

THE SENTINEL
PILOT

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. YACHT - DAY

1.

ETHAN

(funny)

Guys, don't you notice that it's
somehow boring?

Everyone looks at him. Pause. He puts on a serious face and then smiles.

ETHAN

(smiling)

Come on, everyone, get up. Let's
dance.

Ethan plays the song Can't hold us.

Sarah, Dylan, Tom, Andrew, Amelia, Mary, Lisa reluctantly rise. At first they move awkwardly, then they become more and more fun. They laugh. They are happy.

The sun reflects on the glasses of wine, the yacht feels alive with laughter.

Dylan films everyone.

SARAH

(saughing)

Dylan, just turn it off for once.
Stay with us.

DYLAN

(through laughter)

I just want us to have a video when
we get old!

They all laugh. The atmosphere is carefree and warm.

After some time, Jack joins them. He first watches from the side, then puts the bottle down and lets himself move to the beat.

ETHAN

(Fun)

Even captains are allowed to forget
where they are sometimes.

JACK

(Dancing)

Everyone deserves this.

They exchange glances and begin to dance together.

The sea is calm. Everyone is laughing. The world seems perfect.

The song begins to end. Andrew approaches Tom.

ANDREW
(Softly, smiling)
Relax. We deserve a rest.

TOM
To some extent, yes.
(Pause)
But Andrew, I feel like we shouldn't
be here.

Andrew grins and pats him on the shoulder.

ANDREW
You're just thinking too much.

Andrew walks away, and Dylan's camera follows him.

2. EXT. HIGH SEA - DAY

2.

A boundless ocean. The sun reflects off the water, turning it into a blinding white light.

On the horizon is the snow-white yacht "MIRAGE", slowly sailing along the waves of the Indian Ocean.

Sarah is well-groomed, calm, reserved – but she feels anxious.

Her husband Ethan is nearby, confident but tense.

SARAH
I forgot what silence sounds like.

ETHAN
Then don't ruin it. Just you, me –
and water.

JACK
(checking the compass)
That's not water. That's a warning.

A beat. The wind lifts her hair.

ETHAN
(trying to keep it light)
It's a compass, Jack. Not a priest.

JACK
It's spinning. Out here, that's
never "nothing."

Their son Dylan sits on board, filming the sea. Pause. Splash of water.

SARAH
 (smiles)
 We're still on track, right?

Dylan turns around and films his parents.

DYLAN
 Well, if we get lost, there will be
 cool content. "The last survivors on
 the yacht."

Laughter. Ease. But Jack doesn't smile.

3. EXT. DECK - SOME TIME LATER

3.

Jack approaches three young girls (Lisa, Amelia, Mary) with a bottle of expensive champagne.

JACK
 (With a grin)
 Swimming among sharks? Who's with
 me?

The girls look at each other.

LISA
 (Nervously)
 What sharks? You said that they are
 not here.

JACK
 (Walks away, looking back at
 them and the ocean)
 The ocean doesn't care what anyone
 says.

The girls freeze for a second.

MARY
 (Quiet)
 Is he joking? Right?

AMELIA
 (Nervously)
 I hope...

Pause. Only the wind.

4. EXT. SEA - LATER

4.

The wind is picking up. The clouds darken, hanging low, as if pressing on the horizon.

Dylan notices that the seagulls have disappeared.

DYLAN

Hey mom... where are the birds?

SARAH

(doesn't notice)

What?

JACK

(turns on the walkie-talkie)

"Mirage", calls the base.

Reception... base?

Hiss. Silence.

Nothing.

Ethan frowns and approaches him.

ETHAN

Do you have a backup frequency?

JACK

Yes. And that's not normal.

He turns off the radio. The wind intensifies even more.

The situation is heating up.

Three girlfriends look at each other. Sarah looks to the sky. Something is changing.

Only Dylan does not notice anything yet, filming the disturbing sea.

Dylan's camera.

In the lens, among the waves, a human figure flashes for a moment - far away, almost indistinguishable. It blinks. Looks again. Empty. Only fog. Surprise in his face.

5. EXT. YACHT - DECK - EVENING

5.

The sky is overcast with black clouds.

The sea suddenly becomes almost mirror-like - calm.

All sounds disappear.

SARAH

(whispering, anxious)

It's as if the sea is holding its breath...

JACK

(tensely)

I've seen this before... the calm before the storm.

TOM
(Nervously)
We won't die, will we? Is it true?

Nobody knows the answer.
Silence hangs over the yacht. You can hear a drop of water falling on the deck, then another.

DYLAN
(Looking up at the sky)
Is it raining?

Raindrops fall on his face.

Suddenly, lightning flashes on the horizon.

A second later - deafening thunder.

Lisa screams, Amelia frantically grabs the handrail.

The waves rise sharply. The wind tears the sails. Lightning cuts through the darkness.

JACK
(screaming, eyes full of
fear)
Down! Hold on!

Everyone slides down, trembling with fear, their knees weak, as if they cannot believe that all this is happening. In just one moment, turning their rest into fear.

A wave hits the side of the yacht. The yacht is thrown to the side.

Screams. The clang of metal.

6. INT. CABIN - NIGHT

6.

Everyone is already downstairs. Fear, panic, a silent plea for salvation on their faces. The sound of rain drowns out everything. It smells like wet wood and fear.

Everything is shaking. Water makes its way through the cracks.

MARY
(Holding Lisa's hand)
Will all pass, won't it?

SARAH
(Looking at them, trying to
calm them down)
Let it pass.
(to herself)
It should pass.

Dylan is holding onto the walls, the camera still in his hands. The lens shakes as if it senses fear.

SARAH
(Sharp)
Dylan! Give it back!

Sarah snatches the camera from Dylan's hands, her gaze intense.

SARAH
(Angry)
Now is not the time, Dylan!

Dylan frowns. His face is full of discontent.

There's a clap of thunder above. The yacht is shaking. Water breaks through the hatch and floods the floor.

SARAH
(Screaming)
Ethan! Where's Jack?

ETHAN
Upstairs, trying to save us with
something!

ETHAN
(Decisively)
I need to help him.

SARAH
(With a prayer)
Please... if you go out there, I don't
know if I'll see you again.

ETHAN
(Decisively)
That's what I think. That's why I'm
going.

He leaves without turning around, his steps full of determination.

7. INT. DECK - NIGHT

7.

Heavy rain. The wind howls as if it were alive. Lightning flashes, snatching faces from the darkness.

Jack tries to hold the helm. His hands are shaking.

JACK
(Screams)
The sails are torn! If we don't
secure the mast, we're done!

ETHAN
(through the wind)
I'll do it!

He rips off the safety rope, climbs forward, water rushes into his face, every step is a struggle.

8. EXT. DECK - CONTINUED

8.

The rain is pouring down like buckets. The wind is so strong that it seems as if the yacht itself is about to capsize.

With every movement, Ethan takes a step as if he is fighting the natural elements. He secures the mast, but his arms can be seen losing strength from the cold rain and the pressure of the wind.

His fingers slide over the wet metal.

He tears his palm. Blood mixes with rain.

9. INT. CABIN - AT THE SAME TIME

9.

Inside there is complete chaos. The water breaks through the walls, everyone holds on to the handrails, to the furniture, to everything that is possible to hold on to. Sarah, trembling and panicked, becomes disoriented. She scans through the porthole, trying to find Ethan.

Her eyes are filled with fear.

SARAH
(Scream)
Ethan! Where are you?

Her chest rises and falls heavily. The eyes are full of fear and despair.

10. EXT. DECK - AT THE SAME TIME

10.

Ethan is wet, battered by the wind, his hands shaking.

He holds on tightly to the mast.

He makes his last attempts to secure it, gritting his teeth from the tension. The wind tears him from his place, but he does not give up, despite the blood that he feels on his hands, having cut himself on the sharp edges of the metal.

His body is shaking from cold and fatigue, but he continues to work.

And now, having secured everything, he begins to take a step through the wind and rain.

He looks towards the cabin and catches a glimpse of Sarah through the glass. Their gazes meet for a split second. Love. Panic. The last moment that will separate them.

JACK

(Screams)

Get off the deck! A wave's coming!

Ethan turns around and sees a huge wall of water. It's approaching like a mountain.

The moment Ethan turned around and a huge wave rolled onto the yacht, its sound was like thunder. The water, like a mass, violently cuts through the deck, completely sweeping Ethan into the sea.

11. INT. CABIN - AT THE SAME TIME

11.

After such a strong wave, the yacht bowed. No one could resist in the cabin, they all thought only about when all this would end.

A huge wave spared no one.

Darkness.

Screams.

Wood cracking.

The sound of water.

FADE TO BLACK

12. EXT. SEA - NIGHT

12.

Everything is swallowed up in darkness.

In the middle of the black sea, Ethan emerges, suffocating. Suddenly he finds a wreck of a yacht and tries to swim to it. His eyes are full of fear and disbelief.

