FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TROPICAL ISLAND - BEACHHEAD - DAY

SUPER CAPTION: "A REMOTE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND, 1942"

The opening sequence simulates BLACK AND WHITE NEWSREEL FOOTAGE, complete with flicker, grain and occasional scratches.

Two worn and weary World War II era Japanese soldiers, SOJI and KAZUSHI, hold the point, their rifles at the ready. Behind them, a third soldier, HAKU, tries to get a signal on his backpack radio. They speak Japanese, their dialog appearing in subtitles. Their voices are hushed.

SOJI
There it is again. I'm sure it's gunfire.

Kazushi scans the area with his binoculars.

KAZUSHI
But this island is uninhabited.

SOJI
Well, something's not right. The Lieutenant is never late. He said rendezvous in two hours.

Kazushi turns back to Haku.

KAZUSHI
Haku, keep trying the radio. Soji and I will scout forward.

EXT. SMALL TROPICAL ISLAND - FURTHER INLAND - DAY

In another part of the island, more JAPANESE SOLDIERS are desperately fleeing from an unseen enemy. They fire rifles and machine guns as they retreat.

Their platoon leader, a LIEUTENANT, scorches the area with a flame-thrower.

A strange CHIRPING noise mingles with the screams and sounds of battle.

EXT. SMALL TROPICAL ISLAND - BEACHHEAD - DAY

Soji and Kazushi stealthily advance into the tropical foliage. They turn toward the noises in the distance.

SOJI
Where's it coming from?

Kazushi points to his upper left.

KAZUSHI
Over there!

Soji nods and they run toward the noise.

EXT. SMALL TROPICAL ISLAND - FURTHER INLAND - DAY

A third of the area is on fire. Random flashes of death and destruction.

Three Japanese Soldiers SCREAM in terror as they fall to the ground and disappear from view, the Monster or Monsters attacking always just out of view. The CHIRPING gets louder.

Elsewhere, six horrified Soldiers SCREAM as they are attacked, pulled to the ground and dragged out of view.

Four more Soldiers fly into the air as if on a trampoline; their skulls colliding together with a sickening CRACK, blood oozing from their faces.

Two other Soldiers run to their right when one of them glances behind them and SCREAMS just as he and the other soldier fall to the ground; their faces filled with horror. They vanish from view.

Soji and Kazushi enter the attack zone, instantly paralyzed by the unseen enemy. Kazushi lowers his gun and stands frozen.

The Lieutenant, fifteen feet away from them, continues to scorch as much of the area as possible with his flame-thrower. He sees the two Soldiers and shouts.

LIEUTENANT
Retreat, retreat!

Soji raises his rifle and fires round after round. Kazushi remains paralyzed. Seconds later, their bodies are shattered into dozens of tiny pieces which float through the air and fall to the ground.

The Lieutenant's flame-thrower SPUTTERS and runs out of gas. A fearful look comes over him. He tosses the flame-thrower out toward the unseen enemy and pulls out a machete.

He hacks away at the foliage, going into an area that is not ravaged by fire. He turns and nearly slices Haku.

HAKU
Sir, what is it?

LIEUTENANT
It isn't human.

A huge shadow darkens the Lieutenant's back as he continues to hack away until he, too, goes down and gets dragged back into the jungle, clawing the earth for dear life. Haku SCREAMS.

FX: NEWSREEL FILM BREAKS AND BLEEDS TO WHITE

FADE TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAWN

SUPER CAPTION: "PRESENT DAY"

The sun breaks through the early morning dew as two garden variety caterpillars inch their way across the top of a simple stone sign that reads: "UNIVERSITY OF NATURAL SCIENCES".

INT. UNIVERSITY ENTOMOLOGY LABORATORY - MORNING

CHRISTINE (20s), brunette, intelligent, naturally pretty, even with her glasses, sits at a table studying a slide in a microscope. She jots notes on a pad, a half empty cup of coffee resting nearby. Plants and foliage fill the laboratory.

PROFESSOR GENE (60s), the distinguished University science department chair, enters carrying a newspaper and two cups of coffee.

GENE
Good morning Christine. Pull another all-nighter?

The Professor sets a cup down near Christine and pulls over a stool.

CHRISTINE
Just a "pre-dawner" today, Professor. I was documenting the unusual traits this species of Chlorophytum exhibits in the moments just before daybreak. Quite remarkable actually. Want to take a look?

GENE
No, hard to keep my mind on real science when rumors are circulating that our department's funding is about to be cut.

CHRISTINE
Again? But they already slashed our budget in half.

