

ADRIFT

by
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Based on the book
Red Sky In Mourning
By Tami Oldham Ashcraft with Susea McGearhart

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THIS IS A TRUE STORY

AT FIRST THERE IS ONLY DARKNESS...

A deathly silence. Slowly punctured by a rising STORM OF SOUND: the banshee scream of HOWLING WIND, death groan of SPLINTERING WOOD. Heart of a hurricane more felt than seen.

TWIN FORKS OF LIGHTNING ELECTRIFY THE NIGHT

*

Sizzling flashes that with each blinding burst illuminate a nightmare of shadow and chaos:

FLASH: The bow of a sailboat seesaws through skyscraper swells.

FLASH: Hands grip a wheel that spins out of control. Slipping.

FLASH: Violent crescendo of SAILS WHIPPING wildly. Ripping.

FLASH: A fury of rain. Fingers reach for us. Almost touching --

BOOM TO BLACK

Thunder so loud it rattles the bones. And then, just as quickly as it begins, ALL SOUND BOTTOMS OUT...

EXT. UNDERWATER - UPSIDE-DOWN

A faint glow SPLASHES DOWN into the inky darkness: A RED STROBE light PULSING around the neck of a man, curled like a newborn.

With each fading flicker he sinks deeper into the womb-like depths -- the strobe like the failing beat of a heart.

Dim... dimly... dimmer...

INT. SAILBOAT - DAY - **<THE PRESENT>**

All at once the liquid depths transform seamlessly into...

A PUPIL

Center of a sea-blue eye, which blinks in EXTREME CLOSE UP:

TAMI ASHCRAFT (23)

Groans awake like a drowning victim revived. Hair a tangled halo. Sunburned face spattered with caked salt and blood. She squints against the light. Vision blurry. Speech slurred.

TAMI

Richard it's too bright.

She shuts her eyes, lulled by the gentle lapping of water...

THEN SHE TASTES THE BLOOD

A rivulet trickling down her forehead. Her eyes snap wide now.

TAMI'S FUZZY POV:

A tropic sun sears a cloudless blue sky.

Tami BLINKS, disoriented. Slowly her vision comes into focus --

The sun pours through a JAGGED HOLE in the torn deck overhead, where a fifty foot aluminum mast once stood. Now simply gone.

A HOLLOW BOOM REVERBERATES through the ship's flooded cabin.

Tami's breath quickens. A wave of desperate realization.

TAMI

Richard?

She rolls to one side only to gag on a MOUTHFUL OF SALTWATER.

WIDER NOW: reveals Tami is suspended in a hammock inside a half-flooded ship's cabin. She sits up, a painful maneuver.

The world spins dangerously. A CONCUSSION.

THE BOOM ECHOES AGAIN

Tami clutches her head, but it's not in her brain... something heavy is pounding against the ship's hull. Still her palm comes away from her rat's nest of sun-bleached hair: soaked in blood.

In the galley's mirror she catches a glimpse of herself: a deep gash in her head, shards of glass porcupined in her arms.

And water everywhere. A disaster zone...

Cabinets ripped off their hinges. Rotting food drifting free along with clothes, books, anything that isn't bolted down.

Tami's vision blurs in and out of focus. Panic building.

TAMI

RICHARD!

Groaning, she untangles herself from the wet cocoon of the hammock and plunges waist-deep into the oily water.

She gasps, a shock to her system, the cold snapping her into focus. Into the immediacy of this waking nightmare. Into action.

She power-wades frantically through what was once a luxurious wood trimmed cabin. Tears open the FORWARD V-BERTH (bedroom).

IT'S EMPTY

In a frenzy, Tami sashes back toward the AFT CABIN -- shoving aside a minefield of drifting debris. Only the door here is blocked from within by something heavy and pliant. A body?

TAMI

Oh god Richard, I'm coming!

WHAM! Tami slams herself into the door. Again and again. Ignoring the pain. Terror and adrenaline fueling her strength.

With a SNAP the hinges wrench off. In a flash, Tami hauls the facedown corpse out of the water to find...

IT'S JUST A SOGGY MATTRESS

In a frenzy she PUNCHES it aside. Surges to the companionway ladder leading up to the ship's deck.

THE HOLLOW BOOM POUNDS AGAIN

And again through this flooded coffin. Like a death knell. But if this ship is sinking... Tami will NOT go down with it.

She wrestles to open the hatch door, but no matter how hard she tugs it won't budge. She's TRAPPED. And worse...

THE LADDER RIPS OFF ITS LATCHES!

Crashing backwards on top of Tami, crushing her.

UNDERWATER

Tami's leg stomps through a splintered floorboard -- an eight inch GASH immediately butterflying open all the way to bone.

She SCREAMS BUBBLES of pain -- pinned down and drowning as she struggles desperately to muscle the wedged ladder off her.

ONLY SHE CAN'T...

Air gone, strength slipping, darkness closing in.

But Tami doesn't quit.

Straining impossibly, she dead-lifts the ladder just enough to squirm free and...

BURSTS TO THE SURFACE GASPING!

But the hatch is unreachable now. She's trapped in the cabin. Tami scans her only exit: ten feet straight up through the ripped out hole in the deck.

Gritting through pain, she scales the broken galley table, stacks a wobbly pyramid of cushions, appliances, anything not bolted down. Climbs precariously toward the light. Straining --

Only it's not enough, her fingertips fall just shy of the opening. Tami steels herself, only one way out. She LEAPS...

EXT. UPPER DECK - DAY

Hands appear first, clawing with insane effort as Tami's face now heaves into frame, hauling herself onto the deck of a million dollar yacht that... like her... is a TOTAL WRECK.

The entire sailboat is tilted at a crazy angle. Barely afloat.

The main boom has severed at the trunk like a chainsawed tree and smashed across the hatch. Sails shredded or missing.

But worse: Tami is completely alone.

TAMI

Richard?

She races toward the cockpit, searching, manic. Reaching the wheel, she finds A SAFETY-LINE clipped to the rail...

The other end trailing off the stern into the sea.

TAMI

Please no. Please please please.

Hand over hand she hauls the line in, chanting her hopeless mantra, her only wish, her deepest prayer.

At the end of the line all that greets her... is a broken clip.

TAMI

NO...

The weight of reality drops her to her knees. And then --

TAMI

RICHAAAAAARD!

The kind of cry you never thought was in you, and everyone hopes they never hear. Primal. Heartrending. Absolute.

It ECHOES ACROSS THE WATER

Further. Further. Till Tami is just a speck on a desolate sea. No one and absolutely nothing as far as the eye can see.

Just BLUE stretching from horizon to endless horizon.

UP TITLE:

A D R I F T

And now a different VOICE shouts back across the water, across time. An echo on the wind. A memory from the past.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Are you alone?

The SUN FLARES, a flash of BLINDING WHITE --

EXT. COOK'S BAY, MO'OREA - DAY - (**THE PAST**)

The light turns liquid, sun dancing across water as Tami turns toward the VOICE, shielding her eyes.

She's a different woman than the one we just met: bruises and blood gone, face strong and healthy. Yet there's a restlessness in her. A wild, unbridled spirit. An iron will.

She varnishes the wood rails of the same sailboat: *HAZANA*. Only it's no longer destroyed. It's now restored to full glory:

A beautiful luxury yacht anchored in a postcard perfect lagoon.

RICHARD (O.S.)
I said... are you alone?

A friendly voice calls across the water, a man backlit by the sun sails into view on his smaller, shittier, beat-up ship.

He expertly drops anchor beside Tami, who gets a good look at --

RICHARD SHARP (32)

English. Elemental. A man chiseled by wind and salt-spray, hair a messy lion's mane. A magnetism that can't be contained.

TAMI
That's a strange question to ask a stranger.

RICHARD
Is it? Been at sea so long, guess I've lost my social graces. Probably doesn't help I've been spending all my time with Ernest and Leo...

He lifts two books: Ernest Hemingway's "Old Man and the Sea" and Leo Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina."

RICHARD
Who are the world's most depressing shipmates. I was hoping to talk to someone real before I really go crazy.

TAMI
Too bad I'm a hallucination.

RICHARD

(laughs)

I knew it! It's too good to be true...

He takes in Tami and the Eden before him: dramatic razor-ridged folding cliffs reflected in electric blue water.

RICHARD

I mean look at this paradise! Water too blue, mountains too green.

TAMI

And this isn't even the pretty part.
Bienvenue à Tahiti.

Richard smiles at her, more handsome than Tami dares admit. Despite his unkempt beard and unforgivably tacky ALOHA SHIRT.

To Tami's surprise, he pirate-swings far out over the water and splashes down in a bombastic cannonball. Giddy as a kid.

His enthusiasm is infectious. Tami smiles in spite of herself as he hauls himself dripping onto HAZANA. Whistles appreciatively.

RICHARD

She's quite a beaut.

His eyes never leave hers. Admiring Tami more than the ship.

TAMI

And that was quite an entrance.

RICHARD

I was hoping to make an impression.

TAMI

You made a strong one... on the wood.

She points at his wet hand staining her drying veneer.

TAMI

Less on me. You ruined my varnish.

Richard quickly devolves from bravado to bumbling idiot.

RICHARD

I'm sorry. I didn't... here I'll just... let me help you fix it.

His attempts to fix the stain only make it worse. Tami laughs.

TAMI

Better if we start over from scratch.
(extends her hand)
I'm Tami.

RICHARD

Richard.

He yelps in surprise as he shakes her hand... a rough piece of SANDPAPER hidden in her palm.

TAMI

You could use some polish yourself.

She indicates his shaggy beard. Signals him to sand the stain.

RICHARD

When you've been a long time at sea,
you get a bit rough around the edges.

He stops her hand, then gently guides it the opposite way.

RICHARD

But I find true beauty only emerges
when we go against the grain.

Under his guidance the stain strips clean, revealing beautiful raw wood underneath.

Tami studies him, hands still touching. Contact. Chemistry.

TAMI

Is that why you sailed solo all the
way from...
(off his accent)
England?

RICHARD

Originally. Got grounded in South
Africa running a shipyard for a
while. But now my home port is
wherever the wind takes me. You?

TAMI

Still looking for a port of my own.

RICHARD

I see... and on quite the chariot.

TAMI

Hazana? I wish but she's not mine.
I'm just the hired help shining her
up for another princess.

RICHARD

That's a relief. Because I'm no
prince charming.

TAMI

And that's no white horse...

She nods at his humble ship -- *THE MAYALUGA* -- a 34 foot ferro-cement cutter anchored across the channel. Richard beams, proud.

RICHARD
No, but I built it with my own hands.

TAMI
I can tell.

Richard smirks at her spunk, outmatched by Tami.

RICHARD
Let me take you sailing.

TAMI
On that floating coffin?

RICHARD
I know it doesn't look like much, but you shouldn't judge a ship by it's hull.

TAMI
I'm judging it by it's captain.

RICHARD
Then you're judging too quickly. Look I admit, I haven't done this in a while so...

TAMI
It's hard to sweep a girl off her feet when you've got sea legs.

RICHARD
You don't strike me as a girl who needs sweeping.

TAMI
And you don't strike me as boy who gives up easily.

RICHARD
I don't.

He offers his hand to her, hoping she'll take it only...

TAMI
Good. Because I'm gonna make it hard.

And with that, to his surprise... she **SHOVES HIM OVERBOARD!**

EXT. HAZANA - OPEN OCEAN - DAY - <THE PRESENT>

SPLASH! A man overboard life preserver hits the water, bobbing uselessly on the swells. Tami watches it drift, shell-shocked.

A HOLLOW BOOM

Snaps her out of it, that same death knell banging against the hull. Reminding her of the danger she's in.

She moves for the cockpit's VHF HIGH-FREQUENCY RADIO.

TAMI

Mayday, MAYDAY! This is the sailing yacht Hazana. We're swamped... possibly sinking... with a man over...

She CHOKES UP. Eyes clenched shut, involuntary tears welling.

TAMI

It's just me. Please, somebody copy.

Her tears splash on a NAUTICAL CHART duct-taped to the cockpit -- HAZANA's course tracked daily to its last marked position...

TAMI

Last recorded position: longitude 115°W by latitude 12°N. 1500 miles between San Diego and Tahiti.
(somberly to herself)
1500 miles from nowhere.

Staring at the chart, the severity of her situation sinks in. Her ship a tiny needle in the middle of a blue haystack.

TAMI

(desperately into radio)
C'mon dammit... Mayday, mayday...

Water suddenly BUBBLES OUT of the receiver. Tami tries to salvage it, but the radio is completely drenched, DEAD.

In a rage she SMASHES it to pieces.

Then she collapses in a defeated ball. Rocking with the swells and with her grief. In this moment when most would give up...

A GLINT OF LIGHT

Suddenly dances across her eyes. A brief flash. Here then gone.

Tami sits up, shielding her gaze. Scanning the horizon. But the liquid infinity that surrounds her reveals nothing.

She slumps. A trick of her mind. Her concussed head throbbing.

THEN THE LIGHT FLASHES AGAIN

Way out, flickering like a lighthouse. So faint it could be the sun sparkling off the water. Only it lingers.

Wasting no time, Tami dives across the deck, flush with renewed hope. She reaches beneath the cockpit, groping blindly.

REVERSE ON: her fingers find a waterproof SHIP'S LOG and a pair of BINOCULARS. Still strapped in. A small miracle. She raises them, scared to breathe, adjusting the focus until...

A LIFE RAFT APPEARS!!

TAMI
RICHAAARD! HANG ON, I'M COMING!

As the light glints again, blinding her...

EXT. SECLUDED BEACH, MO'OREA - DAY - (*THE PAST*)

A blinding light flashes tauntingly in Tami's eyes -- as she reclines in a hammock strung between two coconut trees.

She squints, annoyed, to find Richard motoring past her beach in an inflatable dinghy, intentionally reflecting sunlight at her off his watch. He calls to her --

RICHARD
I'm heading into town for supplies.
Need anything?

TAMI
Actually, there's this little sign
they sell that says "*Ne pas déranger*".

RICHARD
Which means?

TAMI
Do not disturb.

She covers her eyes with her pareu. Waves adieu.

RICHARD
If I bring back a six pack, will that
count as me buying you a drink?

TAMI
No, but I'll give you points for
persistence.

RICHARD
And how many points do I need until
you come sailing with me?

TAMI

The more you ask, the less you get.

She watches amused as his OUTBOARD DIES.

TAMI

Besides... I think you need to bring your lifeboat back to life first.

Richard curses. Tries to restart his motor, hitting the ignition, revving the stuttering throttle over and over as...

EXT. HAZANA - OPEN OCEAN - DAY - **<THE PRESENT>**

Tami revs HAZANA's throttle, PUNCHES the ignition. Nothing.

TAMI

C'mon, c'mon. WORK!

In the distance the FLASH glints. Further now. Taunting her.

TAMI

MOVE GODDAMN IT!

She cranks the engine again and again. Not even a sputter.

TAMI

No motor. No mast. No sail. I'm dead.

She spins the wheel, trying to at least turn the ship. But it's STUCK. Something caught on the rudder underwater.

She massages her throbbing temple. Trying to think over the dull, INSISTENT BANGING. But it's not just her migraine...

Leaning far over the gunwale, she spots the source of the BOOM:

A SEVERED SPINNAKER POLE

Banging like a battering ram against the ship's hull, causing cracks to spiderweb across its veneer with each swell.

If she doesn't do something fast, it'll puncture through!

And that's not the worst of her problems. The pole is caught in a tangle of ropes connected like tentacles to --

THE MASSIVE SUBMERGED HEADSAIL

It drags under the keel like a giant jellyfish. Dragging HAZANA over -- the source of the ship's crazy tilt.

And though both of these threaten to kill her, Tami smiles at the sight of them. A crazy idea forming.

She extracts a knife and sets out slicing the spinnaker pole free of its web. Instantly it begins to SLIP INTO THE DEEP...

Tami dives for the 9 foot aluminum spinnaker pole, catching it at the last second! She dangles headfirst over the side...

AN INCH SHY OF SEA

TAMI

If I die... Richard dies.

With herculean effort, she hauls herself and the pole on deck.

And now, arm-over-arm, Tami tries to haul in THE SAIL.

But the slick fabric weighs a ton -- the sail nearly dragging her over as her muscles tremble in a losing tug-of-war.

Tami SCREAMS in frustration.

With no other option, she lets it go. Then UNHOOKS the sail's clevis pin, watches defeated as her only sail SINKS.

For a moment she allows herself to sink into absolute despair.

But only a moment.

