

EXT. OCEAN- DAY

It is a beautiful day. The ocean is clear and blue, not a cloud or piece of land in sight. Occasional pieces of debris are dotted in the water.

A boat floats on the ocean. Small, around 15 feet. A small tarp covers an area on the back of the boat, and in the front is a strange angel figurehead on what would otherwise be a sailboat.

THE CASTAWAY sits on the side, holding a crappy fishing rod. They wear barely anything, and are tanner than leather.

They reel it in, finding nothing.

CASTAWAY

Damn. Another dud. Least I didn't lose the line this time.

A voice echoes over. The camera reveals that it is coming from the FIGUREHEAD.

FIG

Almost like you're trying to catch fish with string on a stick. Even Poseidon couldn't do that without a miracle.

CASTAWAY

Shut up, Fig.

The castaway chucks a piece of driftwood at the now-named Fig. It bounces off, and drifts away.

FIG

I'm wounded, you don't want me here?

CASTAWAY

You're a talking, irreverent angel sculpture.

Beat.

CASTAWAY(CONT)

And I'm pretty sure I have heatstroke.

FIG

What, I can't just be a friendly messenger from a god?

The castaway gets up, and checks on a fish on a piece of canvas, clearly being sun-grilled.

CASTAWAY

If you were from god, I'd rather some actually useful help.

FIG

Does god not help those who help themselves?

CASTAWAY

Shut up.

EXT. OCEAN- LATER

The sun now hangs lower in the sky. The castaway is laying down under the covered area.

FIG

You know, why are we here anyway?

CASTAWAY

You mean why am I here.

FIG

No, we.

CASTAWAY

You're a hallucinated angel statue on a boat. And I'm just talking to myself.

FIG

If that's what you want to believe. You also didn't answer my question.

CASTAWAY

Correction. An annoying hallucinated angel statue.

FIG

If I'm a hallucination, doesn't that make you the annoying one?

CASTAWAY

Dick. Ok fine, I'll answer your damn question if you'll fucking go

(MORE)

CASTAWAY (CONT'D)
 away. We've been drifting for
 days. You know that already.

FIG
 I know many things I shouldn't,
 and don't know many things I
 should. So who's to say?

CASTAWAY
 Like what?

FIG
 The nature of the universe, of
 course.

CASTAWAY
 Then shouldn't you share that?

FIG
 Now, now. It doesn't quite work if
 I spoil it.

CASTAWAY
 Then what fucking good are you?

FIG
 I'm but trying to keep you sane.

CASTAWAY
 I didn't ask for this! Not only am
 I doomed, but I'm hallucinating a
 goddamn snarky figurehead! If you
 want to help me, GO THE FUCK AWAY!

FIG
 Now, now...

CASTAWAY
 Don't you vagary your way out of
 this one! You keep giving me this
 tripe about keeping going, and
 pushing forward, and it doesn't
 fucking help! I can't pull myself
 up by the bootstraps if there are
 none!

FIG
 That's not what I-

CASTAWAY
 If I had a saw, I'd have sawed you
 off already! So shut it!

FIG

Would you shut up and listen, you damn human?

CASTAWAY

If you promise to go the fuck away!

FIG

If you listen, I'll leave you alone for a day.

CASTAWAY

Fine. But I'm making a saw the first chance I get.

FIG

There is a difference between asking you to do the impossible and asking you to not give up.

CASTAWAY

And of course what you had to say was vague advice. I'm taking advantage of my day of peace.

The sun cycles from noon, to night, to the next afternoon.

EXT. OCEAN - AFTERNOON

FIG

Did you miss me?

CASTAWAY

No.

FIG

Well now, that's no fun.

The castaway stands up, and grabs the fishing rod, before throwing it overboard.

CASTAWAY

Doesn't matter anyway. Not like I'm getting rescued.

FIG

If you can keep surviving, you'll make it out.

CASTAWAY

No amount of survival skills can
get you across the entire ocean,
Fig.

FIG

No amount of survival skills can
get you across defeatism either.

CASTAWAY

Great, I'm being given self-help
talks by a delusion. Again.

FIG

I'm serious.

CASTAWAY

If I'd given up, I wouldn't have
gotten this far. I'm just being
practical, unless I'm rescued I
probably still won't survive.

FIG

If you say so..

Camera looks up to the sky, which quickly cycles- from late
afternoon, to night, to morning, and then to storm clouds.

EXT. STORM- DAY

The castaway is desperately hunkered down under their
shelter. Lightning flashes in the distance, and rain pounds
the deck.

FIG

You done in there?

CASTAWAY

I'm trying not to be thrown
overboard!

As if punctuating this statement, the boat crests a wave and
slams back down.

The castaway groans as they hit the deck.

CASTAWAY

Like that!

Another wave looms on the horizon.

CASTAWAY

Can you do something?

FIG
I'm a figurehead! What do you
expect?

Despite that, the wave is small enough that the boat cuts
through that.

CASTAWAY
See? That! Do that again!

FIG
I. AM. A. FIGUREHEAD! That was
just luck!

As if to accentuate his point, a massive wave appears in the
distance.

CASTAWAY
Well, that's it. I'm boned.

FIG
So you're just going to give up?

CASTAWAY
What am I supposed to do in the
face of that wave?

FIG
Figure something out! You're not
dead until your heart stops

CASTAWAY
That wave is pretty fucking
heartstopping!

FIG
Gods above, how blind are you?

CASTAWAY
I don't have a damn choice!

FIG
There is always a choice! Just
think!

CASTAWAY
Fine, if it'll shut you up!

The castaway looks around, and their eyes settle on some
rope.

CASTAWAY
This is a terrible idea.

They quickly tie the rope around their waist, before tying the other end to the boat. As the wave looms down, they desperately tie more items down.

The wave hits.

The castaway is thrown off the boat, and into the water.

EXT. OCEAN- NIGHT

Up above, the stars shine. They're clearer than they ever would be in civilization.

The boat drifts upon the waves. The shelter on the back has been shorn off, and much of the accumulated survival tools are gone. Some of what they tied down remains, as does the strange figurehead. A rope drifts behind, somewhat taut-

And the castaway climbs aboard. They're sopping wet, their already meager clothes torn, but they're alive.

CASTAWAY

Fuck you!

FIG

Fuck who?

CASTAWAY

You, the world, take your pick. I survived, bitches!

FIG

You did.

The castaway flops down on the deck, exhausted.

They look up at the stars.

CASTAWAY

There really is a lot up there, you know?

FIG

Yeah. Galaxies, aliens, gods... who knows?

CASTAWAY

We're so much smaller than all that.

FIG

We?

CASTAWAY

Humanity. You know... all of... this

They lazily gesture at the world around them.

CASTAWAY(CONT)

Just... it's so big. And I'm so
small.

Beat.

CASTAWAY(CONT)

Yet... I still fought the world. And
I fucking won. I'm still alive.

Beat.

CASTAWAY(CONT)

And like... it seems small, but it's
kind of a big deal, you know?
Maybe I'll be rescued, maybe I'll
make it to shore on my own. But... I
survived that, I can survive
anything.

The castaway pauses, as if waiting for something.

Nothing happens.

CASTAWAY

Whaddya think, Fig?

No response. The figurehead has gone silent.

CASTAWAY

Fair enough, I suppose. Thanks for
the help. I can take it from here.