TRIANGLE OF SADNESS

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INT. CASTING AGENCY / WAITING ROOM - DAY

About fifty half naked men are lined up in a room. The queue leads towards an entrance to an adjoining room that has a handwritten “Maybe” sign next to it. Suddenly we hear voices and the men start to look further back along the line.

The “Fashion TV profile”, LEWIS TAYLOR, comes into the frame. He’s 25, high-energy, intelligent and blatantly homosexual. Accompanied by a camera operator, Lewis extends a mic in the direction of one young man. The camera operator moves in; the lens is uncomfortably close to the model’s face.

LEWIS
So, what are the most important aspects of being a male model?

MODEL 1
I would say: look good.

Lewis keeps looking at the guy, expecting more. The model gets a bit flustered.

LEWIS
Yes? And?

MODEL 1
Er, that’s it.

MODEL 2
And walk!

LEWIS
Look good and walk? But not at the same time, right?

MODEL 1
Most of the times at the same time.

LEWIS
Really? Can you do that?

MODEL 1
Sure.

LEWIS
Please show us! Yes, yes go ahead.

The model walks out of the line. Before even reaching the end of the room Lewis interrupts.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Thank you. Next!

He picks his way through the crowd of shirtless men.

LEWIS
What do we have here? Hey there!

MODEL 3
What's up, man?

LEWIS
So, I want to know, did you parents support you in being a male model?

MODEL 3
All the way, right from the start.

LEWIS
Even your father?

The model shrugs his shoulders and nods.

MODEL 3
Even my father, yeah. Why?

LEWIS
He wanted you to enter this industry where you earn only 1/3 of the women, where you constantly have to maneuver homosexual men who want to sleep with you?

Laughter all around the room.

INT. CASTING AGENCY / CASTING ROOM - DAY

A MODEL stands solemnly in a bare room as the laughter from the other room filters through the open door. A SMALL DOG stands nearby.

Four panelists are sitting on the other side of a table. On the wall behind them is a big handwritten sign with instructions on how to walk. "Guys - Dead straight, no arms or hips. Long neck, very tall. Think Couture. Strong face and eye. No smile. Own the room!"

INT. CASTING AGENCY / WAITING ROOM - DAY

Lewis points towards the exit and moves on. Suddenly he catches sight of someone standing further down the line and hurries of in his direction with the cameraman following.

It's CARL waiting for his turn. In his hand he's holding his portfolio and a book.

LEWIS
I’m Lewis Taylor, and I’m standing here with my very best friend...

Lewis acts like he’s uncomfortable and fakes a whisper.

LEWIS (CONT’D)
What was your name?

CARL
Carl.

LEWIS
My best friend Carl! How are you today Carl?

CARL
Yeah, good.

LEWIS
So, is this runway casting for a grumpy brand or a smiley brand?

CARL
Er, I don’t know, man. I don’t know.

LEWIS
Well, smiley brands are the cheap ones, and the more expensive the brand gets, you start to look down on your consumer. Like if you want to be apart of this “von oben” one-man in crows, you have to show us some serious cash.

Lewis starts out with a smile, but as he turns an imaginary dial in the air, his smile tones down and gradually disappears, becoming a bored grumpy face.

CARL
Then it’s a “grumpy brand”.

LEWIS
Congratulations! I’m so happy for you! And if you get the job, you will get to wear exclusive clothing, and look down on your consumer. Okay, Carl. Show us some of that grump look .

CARL
No, no...

LEWIS
Yeah, let's go! C'mon Carl! You can do it.

Carl scowls at the camera and walks over the room and back, as Lewis ad libs a "voice-over".

LEWIS (CONT'D)
"Don't you dare talk to me! I'm an Aryan 'Übermensch',too obsessed with the image of myself to be involved with anything that doesn't fit my stylized image of the world. Wait... suddenly I'm dressed in something less expensive. It's H&M!

Carl has dialed up to a grin. Lewis ushers the other models of all ethnicities closer to Carl.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Everybody, come together! "You can too be a part of this happy, smiling group of mixed skin colors, for not that much money! #friendship, #everyonesequal, #happylife, #stopclimatechange,." Oh, no! Oh! I am so sorry darling. I didn't see that it was... Balenzzzziaga.

Carl and the other models go back to a disdainful scowl.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
"We are strong and tough and unapproachable!" Show me that Balenciaga look! Oh, I'm sorry, I think it's back to H&M again!

The models laugh, grin, shift around. Lewis launches into a rapid-fire test.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
"Yeah we're just kidding, we're so cheap, we're so happy!" Everybody come closer together!
(beat)
Balenciaga is back! Ooh, fiercer than ever! "We are stone cold. Yes! Oh my god, get away from us!"
(beat)
H&M is here again! Balenciaga! H&M! Balenciaga! And H&M! Oh, everybody, give it up for these guys! Fabulous! Fabulous, Carl!

The models clap.

INT. CASTING AGENCY / CASTING ROOM - DAY

Carl is ushered into the room by THE ASSISTANT. He hands over his portfolio. The Designer flips through it without much enthusiasm until he reaches a fragrance ad that features a close-up of Carl's face that takes up more than half the page. He looks up at Carl as if they can't believe it's the same person.

THE DESIGNER
Oh, it's you?

CARL
Yeah.

THE DESIGNER
You can hardly tell it's the same guy. How old is this perfume campaign?

CARL
Three years ago, and then maybe a year after that.

THE DESIGNER
You do castings again, then?

CARL
Yeah.

THE CASTING DIRECTOR
Could you do a little walk for us? Quick, no smiling, no stopping.

CARL
Yeah.

Carl walks back across the room, turns and comes back to the panelists.

THE CASTING DIRECTOR
One more time.

He walks again.

The Casting Director gives The Designer a look. He stands and comes around the table to Carl's side.

THE CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Okay, today, fashion is not just about surface. It's about the inside. Think about a tune that you like when you walk. Look at me.

CASTING DIRECTOR hums Staying Alive by The Bee Gees while walking the room.

THE CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Can you do that?

CARL
Yeah, so like a rhythm?

THE CASTING DIRECTOR
Yeah. Go!

Carl walks again.

THE DESIGNER
Can you relax your Triangle of Sadness? This, like, between your eyebrows here.

The Designer knits his brows and points at the worry lines that appear between the eyes. Carl automatically touches his own triangle of sadness and smiles somewhat sheepishly.

THE CASTING DIRECTOR
A little bit more... Okay. And open your mouth so you look a little bit more available.

Carl opens wide.

THE CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Okay, not that much. A little bit less.

He closes his mouth halfway.

THE CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Okay. Thank you very much.

CARL
Thanks.

CASTING ASSISTANT
Next, please!

Carl leaves and the next Model takes his place.

PART 1 - CARL & YAYA

INT. CATWALK / RUNWAY SHOW - DAY

The atmosphere is tense and a bit stiff, not only because this is the opening: at fashion shows, the audience is just as much on display as the models. Everything that is worn - clothing, shoes, accessories - every detail down to hair and make-up has been carefully considered and chosen to reflect where they believe they are in the pecking order.

A HEADSET GIRL bows in front of a COUPLE sitting front row at a packed fashion show and says something to them that immediately upsets them.

The Couple argues briefly before the Man gives in and waves at his Wife to get up. The Headset Girl grabs a third person and moves them away as more headset girls come into view, walking backwards. They are followed by Camilla Läckberg dressed in sunglasses accompanied by an entourage of three.

When it's time for them to be seated, they need one more chair. In a rather pushy way, Headset Girls get everyone on the entire row to get up and move one seat to the left. We follow the domino effect that leads to

Carl left without a seat at the end.

CARL
Where can I sit?

HEADSET GIRL
Sorry?

CARL
I don't have a seat now.

HEADSET GIRL
There's a seat, I think, just right up there. Just there.

She waves to the back of the room. Carl heads to the back and climbs through the crowd.

INT. CATWALK / RUNWAY SHOW - DAY

It's dark except for flashing red lights and a screen behind the runway which scrolls with messages like EVERYONE'S EQUAL and LOVE NOW.

The music is booming as YAYA steps out as the first model on the catwalk, dressed in two-meter-wide wings. Hundreds of phones and cameras are immediately pointed her way.

At the back of the room, behind all the rows of seats, Carl is watching.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Later that night, Carl finds himself at an intimate restaurant with his girlfriend, Yaya. They have enjoyed a long meal together and the night is now winding down. Only one sensitive moment is still up for this relatively new couple - the bill has to be cleared. On a first, second, third or even a fourth date, Carl would not feel that he would have any other option then to pay up. This night though, if Carl doesn't want to be stuck, playing the stereotypical "man", he has to take the bull by the horns. When the waiter puts the bill on the table between them, Carl realizes that Yaya is perfectly fine with the defined roles and that she's willing to fight… She doesn't even look at the bill. Instead she takes up her make-up mirror and starts to do her lips. Carl feels terrified but steels himself, feigns a few stretches, even yawns. Yaya lowers the make-up mirror, flashes him a smile and hides again.

The time aspect of un-picked-up checks is far worse on a man. A man really despises himself whenever he feels like he's being ungenerous, stingy. Having this button pushed makes it ten times worse. Yaya is very aware of this, all women are. Carl rests his arm on the tabletop, moves his hand closer to the bill, waits a few seconds, then carefully lifts, just to check

YAYA
Thank you, honey. That's so sweet of you.

"How unbelievably rude!", "You have to stand up for yourself now, Carl!" - That's what's running through Carl's head as he sees his male pride picking up the check and opening his wallet. The contrast between his convictions and his actions makes his face look like he just bit into a lemon.

YAYA (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

CARL
No, nothing.

YAYA
I don't know, you looked like you were thinking.

CARL
No, I'm not. I'm not. I'm cool.

Carl shakes his head and smiles.

YAYA
I can tell there's something wrong. Just talk to me, what is it?

Yaya looks like a question mark.

After a brief reflection, he decides he won't hold back.

CARL
No, it's just. When you say "Thank you, honey" like that, you don't really give me an option but to pay.

Brief silence.

CARL (CONT'D)
Just an observation. Just something I've noticed.

YAYA
We can split the bill if you'd like. I can whip out a calculator and...

She demonstrates poring meticulously over each item with a finger.

CARL
Of course I don't want that.

YAYA
I think it all evens out, you know.

CARL
Yeah, okay… Mmm.

His "Mmm" is tinged with skepticism.

CARL (CONT'D)
Don't you remember last night? You said you were gonna pay for food today. At the end of the meal, you said, "Thanks. Tomorrow I'll get it."

Yaya processes this information carefully. Did she?

YAYA
Sure, but then you picked up the bill and I thought you wanted to pay so I said “Thank you, honey.”

Yaya glares at him and Carl becomes speechless. This is exactly the road he did not want to go down.

CARL
But it was there for such a long time.

YAYA
I didn’t see it.

CARL
You didn’t see it?

YAYA
Or I just didn’t notice it. We were having a nice dinner.

CARL
You didn’t see the bill when it got put on the table?

YAYA
No I didn’t Carl.

CARL
So that waiter came in, and put it in the middle of the table and you didn’t happen to see it?

For a few seconds it’s a toss-up but then Carl makes the horrible mistake of smiling in a self-righteous way.

YAYA
Wow.

CARL
What do you mean, “Wow”?

Yaya starts picking up her belongings, she’s leaving.

CARL (CONT’D)
What are you doing? Sit down. Please, Yaya, sit down!

We cut to see the entire restaurant. Surrounded by tables and guests, Yaya is standing up and Carl is trying to convince her to sit back down. We cut back to their table.

YAYA
I don't know...I'm trying to figure out what's going on... Apparently, I did something terrible when I said "thank-you, honey".

CARL
Calm down. Please, just sit down.

YAYA
Why are you so obsessed with money?

CARL
I'm not obsessed. Can you just sit down please? It was just an observation from yesterday. Can you please sit down.

She leans in, takes the check away from him, sits down and reaches for her handbag.

CARL (CONT'D)
No, no. What are you doing? You can't pay now.

She slips her credit card into the holder and holds it up in the direction of the waiter, that has been standing uncomfortably close throughout.

WAITER
Are we enjoying ourselves?

CARL
Yes, thanks.

She extends the bill towards the waiter at the same time that Carl tries to stop it from reaching him.

CARL (CONT'D)
Yaya...

As the bill ends up in his hands, the waiter looks confused. But when Yaya nods at him he walks off with her card. Carl immediately feels terribly ashamed. It doesn't matter if Yaya was manipulating him or not, all he wants is to put everything right again.

CARL (CONT'D)
Now I feel bad.

YAYA
Why? I make more money than you.

The line is delivered with a strong, negative, valuation. They sit there in silence for a few seconds until their waiter returns.

WAITER
Excuse me? Your card didn't work. Do you have another one maybe?

