people dealt with their dead. My Dad told me all about them. Like some kind of sacrificial ritual.

Frank is thriving in his new found teacher role

CHRIS  
Why?

FRANK  
Maybe so they could be closer to heaven. Dad thought it was just a legend from the coast.

Chris makes direct eye contact with the skull that can be seen through the broken side of the lowest coffin. This is enough.

He looks away and notices that the pathway continues past the Skeleton Tree. The opposite direction from which they came. A perfect opportunity to say good bye to the skeletons and their tree...

CHRIS  
Frank, look. The path continues into those woods.

Chris continues down the path. Frank stays at the tree. Fascinated in a morbid way that Chris will never experience or quite understand.

The path splits the far side of the meadow and back into another treed area.

Chris looks back. The tree. The coffins. The skeletons. Only one way to go. He heads into the woods.

58

EXT. WOODS - PATH &amp; CLEARING - DAY

58

This man-assisted path curves slightly then 100 feet into the woods Chris sees a small clearing and a tree stump. Happy to be away from what they just found and maybe happy to be away from Frank, Chris sits. His feet shuffle around a pile of stones at the base of the stump. Chris splits the rocks into two piles.

For the first time, we see Chris break. He starts to tear up but it's one of those breakdowns that is half sadness and half anger. He starts to pick-up individual stones & throw them in every direction.

CHRIS  
(To himself and through tears)  
Why did he have to go? Goddam...

Another stone is thrown. Hard.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Ass-clown. Franklyn. Stupid goddam name

Another stone is let loose.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ. Why oh why...fu...

Another stone goes. Chris is about to break into a full crying state. When all of a sudden the stone makes contact and a crash is heard. Not against wood. Not against ground. That was glass breaking.

On Chris. His eyes widen and he looks to where the sound came from. That was glass breaking?

Chris jumps up and goes to investigate...

59

EXT. THE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

59

A cabin. Surrounded by unkempt vegetation, it has a driftwood shingle roof.

A perfect hole has just been formed in one of it's front windows. It looks old and forgotten but goddamit, it's a real shelter. Chris stares at it for a moment, ensuring what he sees is real then...

CHRIS  
CABINNNNN!!!! FRANK!!!! SHELTER!!!!  
HERE!!!! NOW!!!!

60

EXT. MEADOW - SAME

60

Frank has climbed up to one of the main branches of the Skeleton Tree and is almost at the first box...

CHRIS (O.C.)  
FRANKLYNNNN!!!

Frank has heard all of Chris' calls. He shifts his focus from the first coffin to the direction of Chris' voice. He jumps down and heads down the path following the way Chris went.

61

EXT. THE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

61

It's silent other than the wind swaying the trees and a raven that squawks from a tree branch above. Chris

CHRIS  
Hello? Anyone there? Hello?

The front door is hung on weak metal hinges, it swings ever so slightly back and forth. There's a wooden box with a lid on the top nailed to the wall outside next to the door. Chris instinctively opens it up and looks inside. Nothing. Why did he do that he wonders to himself.

Chris closes in and slowly peers around the open door. All of a sudden another squawk from the raven and Chris is met face to face with a second raven that is hanging upside down inside the doorway of the cabin. He screams in complete and utter terror.

Again a loud squawk. Chris regains his composure and looks up at the bird. The raven screams are still from the very much alive bird out here. The upside down bird is very much deceased.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
(To himself)  
There's your second raven, Frank.

He gets up to examine the hanging dead raven in the doorway bound in red wire. It swings slowly around.

Frank makes it over and joins Chris. He pushes Chris aside to look inside the cabin and comes face-to-face with the dead raven.

Frank, completely scared, grabs a stick and starts to beat the dead bird. It falls to the ground and he continues to pummel it. Again the raven on the branch squawks aloud.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 FRANK STOP! IT'S DEAD....It's  
 already dead.

Frank stops.

FRANK  
 Jesus. That's messed up. Scared the  
 shit out of me. Is there anyone  
 here?

CHRIS  
 I don't think so. I haven't gone in  
 yet.

FRANK  
 Chrissy! This is amazing. Well  
 done. How did you find it?

Chris smiles. Frank has a heart.

CHRIS  
 Just a lucky find, I guess.

Frank steps over the dead bird and into the cabin.

Chris looks down at the dead bird in the doorway. He grabs some old cloth from outside the cabin. He then picks up the dead bird and gently places it outside the cabin in the tall grass.

62

INT. THE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

62

It looks like it's been awhile since someone was here. Essentially one big room. Basic furniture including a bed but the structure is intact. There's a wood burning stove with a round metal chimney leading to the roof. Dust everywhere. A small kitchen on one side of the room with a partial dividing wall.

And on a wall a homemade plaque with the words '*Raven Woods*'.

Chris finds a camp stove, a gas bottle to fuel it, and some basic cutlery. He shakes the bottle of fuel. Nothing.

Frank pulls out a plastic sheet from under the bed and some blue tinted ziplock bags. Labelled for food. But all the bags have been eaten through by field mice and the like. He looks up above the bed.

FRANK  
 What's up there?

Chris looks above the bed to a shelf. He climbs onto the bed, pulls an empty dusty backpack and a canteen off a hook.

CHRIS  
This could come in handy.

Chris reaches up higher and clears off the upper shelf. Two dusty rolls of toilet paper fall to the ground.

FRANK  
Shit-Paper! Almost better than finding food.

Chris crouches down holding the last item from above. A black box that he's opening as he steps down.

CHRIS  
I think it's a radio.

Frank gives Chris a look that is all about reminding him of the lost radio on the Puff sinking. Chris goes silent and hands the device to Frank.

Frank places it on the bed, crouches down, and presses the power button. A red light comes on and low static through the speaker.

Chris looks at Frank. His embarrassment gone, just excitement now. Frank presses and holds the talk button.

FRANK  
Mayday. Mayday.

He lets the button go. He tries again...

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Hello? Can anybody hear me?

FEMALE VOICE  
(scratchy but heard)  
US coastguard station Cordova.  
Please repeat.

Frank and Chris light up...

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
Please repeat. Over.

FRANK  
WE NEED A RESCUE. PLEASE HELP....

The radio dies.

Frank cues the mic once more. He turns the radio off and on to no avail.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Hello? Hello? Can you hear me?

Nothing. It's futile.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Piece of shit.

Frank smacks the radio. Hard.

CHRIS  
The batteries...

FRANK  
(Getting angry)  
Well, it's dead. They're dead. I'll pick some up at the Safeway this afternoon when I get our deli take away, some fire logs, and a few lighters.

Frank pulls the batteries out and throws them out the door. The Raven flutters out of the way as the batteries hit the ground outside.

Back inside.

CHRIS  
Maybe there are other batteries in here

Frank exits the cabin. Chris gives the space another look. He looks at the stove and then at the small pile of wood next to it.

Matches? Chris starts to scour through drawers and tries the upper shelf once again. He climbs back up on the bed. There's a small cupboard he missed at the far end. Chris reaches as high as he can and opens the doors. He pulls out an orange case.

Back on the bed, case is opened. A dusty foil blanket, a compass, some medical cream, and a strange looking orange gun. He takes his find outside the cabin...

... and presents it to Frank

CHRIS  
I think it's a flare gun.

Frank grabs the gun

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You use it to get attention from  
ships and planes.

FRANK  
I know what it is Chrissy. I know  
how to use it.

Frank is as volatile as he's ever been.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You think we're fine now? Just like  
that?

Chris knows when not to talk and this is it.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
THERE'S NO-ONE COMING FOR US  
CHRISSY! THERE'S A RADIO HERE WITH  
NO BATTERIES AND A WORKING RADIO IN  
THE OCEAN THAT COULD BE WITH US  
RIGHT NOW.

Frank hits a raw nerve with this.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
There's no body coming. No body.

CHRIS  
Don't say that.

Chris is pleading now.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Frank! We have shelter now. We  
still have a chance. Maybe there's  
still someone here.

FRANK  
No one's been here in awhile. Maybe  
we should be concerned with what  
happened to whoever lived in this  
cabin.

The raven squawks again, patiently still on his tree branch above the cabin. Chris looks up at it. Chris exchanges a stare with the bird then quietly heads back inside.

64

INT. CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

64

Chris is alone. Not sure or caring where Frank might be. In the meantime, Chris has given the cabin a clean up and redress. It's not perfect but it's shelter. He stops to take in his work and takes a glance at the sign. He notices the fateful stone on the ground, picks it up, and takes it back outside.

65

EXT. THE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

65

To find the live Raven busy chewing at the wire still surrounding the dead raven. It has removed the shroud which lays beside the body. The raven sees Chris and screams.

Chris backs off. Steps carefully away. He looks in all directions. No sign of Frank. It's getting late and as volatile as Frank can be, Chris doesn't want to be alone.

CHRIS  
Frank?? FRANK?!!!

The raven still standing on the ground makes a head motion to the path. Chris looks at him curiously and the raven looks back at him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Frank?

Again the raven motions to the path. Chris looks down the trail. Sure enough, he can see Frank heading towards them about a hundred yards away from the meadow. Chris looks back at the bird and before Frank can see him, he smiles to the bird...

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

CUT TO:

66

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

66

The only source of light is from the moon on this clear night. Frank sleeps on the cot. Chris on the floor. It's not home but it's better than being outside.

CHRIS  
Are there skeletons in all of those boxes on the tree?