With the weight gone, HAZANA suddenly RIGHTS ITSELF! The wheel spins free, bow turning. A silver lining.

TAMI

Well at least I'm not sinking... yet.

But she ain't moving either, her ship full of water.

Tami props the severed spinnaker pole upright, assessing its flimsy height, flexing for tensile strength. Thinking...

She scans the deck, eyes settling on a half-buried roll of DUCT TAPE. At the sight of it, Tami smiles as though recalling a fond memory. And as she digs aside debris to lift it...

INT. HARBOR STORE - MO'OREA - DAY - (**THE PAST**)

Richard lifts a roll of DUCT-TAPE from a shelf, tosses it atop a mountain of duct tape in a shopping cart full of supplies: Watercolor paints, canned food, nautical charts, a six pack.

Richard whistles as he shops, pausing before a bulletin board cluttered with ads: boats for sale, manta ray tours, and...

A PICTURE OF TAMI

Under the posting "Top Rate First Mate". Richard untacks it.

RICHARD

Tami Oldham. Sea gypsy. Experienced deckhand. Crappy chef. Skilled at rigging, varnishing and Trans-Pacific crossings. Will sail the seven seas in exchange for room, board and captain training.

TAMI (O.S.)

Three weeks that's been up, you're the first taker.

Richard turns to find Tami entering the small shop.

RICHARD

Yeah... taking it down. It's cluttering all the real ads.
(reads a tie-dye one)
Like palm readings AND tax prep. The two things everyone most needs.

TAMI

Besides duct-tape?

She lifts two rolls from his absurd stockpile.

TAMI

You sure you got enough?

RICHARD

Why, you think they have more?

TAMI

Not enough to fix your leaky ship.

RICHARD

You laugh, but this sticky miracle strip has saved my ass more times than I care to admit.

TAMI

And admitting that just killed my interest in sailing with you.

Richard leans in close, flirtatious, a 10,000 kilowatt smile...

RICHARD

You made it pretty clear you had zero interest already.

...then leans PAST HER, retacks her bulletin to the board.

RICHARD

Too bad, I could've used a first mate.

He grabs his duct tape from her. Then TURNS HIS BACK on Tami, this time rejecting her.

TAMI

For a man who doesn't give up easily... that was *PRETTY* easy.

RICHARD

I'm not giving up... I'm giving in.

Ignoring her, he pushes his cart toward the register -- where a TAHITIAN CLERK starts ringing up his mountain of supplies.

Tami grins gamely. A chess match of flirtation.

TAMI

So what's with the stockpile?
Planning a party?

RICHARD

For one. A going away celebration.

TAMI

(surprised, disappointed)
You're leaving? You just arrived.

RICHARD

I'm not much for land.

TAMI

Or fashion?

She pokes a finger through a hole in his tacky ALOHA SHIRT.

RICHARD

Tease all you want, this is my lucky shirt.

TAMI

With everything but the ladies?

RICHARD

Yet here you are chasing me into town after claiming you didn't need anything.

TAMI

I had a change of heart.

RICHARD

About me?
(flipping the script)
You know, if I didn't know better, I'd say you were stalking ME.

Now it's Tami's turn to lean close, a seductive smile...

TAMI

Good thing you know better.

...And she leans past him, hands a stack of stamped letters to the clerk: this provincial shop doubles as a post office.

The clerk spins the register so Richard can see his total. He pulls out several soggy bills. It's not enough.

RICHARD

Sorry but looks like it's a rain check on that six-pack.

He removes the beer and most of his canned food, keeps the duct-tape and all the art supplies. An interesting choice.

TAMI

Planning to survive on watercolors?

RICHARD

The soul is more important to feed than the belly.

TAMI

Even starving artists need to eat.

She puts the beer back on the counter. And all his food. Then pulls out her own cash.

TAMI

This round's on me.

Richard stops her. Sincere.

RICHARD

I don't like owing anyone favors.

TAMI

It's not a favor if I get something in return.

RICHARD

Like what?

Tami smiles mischievously as she tears her ad from the bulletin board and crumples it.

TAMI

Captain's training. In the ancient art... of duct tape.

She thrusts a roll against his chest. Richard laughs.

RICHARD

Easy! First lesson: whatever hole is leaking you just tear and...

He RIIIIIPS off a strip, tapes it to Tami's lips.

RICHARD
There, fixed. *Ne pas déranger.*

The clerk laughs as Tami pulls off the tape.

TAMI
Careful, I'm a fast learner.

With that she steals the tape back, a playful grin as...

INT. HAZANA CABIN - **<THE PRESENT>**

RIIIP! That cathartic SOUND as a thick strip of duct tape is fast-torn away. Tami sticks it to the wall. Final piece on --

A PLYWOOD PATCH

Heavily taped across the spiderweb cracks inside the hull. Tami tests her handiwork to make sure it will hold.

TAMI
Patched leak: Check.

Satisfied, she turns to her next task. Sarcastic...

TAMI
Now the easy part: drain the ship.

She surveys the flooded cabin, the magnitude of the mess overwhelming: diesel oil rainbows swirling around rotten food.

TAMI
Can't reach Richard dragging all this.

She sloshes to the damaged NAV station. Reaches underwater, groping blindly for a panel labelled: AUTOMATIC BILGE-PUMP.

As soon as she flips the switch ON...

ELECTRICITY EXPLODES through her body -- a white flame of pain conducted through water into muscle and bone.

TAMI
AGGGGGHHHHHHH!

Tami barely manages to kick the switch OFF, then flies back, gasping for breath. Body still trembling from the voltage.

And then, shockingly, she begins to GIGGLE HYSTERICALLY.

TAMI
Almost died... again. Check. But if the power's still on...

She crawls to the sink, a sudden hope building. Puts her mouth under the faucet and twists! But no water comes out. Fuck.

Tami frantically follows the water hose down beneath the sink... where it abruptly SEVERs. So much for the water tanks.

But she's not totally out of luck. From under the sink she pulls a dry bag that holds emergency supplies including:

A MED KIT AND A BOX OF FLARES

Tami studies these briefly, an important find.

But for now she sets them aside to focus on the task at hand: from the bag she lifts the HANDLE to the manual bilge pump.

She connects the handle, then starts hard cranking its lever -- each up and down the equivalent of a pushup.

But with all the debris in the water, the filter clogs fast.

Every few pumps, Tami has to fish out rancid oatmeal and splintered wood. A Sisyphean task.

Head POUNDING, Tami pauses to shake out her jello arms and catch her breath. She assesses the water level. Scowls.

She's barely made a dent.

But instead of quitting, Tami attacks the pump harder! Taking out all her helplessness and frustration. Fighting to regain control, one liter at a time.

ANGLE ON: dirty water being forced through the pump's clear hose -- which snakes out a porthole -- and dumps into the sea.

And off water rhythmically hitting the ocean: Splash, SPLASH --

EXT. COOK'S BAY - DAY - (**THE PAST**)

Water SPLASHES off a paddle as Richard rows his dingy across the bay. The spray hits Tami, who sits wedged across from him.

TAMI

Hey, you did that on purpose!

RICHARD

Price of using me as your water taxi.

He grunts against the heavy oars. Muscles rippling. A sight not lost on Tami.

RICHARD

So how does a girl like you wind up in Tahiti?

TAMI

Implying I'm like other girls.

RICHARD

Not like any I've ever met.

TAMI

You don't know me enough to say that.

RICHARD

I know a wind queen when I see one.

TAMI

What does that mean?

RICHARD

It's what sailors call a ship that never stays in harbor long.

Tami studies him now the way she suddenly realizes he's been studying her all along. Piercing.

RICHARD

What are you looking for Tami Oldham?
Crappy Chef. Experienced Deckhand.
Sea Gypsy.

TAMI

I'm not looking for anything...

Her eyes drift out to the horizon. Deeper currents moving.

TAMI

...I'm just moving forward.

RICHARD

But you can't know where you're going unless you know where you've been. That's the first rule of navigation.

Tami smiles appreciatively, the two easing into each other.

TAMI

Well I grew up in San Diego, a mile from the beach. I was basically raised in the sea. Before I could even walk, my dad would take me surfing. Always said I'd head straight for the deep. Only the sea always felt like a boundary, you know? Somewhere I could escape to but never get past.

RICHARD

Till you decided not to let the horizon stop you?

Exactly. She skims her fingers across the blue skin of the sea.

TAMI

Guess I'm not much for land either.

Richard points to a fleet of fancy ships anchored in the bay.

RICHARD

Look at all these beauties. You know most never sail? Maybe a weekend joy ride here or there, but open seas?

He shakes his head as he rows past a luxury yacht hosting a loud party. Beers, burgers, babes in bikinis.

RICHARD

I can't tell you how many ships I've built for people that never left dock. They'd come by the yard and brag to their friends: "Join me, sail the high seas, feel the wind in your hair"... then never leave.

TAMI

Because they don't want to sail. Not really. They're just buying a dream. A pricey, floating insurance policy.

RICHARD

Against what?

TAMI

Reality. Boredom. An ordinary life.

RICHARD

The illusion of freedom minus the danger of stepping into the deep.

TAMI

Exactly! Most people don't want freedom... not really. They want security. For a while I thought that's what I wanted too. I watched everyone around me get stuck in the rut of the 9-5. Chasing the perfect job, perfect partner, the perfect normal life. God I hate normal!

Richard laughs, totally with her.

TAMI

And once I finally broke out of that, I swore I'd never go back. But most people won't do it, won't take that risk. Cast off the lines. Pull anchor.

RICHARD
But we aren't most people.

They linger, briefly lost in the blue of each other's eyes.

TAMI
Shit. Now I have to sail with you.

RICHARD
(grins)
Now?

TAMI
Or never.

They pull up between Richard's self-built beater *MAYALUGA* and the million dollar yacht Tami was polishing: *HAZANA*. Side by side the difference in class and size is dramatic.

CHRISTINE CROMPTON
Ahoy Tami!

CHRISTINE AND PETER CROMPTON

Owners of *HAZANA*, wave from the deck: a fit English couple, mid-sixties, wealthy but wearing it modestly.

PETER
Look at you, found yourself a ship.

CHRISTINE
And a handsome captain too!

TAMI
Don't be fooled. Both need some work.

PETER
Well thanks to you, Hazana looks better now than when we bought it.

RICHARD
I bet she sails as beautifully as she looks. Lemme guess: 48 foot Trintella fiberglass hulls, roller-furling head sails, self-tailing winches.

PETER
44 feet actually. But everything else is on the money. I'm impressed.

RICHARD
I'm jealous. Yours is a Ritz compared to my roach motel. Wish I could sail it.

CHRISTINE
Come join us for a cruise.

TAMI

We'd love to... some other time.

To Richard's surprise she leaps on his ship and, showing off, ties his dingy with a slip knot. That instantly slips off.

RICHARD

There's a better way to secure that.

TAMI

Great, add it to my captain's training.

He unties the knot then in one fluid motion, fast-ties it as --

EXT. HAZANA DECK - RAPID CUTS - DAY - **<THE PRESENT>**

The same bowline knot flexes in CLOSE UP as Tami fast-ties tight the last of several support ropes. They're lashed like a maypole around the slim spinnaker pole, holding it upright.

TAMI

Crappy mast: Check.

She steps back to survey her work. The pole wobbles in the wind but holds. Tami allows herself a tiny, triumphant smile.

UNTIL THE POLE TOPPLES...

TAMI

Uncheck.

Her fists clench, palms already blistered raw from the ropes.

MORE ATTEMPTS -- QUICK SHOTS

Each time faster... all failures. Tami adapts. Persists:

--ANGLE ON: a roll of duct-tape, that cathartic SOUND as RIIP!

--CLICK of the spinnaker pole as its base is jammed into a locker box and secured with thick coils of anchor chain.

--RAW RASP of ropes rubbing together as hands cinch them tight.

--The RIP of fabric as Tami shreds her wardrobe into strips.

Tami wipes sweat and blood from her eyes as she works. Focused. A needle clenched in her teeth. Rosie the Riveter gone pirate.

PULLING WIDER: reveals a method to her madness. Foul weather gear spread out and hand stitched into a colorful --

PATCHWORK SAIL

Tami sews closed the last corner. Then with the sun igniting the sky in watercolor pastels, she raises her jerry-rig mast.

Before her the spinnaker pole stands: anchored to the 4 compass points of the ship by chain, rope and a GIANT WEB OF DUCT-TAPE.

A pathetic sight really, like a fort built by a six year-old.

But it holds.

TAMI

Duct-tape, I will never question you again.

She kisses it, whoops at the top of her lungs. Her first real victory. And now she trains her binoculars on the horizon...

RICHARD'S LIFE RAFT A BARELY DISCERNIBLE SPECK

Drifting further away with each lost minute. Tami grabs a rope.

TAMI

We are not dying out here.

With a mighty tug, she raises her makeshift sail.

The canvas blows wildly in the stiff breeze, stitches threatening to split apart. Yet, as Tami pulls it taut...

EXT. MAYALUGA - OPEN OCEAN - (*THE PAST*)

WHOOSH! A magnificent full-size sail SNAPS OPEN atop the 40 foot mast of *MAYALUGA*. Which slices through sparkling seas.

Tami watches Richard as he swings acrobatically around his small cutter: sheeting lines, steering, sailing with balletic grace. A master in his element. A truly impressive display.

TAMI

I can help, I'm no swabbie.

RICHARD

Sorry, I'm just used to...

TAMI

Being in control?

RICHARD

...being on my own.

Tami takes the mainsheet line from his hand, trims the sail into a close beam reach. Picking up speed as she cleats it down.

TAMI

Alright you can close your mouth.

RICHARD

I'm not sure if I'm more impressed... or disappointed. Here I was hoping I'd seduce you with my skills, but you're tying knots around me.

TAMI

I'm still learning. I mean I've done my share of crossings, but always on big boats with big crews. I can't imagine what it's like out here alone.

RICHARD

It's lonely. Sometimes unbearably so.

He grows uncharacteristically pensive. Drawing inward.

RICHARD

But also peaceful. And humbling. I remember the first time I sailed beyond sight of land... and suddenly the horizon stretched endlessly in all directions. And I realized just how tiny I am.

TAMI

I know what you mean. Whenever I sail my life and all my little worries just drift away.

RICHARD

That's because out here there is no time, no ties, no limits. The sea strips everything to its core. Especially when conditions get rough. You realize quickly who you are: your strengths and many weaknesses.

TAMI

Such as...

RICHARD

You I suspect.

Tami blushes despite herself.

TAMI

Ok, so what are your strengths?

RICHARD

I've always been good at charting my own course. Once I set my sights on what I want, I never veer.

TAMI

I'm the opposite. I only know what I DON'T want. And I'm still trying to find my course.

From his shirt, Richard removes A NECKLACE: a crude obsidian, ARROW-SHAPED STONE attached to a leather cord.

RICHARD

My mum gave me this when I was 13, said it would always steer me true.

There's an undertow of sorrow here which he quickly diverts. He twirls the stone, and Tami watches as it spins wildly.

TAMI

What is it?

RICHARD

A lodestone. Naturally magnetic, always points true north. They were used by ancient navigators as the first compasses. A kind of strange magic.

The stone slows, settles, pointing directly at Tami.

RICHARD

Whenever I feel lost, this is what I use.

Now he ties the necklace on her: slowly, gently, sexy as hell. They hold on each other, two charged magnets drawing close.

TAMI

I've always thought people are like magnets too... pulling together or pushing apart. Sometimes by choice, sometimes by forces beyond our control.

She steps into him, faces inches apart.

TAMI

And the ones who matter most? You feel their pull, no matter how distant you are.

RICHARD

Or close?

The setting sun melts into the narrowing space between their lips. THEY KISS. Briefly melting together as well.

They pull apart with the reluctance of magnets.

RICHARD

We better turn back or we won't make port by sundown.

TAMI

Unless I have a better port in mind.

She unfolds a nautical chart. Marks their location, draws a line to the Marquesas: 15 tropical islands north of Tahiti.

RICHARD

The Marquesas? They're 800 miles away.

TAMI

Good thing I restocked your ship.

Richard's turn now to study Tami, taken in more and more by her. That challenge, that drive.

RICHARD

I thought you only wanted a day sail?

TAMI

Call it a romantic getaway.

RICHARD

More like a romantic kidnapping.

But he surrenders the tiller, no longer sure if it's still a game or something more... but willing to see how far she'll go.

RICHARD

You're wearing the lodestone, Captain. You chart our course.