ETHAN

(wheezing)

Sarah? Dylan...

The only answer was the roar of the wind.

And already exhausted, Ethan barely raises his gaze upward. Through the lightning he sees the silhouette of a mysterious island.

FADE TO BLACK

13. EXT. BEACH - MORNING

13.

Waves wash the wreckage of the yacht "MIRAGE". The sea seems calm, but there is something ominous in this calm, as if it had just swallowed someone's life.

A ray of the morning sun touches the sand. On the shore is Sarah. Face down, half in the water.

The wave slowly covers her legs and rolls back, leaving a trace of salt on her skin. She is moving. Sand falls from her face as she slowly raises her head. There is blood on her lips.

Her eyes open heavily, as if the eyelids weigh a ton. A few seconds pass - nothing. Just breathing and comprehension.

The sound of the sea subsides then grows, louder again, as if calling back.

Sarah props herself up on her elbows. Her gaze slowly slides along the shore. She notices the wreckage of the yacht, shoes lying around, an inverted lifebuoy with the inscription "MIRAGE", scraps of fabric.

And in the middle of it all she sees DYLAN's body.

He lies motionless, facing the sky, not far from the water. Sarah freezes.

SARAH
(Speaking through pain)
Dylan?

No response.

She crawls towards him, leaving a long trail on the wet sand. Every movement is given with effort - her shoulder hurts, her breathing is interrupted. She touches his hand - it's cold.

SARAH
(Louder)
Dylan!

There is no answer again. She shakes him harder. Tears mix with salt.

SARAH
Hey. Hey, stay with me.

She rests her head on his chest. There is silence for a few seconds. Then-a weak, barely perceptible heartbeat.

SARAH
(Whispers)
Thank God.

She hugs him close and closes her eyes.

The wind is picking up. The wave almost reaches their feet. Sarah looks up. Something's wrong.

The coast around is empty. No screams, no voices, just the rustling of leaves and the sound of the sea.

She sits down and looks around - debris is drifting on the horizon, pieces of fabric are stretching, one of them looks like a flag. Smoke rises in the distance - where the hull of the yacht used to be.

SARAH

(Quiet)

Ethan... Lisa?

Silence. Sarah thinks she's left alone. The only answer is the cry of a seagull - piercing, lonely. She looks at the sea - for a moment it seems that someone's shadow flashed in the waves.

Sarah stands up, staggering, holding Dylan's hand.

The wind brings a piece of wood from the shore with scratches on it:

"STAYAWAY"

The camera pans up-Sarah and Dylan are tiny figures among the silent beach and scattered debris of civilization. The world around is dead and alive at the same time.

14. EXT. BEACH - LATER

14.

The sea has calmed down.

Only rare waves lazily roll across the sand. The air is heavy and smells of smoke and something metallic. There is not a single cloud in the sky, which allows the bright sun to shine. Sarah sits on the sand. Her hair is matted, her clothes are torn, and there is blood on her leg. She breathes deeply, listening to herself - her heart is beating, her body is responding. The strength is returning slowly, but it is returning.

She gets up, limping, and walks along the shore.

Sarah walks along the shore looking around, thinking that she is left alone.

Among the debris she notices a wooden box with the faded markings "SUPPLIES".

Pulling it up, Sarah forcefully drags the box towards the shore. The sand seems to be resisting. She stops and takes a breath. The wind moves her hair.

A quiet groan is heard from behind. Sarah turns around sharply.

JACK lies on his back among the rubble, eyes half-open. The sun is shining right in his face.

He tries to move, but his muscles won't obey.

JACK
(barely audible)
Sarah...

Sarah freezes, then drops the box and runs over to him. She kneels down and holds his hand.

JACK
You okay?

SARAH
I think so.

He grins weakly through the pain. Then he slowly turns his head and looks around. Before him eyes - an empty beach, an overturned life raft, shreds of fabric, a scorched inscription MIRAGE.

JACK
(hoarsely)
I don't see anyone.

Pause.

Sarah remains silent. Her gaze drops.

SARAH
(with disappointment)
Not many...

He tries to rise up on his elbows, but falls again. The sun hurts my eyes. There's not a soul around.

JACK
If they were lucky... the current
pushed them past us.

Sarah slowly looks up. Her eyes are tired but attentive. She looks into the distance, to where the sand goes beyond the line of rocks.

The camera follows her gaze - far on the horizon, behind a strip of fog, something flashes. Either a piece of debris... or a person.

SARAH
Maybe.

Silence. Only the wind. They are left alone - among a strange, silent shore, where their new life begins.

15. EXT. BEACH - A LITTLE LATER

15.

The sand is littered with debris. The sun is rising higher. Sarah puts the things she found next to the box; flask, bandages, knife. Jack stands a little further away, looking towards the jungle. His look alert, determined.

JACK

I have to go. Someone could still be alive.

SARAH

(sharp, breaking)
No. You can barely stand, Jack.

JACK

(turns to her)
If we stay here, they don't make it.

SARAH

And if you don't come back?

Silence. Wind. Surf.

They hold each other's gaze – anger stripped bare, leaving fear.

JACK

(quiet, firm)
If we do nothing... we lose them anyway.

SARAH

(voice cracking)
My husband is out there. My son hasn't woken up.

She can't go on. Words collapse.

JACK STEPS CLOSER. HESITATES.
THEN GENTLY RESTS A HAND ON HER SHOULDER.

JACK

(low)
Okay.
We wait.
Then we go together.

Sarah nods, barely holding herself upright.

Sarah nods, barely holding back tears. The camera pulls back – two survivors stand among the sand, and behind them is a dark wall of the jungle, as if something is watching.

16. EXT. SHORE - AFTERNOON

The sea is calm. The waves breathe softly, rolling back and leaving a trail of white foam. On the sand there are fragments, canisters, pieces of cables, and the remains of the yacht MIRAGE. Everything around is like a frozen picture after a storm.

The camera pans along the coastline as Dylan lies motionless amid the chaos. His face is covered with salt, his lips are cracked. The wave touches his fingers and suddenly they move barely noticeably.

The camera zooms in. His eyelids tremble. He opens his eyes - blinded by the bright sun.

There is a flock of seagulls in the sky, their cries merging with the sound of the surf. The world around seems alien, as if it were all a dream.

Voices are heard from afar. Muffled, as if through thick water.

SARAH (V.O.)
(In despair, trembling voice)
He's moving! Dylan Dylan... Please
say a word.

Sarah runs up to him and falls to her knees. Her hands are shaking, her face is scratched and salty. She takes his hands and tries to warm him with her breath.

JACK (V.O.)
Back! He needs water.

Sarah steps back without looking up. Jack quickly crawls over, pours water on Dylan's face, and gently lifts his head.

The drops glisten in the sun, flowing down his skin.

For a moment there is silence. And suddenly-an inhale. Deep, painful, like that of a person emerging from the darkness.

DYLAN
(Hoarse, barely audible)
Where... are we?

Sarah exhales sharply, tears immediately rolling down her face. She presses his hand to her chest, as if she's afraid of losing him again.

SARAH
(Through tears, quietly)
The main thing is that you are
alive. Everything else... later.

She strokes his hair and whispers something inaudible. Jack watches them, exhausted, with a dirty face, but with relief in his eyes.

Dylan tries to sit up. Pain passes through his body in waves, he winces. His gaze clings to the endless horizon - the sea behind, the green wall of the jungle ahead. Dense, dark.

The wind raises shreds of sand, the sun becomes harsher. The seagulls disappear - as if they felt that there was no longer a place for peace here.

Sarah looks at the jungle, her gaze is intense, and it's as if they are also looking at her.

17. EXT. SHORE OF THE ISLAND - A LITTLE LATER

17.

Sarah sits on the warm sand. Her gaze pierces the horizon - the endless ocean, the wreckage of a yacht, the waves quietly whispering.

In her eyes there is a mixture of fatigue, pain and some kind of inner mystery, as if she sees not only the island, but also something that is lost forever.

FLASHBACK TO:

18. INT. FAMILY HOUSE - MORNING, ONE YEAR AGO

18.

The sun breaks through the curtains, drawing soft streaks of light on the floor. Warmth, comfort, everything is filled with silence, broken only by the laughter of EMMA (7), who draws something on paper, sitting on a chair.

Sarah cuts fruit on the board, her movements are precise, calm, as if everything in her hands makes sense.

She smiles, but her gaze is directed somewhere into the distance, as if looking for a moment that can be held.

EMMA

(Fun)

Are you coming to watch cartoons
with us today?

Sarah turns around to see Ethan standing at the door with his head slightly bowed.

He kisses her on the top of her head, in his eyes there is slight fatigue, but also guilt.

ETHAN

(Sighs)

Will try...

Sarah glares at him and he catches it.

SARAH

(Quietly, in a whisper)

You said the same thing yesterday.

Silence reigns in the house, a moment - a pause, a slight creaking of the floor, Emma's breathing, the quiet sound of the wind outside the window.