FRANK

They wouldn't put the boxes up  
there unless they had someone to  
fill them.

Chris thinks about this and realizes Frank must have climbed  
the tree when he was gone.

CHRIS

I'm kind of hungry.

Chris is actually starving.

FRANK

We'll go get some more of those  
berries tomorrow. I need to figure  
out how to catch some fish in that  
river.

CHRIS

How do you know so much about this  
stuff?

FRANK

My Dad used to take me into the  
bush most weekends he was home. He  
taught me stuff, taught me which  
berries you can eat, how to fish,  
all that stuff.

Chris is silent. His Dad did nothing like this.

FRANK (CONT'D)

My Dad had this thing he would  
always say to me...

67

EXT. SMALL BOAT ON LAKE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

67

Much like Chris' flashbacks, we stay on Frank's face and what  
he is experiencing. Frank is fishing from a small boat in a  
large bay and is reeling in a catch. It's a beautiful sunny  
day and the water is still. His Dad is at the back of the  
boat but we can hardly make out who he is other than his  
imposing figure in the background. His voice is gentle and  
soothing.

FRANK

I think I got this.

FRANK'S DAD

(Mostly obscured by Frank)  
You've got this. There you go boy,  
ease it in. Don't fight it.

Frank is doing as told.

FRANK'S DAD (CONT'D)  
The things you work the hardest to  
get....

68 INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

68

FRANK  
(Finishing his father's  
sentence)  
...you appreciate the most. He'd  
say that all the time to me.

Chris remembers Frank saying this at the river.

CHRIS  
He sounds like a cool Dad.

FRANK  
He was a cool Dad until he left.

Chris does not know what to say but feels like a window to a possible connection has opened.

CHRIS  
My Dad died last year.

FRANK  
(Falling asleep)  
I know. Jack told me. That's why he  
brought you on the boat... We'll  
hit the beach first thing in the  
morning and see what the Tsunami  
brings...

No connection to be made. Chris settles down for the night.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Hey Chris?

CHRIS  
(Hopeful)  
Yep?

FRANK  
Ever kissed a girl?

Chris thinks carefully for a moment.

CHRIS  
No.

Frank stares back through him.

FRANK  
Didn't think so.

Frank falls asleep. Chris looks up at the bunk.

69 EXT. TRAIL TO BEACH - MORNING (DAY 3) 69

Frank and Chris head towards the beach. Frank talks. Chris listens.

FRANK  
...and I got to third base with  
Tammy Lewis on her family couch  
when her parents were out at  
dinner.

Chris is wide-eyed and continues to absorb.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Jenny Keyes let me go to second  
base in a movie theatre last  
summer...

70 EXT. BEACH AND SHORELINE - MORNING 70

A boat. A tiny fishing boat with one small cabin is lying on its side at the high tide line. There is a fresh hole in the bow that is pressing against the stoney beach and faint Japanese writing above said hole, U~ēruzu hito but in Japanese (ウェールズ人). The tire from yesterday is slightly higher up the beach.

The boys stare at the boat dumbfounded.

The raven from the cabin stands on the angled mast staring back at the boys.

FRANK  
Well ain't that the craziest  
thing...

The boys approach the boat.

CHRIS  
There's a hole in the main part. I  
guess that must be new.

FRANK  
In the hull. I know.

Frank goes to the door of the small cabin and wrenches it open. Chris follows him inside.

71 INT. WRECKED FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

71

Fortunately no sign of a body inside. Not much of anything. There are small portholes on the sides and a small front window that is miraculously still intact. Mostly rusted debris inside but Frank finds a slightly rusted gaff in the debris.

He holds it up victoriously to Chris.

CHRIS

What is that?

FRANK

This is a gaff. This is just what we need.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. RIVER - LATE MORNING

72

The boys are back at the bank of the river. Frank, has removed his shirt and is laying on his belly on top of it. The Raven is back on the big rock squawking like mad like he's trying to stop the boys. Again he looks down at the big bush.

FRANK

Try and shut that thing up, will you? I need to focus here if this is going to work.

Frank swipes the sharp end of the gaff into the stream. Success! He brings the gaff up out of the water with a small salmon impaled on the tool!

FRANK (CONT'D)

YES!!!! I DID IT!!!

Chris looks over in disbelief and appreciation. Frank pulls the flapping fish off the gaff and finishes it off with the blunt force of a rock. He pulls the dead fish off and hands it to Chris. No one cares about the raven or it's incessant cries anymore.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Take this.

Again, Frank goes to the river. After half a dozen more attempts, he comes up with another kill. The process is repeated and before we know it, Chris is holding three dead fish.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I knew this would work! Here,  
Chrissy give it a try.

Chris places the fish down and reluctantly takes the gaff from Frank. He also lays on his stomach next to Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Just swipe down into the school of  
fish like the water isn't there.

Chris does as instructed and on his first attempt he comes up with a kill.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Hey!! You did it!!!

Chris smiles in a way we might not have thought he was capable of doing.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. RIVER - LATER

73

They gather their tools, shirt, and kills and start to head down the trail.

FRANK  
Let's head back to the cabin.

Frank looks up at the raven on his rock as he passes by.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
HA!

The raven takes flight. But not because of Frank.

74 EXT. TRAIL FROM RIVER - DAY

74

From high above we see the two figures heading away from the stream towards the tree line. Further up the river we also see a large bear at the bank swatting into the water with it's paw on it's own fishing expedition.

Back with the walking boys, they are completely oblivious to it's presence.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. THE CABIN - DAY

75

The raven lands in the tall grass outside the cabin. The boys return with the fish. Chris looks at the bird standing over its dead friend.

FRANK

Don't let that thing near the fish.

Frank heads inside.

CHRIS

(nicely/to Raven)

Hello.

The bird flies up to the top of the cabin roof.

Chris goes over and examines the dead bird. He puts the fish down and uses the discarded cloth to pick up the body. The Raven screams again but his cries sound almost sad. Chris ponders the connection. He puts the cloth back over the body, He picks up the fish, and heads to the door. Chris gently touches the charm on Uncle Jack's bracelet. Then to the raven:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for your loss.

Frank comes back out. He has two fish in a cold pan. He takes Chris' two and adds them with the others. He also has some of the cutlery from the cabin. He motions to the raven

FRANK

That thing's probably loaded with lice.

The raven squawks back.

Frank sits on a stump and starts hacking way at a salmon. After breaking the skin, he starts to collect the fish meat onto the fork.

CHRIS

Is it okay to eat like this?

Frank nods. They start to eat the chunks of salmon that Frank digs out. Spitting the occasional bone out.

FRANK

Watch for the bones. My Dad taught me how to de-bone fish but I need the proper tools.

Chris smiles and continues to eat. Then out of the blue:

FRANK (CONT'D)

How'd your Dad die?

Chris stops eating.

CHRIS

Heart attack. He had to travel all over the place for his job.

Frank listens and for the first time looks like he might actually care.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

He was always busy. Always working. He used to go away all the time on business. He was fun when I was small. I think he was. It's hard to know. I think he was happier when he went away as I got older.

Frank is intrigued.

FRANK

Maybe he was a drug dealer or a secret agent.

CHRIS

He was an accountant for a big paper company.

Frank is no longer intrigued.

An awkward silence.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

My Mom must be so scared. She didn't want me to go on The Puff but I convinced her to let me. This is her nightmare coming true.

Chris thinks for a minute and eats some more fish.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I guess they think we're all dead.

FRANK

My Mom is a drunk.

Chris struggles with what to say.

CHRIS  
Can she get any help?

Frank spits out a bone.

FRANK  
There's no helping her. She's been  
a disaster for as long as I can  
remember.

CUT TO:

76 INT. THE CABIN - LATER

76

Frank cuts the remaining two fish into slabs of red meat.

Frank hangs the meat from the ceiling.

CHRIS  
(Treading carefully)  
Are you sure they will stay fresh  
that way?

Frank knows better and keeps at it.

FRANK  
You can smoke them but this works  
too. They will dry hard this way.  
You'll see.

The Raven squawks from outside the cabin.

77 INT. THE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

77

Chris looks down at the tails and heads of the fish.

FRANK  
Don't even think about thinking  
about what you're thinking about,  
Chris.

CHRIS  
It's just the parts we can't eat.

FRANK  
Don't. God knows what diseases that  
thing has.

Chris shrugs. He secretly takes one of the tails while Frank is focused on his fish hanging task.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. THE CABIN - SAME

78

Chris gently opens the door and steps out. He tosses the fish tail towards the bird. The Raven hops to the treat and eats.

Chris smiles and the Raven looks up at him from the ground appreciatively. All of a sudden it screams and dodges a rusty fork thrown it's way. Frank appears from the back of the cabin.

FRANK

I TOLD YOU! DON'T FEED THAT GODDAM BIRD, CHRISSY. I GAVE YOU AN ORDER!!

An order?

CHRIS

Why?

FRANK

Next thing I throw will be at you.

Furious, Frank heads back inside. The raven caws down at Chris. He looks back to the raven then to the dead bird under the cloth in the tall grass. Chris puts two and two together.

CHRIS

(to the Raven)

Don't be alarmed...

He takes the cloth/shroud off the dead bird and uses it to pick it up. The raven caws again from the tree. Chris gently carries the bird towards the meadow.

79 INT. THE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

79

Frank stops hanging fish to watch through the window as Chris leaves.

CUT TO:

80

EXT. THE MEADOW - DAY

80

Chris carries the dead bird into the meadow. The Raven follows above and lands on the Skeleton Tree.