GENE
Plants and bugs aren't sexy enough for today's funding sources. Oh, but there's plenty of money if you want to film a dozen pretty girls on an island.

Christine looks up with a quizzical expression. The Professor hands Christine the newspaper. A small article near the fold of the newspaper catches Christine's eye.

INSERT: NEWSPAPER ARTICLE HEADLINE. "SURVIVOR GIRLS TV SHOW TO BE FILMED ON JUJU ISLAND."

CHRISTINE
Isn't that the island where you applied to do some field studies?

GENE
Indeed! It's been off limits for tourism for about fifty years, but from what we know, the island has some of the most unique indigenous plant and insect species ever discovered.

CHRISTINE
Guess the TV producers must have greased a lot of palms to gain access there?

GENE
Ahh, to have some real money for research! It's also the only place in the world with the precise soil and environment for this, the Bruhala Flower.

The Professor pulls a book with a picture of a unique looking white flower from a nearby drawer.

CHRISTINE
Bruhala?

GENE
A flower thought to be extinct for over a thousand years. Korean natives used it to cure paralysis.

CHRISTINE
Well, the paper says the producers are still looking for "exceptional female contestants".

GENE
I don’t look too good in a bikini.

CHRISTINE
I wasn't thinking about you.

Gene raises an eyebrow.

CHRISTINE
What, you don't think I have "it"?

Christine removes her glasses and swings her hair.

GENE
Take it from the University's resident dirty old man, whatever "it" is, beauty, brains, or charm, you've got it in spades Christine.

CHRISTINE
Professor!

GENE
But, ahem, I've watched one or two of these programs and I damn well don't want these producers exploiting you.

CHRISTINE
Look at it this way, we may have a chance to exploit them.

GENE
Still, the University, I, can't condone this.

CHRISTINE
This doesn't need to be sanctioned by the department. What I do with my time off is my business.

The Professor mulls it over.

CHRISTINE
Think of it Professor? If I could get my entomologist hands on one of those flowers, the University would have no choice but to renew our funding.

GENE
I appreciate the gesture, still...

Gene glances up at the clock.

GENE (CONT'D)
I'd better run these samples to the lab.

Gene grabs the cooler labeled "SAMPLES" resting on the table near Christine and leaves.

Christine looks at the newspaper article again and back to the flower in the book.

EXT. LUXURIOUS ISLAND RESORT - BAY - MORNING

A sea-plane swoops down into the beach-side bay surrounding a luxurious South Korean island resort. Water-skiers, swimmers and small boats frantically move out of the way as the sea-plane recklessly makes its way to the dock nearest the resort.

EXT. LUXURIOUS ISLAND RESORT - DOCK - MORNING

A cluster of TV NEWS REPORTERS and their CAMERAMEN, along with several STILL PHOTOGRAPHERS jockey for position as the sea-plane coasts to a stop. A banner above reads "South Korea Welcomes Chuck Devries Productions".

Cameras FLASH in rapid succession as CHUCK DEVRIES (40s), a smarmy, hot-shot TV Producer with a permanent tan, toothy smile and ever-present wireless phone earpiece, exits the sea-plane surrounded by four beautiful, scantily clad female contestants.

Two of them, GINGER (20s), a cute, slightly slutty redhead, and DEEDEE (20s), an exotic, big-breasted girl with big blue eyes and a look straight out of a hip-hop video, cling to Chuck's arms.

The other two girls, LISA (20s), a tall brunette with a red and black tattoo of a she-devil on her shoulder, and SADIE (20s), a naïve, wide-eyed girl from Louisiana wearing her trademark straw cowgirl hat, follow behind.

EUNICE (30), a very plain woman with her hair in a bun and a dour expression, emerges from the plane last, diligently typing on her Blackberry. She stays discretely behind the others.

Chuck and the women pose for the cameras. Chuck gives a number of his flashy grins before settling the crowd of paparazzi and onlookers with a raised hand.

CHUCK
Thank you all for such a warm reception.

KATIE JACKSON (30s), a pretty, perky, go-getting TV Reporter with a microphone that reads TV8, pushes her way to the head of the crowd.

KATIE
Katie Jackson, TV 8. Mr. Devries, can you tell us more about your production and what you plan on doing here?

CHUCK
Sweetie, call me Chuck. And if we didn't have our twelve beautiful contestants already, I'd ask you to audition.

He winks at her. Katie feigns modesty.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Am I right? Is she hot or what?

The males in the crowd HOOT and CHEER.

KATIE
Mr. Devries!

Chuck puts his arms over the shoulders of DeeDee and Ginger, who both appear very receptive to his touch.

