

Adventure Island
an original screenplay by

Christopher Neumeyer

Christopher Neumeyer
Phoenix, AZ
602.363.2469
chris@mywasteland.com

FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Heavy breathing. Jungle trees flash by in the moonlight.

THOMAS HARDY, 16, covered in dirt and scratches, runs through the jungle. He stops behind a clump of trees, kneels, and peer into the darkness behind him.

He checks his gun. Two bullets left.

HARDY

Great. Where is she?

A body jumps out of the night, and lands next to him. He swings the gun around at

TEGAN KELLER, 15, more dirt than girl, scowls at him as she glances at her watch. It clicks to 7:52.

KELLER

You're late.

HARDY

Better late than dead.

Hardy tucks the gun into the back of his waist. He nods to a distant hill with a flashing beacon on it.

HARDY (CONT'D)

You ready?

She grins. A splash of beauty beneath the grime.

KELLER

You?

They take off at a dead run towards the flashing red light.

INT. JUVENILE MESS HALL - DAY

A red light flashes as a buzzer goes off. A door clicks open into the Mess Hall.

Kids file though, towards the food. As they reach the front, they grab a metal tray.

Some kids are already eating. Sitting alone is HARDY, 16, but looking cleaner, normal. He stares at the red light above the entry door. He absently twirls his fork in his food.

A CRASH next to him snaps him back.

CRAIG, 15, scrawny, nervously looks down at a tray on the floor. Then up at-

ZILLA, a BIG, angry asian kid snarls at him. He flexes his arms, covered in Godzilla tattoos. Behind him, two more asian kids stand up.

CRAIG
S-s-s-sorry, man.

ZILLA
That's OK, kid.

CRAIG
Yeah?

Zilla laughs.

ZILLA
N-n-n-nope!

Zilla picks him up and tosses him down Hardy's table, taking his tray crashing to the floor.

Quickly, a crowd forms around the area, encircling CRAIG, ZILLA, and HARDY.

Craig scampers under the table.

CRAIG
Fuck! Help me, man!

Hardy looks down at Craig, then at Zilla.

ZILLA
Not your fucking problem, is it?

Hardy shrugs.

HARDY
Nope.

CRAIG
Shit man!

Hardy gets up to leave. Craig scrambles past Zilla's hands down under the table.

ZILLA
Get back here you little shit!

FLASHBACK:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

A young HARDY, 8, scampers under a table as an angry voice yells out.

MAN

Get back here you piece of shit!

Chairs get tossed away. Hardy dashes out of the kitchen as the MAN follows.

MAN (CONT'D)

You know what you just cost me?

A hand grabs Hardy, and twists him around painfully into the wall. We hear a BONE break. Boozy breath and pockmarked skin lean in close.

MAN (CONT'D)

Looks like I'm gonna have to take it
outta your hide!

END FLASHBACK:

INT. JUVENILE MESS HALL - DAY

Craig gets to the other end of the table just as an alarm goes off. Another set of hands grab Craig.

He is lifted off the ground, and smashed into the table. With a scream, his arm is broken.

ZILLA

You just cost me my lunch!

Hardy picks up his tray.

HARDY

Zilla, why don't you leave the kid
alone?

Zilla looks up at Hardy.

ZILLA

What'd you say, fuckwad?

The tray flies out of Hardy's hand, and crashes into Zilla's face. Hardy slugs the other gang member that holds onto Craig.

Zilla, nose bleeding, roars and crashes into Hardy. The crowd yells louder as Guards try to make their way through them.

Zilla lands one, two punches on Hardy. Hardy punches back, but Zilla catches his arm. He twists it, and Hardy drops to the ground in a gasp of pain.

ZILLA (CONT'D)

Gonna pay for that, shit head.

Hardy screams, and twists hard. His shoulder pops out of joint. Zilla looks shocked as Hardy punches him in the throat.

Zilla coughs and falls back. Hardy, with a mad yell, leaps at Zilla. He kicks his knee out, then lands a hard kick in his balls. Again.

A guard scrambles through the crowd finally, and pulls Hardy off the prone Zilla. Another shows up to help drag the incensed Hardy away.

INT. MEDICAL WARD - DAY

Hardy looks over at the bed next to his. A nurse stands, tending to whoever is there.

The TV in the corner is on a Talk Show, whose beautiful female host is excited about her upcoming guest.

HOST

Next up, the story of Robert Overstreet, a young orphan who rose from the brink of death in jail to become a highly successful business man.

He grunts in pain as he gets up and swings his feet over the side.

NURSE

Easy there tiger.

The TV show cuts to an interview clip of Overstreet

OVERSTREET

All I can say is that you have to grab life by the horns! Carpe Diem!

