

LORD OF THE FLIES
EPISODE 1
THE SOUND OF THE SHELL

Written by

Name of Jake Rutigliano

Based on the novel by William Golding

FADE IN:

IN BLACK AND WHITE:

EXT. BANDA SEA - DAY

SUPER: 12:00 p.m., April 7th, 1952.

An American aircraft carrier trudges across the sea.

EXT. AMERICAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER, FLIGHT DECK - DAY

A group of pilots are celebrating over shots of Jack Daniel.

INT. RUSSIAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER, PILOT'S QUARTERS - DAY

A dark, moody room lit by lanterns. The RUSSIAN PILOT converses with his allies over a glass of vodka.

(NOTE: This is the pilot who shot the plane down in the last episode.)

RUSSIAN PILOT

And then I notice this big plane
and it was flying straight ahead. I
didn't get a good look, but I could
have sworn it was an enemy plane,
it had the British flag on it.

He takes a drink.

INT. SYDNEY KINGSFORD SMITH AIRPORT, CONTROL TOWER - DAY

The SYDNEY CONTROLLER looks out of his window. An OPERATOR is speaking over the phone.

OPERATOR

Sir, I've been getting reports that
an air battle between the Reds and
the British occurred over the Banda
Sea.

SYDNEY CONTROLLER

What about BOAC 54?

OPERATOR

Nothing confirmed. But apparently, the man I spoke to talked of a civilian craft flying through the battle zone. Said a MiG shot it down.

SYDNEY CONTROLLER

Did they specify if it was a BOAC flight?

OPERATOR

That's all they told me.

Another CONTROLLER comes up to the Sydney Controller.

ANOTHER CONTROLLER

Sir, I've just been in contact with RAF Darwin. They've lost sight of BOAC 54.

The Sydney Controller turns away. He crosses his arms, lost in thought, then turns up to the sky.

CUT TO BLACK.

FRONT TITLE SEQUENCE

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISLAND FOREST - DAY

The grey sky slowly SHIFTS into blue as we PAN down from the sun and towards a set of rocks.

RALPH comes into view. He lowers himself the last few feet of rock and begins to pick his way through the forest. He takes off his school sweater and trails it in one hand. He clambers across the creepers and broken trunks when a red and yellow bird flies past him, cackling like the Wicked Witch of the West.

Ralph looks around. He is a bit scared. Suddenly, he reacts to a voice:

PIGGY (V.O.)

Hi! Wait a minute! Wait a minute! I got caught up!

It is PIGGY, coming out of the undergrowth. Ralph greets him with an odd look and jerks his stockings.

PIGGY
I can't hardly move with all these
creeper things.

Piggy comes forward, searching out safe lodgments for his feet and then looks up through thick spectacles. Ralph smiles at him.

RALPH
(to himself)
I knew I wasn't alone.

PIGGY
Need I guess what this place is?

RALPH
This is an island. At least I think
it's an island. That's a reef out
in the sea. Perhaps there aren't
any grownups anywhere.

Piggy looks startled.

PIGGY
There was that pilot. But he wasn't
in the passenger cabin, he was up
in front.

Ralph peers at the reef through screwed up eyes.

PIGGY (CONT'D)
All them other kids. Some of them
must have got out. They must have,
mustn't they?

RALPH
I dunno. When I woke up, everyone
was gone.

Ralph begins to pick his way as casually as possible toward the water. Piggy goes after him.

PIGGY
Aren't there any grown ups at all?

RALPH
I don't think so.

EXT. THE SCAR - DAY

Ralph and Piggy arrive at the fallen passenger tube of the Brab-III. Ralph gives a morbid smile, goes to the middle of the scar and stands on his head.

RALPH
No grownups!

Piggy goes into a thinking position.

PIGGY
That pilot.

Ralph returns right side up and sits on the scar.

RALPH
He must have flown off after he
dropped us. He couldn't land here.
Not in a place with wheels. Why
else do you think he used that
parachute?

He points to the parachute caught in the trees.

PIGGY
Didn't you see? We was attacked!