Under the Raven's watch, Chris climbs up to the first branch of the tree. Reaching up, he places the dead bird into the lowest and easiest to reach coffin. He does his best not to look at the contents of the wooden box.

He hops down happy to be away from the skeleton. The Raven looks down. No longer cawing. At peace?

Chris looks up to the bird still perched on the highest branch, he sees something high above in the sky.

CHRIS

Plane?

Without skipping a beat, Chris races back down the path.

CUT TO:

81

EXT. FOREST PATH TO CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

81

CHRIS

FRANK! FRANK!

He sprints as fast as he can.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

A PLANE! A PLANE!

82

EXT. THE CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

82

Arriving at the cabin...

CHRIS

FRANK! A PLANE! A PLANE! GET THE FLARE! THE GUN! IT'S A PLANE!

83

INT. THE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

83

Frank is inside scrambling around as he looks for the flare gun.

FRANK

What did you do with the goddam gun and flares?

CHRIS  
 You had it last. Outside.  
 Yesterday. When you were screaming  
 at me.

Frank finally remembers and bursts out the door.

84 EXT. CABIN - SAME

84

Frank grabs the flare gun out of the wooden box by the front door and sprints down the trail. Chris chases after him but can't keep up.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. THE MEADOW - MOMENTS LATER

85

Chris gets to the meadow to find Frank looking up at the sky by the Skeleton Tree aiming the Flare Gun to the heavens.

FRANK  
 Where was it?

Chris points up. Directly above them.

CHRIS  
 Do you think they may have seen me?

Frank drops the gun. He says nothing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Maybe they saw me and called the  
 Coast Guard.

Frank looks at him and laughs. A ridiculing laugh. He storms off.

CUT TO:

86 INT. THE CABIN - DUSK

86

Chris is quietly cleaning the cabin as Franks sits in a chair staring out the window. The flare gun now has a prominent place on a shelf inside by the front door. Next to it hangs the gaff. Chris tries yet again to get Frank out of his mood.

CHRIS

Frank, do you think it'd be a good idea if we take shifts with the flare gun at the skeleton tree in case another plane comes by? Maybe that plane makes that same trip daily or weekly...

FRANK

I'm the only one who will use the flare gun. It stays where it is until I decide when and where it goes.

Is Frank blaming him for the delay with the flare gun?

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tomorrow I'm going to get what I need to make a fire.

Silence.

Chris waits in the darkness. Then..

CHRIS

Do you think there's anyway Uncle Jack may have survived in the ocean?

Nothing from Frank. Chris looks over and just hears heavy breathing from a sleeping (or pretending to be sleeping) Frank.

Chris lays his head back on his make-shift pillow and looks up at the cabin rafters. Suddenly the Raven flutters down onto the window ledge outside. The bird is quiet and stares at Chris. Chris looks back at the mourning bird and starts to tear up. He looks over to sleeping Frank and determines it is ok to not hold back. The boy cries.

MATCH CUT:

87

INT. CABIN - LATE NIGHT

87

On Chris's face still. He is startled awake. Keeping his head on the pillow. Outside, there is a scratching sound and that of something in the low bushes and vegetation. Chris' eyes dart around.

CHRIS

(Whispering)

Frank?.... Frank...?

A little louder now as the scratching stops.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Frank? Are you awake?

Still nothing. Now slightly louder.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Frank? There's something outside  
the cabin. Something that's alive.

Modern day miracle. Frank is actually awake.

FRANK  
I'm awake. Go back to sleep. We're  
in the middle of nowhere. There's  
nothing but things that are alive  
out there.

Beat.

CHRIS  
Do you think there's anyway my  
Uncle Jack may have survived?

FRANK  
Shut up.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. COASTLINE - DAWN (DAY 4)

88

Our first real aerial of the beach and coast. Even from this vantage point we see how remote the boys are. There is nothing but ocean and wilderness as far as the eye can see.

89 EXT. ROCKY BEACH - SAME

89

Chris exits the tree line and steps onto the beach. Low-ish tide and a hanging mist. He scans the tide line. There are a few smaller items on the beach. Mostly plastic junk. Chris heads for the small boat that is still at the high tide line and climbs onboard.

The Raven comes out of nowhere and joins Chris. The arrival of the bird lifts Chris' spirits immediately. It squawks and he smiles.

CHRIS  
Good morning, you.

The Raven squawks back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Good point. Maybe not such a good  
one.

The Raven stares directly at Chris. Chris thinks.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I think we've gotten to a point  
where we're ready for the next step  
in our friendship. You need a name.

The bird is curious where this is going...

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Thursday.

The Raven looks confused.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Like the day. Monday, Tuesday,  
Wednesday.. Thursday. That's you.  
Thursday. Like the day.

Thursday flutters his wings in what Chris interprets as  
approval.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I knew you'd like that.

Wings flutter again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Thursday! I'm Chris. You are  
Thursday.

Chris alternates finger points for each name. Pointing to  
himself.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Chris.

Pointing to the Raven.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Thursday.

Chris points to the direction of the cabin. And contorts his  
face into a look of anger and rage.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Frank.

Then points back to the bird.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Thursday!

The Raven squawks upon hearing it's name. Chris is ecstatic.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Yes!!! You got it. Well done  
Thursday! Well done!!

All of a sudden Chris becomes hyper-aware that he is talking to a Raven. He freezes and looks around. Deserted beach. Of course nobody is there to witness any of this. Relieved, Chris heads into the boat's cabin.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'll be right back...

90

INT. WRECKED FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

90

Nothing has changed from the last visit only Chris doesn't have the pressure of Frank in the space with him and he can finally take things in properly.

He sits down on a broken bench. He opens a few drawers. Remarkably there are still some items inside them. Thursday appears in the doorway favoring the outside and an escape route. He has stepped in as to not startle Chris.

CHRIS  
Hello.

As Chris scans the cabin, he takes notice of the classic wooden 6 peg steering wheel similar to the one on the Puff. This stops him in his tracks. Chris looks over to the Raven.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Thursday, do you think there's any  
way my Uncle Jack may have  
survived?

Thursday looks back at Chris then from outside in the distance...

FRANK (O.S.)  
HEY!!!!

In the blink of an eye, the Raven turns and flutters away.

CUT TO:

91

EXT. WRECKED FISHING BOAT - SAME

91

Chris emerges out onto the deck. Thursday has landed on the boat's mast and looks down. Frank is approaching down the beach carrying the morning's haul of fish. Dark clouds are forming in the distance.

FRANK  
Did you find anything?

Frank looks up to Thursday. No fan of Frank, Thursday flies off.

CHRIS  
Seeing if there's anything that we  
might have missed.

FRANK  
We need to go back to the cabin.

CHRIS  
(fed up)  
Sure. Whatever you say.

FRANK  
Take these.

Frank hands him the fish. His hand is wrapped up in a piece of fabric ripped from his shirt.

CHRIS  
(Seeing the bandage)  
What's that?

FRANK  
Stupid gaff got me when I was  
cleaning these fish.

CHRIS  
Does it hurt?

FRANK  
No. I'm fine.

Frank looks down at his hand then back up at the sky.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
It's just a flesh wound. And it's  
gonna rain pretty soon.

Frank heads off. Chris gently climbs off the boat then follows. Frank is in charge again and his mood is in the upswing.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 It'll take more than an old gaff to  
 keep me down.

They head towards the tree-line. Back at the boat, Thursday flies off the mast and heads inland.

92 EXT. TRAIL CROSSROADS - LATE MORNING 92

Animal shit. An unusually large amount of animal shit blocks the path. Chris and Frank stare at it from 12 feet back. Neither says a thing. They just stare. They are halfway from the beach to the cabin. Then finally...

CHRIS  
 What do you think?

Frank smiles.

FRANK  
 I think I need to take a shit when  
 we get back.

CHRIS  
 But seriously. Frank. What do you  
 think made that?

FRANK  
 My guess is a really big moose.  
 Hard to say. There could be  
 mountain lions around here, bea...

Chris cuts him off

CHRIS  
 Mountain Lions here?

FRANK  
 Possibly but doubtful

They gently step around the pile of poop. Chris lifts the fish almost above his head to keep them well clear of the pile on the path.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. FOREST PATH TO CABIN - DAY 93

Raining now. The boys are walking hurriedly along the path. They get to the meadow.

94

EXT. PATH INTO MEADOW - SAME

94

With the dark skies and rain, there is nothing inviting about the skeleton tree even for Frank. They barely glance at it as they speed up to hurry by. Chris looks at Frank and sees real fear in his eyes for the first time since the sinking.

As they get to the Cabin forest tree-line, the rain is getting even heavier.

CHRIS

At least this will wash away all that moose crap...

CUT TO:

95

EXT./INT. THE CABIN - DAY

95

The boys return and shake off the rain water like a dog might

96

INT. THE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

96

As Frank closes the door, the rain can be heard echoing through the structure. A few leaks can be seen. Chris can see that Frank has accumulated kindling by the wood burning stove. Neat piles of different sized dry sticks...

FRANK

I'll get the fire going.

A shivering Chris gets some pots and bowls, he puts the fish in the larger of them and places the others on the ground to catch the water from the various leaks. He looks over to Frank at the stove.

CHRIS

You've got this Frank.

Frank takes the kindling and wood from the pile in the corner. He kneels and starts rubbing sticks together.

FRANK

Here we go. Did you ever see Castaway?