Ethan puts on his jacket and slowly walks towards the door. His eyes are full of regret, he knows that he is leaving at the wrong time. Emma's laugh gradually fades away, her gaze becomes anxious, as if she feels that the world around is changing.

Sarah keeps her gaze on her daughter, trying to hold on to this moment, but it slips away.

CUT TO:

19. EXT. SHORE OF THE ISLAND - RETURN TO THE PRESENT

19.

Sarah winces, clutching the sand in her hands, her gaze piercing the horizon. The sound of the surf, the light wind, the creaking of sand under your fingers - all this seems too quiet, almost sacred.

SARAH

(Whispers to herself)
I won't let this happen again.
Never...

Her eyes reflect the sea and pain, but determination breaks through in them. She rises carefully, walking around the wreckage of the yacht, preparing for what lies ahead.

JUMP CUT TO:

20. EXT. BEACH - A LITTLE LATER

20.

Sarah, with signs of fatigue, stands on a stone. A light wind blows her hair, as if bringing her memories. Her gaze is focused far away on the horizon. She can't shake the feeling that her past doesn't leave her.

Her past will replay in her memory. Bright moment with family, cozy evenings at dinner, hearing the laughter of his beloved daughter. Sarah feels a heaviness welling up inside her. And how she dreams of returning to that life where she is happy with her daughters and enjoying every moment.

The heart is compressed, there is a heaviness inside that presses harder than a storm at sea. Sarah feels as if time is torn between her past and present.

Sarah wakes up abruptly, she looks around, but allshe sees is darkness, sadness and separation.

DYLAN

You were exhausted. You fell asleep.

Sarah turns slowly and approaches him from behind. She hugs her son, almost digging into him, as if she is afraid of losing him forever.

SARAH

(the voice is shaking)
I didn't even see it happening. How
we started losing ourselves.

Dylan looks at her, his eyes full of anxiety and grief. He feels that his mother is nearby, but her soul is somewhere far away, between the past and the present.

DYLAN

(Muffled)
I don't know.

Sarah squeezes him tighter in her arms, breaking into a quiet moan, suppressed by a sob, tears dripping onto Dylan's shoulders.

He holds her.
He can feel her pain.
He can't fix it.

The wind intensifies, the rustling of leaves and the distant sound of the surf seem to echo their inner chaos. The world around freezes, as if adapting to their grief, and the viewer feels the full depth of loss and separation, which is not yet over.

21. EXT. SHORE - SOME TIME LATER

21.

The wind is picking up, and the rustling of leaves somewhere in the distance resembles footsteps. The sea hisses quietly, as if whispering a warning. Jack is sitting on the sand.

His eyes are full of fatigue, but cold determination remains in them.

JACK

If we don't light a fire, this night
kills us.

He gets up and looks towards the dark trees. The branches sway as if they were calling, as if they were hiding something alive.

JACK

We need wood. From the jungle.

DYLAN

(Stands up abruptly)
I'm not staying here.

Jack looks at him - a short, hard look. He understands: the boy wants to be strong, but the world is already too cruel.

Sarah, sitting a little further away, suddenly looks up. She doesn't say a word, but in her gaze there is pleading, fear, almost panic.

Jack senses this and looks away.

JACK

Fine. One step behind me.

Dylan nods, takes one last look at his mother. Sarah is motionless, only her

breathing is faltering. She wants to say no, but the words get stuck. The shadows of their departure dance across her face - as if she understands her pain.

JACK

(low)

Move.

They go into the jungle, their steps disappear into the rustle of the wind and the crunch of branches.

Sarah is left alone. Her face is motionless, but her eyes are filled with fear. The sea is reflected in her pupils - as if all her love and all her anxiety are burning in them at once.

The camera remains on her. The sea is getting louder and louder. The island seems to be starting to breathe.

22. EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUED

22.

The air is viscous, filled with the smell of salt and burning. The sun slowly sets behind the tree line.

Jack and Dylan collect brushwood - short, sudden movements. Every sound in this jungle seems louder than necessary. The leaves move in a light breeze.

DYLAN

(listening)

It's too quiet. Even the birds went silent.

JACK

(grabbing branches)

They feel night before it comes.

We should head back. Now.

We should wise up and come back.

Dylan chuckles but doesn't answer. At this moment - a sharp crack of branches from the depths of the jungle. They both turn around.

JACK

(low)
If I say run - you run.

DYLAN

(whispering)
And you?

Suddenly the noise gets closer and closer. You can hear their pulse increase. Their faces are shrouded in fear.

The tension is growing, and the noise is too close, Jack doesn't know what to do. Dylan is panicked and hopeless.

And LISA jumps out of the darkness. Hair tangled, eyes in panic. There is blood and dirt on her hands. Her pant leg is torn and dirty. She is out of breath, barely breathing.

LISA

(gasping)
Jack... she's hurt.
(beat)
Amelia.

Jack abruptly throws the branches to the ground.

JACK

Where?

LISA

(Points finger)
There behind the rock!

Jack takes the flashlight and looks at Dylan. His gaze is firm and without the right to object.

JACK

Dylan, go Now.
(beat; softer, deadly
serious)
Don't be brave. Be fast.

DYLAN

I'm not leaving you...

JACK

You're not leaving me. You're saving
her. Go.

Dylan nods, his gaze fixated on Jack's.

He feels like he has to run.

The camera follows him - branches whip at his face, the ground is slippery, the air is heavy and damp. And gradually Dylan disappears into the dense jungle.

JACK

Show me!

Lisa, flushing, nods, wipes her tears with a dirty hand and points in the direction.

They are hiding in the jungle. Only the sound of the wind reminds us that life and hope are still here.

23. EXT. JUNGLE - EVENING

23.

The light of the falling sun breaks through the foliage. Golden rays burst between the leaves, turning into cold stripes of light. Jack and Lisa run, jumping over roots, sliding on the wet ground. Their breathing is heavy and loud. Each step sounds like a blow to the silence.

In the distance you can hear the sound of leaves... suddenly - a weak, barely audible breathing, trembling, as if bursting from the ground. For a moment everything is quiet.

Lisa freezes, and so does Jack.

LISA

(voice breaking)

It's her!

JACK

(hard, low)

Move.

They run further and the camera zooms out to show them disappearing into the thick, darkening jungle.

The sounds of the forest are growing - the cracking of branches, strange moans of the wind, as if the island itself is watching them.

The dim light of the sun almost disappears behind the tree tops. The air becomes damp and cold, the sounds of insects merge into a low, almost hypnotic hum.

Jack goes first, holding a dim lantern. The beam trembles, catching tree trunks.

They make their way through dense thickets. Jack walks ahead with a lantern, Lisa follows him, breathing heavily.

LISA

(whispering, breaking)

They were here. I swear they were.

JACK

(cautiously)

Stop. Listen.

The sound of the surf comes dully from the other side of the island. Somewhere in the distance, a dull thud, then a groan. It's unclear whether it's human.

Lisa quickly turns her head, but with caution. And suddenly - through the thick foliage - a flicker of fabric, a faint movement on the ground - Amelia. Nearby, exhausted, Mary holds her head, covered in blood and sand.

LISA
(with joy, relief)
There!

She rushes forward, breaking branches with her hands. Jack catches up with her and suddenly grabs her shoulder.

JACK
(low)
Lisa.

But Lisa is already breaking free and running on.

Jack follows her, clutching a lantern, and their silhouettes disappear into the darkness, while the sound of the jungle grows louder - as if the island is breathing deeper.

24. EXT. SMALL GLADE - DUSK

24.

Dusk is quickly gathering. The light of the lantern trembles, snatching faces, fragments of branches, traces of blood from the darkness. The air is heavy and humid - as if the forest itself was pressing on them.

On the ground is Amelia, emaciated, pale, lips blue. Her leg is covered in blood, the fabric is soaked through. Nearby is Mary, her hands are shaking, she presses a piece of fabric to the wound, her fingers slide through the blood.

When Jack and Lisa burst into the clearing, Mary jerks her head up. There is fear in her eyes, like an animal driven into a corner.

MARY
(screams)
Stop -!

A moment of silence. Then she recognizes them. Her body goes limp with relief, but her eyes are still searching for something in the darkness behind them.

MARY
(breaking)
It's you... Thank God.

LISA
(breathless)
She can't die. Not here.

JACK
(clipped, focused)
Tourniquet. Now.

He falls to his knees, quickly tears the fabric, makes a tourniquet. His movements are precise, fast, mechanical - as if this is not the first time he has done this. Lisa helps, his hands are shaking.

LISA
(voice shaking)
There's too much blood.

JACK
(low, commanding)
Harder. Stay with her.

Mary looks at him, tears and horror in her eyes.

MARY
(whispering, terrified)
We heard footsteps. Not an animal.
Someone was there. Watching us.

Jack freezes. For a moment there is complete silence. Even the wind has died down. He slowly raises his gaze, peering into the darkness behind them. The lantern trembles in his hand.