RALPH
He'll be back, all right.

Piggy shakes his head.

PIGGY
When we was coming down I looked
through one of them windows. I saw
planes exploding and all around.
Then I saw the other part of the
plane. There were flames coming out
of it.

Piggy looks up and down the scar.

PIGGY (CONT'D)
And the cabin's sitting right in
the middle of it. It floated down,
so there's no way it made this.

RALPH
Do you know what happened while I
was asleep?

PIGGY
Everyone wanted to get out. They
were in a hurry. But I was patient.
Someone opened the door and we got
out one at a time.

Ralph gets up.

RALPH

Maybe there's some still inside.

He steps up to the open emergency door of the Brab-III and hollers in:

RALPH (CONT'D)

Hullo! Anyone here?!

No answer. Ralph turns to Piggy.

PIGGY

What's your name?

RALPH

Ralph Aubrant.

Ralph smiles vaguely, sees the lagoon in sight and makes his way over there.

PIGGY

The rest of us scattered about to look for food, I think. Did you see any others?

Ralph shakes his head and increases his speed. He trips over a branch and comes down with a crash. Piggy stands by him, breathing hard.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

My auntie told me not to run on account of my asthma.

RALPH

Ass-mar?

PIGGY

That's right. Can't catch my breath. I'm the only boy in our what had asthma. And I've been wearing specs since I was three.

He takes off his glasses and hands them to Ralph, blinking and smiling, then he wipes them against his wind breaker. He smears sweat from his cheeks and quickly adjusts his spectacles on his nose.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

Them fruit.

He glances around the scar.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

Them fruit. I expect--

Ralph gets up and runs through the branches. Piggy sees him go and hurries after him.

Ralph climbs over a broken trunk, making his way out of the jungle.

EXT. SHORE - DAY

The shore is a postcard picture of palm trees, a bank covered with coarse grass, coconuts and palm saplings. Behind it is the darkness of the forest and the open space of the scar. Ralph stands with one hand against a grey trunk and screws up his eyes against the shimmering blue water. The white surf flinks on a coral reef and beyond the open sea is dark blue.

The lagoon is still as a mountain lake, blue of all shades and shadow green and purple. The beach between the palm terrace and the water is a thick stick.

The sand is thick over Ralph's black shoes. Conscious of the weight of his clothes, Ralph kicks his black shoes off, rips off his stockings, leaps back onto the terrace, sets his sweater down, takes off his cap, pulls off his shirt, undoes the clasp of his belt and lugs off his shorts and undergarments. He stands there, completely nude, his entire body, private areas and all for anyone to see. He pats the palm trunk softly, laughs delightedly and stands on his head. He turns neatly to his feet and jumps down into the beach, kneeling and sweeping a double armful of sand into a pile against his chest. Then he sits back and looks at the water with excited eyes.

PIGGY (O.C.)

Ralph...

Ralph looks back, Piggy is sitting down, using the terrace as a seat.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I been such a time. Them fruit.

He wipes his glasses, gazes at Ralph's body then down at his own clothes. He lays a hand on the end of a zipper on his wind breaker and opens it.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

My auntie.

Ralph look at him, sidelong.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

I expect we'll want to make a list of everyone we can find. We ought to have a meeting or something.

Ralph gazes at him again.

RALPH

You know, I've seen you around the school a few times and I never quite caught your name. What is your name?

PIGGY

I'll tell you as long as they don't call me what they used to call me back at the school.

RALPH

(faintly interested)
What was that?

PIGGY

They used to call me Piggy.

Ralph shrieks with laughter and jumps up.

RALPH

Piggy! Piggy

PIGGY

Ralph! Please! My real name is--

RALPH

Piggy! Piggy!

PIGGY

(quietly)
Peterkin.

Ralph dances out in the hot air of the beach and imitates the engines of a fighter plane with his wings seprated back and pretends to machine-gun Piggy. He dives in the sand at Piggy's feet and lays there, laughing.

RALPH

Piggy!

Piggy grins reluctantly.

PIGGY

So as long as you don't tell the others.