YAYA
Can you try it again?

WAITER
I tried it twice.

She pulls out an American Express card but the waiter shakes his head. They don't accept American Express.

Yaya slips it back in her wallet, picks up the check, looks at the sum and pulls out a 50-euro note. She places it on the table and takes another look in her wallet, but she doesn't seem to have any more cash. This is Carl's chance. He hands his card to the waiter

CARL
Just take this one.

YAYA
Carl! Just give me a second!

CARL
Let me pay.

WAITER
Yes, thank you.

Yaya leans back and pouts. The waiter puts Carl's card in the reader, hands it back to Carl that types in the tip and his code. The 50-euro bill is still on the table… And the longer it remains there, the more Carl starts counting on it as a contribution from Yaya. 50 euros only covers one third of the cost, but under the circumstances, Carl's willing to accept it as his chance to break even. But when Carl is handed the receipt and is just about to go for the bill, Yaya picks it up and pops it back in her wallet.

INT/EXT. UBER CAR - NIGHT

The rain is pouring down and Yaya and Carl are quite wet when they enter the Uber. Despite all, Carl is glad to have made it through all that alive and he's repressed the irritation about the 50-euro bill.

Now he's thinking that it might be good to try a different approach - what if they could admit what each of them brought to the table. They might even be able to laugh it off.

CARL
I do think it’s quite crazy how it’s such a hard thing to talk about. Money.

No answer.

CARL (CONT’D)
It’s such a touchy subject, don’t you think?

No answer.

YAYA
Yeah, I think it’s un-sexy to talk about money.

Carl's intention was to make peace, now he feels completely backstabbed. He fights to keep calm.

CARL
Okay, but then why is that?

No answer.

YAYA
It’s just not sexy.

CARL
Well, you don’t think it’s because it’s so tied to gender roles? The menu in the restaurant didn’t even have prices for you.

YAYA
That’s not fair, Carl. I’m always paying.

CARL
Let’s take you out of it and just talk about women in general.

YAYA
I’m a generous person, Carl.

CARL
Sure you’re a generous person, but..

Yaya just stares at him.

CARL (CONT'D)
When it comes to you and me, we're dealing with roles that I hate. I don't want to be the man, while you the woman, I want us to be best friends.

YAYA
I don't want to sleep with my best friend.

CARL
But don't you understand? …I mean we should treat each other as equals, not just fall into the trap of stereotypical gender-based roles, like most couples seem to do.

Yaya gets out of the car.

INT. HOTEL / ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The hotel elevator stops at their floor and the doors swing open. Both of them are soaking wet. Carl is in mid-rant.

CARL
You know, I don't mind paying! I really like to invite you, I really enjoy it, but there's a limit, a point where I feel used. I hate that I feel that way, but I do, I'm sorry!

YAYA
I use you!?

CARL
I'm just referring to my feelings now, but okay, we could go through the last few days and...

YAYA
Are you serious now!? You are staying at my hotel! I, I, I bought you that t-shirt, and I invited you for dinner tonight...

CARL
You got this t-shirt for free, and actually you didn't invite me for dinner.

YAYA
That’s because my card didn't work.

Carl is smiling ironically. Yaya can’t believe her eyes.

YAYA (CONT’D)
There’s a cash machine in the lobby, I’ll pay back every last cent right this minute!

She presses the button to the lobby.

CARL
You know what... It’s ok.

Carl presses the button that holds the doors open.

YAYA
I'm going to pay you back, Carl. I just didn't realize that you needed the money right now, when we are going to bed.

She pushes the "close" button, Carl pushes the "open" button. Yaya's last sentence really triggers him. He looks at her, pauses for effect and delivers the following with as much gravitas as he can muster.

CARL
Ah, so your intention was to pay me back?

YAYA
Yes, of course.

CARL
Really?

YAYA
Yes.

CARL
Then why did you take the 50-euro bill from the table?

The elevator doors start closing and Carl movies to block them.

CARL (CONT’D)
When your card didn't work, you started to look for cash in your wallet... and you put down a 50-euro bill on the table, right? And when you didn't have enough
(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)
cash, I paid with my card. ...And then... instead of giving the 50 euros to me, you picked it up from the table and put it back in your purse.

Yaya shakes her head slowly. The look in her eyes is deadly.

CARL (CONT'D)
What? …I'm just relaying what actually happened.

Yaya locates her wallet in her handbag, picks out the 50-euro bill and crams it into Carl's shirt pocket.

CARL (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing!?

Carl looks shocked, steps back, leaving the elevator doorway.

CARL (CONT'D)
DON'T YOU DO THAT TO ME! DON'T YOU FUCKING DO THAT TO ME! YOU DON'T FUCKING DO THAT TO ME!

He grabs the 50 euros, folds the bill and pushes it through the slot between the elevator and the building so it falls down into the elevator shaft

YAYA
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MY MONEY!?

CARL
HAHAHA YOUR MONEY!?

The doors start to close.

YAYA
THAT'S RIGHT, MY MONEY!

CARL
OH MY GOD! YOUR MONEY?! YOUR 50 EUROS!? I'LL GIVE YOU 100 EUROS, 1000 FUCKING EUROS IF YOU LIKE. WHY CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS NOT ABOUT MONEY!

The door is shut.

CARL (CONT'D)
THIS IS NOT ABOUT…

Carl presses the button, but it won't open. He remains

standing there for a while, the wind taken out of his sails.

CARL (CONT'D)
…money

INT. HOTEL / CORRIDOR - NIGHT 8

As he turns to head for their hotel room, he faces a cleaning lady, staring right at him. Carl's too upset to be ashamed and strides past her in the hallway. At first with determination - after all, it's crystal clear that she was in the wrong… Then comes the split-second of doubt. He tries to shoo it away with the memory of Yaya stuffing that bill in his shirt pocket, so totally unacceptable! He did the right thing. The hallway is long, and doubt comes boomeranging back. The closer he gets to their room, the more it all hits home.

9 INT. HOTEL / CARL & YAYA'S ROOM - NIGHT 9

Finally, inside the room, he tries to text and call Yaya with no answer. He takes off his clothes and gets in bed, presses all six light buttons but can't figure out how to turn the lights off.

Gets up to unscrew the bulb itself when the door opens and closes.

Yaya pokes her head in, she looks unhappy. They sit across from each other.

CARL
What have you been doing?

YAYA
Trying to sleep on a chair.

CARL
How'd that go?

YAYA
Well, I'm back. What have you been doing?

CARL
I was walking up and down the corridor and texting you multiple times.

YAYA
This is so silly.

YAYA (CONT'D)
I'm so good at being manipulative. I don't know, I do it and I don't even realize that I'm doing it.

CARL
I love you. No, but seriously, it's amazing that you can tell me that. Now you're a generous person.

YAYA
Okay. Ask me anything.

CARL
You sure?

CARL (CONT'D)
In the restaurant, with the bill..

YAYA
What about it?

CARL
You intentionally didn't pick that up, right?

YAYA
Yes.

CARL
Didn't that embarrass you?

YAYA
No.

CARL
But you make more money than I do.

YAYA
It doesn't really matter who makes more money.

CARL
What is it about, then?

YAYA
What if I fall pregnant?

CARL
With me?

YAYA
What if I fall pregnant and I can't go on working.
(MORE)

YAYA (CONT'D)
I need to know that the person I'm with intends to take care of me. Otherwise I'm wasting my time.

CARL
Yeah, I guess you're not the kind to work in a restaurant or a supermarket, are you? No offense.

YAYA
I'm a model, the only way for me to get out of this life is to become someone's trophy wife.

CARL
So, there's nothing else to this for you other than increasing the followers on our Instagram, and all that?

YAYA
It makes sense doesn't it?

CARL
Sure.

YAYA
I like you. You like me. It's good for business.

CARL
Nothing more?

Yaya shakes her head.

CARL (CONT'D)
I'd like to put a bet on that.

YAYA
Okay. Deal.

CARL
We'll see. I'll make you love me. It'll be real love as well. You'll forget about this trophy shit and you'll love me.

Carl smiles lovingly at her. Yaya purses her lips to keep from smiling back. She looks lovingly at Carl, at his hair, his sad blue eyes.

PART TWO - THE CRUISE SHIP.

INT/EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The interior of a helicopter. We focus on a parcel that the copilot has on his lap. Through the window, behind the parcel, we see a turquoise sea flashing past. When the helicopter slows down and begins to hover, the copilot opens the side door, hooks up the parcel to a wire pulley and lowers it.

18 EXT. SPEEDBOAT - DAY 18

On the rear deck of a luxurious sailing yacht we see a Filipino crew member wearing sports goggles with reflective lenses gazing up at the chopper, generating massive winds. After a while, he reaches skywards and grabs the parcel, unhooks it, says something into his walkie-talkie and the wire that lowered the parcel is hauled back up.

19 EXT. YACHT / DECK - DAY 19

We cut to a long shot and see the wire going back up to the helicopter hovering some 50 meters over the cruise ship. When only a few meters are left to go, the pilot dips the nose of the chopper and leaves.

20 INT. YACHT / HALLWAYS & KITCHEN - DAY 20

The parcel is carried down the hallways and into the galley...

21 INT. YACHT / KITCHEN - DAY 21

...where it is handed over to one of the chefs. He places it on a counter and starts opening it, revealing... three jars of Nutella. We hear a V.O. while the Nutella jars are on screen.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA (O.S)
The success of a luxury cruise depends mainly on two moments... Number one: The first hours the guests are on board. Number two: The last day the guests are on board....

22 INT. YACHT / LOBBY - DAY 22

We cut to the lobby and see that the voice belongs to the Chief Stewardess, who's gathered the service staff for a pep-talk. Everyone in the room is sporting the ship's uniform: a white polo shirt, blue slacks, blue sailing shoes. They all have a deep tan from spending a season at sea. The Chief Stewardess is pretty and girlish, yet still as steely as a drill instructor.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
If we can impress them on those two occasions then the cruise will probably be a success. I don't want to hear anybody saying, "we don't need to cover the sundeck they all leave after breakfast." No. I want full set-up every morning. No excuses. Not even for the last hour. It's always "Yes, sir! Yes, ma'am!" If there is an illegal substance they want or a unicorn.

She opens her arms wide like a conductor.

CREW
"Yes, sir! Yes, ma'am!"

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Yes! I know, I know what it is to work for service. I know all the challenges you're facing, but at these times, I ask of you to keep that chin up. Stay strong and try to remind yourself that if everything goes well at the end of the cruise...

The people at one of the tables start doing a drum roll with their hands on the table...

CREW
Money, money, money!

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
A very generous tip...

CREW
Money! Money! Money! Money!

The staff cheers.

INT. YACHT / FILIPINO CREW CABIN - DAY 23

On the lowest deck, under the waterline, you find the Filipino crew members. Dressed in uniform - a blue tee, blue slacks, blue sailing shoes and shades with reflective lenses - they are playing cards in a cabin with bunk beds. When they hear the noise from the service staff one deck higher up, they momentarily gaze at the ceiling. The reflective goggles make the men look mean and insect-like. Why did the director choose these attributes, we wonder?

INT. YACHT / CARL AND YAYA'S CABIN - MORNING

Carl and Yaya are passed out in the bed, tangled up in the sheets when ABIGAIL THE TOILET MANAGER knocks on the door.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)
Housekeeping!

No one answers. She knocks again, listens, opens the door and walks into the little hallway, but stops immediately when she hears someone calling.

CARL
No. No, thank you.

ABIGAIL
Do you want me to clean the room?

CARL
No, thanks.

ABIGAIL
Okay, I'll come back in 30 minutes?

CARL
No, you can come back a bit later.

ABIGAIL
Okay, one hour?

YAYA
Could you just come back a bit later, please?

ABIGAIL
Okay, I'll come back later. Sorry ma'am.

Abigail leaves.

EXT. YACHT / A DECK / FORWARD - DAY

Yaya is posing in a bikini on the rear deck, Carl is taking the photos. After a couple of shots Yaya shows that she wants to have a look. Carl hands over the mobile phone to her and Yaya scrolls back and forth, commenting on the pictures.

Carl looks at the sea and then at a crew member who jumps down to the deck, slips off his t-shirt. Carl reacts - the crew don't usually draw any attention to themselves. Going bare- chested is very inappropriate and probably not allowed on board. In addition to this, the man's body is not a pumped-up gym product like his own, but naturally tanned and perfectly chiseled by repeated hard labor.

Then he realizes that Yaya is right next to him, that she can see what he sees too, and he becomes afraid of where her gaze may have wandered.

The crew member starts smiling and Yaya smiled back. Carl is convinced about what's going on... It's utterly shameless to flirt with someone in front of their partner. If Yaya is allowing him to do this, it will exponentially increase the humiliation factor. Carl gives Yaya an accusing look.