JACK
(low, final)
We're leaving. Now.

LISA
(scared)
But if...

JACK
(hard)
Not now.

He grabs Amelia in his arms; Mary helps, holding her head; Lisa takes the lantern.

Silence cut by the sound of leaves behind.

rustle.
Slow, careful, as if someone is walking barefoot on wet ground.

They freeze. Nobody is breathing. The rustling repeats-closer.

Lisa throws up the flashlight, the beam darts through the trees, but there is only darkness and the flickering of moisture.

JACK
(under his breath)
We're not alone.

JACK (CONT'D)

(low)

Faster. Don't stop.

He goes first, Amelia in his arms, Mary and Lisa follow him. The camera moves away, Jack runs jumping over the roots, followed by Lisa and Mary, who are hoping for salvation.

Barely audible breathing can be heard. It's as if the forest is watching them.

25. EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

25.

The darkness is almost absolute. The lantern in Lisa's hands trembles - a weak beam rushes along the damp tree trunks, snatching their faces from the darkness.

Jack goes first, without turning around. In his arms is Amelia, her body sways limply. Blood flows from the wound on the leg, dark, thick, as if it doesn't want to stop.

The wind ruffles the leaves, water drips somewhere in the distance. Every sound seems louder than it should be.

LISA

(choking)

She's fading.

(beat, breaking)

Jack - she's going under.

Jack quickens his pace. You can see how hope still lives in his eyes.

JACK

(gritting his teeth)

Stay with me, Amelia.

(beat, lying)

We're almost there.

They make their way through the branches. Lisa stumbles, falls on her knee, the lantern goes out - instant darkness. Just breathing. Only the sound of footsteps.

MARY

(almost in a whisper)

Lisa... turn it on...

With trembling hands, Lisa hits the lantern - it blinks and flashes with dim light.

The rays slide over their faces - everyone has dirt, sweat, blood on their cheeks. Eyes sparkle with horror.

Suddenly - a groan.

Deaf, heavy, as if it had burst out of the ground itself. Not human.

It comes from far away, but feels close.

LISA
(whisper)
Did you hear that?

JACK
(low)
Quiet. Don't breathe.

He freezes, listens and hears a drop falling on the leaves. The way someone, or something, moves. Slowly. Humid. Hard.

The wind suddenly stops. The forest goes still.

Camera close-up on Amelia's face. She's moaning, eyes rolling. Jack kneels down, carefully placing her on the ground.

JACK
(whispering, breaking)
Not now. Please.

He takes out a knife, cuts the sleeve of his shirt, makes a blunt bandage. Lisa helps, tears streaming down her face.

LISA
(through tears)
Jack... don't let her go.

Jack clenches his jaw, presses his palm against the wound, blood flowing through the tissue.

MARY
(nervously)
Let's hurry up.

Suddenly - a click.
The branches break somewhere behind.

Sharp. Loud.

All three turn around.

The flashlight beam darts - nothing. Only trees. Only fog.

LISA
(quiet)
There's someone there.

New pause.
Now you can hear breathing.
Quiet, damp.
As if someone is standing. next to them, behind them.
Close-up: Jack's eyes.

He peers into the darkness.

There is no fear in his gaze. Instinct.

JACK
(almost silent)
Now.

He takes Amelia into his arms, Lisa follows him, Mary raises the last Lantern, blinks again - the light jumps, tearing out the silhouettes of trees from the darkness, and between them... for a second... something moves.

Figure. Too high. Too still. But when Lisa turns around, there is no one.

MARY
(choked)
Jack... it's behind us.

JACK
(deaf)
Don't look. Just run.

They are running. The lantern slips out of Mary's hand, falls to the ground, shines upward and for a moment illuminates what is left behind: someone's footprints in the mud. Deep, inhuman.

The camera remains on this frame. The distant sound of their steps is heard and the same... groan, now barely audible, like the whisper of the forest.

CUT TO BLACK:

26. EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

26.

Lightning illuminates the camp in the distance. The wind drives the smoke of the fire, fanning the coals.

Amelia lies on a tarp, under the shade of branches. Her skin is almost transparent, her lips are blue.

Jack is on his knees. His hands are shaking, blood up to his elbows. There is sweat, dirt, tension on the face.

He tightens his belt and makes a makeshift tourniquet, but the fabric is immediately soaked in red.

Mary sits nearby, whispering a prayer, trembling her lips.

Lisa, on the other hand, is in tears, her hands are shaking so much that she can barely hold Amelia's wrist.

Sarah stands a little to the side - silent, squeezing her lips. There is fear in her gaze, but not a word.

Everything sounds muffled: only breathing, the crackling of a fire and the heavy hiss of blood flowing from the wound.

SARAH
(low, cutting)
Do you actually know what you're
doing?

JACK
(hoarse, without looking up)
I know enough.
Don't distract me.

He turns around for a second. In his gaze there is not
irritation, but fear. Real.

He takes a piece of cloth and presses it to the wound. The
blood is still oozing.
The fabric darkens and becomes heavy.

JACK
(sharp)
More cloth. Water. Now.

MARY
(trembling)
We're out. There's nothing left.

JACK
(yelling)
Then rip mine off! Anyone's!

Mary rushes to her things, pulls out her backpack, and snatches
Jack's shirt.

He tears the fabric with his teeth, his fingers slip from the
blood.

Lisa presses her hand to Amelia's wound. Her fingers turn white
from tension.

LISA
(breaking)
She's going cold.
She's slipping away.

JACK
(low, desperate)
Don't let her go. Please.

SHE TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND CLOSES HIS EYES FOR A SECOND. THE
WORLD AROUND IS SEEING TO DISAPPEAR. ONLY AMELIA'S BREATH,
RAGGED, BARELY AUDIBLE.

JACK
(quietly, to yourself)
If we don't do anything... she won't
live to see the morning.

He looks at the others. Their faces are in the light of the
fire, exhausted, empty.

Each of them is afraid. But no one leaves.

JACK

(flat, controlled)

She's bleeding out. She needs blood.
Now.

LISA

(shocked)

Blood? Here?

JACK

(sharp)

I still have my pipe. Needles. From
first aid. From the yacht.

(inhale)

I've already done this. In the
field. It will work if we find the
right group.

MARY

(in a whisper, trembling)

What if?

JACK

(dead calm)

Then she dies.

He takes out a first aid kit. Opens it right on the wet ground.

The camera closes up to show metal needles, syringes, and a
piece of rubber tubing.

No sterility. Only dirt, fear and despair.

Mary crosses herself and whispers through her sobs:

MARY

(quiet)

Lord... don't take her like that...
not here...

Lisa strokes Amelia's hand, as if trying to bring her back to
this world.

LISA

(through tears, in a whisper)

You are strong. Do you hear? You are
strong...

(breaks down)

You don't have the right to just
leave.

Slow installation:

Her trembling fingers are on Amelia's hand, the fire is
reflected in Jack's eyes, a drop of blood falls on the wet
ground.

The wind rustles the leaves, as if nature is holding its breath.

JACK (V.O.)
(desperately)
What's her blood type? Lisa — which one?

LISA
(shudders)
The second... negative.

JACK
Who has the same? Fast!

Pause. Everyone is looking along. Silence.

DYLAN
(steady)
I match. Use mine.

JACK
(looking at him)
Are you sure?

DYLAN
(firmly)
Yes.

Pause. Jack is silent for a second. Then he nods.

JACK
Fine. Lie down next to me. Fast.

He connects the tube and inserts the needles.

Close-up of Dylan's blood slowly filling the tube, moving through it like a thin stream of life. Mary crosses herself again and whispers:

MARY
Our Father... who art in heaven...

Lisa closes her eyes, she can't look.

Amelia turns even more pale. Her breathing is almost inaudible.

The wind picks up the ashes and carries them over the fire, like smoke from a candle that is about to go out.

JACK
(tensely)
That's enough, Dylan.

DYLAN
(is breathing heavily)
No... I won't let her die so easily.

JACK
 (strictly but gently)
 If you lose consciousness, she will
 die with you.

Silence.

Everyone freezes.
 The world seemed to stop.

And suddenly - a slight movement. Amelia's fingers barely trembled.

Lisa notices first.

LISA
 (yelping)
 She!... She is moving!

Mary freezes, then rushes towards her.

MARY
 (cries, laughs through tears)
 She's alive! Lord, she's alive!

Jack turns around. His face is covered in sweat and blood.

He exhales - heavily, slowly.

There is relief in the eyes... but deep, in the pupils there is anxiety. He knows: this is only temporary.

The camera zooms out.

Against the background of the fire - they are all: exhausted, covered in dirt, but alive. And above them are the stars.

The same ones who saw death and salvation.

27. EXT. CAMP - MORNING

27.

Heat.

The sun is beating down mercilessly.

The ocean is a dazzling, endless mirror.

The camp is quiet, tense.

Everyone is busy, no one relaxed.