Finally, taking off his shirt, he is completely nude, save for his glasses. He tip toes down to the sandy side of the pool and sits there up to his neck in water, smiling at Ralph, who had come up to the surface.

RALPH

Aren't you going to swim?

Piggy shakes his head.

PIGGY

I can't swim. I wasn't allowed. My asthma--

RALPH

Sucks to your ass-mar!

PIGGY

You can't half swim well.

Ralph paddled backwards, immerses his mouth and blows a jet of water into the air. Then he lifts his chin.

RALPH

I could swim when I was five. Daddy taught me. He's a commander in the Navy. When he gets his lave he'll come and rescue us. What's your father.

PIGGY

My dad's dead. So's my mum.

Piggy takes off his glasses and looks around for something to clean them with.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

I used to lvie with my auntie. She kept a candy store under the apartment where we live. I used to get ever so many candies. As many as I liked. When'll your dad rescue us?

RALPH

As soon as he can.

Piggy gets out of the pool and cleans his glasses with a sock.

SFX: A long grinding roar of the breakers on the reef.

PIGGY

How does he know we're here?

Ralph lolls in the water. He grows half-asleep.

RALPH
They'd tell him at the airport.

PIGGY
Not them. Didn't you hear what the
pilot said? About the atom bomb?
They're all dead.

Ralph pulls himself out of the water.

RALPH
You're joking. Surely an atom bomb
couldn't destroy a whole country.

PIGGY
This an island, isn't it?

RALPH
I got out of the cabin, looked for
some fruit, then climbed a rock.
And I think this is an island.

PIGGY
They're all dead. And this is an
island. Nobody don't know we're
here. Your dad don't know, nobody
don't know--
(quivering)
We may stay here till we die.

Ralph rolls his eyes.

RALPH
Get my clothes along there.

Piggy fetches Ralph's clothes. First Ralph puts on the shirt, then his pants, and climbs to the edge of the platform and sits in the shade on a trunk. Piggy, carrying most of his own clothes under his arms, hauls himself up. He puts his socks on.

PIGGY
We go to find the others. We got to
do something.

Ralph looks out at the view, gazing out at this coral island.

PIGGY (CONT'D)
How many of us are there?

RALPH
I don't know. Thirty I guess.

PIGGY

We got to do something.

Ralph's lips part into a delighted smile, taking all of this in.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

If it really is an island.

Ralph notices something.

RALPH

What's that?

PIGGY

A stone.

RALPH

No. A shell.

Piggy sees it too. He is excited.

PIGGY

S'right. It's a shell! I seen one like that before. On someone's back wall. A conch he called it. He used to blow it and then his mum would come. It's ever so valuable--

Near to Ralph's elbow, a palm sapling leans out over the lagoon. The weight is already pulling a lump from the soil and it is about to fall. Ralph tears out the stem and begins to poke about in the water. Piggy leans dangerously.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

Careful, you'll break it.

RALPH

Shut up.

Ralph continues for the shell. It is interesting, pretty and a worthy plaything. The palm sapling bends and pushes the shell across the weeds. Ralph uses one hand as a fulcrum and presses down with the other until the shell rises, dripping. Piggy makes a grab for it.

PIGGY

--a conch; ever so expensive. I bet if you wanted to buy one, you'd have to pay pounds and pounds and pounds--he had it on his garden wall, and my auntie--

Ralph takes the shell from Piggy. It is deep cream, touched with fading pink. Ralph shakes sand out of the tube.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

Mooded like a cow. He had some white stones too, an' a bird cage with a green parrot. He didn't blow the white stones, of course, an' he said--

Piggy pauses for breath and strokes the conch.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

Ralph! We can use this to call the others. Have a meeting. They'll come when they hear us--

(beat)

That was what you meant, didn't you? That's why you got the conch out of the water?

Ralph pushes his hair back and studies the conch.

RALPH

How did your friend blow the conch?

PIGGY

He kind of spat. My auntie wouldn't let me blow on account of my asthma. He said you blew from down here.