Margaret grabs the remote and mutes the TV.

MARGARET

Sorry. I tend to watch crap during the day.

The nurse looks down sternly at Hardy, who pokes at his shoulder wrap. He glances at her name tag: Margaret Baum, #20726.

HARDY

You're new here, aren't you?

The Nurse picks up his chart.

MARGARET

How can you tell, Tom?

HARDY

My name is Thomas.

MARGARET

I'm sorry, Thomas. How do you know?

HARDY

Your ID was issued last week. Can I go?

MARGARET

Thomas, you've got a dislocated shoulder, and a broken nose. And you put another kid in the hospital.

HARDY

Shoulder's fine.

MARGARET

The Doctor want's to talk to you before we let you out. Lie back.

She puts the chart back. Hardy sits back as a voice calls from the other bed.

CRAIG

Psst! Thanks man!

Hardy glances over at Craig. He smiles behind a bruised face as he lifts his cast.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I'd have a lot worse if you hadn't helped. Name's Craig. What's yours?

Hardy ignores the extended hand.

Craig goes back to watching the TV. A commercial flashes the Lotto amount. It's \$120 million.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Shit. Hundred and twenty million. Man, I'd buy my own private island, and get away from all these assholes! What about you?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Jones walks down a hallway towards the Med Ward, looking through a blue legal filling. Two men walk behind him, both in nice suits, but we can't quite see them fully.

THEEMAN

I am glad you reached out to us,
Doctor Jones. And I am sure Mr.
Hardy will be as well.

DOCTOR JONES

Your foundation might be this kid's
best chance out there.

They stop at the Med Ward. Theeman leans in to look at Hardy, then glances at the other man.

THEEMAN

Indeed.

DOCTOR JONES

And the paper work is cleared with
our legal department?

THEEMAN

Mister Theeman. I assure you, Doctor
Jones, it all very legal. My client
tries to find unusual cases such as
Mister Hardy, and give them. Hope.

Through the windows, he watches Margaret give Hardy a shot for the pain.

THEEMAN (CONT'D)

Now if you don't mind, I'd like to
speak with my new client?

DOCTOR JONES

Of course.

INT. MEDICAL WARD - DAY

Dr. Jones opens the door.

DOCTOR JONES

Well, Thomas, looks like you've got
a visitor. Nurse, if you will?

HARDY

A what?

Margaret and Hardy look up at Dr. Jones, Theeman, and the other man. Theeman is in his mid to late 40's, wearing a custom suit. The other man is bald, and has icy blue eyes.

Margaret shivers a little at his stare.

MARGARET
Everything all right?

DOCTOR JONES
Just fine. I think Thomas needs
some privacy.

Margaret looks from Theeman back to Hardy.

MARGARET
I'll be right back, Thomas.

Margaret helps Craig out bed and towards the door.

Craig looks over at the men in suits, and gives a thumbs
down to Hardy as he leaves. The Doctor shuts the door behind
them. Margaret sits at her desk, keeping an eye on Hardy.

Theeman grabs a stool and rolls' over to the bed. The Blue
Eyes Man puts down his briefcase, opens it up, and hands
Theeman a computer tablet.

HARDY
I don't get visitors.

THEEMAN
Indeed you do not, Mr Hardy. May I
call you Thomas?

HARDY
Sure.

THEEMAN
I represent a foundation that looks
to reach out to troubled youth such
as yourself, and give them a chance
to make something of them selves.

HARDY
What kind of chance?

THEEMAN
A one in a million chance.

Theeman hands Hardy the Tablet. On is a slick video pamphlet
about Adventure Island!

THEEMAN (CONT'D)
We'd like to give you the chance to
win 10 million dollars.

HARDY
Thought you said one million.

THEEMAN

One Million is part of the prize.
You could also win your own private
island, and even become one of the
most influential men in America.

Hardy looks at the photo of OVERSTREET that swirls past.
Then a bunch of writing scrolls past, describing the game.

HARDY

This guy's one of yours?

THEEMAN

He is the CEO of Overstreet
Foundation. He came from a rough
background such as yours, Thomas.

HARDY

Looks like a douche bag in that suit.
No offence.

THEEMAN

None taken. We all wear our skins.
Some of them are nice suits, others,
tattoos like Zilla. Which one would
you like to wear? A prisoner's
suit or a business suit?

HARDY

I'm partial to jeans and tee's.

THEEMAN

That can be arranged. But first you
have to choose, Thomas. In here,
it's kill or be killed. Out there,
the world is your's for the taking.

Hardy hands back the tablet.

HARDY

When do I meet the other sixteen
kids I'm competing with?