YAYA
What?

CARL
Nothing.

CREW MEMBER
Hey!

YAYA
Hey.

She's talking to him!!!! Carl becomes furious.

CARL
What are you doing? Are you talking to the crew?

YAYA
Yeah...

CARL
Why are you talking to the crew?

YAYA
I said hello.

CARL
Yeah, you smiled at him and you said hello.

YAYA
So?

CARL
Seriously, Yaya, we're sitting here together, you don't just do that.

YAYA
Do what?

CARL
If I started smiling at the hot stewardess and you know...

YAYA
You think she's hot?

CARL
No, but if she was, and I started smiling at her, and giggling and saying "Hey," like you did, then you wouldn't like it, would you?

YAYA
Are you jealous?

CARL
No. No, I'm not. It's just like I mean, look at you. Then a hot guy turns up...

YAYA
Do you think he's hot?

CARL
He's alright. Do you?

YAYA
Yeah!

CARL
What the fuck?

YAYA
You just said you thought he was hot!

CARL
But, you don't have to... You said it very quickly. Jesus!

YAYA
Drop it, okay?

She goes back to her phone. Carl remains distracted by the shirtless crew member.

INT. YACHT / RECEPTION DESK - DAY

20 seconds later, Carl rings the bell at the reception desk. While he's waiting, his eyes wander to the items in the glass case. Carl is interrupted by the arrival of the Chief Stewardess that comes from the deck above.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Can I help you, sir?

CARL
Sorry, just quickly. I was on the rear deck, and one of your crew members was bare-chested.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Really?

CARL
Yeah, and smoking.

She frowns to show how serious this was.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Oh, I'm so sorry. That's so inappropriate. I'll take care of that. I'm so sorry.

CARL
Maybe it's not a big issue.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
No, but it's not acceptable here.

CARL
I thought I'd let you know. I didn't want to make anything of it.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Thank you so much. It won't happen again, sir. I promise you that.

CARL
Alright, thanks.

Carl leaves the reception and The Chief Stewardess turns to ALICIA THE STEWARDESS.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Alicia? There's a crew member up on the deck with no shirt on.

ALICIA
No shirt on?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Yes.

Suddenly Carl appears in front of the reception desk again. The Chief Stewardess shoots a quizzical glance at him from the doorway. Their previous encounter is still fresh in the memory.

CARL
Sorry...

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Yes?

Carl summons up courage.

CARL
Is it possible to look at engagement rings?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Yes, of course!

She flashes him a friendly smile, gets up and places the tray with the rings on the counter.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA (CONT'D)
This is a beautiful ring. This is 24-carat gold. We have a point nine diamond in the middle, and we have four brilliants on every side. Of the band. It's a very beautiful ring.

CARL
Yes. It's really nice.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Do you want me to try it on so you can see it on a hand.

CARL
Oh, okay yeah.

Paula places the ring on her finger to show off to Carl.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
It’s a very nice diamond, a flawless diamond.

CARL
What was the price of that one?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
This one is 28,000 euros.

Carl nods.

INT. YACHT / OUTSIDE CAPTAIN’S CABIN - DAY

The Chief Stewardess is now hurrying along the fourth deck. At the end of the corridor the Chief Stewardess stops, knocks on a cabin door and listens.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Captain?

Not a sound. She knocks again.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
(through the door)
Yes?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
I just wanted to tell you that it’s time for the safety drill.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
I’m just not feeling well.

A troubled look momentarily passes over the Chief Stewardess’s face.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Should I get the doctor?

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
No, I’ll be fine. Just have the First take care of it and then I’ll see you later.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Okay!

INT. YACHT / DINING ROOM - DAY

We enter the dining room where it’s lunchtime. A waiter walks up and places a Nutella jar at the table of DIMITRY, a Russian billionaire.

The patriarch sits with two women -- VERA, older, and LUDMILLA, younger. It’s not easy to understand what kind of relationship they have to each other. Are they sisters? Are they wife and mistress?

At the other side of the same table sit Carl and Yaya. Carl is taking photos of Yaya raising a fork of pasta towards her mouth. But she never lets the pasta reach her lips and when she's satisfied with the picture she pushes the plate away from her. Dimitry stares at her and makes a confused face.

DIMITRY
Aren’t you going to eat the pasta?

Yaya looks up at Dimitry from her screen.

YAYA
Sorry?

DIMITRY
Aren’t you going to eat the pasta?

YAYA
Oh. No I’m gluten intolerant.

Carl tries to cover the awkward silence.

CARL
It’s just for pictures. She’s an influencer.

ZLATKO
Okay. You make money from that?

CARL
It depends. You mostly get free stuff, to be honest. We got this cruise for free.

DIMITRY
Good! Her looks paid for the tickets. Not bad, huh?

CARL
I guess so, yeah. It did. So what do you do?

DIMITRY
I sell shit.

CARL
What, sorry?

DIMITRY
I sell shit! Fertilizer for agriculture.

CARL
Oh, fertilizer. Interesting

DIMITRY
In every business, it’s the right place in the right moment. My right place: east Europe. Right moment: end of the 80s, beginning of the 90s.

LUDMILLA
Baby? Can I have this one?

The younger of the two women, shows something on her phone to Dimitry.

DIMITRY
Yeah.

LUDMILLA
Thank you. Love you.

Dimitry gets back to telling his story.

ZLATKO
So in the beginning of the 80s, I was only CEO in one agriculture “Kombinat”, we called it. A hundred thousand pigs, two million chickens, and we’re getting some kind of monopoly. You can call me the King of the Shit! When you have money, you know, you don’t leave money to sleep, you understand. Money must not sleep. So you put this money, from this business, because factories are shutting down.

We leave the table as we catch up on a waiter that is carrying a bottle of champagne. We stop at the table of a old cute British couple, WINSTON and CLEMENTINE. On the other side THERESE, who is impaired by a stroke and sitting in a wheelchair.

WINSTON
You have the panna cotta, I'll have the tiramisu.

CLEMENTINE
Fine.

Clementine leans over and smiles towards Therese.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
I'm Clementine and this is my husband, Winston. We're from Great Britain.

Therese smiles at Clementine but instead of answering she starts to look around.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

My name is Clementine. And this is my husband Winston. We're from Great Britain.

After a couple of seconds Therese's husband Uli arrives to the table.

ULI
Hello. This is my wife, Therese. She understands you perfectly, but my wife had a stroke. Since then, she's suffering from a disability of speaking.

THERESE
In den Wolken...

CLEMENTINE
In den Wolken... What does it mean?

ULI
Up in the clouds.

CLEMENTINE
Oh! How beautiful.

EXT. YACHT / A DECK / FORWARD - DAY

The shirtless crew member is ushered off the yacht onto a waiting speed boat. He says his goodbyes to fellow crew members.

Carl watches from above.

EXT. YACHT / BAR / DECK - NIGHT

Music plays and lights spin on the deck as people mingle.

Dimitry is having a drink at a table next to Carl. A couple of meters away from them is Finnish businessman in his 50s, JARMO, sitting alone.

Jarmo is holding on to a tall glass of beer for dear life while he stares at Yaya and Ludmilla. Is it curiosity that captivates him, or desire? We have no idea, but his gazing is doomed with prejudice. Suddenly Dimitry leans towards Carl.

DIMITRY
Look at that. Sad, huh? He's hunting. Big dilemma. Should he take the risk, or go to his room? Look, look! Maybe he has a chance!

With his eyes on the horizon, Jarmo sighs deeply before turning his gaze back on to the young females.

JARMO
Sorry if I'm interrupting. Could you do me a favor? I have this girl who should be here with me, but couldn't come and I would like to take a picture please. Can you take my picture?

YAYA
Of course.

Jarmo gives Yaya his phone and places himself in the bar with one of the beers slightly raised towards the lens. Yaya takes some pictures and hand back the phone.

JARMO
Thank you very much.

YAYA
A pleasure.

JARMO
Have a nice evening.

YAYA
You too.

They smile at each other and Jarmo returns to his beers. It's a sad image. Touching. A lonely man in a bar, scrolling through images of himself - alone in a bar. Suddenly Yaya is struck by empathy.

YAYA (CONT'D)
Excuse me? Mister? Could you please come back? You can leave your beer. If you come in the middle. Then we can take a picture together.

Yaya extends her hand towards Jarmo's phone. Jarmo takes a step closer and gives it to her. Then the girls places Jarmo in between them, puts their arms around his neck, and start posing away. 20 duckface - boob pushing - cheek kissing - later, Jarmo returns to his spot in the bar with a big smile on his face.

JARMO
Okay, nice! Yeah! Now we're talking! Thank you very much! You're very generous!

He's pointing towards Yaya.

Suddenly the smiles on Carl and Dimitry's faces have vanished. Instead they look angry.

JARMO (CONT'D)
I would like to do something generous for you. They have Rolex watches in the reception. We can go down there now and I will buy you Rolex watches!

YAYA
No, its okay, thank you!

JARMO
It may sound strange, but I'm... What you just did there, it meant so much to me. So I can... I'm very rich. Yes let's not beat around the bush. I'm very rich.

YAYA
How rich are you?

JARMO
I'm so fucking rich! I just sold my company.

INT. YACHT / OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

The Chief Stewardess comes walking along the corridor on the fourth deck again. She stops outside the Captain's cabin, knocks on the door, listens. Not a sound. She knocks again.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Yeah, I'm not drunk! I told you I'm not feeling well.

A couple exits their room. The Chief Stewardess greets them politely.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Good evening, sir. Good evening, madam.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Are you still there, Paula?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Thomas? I just want to ask you when you're able to hold the Captain's Dinner?

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
I can't do the Captain' Dinner now!

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
No, I'm asking you a question, Thomas. When are you able to put on your uniform and be there for the guests?

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Okay. Well, what's the forecast.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
The weather's fine, Thomas. It's about when you can do it. Any day but Thursday.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Thursday's good.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
No. Thomas. Thursday's bad. We have a low-pressure zone moving in. Any day but Thursday.

CAPTAIN (O.S)
Yes, Thursday! Okay!

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Okay, listen. I'll come and talk to you about this later.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA (CONT'D)
Paula! Every day, they eat dinner and they're going to eat dinner Thursday as well. Right?

EXT. YACHT / BAR / DECK - NIGHT

Jarmo gestures to the bartender.

JARMO
Your most expensive champagne, and three glasses. Are these your boyfriends?

YAYA
Yeah.

JARMO
Guys, you take care of these girls now! They're really nice girls! Generous. Caring. You treat them right! You think they want champagne? Okay, five glasses.

Dimitry leaves, calling for Ludmilla to come with him.

EXT. YACHT / C DECK / TOP DECK - NIGHT

A sleepy version of Des'ree's "Life (Oh life)" played by the lounge pianist, is heard in the background while a guard is patrolling the deck with his machine gun.

EXT. YACHT / BAR / DECK - NIGHT

Yaya dances by Jarmo's chair. Trying to tug him onto the dance floor. He resists.

JARMO
I'm terrible at dancing.

YAYA
What if I go? Come on, dance with me! Just a little bit. Don't be shy!

She realizes he's not going to get up. Gives up and goes back to her seat.

INT. YACHT / CARL AND YAYA'S CABIN - NIGHT

By the time Yaya reaches the cabin, the lights are out and Carl's in bed with his back to the door. Yaya knows that Carl will be in a bad mood and tries to make her voice soft and tender.

YAYA
Carl?

She immediately realizes that her voice was too cautious. This will only annoy the receiver. She clears her throat and tries to sound more rational.

YAYA (CONT'D)
Carl? Are you jealous?

Still no answer. Yaya goes over and sits down on the bed. She reaches out to touch Carl, but he's not there. The blanket has been stuffed with pillows.

CARL
Who's Carl?

The voice is coming from behind the bathroom door. The light turns on and he steps out.

YAYA
What? You're not Carl?

CARL
No. I'm the pool guy. Sorry about coming into the mansion, I just needed to get some tools. Over here.

Yaya laughs, relieved that Carl is choosing an unexpected strategy to handle his lost masculinity.

Yaya smiles and plays along, pointing him to the imaginary tools. Trying not to laugh.

YAYA
It's very inappropriate. What if my husband comes home?

CARL
Where is your husband? He really shouldn't be leaving such a beautiful girl on her own because it's very dangerous around here.

YAYA
You should take that off.

He strips off his shirt for her.

CARL
You see, the thing is, your husband pays me a lot of money. So I do have to make sure I'm doing my job properly. Okay?

YAYA
You check the pipes?

They try not to laugh.

YAYA (CONT'D)
You're sure you're the right guy for the job?

CARL
I am. I'm very qualified.

They kiss.