Piggy lays a hand on the conch's jutting abdomen.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

You try, Ralph. You'll call the others.

Ralph lays the small end of the shell against his mouth and blows. There is rushing sound from his mouth but nothing more. Ralph wipes the salt water off his lips and tries again. The shell remains silent.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

He kind of spat.

Ralph purses his lips and squirts air into the shell, which emits a low, fading noise. This gets a laugh out of both boys. He tries again, but the shell still squirts.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

He blew from down here.

Ralph does so. Immediately, a deep, harsh note booms across the lagoon. Birds fly away in packs. Ralph takes the shell away from his lips.

RALPH
(a whisper)
Gosh!

Ralph blows again, it's louder. The note booms at a further pressure.

EXT. ISLAND - DAY

Birds cry, small animals scatter.

Other boys react to the sound. They follow it.

EXT. SHORE

Ralph lets go of the conch. He tries catching his breath.

RALPH
I bet you can hear that for miles.

Ralph finds his breath and blows a series of blasts. Piggy notices something.

PIGGY
There's one!

JOHNNY appears among the palms and trots to the platform. Piggy helps him up. Ralph continues blowing.

EXT. ISLAND FOREST - DAY

Various voices are heard.

BOYS
(ad-lib)
What is that sound? Where is it coming from? You hear that..?...My God. Is it Daddy? Is it Mummy?

EXT. SHORE - DAY

Piggy and Johnny are facing each other.

PIGGY
What's yer name?

JOHNNY
Johnny Piers. I'm six.

PIGGY
It's Johnny!

Ralph, still blowing, takes no notice. His face is starting to darken from blowing the noise. He takes another breath and blows.

EXT. ISLAND FOREST - DAY

Other boys react.

BOYS
We're over here!

EXT. SHORE - DAY

DONALD comes in through a tangle of undergrowth walks onto the platform. More boys show up walking through the sand. They come singly or in twos. Ralph blows on, blowing short, penetrating blasts. Piggy continues asking names. WILFRED, NEVILLE, LESLIE, STANLEY, HENRY, PERCIVAL, and others show up. The children give names. Some are naked and carrying their clothes; others half-naked, or more or less dressed, in school uniforms, grey, blue, fawn, jacketed, or jerseyed.

More boys come, panting like dogs. Then SAM and ERIC show up. Piggy bends his flashing glasses to them and asks for their names between the blasts of the conch.

PIGGY
Sam, Eric, Sam, Eric.

The twins shake their heads and point at each other. The crowd laughs.

Ralph stops blowing the conch and sits on the ledge, the conch trailing from one hand and he bows his head on his knees. The laughter dies away, followed by silence.

Then, something dark and ominous appears through the trees. It is JACK MERRIDEW and his choir (among them BILL, ROBERT, ROGER, HAROLD, HENRY, etc), Jack himself making his entrance reminiscent to that of Darth Vader: A cold and unnerving presence. He leads his choir, who are marching approximately in step in two parallel lines into the area. When his part is about ten yards away from the platform, Jack turns back:

JACK
Choir halt!

The choir does so. Jack vaults onto the platform with his cloak flying and peers into the almost complete darkness.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where's the man with the trumpet?

RALPH
There's no man with a trumpet. Only me.

Jack peers down at Ralph, screwing up his face as he does so. He is not satisfied. He turns around.

JACK
Isn't there a ship then?

He is getting angry.

JACK (CONT'D)
Isn't there a man here?

RALPH
No, we're having a meeting. Come and join in.

The choir begins to scatter from close line. Jack shouts at them.

JACK
Choir! Stand still!

Wearily obedient, the choir huddles into line, standing there, swaying in the sun. SIMON begins to protest:

SIMON
But, Merridew. Please,
Merridew...can't we?

Simon flops on his face in the sand and the line breaks up. They heave Simon to the platform and let him lie. Jack just stares.

JACK
All right then. Sit down. Let him alone.

HAROLD
But Merridew.

JACK
Just let him alone.

Jack turns to Ralph.