Chris nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I wanna yell like Tom Hanks did. I HAVE MADE FIRE! Only you're not a painted volleyball.

Frank laughs at his own joke. Chris does not. Now to that fire. Frank's intensity and focus are a thing to behold.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
C'mon. C'mon.

Sure enough the wood starts to smoke. Frank beams...

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I got this. I've done this a million times Chrissy, I should have made a fire as soon as we found this place. The things you work hardest at...

Chris looks at the trickle of smoke coming out of the wood and smiles.

CHRIS  
..you appreciate the most.

97 INT. CABIN - LATER

97

Chris is picking up a small bowl now filled with rain water. The storm has let up a bit but the leaks continue. He carries the bowl to the kitchen which takes us to Frank still working on the same pieces of wood and the same trickle of smoke coming out. Nothing has changed other than the fact that Frank has gone from rain dampness to sweat dampness.

Panic and frustration builds. Chris is eyeballing him like he's not able to do this and Frank picks that up. Chris is about to say something but he catches himself, he notices Frank's hand with the bandage off, the wound looks yellow and bloody - infected. He empties the bowl and replaces it under the drip.

98 INT. CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

98

Chris has fallen asleep on the cot. He is out cold. The dripping in the cabin has ceased with the weakening rain. The wind persists.

FRANK  
GODDAM IT!

Chris startles awake just in time to see Frank throw the kindling and wood across the room. There are many broken pieces from failed fire making attempts.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ.

Silence. Chris gets off the cot and joins Frank by the stove.

CHRIS

There are three flares with the gun. Why don't you fire one into some kindling?

FRANK

That's a dumb suggestion. We could burn the cabin down.

Beat.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You know, it's not easy to start a fire. And this wood is shit. It's damp. These sticks are all wrong. It's not right.

Chris looks down to Frank's swollen hand.

CHRIS

Are you ok?

FRANK

This? I'm fine.

CHRIS

It doesn't look fine.

FRANK

It'll be better tomorrow. I'm more concerned with getting hypothermia from that storm.

Frank crosses to the cot and lays down. He wraps up in the blanket. Chris goes to the survival kit and gets the antiseptic. He tosses it to Frank.

CHRIS

Here. Use this on your hand.

Chris goes to his usual spot on the floor and wraps up in the other blanket. Shivering as well, folds all the loose blanket ends under his legs and body.

Frank and Chris. Silently freezing. Waiting out the wind and remaining rain.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We need to get a fire going. We'll never make it if we don't.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 And the smoke from the chimney  
 might be seen..

FRANK  
 No Shit, Sherlock.

CHRIS  
 Let's try the flare.

Chris has had enough and goes to the flare gun, grabs it & a flare, and starts to gather the sticks.

FRANK  
 You think you know everything  
 that's your problem. You're a  
 spoiled little only child and you  
 don't know jack shit.

This stops Chris. Frank stands up and steps right up to Chris. The size difference between a 15 year old and a 12 year old boy is on full display. In the blink of an eye, Frank snatches the flare gun out of Chris' hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 I specifically told you I am the  
 only one who touches this gun. Is  
 English your second language,  
 Chrissy?

Chris just stares at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 IS IT CHRISSY?????

Frank is about to hit Chris. Chris knows it, Frank knows it, we know it. All of a sudden, Thursday lands outside at the window where Chris' rock made a hole in the glass, staring at Frank. His eyes and beak are almost perfectly framed in the rock's hole. This moment breaks Frank's rage and focus. He looks back at the damp bird then meticulously walks the flare gun back to it's home by the door. It gets replaced and as Frank turns back, he is tackled to the ground by Chris.

The Raven squawks helplessly outside the window as Chris starts to punch a surprised Frank. Frank grasps onto Chris' neck and the pain in his injured hand makes him scream. Enough. Frank grabs the younger boy and flips him over onto his back.

Chris flails under Frank's weight and strength. Frank holds him by the neck with his good hand and wipes his brow with his forearm. He examines his injured hand and shakes his head. Chris struggles in futility as Thursday continues to scream.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Well that wasn't what I expected.

He brings his face right into Chris'.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Do that ever again, and I'll shit  
on you.

Frank releases his grip. He slowly gets up, goes to the cot and lays down again. He turns his back to Chris and says nothing else.

A shaken Chris is fighting with every cell in his body not to break down in tears as he lays still on the floor. Thursday now silent, continues to watch from the window.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. MEADOW - SKELETON TREE - MORNING (DAY 5) 99

Another cloudy day. Chris is alone at the tree. No Frank. No Thursday. He looks down at Jack's bracelet and charm and slowly removes it. Uncle Jack is dead. He reaches up to the lowest branch on the tree and tightly ties the bracelet to it. Chris sits against the base of the tree and releases all of his loss and pain.

100 EXT. ROCKY BEACH - DAY 100

Chris wanders the shoreline looking through some small random debris. Thursday hops along beside him. Pecking at seaweed for bugs.

CHRIS  
Thursday, I miss Mom.

They come across a plastic red and white fishing float. Thursday takes it in it's beak and flies away. Chris watches as the raven disappears. This takes us into a brief montage of days passing.

101 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 101

Frank sleeps. Chris quietly tries making a fire with the sticks. He has less luck than Frank did.

102 EXT. MEADOW - DAY (DAY 6) 102

Chris lies in the grass looking at the sky. He's a safe distance from the skeleton tree. Holding the flare gun, Frank joins him then takes his place. Shift change. Chris heads back towards the cabin.

103 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 103

As he tries to sleep on the floor, Chris hears Frank talking in his sleep. It sounds like Frank is trying to talk to a girl in his sleep. Chris has a little laugh.

104 EXT. MEADOW - DAY (DAY 7) 104

Frank is alone and up the skeleton tree. He is looking inside one of the coffins. He hears a squawk and looks up to see Thursday landing on a higher branch. Thursday stares right through him like he has caught him in the act.

FRANK  
Screw off.

Thursday screams again. Frank's conscience gets the better of him and he starts to climb down.

105 EXT. CABIN - NIGHT 105

Chris is sitting outside the cabin looking up at a full moon through the trees. He is relaxed and not on edge for the first time since they left shore. A cracking of branches snaps him out of this moment and he heads back into the cabin.

We transition between day and night a few more times...

106 INT. THE CABIN - MORNING (DAY 14) 106

First light. The cabin door is open, it creaks back and forth with a gentle wind. Similar to when Chris first found the cabin.

Everything is as we always find it in the mornings. Chris is sound asleep - his normal place on the floor. He suddenly stirs. The drone of a fan or something similar slowly wakes him up.

Chris looks around the room, is he dreaming? Drawn to the fluttering noise, Chris looks up.

The fan sound is from Thursday's wings as he flutters them while eating the hanging fish. Chris looks from Thursday's rafter back at the cot and Frank fast asleep. His confrontation with him very fresh on his mind. He looks back at Thursday.

CHRIS  
(quietly)  
No, no, no. Please stop.

Thursday ignores Chris and continues at the fish. Chris is near complete panic. Thursday up in the rafters, fluttering, and pecking away. Chris looks to sleeping Frank.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Thursday. Stop. He'll kill you.  
He'll kill me.

Then it happens. The fish that Thursday is pecking at falls from the rafter and hits the ground. The sound of it hitting the wooden floor is twice what you would think it would be. The bird doesn't care, he just flutters over to the next fish and continues his feast.

Frank wakes. It takes him about three seconds to find the source of the sound and register what's going on. In the blink of an eye, he's up and grabs the gaff.

FRANK  
GODDAM YOU! I'LL DESTROY YOU

CHRIS  
FRANK! NO!

Frank jumps on the bed and whips it madly in the air towards the raven.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
NO!!!

Frank continues to blindly swing the gaff like a mad man.

FRANK  
I'LL KILL YOU!

Chris reaches for Frank trying to hold his swinging arm...

CHRIS  
DON'T!!

Frank pushes Chris to the ground and chases after Thursday.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Leave him alone.

His only chance to save Thursday, Chris races to the door and throws it open allowing Thursday to escape.

FRANK  
Get out!!!

The mayhem of Frank's chase has subsided and the boys take in the aftermath. Almost all of the hanging salmons have been stripped. Thursday has eaten most of their food. The short period of shock and silence is broken with...

FRANK (CONT'D)  
THAT GODDAM BIRD!! I TOLD YOU, YOU  
STUPID SHIT. I TOLD YOU!!!!

Scared, Chris stays silent.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(Deliberate and direct)  
I'm going to kill that bird. And  
when I do it will be your fault,  
Chrissy.

Chris looks around. He sees the salmon on the cabin floor.  
The one that woke Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I say shit for a reason. The flare  
gun. That goddam bird. The radio in  
the boat. No more Chrissy. You do  
not question me again. GOT IT?

Chris has not heard a thing. He just stares at the floor  
fish. He is in a trance.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You follow and do as I say. Period.

CHRIS  
Frank....

The fish is infested with maggots. They are crawling from the carcass all over the wooden floor. Frank just stares in shock and disgust.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Thursday wasn't after our food,  
Frank. He was after the maggots.

Frank is sweating profusely and needs to sit down.

Chris steps back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Frank?

FRANK  
This hand isn't good Chris. I feel like it's starting to affect my brain. I've pretty well used all that cream and it's not getting better.