His movements are sharp and focused. He doesn't look at others.

Sarah sits on a box, sorting her gear. Her fingers slowly move through the cans, as if she were counting bullets before a fight.

Lisa and Mary are sitting at the water's edge.

Lisa draws with a stick in the sand.

Mary stares into space.

Dylan tries to build an SOS sign out of the rubble.

The work is not going well.

The silence is tight, awkward.

Mary breaks it. Her voice is quiet, but sounds loud in silence.

MARY

When... do we stop waiting for a boat?

Everyone freezes. Nobody looks at her. Jack tightens the knot.

LISA

(without raising your head)

Who's "they," Mary?

MARY

Search teams. The Coast Guard.

SARAH

Don't do that. Don't make a promise
no one can keep.

MARY

"Mirage" is registered. There's a
route. A plan.
...People don't just vanish.

Jack turns sharply. His face is tense.

JACK

Route? We deviated from the route a
day before the storm. Do you
remember?

MARY

But...radio beacons? Life rafts with
GPS...

JACK

(interrupts, harshly)
That beacon's either drowned... or
decorating a reef.

Mary falls silent, her lips trembling. Lisa puts her hand on
her shoulder.

LISA

...Just not on our schedule.

Dylan puts down his sign. He looks at Jack.

DYLAN
What if "might" is all we get?

The question hangs in the air. Nobody wants to answer it.

SARAH
(changing the subject
imperiously)
We need to find Tom and Andrew.
We're not leaving them out there.

Jack snorts and turns to the tarp.

JACK
It'll kill us. That's what it'll do.

SARAH
(gets up)
What?

JACK
(without turning around)
Do you want to organize a search
party? Look at us, Sarah. Amelia
won't get up. We have enough water
for two days if you drink one sip at
a time.

SARAH
We can't just abandon them!

Jack turns around sharply. His eyes are burning.

JACK
We've already abandoned them! At
that moment when the wave washed
them overboard! We are here, but
they are not!

His voice breaks. He immediately pulls himself together, but
everyone saw this flash. He's not just cynical. He's furious.
At himself. At the situation.

LISA
(quiet)
Maybe they survived too. Like us.

JACK
The odds were against us. They are
even worse against them.

SARAH
So we're just sitting here? Waiting
until... for now?

JACK
We survive. That's the job. Nothing
else.

He points his finger towards the jungle.

JACK

There is no water that you can just drink. There are only things out there that want to eat you. Or worse.

It seems closer, more hostile.

DYLAN

(with challenge)
Worse than what?

Jack looks at him. He doesn't want to answer, but he has to.

JACK

People. Desperate. Hungry. Scared. That's when people become dangerous. Like us. If Tom and Andrew survived, they're not the same guys we drank champagne with. None of us remained the same.

His words fall like stones. He speaks the cruel truth that everyone felt but was afraid to say.

MARY

(almost crying)
We look at each other like...
strangers.

SARAH

(the voice softens)
We're not enemies, Mary. We're trapped.
Fear turns you ugly... and it's still all we've got.

SARAH

But he also forces us to stick together. Because alone we will all die.

There is silence. The heat is oppressive.

LISA

(suddenly)
What if they're alive...
and they've already buried us?

This thought seems so simple and so bitter.

DYLAN

SOS is for ships.
We need a scar on the beach.
Something you can't ignore.

Jack looks at Dylan, then at Sarah. He sees determination in their eyes. He understands that he cannot fight this alone.

JACK

(choked up)

Alright. We write it in stone.

Big enough for the sky.

He pauses, his gaze becomes sharp, tactical again.

JACK

But not further than the edge of the forest. And no one goes into the jungle alone. Nobody. It's clear?

Everyone nods silently. The order is clear.

SARAH

(changes the subject)

What about Tom and Andrew?

Jack looks at the jungle for a long time. His face is a stone mask.

JACK

We leave a sign.

If they're alive, they'll find us.

If they're not... we stop lying to ourselves.

He turns and walks towards the water, leaving them with this bitter, unsatisfactory truth.

The camera lingers on the faces of the others.

They are not saved.

They are not looking for salvation.

They don't argue anymore.

They just accept it.

Sarah looks at the endless ocean. There is no longer any expectation of a ship in her eyes. Only resource assessment and risk calculation.

28. EXT CAMP - LATER

28.

Dim light of dawn.

The waves gently touch the shore- as if nothing had happened. But the air is heavy, as if the island itself is mourning.

The remains of the night fire are gray ash and red coals. They breathe barely noticeably, like a dying organism. A light fog is spreading over the shore.

The waves touch the sand slowly, lazily, as if they don't care that someone is suffering here.

Amelia lies motionless. The skin is pale. Looks tired. Lips turned blue.

Nearby is Lisa, her eyes are red, tired from that sleepless night. She was on duty all night without sleeping a wink. Holding Amelia's hand.

Sarah and Mary are sitting by the fire: The fire has burned out, leaving only red coals - they flicker like a breath dying a long with the night.

Pause.

Only the rustle of the waves and the whistle of the wind through the branches. Lisa leans towards Amelia and whispers, not expecting an answer:

LISA
(leaning in, barely a breath)
Hey... stay with me.

Nothing.

Amelia's fingers don't move. Her chest barely lifts.

A beat.

Then - Amelia's lips part.

AMELIA
(a thread of sound)
Water...

Lisa freezes like she imagined it. Then-

LISA
(shaky)
Did you... did you say?

Amelia swallows. Again, almost nothing.

AMELIA
Water...

Lisa jerks back, hand over her mouth. Tears hit before she can stop them.

Mary stumbles forward, half laughing, half sobbing.

MARY
She's, she's alive.

Sarah lifts her head. Stares at Amelia like she's afraid to hope.

No smile. Just exhausted relief... and something darker underneath.

SARAH

(low)
Not again.

She looks at the horizon. The sea is empty. Only a small fragment sways on the waves, as a memory of the past storm. The wind blows her hair. For a second the sun breaks through the clouds. The camera rises up - the white sun, which burns but does not warm. The transition is into a memory.

FLASHBACK.

29. EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON 6 MONTHS AGO

29.

Cold, the sound of the wind and the same colors, but now - an ashen sky, a gray world. Colors are bleached. The world seemed to fade from pain.

The snow is slowly swirling, falling to the ground, falling on people's black coats, although this should be in spring. The world seems to be stuck between seasons - it cannot choose whether to live or die.

A small cemetery near the old church.

The silence is such that you can hear the snow falling on the lids of the coffins.

People stand silently. Everyone has the same eyes: tired, not from anything else, but from pain.

In the center are Sarah and Ethan. Between them is a small white coffin decorated with wild flowers.

Too small.

Too quiet.

Sarah stands still. The whole world stopped in front of her. The wind plays with her hair, but she does not react.

She holds in her hands a children's bracelet - rubber, faded from the sun. There are three letters on it: "E M A" - EMMA. Her breathing is ragged.

Someone nearby is reading a prayer, but the words sound muffled, as if through thick water.

PRIEST (V.O.)

Ashes to ashes... and may eternal
light illuminate her path..

Sarah doesn't move.

There are not tears on her face, but her feelings.

The pain that has already turned into silence.

The sound of a shovel.

The first lump of earth falls on the coffin lid. A dull thud.

Then another one. And one more thing. Each one is like a pulse that is becoming less and less frequent.

Sarah flinches, but doesn't move away. Her eyes glaze over, she crouches, puts her palm on Ethan - the palm is thin, white, trembling. The life was fading on her face.

SARAH

(quiet)

I promised it would be okay.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Ethan sits next to her.

He looks at her - there are no tears in his eyes. Only guilt that will be with him for the rest of his life. He reaches out his hand and places it on her shoulder. She is silent, his eyes are empty, there are no tears, only void.

She flinches, but doesn't move away.

ETHAN

(Muffled)

We will get through this... I promise.

SARAH

No...

(Silent for a long time)

I can't.

A gust of wind, the snow swirls more and more slowly in the air.

The camera slowly circles them. Everything around slows down: snow, breathing, steps. All you can hear is Sarah's heartbeat.

And suddenly there was silence. The world seems to cease to exist. Everything that came before is not important. Their daughter was everything to them.

30. EXT. CAMP - RETURN TO THE PRESENT

30.

The sea is calm, the wind has died down, but the atmosphere is still unbearably heavy, but the peace is deceptive.

The air is still thick and viscous and each shadow seems to breathe its own air.

On the shore is Sarah. She looks at the endless horizon, where the sky merges with the sea. She still has this bracelet in her hands. She twists it as if it contains the last thread connecting her with what was before the island.

She looks calm. Maybe too calm. The wind died down.

Far out at sea, she notices something glowing, like a piece of foil. Suddenly, because of the wave, she stops seeing, then suddenly she sees again.

Her heart stops.

A tiny figure, a dot, moves slowly in the waves.

Sarah peers, strains her eyes, blinks against the sun. The face stretches out. Lips are trembling.