JACK (CONT'D)
 You'll have to forgive Cambourne,
 he's always throwing a faint. He
 did in Gib; and Addis and at Matins
 over the precentor.

The choir sniggers. They are perched like black birds on the
 criss cross trunks nearby. They examine Ralph with interest.
 Piggy shrinks to the other side of Ralph and busies himself
 with his glasses. Jack turns to Ralph.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Aren't there any grownups?

RALPH
 No.

Jack sits down on a truck and looks around the circle. A
 smile comes across his face.

JACK
 Then it's settled. We'll have to
 look after ourselves.

PIGGY
 (timidly)
 That's why Ralph made a meeting. So
 as we can decide what to do. We've
 heard names. That's Johnny. Those
 two--they're twins, Sam 'n Eric.
 Which is Eric--? You? No--you're
 Sam--

SAM
 I'm Sam.

ERIC
 'n I'm Eric.

RALPH
 We'd better all have names, so I'm
 Ralph.

PIGGY
 We got most names. Got 'em just
 now.

JACK
 Kids' names. Why should I be Jack?
 I'm Merridew.

PIGGY
 Then, that boy--I forget--

JACK
You're talking too much. Shut up,
Fatty.

Laughter arises.

RALPH
He's not Fatty. His real name's
Piggy.

BOYS
(ad-lib)
Piggy! Piggy! Oh, Piggy!

There is a storm of laughter amongst the boys. Piggy blushes,
bows his head and cleans his glasses again. Ralph addresses
the choir.

RALPH
What are your names?

ROGER
Roger Elwin.

BILL
Bill.

MAURICE
Maurice Walsh

ROBERT
Robert.

HAROLD
Harold

HENRY
Henry.
(points to Simon)
This is Simon Cambourne.

JACK
We've got to decide about being
rescued.

Everyoen chatters.

HENRY
I wanna go home!

Ralph lifts the conch.

RALPH

Shut up. Seems to me we ought to have a chief to decide things.

BOYS

A chief! A chief!

JACK

(simple arrogance)

I ought to be chief. Because I'm chapter chorister and head boy. I can sing C sharp.

He clears his throat and carries a C sharp note.

JACK (CONT'D)

See?

"Ooooh!" cry the boys. Roger stirs.

ROGER

Let's have a vote.

BOYS

(ad-lib)

Yes! Vote for chief!

ROGER

Let's vote...

A tense silence follows. Roger eyes the shell.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Hit him with the shell.

BOYS

Ralph! Ralph!

LESLIE

Let him be chief with the trumpet-thing.

Ralph raises a hand for silence.

RALPH

All right. Who wants Jack for chief.

With dreary obedience, the choir raises their hands.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Who wants me?

Every hand outside the choir except for Piggy's is raised immediately. Piggy raises his hand grudgingly in the air. Ralph counts the hands.

RALPH (CONT'D)
I'm chief then.

The circle of boys break into applause. Even the choirs applauds. Jack blushes. He starts up and sits down again. Ralph looks at Jack, eager to offer something.

RALPH (CONT'D)
The choir belongs to you, of course.

JACK
They could be the army--

RALPH
Or hunters.

JACK
They could be--
(beat)
Well I'll be dammed, I can't think of anything.

RALPH
Jack's in charge of the choir. They can be--what do you want them to be.

JACK
Hunters. It just so happens that I happen to have a knife.

Jack pulled out a sizable sheath-knife from his right pants pocket and he and Ralph smile at each other with shy liking. The boys are talking eagerly. Jack stands up.

JACK (CONT'D)
All right, choir. Take off your togs.

The choir boys stand up, chatter, and pile their cloaks on the grass. Jack lays his on the trunk by Ralph. Ralph glances at them admiringly. Jack notices this.

JACK (CONT'D)
I tried to get over that hill to see if there was water all round. But your shell called us.

Ralph smiles and holds up the conch for silence.

RALPH

Listen, everybody. I've got to have time to think things out. I can't decide what to do straight off. If this isn't an island we might be rescued straight away. So we've got to decide if this is an island. Everybody must stay round here and wait and not go away. Three of us-- if we take more we'd get all mixed, and lose each other--three of us will go on an expedition and find out. I'll go, and Jack, and, and...