THEEMAN

As soon as you sign here.

Theeman takes a blue legal file from the Blue Eyed Man, pulls
out a pen from his jacket and offers it to Hardy with a smile.

HARDY

Mr. Silent going to give me my shots?

THEEMAN

Yes, yes he is.

HARDY
You some kind of doctor?

BLUE EYED MAN
Some kind.

Hardy looks through the legal document.

THEEMAN
What have you got to loose, Thomas?

HARDY
I really should have my lawyer look
this over before I sign.

Theeman takes back the pen and paper with a car sales man
smile, and hands Hardy his card.

THEEMAN
Your choice, Thomas. But this offer
is not forever. There are many other
kids that would kill for a chance
like this. I'm in town for the next
week. Call the number anytime.

Theeman and Blue Eyed man leave.

Hardy looks at the card, then tosses it into the trash.

EXT. JUVENILE HALL - DAY

Theeman and Blue Eyed Man walk out of the Building.

THEEMAN
I think Mr. Hardy might need a bit
more encouragement.

Blue Eye'd Man nods, then picks up his cell phone and dials
as the both get into their waiting limo.

EXT. DOCTORS' OFFICE - DAY

Hardy sits' in front of Dr. Jones' desk, as he leafs through
Hardy's file.

DOCTOR JONES
That's the third fight in as many
months, Thomas.

HARDY
What can I say, I love the Med Ward.
What happened to Sharron?

DOCTOR JONES
Who?

HARDY
Sharron Reynolds? The other nurse.

DOCTOR JONES
Oh. Her husband found work out of state, so they moved. You liked her?

HARDY
Eh.

DOCTOR JONES
It's good to find someone talk to. You feel like talking about yesterday?

HARDY
Zilla's an asshole?

DOCTOR JONES
Does that mean he deserves to be put in the hospital?

Hardy shrugs.

Dr. Jones shakes his head as he closes the file.

DOCTOR JONES (CONT'D)
You turn eighteen next month--

HARDY
Then it's parole time. I know.

DOCTOR JONES
This latest incident doesn't look good.

HARDY
So, when do I get out of Med Ward?

DOCTOR JONES
Tomorrow.

EXT. JUVENILE YARD - DAY

Hardy walks along the outskirts of the yard, along the fence.

Most of the kids keep away from him. Other members of Zilla's gang watch him intently.

Craig trots up behind him sporting a cast on his forearm.

CRAIG
Hey man. Finally outta Med Ward, huh? Coolio. Place is a hopping with what you did to Zilla, man.

As if on cue, members of Zilla's gang peel themselves off the wall and begin to saunter near Hardy.

HARDY

And you're telling me this because?

CRAIG

Hey man, you got my back, I got yours!

Hardy stops and turns to face Craig.

HARDY

I don't.

Hardy walks on, Craig dogging his heels.

CRAIG

So, what did those suits want, anyhow?

Out of the corner of his eye, Hardy sees some gang members peel themselves away from the crowd. He is almost back to the building.

HARDY

If you value your skin, I'd get outta here.

From around a corner, out step a pair of Zilla's thugs, Akira, and Soshi. They flash shiv's.

CRAIG

Oh shit!

HARDY

Zilla didn't like the flowers?

AKIRA

Flowers are for funerals, punk!

Akira slices at Hardy. Craig looks panic stricken.

SOSHI

Get outta here, gaijin!

Soshi clocks Craig in the face. Akira takes another slash at Hardy.

Hardy grabs Akira's arm, drops to one knee, slams it down on his knee, breaking the arm at the elbow. Akira howls in agony as the shiv falls to the ground.

Soshi jumps in, grabbing Hardy around the neck, stabbing Hardy in the back.

CRAIG
SHIIIIITTTT!

Craig slams his cast down on Soshi's nose, which exploded in blood. Hardy falls to his knees with a grunt.

Alarm's blare.

Hardy grabs the fallen shiv, spins, and leaping up, slashes wildly.

Guards run out from the building, shooting tear gas.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Hardy? Hardy!

Hardy stares blankly as Soshi clutches his neck. Blood gushes from between his fingers.

Soshi collapses.

Guards rush them, knocking Craig and Hardy to the ground.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Hey HEY! He's been stabbed! He's hurt!

Hardy's eyes flutter closed.

FLASHBACK:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MAN
Get me my fucking beer, boy!

Hardy, now 10, a large bruise welling up on his face, enters the kitchen.

Hardy opens the fridge, and grabs a beer can. He pops it open, but it shoots foam in his face. It slips out of his hands. Beer goes everywhere.