He looks Chris in the eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
It's not going to get better without medical help.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. RIVER IN THE FOREST - DAY

107

Salmon can be seen dancing through the flowing water. Then a fish hits the surface of the stream and floats down with the current. Then another. And another. But these are dead fish. Some just skeletons. Reveal Frank and Chris standing on the bank. Their hands covered as they throw all the maggot-infested fish into the water.

Thursday lands on it's rock near the boys. Chris looks over and gives the raven a smile and a nod. Vindicated. Thursday has something shiny in it's mouth. Chris starts to walk over. Frank looks over at Chris, the fish disposal job not finished...

FRANK  
What?...

As Chris gets closer to the big rock he gets a clearer look and sees that it's one of the dead batteries that Frank threw the other day. Thursday drops the battery into the thick bush beside the rock then with his mouth free and empty, he squawks again.

Chris looks at the thick large bush then goes down on his hands and knees and crawls in to retrieve the battery.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

108 EXT. UNDER THE THICK BUSH - SAME

108

Under the bush, Chris spots the battery. He closes in then discovers in the mossy ground a boot. A boot? He follows the boot to a leg then a torso... A body face down in the dirt and moss, all clothed in a filthy dirty orange down jacket. Although it is now much more black and brown than orange. So dirty it has almost become one with the earth. THE CABIN GUY? Chris screams.

CHRIS  
FRANK!!!!!!!

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
There's a body!!! I think it's the guy from the cabin. It must be him!

Chris quickly begins to retreat.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. RIVER - LATER

109

The boys stand staring at the bush. Silent. Thursday sits on top of his rock. Silent.

FRANK  
What did it look like? Could you see his face?

CHRIS  
Like he was becoming part of the ground. I think he's been there for awhile. Couldn't see his face.

Frank's brow furrows.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Not sure how he got in there.

FRANK  
Maybe he got lost or something.

Chris reaches into his pocket and pulls out the ripped orange clothing he found the first day.

CHRIS  
This matches his jacket. He must be from the cabin.

FRANK  
Show me.

110 EXT. UNDER THE THICK BUSH - DAY

110

Frank and Chris stare in stunned silence near the body of the Cabin Guy.

They stare hard at the corpse. Not quite knowing what to do.

CHRIS  
Is that blood or dirt?

FRANK  
I don't know. Maybe both.

More silence.

CHRIS  
What should we do?

FRANK  
Not much we can do.

Frank stares at the corpse and what he is wearing. He starts to reach over to the body.

CHRIS  
Don't touch him Frank

Frank ignores him and starts to push at the body to expose his pockets.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
This isn't right...

Frank pushes harder and the body flips slightly on it's side revealing a large gash. More maggots are revealed in and around the wound.

FRANK  
Jesus. No more maggots, please.

He tries to shift the body more but all of his efforts are in vain. As Chris correctly described it, he has become one with the ground.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Help me here, Chrissy

Reluctantly, Chris pulls from one side as Frank pushes from the other. The body is now over enough to reveal an unzipped pocket. Frank pulls out a small blue tinted ziplock bag like the ones in the cabin. Inside the bag is a box of matches.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Bingo.

The box is broken on one side and a small pile of matches fall into the dry bag. On Frank smiling. On Chris smiling. On the body. If this were a horror story, this is the point that body would awaken and attack. Both boys come back to the reality of what is before them and crawl backwards as quick as they can out of the bush.

111 EXT. RIVER - SAME

111

Frank opens the zip-lock bag and counts the matches. At least twenty in there and dry.

CHRIS  
Can we bury him?

FRANK  
There's no moving that body. He's one with the ground.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

112

The boys are planting a crudely made cross by the rock and thick bush. Thursday continues to observe from his perch on the rock. Squawks are no longer required now that the boys finally found what he had been trying to show them.

CHRIS  
We should say a prayer. That's what they did at my dad's funeral.

FRANK  
Maybe just a moment of silence is good.

The boys close their individual hands, look down and quietly contemplate Cabin Man. Chris can't help but notice Frank's worsening wound on his clasped hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Let's go make that fire.

They gather their things including a fresh batch of caught fish. Frank looks over to the raven and back to Chris.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Thursday?

CHRIS  
Thursday.

113

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - AFTERNOON

113

The boys have stopped at the beach to see if anything new is on the shore. The fishing boat still lays on it's side. Chris holds the new fish at the tree line while Frank scours through the fresh tsunami debris. Some plastic bins and half a doll. Frank opens the bin and takes out a deflated soccer ball. Not a volleyball and the brand is not 'Wilson', it's a Daozhi. He examines it. Chris takes note of this.

CHRIS  
(To himself)  
You gotta be kidding me...

Frank holds it up and shows it to Chris

FRANK  
Chris, meet Daozhi!!

Frank laughs maniacally and kicks the deflated ball back to the ocean.

Off Chris. Did Frank just make a joke?

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DUSK

The boys have enclosed an area outside with tarps and blankets where the new catch are hanging and a fire is effectively smoking the salmon.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
My Dad taught me how to do this  
once.

114

INT. CABIN - SAME

114

A fire is raging in the wood burning stove. Frank and Chris sit nearby gorging on one of the smoked salmons. Both are visibly sweaty from their proximity to the fire.

CHRIS  
This is so good.

FRANK  
Eat up Chrissy. Tomorrow we should try and get to the top of Eagle Mountain. We need a better vantage point and a better spot to fire that flare gun.

Frank gets up and goes to the door.

115 EXT. CABIN - SAME

115

Frank opens the door and tosses the remainder of his fish out to Thursday. The Raven looks at Frank like this might be some kind of a trap but then sees Chris appear behind Frank at the door so he goes for the fish. Chris looks at Frank like he's been taken over by a space alien. Frank registers this and motions to Thursday and feels the need to explain his turn around with the raven.

FRANK

Well, he did show us where Cabin man and the matches were. Should be rewarded.

Who is this new Frank?

FRANK (CONT'D)

We should bring that smoker and fish in so we don't attract any wildlife tonight.

CHRIS

Good idea.

FRANK

(He winks to Chris)

No shit.

Chris laughs then shivers. It's cold out and time to get back by the stove. He looks at Frank and smiles but then notices that Frank continues to sweat even in this cold. Frank is watching Thursday eat his reward. Chris looks at his bandaged infected hand. There is a yellowish liquid that has leaked through the fabric and outlines where the cut is.

116 INT. THE CABIN - LATER

116

Chris lines up food, gaff, knife, the canteen, compass, and some empty plastic water bottles with Japanese writing on them. He loads two blankets, the foil space blanket, and whatever else he can into Cabin Man's back pack.

CHRIS

How long do you think it will take?

FRANK

There and back? At least a day and a half. I reckon that peak is 2500 to 3000 feet high.

Chris goes to get the flare gun. Frank gets there first.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I'll take this.

117 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

117

A small fire still burns in the stove and Chris tends to it as he sits in a chair next to it. The materials used for the smoker are against the wall and the smoked fish hangs in the kitchen.

Frank is asleep in the cot but his fever is getting the better of him. He is shivering and sweating heavily as well as mumbling in his sleep. Chris looks over to him concerned.

CHRIS  
(Whispering to himself)  
Get better, Frank. Please don't die...

Frank says more in his sleep. Mostly impossible to ascertain what he's saying except for the word 'Mom' at one point.

CUT TO:

118 INT. CABIN - DAWN (DAY 15)

118

Chris wakes up on the floor. Gets his bearings and looks over to Frank's motion-less body. Chris stares at him but sees no movement.

CHRIS  
(again to himself)  
Oh shit...

Chris slowly gets up and cautiously makes his way to the cot. He gets his face within inches of Frank's face looking for some signs of life. Nothing. Frank opens his eyes and looks directly at Chris in front of him.

FRANK  
Chris?

CHRIS  
Frank.

Chris does not show the immense relief that he is feeling. He steps back allowing Frank to sit up in the bed.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Good morning. Would you like some salmon for breakfast by any chance.

Frank looks at the hanging fish.

FRANK

Sure.

CHRIS

How's your hand doing? You had a crazy fever throughout the night.

FRANK

Not great, Chris. I feel woozy but definitely better now than I did last night. We need to get some help. We need to get up Eagle mountain and find some signs of life...

CHRIS

You sure you can?

FRANK

Well you can't do it on your own. You'd never make it.

There's that old Frank we knew. Chris takes a moment. A tiger cannot or never changes it's stripes, indeed.

119

EXT. MEADOW - MORNING

119

Frank is definitely looking a bit better. The mission has his adrenaline pumping. The boys are packed up with all the items they laid out the previous night. As they pass by the Skeleton Tree, Chris looks up.

FRANK

Let's not become residents of that thing, Chrissy. We should go by the river and fill the canteen and bottles.

120

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATE MORNING

120

Thursday has joined the boys and is back in his usual spot on the big rock. Chris stands near him watching Frank fill up the containers at the river. Thursday squawks down at the bush.

CHRIS

I know Thursday, we found him. We  
got the matches.

Thursday squawks again to the bush. Chris looks at the rigged cross. No way he is going near that body again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We're good, Thursday.

Frank gets up with the bottles and canteen & throws a full bottle to Chris who misses the catch.

FRANK

You're on the team. Lets go.

Chris picks up the bottle and follows Frank into the trees. Thursday takes flight and heads off in the other direction.

CUT TO:

121

EXT. CHRISSY CLIFF-TOP CLEARING - LATE MORNING

121

The boys get to the cliff top where they first climbed to on their first day stranded. Eagle mountain lays ahead. A layer of perspiration shimmers on the surface of Frank's face. He looks awful.