He looks around the circle of eager faces. There is no lack of boys to choose from.

RALPH (CONT'D)

And Simon.

The boys standing around Simon giggle and Simon stands up with a laugh. He nods at Ralph.

SIMON

I'll come.

JACK

And me as well.

Jack brings up his knife and clouts it into a trunk. The laughter dies away.

Nearby, Piggy stirs.

PIGGY

I'll come.

Ralph turns to him.

RALPH

You're no good on a job like this.

PIGGY

All the same--

JACK

(flatly)

We don't want you. Three's enough.

PIGGY

I was with him when he found the conch. I was with him before anyone else was.

Ralph, Jack and Simon jump off the platform and walk along the sand past the bathing pool. Piggly bumbles behind them.

RALPH

If Simon walks in the middle of us,
then we could talk over his head.

The three of them fall into step, with Simon doing a double shuffle to catch up with the others. Ralph stops and turns back to Piggy.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Look, you can't come.

PIGGY

You told 'em. After what I said.

Piggy's face flushes and his mouth trembles.

PIGGY (CONT'D)

After I said I didn't want--

RALPH

What on earth are you talking
about?

PIGGY

About being called Piggy. I said I
didn't care as long as they didn't
call me Piggy; an' I said not to
tell and then you went an' said
straight out--and besides, my real
name is--

JACK

(a la Regina George)

Come on, tosser, we're going
exploring!

RALPH

I'd better go. Better Piggy than
Fatty or...whatever your real name
is. And anyway, I', sorry if you
feel like that. Now go back and
take names. That's your job. So
long.

Ralph turns and races after the other two. Piggy stands and his cheeks turn from red to tan. He goes back to the platform.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Ralph, Jack and Simon walk briskly on the sand. The tide is low and there is a strip of weed strewn across a part of the beach, making it as firm as a road.

RALPH

Where di you get that knife?

JACK

Father gave it to me on my last birthday.

RALPH

Well, isn't that a coincidence? I have a knife too! My daddy also gave it to me for my birthday.

SIMON

Daddy never game me a knife.

RALPH

How come?

SIMON

As Daddy's book says "Thou shall not kill."

RALPH

You mean the Bible?

SIMON

Exactly.

Simon strokes Ralph's arm shyly.

JACK

Oh, come on, we're explorers! We have to be armed in order to defend ourselves.

RALPH

And to look for food. First we'll take some stuff from the cabin.

JACK

And when the food runs out, that's when we hunt.

SIMON

So where do we start?

RALPH

We'll go to the end of the island
and look round the corner.

SIMON

If it is an island--

EXT. END OF ISLAND - AFTERNOON

The end of the island is quite distinct and not magicked out of shape or sense. There is a jumble of squares with one great block sitting out in the lagoon. A mother sea bird arrives to her nest, feeding her baby chicks.

Ralph takes note of a pink rock.

RALPH

Like icing. On a pink cake.

JACK

We shan't see round this corner
because there isn't one. Only a
slow curve--and you can see, the
rocks get worse--

Ralph shades his eyes and looks toward a jagged outline of the crags leading up towards a mountain.

RALPH

We'll try climbing the mountain
from here. I should think this is
the easiest way. There's less of
that jungly stuff; and more pink
rock. Come on.

The three boys begin to scramble up. They climb past a pink cliff surmounted by a skewed block. The pinkness eventually fades into a looped fantasy of forest creepers. There are some narrow tracks winding upwards, edging along them. The three boys face the rock. Ralph spots one of them tracks.

RALPH (CONT'D)

What made this track?

Jack pauses to wipe the sweat from his face. Ralph stands by him, breathless.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Men?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
Animals.

Ralph peers into the darkness under the trees.

JACK (CONT'D)
Come on.

The boys make their way down the steep ascent round the shoulders of rock.

EXT. ISLAND FOREST - DAY

The boys walk through an undergrowth and proceed on to the next path. They tread through the roots and stems of creepers, which are in loads of tangles. The three climb up a slope.