CHUCK
First, let me thank you all for coming out to help launch the new season of my hit show, SURVIVOR GIRLS! I'm very excited to announce that this season my twelve lovely ladies will compete to win a grand prize of five million dollars!

KATIE
Did you say five million dollars?

CHUCK
That's right. A little more than you reporters make I wager.

More crowd laughter.

MALE REPORTER
That's an awfully big jump from last season.

CHUCK
Damn right! Last season we gave away a half a million dollars, but due to the show's stellar ratings, we got our sponsors to "up the ante" as it were.

KATIE
I'm sorry, but weren't your ratings actually down last season? And isn't the increased prize money and this exotic location merely a last ditch effort to save a nearly cancelled show?

STU, a Male Reporter pushes past Katie and puts out his mic.

STU
Stu Silver, Fashion and Style Channel. Is it true you'll be showcasing the latest swimsuit fashions?

CHUCK
We'll give Sports Illustrated a run for their money, you bet.

Katie elbows her way back to the front of the line.

KATIE
Don't you mean you'll continue to pander to the lowest common denominator? Debasing women and pitting them in lurid and puerile competitions that make wet T-shirt and mud wrestling contests seem tame in comparison?

CHUCK
Puerile?

Chuck shrugs.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Sounds like a pretty fair assessment to me.

Another toothy grin and the crowd goes wild.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
But we've gone a long way to recruit brains and beauty this season. We've got some IQs that are off the hook!

KATIE
Have you also addressed the criticisms that you only select big breasted Caucasian women?

DeeDee and Ginger both look insulted.

CHUCK
Listen, we'll take big breasted girls of any color. But seriously, you want variety? Hell, we've got the most ethnically diverse Devries' Dozen we've ever had. And let me tell you, they are Super chicks, every one of them.

STU
What made you pick this particular island for the show? It's hardly the arid wasteland you typically bring your contestants to.

CHUCK
This island is just a staging area. We're actually filming on a tiny island that's been off limits to the public for over half a century.

KATIE
You mean Juju Island?

CHUCK
You do do your homework lady. We prefer to call it Jasmine Island now. And, like I said, it has been off limits for a while, but only because some eccentric descendent of a tribal chief refused access.

KATIE
That's not entirely true, Chuck. After a whole platoon of Japanese soldiers disappeared there without a trace, not to mention the countless--

A few of the girls next to Chuck look a bit frightened. Chuck glances at them and interrupts.

CHUCK
--I'm afraid, that's all the questions we have time for now. We'll have our official press conference after the rest of the girls arrive this morning. I'm sure we can answer all your "relevant" questions then. Ciao!

He pushes past the crowd, the girls in tow. Eunice, wearing thick, rubber soled orthopedic black shoes, shuffles after them. Chuck pauses near Katie and whispers to her menacingly.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
And you, sugar. Consider your invitation revoked.

Katie stands there, saying nothing, but Eunice makes a note in her blackberry as they trudge past.

EXT. LUXURIOUS ISLAND RESORT - VALET PARKING AREA - DAY

Several stretch limos pull up to a curved drive-way where a red carpet, velvet rope and stanchions separate a small CROWD of tourists and onlookers from the MEDIA.

BLAIR (20s), a tan girl with ridiculously fake looking blonde hair extensions, a tight dress, and a white "Miss California 3rd Runner-up" sash, and YUMI (20s), a striking Korean pre-med student, both two more contestants, get out of the back of the first limo.

Blair steps in front of Yumi and poses for the cameras. She flashes a big smile and gives her best "Miss America" type wave.

In the back of the crowd, MONIQUE (20s), African American, athletic and another beautiful contestant, is writing on a little scorecard, checking off Blair and Yumi from her list. She muses aloud, drawing a circle around Yumi.

MONIQUE
Blair and Yumi. That Yumi might give me some competition.

The cameras FLASH as the ladies work the make-shift runway, tossing hair back and strutting their stuff.

SIMON RYECREST (30s), the chiseled-chin handsome emcee of Survivor Girls, his shirt half-open and wearing a gold chain and dark sunglasses, exits from the next limo. More cameras FLASH and several girls in the crowd swoon.

Monique watches Simon exit and WOLF WHISTLES her approval. She whispers to Christine, who, disguised in a hoody and dark glasses, stands near her.

MONIQUE
Now that is one handsome hunk of man-meat.

CHRISTINE
Who is he?

As they talk, another Limo arrives and two more contestants exit. They are TIFFANY (20s), a Caucasian girl with dreadlocks and a guitar strapped over her shoulder, and FRANKIE (20s), a pretty, delivery truck-driving Hispanic girl who has her hair pulled back, no make-up, and a man's tuxedo.