

THE ISLE

AN ISLAND LOVE STORY.

written by

Khari X. Telesford

khari.telesford@gmail.com
331-281-4885
DISRUPTIVE Scripts copyrighted.

FADE IN.

EXT. PLANTATION / FARM - NIGHT

BLACK.

LABORED BREATHING, at first faint then it grows LOUDER.

CRACK!

It is nighttime. Heavy downpour. Lightning flashes overhead.

A face materializes in the darkness -- A YOUNG BLACK WOMAN (early 20s). Shes dressed in a coarse dress and is barefoot.

She runs straight toward us. Face locked in terror. She passes us.

She runs past a barn and slips in the mud. On her feet, METAL CLAMPS on both ankles.

The animals bray in the distance. She picks herself back up.

CLANK-CLANK-CLANK.

A BLACK MAN runs past her. He swing his arms as if running... but he have no legs. Moving as if by some invisible force. A slave spectre.

VOICE grow from behind. The voices of men.

As she runs, the rain and wind, whip her face. She slips again in the mud, this time, her feet stuck in the wet mush.

She tries to pull it out, but the ground begins to envelope around her foot... her ankle... her leg. Chewing her.

She reaches her hand out for the slave spectre but he is already far off in the distance.

She opens her mouth to screams but no sound comes out. All we hear is the CHOMP, CHOMP, CHOMP of the ground as it swallows her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD / SPICE MILL - DAY

The beautiful Caribbean Island of Grenada. The Isle of spice.

A long stretch of a worn down road. To our left, the crystal blue waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

To our right, thick lush greenery and island trees. Overhead, a clear blue sky with a blazing late summer sun.

A white and red VAN zips past a SPICE AND SUGAR MILL.

INT./ EXT. CAR - DAY

The radio plays "Hotel California" by the Eagles.

KELSEY (21) drives, her eyes focused on the road. Black, beautiful, opinionated and rational. The brains.

Sitting behind her is DANIEL (22), a measured, smart, and handsome black man with dark brown skin. The glue. He looks out of the window. Around his neck is a DSLR CAMERA.

Sleeping on his shoulder is ANNA (20s). White, attractive, and earthy. The resourceful one.

Sitting in the front passenger is JACOB (22). White, physically fit and fun-loving. The rebel and jokester. He wears a diamond earring in his ears. He looks at a PAPER MAP.

They drive past a group of bikini-clad young Grenadian women, drying from an ocean swim. They wave at the van.

JACOB
(looking back at the
girls)
I love this place already. So many
beautiful island tings. Ooh wee!

KELSEY
Ugh. Grow up Jacob. We're not here
to rizz up the girls. We're here to
do research for--

JACOB
Yeah yeah. For our thesis. But who
knew sociology could be so hot...
when you mix in a little biology.

DANIEL
Well, learning about how identity,
culture, and systems shape society
can be hot too.

Both Kelsey and Jacob look back at Daniel, like "seriously bro?".

Daniel shrugs.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

What? I'm just saying, we only came here for research. The festivities should come second to that.

JACOB

You sound like a nerd.

KELSEY

Don't forget... my family immigrated from here. This is a special place.

JACOB

Yeah... that's right.

He leans over to Kelsey, lovingly, eagerly, placing his head in his hands.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(dreamily)

Tell me all about the island.

KELSEY

(shooing him away)

Boy please!

(beat)

What's the map say?

JACOB

(points)

Slow down. It think its right there.

He points to a sign on their right. An arrow points into the forest. The words are illegible.

JACOB (CONT'D)

We go through the woods then its a 10 minute drive to the hotel.

Kelsey turns into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The forest before them is thick and despite the glaring Caribbean sun, the road forward disappears in the darkness.

Kelsey lowers the volume of the radio.

Animal HOOTS and sounds of WAVES CRASHING resound around them.

As they drive through the thick dark green terrain, the road gets darker and bumpier as large trees loom overhead. They hit a bump, which awakens Anna.

She yawns and wipes her eyes. Turns to Daniel.

ANNA

Are we there yet?

Daniel kisses Anna on the forehead.

DANIEL

Almost at the Hotel, babe.

Jacob turns to Kelsey.

JACOB

When are we going to be like that?