EXT. YACHT / A DECK / FORWARD - DAY

Awkwardly Yaya "uses" boat props without having the slightest idea of how to handle them. After a couple of shots Yaya shows that she wants to have a look. Carl hands over the mobile phone to her and Yaya scrolls back and forth, commenting on the pictures. Carl's opinion seems to not be of interest. "Boyfriends of Instagram". That's exactly what Carl feels like right now. Like these boyfriends that are reduced to just take pictures of their narcissistic Instagram girlfriends. He's not even a male model anymore.

Elsewhere on the deck, Vera, the older of Dimitry's two women, sits in the jacuzzi while Alicia the Stewardess sits at the edge and waits on her.

VERA
Do you know what people regret on their deathbed?

ALICIA
No.

VERA
That they were working too much, seven out of ten people regret throwing away their lives on stupid and pointless jobs.

Alicia smiles gently.

ALICIA
Can I get you anything to drink?

Vera extends her glass towards the stewardess who takes the champagne bottle from the ice bucket and fills it up.

VERA
More champagne, please. I don't know, I was just born into this life. It was not my fault and when this happened. I just felt like "why?" Life is so unfair.

ALICIA
Yeah.

VERA
We are all equal.

ALICIA
That is so true.

VERA
Everyone's equal. Is there anything you wish for?

Vera gets excited, she really feels that there is a connection between them.

ALICIA
Sorry?

VERA
Is there anything you wish for?

ALICIA
Well, I don't know.

VERA
But if today was your last day alive, what would you wish for?

ALICIA
I have no idea.

VERA
Have you been for a swim today?

ALICIA
No, not today.

VERA
Why don't you go for a swim right now? Because this is exactly what I'm talking about.

ALICIA
That's so kind of you, madam, but unfortunately we're not allowed to go for a swim during working hours.

VERA
I want all the staff to go for a swim! I want you all to go for a swim!

ALICIA
Well, today might ab a little bit problematic because today we have the Captain's Dinner.

VERA
Who cares about the Captain's Dinner? This will only take half an hour. You work too hard, come on.

ALICIA
Let me see what I can do.

VERA
Merci!

The stewardess moves backwards, trying to escape but Vera stops her.

VERA (CONT'D)
No, no come back! Come back please! I have a better idea. Sit down.

Alicia kneels beside her again.

ALICIA
Okay.

VERA
Let's reverse roles.

ALICIA
Sorry?

VERA
Just change roles. You relax in the jacuzzi and I'll get the captain. Come on! Just be in the moment, like I was. Please!

ALICIA
Yea, but...

VERA
Come, come, I know you want to.

ALICIA
Yes, I do but there might be a problem for me if I...

VERA
Now I have to be the authority.

ALICIA
I have my clothes on...

VERA
Shut up, shut up! Now! I command you, enjoy the moment!

ALICIA
Now?

VERA
Please.

ALICIA
No.

VERA
No?

ALICIA
No.

VERA
You say “no” to me?

ALICIA
No. No!

VERA
So it’s “yes”.

ALICIA
Yes... No.

VERA
Yes or no?

ALICIA
Sorry, I’m saying. I’m saying. Yes.

VERA
Yes! Don’t worry Dimitry will buy the yacht. Come on! Sit down.

ALICIA
Okay, I’m going in.

In order to not lose all dignity the stewardess now starts playing along. She slips into the jacuzzi waist-high with an uncomfortable smile. Passing stewardesses give her strange looks.

VERA
Dimitry! A glass of champagne for this wonderful... Miss...

She waits. She doesn’t even know her name.

ALICIA
Alicia.

INT/EXT. YACHT / BRIDGE / BRIDGE - DAY

The Chief Stewardess hurries up to the crew deck.

Before the Chief Stewardess enters the bridge, we have time to notice a portrait of Marx and one of Lenin and that the Captain’s chair at the helm is symbolically vacant.

Instead, the FIRST OFFICER smokes on the deck.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Darius? I need your help. I need you to tell one of the guests that the crew can’t go for a swim.

Darius, the First Officer, doesn’t seem to be surprised.

DARIUS
Why?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Well, I told them it’s not possible because of the dinner, but they want to hear it from the captain in person. So I went to Thomas’s cabin, I knocked on it, he’s not there. He’s not responding. I can’t get a hold of him so could you just please go and tell them it’s not possible. That would be a big help.

DARIUS
Can’t you just go for a swim?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
No. I mean, that would be easiest, but they want us to go down the water slide and.. It’s not funny.

A nearby CREW MEMBER laughs to himself.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA (CONT’D)
Why are you laughing, Erik? Why are you even here?

ERIK
I’m on my break.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Well, your break is over. Go back to work.
(to Darius)
The chef has started the dinner, I need the prep-time. So please go and tell them it’s not possible.

DARIUS
I’m not going to go and talk to some crazy Russians.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
It’s not crazy Russians, it’s very rich Russians.

DARIUS
Same thing. We’re done. Go and take a swim.

They notice that a GUEST is hanging near the bridge door.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Hello Sir. Do you want to see the bridge?

GUEST
If possible.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Of course. I can get the First Officer. He’s not doing anything right now. Can you show the guest the bridge, please?

DARIUS
Yes, of course. Welcome to the bridge.

Paula hurries away.

INT. YACHT / OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

We follow her feet as the Chief Stewardess pops down to the fourth deck and the Captain's cabin. The camera tilts up to show her face. The Chief Stewardess knocks and waits, but no one opens the door

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Thomas? Thomas? Hello?

Not a sound. She knocks again. Still nothing. She knocks a third time and jiggles the door handle. An elderly couple come down the hallway and the Chief Stewardess immediately flashes them a smile.

LADY 1
Good Afternoon.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Good afternoon.

The LADY nods and is about to pass by but decides to stop.

LADY 1
Actually, I have a question.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Yes, of course.

LADY 1
Yesterday, I was up on the sundeck and the sun was shining, everything was perfect. But then I looked at the sails.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
The sails?

LADY 1
Yes. And they were a bit dirty.

The Chief Stewardess nods and smiles. It's impressive to see how she never loses her temper. In the presence of passengers, there's always a smile on her face, and when they are out of sight, she looks neutral. Never gets emotional, no matter what happens.

However, this is the tail end of the cruise season and three months of spoiled guests at sea have gotten under the skin of the staff anyone who has ever worked in the service sector knows what this means; you start to hate not only the customers, but mankind in general.

We follow the Chief Stewardess as she disappears down the hallway, and for a second, out of the movie set.

INT. YACHT / KITCHEN - DAY 44

In the kitchen, the Chef and four of his assistants are preparing the Captain's Dinner. When the in-house phone rings, the Chef clamps the handset to his ear with his shoulder to keep on working.

CHEF
Hello? Yeah, but do you realize the food down here is going to be bad. Okay, bye.

He hangs up the phone.

CHEF (CONT'D)
Okay guys, listen up. You are going to swim. So bring your swimming pants and go to the main deck as quick as possible okay? You're going to the water slide. Have fun!

The kitchen staff hurry out.

INT. CREW QUARTERS -

A CREWMAN knocks on every door in the hall, calling for them to come out. He scolds two SITTING MAIDS; they get up.

INT. YACHT / OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY 46

The First Officer stops at the Captain's cabin and is just about to knock when the PA system signals.

DING-DONG

CHIEF STEWARDESS (O.S.)
I hope everyone's had a great day so far, and that you're looking forward to the Captain's Dinner tonight.

The door swings open. THE CAPTAIN is standing there, his hair is wet, and he's wearing a bathrobe. He looks puzzled to see the First Officer, but they have to remain silent because the message blares out of the PA system.

CHIEF STEWARDESS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'd just like to inform you that we have a slight change to the schedule. The Captain's Dinner will start at eight thirty, and not at eight as it says on the daily program. I repeat: The Captain's Dinner will start at eight thirty and not at eight. Thank you

THE CAPTAIN
Why the push?

DARIUS
The crew's going for a swim. It's a request from one of the Russians. From the water slide.

A smile spreads across the Captain's face. Any concerns that he would be angry are now dismissed - he and the First Officer appear to be good friends.

THE CAPTAIN
Oh my god, I've gotta see.

DARIUS
I think you need to change if you want to go up. Let's go inside and talk. We have four and a half hours left until the Captain's Dinner. You chill in your room, have a little nap. I'll be back in a couple of hours and we'll go together.

THE CAPTAIN
Darius... Look at you! What are you all worked up about? I'm fine!

The Captain laughs, even winks.

EXT. YACHT / ENGINE ROOM - DAY

One engineer shouts to another over the roar of the engine to come upstairs.

EXT. YACHT / REAR DECK - DAY

So, there they are, the entire crew. All lined up on the rear deck, in swim gear. One by one, they enter the waterslide, slide down into the water, swim out in a semicircle and return to the swimming platform attached to the yacht.

Vera smiles and cheers the crew on.

INT. YACHT (VARIOUS ROOMS) - EVENING

The sky has gone dark blue and thunderclaps are increasing in frequency. The yacht is starting to rock and we see a collage of inanimate objects: curtains and a chandelier, a door left open, a champagne glass rolling back and forth and getting close to the edge of the table... It's slightly spooky.

INT. YACHT / DINING ROOM - EVENING

Paula and Darius escort the Captain into position.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
If you stand here, and they will be coming to you. Let me see you. Just one night, that's all.

THE CAPTAIN
Okay.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Okay, you're ready?

THE CAPTAIN
Yes.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Okay, lets get ready to open the doors. And...go.

When the doors to the dining room open 30 minutes behind schedule, the crowd bobs in time with the waves, making them look like they're drunk. High heels and pencil skirts aren't exactly conducive to balance! After marking their chosen seats as taken, they all line up to shake hands with the Captain and First Officer Darius.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA (CONT'D)
Would you like a glass of champagne?

THE CAPTAIN
Good evening. Enjoying your cruise?

DARIUS
Welcome. Enjoy your dinner. Hope the weather's not too rough on you.

Next it's Lady 1's turn in line.

LADY 1
I have a question. I'm sorry. Yesterday I was up on the deck. And it was so beautiful. Everything was fantastic. But then I saw the sails.

THE CAPTAIN
The sails?

LADY 1
The sails, yes. They were dirt-gray. Do you think it's possible to wash them?

The lady smiles warmly and doesn't appear to have a clue at her words might be perceived as criticism.

THE CAPTAIN
Well, I don't think that's possible, ma'am, because this is a motorized vessel. So we don't have any sails.

DARIUS
Maybe it was the sundeck roof?

LADY 1
Are you sure?

THE CAPTAIN
I'm sure.

She calls to her husband and confers with him.

LADY 1
Yes. He says yes. It was sails.

THE CAPTAIN
Well, in that case we will clean the sails.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
I'm sure we can find a solution for you. Can I escort you to a table?

Jarmo steps up next.

JARMO
Jarmo Björkman. I’m sitting at your table.

CAPTAIN
Oh! Good, good.

DARIUS
Hello, Jarmo.

A wave hits the boat, making a baby start to cry. The Captain takes a deep breath.

INT. YACHT / DINING ROOM (AT TABLE #1) - EVENING

As the guests read the seven-course menu, most of them regret not just staying in their cabins. Tonight’s gastronomical theme is a fusion between Cantonese and Swedish delicacies from the sea. A biased summary of the Cantonese cuisine is that you eat anything that doesn’t make you sick. Sick, not seasick. The Swedish seafood tradition is less familiar to them... so far.

Jarmo babbles at the Captain.

JARMO
It’s not so much apps as code. I create code for apps. So, I sell my codes and my skills to different tech companies. And then, the game makers are pitching ideas to me.

As each dish is served, the service staff wait until everyone is in place. The plates are set down at the same time in perfect choreography.

Ta-da!

Pointing with their pinkies, they explain that the first dish is oysters with black Russian caviar.

Though it may be physically possible to leave the table, it’s hardly socially acceptable. The dinner guests are prisoners of etiquette. Still, there are some guests, that are trying to keep up a good spirit. At the table of the cute British couple, Clementine and her husband, Winston are seated with Carl and Yaya.

CARL
So what business do you have together?

WINSTON
Oh, it's a family business. Producing products in precision engineering.

CARL
What do you manufacture?

WINSTON
Well, our products have been employed in upholding democracy all over the world.

Winston smiles, and so does Carl, only he doesn't quite get it.

CARL
What product is that?

WINSTON
Basically, our best selling product is the hand grenade.

Yaya has now finished answering the text and puts her phone away.

YAYA
Sorry, what?

CLEMENTINE
The hand grenade, dear.

On the far side of the room, a guest vomits on their way out of the room. The people at the table look away.

WINSTON
For a long time it was the personal exploding device. But then came those UN regulations and messed everything up.

Clementine realizes that the table guests might need some help with the technical language.

CLEMENTINE
"Personal exploding device" is a very complicated word for a landmine.

WINSTON
Those regulations trimmed 25% off our profit. It resulted in hard times for us, we had to restructure the whole company.