Without hesitation Tami tacks his ship toward the setting sun --

EXT. HAZANA - SUNSET - **<THE PRESENT>**

The last sliver of sun melts into the horizon. But Tami is too panicked to appreciate its beauty. If she doesn't find Richard before the light's gone, she knows she never will.

TAMI

No no NO. Come on, where are you?

BINOCULAR POV: Scanning the darkening sea. But there's no flash, no life raft... no sign of Richard anywhere.

Tami SCREAMS, yanking her hair. A full emotional meltdown. Her breath quickens, staggered and shallow.

Blood trickles from the gash in her head, PULSE POUNDING in her concussed skull like a sharpened knife. For a moment the whole world spins off its axis, out of control.

Tami closes her eyes, takes 3 deep breaths. Calming herself.

Then she raises the binoculars again. Blurred vision focusing.

And there, silhouetted against the dusk, something round and orange rises on the swells. Disappears. Rises again, closer.

RICHARD'S LIFE RAFT

Tami tacks hard, manually swinging her makeshift sail around --

EXT. MAYALUGA - DAY - (**THE PAST**)

And the red sail billows starboard on Richard's cutter as it slices through turquoise waves toward a lush tropical island.

FATU HIVA

A Gauguin garden of Eden. Waterfalls plunge into lush valleys. Gold scimitars of sand wrap a blue lagoon. Postcard of paradise.

As Tami and Richard near shore, a canoe full of VILLAGE KIDS paddles out to greet them -- the locals scampering onboard with fresh fruits, black pearls, a baby pig.

In exchange Tami hands them books and art supplies, while Richard takes silly POLAROIDS of the kids.

He challenges the boys to a dive contest off the bow. His eyes find Tami's as the girls cling to her, enthralled by her hair.

To the kids' delight, Richard does a clumsy backflip that ends in a brutal bellyflop. Tami steps up to show how it's done.

As the kids cheer, she launches into a graceful swan dive --

EXT. UNDERWATER - DUSK - **<THE PRESENT>**

WHOOSH! Tami slices the surface, a rope tied tightly around her waist like an umbilical cord -- connected back to HAZANA's hull. She swims hard for the dark circle of the...

EXT. LIFE RAFT - ABOVE THE SURFACE

Shadows blanket the flimsy rubber tube -- as Tami ties too many knots to ensure it doesn't drift away. Then, almost terrified of what she'll find, she peeks over the rim...

TAMI

Richard!

He's sprawled unconscious, one leg splayed at a sickening angle. And clutched in his hand lies a --

MARINER'S SEXTANT

Glinting in the twilight. Source of the flash.

Tami rolls into the raft, her weight nearly flipping it.

She rushes to Richard, checks his lips... still breathing.
Squeezes his hand, desperate, pleading.

Suddenly his EYES FLUTTER open. He smiles weakly.

RICHARD

Why are you always trying to get rid
of me?

Tami collapses against his chest, weeping in relief.

TAMI

I thought I'd lost you. Thought I'd
lost my mind.

He suddenly CRIES OUT in excruciating pain, clutches his ribs.

TAMI

You're hurt.

RICHARD

No, it's good. Pain means I'm alive.

He pulls her close so their foreheads touch.

RICHARD

WE are alive.

They hold on each other, just breathing. Overwhelmed.

RICHARD

How in the world did you find me?

TAMI

We're magnets remember.

She lifts his lodestone NECKLACE, smiling. Then grabs his arms
to help him up... but he just lies there.

RICHARD

I can't.

TAMI

You can, I'll help you.

RICHARD

No I... my legs... I can't...

His left leg is bent at an unnatural 90° angle, bone protruding
sickeningly. Tami reels at the sight. Richard doesn't flinch.

RICHARD
 I can't feel it. Can't feel anything
 below my waist. My back...
 (the sobering truth)
 I think it's broken.

Tami assesses his injuries, Panicked. Richard stops her, the situation severe but he's calm, clear-eyed, a cold realist.

RICHARD
 You have to leave me, I'm dead weight.

TAMI
 I am NOT letting you die. Not here,
 not ever.

RICHARD
 You can't survive and take care of
 me. I'll just be a burden. Please...
 let me drift.

Tami presses her finger to his lips to silence him.

TAMI
 We need to get you back on the ship.

RICHARD
 She looks more broken than me. Is she
 even seaworthy?

TAMI
 Flooded but floating. Nothing a
 little duct tape can't fix.

She's forces a smile, being strong for him. For them both.

RICHARD
 You were right, I should've listened
 to you. Should have stayed in Tahiti.

TAMI
 Stay with me now.

With renewed resolve, she muscles the raft hand-over-hand back toward HAZANA. As waves crash over her in a thunder of spray --

EXT. FATU HIVA - SEA CLIFFS - DAY - (**THE PAST**)

Spray explodes into the tropical sky as thunderous surf crashes into a shark-toothed reef.

PAN UP: 200 hundred dizzying feet, where Tami and Richard hike a narrow switchback trail carved into a volcanic cliff. In the distance, MAYALUGA floats like a toy boat in the crescent bay.

The trail disintegrates at a razor ridge. Tami hesitates. But Richard scales effortlessly across the precarious ledge.

TAMI
Are you afraid of anything?

RICHARD
Almost everything.

TAMI
Then why are you always so damn confident?

RICHARD
Because death is certain. But we never know when. So I've decided to live like I have no time left.

He reaches out a hand to her, smiling encouragement.

RICHARD
I've got you.

Tami clutches an outcropping, swings out, hands connecting as --

RICHARD'S FOOT SLIPS!

Lava rock crumbling away into the pounding sea. Tami clasps his arm, pulls him safely to solid ground.

TAMI
No, I've got you.

RICHARD
You certainly do.

They cling to each other, neither letting go. Wind whipping wild as waves explode below -- kicking up a rainbow of spray.

And as their fingers lace together...

EXT. LIFE RAFT - NIGHT - **<THE PRESENT>**

CLOSE ON: Tami squeezing Richard's hand, fingers locked tight.

TAMI
Ready? This is gonna hurt.

Using a rudimentary pulley system of ropes, she lowers a --

MAKESHIFT STRETCHER

Cleverly constructed from a salvaged sheet of plywood lashed with duct-tape to HAZANA's metal boarding ladder.

Tami stares deeply into Richard's anxious eyes. He nods, grits his teeth as... she ROLLS him onto the stretcher.

RICHARD HOWLS LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER

It pains Tami to see him suffer. She clamps his aloha shirt in his teeth to help him fight through, as she straps him down.

TAMI

Hold tight. I've got you.

Then she climbs back up the ropes onto HAZANA. Braces herself on the other end of her pulley and...

YANKS WITH ALL HER MIGHT

Richard rises precariously out of the raft, BANGING HARD against the hull of HAZANA. This hurts more than being rolled.

It's a ten foot height difference to clear HAZANA's deck and Tami fights for every inch. Arms trembling. The rope SLIPS...

RICHARD PLUNGES UNDERWATER!

To Tami's horror. She hauls him up mightily, summoning what little strength she has left. Richard comes up spluttering.

RICHARD

Ok. I get it, I'm alive! You don't have to keep reminding me.

She hauls him over the edge and they both lie side by side, panting under the first twinkling stars. A pristine night.

TAMI

I'm sorry, I won't let you go again.

RICHARD

And I promise I won't leave.

He clocks the carnage on board.

RICHARD

Especially seeing how you trashed the place in my absence.

He grins at her, beaten but not broken. Tami clenches his hand. And as they lie together, breathing hard, in rhythm --

EXT. FATU HIVA - WATERFALL - (**THE PAST**)

Tami breathes heavily, leaning against a giant boulder. Hand inadvertently brushing away the moss to expose --

AN ANCIENT TIKI PETROGLYPH

Carved in the lava rock, arms raised in supplication. Tami touches the etching in silent reverence as she pauses to catch her breath at the top of the steep jungle trail.

Ahead of her Richard scales a pyramid of river rocks. Freezes.

RICHARD

Tami you have to see this.

He hauls her up beside him.

BEFORE THEM: a rainbow arcs over a MAJESTIC WATERFALL, which tumbles dramatically down a green valley into a dewdrop pool. Red feathered birds flit among wild ginger and hibiscus trees.

TAMI

Turns out Eden really exists.

SPLASH! She douses Richard as she CANNONBALLS into the pool. Then hits him with her wet shirt... bikini top... bottoms.

Richard grins, strips off his clothes, and dives in after.

They swirl around each other at the base of the falls. Richard's eyes as intensely blue and piercing as the pool.

For a long time neither talks. Seduction in the silence.

TAMI

Now that we found paradise, we can never leave.

RICHARD

Don't tempt me. A lesser man may fall prey to your siren song, but not me.

Tami suddenly makes a loud ambulance sound. Richard claps his hand over her mouth.

RICHARD

Not that kind of siren! Sea nymphs who lure sailors with their irresistible lullaby.

TAMI

Oh, in that case don't worry, I can't sing to save my life.

She swims even closer, puts her arms around him, leans in --

THEN DUNKS HIM

Her bright laughter ECHOES across the hidden valley, the falling whitewater, the sapphire pool. And then...

She's YANKED under the surface as well!

UNDERWATER

Richard pulls Tami to him, her legs wrapping around his waist.

The space between them narrows until they are no longer two, but one... adrift... together in the big silent blue.

As THEIR LIPS COLLIDE, we rise up through the pounding falls --

EXT. HAZANA DECK - MORNING - **<THE PRESENT>**

And break through the roiling surface of the sea. Whitecaps pound against HAZANA's battered bow...

On which Tami balances. She hefts a coil of knotted rope. Casts it out. It splashes down, drifts by as Tami watches, COUNTING.

The second the rope reaches the stern, she hauls it out. Then measures the knots tied at even intervals along the coil.

TAMI

One... two... two and half knots.

She rushes to the cockpit, pulls out the SHIP'S LOG and jots quick calculations. As Richard stirs awake.

RICHARD

You were supposed to give me the night watch.

TAMI

I did. I watched you sleep.

RICHARD

You need to rest too.

TAMI

I'll rest when we're rescued.

She rubs her bleary eyes, migraine pounding. Finishes her math.

TAMI

If we're averaging 2.5 knots per hour, that means we're traveling 60-70 miles a day...

RICHARD

Which puts us somewhere roughly here.

He draws a circle with a 70 mile radius around their last position. Does a quick calculation: $A = \pi r^2$.

RICHARD

That's only a 1500 square mile search area. Smaller than Rhode Island.

He shows Tami, hopeful. She studies it, shakes her head.

TAMI

Only we've been drifting two days.

She doubles his radius. Draws a circle 50 times larger than his -- a giant circle in the middle of immense blue.

TAMI

Roughly? We're a needle in a blue haystack the size of 50 Rhode Islands.

RICHARD

Worse. We're out of the flight paths, nowhere near any shipping lanes.

TAMI

No one knows we're out here. No one is coming.

The brutal reality of their situation sends her spinning...

TAMI

Which is why we can't wait to be saved.

...spinning not toward despair but rather a solution.

TAMI

We have to save ourselves.

And now she flips to a new page in the Ship's Log and writes:

DAY TWO: SURVIVAL

Then charts a new course on the map. A long line to California.

TAMI

San Diego is 1500 miles away. At our current pace, we can reach shore in 25 days.

RICHARD

Against stiff headwinds and the North Equatorial current. It'll take months.

TAMI

We won't survive that long.

She shifts course, never stops problem solving, a crazy idea.

TAMI

What if we don't sail to the Mainland?

RICHARD

There's nowhere closer.

Tami draws a new path: from their current location up to the 19th latitude, then West... to where it intersects Hilo.

RICHARD
Hawaii?! That's almost 2000 miles.

TAMI
With the current and wind behind us.

RICHARD
That's still a month... at best.

TAMI
But if we stay on the 19th latitude
it's a straight shot to Hilo. And
we'll be in the major shipping lanes.

RICHARD
Even if we had enough supplies to last,
it's a huge risk. A continent is
impossible not to hit, but Hawaii's a
pinprick. If you miss? It's nothing for
5000 miles till China.

TAMI
Then we can't miss.

That wild unbridled spirit in her. That iron will.

TAMI
Besides... I've always wanted to
learn hula.

Richard laughs. Then clutches his side, a wave of intense pain.

TAMI
We need to get you medical attention.

RICHARD
I tried 911 but apparently they don't
make house calls in the middle of the
Pacific.

He's trying to keep spirits up but his situation is serious.
Tami lifts his shirt, gasps. Deep swelling. Black and blues.

RICHARD
Pretty sure my ribs are broken too,
the one thing I wish I couldn't feel.

He pulls his shirt back down, pretends it doesn't hurt.

RICHARD
But don't worry about me. Priorities:
you gotta take care of yourself.
Starting with finding a mirror.

TAMI

I don't care what I look like!

RICHARD

You look like the most beautiful shipwreck I've ever seen.

He brushes her hair back tenderly...

RICHARD

But if we're gonna stay afloat,
you've got some holes to patch first.

And as he now gets a close look at her NASTY FOREHEAD GASH --

INT. HAZANA BATHROOM - **<THE PRESENT>**

Tami pulls blood-matted hair out of her wound, gingerly probes the deep painful gash in her skull. Winces. She barely recognizes herself in the bathroom mirror's cracked glass.

Reluctantly, she opens the emergency med-kit. Pulls out rubbing alcohol and SUTURES. Steels herself...

Then pours the alcohol over her open head wound.

For a moment the world goes WHITE. But she grits through it.

Then lifts the SUTURES, threads the needle. Lifts it to her brow, trembling. Pauses with tip pressed against her skin...

Agggghhh!! The needle PIERCES HARD through flesh and blood.

Tami RETCHES. The searing agony nearly knocking her out.

She slumps against the sink, hyperventilating. But then...

She wipes her mouth. Climbs unsteadily to her feet. Pinches the needle protruding from her skin. And gritting in pain --

Threads it all the way through --

EXT. FATU HIVA - BEACH - **(THE PAST)**

A blood-red thread pulls through as Tami sews a new button on Richard's ratty old aloha shirt. She's lounging under a palm tree on a secluded, scenic beach. MAYALUGA floats offshore.

TAMI

There, good as new.

She holds it up for Richard, who stands shirtless in the shorebreak -- shaving the last of his beard off.

RICHARD
I thought you hated that shirt?

TAMI
What can I say, it's growing on me.

Richard grins and slips it on, putting on a fashion show.

TAMI
On second thought, I shouldn't encourage you.

RICHARD
Too late. When I find something I like, I keep it forever.

He hoists her up to kiss her. She wipes the last bit of shaving cream off his now smooth chin.

TAMI
Remove all the barnacles and you actually clean up nicely.

RICHARD
Wait till you see me in a suit.

TAMI
I seriously doubt you own a suit.

RICHARD
My birthday suit.

He playfully wrestles her into the water, only to his surprise, Tami pivot-flips him. Straddles his chest.

TAMI
You should know I always end up on top.

RICHARD
You should know I'm always okay with that.

And as she drops down into a kiss, biting his lower lip --

INT. HAZANA CABIN - DAY - **<THE PRESENT>**

Tami bites the excess thread off the last stitch in her butterflyed shinbone. Then covers the wound with a bandage.

She wades back through the cabin, stuffing a DUFFEL BAG with all the best survival gear she can grab: canned food, can opener, blankets, sunscreen, foul weather jackets...

And most importantly, all the food and water she can salvage.

It amounts to a frighteningly meagre supply.

All the perishables have perished. Rice and pasta reduced to moldy mush. Fresh fruits disintegrate at her touch.

Tami's knee buckle when she tries to dead-lift the duffel. She hauls it up with a guttural grunt...

EXT. HAZANA DECK - DAY - **<THE PRESENT>**

THUNK! The duffel slams down next to Richard. Followed by Tami. Panting, exhausted, soaked in sweat.

TAMI

That's everything I could salvage.

Richard props himself painfully up to take inventory. He notes the butterfly bandages and raw stitchwork on Tami's wounds.

RICHARD

You look better.

TAMI

You worse.

She kneels beside Richard, with the med kit. Does her best to set his broken leg (he feels nothing), wraps it in a splint.

Then she hands him one of the only bottles of water. Richard greedily raises the liquid to his parched, sunburnt lips...

Then stops. The hardest thing in the world. He hands it to Tami.

RICHARD

You need to drink, not me.

TAMI

I agree. Only I need a real drink.

With a grin she pulls out a six pack of warm Hinano beer.

RICHARD

Pretty sure I've never loved anyone as much as I love you right now.

TAMI

You're about to love me even more.

She holds up a jar of peanut butter like it's the Holy Grail.

RICHARD

And on the 8th day, God made peanut butter. And all was right in the world.