KELSEY

I've told you a million times...
NEVER. You're not my type. You're
too... "Jack Harlow".

Daniel and Anna laugh at this, but Jacob doesn't find it funny.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

I like my guys "Morris Chestnut".

Anna smiles. Kelsey glances at Daniel in the rear-view mirror, but he doesn't notice, too preoccupied massaging Anna's shoulder.

ANNA

Isn't he the guy from Creed?

KELSEY

(lying)
Yeah...

Daniel chuckles.

ANNA

How much farther again?

JACOB

Should be there pretty soon. Map
says about 5 more miles.

ANNA

How old is that thing anyways?

JACOB
Says here.... it was made in 1995.

ANNA
Christ! That thing is older than
us.

JACOB
Oh shit...

KELSEY / DANIEL / ANNA
What?

JACOB
This is a map of Granada... as in
Spain.

Kelsey groans.

KELSEY
You should've just let me use
Google Maps.

Kelsey turns the car around and drives back from which they
entered.

JACOB
Google maps? Who knows how accurate
that is--

KELSEY
Not more accurate than that old ass
map of yours--

DANIEL
Shhh...! You guys hear that?

We hear RHYTHMIC CHANTING GROWING LOUDER.

JACOB
Look!

500 feet near the entrance of the forest, a group of ISLAND
LOCALS exit the thick brush. They carry an unseen object...
or person. They dance, gallop and chant wildly.

Kelsey stops the car. She turns on the headlights.

ANNA
What the hell are they doing?

DANIEL
Looks like they're chanting...

KELSEY
Probably a juju ritual... our
people used to-and still-use them
to communicate with the dead.

JACOB
(hiding his nerves)
The dead?

KELSEY
(playfully)
You scared?

JACOB
Hell no.

But we sense trepidation in his voice.

DANIEL
That's actually pretty cool. They
could be communicating with...
(for effect)
...the ancestors.

He snaps a photo of them.

JACOB
Or summoning someone. I'm not
trying to stick around and find
out. Lets get the fuck out of here!

One of the LEAD ISLE LOCALS turns from the ritual, spotting them. His face is painted BLACK. He stops his chanting. He points a LONG OBJECT at the car. The rest of his group turn to see what hes indicating. He moves forward menacingly, slowly at first then begins to jog toward the car. The rest of the group follow behind.

KELSEY
Hell no! Fuck that!

Kelsey puts the car in REVERSE. Her head swivels back and forth, looking at the rear and the approaching locals. As they gain speed, the Isle locals run faster.

ANNA
They're getting closer Kels...

KELSEY
I can see that!

BA-BOOM.

The car stops. Stuck in the mud.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She presses hard in reverse, the van wont budge.

JACOB

Holy... shit!

As the the locals get closer, we see that they are all painted black. With tar or oil. The lead island local, holds his hand up and we see that he's holding a bloody MACHETE.

100 feet... 50 feet.... getting closer, as Kelsey struggles to get the car moving.

The machete wielding man runs up to the van and SLAMS the machete on the hood. The locals surround the side of the van.

ANNA

W-what do you think they want?

The locals behind him come into view. A man and woman hold a DEAD BLOODY GOAT.

JACOB

They're not the welcome committee I can tell you that.

Kelsey rams the car FORWARD, driving straight into the man. He flies back into the rest of the locals. A couple of them pick him up from the ground. Their eyes, filled with venom, dart to the van.

Then suddenly, the car moves in reverse.

KELSEY

Got it!

DANIEL

GO GO GO!

The locals wave their machetes, knives, and staffs at the group as they drive off leaving them in the distance.

KELSEY

Welcome to Grenada. The Isle of Spice.

ANNA

That was close!

DANIEL

No kidding.

As they speed toward the exit of the forest, darkness turns to light as WE CUT TO...

EXT. GRAND HOTEL - DAY

A barrage of harsh sunlight.

Their van pulls up to GRAND HOTEL: a 4 star luxury hotel. Over done extravagance: palm trees, golden trollies, the works. The architecture of the hotel is gold, white and black, which match the hotel employees uniforms.

The hotel employees watch as their van pulls in. Their hands rest eerily stiff at their side like wooden soldiers. Their eyes a open a bit too wide and their smiles seem plastered on.