She rises and sees a small figure, like a dot.

And this is Ethan flopping around. He is alone, exhausted, he went through storm and hell, swimming with difficulty, trying to get to the opposite shore, but his strength is leaving him. There is no hope in his eyes, only fatigue.

Sarah glances at Jack, who sits silently by the fire. His face is heavy with his head down, he doesn't know that Sarah is about to rush into the water after Ethan.

The voice leaves the lips almost silently.

SARAH
(Quiet)
Ethan?

Nobody answers. Only waves rocking his body closer and closer to her.

She knows.

She takes the first step.

Second step.

And suddenly he runs.

SARAH
(Screams)
Ethan!

Her lips are trembling. She runs into the water without thinking. The cold hits her chest, burns her lungs, but she doesn't stop. Every swing of the hands is a blow. Every breath is pain.

The sea resists, holds. But she keeps moving forward.

Jack raises his head and sees her already in the sea.

JACK
(Gets up abruptly)
Damn.

He throws his T-shirt on the sand and runs after him. The waves close over him.

DYLAN
(loud)
Mom!

He runs towards the water, but stops. He screams again, but the sound is drowned out by the roar of the sea.

The camera remains on his face - frightened, wet, childish. In his eyes is all the hopelessness of the world. And he can't do anything.

Underwater.

The world is deaf, sounds go away, only hope remains. Air bubbles, like fragments of time, rise upward.

Sarah swims with all her strength. Hair flutters, water pulls down. The eyes are full of salt and fear.

Through the murky water she sees Ethan's silhouette.

Slowly descends like a heavy stone.

She reaches out to him. Their fingers are almost touching.

Instant.

Sarah grabs his wrist.

He opens his eyes-there is surprise and pain in them.

She pushes him towards the surface.

It's like he doesn't understand what's happening.

They burst out of the water as if born again. Sarah chokes and coughs. Ethan does not resist - he is broken, his head falls helplessly on her shoulder. Jack swims over and grabs Sarah by the arms, holding them both. He screams, but the waves drown out everything.

JACK
Sarah! Let him go!

SARAH
(through tears)
Then you'll have to let me go too.

And suddenly a wave. Gigantic and black.

The sea swallows them up.

SILENCE.

Only the sound of the heart - slowly, heavily, as if from inside the body.

Under water.

The world is dull and slow.

Sarah opens her eyes. In front of her is a muddy layer of water. The light is scattered. She sees Ethan's face above opposite. Her hand releases his. He rises towards the light.

She sinks.

He rises.

Jack pulls Ethan to shore. Cough. Air. Noise. Dylan runs towards them, choking with tears.

DYLAN
(Screaming)
...Mom?

Jack doesn't answer. He just looks towards the sea.

Sand, waves. Three figures on the shore and only one is missing.

FADE TO BLACK

31. EXT. SEA - SOME TIME LATER

31.

Blue horizon. Noise.

A splash from a distance. Then another one.

The top of Sarah's head and her desperate attempts to escape can be seen from behind a large wave.

DYLAN
(yells)
I see her! There!

The camera turns sharply. On the waves - Sarah, a small dot is beating with all its might. Jack no longer hesitates to jump into the open sea for the second time, the cold no longer penetrates him, he wants only one thing- to save Sarah.

Underwater.

Thick darkness.

Jack swims, squinting his eyes from the salty water. His heartbeat slams in his ears. Everything else drops out. The sun's rays from above break through the water like a ray of hope. Jack kicks with all his might and grabs Sarah's hand. She doesn't move. He pulls her up.

Over the water.

Jack breaks to the surface gasping for breath. Sarah is unconscious. He keeps her head above the surface, barely staying afloat himself pushing off with his feet, swimming towards the wreckage. Already exhausted.

JACK
(With all my might)
Hold on...

He holds her close to him, continuing to row with one hand. The waves wash over them, but he doesn't let go.

32. EXT. BEACH - LATER

32.

The waves gently roll onto the sand, the sound of the low tide mixes with the crackling of the wreckage of the yacht.

The light falls on scattered boards, on wet sand, on the faces of the heroes. The fire is dying. One weak flame, fighting the wind.

JACK
(screams)
Sarah! Ethan! Stay with me-stay with
me!

Lisa and Mary sat down next to Sarah and Ethan.

Sarah lies, body limp, eyes closed

Ethan is unconscious, his chest barely moves

Dylan stands nearby, tears streaming down his face, his hands shaking. He is trying to help, holding an flask of water.

JACK
(choking on emotions)
CPR. Now

Jack drops to his knees and places his hands on Ethan's chest. Each press is like a hammer blow.

SPLIT SCREEN LEFT / RIGHT

LEFT - present:

Ethan's heavy face.
Pause.

Mary presses on Ethan's chest, Jack presses on Sarah's chest, Dylan screams, trembling, scared.

FLASHBACK TO:

33. INT. CAR - DAY

33.

RIGHT - past:

Ethan's happy face

Pause

His daughter's laughter. He smiles

Split screen disappears

A car road, a bright sunny day, light music playing on the radio. Sarah and Ethan are driving with their daughter Emma, laughing together, a song playing in the background. Emma claps her hands, smiles, plays with a toy, the light of the sun reflected in her eyes.

EXT. BEACH - AT SAME MOMENT

LEFT - present.

Sarah's face.

Jack clenches his teeth and presses rhythmically on Sarah's chest. Sarah is unconscious, Lisa tries to help, holds her by the shoulders, performs rescue breaths.

MARY

(in a whisper, almost a
prayer to)

God... may they survive...

JACK

(scream through clenched
teeth)

Stay with me.

Dylan watches, trembles, then, unable to bear it, begins to roar. And praying that they survive.

FLASHBACK OF SARAH AND ETHAN

34. INT. CAR - DAY

34.

RIGHT - past.

Sarah's face Pause.

Emma's face.

Emma is sitting in the back seat in a child seat. Sunlight floods the salon.

Split screen disappears.

EMMA

(Funny)

Mom—are we there yet? The zoo?

SARAH

(Looking at the road)

Soon, honey.

Emma swings legs joyfully.

EMMA

(funny)

Do they have giraffes? The spotty ones?

SARAH

We'll definitely see. And elephants and monkeys...

EMMA

(enthusiastically)

Monkeys! They make faces!

Sarah smiles as she looks in the rearview mirror.

SARAH

(Smiling)

And you won't make faces at them in response?

EMMA

(cunning)

Maybe... A little. Only the funniest!

The girl takes a small toy monkey out of her pocket.

EMMA

Look, I took Abu with me! So he doesn't get lonely.

SARAH

(Looks at Abu)

Great idea. Now he will have a tour.

Emma looks out the window, watching the clouds pass by.

EMMA

(Pointing finger)

Look, mom! That cloud looks like a rabbit! Do you see?

SARAH

(squints)

Definitely a rabbit! And the ears are so long...

EMMA

That one's ice cream. Vanilla with
chocolate chips.

SARAH

Are you already hungry for ice
cream?

EMMA

(dreamily)

Just one, okay?

SARAH

One. But small.

EMMA

Hooray! You know, today. This is the
best day ever.

SARAH

Why is this?

EMMA

Because I have you, dad and Dylan...
And we're going to the zoo!

Ethan smiles.

Sarah's gaze warms.

SARAH

Do you know who the happiest mother
in the world is?

EMMA

Who?

SARAH

Me. because I have you.

Emma smiles happily. She extends her hand forward with a toy monkey.

EMMA

Abu says he agrees!

LSARAH

(laughs)

Then we have a whole car of happy
people!

EMMA

Mom, sing a song! The one about the
sun bunny.

SARAH

(hums)

A sunny bunny jumps across the sky.

(Pause)

He smiles at everyone, he knows
everyone...

Emma sings along quietly, swaying to the beat. Her voice is clear and joyful. The car feels warm. Safe. Alive. It seems that this moment can be remembered forever...

EMMA

(suddenly)

Mom, I love you very much.

SARAH

(blows a kiss in the mirror)

And I love you, my joy. Very, very.

Emma presses the toy monkey to her cheek and looks at her mother with eyes full of love.

EMMA

Today's gonna be the best day.

(Pause)

Promise?

SARAH

The best. I promise.

The car drives further along the sunny road. For a few seconds, silence reigns, filled with love and anticipation of happiness.

35. EXT. BEACH - SAME TIME

35.

The screen smoothly returns to the present - Jack's hands continue their rhythmic pressure.

JACK

(with a cry, with the last
of his strength)

Sarah! Ethan! Breathe!

FLASHBACK

36. INT. CAR - DAY

36.

Sunlight floods the salon. Ethan is driving. Sarah is in the passenger seat. In the back seat is Emma in a child seat.

EMMA

Dad, rainbow! Right there!

Ethan looks up from his phone and turns to his daughter.

ETHAN
 (smiling)
 Where, sweetheart? I don't-oh. Yeah.
 Wow.