TAMI

Only God has a cruel sense of humor,
I can't get the top off.

She tries twisting, pulling, prying. Richard watches amused.

RICHARD

You want me to...

TAMI

No! I got it.

She bangs the lid repeatedly. Thunk, thunk, thunk. Richard patiently extends his hand. Tami reluctantly hands it over.

And in one of the great mysteries of mankind, Richard simply twists the lid right off. He's quite pleased with himself.

RICHARD

See, what would you do without me?

Tami takes the jar and places it just out of his reach.

TAMI

You mean what would you do without me?

RICHARD

You're a cruel god indeed.

With a grin, Tami produces a spoon from thin air. Scoops a thick gob and feeds it to Richard. He moans with pleasure.

They relish each bite, happier than seems reasonable given their circumstances. And for a moment, everything feels like it might just turn out alright...

And then a rolling SWELL severely rocks the boat, sending the duffel sliding across deck.

TAMI

No no NO!

She dives too late. It only takes a second for the duffel to --

TUMBLE OVERBOARD... AND SINK!

Nearly all the food gone in a blink (this really happened)

TAMI

So stupid Tami! While you're at it,
why not throw yourself overboard?

She punches the wood furiously. Tears begin to well. Richard's tone hardens. Authoritative. Unflinching.

RICHARD
Stop crying, tears will only
dehydrate you faster.

TAMI
Good. May as well get it over with.

RICHARD
You're tired, you're hurt, you're not
thinking clearly.

TAMI
No, I think it's pretty damn clear...
we're gonna die out here.

RICHARD
In that case, can you roll me over
the side please? If we're giving up,
I'd rather go quickly.

For emphasis he drags himself toward the edge. He's either joking or trying to snap her out of it. Either way it's effective... forcing Tami out of her defeatism to stop him.

TAMI
I thought you're not a guy who gives
up easily.

RICHARD
And you're not a girl who gets swept
off her feet. By anything.

He recovers a can of food stuck in the railing. Points to a few others that didn't wash over. Including, miraculously, the six pack of Hinano: what he was going for in the first place.

RICHARD
Besides we've still got our major
food groups covered: beer and peanut
butter. What more do you really need?

Tami wipes the tears from her face, licks the tiny drops.

TAMI
A milkshake. Cold and extra creamy.

RICHARD
And a juicy steak.

He scoops another spoonful of peanut butter, offers it to her.

RICHARD
Though if we're fantasizing, might as
well make it count. Close your eyes
and imagine this is the best meal of
your life.

Tami closes her eyes. Smiles as she takes a survival bite --

EXT. FATU HIVA - BEACH - NIGHT - (**THE PAST**)

Sizzling lobsters are thrust into the crackling flame of a beach bonfire, that spits embers up into the starry night.

A mouth-watering spread of tropical fruits and *poisson cru* are laid on pandanus mats, Tami and Richard the guests of honor.

An intimate circle of Marquesans gather round, strumming hand-carved ukuleles, their voices lifting in ACAPELLA HARMONY.

Music backed by the percussion of the sea and the laughter of local kids chasing the tide; gathering wood along the beach.

If happiness had a song it would sound like this.

The locals teach Richard the chords. As a MARQUESAN GRANDMA shows Tami how to weave a traditional PALM-FROND HAT.

Tami and Richard's eyes meet in the flickering firelight.

The moon plays peek-a-boo among the rustling palms.

It's nearly impossible to pinpoint the precise moment when love first begins. Yet something deep and unspoken weaves through the air. This music. The subtle dance of their eyes.

And as strumming fingers fly across the ukulele strings --

EXT. HAZANA DECK - THE NEXT DAY - **<THE PRESENT>**

Richard strums the final refrain of the Marquesan melody on his damaged guitar: its body chipped, two strings snapped. Yet with the magic of duct-tape, and his loving touch... still soulful.

Tami writes in the Ship's Log, the words scrawl across screen:

DAY THREE: NO ONE KNOWS WE'RE MISSING

She squints against the equatorial sun, a fiery furnace. Eases out her sail, but it only luffs uselessly like a limp flag.

Licking chapped lips, Tami takes final tally of their rations.

TAMI

We've got 7 cans of tuna, 3 Spam, and
8 without labels, so every meal will
be a mystery...

RICHARD

Surprise is the best seasoning.

TAMI

...A carton of sardines, saltines,
and enough Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hot
Sauce to drown our sorrows.

She lifts several bottles of hot sauce with a ridiculous
cartoon label of jalapeños dressed as the Beatles.

RICHARD

Of course the one thing that didn't
break is the one thing we don't need.

TAMI

This won't last a week... spread
thin. We're gonna need to supplement.

RICHARD

Good thing we're surrounded by protein.

He points to a three prong spear lashed to the cockpit.

Tami peers into the blue, where the shimmery silver of fish
flashes below the keel. She shakes her head.

TAMI

I can't do it. I've never killed
anything.

RICHARD

Don't worry, you're human... it'll
come easy.

Tami grabs the spear, hefts it awkwardly. Richard laughs.

RICHARD

Or not. Here let me show you.

She hands him the spear. He pulls tight its rubberband sling.

RICHARD

It's so simple a caveman could use
it. In fact they invented it. Just
aim the sharp point at what you want
to catch and then...

He releases and THE SPEAR SOARS --

EXT. FATU HIVA - UNDERWATER - (*THE PAST*)

SWISH! Richard's spear slices through crystal blue water and
hits a rainbow colored parrot fish.

A muscular, healthy Richard free-dives across a stunning reef
to retrieve his skewered prey.

SUDDENLY A SHADOW PASSES OVERHEAD

A large sleek yacht sailing up next to the anchored *MAYALUGA*.

EXT. FATU HIVA BAY - MAYALUGA - (**THE PAST**)

Tami sunbathes on the bow of Richard's humble ship, flipping through the Ship Log of his solo sails before she met him.

Each page is filled with incredible watercolors and sketches of people and places from his adventures spanning the globe.

Tami is enamored with his artistry. But she lingers longest on the last WATERCOLOR: a rendering of her at the waterfall.

She's startled out of her reverie by --

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

Tally Ho, Tami!

The fancy yacht drops anchor alongside, dwarfing *MAYALUGA* in size. British flag flying: The *HAZANA* and the *Cromptons*.

TAMI

Christine, Peter? What brings you two to the middle of nowhere?

PETER

You kidding? There's nowhere we'd rather be.

CHRISTINE

Come over! Join us for dinner.

RICHARD

We'll bring the main course.

He bursts to the surface, speared fish still wriggling as --

INT. HAZANA - DECK - TWILIGHT - (**THE PAST**)

CLOSE ON: the same fish on a table, grilled to perfection. The centerpiece of a gourmet spread. Laughter and wine flow freely.

CHRISTINE

So Richard, when did you start sailing?

RICHARD

Since I can remember really.

He unpins a small military pendant from his shirt collar.

RICHARD

I come from a long line of Royal Navy men. My granddad passed this to my pop, who ensured I'd continue the family legacy. Sent me to the top naval academy. Three years in I got myself kicked out. My father didn't say much about it. In fact, after that, he didn't say much of anything to me.

He twirls the pin between thumb and pointer, lost in thought.

RICHARD

But I always loved the sea. I guess saltwater runs in my bloodstream.

TAMI

That how you got into boat building?

RICHARD

Actually, I sold electronic office equipment first. Can you believe?

He makes eye contact with Tami, this all new info to her.

RICHARD

I was good at it too. Before I knew it I owned my own flat and more race cars than a man could possibly need. And I realized you can drown on land too... it just happens slowly.

He shakes the weight of his old life off with a laugh.

RICHARD

So I sold everything. Decided money can't buy happiness... but it could build the ship to sail me close to it.

CHRISTINE

And have you always sailed, Tami?

TAMI

God no, I'm just starting. But I was always a water-baby. My dad's a part-time firefighter, full-time surfer. Mom's a flight-attendant. Neither stayed in one place more than a week. They were only teenagers when they had me, which is why my grandparents stepped in to help raise me. By the time I hit MY teens I knew a landlocked life wasn't for me.

PETER

It was the opposite for me, Christine had to drag me out to sea.

CHRISTINE

Kicking and screaming.

PETER

More like flailing and sinking. But then I got hooked. We saved forty years to finally retire and see the world. And I have to say, for this view alone, it was worth every penny.

RICHARD

Well I don't have a penny to my name, yet here we are seeing the same thing.

They take in the stunning silhouette of the dramatic cliffs framing the lagoon, a full moon reflecting across the water.

Tami smiles, flush with the wine and Richard's eyes drinking her in. And as she raises her glass to her lips --

EXT. HAZANA - DECK - DAWN - **<THE PRESENT>**

Tami sips a near empty beer bottle, licking a final amber drop dangling off its tip. It barely wets her sunblistered, salt-crusted lips. Only makes her thirstier.

She chucks the bottle in a bucket of empty cans, the peanut butter jar licked clean. Half the rations gone already.

Richard WHEEZES awake. Coughing up deep fluid-filled lungs.

TAMI

You're getting worse.

RICHARD

But the weather is getting better. We must have made progress last night...

TAMI

About 60 miles.

RICHARD

That's good!

TAMI

In the wrong direction.

RICHARD

That's bad!

He watches Tami pour over the nautical chart, marking positions.

RICHARD

So where are we now?

TAMI

Halfway between panic and desperation.

She opens the Ship Log, her ritual now, and writes:

DAY 9: 1500 MILES FROM HAWAII - SUPPLIES LOW, MORALE LOWER

Tami looks up at her stitched sail, luffing in the weak breeze.

TAMI

We have to find a way to go faster or you're not...

RICHARD

What? Gonna make it? Thanks for the encouragement.

TAMI

It's motivation. For me to save you.

She trims the sail, tightens lines to better catch the wind. But it's like trying to get a napkin to power a cruise ship.

RICHARD

Once we cross the 19th, we can surf the Northerlies.

TAMI

How do we know we haven't crossed it already? We're drifting North-West but I have no idea how far North or how far West. For all I know we may be headed toward the North Pole.

RICHARD

Reindeer tastes good with hot sauce, right?

TAMI

I'm serious, I need a more accurate position. But with the nav systems down and electronics out... I'm sailing blind.

RICHARD

Not blind, you have the sun, the stars. And a compass...

He spins the lodestone necklace he gave her.

RICHARD

That's all ancient navigators needed.

TAMI

If only I was an ancient navigator.

RICHARD

You're capable of more than you think.

TAMI

I spent all night following a satellite
I thought was the North Star.

RICHARD

Well it's a steep learning curve.

TAMI

And we die if I don't learn it quick.

RICHARD

Good thing you're a fast learner.

He holds up his SEXTANT: the love child of a slide ruler and a telescope. Tami shakes her head, intimidated.

TAMI

I'll never figure that out.

RICHARD

Don't worry, its actually much more
complicated than it looks.

He tosses her the sextant and Tami catches it, sighs.

TAMI

We're gonna die.

And as she raises the navigation tool to her eye --

EXT. MAYALUGA - OPEN OCEAN - DAWN - (**THE PAST**)

TAMI'S POV: as she squints through the sextant's spyglass --
the rising flame red sun wobbling in and out of focus.

RICHARD

First find the sun. Then line it with
the horizon...

Tami fiddles with the sextant's knobs and mirrors. It only
makes the image blurrier.

TAMI

This is impossible. Why would you
ever use this?

She lowers it with a laugh, to reveal...

She's on *MAYALUGA*. Healthy, happy. On high seas with Richard.

RICHARD

For hundreds of years sailors found their way with nothing else.

TAMI

Sure Magellan but you do realize we are living in the 20th century? We have weather reports, Sat Nav, radar.

RICHARD

And what happens when all that fancy technology fails?

Good point. Richard brandishes the sextant affectionately.

RICHARD

This has never failed me.

TAMI

But how do you navigate accurately?

RICHARD

How do you navigate through life? You have to trust your instincts, feel the swells beneath your feet. Follow the feeling no matter where it leads.

He pulls her close, kissing her neck, whispering in her ear.

RICHARD

If you close your eyes and listen you will be amazed how loud the ocean speaks.

Tami closes her eyes and melts into him, into the silence. The two about to kiss...

CROMPTONS (O.S.)

Ahoy!

Tami and Richard pull apart laughing --

TAMI

Louder than expected.

They turn to find Christine and Peter sailing up on *HAZANA*.

PETER

It appears even with a head start, we're gonna beat you back to Tahiti!

RICHARD

We slowed down to let you catch up.

PETER

That so? 'Cause if this were a race,
we'd have to close half our sails
just to give you half a chance.

TAMI

That's a lot of confidence from a man
we're about to overtake.

She shares a look with Richard. Then they spring into action --

THE RACE BEGINS!

Working in wordless sync, they dance about the deck --
trimming sails, winching ropes tight, tacking into the wind.

Spray glistens as the hull of their sailboat rises 45 degrees
-- the entire ship planing over the blue skin of the sea.

MAYALUGA surges ahead of *HAZANA*

Tami and Richard pushing to the limits of its speed. The two
sailboats race each other toward the rising sun. And if you've
never sailed before, never understood the appeal of it...

The speed and beauty of this moment will be a baptism.

Because there is no other feeling in the world like this.

Life RUSHES PAST in a blur of blue and gold, sky and sea. Till
Tami and Richard are no longer racing the *Cromptons*, or even
the wind... they are one with it.

This is what it feels to be free.

And like all things, it is fleeting...

Richard loosens the sheet-lines, easing out the sail, slowing
the ship -- its planed hull slapping back into the sea.

TAMI

What are you doing? We're losing them.

RICHARD

Maybe I want to get lost.

HAZANA knifes ahead -- *MAYALUGA* no match for its extra sails
or sleeker keel. Richard and Tami are clearly the better
sailors, but the *Cromptons* captain the better ship.

They salute as they pass, Peter dipping his hat in respect as
they leave Tami and Richard in their wake.

RICHARD

Now... where were we?

He steps up behind Tami, takes her hands in his, raises the sextant, guiding her through her first sighting.

RICHARD

The best way to find where you're going is to take things slowly.

She responds to his touch, a navigational slow dance.

RICHARD

Good. Now swing this arm in an arc, rocking gently so the two touch.

They rock. In her viewfinder: sun and horizon align.

TAMI

I see it! Sun, horizon. Now what?

RICHARD

Mark the angle and time, take three sightings a day: at sunrise, noon and sunset. Triangulate where each of those lines cross...

He shows her how to mark their position on the nautical chart.

RICHARD

And that's where you are.

He makes the complicated calculations sound easy. They're not.

TAMI

Or I could just let you navigate.

RICHARD

And which way should I head?

She sways flirtatiously, sliding his fingers down her hips.

TAMI

South.

As he slowly unties the Tahitian pareu around her waist...

TAMI

So this is why it's called a sextant.

They fall to the deck, colorful cloth fluttering --

EXT. HAZANA - DECK - STORMY SEAS - **<THE PRESENT>**

Tami's pareu flutters in stiff winds, repurposed now as a sun shade over Richard in the exposed cockpit. But it does little to protect him from the other severe elements.

Spray drenches Tami, stormy winds whip her patchwork sail, which strains at full capacity... threatening to rip.

THE OCEAN SEE-SAWS AROUND HER

Her broken ship rocking in rough seas, grey clouds blotting the horizon. A chill in the encroaching dark.

Tami writes in the Ship's Log --

DAY 12: MISERY

She slackens the sail. Repositions Richard behind the cockpit's cracked windshield. Not much, but some shelter.

RICHARD

F-f-freezing.

HE'S SHIVERING UNCONTROLLABLY

Full body shakes, his face sheet white. His broken leg swollen, infected. Tami kneels beside him, hand on fevered head. He's in bad shape.

TAMI

Jesus, you're burning up. We gotta get you under better cover.

Scavenging what she can, she constructs a makeshift tent out of a tattered tarp. Blocking some of the waves and wind.

She crawls in, presses her body close, trying to warm him.

RICHARD

I just wanted an excuse to be the little spoon.

TAMI

Shhh, don't talk, you need to rest.

RICHARD

We b-b-both know I need a lot more than that.

TAMI

We're getting through this. Focus on me. My voice.

She hugs him tighter, rubbing for warmth, voice calm, steady.

TAMI

My dad used to say "you can't catch the wind." When I was a kid, he would show up at my grandparents house... and I was always so happy to see him.

(MORE)

TAMI (CONT'D)

Because I never knew when he was coming, usually it'd be months between visits. And he'd sweep me off my feet, take me surfing, promise the world to me...