CHRIS

Are you ok?

Frank takes a break on a rock.

FRANK

You know what, I'm not. I need to go back down. I need to rest. I won't make it up that mountain.

Frank pulls the latest home-made bandage off his hand. It's not good. His hand and wrist are discolored and his veins are bulging. There is some unfriendly infection taking hold.

FRANK (CONT'D)

That's no bueno.

Chris has turned pale. Frank thinks.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Listen, kid. I can make it back to the cabin. My legs are fine. You get up to that peak and see if you spot anything.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)  
A house, a town, power lines, a  
Pizza Hut... you name it.

Chris shares a laugh.

CHRIS  
Take this.

Chris gives Frank the full canteen and Frank struggles to get up. Chris steps in to help him. Frank stumbles slightly and the boys fall into a hug. At first they instinctively push back but then it happens. They hug. Frank is the first to cry then Chris joins him. They don't have to say it but they both know that they may never see one another again.

FRANK  
I'm so scared, Chrissy.

This takes Chris aback.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You be careful.

CHRIS  
You be more careful.

The hug gets tighter.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'll be back tomorrow before  
sunset.

He pulls back and smiles.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I got this. I won't let you down...

With this, Frank smiles at Chris and leaves the clearing heading back down towards the cabin. He turns and nods to Chris.

Chris wipes his tears away, takes a deep breath, and looks up to Eagle mountain. He takes out the compass and double checks the direction.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
(To himself)  
Maybe a tiger sometimes can change  
his stripes.

122 EXT. CAMP TRAIL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

122

On Chris again in his scout uniform. We stay on Chris as always in these flashbacks. Chris is hiking with a bunch of the other scouts. We see a few adults following. Chris is carrying a handful of bright fabric strips.

NECK DOWN SCOUT LEADER  
OK boys, everyone stop.

Chris and the shoulders of the other scouts around him come to a stop.

NECK DOWN SCOUT LEADER (CONT'D)  
How are we going to ensure we can find our way back?

CHRIS  
Stop hiking and go back now?

NECK DOWN TORSO (DAD)  
Chris! Proper answer?

CHRIS  
(Embarrassed)  
Yes Dad.  
(Then to the Scout Leader)  
We mark the trail as we go....

Chris leans over to a branch on the side of the trail and ties a piece of bright fabric

CUT TO:

123 EXT. TRAIL UP MOUNTAIN (800 FEET) - LATER

123

Back to present. Chris ties some bright fabric to a tree on the side of the trail and stops to take some water. He looks ahead to the steep incline and carries on.

CHRIS  
I got this...

MATCH CUT:

124 EXT. MEADOW - SAME

124

Direct cut to Frank as he walks past the Skeleton Tree. Perspiration visible on his face. Thursday is at the tree, his head in the coffin where Chris placed the other raven.

Frank pays no attention to him as he makes his way to the cabin.

CUT TO:

125 EXT. FOREST/STEEP SLOPE (1250 FEET) - LATER 125

Chris climbing through steep woods. He uses the gaff like a hook to help pull himself past some trees at steeper areas. Once again he stops to tie another piece of cloth to a tree.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. FOREST/ROCKY SLOPES (1700 FEET) - DAY 126

Straight up a slippery steep hill. It's a struggle. Every so often glimpsing the summit through trees ahead. Then he stops walking and stops breathing. He hears something that he has not heard for awhile. He looks up to the trees to see where it's coming from. We now hear it too. The faintest sound of a propellor. A sea plane? A helicopter? Chris springs into action, drops to the ground, and goes into his bag...

CUT TO:

127 INT. CABIN - SAME 127

Frank now in bed. He looks even worse than he did in the meadow. Pale. Thin. Sick. Dark circles under eyes. He reaches down to grab the canteen which is half under the clothes he has removed. As he moves his jacket to access the canteen, the flare gun falls from the pocket.

FRANK  
Shit.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. FOREST/ROCKY SLOPES (1700 FEET) - SAME 128

Chris has emptied the bag. No flare gun.

CHRIS  
Shit.

He looks up to the trees, the sound getting louder.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
HEY!!!! HEY!!!!!! I'M HERE!!! I'M  
DOWN HERE!!!

He picks up the foil space blanket, waving it around in a futile attempt to reflect some sun. But nothing. He is in heavy bush. And can only listen in vain as the sound gets further and further away.

129 EXT. MOUNTAIN (2000 FEET) - LATER

129

Chris exits the woods as forest gives way to a section of bare rock and scattered bush. He ties another piece of fabric to the spot where he exited the tree line. It's much colder up here. He pauses and takes in the view. He can only see the ocean side from this vantage point. No boats, no planes just water and a faint glimpse of another shore barely visible in the distance. Quick water break and some smoked salmon and off...

CUT TO:

130 EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE (2500 FEET) - LAST LIGHT

130

Chris is within 500 steep feet of the summit and it's getting too dark to go on. There is a small plateau with some sparse tree coverage. This will be his best bet for the night. He takes the two blankets out of Cabin Man's pack, the foil blanket, and layers up for the night.

131 INT. THE CABIN - SAME TIME

131

Frank is laying in the cot, shivering. He is applying the last of the antiseptic cream from the survival kit on his wound. It's not getting any better. The infection is spreading to his wrist. He looks at the window where the last of the ambient light comes in. Thursday lands on the outside sill and makes eye contact with Frank. They stare silently at each other then Thursday takes flight.

132 EXT. COASTLINE - DAWN (DAY 16)

132

From a birds eye view of the shoreline, we see the Japanese fishing boat wreck up to Chrissy Cliff and in the deep background, Eagle Mountain as Frank has named it.

133 EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE (2500 FEET) - SAME

133

Chris wakes up to the cry of an eagle above. He gets his bearings then takes some water and salmon. He looks up to the peak.

134 EXT. SPARSE TREES ON SLOPE (2500 FEET) - MORNING 134

Steam rises from the rocky ground. Tilting up, we see it's source - a flowing clear liquid. We are then behind Chris who is all packed up and is taking his morning pee break before heading to the summit.

135 EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE (2800 FEET) - LATE MORNING 135

Chris navigates the rocks and shale. He looks ahead then behind. He's so close now he knows he can make it.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. CLOSE TO THE SUMMIT (2900 FEET) - LATER 136

Chris is now climbing with a renewed vigor as he gets closer to his destination.

CUT TO:

137 EXT. THE SUMMIT (3100 FEET) - DAY 137

Chris takes his last steps up to the summit. He stands on the mountain top and takes a deep breath. It's a crystal clear day. For the first time he can see where they are.

He can finally see in all directions. It is stunning and beautiful but there is no town, no power lines, no roads, no nothing. There is nothing that he was hoping to find. Trees and more mountains as far as the eye can see.

CHRIS  
Nothing. No village. Nothing.  
HELLOOOO???

His words echo around. Then he hears a squawk from above. Thursday? Not this time. A bald eagle soars above him. As majestic as it looks, Chris starts to question whether or not the bird might be eying him as a food source.

He slumps to the ground. Exhausted.

CUT TO:

138 EXT. THE SUMMIT (3100 FEET) - LATER 138

Chris hauls himself back onto his feet. Takes a last look at the view. This was a waste of time and there is no rescue station waiting on the other side of this mountain.

He picks up Cabin-man's pack and starts down the mountain. A cold wind picks up. And Chris stops. Everything hits him at once. This is certainly a death sentence for Frank. His Dad's death, Uncle Jack drowning, the bodies in the skeleton tree... everything at once comes to a head. And Chris just drops to the ground and cries. A cathartic cry that a child of his age should never have to need but this boy does.

139 EXT. WIDE OF MOUNTAIN - DAY 139  
 The sun is fully up and bathes the whole area.

140 EXT. THE SUMMIT (3100 FEET) - DAY 140  
 Chris is throwing salmon scraps and watching an eagle dive down to eat them. He smiles. He is better and has not lost hope. He misses Thursday and he even misses Frank.  
 He grabs the pack looks up at the sun and calculates in his head how much daylight he has left. Time to go.

141 EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE (2800 FEET) - DAY 141  
 Getting down an area like this is always twice as difficult and treacherous as coming up. Chris loses his footing on every fourth step and tries to brace himself with his feet deep into the shale to not slide down the next section.

142 EXT. SPARSE TREES ON SLOPE (2500 FEET) - DAY 142  
 Pee break number two.

143 EXT. MOUNTAIN (2000 FEET) - LATER 143  
 The footing much better now as Chris approaches the tree line and woods. He sees the bright fabric tied to where he came out of the forest. Checks the compass then continues down and into the trees.

144 EXT. MOUNTAIN (1700 FEET) - EARLY AFTERNOON 144  
 Chris gets to the area where he heard the aircraft. He does not stop as he passes another piece of fabric.

145 EXT. DEEP IN THE FOREST (UNKNOWN ELEVATION) - DUSK 145

Pushing forward. Chris is sore and limping. Using trees to aid balance. He pauses. He looks around and doesn't see any fabric. He hasn't for awhile now and his panicked eyes show this. Just trees and a small outcropping of rock. He pulls out the compass but it means nothing. He just needs to head down.

He looks up at the sky then looks at the rock. This might be the best and maybe only shelter he will come across and he knows he needs to stop for the night.

