

DIABLO BARCO

A surfing getaway turns into a nightmare when two friends
stumble upon a shipwreck.

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - NICARAGUA - LATE AFTERNOON

With a long stretch of beach behind them, CHIP WALKER and JOHNNY RYAN both 20, both with surfer boy good looks, trudge through the sand. They carry large back packs and drag their bagged surf boards behind them.

CHIP

Dude, we almost there?

JOHNNY

Quit bitchin you baby.

CHIP

I'm a baby? You're the one who had to bring his pillow.

Chip gestures toward the pillow strapped to Johnny's backpack. Johnny ignores him and plows forward.

Seconds later, Johnny slows down and points to a 60 foot wall of rock in the distance.

JOHNNY

There it is.

CHIP

How we gonna to get over that?

JOHNNY

Not over. . .through. But we gotta hurry, it's almost low tide.

INT. CAVE

Dark walls surround Chip and Johnny as they wade through waist high water. Chip appears nervous.

CHIP

I'm gonna ruin my damned cell phone.

JOHNNY

I told you not to bring it. There's no service where we're going. Just waves. It'll be worth it, trust me.

EXT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Chip stares in awe at the secluded cove before him. A small beach surrounded by cliffs and a grove of trees.

JOHNNY

Told you it'd be worth it.

CHIP

You weren't shittin.

They look out at the awesome surf. Chip excitedly drops his pack and rips his board out of the bag.

CHIP

Come on man!

JOHNNY

Whoa, let's set up camp first.
It'll be dark soon and you gotta
catch us dinner.

Johnny smiles wickedly and tosses Chip a spear that was strapped to his pack. Chip rolls his eyes and HUFFS.

EXT. CAMP - SUNSET

With camp now set up, consisting of a tarp tied between two trees, Johnny tends to the fire. He watches as Chip, in ankle deep water, stalks fish to spear.

JOHNNY

Come on asshole! I'm hungry!

Chip thrusts the spear into the water unsuccessfully.

CHIP

Slippery bastard!

Chip gathers the fish he's caught and jogs toward the camp. Suddenly he falls, fish go flying. He SCREAMS in agony.

Johnny runs over to him, his eyes widen in horror. A sharp, rusted metal object juts out of Chip's leg.

JOHNNY

Holy shit!

Johnny studies the object. It's a rail from the hull of a ship, partially buried in the sand. His eyes follow the hull to the rest of the ship hidden behind the trees.

He assesses the situation and realizes what he has to do.

JOHNNY

I'm gonna have to pull you're foot
out Chip. Hold on buddy.

Through the trees the reflection of the campfire shines off the glass of a large, partially buried, porthole.

(O.S.) Chip SCREAMS so loud it echoes off the cliffs.

EXT. CAMP - LATE NIGHT

Johnny paces nervously. Chip is semi-conscious lying on a sleeping bag with his head on Johnny's pillow. His leg is wrapped in a blood soaked shirt. He shakes and sweats.

JOHNNY

I can't go for help until low tide
tomorrow. You gotta hold on.

EXT. CAMP - LATER

Its dark, the campfire is nearly out. Chip wakes up in bad shape. He weakly sits up and looks around for Johnny.

He spots the flicker of a flashlight. It's Johnny, looking into the open porthole of the ship.

Suddenly, the sand around Johnny's feet begins to slide into the porthole. His feet move fast as he tries to get away but he gets no where.

Chip watches helplessly as Johnny grabs a vine and tries to pull himself out. Johnny struggles but his hands slip and he slides into the porthole, his flashlight follows.

Chip tries to get up but can't. Johnny cries out.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Oh my God! GET AWAY FROM ME!

Johnny lets out a blood curdling SCREAM.

Chip grabs the pillow and holds it tight against his ears.

The screaming stops. With a look of determination he throws the pillow aside and forces himself to stand. He winces as he drags his leg behind him.

Chip rummages through his backpack and pulls out his cell phone. He uses the glow from the LCD screen to guide him through the darkness.

The faint glow from Johnny's flashlight comes through the porthole. Chip approaches it apprehensively.

An inhuman SCREAM comes from the ship. Then, the glow in the porthole goes out.

Terrified, Chip drops his phone and tries to get away but falls. He grabs his leg which is now gushing blood.

CHIP

AHHHHHH Shit!

He tries to reach his cell phone but the sand around him begins to pour into the porthole, sucking him in.

He struggles. He grabs on to the sides of the porthole but his blood soaked hands are too slippery. He quickly loses his grip and disappears down into the darkness.

Chip's cell phone lay open, next to the porthole. The glow illuminates his bloody handprints.

EXT. CAMP - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun glistens over the waves. Low tide reveals the cave opening, VOICES echo from inside. The CHOPPING sound of helicopter blades fills the air.

Johnny and TWO NICARAGUAN POLICEMEN, one 60's the other 20's, rush out the cave toward the camp. A helicopter now hovers over the cove with a stretcher dangling from it.

CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Johnny and the policemen, stand over Chip's lifeless body. Chip's frozen expression relays terror. His stiff arms hold the pillow over his ears. Johnny falls to his knees.

OLD POLICEMAN

You should not have come here. This
is home of Diablo Barco.

The old policeman glares toward the ship as he walks away.
He signals to the the helicopter to lower the stretcher.

Johnny is shaken up. The young policeman comforts him.

JOHNNY

Who is Diablo Barco?

YOUNG POLICEMAN

Diablo mean Devil, Barco mean ship.

INT. HELICOPTER

Everyone has been brought up safely. A white sheet covers
the stretcher where Chip's body lies.

Through the opening of the helicopter, Johnny stares down
at the shipwreck. Something shiny near the porthole
catches his eye.

Suddenly his eyes turn fiery red. He quickly snaps his
head toward the people in the helicopter and lets out an
inhuman SCREAM.

A look of horror then panic comes over the crew.

EXT. SHIP

Next to the porthole Chip's cell phone lay open, its black
screen reflects the sun.

A rat scurries through the sand, stops at the cell phone,
sniffs then continues on. Behind him the helicopter
violently crashes into the sea.

The rat reaches the porthole and sniffs the bloody
handprints. The sand around him begins to pour into the
porthole. He stands no chance and falls into the darkness.

FADE OUT