She smiles at the memories. Bitter mixed with the sweet.

TAMI

And then he'd leave again. He'd always leave. I love my dad... more than anyone... but it hurt too much to wait. So from then on when he came... my grandparents wouldn't let him in. And he'd... fly... into a rage. Screaming matches. Things no little girl should ever hear.

The tarp THRASHES wildly, the storm howling like an angry god.

TAMI

So I'd lock myself in the bathroom. Hang my blanket off the showerhead. Turn the bathtub into a fortress. Pretend I was somewhere else, somewhere better. It's amazing how just a thin little sheet can make the whole world disappear.

The wind rages outside, but inside this tarp they're safe.

TAMI

The funny thing is, it wasn't the shouting that bothered me. It was the silence after he left. His absence was always so deafening.

As she talks, Richard's breathing calms. His shaking recedes.

TAMI

Which is why I won't let you go. Forget the storm, the wind, the waves. Focus only on surviving. This next minute, this next hour, this night.

RICHARD

And what are you going to focus on?

TAMI

You.

Nothing else exists. The world condensed to just the two of them, holding each other inside their flimsy fortress of love.

INT. MAYALUGA - V-BERTH - MORNING - (**THE PAST**)

Tami and Richard curl asleep, in the same spoon position inside their cozy cabin. The sounds of the storm giving way to the gentle lullaby of water on wood. Sunlight streams in.

A healthy, naked Richard rises, throws the portholes open.

TAMI

Richard it's too bright.

RICHARD

But the light is perfect right now.

He sketches a watercolor of her in repose: a window into how she appears in his eyes, rendered more beautiful than ever.

Tami groans against the light, hair a mess, covers her face.

TAMI

You're not gonna let me be are you?

In answer he pulls the sheet off her. She looks out the porthole.

TAMI

Are we back in Tahiti?

RICHARD

You make that sound like a bad thing.

TAMI

I liked it better when it was just you and me.

She dips her fingers in his paint, watercolor-streaks his cheeks. As he tackles her laughing and kissing to the bed...

RACK CLOSE ON Richard's portrait of Tami --

INT. HAZANA CABIN - DAY - **<THE PRESENT>**

EXTREME CLOSE ON: the same painting, only the colors suddenly bleed from Tami's head as water rises beneath, sends the portrait floating past a pair of sunburnt, salt-crusted legs --

Which stick out from under the sink, where Tami lies in ankle-deep bilge water, trying to reconnect the water tank's power. A water-logged manual open beside her.

Nervously she touches the severed water hose's LIVE WIRES...

TAMI

AAAAAAH, SHIT!

She bangs her head on the sink. Yet lies there, GRINNING.

TAMI

Well, we still got juice.

She cleverly wraps duct-tape around her fingers, protecting herself as she re-splices the wires together. Duct-tapes them into a closed circuit. Reattaches the patched hose.

She stands over the sink, eyes closed, a silent prayer. Then she twists the faucet knobs and...

NOTHING NOT EVEN A DRIP

Tami rushes to the bathroom, tries the shower. Same thing.

And now she slumps, total defeat. Head in her hands. Until --

THE SHOWER SPUTTERS!

Tami opens her mouth to the spout like a disciple awaiting holy water. At first a trickle of liquid salvation...

WHOOSH! A geyser of brackish muck BLASTS HER in the face.

And then the shower DIES forever. Tami wipes her sludge stained face then...

RIPS THE SHOWERHEAD RIGHT OFF THE WALL!

All her rage at her helpless situation exploding out of her.

She catches her reflection in the mirror -- the complete antithesis of her watercolor portrait: haggard, hair dreadlocked, eyes bloodshot and wild. She SMASHES it.

And that act releases something powerful inside of her...

Screaming in pure animalistic abandon, Tami lays waste to the cabin, releasing all fear and emotion. The showerhead her weapon. And something positive comes from her destruction...

A HIDDEN STORAGE LOCKER

Appears behind a smashed wood panel. One Tami didn't know exists. It stops her in her tracks. She touches its padlock.

WHAM! WHAM! Tami hammers the showerhead against the lock. Harder and faster. Not giving up till the lock SHATTERS.

She drops the showerhead (though the hammering noise strangely continues...) And tears open the locker.

Inside she finds: a box of cuban cigars, two bottles of champagne, a small FIRE AXE and --

A RIFLE

Polished barrel sleek and seductive. She lifts it curiously.

As she studies it, the hammering gets louder, more insistent, building into a DEAFENING DRONE. Tami covers her ears.

TAMI

Great, my migraine's now as loud as a jet engine.

And then, over the thrum, she hears Richard shouting.

RICHARD

Tami... TAMI! A PLANE!

Tami looks up through the deck hole at the blue sky where...

A HANDWRITTEN TITLE APPEARS - DAY 17: RESCUE!?!?

...Suddenly A MILITARY PLANE soars through the title scrawl.

EXT. HAZANA DECK - CONTINUOUS - **<THE PRESENT>**

Tami vaults on deck, diving for the box of emergency flares stashed in the dry bag under the cockpit locker as --

THE PLANE BUZZES OVERHEAD

Tami fumbles with the flare gun, doesn't know how to load the flares. Hands shaking. The plane passing...

In desperation she abandons the gun, grabs a HAND FLARE. Ignites it from the wrong end! Flames shoot out at her...

TAMI

Fuuuuuck!

She drops the flare, nursing her scorched hand as... the plane soars past... the flare rolls across deck and --

WHOOSH! Sets the corner of her patchwork sail on fire!

TAMI

NO!

Panicked, she stamps out the flames before they spread. Richard disappears choking in a cloud of smoke. By the time it clears --

The plane is a far-off glint of sun on metal.

TAMI

NO NO NO!

She finally loads the flare gun. BOOM! An orange starburst streaks skyward. But it's too late.

The plane never dips a wing. Another blink... it's gone.

TAMI

How could it not see us!

She sinks to her knees in despair. Richard tries to cheer her.

RICHARD

You certainly lit a big enough bonfire. We could've made s'mores.

TAMI

This isn't funny. WE'RE GONNA DIE OUT HERE!!

The force of her raw panic catches them both off-guard.

RICHARD

(direct, tough love)

We might yes.

TAMI

Jesus, you're supposed to talk me off the ledge... not shove me over.

RICHARD

You'd rather I lie?

TAMI

No... maybe. YES! Tell me we'll make it. Tell me we'll be ok. Yes... LIE!

RICHARD

Denial doesn't help us survive. The fact we saw a plane is a miracle. But the chances it saw us...

(shakes his head)

From up there we're just another whitecap.

He takes Tami's burnt hand, gently wraps it in his shirt.

TAMI

Or maybe we're not here at all...

RICHARD

How do you mean?

TAMI

What if this isn't real? This is purgatory and we're already dead.

Richard suddenly presses his thumb painfully into Tami's burn. She reacts, SLAPPING him hard. Richard doesn't flinch.

RICHARD

Pain means your alive. Exhausted,
dehydrated, delirious... but not dead.
Not yet, not while I can help it.

TAMI

But you can't help, can you? You
can't do anything but lie there and
get worse and make me feel helpless.

She backs away, hand throbbing, still angry. She drops into
the black pit of the cabin as Richard calls after...

RICHARD

Tami, wait.

He crawls after, every inch pure agony.

RICHARD

TAMI!

OVER the sounds of a large crowd CHEERING --

EXT. PAPEETE HARBOR, TAHITI - DAY - (**THE PAST**)

Richard chases Tami through a large crowd lining the streets
of Papeete harbor. It's Bastille Day: a parade of colorful
food and craft vendors and even more colorful revelers.

Tami and Richard are the only ones not celebrating... locked
instead in a heated fight.

RICHARD

Tami. TAMI! Slow down.

TAMI

I'm just speeding up the inevitable.

RICHARD

At least let me catch up emotionally.

He catches her. She pulls free. The aggression and finality
with which she does sets Richard back.

TAMI

We were always going to split, better
we do it quickly.

RICHARD

So that's it. We're done?

TAMI

We never started.

RICHARD

I see. Why ruin a good thing before it gets better, right?

TAMI

Let's not make this harder than it has to be. Look we had fun...

RICHARD

But you're a wind queen.

They stand in the center of a swirling crowd, inches away yet miles apart. Tami removes his lodestone, hands it back.

RICHARD

Whatever you're running from, it isn't me.

Emotional, Tami turns to leave. But Richard won't let her.

RICHARD

Wait. If we're laying it all bare... it's only fair I get to speak.

TAMI

Richard please, just let me...

RICHARD

What, leave? I told you I don't give up easily. See I think you're scared. I think it's easier to say NO because no has a definite end... where yes extends forever. And maybe it's better we walk away now... while we like each other enough to not ruin it by getting to know each other better.
(takes her hand)
Or maybe we follow this feeling, tear up the maps, embrace the wild panic of the unknown. Who knows, maybe we'll find we like each other more.

TAMI

And if we don't.

RICHARD

THEN break up with me. But not *before* we find out. Not before we break each other's hearts... or fill them completely. I mean Jesus, Tami, we're only just having our first big fight.

TAMI

A clear sign this isn't working.

RICHARD

Are you kidding? This is the best part! If we didn't fight, I'd be worried. Everyone thinks relationships should be smooth sailing on calm seas... but that's bullshit. Love is a hurricane.

TAMI

(sarcasm)

Wow, that's the most romantic thing I've ever heard.

RICHARD

It's the truth. I don't want safe. I want someone who challenges me, pushes me to the brink...

He pulls her close like a magnet. Tami doesn't want to resist.

TAMI

Well if our fights are this intense, imagine the make-up sex.

Richard laughs, ties the lodestone back around her neck.

RICHARD

Come sail the world with me.

Now it's Tami's turn to laugh.

RICHARD

I'm serious.

TAMI

You want to be trapped together on a tiny ship? I'll drive you crazy.

RICHARD

You do already.

He pulls her into a kiss. Then pulls her to a nearby tourist stall, where he spins a kitschy SOUVENIR GLOBE of the world.

RICHARD

We'll chase the summer to New Zealand, the Great Barrier Reef, Sri Lanka, the Andaman Sea... where you can swim with wild elephants on a deserted beach.

TAMI

Not fair, how can I possibly say no to swimming with elephants?

RICHARD

You can't. And after that the
Maldives, Madagascar, Mozambique.
I'll take you on safari in South
Africa, show you my old stomping
grounds. We'll make our own horizon.

TAMI

And when we've exhausted this journey
how do you know you won't be
exhausted with me?

RICHARD

I don't.

Tami stares into his eyes, like a diver probing the deep.

TAMI

Shit.

She throws her arms around him as the crowd swirls past -- two
small lives... drifting together... in a sea of stories.

TAMI

Now I have to keep sailing with you.

As they kiss, PUSH IN on the globe behind them. Where the vast
blue of the Pacific Ocean suddenly RIPPLES like real water --

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - GOD'S VIEW - **<THE PRESENT>**

A tiny HAZANA slices through the same endless blue. Tami a
busy ant on its white deck, growing larger as we PUSH DOWN...

Red hand-scrawled words come into view...

DAY 22: S.O.S.

Tami finishes the last oversized letter, using lipstick like a
pen to write her cry for help onto salvaged planks of plywood.

Which she now lashes to the side of the ship, then sets adrift.

RICHARD

(waking up, very weak)
What are you doing?

TAMI

Making us more visible.

RICHARD

And slowing us down. You realize
you've just created more drag, right?

TAMI

You're a drag.

She goes to him, a wicked grin. Time for some light revenge.

TAMI

Though there is one benefit to you
being paralyzed...

She applies the last of her lipstick to his sun-burnt lips.

TAMI

Don't resist, it's moisturizing. Plus
rose red is a pretty color on you.

RICHARD

I prefer pink flamingo.

TAMI

And I think maybe I prefer women...
because I'm suddenly more attracted
to you than I've ever been before.

She kisses him playfully, his lipstick smearing her face.

RICHARD

If we're putting on make-up, does
this mean we're making up?

He pulls her close, suddenly extremely serious.

RICHARD

When my soul was in the lost and
found, you came along to claim it. I
didn't know just what was wrong with
me till your kiss helped me name it.

Tami looks at him suspiciously, a hint of mischief in his eye.

RICHARD

(slow building, sing-song)
Now I'm no longer doubtful of what
I'm living for. And if I make you
happy I don't need to do more...

Tami bursts out laughing as Richard bursts into full diva song.

RICHARD

'Cause you make me feel! You make me
feel like a natural woman.

Tami joins in, loud and liberated, the first real moment of
levity since her stranding --

EXT. PAPEETE HARBOR - TAHITI - DAY - (*THE PAST*)

Aretha Franklin's cover of "Natural Woman" blares from the marina store's speakers -- where Tami and Richard load a month's worth of supplies and personal gear onto the *MAYALUGA*.

They dance down the dock, swept up in the romance of the adventure ahead. As they lift their last box...

Tami spots the Cromptons on a nearby pay phone. She waves to them. Only instead of waving back...

The phone slips from Christine's fingers, a silent pantomime of unspeakable grief -- more jarring juxtaposed against the upbeat music drowning out her sobs.

As Christine crumples, Tami and Richard rush over.

INT. HAZANA CABIN - LATER - (*THE PAST*)

Mascara streaks down Christine's cheeks as she whirlwinds through the cabin, frantically packing suitcases.

Tami and Richard sit with Peter at a beautiful koa wood table, overwhelmed by the opulence of *HAZANA*'s interior... and the desperation of their friends.

PETER

Our flight out is in the morning.
Hopefully we'll make it back to
London before Christine's mother...

He looks to his distraught wife with concern.

RICHARD

When will you be back?

PETER

I'm not sure honestly.

RICHARD

And Hazana?

PETER

Well that's the problem... slips are
expensive in Tahiti. We planned to
sail her back to England but now...
well we're in a bit of a spot.

TAMI

Is there anything we can do to help?

Peter shares a look with Christine. She launches in.

CHRISTINE

Sail Hazana to San Diego for us.

Tami reels back, not what she expected. Christine's desperate.

CHRISTINE

Peter has a nephew who runs a shipyard there and you know that harbor. We know it's a big ask. You have your trip planned... in the other direction ... and we don't want to derail that.

PETER

But we need experienced sailors who we trust to deliver our ship safely. You took such good care of her, we know you'll treat her as your own.

CHRISTINE

And we'll pay you for the trouble. Ten thousand delivery and first class tickets back here to Tahiti.

This sets Tami and Richard spinning. In opposite directions.

TAMI

We're flattered by the offer. It's too generous, unbelievable really. And as much as we want to help...

RICHARD

(kicks her under the table)
As badly as we could use the money.

TAMI

It's a big responsibility. This ship is your baby...

Before Tami can say no, Christine kneels before her, pleading.

CHRISTINE

And as its mother, it will bring me great comfort to know that as my mother sails into the next world...
(she chokes up)
Hazana will be sailing too.

She takes Tami's hands, firm, pleading, not letting go. As Tami turns to Richard, conflicted, blue eyes staring --

EXT. HAZANA - HIGH NOON - **<THE PRESENT>**

E.C.U: on Tami's thousand yard stare. Blue eyes squinting against a blistering sun. Which bakes down on an ocean as flat as a skillet. The heat unforgiving.

Tami sweats under her make-shift tent. Skin baked and peeling. Clothes tattered near shreds. She scrawls in the Ship's Log:

DAY 25: NO WIND, NO WATER, NO FOOD.

She glances at Richard who's asleep beside her: a ghost of himself, thin with hunger and infection, leg gangrened.

Carefully she unwraps the gauze... and recoils at the sight. Can't bring herself to look as she redresses the rotting leg.

Then she takes stock of their remaining supplies. Nothing left but one tin can and a depressing amount of hot sauce.

Tami lifts the last drop of liquid glinting in their last beer bottle. Licks her blistered lips. Desperately thirsty.

Then she looks at Richard, guiltily. It takes every ounce of strength she has to lower it.

Still that sunlit golden liquid beckons like a corona commercial. Tami stares at it. Then Richard. Debating...

Greedily she drinks the last drop. A moment of deep pleasure.

Then she leans down and kisses Richard, sharing the precious liquid with him. He WAKES.

RICHARD

You let me sleep all night again...

TAMI

And all day. And all another night.

RICHARD

(groans, disoriented)

Next time wake me when we hit Hawaii.

TAMI

We're only 700 miles out... I hope.

She opens the final can of food.

RICHARD

Our last?

TAMI

Don't worry, we have plenty.

She pulls out a block of Spam. Offers Richard the pale meat.

RICHARD

It's more important you eat.