MAN (CONT'D)
Goddamnit! Good for nothing foster piece of shit.

MAN steps in, nice slacks and button down shirt open at the collar, tie askew. His face is flush with anger, pockmarks white against his red skin.

He reaches for his belt.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. MEDICAL WARD - DAY

Hardy blinks awake at the daylight streaming through the windows. Nurse Margaret comes in.

MARGARET
Glad to see you are finally awake.

HARDY
Soshi?

Margaret gives Hardy a stern, but sad look. Hardy looks at the wall calendar in Margaret's office. It's been almost a week.

MARGARET
You know, you are very lucky, Thomas.

HARDY
And why is that? Now I'm never getting out?

MARGARET
Two inches lower, and you would've lost a kidney.

HARDY
I've got an extra one.

MARGARET
And Craig might have saved your life.

HARDY
Even's it all up then.

Hardy tries to get up, but falls back in agony.

MARGARET
You aren't going anywhere, young man.

Hardy rolls his head to the side. In the next room is Akira, arm in a full cast. Staring. He drags his finger across his throat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
So, what did those men from last week want?

HARDY
Get outta jail free card. How long am I stuck here?

MARGARET

Until it's safe for you to go back
into gen pop. But for now, here's
the remote.

Margaret leaves. She punches in her code to exit the Med
Ward. Hardy watches. Then turns to the TV. He changes the
channel.

INT. MEDICAL WARD - NIGHT

The rest of the Med Ward is silent and empty. A light rain
taps a sad rhythm on the windows.

Doctor Jones comes in carrying his rain jacket, and picks up
Hardy's chart.

DOCTOR JONES

How are you felling?

HARDY

Peachy. Last stop on your way out?

Jones puts back the chart and regards Hardy.

DOCTOR JONES

You seem to be recovering well.

HARDY

First time for everything.

DOCTOR JONES

I've been talking to your case worker.

HARDY

How's the little cocksucker?

DOCTOR JONES

Hardy. This is serious. You are
looking at hard time.

HARDY

And so far it's been easy?!

DOCTOR JONES

I don't know what was going on in
that head of yours.

HARDY

It's called self defense.

DOCTOR JONES

That's not what the security cameras
say. Hardy.

(MORE)

DOCTOR JONES (CONT'D)
Listen, you keep going down this
road, and you'll be dead in a year,
maybe two. I've seen it before.
Have you given any thought about the
Overstreet Foundation?

HARDY
That was your idea?

DOCTOR JONES
Somewhere inside this cold exterior
is just a kid. They might be able
to find it again.

HARDY
Sorry to disappoint ya Doc.

Doctor Jones turns to leave, shrugging on his rain coat. He
turns before he closes the door.

DOCTOR JONES
You've got solitary for a month as
you await being tried as an adult
for murder.

Doctor Jones closes the door. Hardy watches him punch in
his door code.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Hardy, 10, clutches his knees to his chest as voices yell
from out side.

The door violently swings open.

A woman's hand with a lit cigarette taps angrily on the wall,
her long nails perfectly manicured and painted.

WOMAN
Seems someone hasn't been learning
his lessons!

She takes a drag off of the cigarette, the cherry burning
bright.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. MEDICAL WARD - NIGHT

Hardy's eyes pop open. He wipes the sweat off his forehead.
The TV is blaring some inane infomercial. Hardy mutes it.

He looks out into the exterior office.

He rolls over and tenderly puts a foot down on the floor.
He winces as his weight rests on both feet.

He walks over to the door, and punches in a code. It blinks green and the door clicks open.

Hardy walks over to Margaret's desk. It is neat, clean. A single photo of her and her two kids. The wall calendar. A phone.

Hardy picks up the phone. Nothing. He dials a nine. The phone clicks but no outside dial tone.

He looks up at the locked cabinet with drugs.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hardy slowly walks down the hall, dry swallowing a pill.

He stops at a door that reads: DOCTOR JONES.

He punches in another code. The lock blinks green and clicks open.

INT. DOCTORS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Hardy gently sits down in Doctor's Jones chair behind the desk. He causally tries the drawers. Locked.

He picks up the phone. Dials a nine. Ringtone. Closes his eyes, trying to recall something. Eyes closed, he dials a number. It rings.

VOICE

Hello, and thank you for calling the
Overstreet Foundation. If you know
your parties extension, please--

Hardy punches six numbers. A pause. The line rings.

THEEMAN

Hello?

HARDY

When do I sign?

INT. LIMO - DAY

Hardy, dressed in brand new jeans and a cool tee-shirt, sits in the back of a limo, with Theeman sitting across from him, and the Blue Eyed Man near by. Hardy signs the legal document from earlier.