from ***CASTAWAY***

NIGHT

The giant plane PLUMMETS down from the sky.

Chuck is semi-conscious and bleeding from the head. John pulls the inflators on Chuck's life jacket, which fills with a WHOOSH!, sending Chuck's arms out to the sides. Al struggles with the LIFE RAFT. It's all blurred, frantic, terrifying.

PACIFIC –

NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The plane hits the ocean with a CRASH and a WAVE of water.

INT.

GLOBAL OPERATIONS CENTER –

MOMENTS LATER The Controller is speaking mechanically into the microphone.

CONTROLLER

Guam, I need a fix on Jumbo 14.

PACIFIC - NIGHT Shrouded with fog and surrounded by debris, the tail of the big plane slowly SINKS beneath the angry, storm-driven waves.

PACIFIC - DAY A life raft is tossed on dark, storm-driven seas. Inside it, semi-conscious, Chuck hangs on.

PACIFIC - NIGHT We catch glimpses of the yellow lift raft in the dark as the storm continues.

BEACH - EARLY MORNING The storm has ended. Waves lap gently on a beach cut like a scallop out of a rocky shore. On the beach we see scattered FEDEX BOXES. And we see, face-down, half-buried in sand, a MAN IN A SUIT and a life jacket. Chuck. The tide gently rocks him, laps at his face. He chokes. Slowly he gets to his knees. Vomits seawater, big heaves. He rolls over, sits down. Dazed. Still confused. Where am I? What happened? Chuck's first instinct is to check the time. He looks at his watch, taps it in frustration. Then he looks around, and we look with him.

CHUCK'S POV – BEACH The fog has thinned. We can see palm groves and mangrove thickets leading back into a thickly wooded valley climbing up a steep, rocky hillside. The rocks on the opposite point end in a barren ridge. Clouds hide the top of the hill.

As he takes in his surroundings, he licks his lips. He's thirsty. But something he sees is even more important. We stay with him as he WALKS. He comes to a FEDEX PACKAGE in the sand, picks it up, brushes off the sand, walks farther. He picks up another package.

Chuck walks down the beach, picking up FedEx packages, leaving a trail of footprints in the sand. Ahead of him we notice a package decorated with ANGEL WINGS.

BEACH - LATER THAT MORNING Chuck has made a neat stack of FedEx boxes under some palm trees at the rim of the beach. He examines the Angel Wing drawing with passing curiosity, then puts it on the stack. Chuck takes off his life jacket, sits down in the shade, makes himself comfortable, and waits.

BEACH - SUNSET Chuck is still waiting. He's a systems man, and the system isn't working.

CHUCK All right, guys. I'm here. Check the

GPS, get moving.

BEACH - NIGHT The full moon shines a ghostly light on the beach. Trees cast moon-shadows on the sand. Chuck seems very, very alone. We HEAR from the dark thickets a STRANGE NOISE. Rustling in the leaves. Something crashing in the trees, or is it a wave? A jolt of adrenaline courses through Chuck's body. He lurches to his feet. We HEAR the noises again. Chuck edges toward the rocks at the barb of the hook. Keeping his eye on the thicket, he bends down and picks up a stone. His first weapon. In the rocks he finds a piece of driftwood. He picks it up in his other hand. He backs between two rocks and stands facing the thicket, every sense alert. A cloud passes over the moon. The shadow streaks across Chuck's anxious face.

BEACH - MORNING The morning TIDE is coming in. We follow the tide as it laps amidst the rocks and finds Chuck, staring out to sea. The empty sea.