TAMI

I did already while you were asleep.

A lie. And Richard knows it. But Tami forces the food on him. Richard chews painfully, lips blistered and bleeding.

RICHARD

I thought when you're starving
everything is supposed to taste
delicious.

He grimaces, forces it down. Tami stares ravenously at the unappetizing meat. Richard stops eating.

RICHARD

We don't have food for both of us to
reach Hawaii, do we?
(Tami won't meet his eye)
Unless it was only one...

TAMI

What are you saying?

Richard just stares, dead serious. The truth self-evident.

TAMI

No, no way. Not an option.

RICHARD

My back's shattered. My leg rotting.
I'm dead weight.

TAMI

We're not talking about this! You
WILL eat everything I feed you.

RICHARD

And when we run out of food?

TAMI

Then I'll eat you.

Richard laughs in spite of himself, hands up in surrender.

RICHARD

I always knew you were fattening me
up for slaughter.

She bends over and kisses him tenderly. Then nibbles his lip.

RICHARD

Owww.

TAMI

Mmmh, tasty.

As she drops down for another kiss --

EXT. PAPEETE HARBOR - TAHITI - NIGHT - (*THE PAST*)

Tami kisses Richard on a silvery beach, a candlelit picnic spread out. A harvest moon reflecting across the water.

RICHARD

I don't know why I even have to convince you. This is a milk run. On a million dollar yacht.

TAMI

What about hurricane season?

RICHARD

It officially ends this week. Plus San Diego is home, I can meet your...

TAMI

No! I don't want to go backwards. I only want to go forward. With you.

RICHARD

And we will. In three weeks. That's all it will take to deliver Hazana. And with the money we make, we can live ten months together at sea.

TAMI

Or let's go now. Cast off the lines, pull the anchor. Make our own horizon.

There's an intuitive fear beneath this that Richard calms.

RICHARD

I ever tell you what Mayaluga means?
(Tami shakes her head)
It's Swazi for "one who goes over the horizon." My whole life I felt like there was always something missing. That if I could just reach that line.... cross it...

He trails off, twisting string in his hands as he talks.

RICHARD

But when you've been adrift at sea too long, there is no greater feeling than finally spotting land. It's the same feeling that washed over me when I first saw you...

He takes her hand in his, blue eyes unwavering.

RICHARD

Arrival. Safe harbor.

TAMI

You're trying really hard to get me to deliver this ship with you.

RICHARD

I'm trying to build a life with you.

And now he slips the string onto her finger. Tami looks down to find he's knotted it into a simple, yet elegant ring.

RICHARD

Tami, marry me.

She just stares at the ring, stunned speechless.

RICHARD

It's a true lover's knot. The harder you try to pull them apart the tighter they get.

TAMI

Richard I... I...

RICHARD

A yes extends forever.

TAMI

I don't want to be anchored... by anything.

RICHARD

Me neither! I promise I will never hold you back, never stop you from chasing the wind. We will cross the horizon together.

Tami struggles with this, everything she's run from, everything she's tried to resist...

TAMI

Shit.

...just like her lodestone, everything points to him.

TAMI

Now I HAVE to marry you.

She tackles him in a passionate sandy kiss. Rolls him halfway to the water. All of a sudden it starts to RAIN.

TAMI

See? God disapproves of this union.

RICHARD

No, in Tahiti rain is a blessing.

And as they continue to kiss in the downpour --

EXT. HAZANA DECK - NIGHT - **<THE PRESENT>**

Rain pours down in driving sheets, drenching Tami as she rushes around the ship in a state of jubilation.

HANDWRITTEN TITLE - DAY 30: DROWNING... IN FRESH WATER!

Tami collects rain in every empty bottle, tin can and container she has. She's ingeniously repurposed her pareu into a catchment system, pooling rain like a sieve into a bucket.

Tami gorges the fresh water eagerly, drinking like her life depends on it. Choking in her haste but not stopping.

In fact she raises her hands to the sky and spins, laughing and crying. Tears of relief mixing with the baptismal rain.

She brings water to Richard. Once he starts its hard to stop. But in his weak state even the act of swallowing exhausts him.

He closes his eyes as the rain rhythmically ricochets and Tami strokes his hair in her lap. A whisper of regret:

RICHARD
We should've never...

TAMI
(finger to his lips)
But we did.

RICHARD
All of this... is my fault.

TAMI
It's mine. I should've never said yes.

RICHARD
To sailing this ship?

TAMI
To sailing with you in the first place.

Richard chuckles... but it turns into a VIOLENT COUGH. And once he starts its hard to stop. Tami watches, concerned...

RICHARD
I'm fine, don't worry about me. You need to hurry, collect as much water as you can before this passes. Use the wind to gain speed.

Tami doesn't want to leave his side, but he's right, she can't waste this opportunity. She rushes to the wheel, sheets the sail to maximize the wind, *HAZANA* surging through the swells.

Tami stands exposed to the elements, wild wind in her wild hair. No longer victim but captain of her destiny. Getting stronger ever as Richard gets weaker.

And as she spins the wheel hard around --

EXT. PAPEETE HARBOR, TAHITI - MORNING - (*THE PAST*)

The spinning wheel comes to a stop as Tami steers *HAZANA* away from Harbor out toward open water. Richard raises the sails.

RICHARD

By the time we reach San Diego,
you'll be a better sailor than me.

The Cromptons wave from the docks, bags packed, taxi waiting. As they glide past *MAYALUGA*, Richard blows a kiss to his beloved ship. A bittersweet moment.

RICHARD

I feel like I'm leaving my wife for a
younger, sexier mistress.

TAMI

Except you're leaving with you're
incredibly sexy bride to be.

Richard wraps his arms around Tami as the beautiful yacht slices toward deep blue sea.

RICHARD

Both you and this ship are outta my
league.

TAMI

That's why I'm demoting you.

RICHARD

To what?

TAMI

Deckhand.

Grinning she slaps a deck brush in his hand. He laughs.

RICHARD

We haven't even left and already a
mutiny?

TAMI

Not as long as you keep your captain happy.

RICHARD

Fine by me, you handle all the responsibilities while I...

He baits a fishing troll line, then casts it off the stern.

RICHARD

Focus on enjoying myself immensely.

TAMI

Wanna wait 'til we're actually at sea?

RICHARD

First real lesson in your captain training? Always have a line running, you never know what you might catch.

He runs the tackle through his fingers, thick fishing line unspooling underwater behind the ship as --

EXT. HAZANA - UNDERWATER - **<THE PRESENT>**

CLOSE ON: a school of Mahi-mahi, swimming lazy circles around the fishing line, sunlight glinting off their rainbow scales.

HANDWRITTEN TITLE - DAY 33: STARVING

A "NET" SUDDENLY SCOOPS IN

Richard's palm-frond hat lashed to an oar. The fish dart away as the handmade contraption fails miserably at catching them.

PAN UP: to find Tami, leaning way out over the water, trying desperately to nab a meal with growing frustration.

RICHARD

You'll never catch anything like that. Take the spear. Dive in...

TAMI

The water? That's not happening.

RICHARD

Starving is a worse way to die than drowning.

But Tami isn't listening, predatory eyes locked on the slowest Mahi. Which swims to the surface, right past her...

TAMI

I'm convinced they're taunting me.

...SWISH! Lightning fast she sweeps her net down and --

RICHARD

I'll be damned.

Tami pulls up the Mahi! It thrashes wildly in her hat-net.

TAMI

Ha, so much for drowning!

Only her victory is fleeting. Under the fish's weight the bottom of the hat SPLITS OPEN at the seams. The fish SPLASHES back into the sea. And Tami in her desperation to grab it...

LOSES HER BALANCE!

Richard watches in horror as... SHE FLIPS **OVERBOARD**.

UNDERWATER

Tami somersaults in a burst of bubbles, eyes wide in shock. Momentarily disoriented. Unsure which way's up or where she is.

But she quickly recovers, kicks for THE SURFACE...

And breaks through in a dead panic.

HAZANA is already fifty feet away and drifting fast! Tami SCREAMS for Richard but knows he can't move to help her.

WHAM! Something slams her from behind. Tami freaks as --

A long dark shape glides past... covered in lip gloss??

It takes Tami a second to realize it's her S.O.S. sign. And that second is one second too long...

Frantically, she tries to grasp the slick laminate, but it slides right through her fingers. And is gone.

Tami puts her head down, swimming as hard as she can. But with each GASP the ship appears to leap ahead, widening the gap.

Despair envelops Tami. This is it, she's gonna drown. And then --

A GLINT CATCHES HER EYE

A sparkly rubber fishing lure floating by at the end of its line. In desperation Tami grabs for it, fishing line slipping through her fingers. She's about to lose this too when...

THE HOOK HARPOONS HER HAND!!

Tami only has a second to SHRIEK in agony, before the momentum of the line TORPEDO-DRAGS her underwater behind HAZANA.

A trail of blood swirls behind Tami as she hauls herself, hand over hand, back to the ship. Struggling not to swallow water.

She reaches the stern, spent from the swim. Only the ladder is missing. Tami hauled it up earlier for Richard's stretcher.

Tami panics. 10 feet below deck, dangling from a fishing line.

Again and again she tries to pull herself up. Again and again she fails. Clinging to the side of the ship. Crying. Defeated.

AND THEN SHE SEES RICHARD

Physically frail yet unflinching. Somehow he's managed to drag himself to the edge of the ship. Even in anguish, he jokes.

RICHARD

Of all the fish in the sea.

TAMI

I... I just... I can't get up.

RICHARD

Don't be selfish! If you drown, who's gonna take care of me?

His humor cuts through the severity, focuses Tami.

RICHARD

Either pull yourself up or pull me in.

Strength in his smile. Motivation. Tami summons her last reservoir of energy, then screaming, hauls herself up --

EXT. HAZANA DECK - DAY - (**THE PAST**)

Tami hauls on a line, biceps straining as she hoists Richard, swinging out over the sea in a BOSUN'S CHAIR (the sailing equivalent of a rope-swing: see PHOTO on page 106).

He skims the surface, feet kicking like he's dancing across the waves. Pure glee as he swings fast and wide, Tami controlling his height and speed. Dipping him occasionally.

Magically now, a pod of SPINNER DOLPHINS appear, surfing the ship's wake. Leaping acrobatically out of the water all around Richard. So close dorsal and fingertips almost touch.

TAMI

If I'm a Wind Queen, you're the Wave King!

Richard laughs, happier than Tami's ever seen. A communion with nature so pure and joyful it leaves them both breathless.

The dolphins criss-cross beneath, then with a final flip, they slip back into the deep. Tami hauls him in, Richard splashing her with water as he swings over the deck.

In revenge Tami releases the rope, dropping Richard suddenly --

EXT. HAZANA DECK - DAY - **<THE PRESENT>**

WHAM! Tami hits deck, lies next to Richard, wet and gasping.

RICHARD

The first fish you reel in isn't supposed to be yourself.

Tami nurses her hand, fishing hook still splayed through her palm. She grimaces in pain. Steels herself to yank it out...

RICHARD

DON'T! Not like that.
(points to the jagged end)
It's barbed. It'll cause more damage.

He's right, but what other options does she have?

RICHARD

You're gonna have to pull it all the way through. Then cut the line.

Tami stares at him: *you can't be serious?*

RICHARD

While you're losing blood... let's assume, for the sake of this and all our future arguments, that I'm right.

Tami grabs the hook, closes her eyes, and in one sickening HOWL, pulls the hook the rest of the way through her hand.

She blinks against the pain, her vision spinning dizzily.

Richard slides her a knife and she slices the now crimson fishing line below the hook. Chucks it aside. And then...

SHE PULLS THE LINE BACK THROUGH THE WOUND

Collapsing at last on her back beside Richard in agony.

TAMI

I swear... the second we get off this damn ship, I'm never eating sashimi.

INT. HAZANA CABIN - DAY - (*THE PAST*)

CLOSE ON: a glistening platter of sliced sashimi. Richard sets it before Tami as she works a jigsaw puzzle at the koa table.

She eats happily as he fillets a fresh caught ahi at the sink.

TAMI

I'm starting to piece it together...
and I'm pretty sure you tricked me.
You made sailing the world sound sooo
romantic. You failed to mentioned how
BORING it can be.

RICHARD

Too late, you already agreed to marry
me. Till the doldrums do us part...

TAMI

It sure feels like we've been
drifting for an eternity.

RICHARD

And what better way to spend eternity
than sex and sashimi?

He feeds her a raw piece. Then nibbles her ear, her neck.

She pulls him into a deep kiss. Then pushes him onto the
table, puzzle pieces scattering as they devour raw flesh.

The moment is broken by an emergency broadcast on their RADIO.

AUTOMATED REPORT

BEEEEEP! This is an emergency weather
broadcast: 15 hours, 9 minutes
coordinated universal time. Tropical
Depression Raymond upgraded to
Hurricane, category 3. Currently at
12°N and 107°W, heading west at 120
mph. Increasing strength and speed.

It comes in distorted. Static. Tami adjusts the frequency but
still only catches bits and pieces. Radio on the fritz.

Richard moves to their Nav Station. Flips on the Crompton's
expensive radar system. Gets a pixilated swirl of yellows and
reds over a map of the Pacific Ocean.

TAMI

Should we worry?

Richard studies it a moment -- as the image jitters and
freezes. SHORT-CIRCUITS. Richard slaps the monitor, annoyed.

RICHARD

The only thing we should worry about
is getting the bill for all this
useless equipment.

But Tami's not convinced. Richard pulls her close, unconcerned.

RICHARD

It's a thousand miles from here,
it'll die long before it reaches us.

TAMI

To play it safe, let's adjust course.

She draws a new sailing route on their nautical chart.

TAMI

Cut higher north, give the storm a
wide berth. What do you think?

RICHARD

I think you make a better captain
than me.

TAMI

This could be a good thing. If we're
lucky the winds will finally pick up.

RICHARD

Speaking of getting lucky...

He sweeps her up, headed back to the table. Tami laughing.

TAMI

No no, the bed.

Richard pivots, stumbles toward the V-berth, playfully over-
selling how "heavy" Tami is. He's never gonna make it...

They collapse on the bed, disappearing in the tangled sheets --

EXT. HAZANA DECK - VARIOUS - **<THE PRESENT>**

Bed sheets wrap tightly around Richard as Tami tries to keep
him from shivering... even though the sun bakes down on them.

She tips a bottle of rainwater to his lips. But he's too weak
to lift his head. Most of the water dribbles down his chin.

Tami herself looks exhausted, barely able to stand. She opens
the Ship's Log and with great effort scratches a new entry:

DAY 35: NOT DEAD BUT WANT TO BE

She lies next to Richard. Side by side the two are a shocking juxtaposition: him bundled up, her stripped down.

Yet both too weak from hunger to move.

RICHARD
(a whisper)
No Tami, you have to get up.

TAMI
Too tired...

RICHARD
(louder, more urgent)
Get up Tami.

TAMI
Let me be.

She closes her eyes, for what feels like just one second, for the first time letting herself drift...

RICHARD
GET UP! NOW!

Her eyes flutter open and... to her surprise... it's NIGHT???

RICHARD
Listen to me, you have to move. Have
to eat.

But Tami's eyes are so heavy. A struggle to keep them open.

TAMI
I just need to rest another minute.

Her eyes close again for another second. But Richard won't leave her in peace. His VOICE in her ear, louder now, commanding.

RICHARD
TAMI!

Her eyes flash open, blinking against blinding sun. DAY AGAIN?!

RICHARD
Get up now or you never will again.
Take the spear. Get in the water.

TAMI
I can't go back in there.

RICHARD
Then you'll die.

The hard truth. Tami knows he's right and yet...

For a disturbingly long beat she just lies there. Unmoving. Unsure she's able, or willing, to rise again.

But then... with every shred of willpower she has left... Tami slowly peels herself off the deck...

Lifts the spear. Stands staring at her own reflection in the mirror surface of the sea --

EXT. OCEAN - UNDERWATER - **<THE PRESENT>**

SPLASH! Tami plunges into a blue so deep it's terrifying.

She tugs a rope around her waist to make sure it's secure, then swims under the ship toward the lazy school of mahi-mahi.

To her surprise, the same fish who escaped her net swims right up to her, almost eye to eye. An innocent curiosity.

Tami aims her spear at it, hand trembling. To her surprise, instead of fear... the fish nibbles at the tip!

Squeezing her eyes shut, Tami pulls the sling taut and --

EXT. HAZANA - DECK - CLOSE ON

THUNK! The Mahi-mahi thrashes violently, gills gasping, tail thumping the wood like a death drum.