CLEMENTINE
Yes...

Clementine smiles sadly at the thought of these hard times. Winston takes her hand.

WINSTON
But we made it together.

CLEMENTINE
Yes, we did and we still love each other. A toast!

WINSTON
To love!

A table guest, who now looks a bit pale, gets up and quickly leaves the table without looking back. The others regard him with envy before going back to staring at their plates. About twenty seconds later, a stream of vomit splatters the outside of a window vent near their table. The Chief Stewardess excuses herself and goes to talk to one of the dining room staff. Twenty Two seconds later, a squeegee appears and scrapes off the mess on the window vent

INT. YACHT / DINING ROOM (AT TABLE #2) - EVENING

A subtle sense of anxiety now charges the air, which is evident in the subdued conversations. Fear of seasickness will slowly break down all the mental resistance to its existence. When the third dish is served...

Ta-da!

Dimitry's wife Vera is confronted with a huge mound of red caviar-like fish roe. Each time the yacht surges on the waves, the roe jiggles.

WAITER
Sir, Madam. This is "kalix löjrom", a fish roe, under a bed of deconstructed seaweed. Enjoy!

VERA
Thank you.

There is a word in Hungarian, "gailt", that means the sensation where your food seems to grow in your mouth, and everyone in the room will soon know that feeling. Vera gingerly tastes the roe. At first, she looks unaffected, but soon we realize that she is unable to bring herself to swallow it.

When an off-screen person vomits in the dining room, her faces changes color.

GUEST 1 (O.S.)
Uahhh...

Vera's head begins to turn a few degrees towards the sound but doesn't get there.

Instead, her body surprises her by regurgitating some scallop to mix with the roe in her mouth. She manages to keep it from escaping with a refill of the champagne.

Vera nods and forces herself to swallow the mess. The waiter fills her glass and she rinses her palate with a gulp.

Utensils shake and champagne sloshes more roughly as the storm outside worsens.

INT. YACHT / HALL - EVENING

A maid cart rolls down the hall at top speed and collides with the wall.

INT. YACHT / DINING ROOM - EVENING

One thing you need to know about seasickness is that it is even worse on an empty stomach. This is something the staff and Paula feel obligated to share with the guests:

PAULA
If you are feeling seasick, try to eat something. Try to swallow ma'am, you will feel much better soon.

As usual the staff, and in particular the Chief Stewardess, never stop smiling. Not even when the waves get so high that the china and silverware start sliding off the tables. Not even when attacks of vomiting will soon start spreading like an epidemic.

56 INT. YACHT / DINING ROOM (AT TABLE #3) - EVENING 56

The Captain's plate is set down: a burger and some fries. For the guests, a severed octopus tentacle on a plate of flowers.

WAITER
So, now we are serving some hamburger with french fries for the captain.
(MORE)

WAITER (CONT'D)
And for you we have something really special. We have grilled and smoked octopus along with some caramelized lemons, and on top, beautiful garden flowers. Please enjoy.

CAPTAIN
I'm not a fan of fine dining.

A Waiter offers Vera a bottle.

WAITER
Madam, Dagueneau, French, Sauvignon blanc?

VERA
Champagne. Quick!

Vera tries to laugh it off, but with tears in her eyes. Alternating smiles and gagging.

Two guests excuse themselves and leave the Captain's table. Following some gagging in unison, a substantial number of the guests start vomiting. They throw up into their napkins, on their plates, into their champagne glasses, in the wine buckets, and under the table.

Vera flings herself from her chair and projectile vomits across the table.

Ludmilla, the younger of Dimitry's women, hurries to help her. She mumbles for champagne.

Someone pours her a glass. She chugs it down and immediately vomits it out again. The room now full of shrieking and crying.

Yaya fans herself with the menu. Carl reaches over to touch her.

CARL
Are you okay?

She nods.

The Captain gestures across the room.

CAPTAIN
He doesn't look well.

Crew hurry to a man clutching his chest.

CREW MEMBER
Are you having chest pains?

This marks the start of a collective retreat. Nearly every last one of the guests get up and leave. Halfway through the dining room, they are greeted by the staff, armed with huge bowls of ginger candy and plastic bags (with Tax Free Shopping logos!?) to throw up in.

DARIUS (O.S.)
Everybody let's try to stay calm and remain in your seats.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Ginger candy? It'd good if you're seasick. Stay calm everybody, everything is fine!

One person grabs a handful and shoves it into his coat pocket. The British lady politely thanks them and carefully selects two pieces. Carl, Yaya and most of the others are unable to face the staff and simply stream past them like zombies with ghastly white faces.

Paula joins Crew Member carrying out the man with the heart problem. The man sits, then passes out on the floor.

PAULA
Is it a stroke? Everybody stay calm!

Therese is wheeled past screaming.

INT. YACHT / DINING ROOM - EVENING

The Captain is alone at the table. He has finished his wine -- he takes someone's abandoned glass and drinks it, too.

INT. YACHT / CABINS & CORRIDORS (VARIOUS) - EVENING 57

The Chief Stewardess helps Clementine and Winston to their room. Clementine vomits in the hallway. Winston offers her his hat, where she deposits the next wave of vomit.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
That's okay, madam.

WINSTON
I'm glad that hat came in useful.

CLEMENTINE
I'm so sorry darling.

WINSTON
No, no. It’s nothing at all.

Once the door closes behind the guests’ backs, Paula finally gets to regroup.

INT. YACHT / DINING ROOM - EVENING 58

The last of the ravaged guests have vacated the dining room. Apart from the wait staff, busy clearing the tables, only the Captain remains with his burger. And Dimitry, who sits down across from him.

DIMITRY (O.S.)
Hey!

THE CAPTAIN
Oh, hello.

DIMITRY
You didn’t go swimming?

THE CAPTAIN
Nope... Aren’t you seasick?

DIMITRY
You want to talk politics?

THE CAPTAIN
No, I definitely don’t want to talk politics.

Dimitry takes a seat on the opposite side of the table.

DIMITRY
I have a joke. Do you know how to tell a Communist? It’s someone who reads Marx and Lenin. And do you know how to tell an anti-Communist? It’s someone who understands Marx and Lenin! It’s Ronald Reagan. Funny guy!

CAPTAIN
“Never argue with an idiot, they’ll only bring you down to their level and beat you with experience.” Mark Twain.

DIMITRY
Ronald Reagan, he said also, “Socialism works only in heaven where they don’t need it, and in hell where they already have it.”

CAPTAIN
That’s pretty good. I’ve got one here. “Growth for the sake of growth is the ideology of a cancer cell.” That’s Edward Abbey.

DIMITRY
Listen: “The problem with socialism is that you eventually run out of other people’s money.” Margaret Thatcher.

CARL
You’re going to like this one...”The last capitalist we hand will be the one who sold us the rope” Karl Marx.

They laugh together while things fall off the table and roll away. Reading quotes they have stored on their phones.

DIMITRY
Oh! Shit! Okay... Classic. “The most powerful single force in the world today is the man’s eternal desire to be free and independent.” Kennedy.

CAPTAIN
Okay. “Freedom in capitalist society always remains about the same as it was in Ancient Greece. Freedom...for slave owners.”

Dimitry smiles widely, pours them both some more wine.

DIMITRY
I know. Vladimir Lenin. School. A Russian capitalist and an American communist.

CAPTAIN
On a $250-million luxury yacht.

INT. YACHT (VARIOUS ROOMS) - EVENING

The guests stagger off through the hallway towards their cabins. They vomit in the tax-free plastic bags, on the wall-to-wall carpeting and on the stairs. Someone slips in a puddle of vomit. Someone else sprays their cabin door with vomit when the key card doesn’t work.

INT. YACHT / DINING ROOM / CAPTAIN'S TABLE - EVENING

The Captain and Dimitry are more than halfway through the bottle at the table.

They play a drinking game with playing cards.

CAPTAIN
Red or black?

DIMITRY
Black.

CAPTAIN
Drink! Red or black?

DIMITRY
Red.

CAPTAIN
Drink my friend. You haven’t gotten one.

INT. YACHT / CAPTAIN’S CABIN - NIGHT

Dimitry has locked himself in the bridge and plays with the Tannoy loudspeaker.

DIMITRY
Shit. I sell shit. I sell shit. Shit.

INT. YACHT (VARIOUS ROOMS) - NIGHT

Passengers panic all over the ship.

DIMITRY (V.O.)
The ship is going under. Mayday. Mayday! The ship is going under. This is an emergency call. The ship is going under. This ship is not going under. The is the new owner of the ship speaking!
(MORE)

DIMITRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And as the communist captain we are now setting course for Cuba. We want to discuss politics with you.

The Captain wanders the hall with an armful of bottles. He hears the loudspeaker and hurries to his office.

INT. YACHT / CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

The Captain points at Dimitry in a "don't you do that again" manner. Dimitry wrestles the mic out of the Captains hand again.

CAPTAIN
Stop! I am not a communist. I'm a marxist.

DIMITRY
Or actually you don't have a choice. Just like in a communist dictatorship, you have to listen. You can't even turn off the volume. But I can.

INT. YACHT / HALL - NIGHT

All over the ship, people panic.

The passengers are soiling their linen outfits and the Italian silk sheets. They fill the toilets and shower with crap.

Guests are lined up sitting against the walls in the hallway wearing life jackets.

DIMITRY (V.O.)
Karl Marx wrote "The Communist Manifesto" So you are a communist.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
No! No! There's a difference.

DIMITRY (V.O.)
In materialism you believe in theory. You are an idealist.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
This thing is on. Sorry. But while I have you let me just say that, we are not on our way to tax paradise, that's for sure.
(MORE)

CAPTAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We all know about your tax planing, your tax avoidance, you don’t pay your fair share.

DIMITRY (V.O.)
Stop bullshit and pay taxes!

CAPTAIN
Yes, that is from your resident Russian capitalist pig.

Vera clings to the toilet in her underwear. As the ship rocks, Vera slides across the floor that is wet with her own vomit.

The Captain takes a sip of rum.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
I’m not angry with you, it’s just like Karl Marx said: “Anything human is not alien to me.” And I understand that your greedy behavior is just the result of your position in a financial hierarchy. That you’re rich but you can’t be rich and expect the rest of the world to be poor.
And while you’re swimming in abundance, the rest of the world is drowning in misery. That’s not the way it’s meant to be. And I know you have a good heart in there, somewhere. You filthy, capitalist, Russian pig. You have a good heart. You’re not just a crazy Russian...shit seller. I’m not a great. I’m a shit socialist because I have too much. I have too much abundance in my life. I’m not a worthy socialist. I’m a shit socialist.

Soon someone’s banging on the door to the bridge; it’s the Chief Stewardess Paula and Darius. The door is locked.

The Russian then turns to the Captain and motions for him to go on. The Captain starts leafing through the book...

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Open the door. Is it locked? Thomas?

DARIUS
Open the door. Open the door, Thomas.

CAPTAIN
I'm so sorry, that was irresponsible.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA (V.O.)
Open the door. Let us talk, open the door.

The men inside ignore the shouting on the other side of the door.

INT. YACHT / DINING ROOM - NIGHT

While the Captain is busy "preaching", a crew of six Filipino cleaning ladies, wearing lab masks, march into the dining room. They clean the mess methodically. One of them has headphones on. We move in on her ear and one of the earbuds. She's listening to Rage Against The Machine, "Killing In The Name". As she's wiping up vomit under a table the music becomes more and more distinct.

"Now you do what they told ya... Now you do what they told ya... And now you do what they told ya"

Somewhere at this point the audience should - depending on their capacity for empathy - feel that the passengers have had enough. We don't want to see any more vomit. We want mercy for them. At that very moment, trough Vera, we realize that they are not only seasick, they are suffering from food poisoning as well and now they desperately need to take a shit.

VERA
Mama! Uaaahhhhh... Help!

We see panic in their eyes as they dash back into the filthy toilets right when "Killing In The Name" swells to its first climax.

The plumbing goes on the fritz and starts backing up into the hallway.

Shit and vomit start welling up from the toilets, drains and sinks. Slime is oozing along the walls and out to the carpeted areas.

The passengers panic and try to get away from the stench and incredible filth.

They don’t stand a chance against nature and their bodily impulses. They spew at both ends uncontrollably and everywhere.

Carl and Yaya hold hands in their life jackets.

INT. YACHT / CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Dimitry and Chief Stewardess Paula argue through the door.

The Captain turns back on the microphone.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
How people perceive themselves is nothing that interests me. There are few that are gonna look in the mirror and say: “The person I see is a savage monster.” Instead, they make up some construction that justifies what they do. An there it is. You’re rich, so you’re a philanthropist, so you can cure your conscience of not paying enough in tax. Not contributing enough to society.

The shit river flows through the halls.