Tourists dressed in beach gear, tacky Hawaiian shirts, Grenada memorabilia, loiter about. A family of 4 walk past carrying scuba gear.

One solitary man, COBB (white, 50s, balding), snaps photos of the surrounding area with a NIXON camera hanging from his neck.

The group parks in front of the entrance of the hotel.

ANNA

Finally.

KELSEY

(re: Jacob)

No thanks to this one.

Jacob shrugs.

An attractive and eager hotel attendant approaches their car with a luggage trolley. His name tag reads: ANDRE.

They open their doors and file out.

Daniel opens the trunk of the car, taking out their luggage. Jacob helps him.

ANDRE

(west indian accent)

Welcome. Welcome to di Grand Hotel.

Let me help you with those.

He grabs the luggage from Daniel and places them expertly on the trolley, arranging them like Tetris pieces.

Anna nudges Kelsey.

ANNA
(sotto)
Hubba hubba.

Kelsey rolls her eyes but cant help but notice Andre's good looks.

ANDRE
These are for you.

He hands each of them a red, green and yellow pin that reads: "Welcome to The Grand Hotel. We Aim to Make Your Experience Unforgettable."

Andre grins, turns and rolls their trolley through the front entrance. They places the pin on their shirt.

They all take in their lavish surroundings.

DANIEL
This place is incredible. You guys are incredible. But after that crazy shit in the woods, we need a bath, a nap and a meal.

JACOB
In the order.

They all nod in agreement and walk toward the entrance. Kelsey, still in awe breathes in the island air... then a HAND grips her shoulder. Tight.

MAN VOICE (O.S)
Where do you think you're going?

She turns around and meets COBB. He wears a yellow Hawaiian shirt with red sail boats, tan shorts and brown sandals. His camera hangs around his neck. A painfully nice guy. He see their pins.

COBB
Hey! Looks like you guys are getting into--
(attempts a west indian accent)
--*The Island spirit.*

Daniel, Anna, and Jacob turn.

KELSEY
(grossed out)
Yeah....

COBB

You guys look like first timers.
You'll need a guide. Someone to
show yall around the island. The
real island. Not the one they show
the tourists.

KELSEY

Nah. We're good. But thanks.

COBB

(defensive)

Just being nice.

(re: Daniel)

A fellow photographer I see.. how
about that? I shoot mostly
wildlife. Plants, insects, things
like that. Collect them too, if
they catch my eye.

He winks.

Daniel stifles a weak laugh.

DANIEL

Ahaha... yeah. So... how long have
you been here?

COBB

(overly eager)

I used to be a surgeon. Traveled
here for a practice wide retreat.
Was only supposed to be a 3 day
stay...

(grinning)

But I've stayed ever since.

(nostalgic)

There was something... magical
about this place. It just pulls you
in and it doest let you go. Know
what I mean?

He throws his arms around Kelsey and Daniel. The embrace is
overly friendly and creepy, too close for comfort. Kelsey
peels his arm off of her. Daniel brushes him aside.

DANIEL

Sure. We'll...uh... see you around.

Daniel gives the group "lets get out here" eyes and motions
his head for them to leave.

ANNA / JACOB / KELSEY

Bye. / See you / Later.

They start to walk away but Cobb is not finished just yet.

COBB

If you guys are hungry, sure the Hotel has good food but it's nothing compare to what the locals cook up. There's a really neat after hours Beach Bar... Spiders... that overlooks the Grand Ainse beach. They make the best roti.

KELSEY

Thanks for the tip.

Cobb leans in closer, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

COBB

But if you really want to see something special... there's another place.

(beat)

An island within the island. They call it... "The Isle." Untouched paradise, they say. Beaches so pristine they'll make you weep...

Daniel and Jacob exchange intrigued glances.

Cobb glances left and right, as if sharing a secret.

COBB (CONT'D)

Course, the locals won't take you there. They barely even step foot on it. Superstitious nonsense about curses and whatnot. But between you and me... that's just to keep the tourists away from their private sanctuary. But, any who, it was good meeting you all.

And with that, Cobb saunters off.

JACOB

(sotto)

... Weirdo! Let's go!

INT. GIRLS HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Anna look around their spacious suite. The room is immaculate. Guest toiletries rest on their bed.