Tami stands dripping on deck, conflicted by the triumph and tragedy of her catch. She averts her gaze.

RICHARD

Don't look away, look closely...

He watches mesmerized as the silvery scales cycle through an iridescent shiver of colors. The lifeblood draining out.

RICHARD

Even in death there can be beauty. A final transformation.

With a last gasp, the fish settles to a vivid blue-green. Richard stares transfixed. A serene state of acceptance.

RICHARD

You think I'll die as beautifully?

TAMI

You're NOT dying.

RICHARD

Tami...

TAMI

You're LIVING beautifully. Until you are old and bed-ridden remembering the mai-tais we drank together in Hawaii.

RICHARD

I prefer this memory: you against a sky no one has ever seen. A color that belongs to just you and me.

He touches Tami's face, turns hers gaze up to the sky. Which is undergoing its own transformation: the setting sun igniting the clouds in a stunning watercolor of oranges, pinks and red--

EXT. HAZANA DECK - SUNSET - (*THE PAST*)

A paintbrush sends a red streak of clouds across a canvas sky. Richard sits on the bowsprit watercolor painting the sunset.

Tami joins him, two champagne glasses in hand.

RICHARD

Wow champagne, what's the occasion?

TAMI

It's tradition to celebrate the midpoint of a crossing.

RICHARD

Makes sense, why celebrate beginnings or endings when you can toast the middle of nothing.

They clink glasses, gaze out at the impressionist sky, a blood red sun melting into the mirror-reflection of itself in the sea.

TAMI

Who needs Van Gogh? Nature is the greatest painter.

RICHARD

You're right... I'm switching to photography.

He replaces paintbrush with Polaroid. Snaps a portrait of Tami against cotton candy clouds. Recites an ancient maritime rhyme.

RICHARD

Red sky at night, sailor's delight.

TAMI

But red sky in morning, sailor take warning. This is just the calm before the storm.

She points at a bank of clouds looming in the distance like a black avalanche. Atop the mast the anemometer (wind indicator) starts spinning like mad as the sails billow in a hard breeze.

TAMI

Damn hurricane is hunting us.

She traces the zig-zag course of HAZANA over the past few days steadily overtaken by the relentless red of Hurricane Raymond.

RICHARD

We can still outrun it, tack south again, try to skirt the eye...

He cranks the wheel 180 degrees, Tami ducking under the swinging boom as she works quickly to turn the ship around.

WIDE-SHOT

HAZANA hooks a dramatic U-turn away from the encroaching storm.

RICHARD

With the wind at our backs, hopefully we'll avoid the brunt of it. But we're still gonna hit rough seas.

TAMI

You're not worried?

He laces his fingers in hers, twirls the lover's knot ring.

RICHARD

People think they have control over their lives, but it's an illusion. The only control we have is who we choose to sail with... and the direction we choose to drift.

He lifts his GUITAR. Strums softly. Nothing fancy, yet great beauty in the simple melody. His voice humble, raw, emotive.

He soothes Tami's nerves with Tim Buckley's "*Song to the Siren*".

RICHARD

*Long afloat on shipless oceans
I did all my best to smile
'Til your singing eyes and fingers
Drew me loving to your isle*

We are witnessing the intangible: in the way Tami watches him, the subtle tremble of his voice, the magnet of their eyes --

RICHARD

*And you sang
Sail to me sail to me
(MORE)*

RICHARD (CONT'D)

*Let me enfold you
Here I am here I am
Waiting to hold you*

-- this is what it feels like to fall in love. And as Tami drifts closer into Richard's arms...

LIGHTNING FLICKERS behind them in the distance --

EXT. HAZANA DECK - NIGHT - **<THE PRESENT>**

A flash of lightning illuminates Richard, head in Tami's lap, mumbling in his sleep, incoherent fever dreams. She strokes his hair, sings to him. The same song now an acappella lullaby:

TAMI

*Did I dream you dreamed about me?
Were you here when I was gone?*

He looks so pale in the moonlight, so fragile as he sleeps.

TAMI

*Now my foolish ship is leaning
Broken lovelorn on your rocks*

The ship's bow slices through swirling phosphorescence. The surface a rippling galaxy of shooting stars.

TAMI

*For you sing
Touch me not touch me not
Come back tomorrow
Oh my heart oh my heart
Shies from the sorrow*

Tami lowers her lips to his ear. A soothing whisper. As she sings Richard sighs softly, nightmare breaking.

TAMI

*Hear me sing
Swim to me swim to me
Let me enfold you
Oh my heart oh my heart
Is waiting to hold you.*

She kisses him softly. Stares out at the ethereal fog rolling in. She opens the Ship's Log past a month of entries. Writes:

DAY 38: ADRIFT

Now she curls next to Richard, rocking with him to the gentle rocking of the ship. As she drifts off to the hypnotic sway...

The boat's gentle see-saw suddenly INTENSIFIES.

A dagger of light knives out of the darkness, startling Tami wide awake as...

A MASSIVE CARGO FREIGHTER

Materializes out of the haze. Bearing straight down on them. On a direct collision course. Tami can't believe her eyes.

She scrambles for the survival kit, trembling hands slipping on its wet zipper as she struggles to get it open.

Every second counts...

SCREAMING, Tami yanks the zipper apart with her hands, flares tumbling out. She grabs the gun. Lifts it overhead and --

CLICK. The hammer falls on an empty chamber.

TAMI

Shit shit shit!

She dives for a flare, fumbling as she desperately tries to load it in the gun. She gets it at last, raises the gun again --

TAMI

(a prayer)

Please.

BANG! An incandescent flare goes up like a shooting star in reverse... arcing into the wet night.

Tami shields her eyes as night briefly turns to day...

500 FEET UP

The flare peaks and begins to plummet back to Earth. From this height HAZANA looks like a large piece of driftwood, barely discernible from the surrounding whitecaps. And Tami's a gnat.

TAMI

HERE! WE'RE RIGHT HERE!

She waves her arms wildly, jumping up and down, screaming at the top of her lungs. As the first flare fizzles out...

TAMI FIRES TWO MORE

One after the other, aiming left and right to each side of the freighter. She SHOUTS till her throat goes hoarse.

TAMI

HELP! YOU HAVE TO SEE US! HEEEEELP!

She can barely stand on her feet, HAZANA swaying dangerously in the giant ship's bow wake. Which doesn't slow. Cargo lights big as supernovas now. The ROAR OF ITS ENGINES deafening.

Triumph turns to terror as Tami loads the last flares. Screaming now at the top of her lungs.

TAMI

NO STOP! You're supposed to save us.

In a matter of seconds they will be crushed. Tami shakes Richard awake, trying to maneuver him into the life raft.

RICHARD

What are you doing? You're hurting me.

TAMI

I'm sorry, the ship! There's no time.

RICHARD

Ship? What ship?? There's nothing...

A FOGHORN blares across the dark. Too late! Tami turns, throws up her hands, SCREAMING as the ship RAMS INTO THEM and --

DISAPPEARS?!?

A spectre of fog rushing through, the engine roar replaced once more by gentle lapping. The ocean dark and placid.

Tami stares out into the ethereal haze. Stunned silent.

RICHARD

It isn't real, you're hallucinating.

Tami falls to her knees, tears rushing in to fill the despair. And though it's too late, though there's no point, no hope...

RICHARD

Tami no! Don't waste our last...

She loads her final flare and --

EXT. HAZANA - OCEAN - STORM FRONT - (**THE PAST**)

BOOM! Lightning flares across the sky, illuminating a thick wall of black clouds. Peals of thunder rend the sky.

Tami's hair rises statically as little sparks of electricity sizzle off the steering wheel. Fascinated, she extends her hand and the fire leaps to her fingertips, harmless as --

A blue wave of SAINT ELMO'S FIRE pulses down the mast.

BOOOM! A lightning bolt strikes the sea a foot off the bow like a depth charge. The CRACK is deafening.

Suddenly the heavens tear open, a SQUALL pouring down.

Tami lashes the wheel in a locked position and stumbles soaking into THE CABIN. Where Richard SCREAMS into the radio.

RICHARD
Mayday, Mayday. This is the sailing yacht Hazana. Do you copy?

He gets nothing but static. Tami marks their position on the nautical chart: halfway between Tahiti and San Diego.

RICHARD
We're on the firing line now. We can't outsail it anymore.

For the first time Tami sees raw terror in his face.

TAMI
What do we do?

RICHARD
The only thing we can...

He wraps her in his arms tightly. Summoning strength.

RICHARD
Hold on tight.

And as the sound of the wind outside rises to a SHRIEKING WAIL --

EXT. HAZANA DECK - **<THE PRESENT>**

Tami holds Richard tight as he WAILS in agony, sweat streaming, his body convulsing uncontrollably.

TAMI
Hold on baby. Relax. It'll pass.

His shirt rides up to reveal the black and blues have deepened and spread. A cobweb of internal bleeding.

RICHARD
You have to let me go now. You don't need me anymore. You never did.

TAMI
Shhh. We've made it this far. We can weather this.

His breath comes in shallow, ragged gasps. Terrifying to witness. Tami massages his clenched muscles. Presses a damp shirt to his head. Breathes with him, countering her own panic.

TAMI
Stay with me, I can't do this without you. It'll pass. It'll pass.

Almost an incantation. She's in tears as he SEIZURES, his eyes rolling back. This more terrifying than the hurricane.

Finally Richard grows still, slips into unconsciousness. Seeing him in this state causes something in Tami to break.

She holds him, rocking slowly. Rocking away the desperate reality of her situation. Rocking until everything else: the stars, the ship, the shimmering sea...

ALL FADE.

AND THEN THERE IS ONLY DARKNESS

And a deathly silence...

Slowly punctured by a rising STORM OF SOUND: the banshee scream of HOWLING WIND, death groan of SPLINTERING WOOD. Heart of a hurricane more felt than seen. Until --

EXT. HAZANA - HEART OF THE HURRICANE - (**THE PAST**)

TWIN FORKS OF LIGHTNING ELECTRIFY THE NIGHT

*

Sizzling flashes that with each blinding burst illuminate a nightmare of shadow and chaos. And suddenly...

We are back in the beginning --

More frightening in reality than any dream. More vivid than we've previously seen.

The sky breaks cinder grey and vicious. In the gloom, the sea seethes -- a boiling caldron of fifty foot whitecaps. The spray off the crests blows blinding as snow in a blizzard.

See-sawing through the center of this category 5 perfect storm sails HAZANA. Tami struggling to lower its overstrained sails.

Richard mans the helm heroically, driving the bow into the massive swells, a roller coaster ride from hell.

It takes all his muscle and concentration to keep the ship from rolling. It's like driving a car 120 mph, off road, in a hailstorm with no windshield, headlights or brakes.

RICHARD

I can't hold her! You gotta get those sails down or we're gonna roll!

Tami fights to uncleat the mainsail halyard as the whipping rain hits like bullets, stinging her eyes, bruising her skin, near impossible to see anything. And worse...

Gallons of icy water explode over the bow, sending Tami sliding across the slippery deck. Richard grabs her as...

CRACK! The boom SEVERs, crashes down where Tami just stood.

The ruined sail thrashes like a flag in a tornado. Richard unstraps a knife, screaming over the storm.

RICHARD
YOU HAVE TO CUT IT!

He fights the wheel, fighting to keep the ship upright as...

Tami fights her way to the sail, frantically SLICES through the halyard rope. The sail drops...

But only halfway, still WHIPPING dangerously.

Fingers blistered and bleeding, Tami grips the heavy cloth, manually hauling it down inch by grueling inch.

Finally with a THUD, it plunges all at once, half burying her. She struggles to lash it down as MORE WAVES wash across deck.

Atop the mast the wind anemometer breaks free, flies into space.

RICHARD
You need to get below deck NOW!

TAMI
I'm not leaving you.

RICHARD
Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere.

He carabiner clips a lifeline to the ship's rail, other end to his safety harness. Where a RED STROBE pulses like a heart.

He tugs hard for emphasis.

RICHARD
I'm attached to the ship. Now make me feel better and secure yourself in the cabin.

TAMI
I am NOT leaving.

The hull rises over a monster wave before diving into a trough -- a sickening freefall that ends with a thunderous smash.

Tami is almost thrown overboard, but Richard grabs her.

RICHARD
Someday we'll tell our grandkids how we surfed a hurricane.

He grins, false bravado, but Tami can see the fear in his eyes.

RICHARD

Now I can't keep you safe up here AND
steer the ship. Tami, please.

She pulls him close, foreheads touching, eyes unwavering. The ferocity of the storm pales to the intensity of their love.

TAMI

You feel that? I'm North. You're
South. Two magnets slowly inching
closer until all at once...

She places her hand on his heart. And his hand on hers.

TAMI

And once they've touched, they're
impossible to pull apart.

As the ocean crashes in, Richard kisses her. Long and hard.

RICHARD

I love you. But you have to wake up.

TAMI

What?

RICHARD

Right now. Wake up Tami. WAKE UP!

EXT. HAZANA DECK - DAWN - **<THE PRESENT>**

Tami awakes with a start, blinks her dry eyes. An effort just to keep them open. Rubbing away the nightmare, she turns...

And finds herself still nestled against Richard, somehow wrapped in his arms. Comforting, peaceful.

Above them a watercolor sunrise streaks the sky in rose and gold. A WHITE TERN flies into view.

TAMI

What are you doing so far from shore?

The bird lands beside her. Stares at her. Direct and piercing.

Tami reaches to touch the bird... and it flaps off. Skimming across whitecaps before swooping up...

TOWARD A DISTANT VOLCANO?!?

Or is it just a crater of clouds? Tami sits up, squinting into the morning sun which makes the ocean shimmer, mirage-like.

TAMI

It isn't real. You're still dreaming.

She slaps her cheeks. Blinks repeatedly. But the mountain remains. And suddenly Tami's on her feet, a rush of energy.

She grabs the binoculars. Shakes the pounding migraine away, zooms into focus. The clouds sit like a blanket atop...

TAMI

Hawaii...! IT'S HAWAII!

She dances like a dervish, delirious. Joy at its most primal.

TAMI

Richard look! Land Ho!!!

She drops down beside him, ecstatic, shakes him. Only he doesn't respond. He just lies there. Statuesque. Unmoving.

TAMI

Come on, love. Wake up. We made it.

But Richard isn't breathing.

TAMI

Richard?! RICHARD!!

She launches into manic CPR. Pumping his chest. Hysterical.

TAMI

No... c'mon, baby. You promised you wouldn't leave me again. You can't.

Her tears stain his cheeks as she presses her lips firmly to his. Willing him back to life with her breath.

TAMI

C'MON! We made it. We're here!

And as her mouth once again meets his --

FLASH TO:

EXT. FATU HIVA - WATERFALL - (THE PAST)

Tami and Richard kiss for the first time beneath the thunderous curtain of falling water.

EXT. HAZANA DECK- <THE PRESENT>

Tami pulls away, sun between their lips. She pumps Richard's lifeless chest.

TAMI

Come on, Richard. BREATHE!

She drops down again, lips connecting --

EXT. FATU HIVA - BEACH - (**THE PAST**)

Their mouths crash passionately in the crashing shorebreak.

EXT. HAZANA DECK - <**THE PRESENT**>

Tami's tears now cascade onto Richard's lifeless face.

TAMI

Wake up, please please wake up!

She pounds his heart. Again. Again. But he's not coming back.
And Tami knows it. And for a moment she gives in. But then...

TAMI

No. NO! You're not one to quit
easily, remember. Don't quit on me.

Again she pounds his chest. Again. Lowers her lips once more --

EXT. TAHITI - VARIOUS - (**THE PAST**)

--They kiss amidst the glowing embers of a beach bonfire

--On the sunset deck of MAYALUGA, sextant falling from hands

*--In the rain on the silver sands of Tahiti, Tami's hands on
Richard's face, lover's knot bound to her finger*

*A whole story of love told through lips. Each kiss a small
death and rebirth. A merging of souls. And as they pull apart --*

EXT. HAZANA DECK - <**THE PRESENT**>

Tami's lips leave Richard's for the last time. Their final kiss.

RICHARD IS GONE

And Tami -- so brave and so strong for so long -- completely
melts down. Raw, animalistic, indescribable grief.

It couldn't get any worse. But it does...

When Tami looks up: the island is gone too.

TAMI

No. None of this is real. I'm dead.

She spins around, no clouds, no volcano... just water in all directions as far as the eye can see. Tami laughs. Manic.

TAMI

I'm dead. That's what this is. I'm in hell. I don't exist.