INT. YACHT / HALL - NIGHT

Paula and Darius gather at the breaker box. Suddenly the lights go out!

INT. YACHT / CAPTAIN’S CABIN - NIGHT

The Captain and Dimitry gather with the light from a cell phone.

CAPTAIN
I want to read you something that I wrote. Come over here. Bring the light.

DIMITRY
Okay.

CAPTAIN
And I recall, I was seven years old walking into the kitchen to find my mother crying inconsolably. Martin Luther King has been shot.
(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Two months later, she was crying again. Bobby Kennedy was killed. I couldn't know then what I know now, that the invisible thread connecting Martin Luther King, the Kennedy brothers, and Malcolm X, was that in each case, my government had their finger on the trigger.

DIMITRY
Wait. Wait!

Dimitry turns on the Tannoy loudspeaker. Outside, the sun is rising.

DIMITRY (CONT'D)
Say it again.

CAPTAIN
My government murdered Martin Luther King, Malcom X, Bobby Kennedy, and John F. Kennedy. My government overthrew good, honest, democratic leaders of the people in Chile, Venezuela, Argentina, Peru, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Panama, and Bolivia. Along with Britain, we carved up the Middle East, creating artificial geographical boundaries and installing puppet dictators. War itself became our most lucrative industry. Every bomb dropped, somebody makes a million dollars. You don't have to know where those bombs are exploding. You don't have to see the grieving mothers and the mangled bodies of their children.

INT/EXT. PIRATE SPEEDBOAT - DAWN

A second boat floats nearby carrying men with machine guns aboard.

The Captain's announcement echoes over the sea.

THE CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Eugene Debs gave their speech in Canton, Ohio in 1918: "Throughout history wars have been waged for conquest and plunder. The master class has always declared the wars.
(MORE)

THE CAPTAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The subject class has always fought..."

PIRATE
Hand grenade.

They pass a grenade.

EXT. YACHT / DECK / PORTSIDE - EARLY MORNING

The hand grenade comes rolling across the deck. It reaches all the way up to Clementine, who doesn't notice it until it touches her foot. She looks surprised and picks it up.

CLEMENTINE
Oh! Winston... Look. Isn't this one of ours.

WINSTON
Oh no!

EXT. SEA - EARLY MORNING

Long shot of the entire yacht. We see the grenade explode.

PART THREE - THE ISLAND

EXT. ISLAND / BEACH - DAY

Jarmo sits with someone that is passed out on the sand. It's a beautiful woman. It's Yaya. The dress she wore to the Captain's Dinner is soaked through, one shoe is missing and she's using her life vest as a pillow. Jarmo takes another look at his surroundings. When he can't see anyone else around, he reaches out and gently caresses her cheek.

THERESE (O.S.)
In den Wolken, Uli!

He freezes and listens, did he hear something?

THERESE (CONT'D)
Uli, In den Wolken!

Jarmo gets up halfway and looks towards the beach behind his back and sees Dimitry, Carl and Chief Stewardess Paula fighting the waves, dragging a life raft behind them. Therese and NELSON are in it.

THERESE (CONT'D)
In den Wolken, Uli!?

They all pitch in to try to lift the raft onto the beach. Its not easy, the waves are powerful and they are all exhausted. Therese is frightened and confused, she looks around as if she was missing someone. Paula tries to comfort her.

Dimitry focuses on the Unknown Man.

DIMITRY
Who are you? Hey, hey you? Hey I'm talking to you.

NELSON
Me?

DIMITRY
Yeah. Who are you?

NELSON
I work on the boat.

DIMITRY
You work on the boat?

NELSON
Yeah.

DIMITRY
In a t-shirt and shorts?

NELSON
No, not it's because I was off duty. I was sleeping and then.

Dimitry moves closer, the Pirate knows that he has to push it now.

DIMITRY
You were off duty.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Is there a problem?

DIMITRY
Strange. I've never seen you before.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Stay calm.

NELSON
I work in the engine room.

DIMITRY
In the engine room? He works in the engine room?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
It doesn't matter where he works. Settle down now. Stay calm.

Carl and Yaya find each other on the beach. He guides her toward the group.

NELSON
I'm calm. I'm calm. What's the problem with you man? You think I'm a pirate? Just because I'm black, you think I'm a pirate. That's it!

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Don't go there!

DIMITRY
You can cry on my shoulder.

NELSON
He comes to me with his big watch and says I'm a pirate just because I'm black! What's the problem with you man?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
He hasn't said anything about you being black. You're calling him racist.

NELSON
In the eyes. I can see it in his eyes.

DIMITRY
Who are you? Who are you?

NELSON
I work in the engine room, man!

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Sir!

DIMITRY
What?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
I think you should just calm down now. It's not a good time to step up the situation. Just stay calm and stay positive.

DIMITRY
He works in the engine room?

The pirate is acting so well that even the audience should start doubting. But there is one person that must know, everybody turns to Paula. She hesitates for a second.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
There's a lot of people on the boat. We can't see each other all the time.

EXT. ISLAND / CAMP - NIGHT

The group is now huddled together on the inflatable life raft in a small clearing, surrounded by trees. In between the flashes from the lights attached to the life raft and life vests, you can detect the ocean between the tree trunks, but other than that, it's pitch black. Everyone is lying quietly with their eyes closed, but hunger and thirst make it hard to fall asleep. And soon, their survival instincts will make it even more difficult. Through Yaya we will see that it all begins with a sound so low that it is barely detectable, possibly even just a figment of her imagination. But when she hears it again, chills run up and down her spine.

The nature of the sound is animal and human, threatening and wailing at the same time. At first, it is repeated so infrequently that they hope it will go away. But it doesn't, it becomes more and more frequent and louder.

JARMO
Oh! Ah!

CARL
Easy, easy.

Jarmo's outburst triggers the worst boutbox of howling so far. High on fear and adrenaline, they all howl in desperation, out into the black night. When they stop, all they can hear is their own panting.

YAYA
Be quiet.

They fall apart, screaming and running towards the beach. Left behind in the raft is the paralyzed Therese.

THERESE
IN DEN WOLKEN!

EXT. ISLAND / BEACH - NIGHT

When the others reach the beach, they fall down on their knees and start to pray. Someone lights the emergency flare - it shoots up into the sky.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
No, don't use the flares! It's our last flare! Don't use the flare!

Out of breath and terrified, they pray in a variety of languages and employing various mantras, a murmuring chorus of soul-searching that lasts for over a minute.

EXT. ISLAND / BEACH - DAY

Carl wakes up all rattled, as if he'd been woken in the middle of a nightmare. He looks over at the sleeping Yaya. Her face is covered with sand flea bites. Carl sits up to inspect his own body - he doesn't seem to have gotten a single bite. When he turns to look in the other direction, along the beach, he sees Jarmo yelling.

JARMO
Hey!

CARL
What?

JARMO
Look!

CARL
Oh shit... Yaya, wake up, wake up.

As the others wakes up, Carl heads off. Once they see what he’s running towards, they hurry up and follow him.

JARMO
Look!

From afar, we see how the group stumbles towards the cliffs at the end of the beach. When they made it to about three quarters of the distance a camera movement reveals where they are heading. One of the covered orange lifeboats from the yacht has washed ashore. The hull is intact, but the rudder and the propeller are missing. Carl reaches it first, climbs up on the tiny deck, grabs the handle on the hatch and tries to open it. It is locked. He shades his eyes to see if he can make anything out through the fogged- up plastic window. The others gather round the boat as Carl begins to knock on the window.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
There’s water in there. Is it closed?

JARMO
It’s closed.

DIMITRY
Paula, we need water!

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Be patient.

INT/EXT. LIFEBOAT - DAY

DIMITRY (O.S.)
Open up! Open up!

ALL
Open up! Open up! Open up!

It’s Abigail - the Filipino cleaning lady who stood in the hall of Carl and Yaya’s room. She peeks at the hatch.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
It’s Abigail. Abigail! Come out!

ABIGAIL
Ma'am Paula?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Are you okay?

ABIGAIL
What?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Open the hatch!

Abigail opens the hatch of the boat to speak to Paula.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA (CONT'D)
What do you have? We need all of these boxes out. Okay? So, everybody, just calm down. We'll get water now. There are some chips in there as well. So, everybody will get some.

Abigail surveys the cases of water, contemplating her options.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA (CONT'D)
What are you doing? What's taking so long? Come on.

Abigail then begins to lift the heavy case of water and hands it to Paula. The other islanders try and grab it.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA (CONT'D)
Just wait a minute, just back up. Back up a bit. And the chips, Abigail, everything out.

DIMITRY
Paula, ask for food, yeah?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
And the Evian.

ABIGAIL
Yes, ma'am Paula.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
And how many are you? You're five. Just be patient. Everyone will get... Please save it.

CARL
What's this?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
It’s facial spray. But you can drink it, it’s just water in a can. Keep is close to your mouth, so you won’t waste it.

Most people chug their water. Paula hands out chips.

THERESE
IN DEN WOLKEN!

Did they hear what they think they heard?

THERESE (CONT’D)
IN DEN WOLKEN!

The group freezes: Therese! Ashamed glances are exchanged as they realize that they have left her behind.

EXT. ISLAND / BEACH - DAY

Therese is dragged over in her life raft.

The group is sitting on the beach spraying their mouths with the water spray and eating what’s left of the potato chips. They are all watching as Abigail catches an octopus.

DIMITRY
Bravo! Bravo!

CARL
Did she catch that with her hands?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Good job, Abigail. Good job! What is that? An octopus?

ABIGAIL
An octopus.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Good! What do you think we should do now?

CARL
Fucking impressive.

ABIGAIL
We need to make a fire.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Of course we need to make a fire. Do any of you know how to make a fire?

The group stares at her.

DIMITRY
What?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Do any of you know how to make a fire?

Everyone answers no.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA (CONT'D)
Then you'll make the fire after you're done fishing, and then we should...

ABIGAIL
We need to clean the octopus.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Of course we do. Do any of you know how to clean an octopus?

More staring.

EXT. ISLAND / CAMP - NIGHT

It's dusk and the group is gathered around a campfire. Therese is sitting in her life raft. Carefully they study Abigail as she prepares and cooks the fish. Despite their hunger, there are no conflicts, but when the fish are to be portioned out, frustration starts building. Abigail begins portioning out the octopus.

ABIGAIL
One for you, One for me. One for you. One for me. One for you. One for me. One for you. One for me. One for you. One for me. One for you. One for me. One for you. For me. For you. For me. For you. For me.

Paula starts to pass out the octopus to everyone and then goes to retrieve more when Abigail stops her.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Uh-huh!

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
What? What's that?

ABIGAIL
That's mine.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
All of it?

ABIGAIL
Yes.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
No. No, no... why do you get so much food?

ABIGAIL
I caught the fish.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Yes?

ABIGAIL
I made the fire.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
And?

ABIGAIL
I cooked. I did all the work and everybody got something.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
No, we all worked.

ABIGAIL
What did you do?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
We gathered all the wood for the fire.

NELSON
I moved the log.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Yeah this big log was over there, and we moved it over here.

ABIGAIL
Not enough.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
No, maybe not enough, but we need to work together. They don't know how to do that.

ABIGAIL
Exactly. And maybe that's why you should not be so lazy and dependent on me.

Abigail collects her food in her shirt and holds it close.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Abigail...I think you're forgetting that you and I are employed of a big ship company. Remember? In the end, I'm responsible for the safety of the guests. You have to do what I say. We work on a yacht. You are a toilet manager.

ABIGAIL
What yacht? Where's the yacht?

DIMITRY
You know this, Abigail, I am a very rich man. When we get back, I can do good things for you. I can make your life easy and nice.

ABIGAIL
When we get back?

DIMITRY
Yeah. When we get back. People are looking for us. What you think we'll stay here forever?

ABIGAIL
You're funny.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
This is not how you were trained Abigail. Please give...

Abigail picks up a big stick and threatens Paula with it.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA (CONT'D)
Come on, this is ridiculous. You're scaring people. Put the stick down.

Paula pours water on Abigail as if she is an animal.

Abigail stands.

ABIGAIL
Who am I?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Who are you?

ABIGAIL
Who am I?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
You're the toiler manager.

ABIGAIL
No. On the yacht, toilet manager.
Here...captain. Who am I?

NELSON
You're the captain.

ABIGAIL
Yes.

Abigail throws Nelson a piece of octopus.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Who am I?

YAYA
Captain.

ABIGAIL
Very good. Cutie pie?

Abigail throws Yaya a piece of octopus.

CARL
Captain.

Abigail throws Carl a piece of octopus.

ABIGAIL
Who am I?

DIMITRY
Captain.

Abigail throws Dimitry a piece of octopus.

ABIGAIL
Who am I?

JARMO
The captain.