They move up.

Immured in the tangles. Ralph turns with shining eyes to the others.

RALPH
Wacco.

JACK
Wizard.

SIMON
Smashing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - LATER

The boys are hot, dirty and tired. Ralph is badly scratched. He look up to shout:

RALPH
HULLLOOOO!!

But the echoes are muted. Jack is looking chipper.

JACK
This is real exploring. I bet nobody's been here before.

RALPH
We ought to draw a map, only we haven't any paper.

JACK
Doesn't cabin have some paper left?

RALPH
They're too small.

JACK
What about the tablecloths in the dining area?

RALPH
I don't think you'd be able to write well on them. And I don't remember if there were any pens or pencils.

SIMON
Maybe we could make scratches on bark and rub black stuff in.

RALPH
Wacco.

JACK
Wizard.

Ralph pretends to knock Simon down. Soon they become a happy heaving pile. They break apart and stand up.

RALPH
Got to get on.

JACK
Yeah, I think I see a clearing ahead.

They head out to the clearing.

EXT. CLIFF - AFTERNOON

There a large cliff of pink rock with a boulder as large as a small car teetering near the edge. It sits there undisturbed until Jack sees it.

JACK
Look! Look!

Jack leans against the boulder. It moves with a grating sound as it pushes.

JACK (CONT'D)
Come on--

The three boys sway the rock back and forth.

BOYS
Heave!

The pendulum increases.

BOYS (CONT'D)
Heave!

It increases more.

BOYS (CONT'D)
Heave!

The great rock loiters, moves through the air and falls into a deep canopy of the forest. Echoes and birds fly. White and pink dust floats in the air.

RALPH
Wacco!

JACK
Like a bomb.

SIMON
Whee-aa-oo!

EXT. MOUNTAIN - AFTERNOON

The boys make their way up the side of the mountain. The ground grows with a blue flower, a rock plant and an overflow.

A family of butterflies flutter through the air, passing the boys.

Jack, Ralph and Simon stand on the square top of the mountain.

RALPH
Golly!

THEIR POV:

A beautiful view of the island and the sea that lies beyond.

RALPH (CONT'D)
This belongs to us.

BACK TO SCENE:

The boys survey the view and look out to the sea.

RALPH (CONT'D)
That's a reef. A coral reel. I've seen pictures of that. I even saw it in my book.

Jack points down.

JACK
That's where we landed.

Ralphs follows his direction.

RALPH
Yes, I can even the cabin from down there.

Ralph observes a twining line from the spot which they stand. It goes down a slope, a gully, through flower, round and down to the rock where the scar starts. At the end of it is the passenger tube.

RALPH (CONT'D)
That's the quickest way back.

Eyes wide, mouths open, triumphant, the boys huddle together, taking it in.

RALPH (CONT'D)
(wisely)
There's no village smoke and no boats. We'll make sure later; but I think it's uninhabited.

SIMON
You mean...we're the only people here?

JACK
Not to worry. As I said, we'll get food from the cabin. When there's nothing left, we'll hunt and catch things until they find us.

Simon looks at them both and nods.

Ralph looks the other way around. There is no reef.

JACK (CONT'D)
Steeper.

Ralph makes a cupping gesture.

RALPH

That bit of forest down there...the
mountain holds it up.

He spreads his arms.

RALPH (CONT'D)

All ours.

They laugh, tumble and shout. Then Simon's tummy grumbles.

SIMON

I'm hungry.

RALPH

I'm a little myself. Now come on.
We've found out what we wanted to
know. We'll get some food from the
cabin and take it back to the
group.

EXT. BOTTOM OF MOUNTAIN - AFTERNOON

The trio scrambles down a rock slope, drops among flowers and
make their way under the trees. They pause and examine the
bushes round them curiously. Simon notices a dark evergreen
bud that almost looks like it's made of wax.

SIMON

Like candles. Candle bushes. Candle
buds.

Jack takes out his knife and slashes at it.

JACK

Candle buds.