EMMA
 Over there! Behind that tree!

Sarah looks at them tenderly through the mirror.

SARAH
 Somebody's collecting miracles
 today.

37. EXT. BEACH - PRESENT

37.

JACK
 (out of breath)
 Seven, eight, nine... Lisa, check
 your pulse!

Lisa presses her fingers to Ethan's neck, her hand shaking.

LISA
 (scared)
 Thread-thin... slipping

FLASHBACK

38. INT. CAR - DAY

38.

Emma reaches out to her father, pointing out the window.

EMMA
 Dad, will we buy the same house when
 I grow up? With a rainbow?

ETHAN
 (laughing)
 Yeah. The biggest one. I swear.

Ethan looks at his phone again. Concern appears on his face.

SARAH
 (calm down)
 Ethan... put it away. Just for the
 last ten minutes. Be here.

39. EXT. BEACH - PRESENT

39.

JACK
 (screams)
 Ten, eleven, twelve... Mary, water!

Mary holds out the flask. Jack pours water over Sarah and Ethan's faces as he continues the compressions.

DYLAN
(through tears)
Mom... Dad... Please...

FLASHBACK

40. INT. CAR - DAY

40.

Ethan's phone vibrates. He frowns and reads the message.

ETHAN
(sighs)
Sorry, I have to answer. It's
urgent.

Sarah glances at him briefly.

SARAH
There is always something urgent.

Emma notices something outside the window.

EMMA
Look! Puppies!

Ethan looks up for a split second, smiles, but his attention is drawn back to the phone.

41. EXT. BEACH - PRESENT

41.

JACK
(with all his might)
Thirteen, fourteen... Damn, why is
there no reaction?!

FLASHBACK

42. INT. CAR - DAY

42.

ETHAN
(into the phone)
Yes, I understand... No, it's
impossible...

Emma reaches out to her father, trying to get his attention.

EMMA
Dad, watch! Watch me!

Ethan mechanically strokes her head without looking up from the screen.

ETHAN
Yeah, yeah... good job, Em.

Sarah notices a car leaving the side road.

SARAH
(calmly)
Ethan.

But he is engrossed in conversation.

43. EXT. BEACH - PRESENT

43.

Continues chest compressions, but his attempts are in vain.

LISA
(Quiet)
Jack... stop. They're gone.

But Jack furiously continues to press on Sarah's chest, and Mary, like Jack, presses on Sarah's chest. There's still a bit of hope in Jack's eyes

FLASHBACK

44. INT. CAR - DAY

44.

SARAH
(sharp)
Ethan!

A car and truck enter an intersection. Ethan slams on the brake.

Ethan finally looks up from his phone. His eyes widen.

Time slows down.

Emma looks at her father with a trusting smile.

EMMA
Dad?

Ethan reaches for the steering wheel, but is too late.

THE SOUND OF SHARP TURNING OF THE STEERING.

45. EXT. BEACH - PRESENT

45.

JACK
(desperately)
Breathe, Ethan! Come back to us!

The only response was Dylan's crying.

FLASHBACK

46. INT. CAR - DAY

46.

THE CAR ROTATES.

The glass cracks like cobwebs.

Emma screams.

EMMA

Mom!

Ethan looks at his daughter. There is horror and awareness in his eyes.

THE CAR TURNS OVER.

The sound of tearing metal.

47. EXT. BEACH - PRESENT

47.

SPLIT SCREEN LEFT/RIGHT

LEFT

Sarah's face

RIGHT

Ethan's face

The split screen cuts to Emma's face.

FLASHBACK

48. INT. CAR - DAY

48.

Emma's face slowly rises up and meets Ethan's eyes through the rearview mirror. There is no fear in her eyes, only bewilderment. She doesn't understand what's happening.

Her lips slowly open to say something

EMMA

(Quiet)

Dad?..

Her hair shoots up into the air. Abu falls out of her hands and floats in the air. The car flips over in the air with a roar and falls onto the roof. Millions of glass shards scatter throughout the car interior. And finally, a short silence, interrupted only by the hiss of the engine and the crash of metal.

Abrupt transition

49. EXT. PRESENT - BEACH

49.

SCREEN SPLIT LEFT/RIGHT

LEFT

Sarah's face.

RIGHT

Ethan's face

Their faces are pale and lifeless. Wet strands of Sarah's hair stuck to her cheeks. All sounds are muffled, only Jack's futile attempts to bring them back alive can be heard.

LISA

Jack! Enough!

Suddenly Sarah's body. Her eyes open sharply and she emits a sharp, hoarse breath, as if emerging from the most terrible depths. She rises up, resting on her elbows in the sand. Eyes unseeing, full of horror.

Almost immediately, with another sigh, Ethan comes to his senses. In his eyes there is the same shock pain, the same moment of accident.

JACK

(jumping back with relief)

Oh God... Ethan...

Split screen disappears.

There is silence for a second. Sarah and Ethan, both on their elbows, both breathing heavily, look at each other as if they want to say "I'm sorry" to the other. In their gaze there are a million common memories, pain, horror and... incredible relief.

And Dylan breaks this silence.

He cannot contain the emotions overwhelming him. His face, distorted with grief a second ago, now breaks into the widest, happiest smile. He lets out something between a laugh and a sob and jumps in place.

DYLAN

(through tears)

Don't do that again.

He rushes towards Sarah and Ethan and hugs her so tightly that they both almost fall onto the sand.

Jack slowly sinks to the sand, his hands shaking with tension and adrenaline.

He looks at the revived Sarah and Ethan, and a weak, haggard smile appears on his face.

50. EXT. BEACH - LATER

50.

The wind died down. The sea breathes evenly and deeply, like a sleeping giant. On the sand, near the smoldering coals of the fire, they are all together.

Sarah and Ethan sit with their backs against the gearbox. Their shoulders almost touch, but between them there is an invisible wall. Both look at the same point on the horizon, where the night recedes, giving way to a cold, gray light. Their hands are on the sand, and Sarah's little finger almost imperceptibly touches Ethan's little finger. Not a hug, not passion, but a tactile reality check. Are you here? I'm here. We are alive.

Dylan sleeps at their feet, his head on his folded jacket. The face has smoothed out, but the eyelids are trembling. He's out there in the storm again.

Jack, Lisa and Mary sit at a distance.

Jack isn't sleeping. He sharpens the knife, running the blade along the stone. Rhythmic, almost meditative sound. His gaze constantly glides along the edge of the jungle.

Amelia lies on a makeshift stretcher, her breathing even but hoarse. Lisa, sitting next to her, wets her lips with water from time to time. The silence is not awkward. It is heavy, full of experience.

Everyone digests their own pain, their own fear. Sarah is the first to break silence. Her voice is hoarse and quiet.

SARAH

We weren't supposed to survive.

Ethan slowly turns toward her.

There's no relief in his eyes.

Only exhaustion - deeper than sleep.

ETHAN

But they did.

SARAH

Why us?

(beat)

Why not her.

She doesn't say the name.

She doesn't have to.

Ethan flinches, like something inside him just broke.

HE LOOKS AWAY.

ETHAN

I don't know, Sarah. I really don't.

Jack stops sharpening the knife.

JACK

(not looking up)

Why doesn't matter.

What we do next does.

LISA

What does that mean?

Jack stands. Brushes sand from his knees.

Against the pale sky, he looks immovable. Solid.

JACK

It means the storm wasn't our
biggest problem. The radio. The
mast. Navigation.

All of that is dead now.

(gestures with the knife
toward the jungle)

What's left is simple. Water. Food.
Shelter.

And whatever's living out there.

MARY

(afraid)

Other survivors?

Maybe—

JACK

(cold)

Or not people.

He approaches the edge of the forest, where the sand turns dark
and dense, almost black green.

He points to an imprint in the soft earth. It is large, with
long, almost finger-like claws.

DYLAN

(waking, staring at it)

What is that?

The camera slowly zooms in on Sarah's face. In her eyes, a
minute ago full of pain about the past, now a spark of
something new flares up. Not hope. Determination. Instinct. She
carefully removes her hand from Ethan's and stands up. Her
movements no longer waver.

SARAH

(to everyone)

We move.

Or we die.

She walks over to the drawer marked "SUPPLIES" and opens it. Canned food, bandages, water purification tablets and a knife are scattered chaotically inside. She lays everything out on the sand, sorting with cold, methodical precision. This is not the same Sarah who sobbed in her son's arms. This is another version of herself.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Rainwater won't last. We need a

source.

(looks up)

Jack. Dylan.

Find water.

Jack studies her.

A beat.

Nods.

JACK

We will.

ETHAN

(struggling to his feet)

I'll go with you.

Sarah turns.

Her gaze hardens.

SARAH

No. You're wheezing. You can barely
breathe.

(beat)

You stay. Help them. Build shelter.

Ethan starts to argue – then sees her eyes.

No blame.

No anger.

Only command.

He freezes.

ETHAN

(quiet)

Okay.