Abigail throws Jarmo a piece of octopus.

ABIGAIL
Who am I? Who am I?

She offers Paula a piece of octopus. Paula takes it and nods her head, finally agreeing with Abigail.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
In the yacht, cleaning lady. Here, captain. Okay?

Abigail and Paula both sit. Abigail offers Paula another piece.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Have one more.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Thank you.

DIMITRY
I would say I agree. I mean, we have to work together and create a good group. A good society. Do you know the saying, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." You don't know this?

ABIGAIL
Ma'am Paula...With respect to your expertise in this situation I would like to make a suggestion, if that's okay?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Sure.

ABIGAIL
My suggestion is that the boys stay her and watch the fire and take care of madame.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
While you, ma'am Paula, and you sleep with me in the lifeboat.

She points at Yaya and Paula, and glares slightly at the men. They are diminished as they sit there on the ground. Abigail takes a step closer.

Dimitry, Jarmo, Carl, and Nelson watch the women head for the boat.

That blood-curdling animal-humanoid cry rings out again in the distance.

INT. ISLAND / BEACH / LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Yaya, Paula and Abigail are gathering towels for the others when someone knocks on the hatch. It's Dimitry and Jarmo, pleading, dangling their exclusive watches in front of the window.

EXT. ISLAND - NIGHT

Carl, Nelson, and Therese are all sitting around the camp site scared to fall asleep. Abigail's backpack comes into view - it has been close by, only no one had discovered it before the campfire revealed it. Carl looks at it for a while before he opens the zipper and finds a bag of pretzels inside. He puts the bag back and turns his face away as if he was trying to erase the memory of its existence. But after sitting down for a while, he seeks eye contact with Nelson and Therese.

CARL
Nelson, she left the bag.

NELSON
Huh?

CARL
She left the bag.

NELSON
What's in it?

CARL
Pretzel sticks.

Nelson goes over to the backpack to open it.

CARL (CONT'D)
No we can't have it.

NELSON
I'm just going to have a look.
Alright?

CARL
We can't. No.

NELSON
Wait.

He goes back to the backpack, unzips it and takes a look.

CARL
What are you doing?

Carl looks very skeptical.

NELSON
Maybe. If we just make a little hole here. Take two out. One each. They'll never notice it.

CARL
Okay, let me try.

They carefully poke a small hole at the top corner of the box and slowly take out two tiny pretzel sticks for each of them. Giggling.

Therese motions to them and they give her one.

They eat them quickly. Then sit in silence.

CARL (CONT'D)
Shall we just have one more?

They grab the pretzel bag again.

EXT. ISLAND / BEACH - MORNING

Dimitry struggles against the waves to drag something in from the water. He sits on the beach, holds it, weeps over it.

It is Vera's corpse.

He strokes her neck...notices her diamond necklace.

He pushes her up so he can unclasp the necklace and pockets it.

EXT. ISLAND / CAMP - MORNING

The fire has gone out and the sun has risen a fair amount above the horizon. With a commanding presence, Abigail is standing in front of Carl and Nelson. Yaya and Paula teaming up behind her.

ABIGAIL
So what happened here?

CARL
We made a mistake with...

ABIGAIL
Why?

CARL
We just fell asleep.

ABIGAIL
Now I won't have enough time to go fishing because I have to make another fire. It takes a lot of work to make a fire, you know.

CARL
Yeah, yeah. We know.

ABIGAIL
Okay. Let's get this day started. Come on, everybody. Let's go!

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Wait, wait, wait. There's one more thing.

She leaves the group, places a hand on the pirate's shoulder as she passes behind his back, walks over to the log and picks up her backpack.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Last night, we left our backpack here, and well, we're not sure, but we think we're missing a pack of pretzel sticks. You didn't take it, did you?

CARL
No.

ABIGAIL
Are you sure?

NELSON
Yeah, we're sure. Come on. Why are you accusing us.

ABIGAIL
No, I'm not accusing you. I'm just making sure because...

Abigail walks over to the burnt-out fire and picks up the partially charred empty box of pretzels.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
What's this?

CARL
Well we didn't.

ABIGAIL
You didn't?

NELSON
No, we didn't.

ABIGAIL
And you're sure you didn't?

Abigail's stern look pushes the pirate into the painful corner of shame. It makes him look like the dog from the YouTube clip "Denver - the official guilty dog".

NELSON
We are sure we didn't.

ABIGAIL
Very sure.

CARL
Yes.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
I think they need to be punished.

ABIGAIL
Yes, Ma'am Paula. This is really bad. This is really, really bad. I mean, you didn't watch the fire and then you steal a pack of pretzel sticks?

YAYA
Yeah, and lie about it.

ABIGAIL
And not just to me, but to everybody here. How can we trust you, after what you did.

CARL
I need to say something now, because this is becoming ridiculous.

Carl becomes animated and starts talking angrily with his hands. Yaya, Paula, and Abigail look at Carl with stern eyes.

CARL (CONT'D)
What?

YAYA
Don’t point at her. Put your hands down.

CARL
Okay, alright. Just let me say though...

ABIGAIL
Put your hands down!

CARL
What?

YAYA
Your body language is so aggressive, Carl!

CARL
What?

ABIGAIL
I’m not getting any food for you. You find your own food.

CARL
What Come on, man...No Abigail that’s so unfair.

ABIGAIL
Put your hands down.

YAYA
You seriously don’t get it. Put your hands down!

CARL
I’m trying to defend myself!

YAYA
Don’t defend yourself! You are inflicting pain on her by defending yourself.

EXT. ISLAND / MAIN BEACH - DAY

Carl is anxiously looking for food in a pile of trash and belongings from the ship wreck. He finds something that catches his eye.

CARL
Shut the fuck up! No...

Carl finds the same cologne that he modeled for in the campaign years ago.

EXT. ISLAND / MAIN BEACH - NIGHT

Paula, Yaya, and Abigail are walking down the beach holding what appears to be multiple fish that Abigail has caught. Dimitry runs to catch up with them.

DIMITRY
What a nice fish, huh?

ABIGAIL
Yes. We have a lot.

DIMITRY
So it’s dinner, huh? Great.
Where did you get it.

ABIGAIL
There, at the back of the rock.

DIMITRY
You’re good at that.

ABIGAIL
Thank you.

Abigail walks ahead of the group.

DIMITRY
You need help?

YAYA
Yeah, sure, get some Nutella.

Dimitry catches up with Abigail and shines a flashlight for her.

ABIGAIL
Oh, thank you!

EXT. ISLAND / CAMP - NIGHT

Darkness has once again enveloped the island. Our group of hungry castaways is sitting around the campfire eating. Carl and the pirate, now known as Nelson are being punished and will not be receiving anything to eat, but their empty bellies have them hoping. They watch as the others eat.

Carl and the pirate, now known as Nelson are being punished and will not be receiving anything to eat, but their empty bellies have them hoping. They watch the others eat, but not everyone is fully occupied by food. Yaya feels guilty, she has a hard time looking at Carl. But suddenly she notices something unexpected. Carl's gaze is fixed on someone else there at the campfire. She leans forward to see who it might be. Is he looking at the cleaning lady? He is looking at her. She studies Carl's expression. It's not hostile or anything like that, it's more like he wants to get her attention. With the image of Carl's expression branded on her consciousness, Yaya looks down at her food a second before looking sideways to study him in secret. He's still looking at the cleaning lady and now he does a slow blink with both eyes. The woman responds with a smile. Yaya stops eating. A queasy sort of feeling is overpowering the hunger in her gut. Is Carl flirting with the cleaning lady? How long has this been going on? The cleaning lady looks up at Carl a third time and by now his gaze is stirring up a reaction in her. Does he really mean her? Carl starts using body language, puckering his lips just a little and smiling. The cleaning lady smiles back, a bit self- consciously. She averts her eyes momentarily and then looks up again with more confidence. Now she holds his gaze for two seconds before she blinks softly with both eyes. The flirt is on. Yaya watching all of this.

YAYA
What?

Yaya gets up. She gives Carl a brief glance before she leaves the campfire and heads for the shore. The others look up from their meal. What's up? Did anything in particular happen or is she simply answering nature's call?

CARL
Yaya? Wait, wait.

YAYA
Dickhead! Piss off!

Abigail takes a size-able chunk of grilled fish that hasn't been assigned yet. She folds it up in a palm leaf, gets up and yawns.

ABIGAIL
Okay, I'm going to the lifeboat now. Ma'am Paula, can you stay here and watch the fire?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
Sure.

ABIGAIL
And since Carl didn't eat anything today, he can sleep with me in the lifeboat.

CARL
Okay, yeah.

NELSON
Can I come?

CARL
Abigail, can we both come or...

ABIGAIL
No, just you.

Carl looks slightly embarrassed, then gets up and joins her. The rest of the group is confused - what's going on here?

EXT. ISLAND / BEACH - NIGHT

Yaya has left the others, sitting on a rock at the left end of the beach. She's frustrated and upset, soon she will be feeling even worse. From a distance you can see Carl running towards her with a bag of pretzels.

YAYA
Fine, I'll take the pretzels!

Carl winces when he sees how flea-bitten Yaya's face is.

CARL
You're making this into an issue. Are you going to take them? Yes, take them. Good. Why are you making this into an issue. I'm coming! One second!

YAYA
What are you going to do on the boat?

CARL
I don't know.

YAYA
Don't act naive, seriously!

CARL
I don't know why she asked me, but I'm gonna do it, of course...

YAYA
Really?

CARL
Yes.

YAYA
What do you think she wants with you? You're a young, hot guy. What do you think she's going to do with you?

Abigail blows a whistle from the lifeboat. Carl and Yaya fight over the pretzels.

CARL
Okay, then give them back.

YAYA
No. No!

CARL
Let me take them back.

YAYA
No. And they're mine, okay?

CARL
Take a few, and I'll take them back, because I don't want to do this. It's not a good idea.

YAYA
I want these!

CARL
You need to tell me what to do! You need to tell me how to navigate this. Yaya?

YAYA
You just have to stroke her ego. Just laugh are her jokes and smile.

CARL
Okay.

YAYA
Make sure to set up boundaries.

CARL
Yeah.

YAYA
And nothing sexual, okay?

CARL
No, I won't do anything sexual.

YAYA
And don't do anything you wouldn't want me to do.

CARL
No, I won't do anything you're not comfortable with.

YAYA
No kissing. Nothing like that!

Brief silence.

CARL
Yaya, I think she's probably expecting something.

YAYA
Like what?

CARL
A massage, or...

YAYA
A massage?

CARL
I don't know. She might want something.

YAYA
Definitely not a massage.

CARL
She just gave me a whole fucking packet of pretzels for you...I don't know what to say...I can't do anything?

YAYA
No!

CARL
Okay, but...

YAYA
Massage her neck. Okay?

CARL
I can massage her neck?

YAYA
Her neck, that's it!

CARL
Okay, okay, okay! I love you so much.

YAYA
Well, I hate you.

CARL
I understand. Fuck...

Carl hears the whistle blowing from the lifeboat again.

CARL (CONT'D)
Coming!

Yaya cries alone in the dark.

EXT. ISLAND / BEACH - MORNING

Carl climbs out of the lifeboat.

CARL (CONT'D)
See you in a bit.

Yaya passes by.

YAYA
Morning.

CARL
Oh, morning.

YAYA
Asshole.

CARL
Yaya! Yaya, wait. Wait.

EXT. ISLAND / BEACH - MONTAGE

Here follows a collage of Carl, repeatedly exiting the lifeboat, after spending the nights with Abigail. Sometimes it's sunny, sometimes it's cloudy, once it's raining. From the beginning, Carl is carefully making sure that no one catches him with the pretzel sticks. As the days pass he becomes more relaxed.

EXT. ISLAND / BEACH - DAY (PART OF MONTAGE)

The collage will be intercut with a discussions between Jarmo and Therese sitting on the beach. During the discussion they relate to Carl and Abigail that is in the life boat somewhere in front of them and Jarmo and Dimitry who are poking fun of Carl in the background.

JARMO
Pretty boy. We can see you!

NELSON
Have you ever used your...

Nelson points to her body, asking Therese if she has ever used sex to gain something.

NELSON (CONT'D)
When you were young?

Theres shyly nods yes.

NELSON (CONT'D)
Oh, you slept with somebody to get a job. No, you didn't? Really?

Theres holds up one finger.

NELSON (CONT'D)
Once? Therese...Wow!

Cut to Dimitry and Jarmo who are taunting Carl by blowing the whistle Abigail uses to call him to the lifeboat. Carl is pushing them around to try and get the whistle back.

CARL
Where is it? Give it to me! Give me the whistle now. So childish.

All the men laugh.

EXT. ISLAND / HIGH GRASS AREA - DAY

Nelson pushes some branches aside and slowly leans in to check the bushes in front of him.