RALPH

You couldn't light them. They just
look like candle you need the
string to light it.

JACK

(contemptuously)

Green candles. We can't eat them.
Come on.

They press on.

EXT. ISLAND FOREST - AFTERNOON

A thicker part of the forest. Our heroes are plonking with weary feet on a track. Suddenly, there a noise, a squeaking noise, followed by the hard strike of hooves. The boys push forward to see...

A piglet, caught in a curtain of creepers.

The boys rush forward. Jack draws his knife. He raises his arm holding it in the air. He hesitates, looking at the pig intently. The pig screams louder. Jack brings his knife down. The piglet breaks free from the creepers and Jack falls face forward into the ground.

The piglet scurries into the undergrowth. Jack watches it go. His face is white. Ralph and Simon laugh. Jack glares at them.

JACK

I was choose a place. I was just waiting for a moment to decide where to stab him.

RALPH

(fiercely)

You should stick a pig. They always talk about sticking a pig.

JACK

You cut a pig's throat to let the blood out. Otherwise you can't eat the meat.

RALPH

Why didn't you?

Jack stands up and moves ahead of them, his back turned to the other two.

JACK

I was going to. I was choosing a place. Next time--!

He snatches his knife out of the sheath and slams it into a tree trunk. He breathes in, breathes out, looks around fiercely and calms.

The three boys break out into the sunlight and move down the scar towards the platform and the meeting.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SYDNEY KINGSFORD SMITH AIRPORT, CONFERENCE ROOM -
AFTERNOON

IN BLACK AND WHITE:

Groups of men and women are assembled around a blackboard, discussing in indistinct conversations. The Sydney Controller walks in and leaves some documents on a small table. He begins drawing a map of lower Asia and Australia on the blackboard.

SYDNEY CONTROLLER

Ladies and gentlemen, after obtaining a full passenger list and schematics relating to Flight 54, we are now to put into action, a search and rescue mission.

The Controller draws the plane's route and stops it over the Indonesian Sea, drawing an "X".

SYDNEY CONTROLLER (CONT'D)

This is it's last known location according to Darwin. Their last contact with the flight was at approximately 11:22 a.m. yesterday. About five minutes later, an air battle between the Reds and NATO occurred around this area.

He draws a circle around the Banal Sea area.

SYDNEY CONTROLLER (CONT'D)

With this hypothesis, I have reason to believe that Flight 54 fell victim to the attack. But there is the possibility that there may be survivors.

A FEMALE CONTROLLER (late 20s, blonde, wears lipstick), shrugs.

FEMALE CONTROLLER

With all due respect, sir. Don't we have more important things to worry about? Like the war and the other evacuees?

THE BLACK HAIREF FEMALE CONTROLLER next to her nods her head.

FEMALE CONTROLLER #2

I agree with Sherry. If the flight was a causality, then it was inevitable anyway.

A HEAVYSET FLIGHT CONTROLLER, sitting in a chair, points at the black haired ATCO.

HEAVYSET FLIGHT CONTROLLER

That's right, Barbara, we've got to think about the other arrivals. With so many people coming in from England, we've got to do an about face, metaphorically speaking. We have to think about other arrivals. It was just was one plane.

SYDNEY CONTROLLER

Just one plane? The plane was carrying innocents.

Another Controller looks over the schematics of the Brab-III.

ANOTHER CONTROLLER

There is a possibility they survived. The Brab-III's passenger tube was designed to be detachable in the event of an emergency. It's fitted with a parachute, so I'm willing to bet they're still alive out there.

SYDNEY CONTROLLER

With the exception of the crew, most of the passengers are, or were, young boys aged 5 to 12. From the Bishop Wordsworth School in Salisbury according to the list.

(beat)

Now I know you are mostly concerned about the war, and so am I. I should be lucky I got to keep my post so that I wasn't conscripted. But even in times of war, I care for life. So let's go to work and find this tube. And be sure to inform all ships within the vicinity of the war zone to keep an eye out for any wreckage or a tube floating in the water.

He walks out of the room, several of his fellow employees following him.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: TO BE CONTINUED