TRANSITION TO:

146 EXT. DEEP IN THE FOREST (UNKNOWN ELEVATION) - DAWN (DAY 146)

Chris wakes up under the blankets, using Cabin-Man's pack as a pillow. He gets the water out and takes the last few sips.

CHRIS  
(Mimicking Frank)  
That's no bueno

Chris' impersonation is perfect and has to laugh at himself. He gets up more determined than ever. He knows he's headed in the right direction. Down.

147 EXT. MOUNTAIN CLEARING (1000 FEET) - LATE MORNING 147

Chris gets to a clearing on the mountain. An unobstructed view point greets him. Amazingly, he can see Chrissy Cliff and the beach. He is indeed headed in the right direction. He heads back into the woods.

148 EXT. MOUNTAIN FOREST (800 FEET) - LATE MORNING 148

Chris is not running but he is not walking. He carefully goes as fast as he can. Not quite sure what he will find at the cabin.

149 EXT. TRAIL CROSSROADS - DAY 149

Not where he planned to end up but Chris recognizes the crossroads trail that he has stumbled upon. Thirsty and hungry, he heads for the river knowing Frank will be even more desperate than him.

150

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

150

Chris is on his belly, pack by his side. He has the empty water bottles and is filling them as fast as he can. He takes a glance at Thursday's rock but it's empty. The raven nowhere to be seen. Back to the bottle filling task.

As Chris looks in the water he sees the orange blur of salmon going by. He looks at the gaff then back at the fish but no time. Then the strangest thing happens. The fish all as one turn the other direction. After almost three weeks of seeing them head to the left now they head right. Chris smiles. Is he hallucinating?

CHRIS

What the....?

More fish and more frantic now.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(half conscious)

Frank?

He looks to his left up the riverbank hoping to find Frank fishing and then he sees it. A bear is about 200 feet away swatting at salmon in the river. Chris had been hidden in the tall grass lying down but now he is easy to see. He freezes. The bear does the same then looks over.

In an absurd moment Chris wonders if the bear is a grizzly or just a brown bear.

The bear shifts it's focus from the salmon and starts to walk towards Chris.

Chris drops the open water bottles. Their contents start to spill out as they land on their sides.

Chris stares at the bear. Transfixed.

Then Chris turns. He drops everything and he runs. He doesn't look back at all. He races for the woods.

The bear sniffs towards the direction Chris went. He gets up on his hind legs as he does. Once he gets Chris' scent, he drops to the ground and starts to give chase.

151

EXT. WOODS - SAME

151

Chris literally runs for his life. He gets to the crossroads and for a second he considers heading to the cabin but going up the hill right now is not the right choice. He heads for the beach instead.

152 EXT. STONEY BEACH - CONTINUOUS 152

Chris runs full force to the beach. The tide is at mid height. There is some plastic debris at the high tide line. Chris is already out of breath, he frantically grabs at a few pieces of debris that might be used as a weapon. Everything is futile. He stops and scans the beach. Nothing. Other than a gentle wind, silence.

He runs for the Japanese fishing boat and locks the door behind him.

153 INT. WRECKED FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS 153

He ransacks through the drawers and cupboards. Nothing useful. Panicked, he scours the space. He grabs a piece of broken wood with a sharp end. The only weapon available. Adrenaline pumping, Chris sits next to the wheel of the boat hunkered down and shaking. He waits.

154 EXT. STONEY BEACH - WRECKED FISHING BOAT - LATER 154

The boat sits on the beach. Nothing around it.

155 INT. WRECKED FISHING BOAT - SAME 155

Chris sits exactly where we left him. The rush of adrenaline long passed. Chris is exhausted. His eyes droop and he catches himself falling asleep. The piece of broken wood falls from his hands and he quickly picks it up.

156 EXT. STONEY BEACH - WRECKED FISHING BOAT - LATER 156

A raven flies by the boat.

157 INT. WRECKED FISHING BOAT - SAME 157

Chris is fast asleep. Suddenly he wakes up startled. How long has he been asleep? The bear never came. He quickly scans the space - nothing. He quietly rises to his feet so he can look out the windows. Still daytime. No sign of anything.

As stealth as he can be, he picks up the sharp piece of wood and makes his way to the locked door. The latch is slowly slid over and he ever so gently turns the door handle. The slightest creaking sound is made as the rusty hinges on the door frame do their job supporting the opening door.

158 INT/EXT. WRECKED FISHING BOAT - SAME 158

As daylight spills into the cabin, Chris is greeted face to face with the bear. He screams and slams the door shut.

159 INT. WRECKED FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS 159

Chris is hysterical. His body shakes. He wipes tears away with his vibrating hands. It's deathly quiet again, then...

The boat starts to shake like in an earthquake. Wood can be heard cracking and the air is filled with dust and splinters. The unseen bear is wrestling the boat until it will break open or Chris has to come out. Chris is thrown around like a rag doll in the confined space.

Then it stops. Chris drops to the floor. Howls in fear. The boat has shifted to one side. Chris scrambles to see out the windows but nothing is there.

All goes quiet yet again. Until -

There is a thundering CRASH and Chris is thrown from one side of the boat to the other. The force can only be from the bear ramming itself into the side of the boat.

CHRIS  
What the...

Again the boat is hit with the same ferocity. Chris goes flying again. More dust and splinters are flying and the boat ends up completely on it's side. Chris cowers in a corner.

Unbeknownst to him and lost in the dust, the shifted boat has now exposed the hole in the hull and Chris is sheltering in a corner right next to it. His breath is labored and he is perspiring profusely now.

Silence again. As the dust starts to clear, Chris realizes he is next to the hull hole. At the very same second, the Bear's claws slash through the hole directly beside him. Again, Chris screams and the bear uses this hole to start pulling apart planks from the hull. The noise is deafening and Chris is completely helpless. In seconds the bear has pulled enough planks off that his head is visible. Saliva pours from his mouth as he roars.

Without even thinking Chris takes his jagged piece of wood and jams it into the bear's eye. The bear screams and backs out to the now visible beach. Chris falls to the ground knowing he has just delayed the inevitable.

160 INT/EXT. WRECKED FISHING BOAT - SAME 160  
 Then he hears another scream but not the bear. A raven swoops down to the stunned bear and starts to meticulously attack it's eyes. Thursday is relentless as he avoids the bears swipes and continues to attack.

161 INT. WRECKED FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS 161  
 Chris knows it's now or never. He instinctively runs. The hole is now big enough for him to get through and in the blink of an eye, he does.

162 EXT. STONEY BEACH - CONTINUOUS 162  
 We stay with Chris as he runs. We don't see the bear and Thursday fighting but we hear the roar and screams. Tears stream down Chris' face as he races across the beach to the trees.

163 EXT. BEACH TRAIL - SAME 163  
 Chris makes it onto the beach trail picking up speed. Then he trips and goes flying.  
 As he lands he looks back. Nothing yet. Bruised and bloody he continues up to the meadow trail.

164 EXT. MEADOW - DAY 164  
 Chris bleeding from the elbows and knees races past the Skeleton Tree. The first time in their three weeks that he is oblivious to the coffins.

165 EXT. CABIN PATH & CABIN - DAY 165  
 Sprinting down the path. The cabin in sight. Chris is now screaming as he runs.

CHRIS  
 FRANK!!! FRANK!!!! OPEN THE DOOR!!!

But the door doesn't open. Chris gets to the cabin door and bursts through it.

166

INT. CABIN - DAY

166

Chris slams the door behind him, locks it, and throws his body against it.. Frank is in the bed. He's not in great shape but he's still alive. The sight of bloody, dirty, and panicked Chris immediately snaps Frank out of whatever fever-ravaged dreams he may have been having.

FRANK

What's happening?...

CHRIS

Bear. There's a grizzly or brown.

Bear. It's after me. It's after us...

FRANK

Where is it?

Chris reaches for the flare gun shelf by the door.

CHRIS

Where's the gun??

FRANK

What?

CHRIS

The flare gun! Where's the flare gun.

Frank still slightly out of it has to think for a second then remembers his jacket. He reaches down and grabs the empty gun and three flares.

FRANK

I've got it here...

Before Frank can finish, the front door gets violently knocked inwards off it's hinges and comes crashing down. Chris is knocked forward to the ground. Dust and debris go flying.

At the doorway is the bear. Roaring in rage. It's head is bloodied from Chris and Thursday's fishing boat attacks. Stunned, Chris struggles on the floor and Frank is momentarily frozen. With his shaking hands he starts the motion of loading a flare into the gun. He will never have enough time and he knows it.

The bear is two feet outside the door frame and starts to take it's first step into the open doorway. Again that scream comes from above and Thursday goes in for another attack.

The startled bear shifts his focus to the Raven giving Frank the precious seconds he needs to load the flare. As the bear makes contact with Thursday, Frank gets up from the cot and takes a step towards the fight. He screams.

Frank fires. The flare misses it's target and the bear continues to fend off the relentless raven.

Frank loads the second flare. The bear is getting the better of Thursday and it turns to Frank.

Trembling and drenched in sweat, Frank fires the second flare.

The bear is hit directly in the eye. It falls back shattered and runs off back into the woods.

Silence.

167 INT. CABIN - SAME

167

Frank is crying. Without taking a step he watches the outside as he loads the final flare into the gun. Keeping it trained on the doorway, he steps over to Chris. Chris has a deep gash over his forehead. Frank drops to the ground and takes Chris into his arms. He instinctively uses his sleeve and arm to put pressure on the cut and the other one to wipe the blood from Chris' face.