The roles are set.

Without discussion.

Without return.

At this moment, their understanding is deeper than any words.
The fight for survival has begun.

51. EXT. JUNGLE - A LITTLE LATER

51.

Jack's face is covered in sweat and dirt, paving the way, using a machete to clear away the tenacious vines. His movements are economical and precise.

Dylan follows him, trying to keep up. He breathes through his mouth, his T-shirt is soaked through. He clutches a sharpened stick in his hands, too tightly. Jack stops abruptly and raises his hand. Dylan freezes, heart pounding.

JACK

(low)

Freeze.

Silence. Only the hum and clicking of insects. Then-a distant, barely perceptible rustle, not the wind.

DYLAN

(whispering)

Did you hear that?

Jack doesn't answer. His eyes, accustomed to the twilight, scan the thicket. He turns his head slowly, listening. The rustling subsides.

JACK

(without turning around)

Doesn't matter. We don't let it know
we're here.

(continues on his way)

Stay close. And don't step on dry
branches. Sound spreads differently
here.

Dylan nods, trying to walk more quietly. He looks at Jack's back, at the tense muscles of his shoulders.

DYLAN

Have you ever been this deep?

Jack gives a short, humorless grin.

JACK

A few times. But back then, I knew
where I was.

(beat)

Here - I don't.

They make their way further. The roots of the trees are woven underfoot into an insidious network. The air becomes even heavier.

DYLAN

(after a pause)

Thank you. For... for saving my
parents.

DYLAN
 (after a long pause)
 You didn't have to.
 (beat)
 But you did.

Jack glances at him briefly.

He changes direction, pulling Dylan away. Tension hangs in the air like humidity.

They walk in silence for a minute. And then Dylan freezes.

DYLAN
 (very low)
 It's getting closer.

Jack listens. A new sound comes through the general hum. Weak but persistent.

WHISPERING WATER. Not the roar of a waterfall, but a soft, soothing murmur.

JACK
 (listening)
 Water doesn't lie.
 Move.

They quicken their pace, pushing through the last wall of ferns and vines.

52. EXT. CREEK - DAY

52.

They come out into a small, sunlit clearing. In the middle of it, a stream meanders between smooth stones. The water is crystal clear, pebbles are visible at the bottom.

For a second they both just stand and stare, not believing their eyes. This is the first clean, living thing they see on the island.

Jack slowly kneels by the water. He doesn't drink right away. First, he carefully studies the current and sniffs the air. Then he scoops up water with his palms and rinses his face. Makes a short, discreet sound of relief. Only then does he lean into the water and drink long and greedily.

Dylan looks at him, then, unable to bear it, collapses next to him and begins to drink like a dying man. Water runs down his chin, mixing with sweat.

DYLAN
 (gasping, almost laughing)
 We actually found it.

He leans back, smiling at the sky. The first real smile since the shipwreck. Jack finishes drinking and wipes his mouth.

His gaze is already analytical. He takes empty flasks from his backpack and begins to fill them.

JACK

Slow. Your body's forgotten what clean feels like.

Dylan nods, still smiling. He looks at the murmuring water as if it were a miracle.

DYLAN

Mom's gonna smile.

Jack looks at him and his stern face softens for a moment.

53. EXT. CAMP - AT THE SAME TIME

53.

Merciless sun. The humid air is thick like syrup. The sound of the surf is a constant, intrusive background.

A tarpaulin is laid out on the sand, in the shadow of the broken hull of the boat. On it are the pitiful remains of equipment: several tin cans, a first aid kit, coils of rope, empty flasks.

Sarah is on her knees, sorting supplies. Her movements are sharp, almost mechanical. She puts the items into three piles: food, medicine, tools. Her fingers tremble, but she clenches them into fists and continues working.

Nearby, Ethan is trying to build a frame for an awning. He's weak. His hands shake as he tries to tie a knot on two long sticks. The knot is spreading. He makes a strangled sound of rage and pain.

ETHAN

(through his teeth)

Crap...

Sarah glances at him briefly. Not a reproach, but a cold assessment.

SARAH

Rope.

He holds out silently. Sarah gets up and comes over. Her movements are more confident. She quickly, without extra effort, ties a strong sea knot. Silently. Ethan looks at her hands, then looks away.

LISA

(out of frame)

Keep it here.

The camera turns. Lisa and Mary carry a big piece of torn sail. Mary's face is pale, she breathes through her mouth. Lisa tries to appear strong, but the trembling in her legs gives her away.

SARAH
(without turning around)
Mary, sit down. Check Amelia's
pulse.

Mary nods, relieved, and walks over to Amelia, who lies motionless in the shadows under a makeshift canopy of palm fronds.

Lisa looks at the frame Sarah is holding.

LISA
We can't lift it. Not like this.

ETHAN
(getting up)
That's enough.

He rests his shoulder against the structure. The muscles in his neck tense with effort. Sarah and Lisa pick up other loose ends. Slowly, staggering, they lift the frame and dig it into the sand.

Everyone freezes for a second, breathing heavily. The frame is standing.

SARAH
Tarpaulin. Now.

Lisa and Sarah throw the sail onto the frame. Ethan tries to help, but his strength is running low. He leans on his knee and coughs.

Sarah secures the corners of the tarp with heavy rocks. Her gaze falls on Ethan. Something old and familiar flashes in her eyes for a moment - anxiety. But she extinguishes it.

SARAH
Check the tarp. For gaps.

This is not a request. This is an order. Given to get him out of the way, to give him a task he could handle. Ethan looks at her and understands. Nods. He gets up and goes to the wreckage.

Sarah turns to Lisa, who is trying to secure the last corner.

SARAH
Wind's coming from the sea.
Fold it inward.
Or it rips.

She shows that her movements are economical and precise. Lisa looks at her with new respect.

LISA
You've done this before.

SARAH

I know how to keep us alive. That's enough for today.

She walks away and evaluates the work. The shadow from the canopy falls on the sand. The first semblance of shelter. The first sign of order in chaos.

Mary comes up with an empty flask.

MARY

We're almost out of water.

Sarah looks at several bottles of cloudy liquid. She takes one and shakes it. Silently she measures a sip for Mary, then for Lisa. She doesn't pour herself a drink.

SARAH

They'll find water.

She says this with a confidence she doesn't have. But it needs to be said. They are no longer shipwreck victims. They became something else. Survivors.

54. EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

54.

The moon, almost full, casts a silvery light on the beach. The ocean is a gigantic, dark, breathing creature. The camp has changed. A small but steady fire smolders under a strong tarpaulin canopy. Supplies are neatly stacked nearby: flasks of water, several canned goods, things laid out to dry. The atmosphere is unusually calm, almost peaceful.

Sarah sits with her back against the equipment box. She mends Jack's torn jacket, her movements slow, tired, but precise. Nearby, Dylan checks his camera. He tries to fix it by carefully knocking on the case. The camera does not turn on.

He sighs, but without the same despair, more with annoyance.

DYLAN

He held out until the last.

Sarah looks at him and the shadow of a smile appears on her lips. The first one in a long time.

SARAH

Maybe for the better. He'll just let you look around.

Jack sits a little further away, sharpening his knife on a stone. Rhythmic, soothing sound. He is the only one who has not relaxed. His gaze constantly wanders to the black wall of the jungle.

Amelia lies under the canopy. She is pale, but her breathing is even. Squatting nearby, Lisa washes her face with a wet rag.

The movements are gentle, maternal.

LISA
(in a whisper)
Tomorrow... we try again.

A beat.

JACK
(quiet, without looking up)
Night's not over.

Mary sits hugging her knees and looking at the fire.
The glare of the flame is reflected in her eyes.
She doesn't cry.
She just looks.

55. EXT. CAMP - CAMPFIRE - LATER

55.

The fire is burning out. The camp falls asleep. Dylan sleeps curled up, his face finally serene.

Sarah and Ethan lie next to each other, under the same blanket. Between them there are centimeters that seem like kilometers. But they are together. Their fingers are almost touching. Ethan is sleeping. Sarah - no. She looks into the starry sky, her sadness replaced by heavy but firm determination.

Jack takes over the night watch. He sits on a large rock at the edge of the forest, his back to the camp, facing the jungle. The knife lies on his knees. Complete silence. Only the crackling of coals and the eternal whisper of the ocean. A world holding its breath.

56. EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

56.

The camera slowly moves along the wall of darkness. The leaves move in the night breeze. And suddenly - another movement. Slow, uncertain.

From the thickest shadows, right behind Jack, a FIGURE appears.

She is short and unsteady. Moves slowly, almost falling with every step. Not a monster. A man.

He emerges from the shadows of the moonlight. This is TOM. His expensive shirt has turned into rags, his face is covered with dirt and blood, his hair is tangled. He is extremely exhausted, his skin is gray, his eyes are huge, full of animal horror and in expressible relief.

He takes the last step, his legs give way and he drops to his knees. Twenty meters from safety.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF PILOT