Dimitry and Jarmo are watching him a couple of meters from behind. All of a sudden, there's a rustling sound, followed by the animal-humanoid cry. Nelson gasps and hurries back to the others.

NELSON
Hey.

DIMITRY
Pirate? What was it?

NELSON
Did you see it?

DIMITRY
What was it?

NELSON
I don’t know what it is.

With mixed feelings, they turn away from the animal. At that very moment, Yaya is coming up to the men from behind.

YAYA
What’s going on?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
They’re hunting something.

NELSON
No. We don’t go there. What? Come on, guys!

JARMO
Nelson, give me that.

The others look at him in surprise. Suddenly Jarmo has puffed himself up.

NELSON
Are you sure?

Nelson hands him the sharpened stick. Jarmo weighs the stick in his hands only to throw it aside and pick up a large rock instead. With a serious expression on his face, he proceeds to stalk his prey.

JARMO
It’s a female.

DIMITRY
Kill it.

Using all of his might, Jarmo smashes it over the head with the rock. Jarmo thinks he killed the animal. Dimitry, Jarmo, and Nelson celebrate, when Paula notices something.

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
It’s moving. It’s moving. It’s not dead..

Jarmo takes two careful steps back towards the animal.

NELSON
What's he doing?

CHIEF STEWARDESS PAULA
No, no, no

Jarmo begins smashing the animal with the rock repeatedly.

The animal, now revealed to be a donkey, finally dies. Jarmo is left shaken up and covered in blood. Dimitry and Nelson go over to comfort him.

DIMITRY
Hey, you did it.

EXT. ISLAND / FLAT CLIFF WALL - NIGHT

Everybody has now gathered in a half circle around a fire, facing a smooth rock wall.

DIMITRY
Hunter Jarmo! Big hunter! Give him applause!

Everybody cheers.

YAYA
The donkey fairytale...

Jarmo is standing in front of the others, prepared to give a dramatic speech, illuminated by the flames from the fire.

JARMO
Thank you very much. Okay, to kill a donkey it may be a great achievement but there's one thing that's so much greater.

YAYA
To paint!

JARMO
To paint, yes! To paint a donkey. Let's take a look at the expression. Who did this one?

Jarmo steps back, exposing the rock wall. With pieces of charcoal from the fire, there is a drawing of a donkey on the wall.

YAYA
Me.

JARMO
Okay, the feet are close together. This donkey wants to be in control but it looks almost scared. You want to tell this donkey to not be so scared. To lose control and bound away across the fields, wildly waiving its tail! Sure it will make mistakes...

It is an expression of displeasure, very clearly directed at Abigail and Carl, who now feel cornered. Carl wants to acknowledge Abigail, but is unwilling to do it in front of Yaya. A hand on Carl's thigh, a kiss on his cheek… Every physical gesture creates a painful dilemma for Carl. This wordless drama plays out at the same time as Jarmo is commenting the different drawings on the rock wall.

YAYA
Carl, what are you doing?

CARL
Huh?

YAYA
Carl?

CARL
Yeah.

YAYA
What are you doing with your hand?

CARL
Which one?

YAYA
Seriously?

CARL
I'm just resting it on the chair.

YAYA
Why is your hand under her jacket on a chair?

CARL
What? It was just.. I don't know, it was there, resting on the side of the chair.

INT. ISLAND / BEACH / LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Carl and Abigail are tangled up under the mosquito net.

ABIGAIL
I'm coming! I'm coming!

CARL
I can't concentrate...

Abigail turns around and covers herself with some towels.

ABIGAIL
Okay, you know if you can't handle it, just tell me. Nobody's forcing you to do anything.

CARL
It's just all this fucking sneaking around and hiding things from everyone. It's too much! It's becoming unbearable! I mean, they're obviously not happy with what we're doing in here.

ABIGAIL
Okay, so. Let's just tell them the truth. You give me something, and I give you something in return.

CARL
You realize what position that puts me in?

ABIGAIL
No.

CARL
Well, just because it's more open that you're a flesh peddler, it doesn't mean they're going to accept the fact that you're buying sex with common food.

ABIGAIL
Wow...

CARL
Oh, come on, I didn't...

ABIGAIL
Do you know the amount of work I put into this island. I go fishing every day. I make fire...

CARL
I know, I know.

ABIGAIL
I'm responsible for everybody here!

CARL
I know, I'm sorry, I know.

ABIGAIL
Shouldn't that give me an advantage?

CARL
Yeah, yeah, of course. You deserve to do what you want, I know. The absurd thing that, if we were a couple, they wouldn't care what we did in here. Maybe we should just do that, maybe we should just get on with it. Kiss a little bit in public and hold hands. Surely that would be easier?

ABIGAIL
What about Yaya?

CARL
I would have a conversation with Yaya. I would have to be an adult about it and figure it out. I think it would be easier for her, probably. I mean, she's have to deal with all this gossip as well.

ABIGAIL
Carl, I don't know.

CARL
Do you want me to break up with Yaya?

ABIGAIL
No.

CARL
No?

ABIGAIL
That's your decision, not mine.

CARL
I’m not asking you to do it. I’m just seeing what you think about it.

ABIGAIL
I know, but that doesn’t mean that you can put me in-between the two of you.

CARL
It’s kind of a perfect scenario for you I mean... You get what you want, you have no obligations, no responsibilities, you know.

ABIGAIL
What do you have to make everything so complication?

CARL
Because I feel like I need to know where this is going, Abigail.

ABIGAIL
Let’s just have fun.

CARL
No, but I need to try and deal with this situation. I don’t want to piss off anyone anymore.

ABIGAIL
Do you remember what you said the first night you were here? What did you say?

CARL
“I love you, you give me fish.”

ABIGAIL
Exactly. And so you know why that is so beautiful? Like you?

CARL
No. Why?

ABIGAIL
Because, it’s the truth.

EXT. SHORE - MORNING

Nelson shaves Dimitry's face with a straight razor on the beach.

DIMITRY
So Nelson, you're a pirate, huh?

NELSON
Come on, stop it. Okay. If I was a pirate, what would you ask me?

DIMITRY
How much money do you make?

NELSON
Yeah, of course. I don't know, like, 3000 euros.

DIMITRY
On one attack?

NELSON
Yeah, one attack. If we succeed.

DIMITRY
So you work on commission, huh?

NELSON
Yeah!

DIMITRY
Shit! The client is making all the money?

NELSON
Yeah, but you can make more if you have your own boat.

DIMITRY
3000 euros.. Come on, you're crazy.

NELSON
My girlfriend is expensive.

DIMITRY
What? You invest in your girlfriend?

NELSON
Yeah.

DIMITRY
You should do it the other way around. Invest in business, buy a boat, and the girls will come to you.

NELSON
Yeah?

DIMITRY
Sure, I know!

They laugh together.

INT. ISLAND / BEACH / LIFEBOAT - DAY

A hard knock on the hatch of the lifeboat wakes up Abigail and Carl, laying naked and tight together under the mosquito net. As Carl get up from the bunk and wipes away the steam on the inside of the shutter, he sees Yaya's face waiting outside.

YAYA
Hey. I was just wondering if I could borrow the backpack?

Carl looks briefly at Abigail.

CARL
Abigail?

ABIGAIL
Yeah, I know. What are you going to do, Yaya?

YAYA
Go for a hike over the mountain. See if I can find something.

Abigail gets up from the bunk.

ABIGAIL
I'll go with you.

YAYA
It's okay, I can go by myself.

ABIGAIL
No Yaya, it's not safe for you to go alone. I'll go with you.

YAYA
Okay.

Carl looks at Abigail.

CARL
Do you want me to come?

ABIGAIL
No. You stay here. I need some time alone with her.

CARL
Yeah?

ABIGAIL
Yeah.

They kiss and Abigail climbs out of the boat. Through the glass window Carl sees how Yaya and Abigail disappear into the jungle vegetation.

EXT. ISLAND / JUNGLE PATH - DAY

Carefully, Yaya makes her way through the thick vegetation with the machete. Abigail is a few steps behind her. Now and then, she looks at Yaya as if she would like to say something.

ABIGAIL
I'm glad we're doing this together, Yaya.

YAYA
Me too. I just want to tell you that I'm really impressed with everything you're doing here. I mean, you managed to run a fucking matriarchy, Abigail. You domesticated all the old alpha males. No, it's really impressive.

Abigail seems unsure of how to take Yaya's words and tries to downplay them.

ABIGAIL
We should stick together, huh?

EXT. ISLAND / STEEP MOUNTAIN - DAY

Yaya & Abigail reach a steep mountain peak. Abigail is growing weary.

YAYA
I think it should be a little easier from here.

When it comes to climbing, Yaya is the faster one and as she rounds a corner she disappears out of sight.

EXT. ISLAND / CAMP (& BEACH) - DAY

Therese is all alone in the lifeboat beached in the clearing in the trees. She gazes towards the sea as if she were looking for the others. Suddenly, through the foliage, she notices something moving further down the beach.

THERESE
Il den Wolken.

As it approaches the opening in the thicket, we see patterns and flashes of color. It looks like someone carrying bags, swatches of cloth, sunglasses, Panama hats…

THERESE (CONT'D)
Il den Wolken!

On the beach, about 50 meters from Therese, a beach vendor comes walking with his entire assortment. Therese can hardly believe her eyes; she gets excited and starts to shout louder and louder. The vendor looks up and heads over to Therese…

THERESE (CONT'D)
Il den volken!

Therese is out of breath but tries to smile towards him and gesture that he should come closer with her movable left hand. The beach vendor sits down and lines up his wares in front of her.

NATIVE MAN
Louis Vuitton, Chanel?

THERESE
In den Wolken. Nien, nien!

Therese is desperate, The beach vendor looks questioningly at her. She grabs at his arm and he backs away. Collects his things and leaves muttering while Therese screams after him.

EXT. ISLAND / STEEP HILLSIDE - DAY

Yaya and Abigail is now moving slowly forward on a brushy, steep hillside, close to the ocean. You can tell by their steps that they are growing weary.

The waves rumble into the cliffs 40 meters below them, if they trip it would be all over.

YAYA
Abigail! I see something!

Yaya's voice was shrill. That makes the pause before her response.

ABIGAIL
What? I can't hear you!

YAYA
Abigail! Hurry up!

ABIGAIL
I'm coming!

YAYA
Abigail!

ABIGAIL
Yaya!

YAYA
Abigail! Abigail, there's an elevator! It's a resort, Abigail!

An elevator? Did she hear right? Abigail stops and listens, then she starts to hurry to catch up on Yaya.

ABIGAIL
A what?

EXT. ISLAND / UNEXPLORED BEACH - DAY

It takes a little while for her to climb down the rock. When she reaches Yaya, she has sunk down in the sand. At the bottom of the cliff, twenty meters away, an elevator entrance in blasted steel is built into the rock wall. On the small beach, a dozen sun chairs.

Yaya laughs wildly.

YAYA
It's a resort! Come, look! It's a luxury resort! It's been there the whole time! It's been there the whole fucking time, Abigail! Come, come Abigail.

Abigail isn't anywhere near as thrilled as Yaya but she realizes she needs to play along. She sits down, patting the space next to her.

ABIGAIL
Let’s enjoy this moment.

Yaya smiles back and sits down beside Abigail, takes a deep breath and exhales.

YAYA
It’s surreal, huh?

ABIGAIL
Yeah.

YAYA
You must be excited to see your kids huh?

Yaya smiles tenderly and Abigail shivers at the thought of how fast things can change - that smile, it was like a multitude of smiles she’d encountered on the cruise yachts: It was a smile of compassionate superiority. No hierarchies would be changed by what essentially is pity. Maybe it’s the smile that makes her mind up.

ABIGAIL
I don’t have kids.

YAYA
Sorry. Let’s go.

ABIGAIL
I need to wee-wee and then we will go.

Abigail starts walking towards a small cluster of trees at the back of the beach. While walking, she turns around two times to make sure that Yaya is not watching her. When she stops, she picks up a large rock.

She hefts it a few times and watches Yaya. Then Abigail goes back out on the beach. Very slowly, she closes in on Yaya. The girl’s hair, her tanned back, the sun slowly setting in the sea - just like an Instagram post. By the time Abigail is only a few meters away, something primitive comes over her features… She raises the rock over her head but doesn’t follow through when Yaya starts talking.

YAYA
Abigail? Abigail, I can try and help you. I don’t know how but...

She says it without turning around. Abigail lowers the rock back to waist level again and stands there, her chest heaving. We hear her heart beating. We see the fierce expression in her eyes, how her nostrils flare.

YAYA (CONT'D)
Abigail, maybe you can come work for me. You could be my assistant.

EXT. ISLAND / JUNGLE PATH - DAY

Carl runs as fast as he can through the woods.