FRANK  
CHRIS! CHRIS! ARE YOU OK?

CHRIS  
I think so. What happened??

FRANK  
The bear. He followed you.

CHRIS  
Where? Where?...

FRANK  
I shot him with the flare gun.

CHRIS  
Is it dead?

FRANK  
I don't think so but I doubt it  
will be back. Thursday saved us. He  
attacked the thing and gave me  
enough time to load and fire.

This gets Chris back into the moment

CHRIS  
Where is he?

Chris starts to get up and Frank helps him. Frank grabs a shirt and hands it to Chris.

FRANK  
Keep this on your cut.

Chris applies pressure on his brow and they head out the doorway.

168 EXT. CABIN - SAME

168

The aimed flare gun exits first and the boys follow. As they get outside Chris is the first to see Thursday on the ground. Not dead but dying. Chris falls to the dirt.

CHRIS  
NO! NO! NO! NO!....

Frank joins him and they are both on their knees. Chris gently picks up the raven and cradles him in his arms as tears again stream from his eyes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry. No, no. I'm so sorry  
Thursday. Don't go. Please  
please... No no no no no....

Frank is crying now too as life leaves the raven in Chris' hands.

169 EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

169

Wide of the scene leaving the boys and the dead bird outside the cabin.

FADE TO:

170 EXT. MEADOW - AFTERNOON

170

Chris is carrying Thursday wrapped in some white fabric. He has a make-shift bandage/bandana over his cut and still has freshly dried blood on his face. Frank slowly follows from behind carrying the flare gun, ready for anything. Both have dried tears down their faces.

CHRIS

You don't have to come. You should rest up and I'll go get some water before sunset.

FRANK

We can't separate again, not with that bear and only one gun. I feel like my arm's being stabbed with a hot knife, but I'm not dead yet. I owe at least this to Thursday.

Chris smiles.

They get to the skeleton tree and Chris looks up at the lower branch where the first raven was laid to rest and where Thursday was exploring only a few days earlier.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Chris, let me go up. I've climbed this thing many times now. Even with my hand...

Chris and Frank both know that he is in no shape to even try.

CHRIS

I've got this.

He hands Thursday to Frank then climbs up the tree to the lower branch and first coffin. He carefully lifts the lid. The skull of a child peers from inside.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hand him to me, please.

Frank gently reaches up with Thursday's wrapped body and Chris grasps it with his free hand.

Without looking in the box, he moves the lid across a little more. His tears start to well up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Thank you my friend. Thank you for everything. You saved us in so many ways.

Chris goes to the box. He sees the remains of the first Raven and goes to move it slightly to make room for Thursday. That's when he sees other things. He carefully places Thursday in the box then starts to take some of the other objects out. The first is the red and white fishing float that Thursday took from the beach the other day.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
What is all this?

More objects. Small plastic debris from the beach. Chris takes them out one at a time. Some shells. A coin.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
What on earth?

Frank sees the objects Chris holds up.

FRANK  
Every time I climbed up, I saw junk in all of the coffins. I think Thursday uses them to store all his finds.

Amongst the junk, Chris sees another blue ziplock bag. Identical to the one that Cabin-man had keeping the matches safe and dry.

As he lifts it up he shows it to Frank. It's covered with fresh dirt similar to the look that Cabin-man's body was found.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I never saw that one before. That must be new.

Chris wipes the dirt off the ziplock revealing two batteries in the bag. He takes them out of the bag and indeed two batteries are revealed. The same size that Frank threw from the cabin two weeks ago but a different brand.

Chris and Frank exchange a look.

DEAR READER - I know this is a strange request but you have gotten this far and I ask you to do the following for the final pages. To fully understand the intention of what follows please listen to the following piece as you read.  
Much appreciated. [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f\\_JmZ-F9We4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f_JmZ-F9We4)

Daylight streams through the open doorway. Chris is closing the battery compartment for the radio and placing it back on the table.

He looks at Frank then presses the power button. Frank is wrapped in the blankets, fever returned. The radio comes to life. Chris hands the mic to Frank.

CHRIS  
Here.

FRANK  
No, you know what to do.

Chris' hand trembles as he keys the mic.

CHRIS  
Mayday. Mayday. Can anyone hear me?  
Can anyone hear me at all out  
there?

Silence. Again he keys the mic.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Hello? Mayday. Mayday. Help us  
please. Can you hear us. Anyone at  
all?

Nothing again. The boys look defeated.

And then...

FEMALE VOICE  
Coastguard station Cordova. Please  
repeat and state your location and  
name.

Chris snaps the Mic up.

CHRIS  
My name is Chris Reavis. We're  
stranded on a remote coast  
somewhere near Kodiak. We've been  
stuck here for three weeks...

A moment that feels like an eternity.

FEMALE VOICE  
Chris. This is Lt. Jessica Phillips  
of the United States Coast Guard.  
We've been looking for you. Is Jack  
Reavis with you?

They know. They didn't give up.

CHRIS  
Uncle Jack?

This stops Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
No. The boat sank. He didn't get on  
the raft. I don't know....

Chris has to stop here.

FEMALE VOICE  
Ok. You're safe. We won't stop  
searching for him. Listen Chris,  
there should be a locator beacon on  
that marine radio on the left or  
back side. When we are done. I want  
you to turn that on and leave it  
on. It will ping us your location.  
We have boats searching the coast  
and this will get one to you. Do  
you understand?

Chris finds the button. He cues the mic again.

CHRIS  
Yes. Yes, I've got it.

FEMALE VOICE  
Great. Is your brother there. Did  
he make it onto the raft with you.

Chris. Confused looks to Frank. He cues again.

CHRIS  
Sorry? I don't have a brother.  
Frank is here. He was on the boat  
with us. He made it safely onto the  
raft with me... Just me and Frank.

Chris releases the button. No longer looks at Frank.

FEMALE VOICE  
Yes, Frank Lawson. Your brother. We  
have both your mothers here at the  
station. We're going to find you  
and get you to them. I want you  
both to....

DISSOLVE TO:

172

EXT. LOW RIVER - DAY (REVISIT CHRIS' FLASHBACK)

172

A scouting trip. The same flashback from Chris' scout trip.  
Only this time the framing is different. We see the trip  
through Chris but we see the other faces now.

LEFT SCOUT

...so the female Praying Mantis  
bites the head of it's mate after  
doing the nasty with it...

RIGHT SCOUT

... that's BS, Landon. If that were  
the case then there'd be no praying  
mantis' anywhere... Chris?

CHRIS

Dad? Is Landon right?

This time we see Chris' Dad. He is a bearded good looking man with dark hair.

CHRIS' DAD

Keep up boys. You're falling  
behind. Less talk more walk. Chris,  
be a leader and keep your group  
focussed.

Chris nods. Awkward yet visibly thankful that his Dad isn't demonstrating his normal level of stern-ness... The unseen Scout Leader calls from ahead in the river.

SCOUT LEADER (O.S.)

Chris?

DISSOLVE TO:

173 EXT. SMALL BOAT ON LAKE - DAY (REVISIT FRANK'S FLASHBACK) 173

The same flashback from Frank's story only this time we see more. The framing is different and more inclusive as it was in Chris' flashback re-visit. Frank is fishing from a small boat in a large bay and is reeling in a catch. It's a beautiful sunny day and the water is still.

FRANK

I think I got this.

FRANK'S DAD

You got this. There you go boy,  
ease it in. Don't fight it.

Frank is doing as told.

FRANK'S DAD (CONT'D)

The things you work the hardest to  
get....

This time we see Frank's Dad. He is a bearded good looking man with dark hair. He is the same man as Chris' Dad.

FRANK  
...you appreciate the most...

Frank's Dad and Chris' Dad are the same person. They are indeed half-brothers.

DISSOLVE TO:

174 INT. CABIN - AFTERNOON

174

Chris stares at the radio. Frank stares at Chris. Everything is falling into place. Both have lost their fathers. Their Dads always away for work from both families. Jack taking them on the boat trip...

DISSOLVE TO:

175 EXT. CHURCH (FUNERAL) - DAY (FLASHBACK)

175

A coffin is carried out the main doors into the dreary grey outdoors. Through the pall-bearers we see Chris, stoic and silent as he follows the procession with his Mother. Again we stay on this young boy holding his unseen Mother's gloved hand. We deviate from him only once to take in his view of the coffin being carried away amongst a sea of gray and black. The only bit of color in the sad setting are the few bouquets of flowers present and a YELLOW TAXI leaving in the distance.

176 INT. YELLOW TAXI - SAME (FLASHBACK)

176

Inside the back of the taxi, a late 30's woman dressed in black is crying uncontrollably. We pan over beside her and find Frank also dressed in black. Stoic. Showing no emotion as he stares out the window back at the funeral.

177 EXT. ROAD - SAME (FLASHBACK)

177

The taxi drives off into the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

178 EXT. MEADOW - THE SKELETON TREE - SUNSET

178

Frank and Chris stand by the tree as the sun sets. For the first time the Skeleton tree is not threatening or imposing.

In this golden light, it is beautiful. Frank is still wrapped in blankets & grasps the flare gun in his good hand. Chris holds the radio. Neither Chris or Frank say a word. They stare outwards. In the distance we see a red coast guard helicopter heading directly to the meadow and coastline. Chris reaches up to low branch, unties Uncle Jack's bracelet, and silently hands it to Frank. Frank looks down and ties the bracelet around his wrist.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**