She rises with dead-eyed determination. A flip switched. She drops BELOW DECK. Pulls the RIFLE out of hiding. Loads shells.

Now she climbs back TOPSIDE. Sits next to Richard, SHAKING uncontrollably. The pain just too deep.

TAMI

I'm sorry Richard. I know you want me to be strong but I...I can't anymore. Not without you. It's not worth it.

SHE CRAMS THE BARREL IN HER MOUTH (all this really happened)

It RATTLES against her teeth, hands trembling violently. Tami bites down. Closes her eyes. Just as she squeezes the trigger...

RICHARD

You are strong.

His frail hand stops her. He's alive!? But barely. Tami blinks... but how??? He smiles at her, blue eyes so piercing.

RICHARD

(a ragged whisper)

You have to be. You're my Wind Queen.

And though it takes every ounce of energy he has left, Richard lifts her hand in his, finger pointing --

RICHARD

Who else can raise an island from the sea?

And as Tami follows his gaze...

HAWAII EMERGES from the horizon: closer, clearer, undeniable.

TAMI

It's real. Richard, we made it!

RICHARD (V.O.)

No love, you made it. Without me.

When she looks back at Richard...

HE'S GONE

No body, no sign of him, nothing but his red Aloha shirt wrapped around a pile of life-jackets.

And now the tears come. In the past ten seconds Tami has almost killed herself, saved herself...

And lost the love of her life.

She opens her mouth to SCREAM -- but only the inhuman WAIL OF A HURRICANE comes out. Building to deafening pitch as...

The truth Tami's fought so hard to deny COMES ROARING BACK --

EXT. HAZANA DECK - STORMY SEAS - (**THE PAST**)

The wind ROARS like a jet engine thrown in reverse. Punishing pillars of whitewater pummel the deck.

We are back in the black heart of the hurricane.

Back in Tami's nightmare. Back where we left off. Tami and Richard holding each other, heads touching, hands on hearts.

As the ocean crashes in, Richard kisses her. Long and hard.

RICHARD

Love is a hurricane. This one will never tear ours apart.

Tami holds on him, eyes probing his blue depths. He nods, *it's all gonna be okay*. Calm. Confident. Courageous.

Tami slowly pulls away, dashes to the cabin. Hand on hatch.

She turns, one last look. A whole life of love and loss: for everything they had and everything that will never be.

And as the storm only intensifies...

RICHARD SMILES

The last image of him she'll ever have.

Tami closes the hatch.

INT. HAZANA CABIN - CONTINUOUS - (**THE PAST**)

The second her feet touch floor, Tami experiences a bizarre sudden weightlessness. The whole cabin drops.

For a moment, time stands still. All SOUNDS BOTTOM OUT. And then Tami hears it...

RICHARD (O.S.)

Oh. My. GODDDD!

Suddenly everything happens in an instant:

--A mountainous wave crashes in with the roar of an avalanche.
 --The cabin flips vertically 360 degrees. Floor becomes ceiling.
 --Tami smashes her head on the radar. Instant BLACK OUT.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - EYE OF THE STORM - **(THE PAST)**

You've seen hurricanes before, hitting land, wind ripping the roofs off houses, uprooting trees. Those are nothing to this.

A CATEGORY 5 HURRICANE in the open ocean is a different beast.

140-160 mph winds, Eifel tower sized swells. HAZANA is sucked like a toy up the face of a MONSTROUS WAVE...

THEN HURLED DOWN THE CREST!

Instead of rolling, she flips! PITCH-POLING bow to stern.

Richard hangs on heroically at the wheel, but the weight of impact is simply too great. His safety harness SNAPS!

RICHARD IS FLUNG INTO THE DARKNESS...

EXT. UNDERWATER - **(THE BEGINNING... AND THE END)**

A faint glow SPLASHES DOWN into the inky black...

A red strobe light PULSING like the fading beat of a heart. Richard drifts past, curled like a newborn.

With each flicker, he sinks deeper into the womb-like depths --

Dim... dimly... dimmer...

Until the sea swallows him whole.

EXT. HAZANA - MAGIC HOUR - **<THE PRESENT>**

Like at the start, the liquid depths now seamlessly transform:

INTO A PUPIL

Center of a sea-blue eye, which blinks in EXTREME CLOSE UP.

Tami wakes up alone amongst the wreckage of her battered ship. A shadow of the vivacious girl in Tahiti. Gaunt. Haunted.

And yet stronger as well. Unflinching.

She opens the Ship's Log. Painfully flips past pages filled with Richard watercolors; POLAROIDs he inserted of their time together. And 40 days of her incredible survival at sea.

She scribbles on a blank page, her final entry:

DAY 41: SALVATION

As she writes -- her handwriting scrawls across frame.

The first fingers of dawn reveal her situation...

EXT. OUTER REEF - HILO, HAWAII - **<THE PRESENT>**

HAZANA drifts toward the crashing waves and jagged reef that fringes Hilo Harbor. Lights twinkling less than a mile away.

TAMI

Didn't come this far to die on a reef.

She tries to steer away from the rocks but in her disabled, motorless boat, the best she can manage is a controlled drift.

She's so close after so far... but she's not gonna make it. In a few seconds she'll smash to bits. But instead of fighting...

She LETS GO of the wheel, the sail, the sense she has any ultimate control over her fate. She lets herself drift.

The thunder of the surf intensifies as the sea carries HAZANA toward the broken toothed reef. And then --

A FOGHORN blares across the deep.

The day's first SHIP appears, cutting through the channel. A 200 foot research vessel, a whale next to HAZANA's guppy.

Tami is too weak to move quickly. Every second vital yet each one passes like a small eternity:

--Tami reaches and ignites her last hand flare...

--She waves it, orange smoke rises, swirling everywhere.

--The ship glides past. Headed out to sea. It hasn't seen her.

Tami drops to her knees, too exhausted to weep. Orange smoke enshrouding her. And then --

THE SHIP FLASHES ITS LIGHTS

Sounds its FOGHORN three times and... Turns straight toward her.

And everything Tami has been holding in, comes flooding out.

PUSH IN ON HER:

As she slowly turns away from the island and stares out to sea. Searching for something she knows she'll never again see.

A flurry of voices ring out all around:

RESCUERS (O.S.)
Are you alright? Are you hurt?

But Tami's eyes never leave the horizon. As she searches, she CRIES. Stripped to the bone, raw, naked heartbreak.

The tears stream down. Grief and joy. Salty and sweet.

RESCUERS (O.S.)
Are you alone? Can you speak?

Her lips quiver, trying to answer but she's too overwhelmed. Beside her lies a human-shaped mound wrapped in an ALOHA SHIRT.

Tami closes her eyes...

And suddenly the rescuer's voice becomes an echo of Richard's.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Are you ALONE?

Tami opens her eyes. Where the mound of life-jackets was --

RICHARD NOW STANDS

Chiseled by wind and salt-spray, hair a messy lion's mane. A magnetism that can't be contained. Just like when she first saw him. His blue eyes lock on Tami. He smiles.

RESCUERS (O.S.)
Are you alone?

Tami blinks. When she opens her eyes again, Richard's shirt is lifeless again on the life-jackets. But Tami is smiling too.

TAMI
I was never alone.

And here is her real truth: though Richard died 41 days ago, Tami survived. Not to save Richard... but for him.

Because of him.

His love is what got her through it.

She stands on her ravaged ship, as a blur of rescuers swirl around her. Spinning the lodestone around her neck.

It points back out to sea.

EXT. MAYALUGA - TAHITI - DAY - <3 WEEKS LATER>

Liquid sunlight dances across water, the lush green peaks of Mo'orea reflected in the mirror surface of the sea.

POLAROIDs drift into frame... first one... then a steady stream floating past, separated by flower petals and leis.

Snapshots of Tami and Richard together. In love in Tahiti.

A floating flipbook of their tropical romance.

PAN UP: to find Tami, scars not fully healed, but looking healthier, stronger. Steel forged by fire. Haloed by sunset.

She stands on the deck of *MAYALUGA*. Richard's ship. Their ship. Anchored in the secluded lagoon where they first met.

Tami sets a final photo afloat:

--The day of Richard's proposal. Foreheads pressed together, hands intertwined, admiring her lover's knot ring.

TAMI

You told me love is a hurricane. But you were wrong... it's a horizon...

She unties the lover's knot ring from her finger. Reties it around Richard's favorite red Aloha shirt.

TAMI

That extends forever. That for us will never end.

Her tears ripple across the water...

TAMI

You've gone across it now. But we will meet there again.

She sets his shirt adrift now...

TAMI

So I'm gonna pull the anchor now. Cast off the lines. Drift. Because I've stopped worrying where I'm headed...

She clasps the lodestone around her neck.

TAMI

For I know as long as I'm out there, you will be too.

She watches his shirt drift out toward the golden horizon.

UNDERWATER

The polaroids hand suspended in blue, their many memories spinning like spirits returning to their final resting place.

And as they drift into the deep --

CARD #1: IN 1983, TAMI OLDHAM AND HER FIANCE RICHARD SHARP SAILED INTO THE EYE OF A CATEGORY 5 HURRICANE: ONE OF THE STRONGEST EVER RECORDED IN THE PACIFIC.

An ANCHOR rises. Breaking the surface as Tami hauls it on deck.

CARD #2: AGAINST ALL ODDS AND THROUGH SHEER FORCE OF WILL, TAMI SAVED HERSELF BY SAILING 41 DAYS TO HAWAII. LOVE KEPT HER ALIVE.

Tami expertly raises the sails, which fill instantly...

CARD #3: LOST IN THE STORM, RICHARD WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

The paint-chipped name of Richard's ship pulls away, *MAYALUGA*, "one who goes over the horizon". Only now Tami is at the helm.

CARD #4: THREE WEEKS AFTER HER SURVIVAL AT SEA, TAMI RETURNED TO TAHITI. TO RICHARD'S SHIP. TO FULFILL THE PROMISE THEY MADE.

The sunrise ignites her hair with golden fire. Wild wind in her eyes. Salt-spray on her cheek. Resilient. Alive. Free.

CARD #5: ONE YEAR LATER TAMI GOT HER CAPTAIN'S LICENSE.

She steers a path toward open sea... a slow smile spreading.

CARD #6: TEN YEARS AFTER LOSING RICHARD, TAMI FOUND LOVE AGAIN. TODAY SHE LIVES IN THE SAN JUAN ISLANDS WITH HER HUSBAND, ED ASHCRAFT, AND TWO BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS.

FADE TO BLACK.

FINAL CARD: TAMI NEVER STOPPED SAILING...

OVER CREDITS:

We show ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE of the real Tami arriving in Hawaii on the wrecked *HAZANA*.

POLAROIDS of Tami and Richard together in the Marquesas.

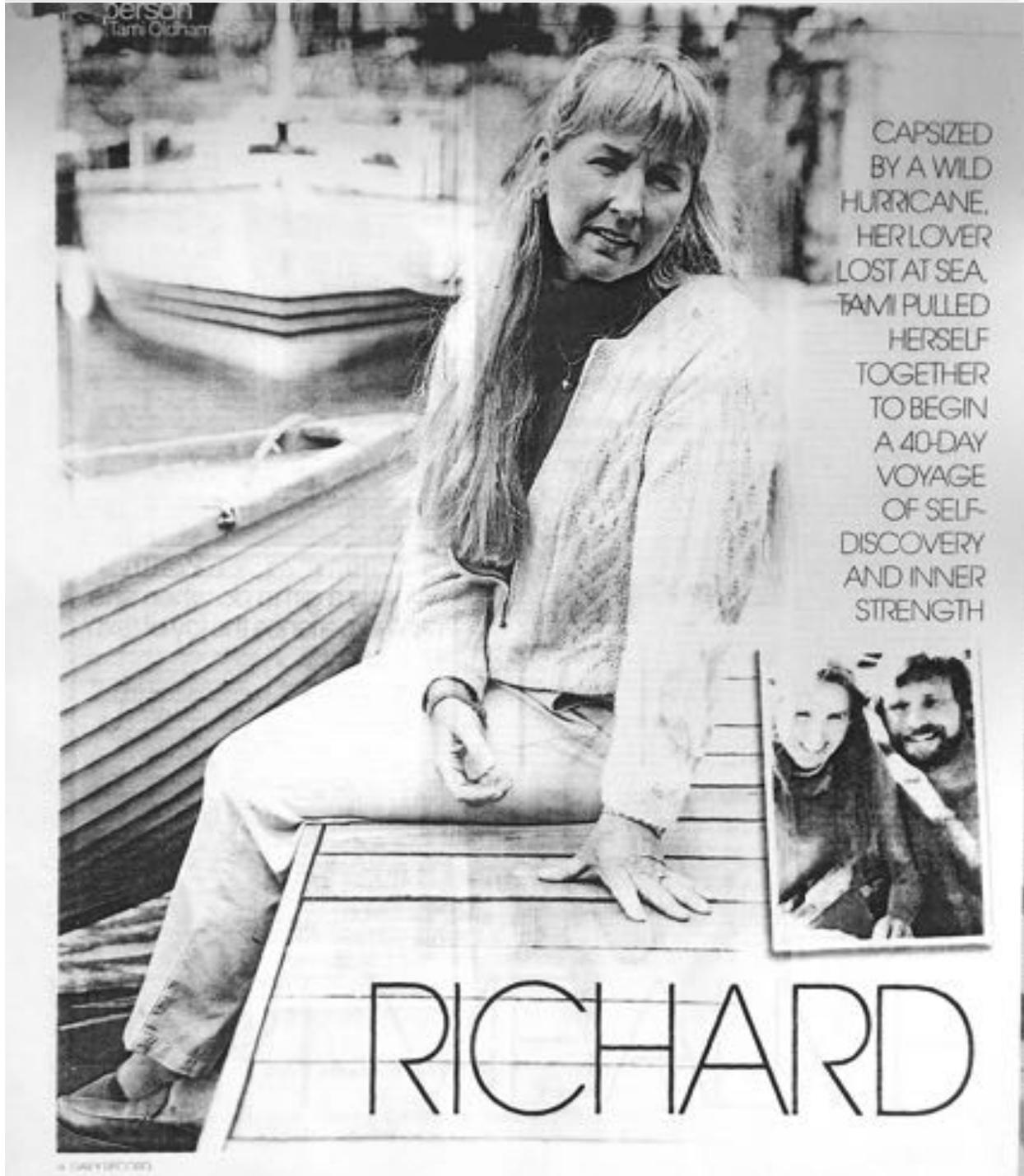
EXCERPTS from the Ship's Log of Tami's incredible journey.

Finally we end on footage of the real Tami Oldham Ashcraft today. 56 years young. Strong. Beautiful. Still sailing.

THE END.

Found at sea

ADRIFT IN A DAMAGED BOAT, SHE LEARNED THE TOUGHEST LESSONS ABOUT FACING LIFE'S CHALLENGES



CAPSIZED BY A WILD HURRICANE, HER LOVER LOST AT SEA, TAMI PULLED HERSELF TOGETHER TO BEGIN A 40-DAY VOYAGE OF SELF-DISCOVERY AND INNER STRENGTH



RICHARD

51 inched the throttle forward, the Hazana headed away from the Pacific island of Tahiti. It was September 22. In a month, we'd dock in California. Our yacht-delivery job was going to be heavenly.

She was a beauty, this Trinitella. A 44-foot Dutch ketch of hi-tech precision. We'd committed to her owners, Peter and Christine Crompton, from Southampton, to deliver her to a winter berth in San Diego - my old home town.

I'd been sailing blue water for four years. My British fiancé Richard Sharp was more experienced and together we had 50,000 miles of ocean-sailing under our belts. We hugged, laughed, made love and relaxed into 20 days of paradise.

Then Hurricane Raymond tore out of the blue and swallowed us.

I open my eyes. My head's splitting. I go to touch it, but can't move. Things lie on top of me, crushing me. A door, panels of smashed wood, floorboards...

I summon all my strength, crawl from under the wreckage. The water is up to my thighs. My God, we've capsized.

There's no sound. The engine's dead. There's only silence from the VHF radio. Nothing but the lapping of waves against the boat's hull.

With blood gushing from my head, I struggle through the cabin. Have to find Richard. He'd been on deck when the monstrous wave engulfed us.

I stumble up the stairs and can't believe my eyes. The boat's smashed to smithereens, the mast and sails are gone - ripped clean away. The navigation station is in pieces with debris everywhere. But no Richard.

I know in a blinding flash he's gone overboard. Snatched by the boiling cauldron of the ocean, whipped to a frenzy by the hurricane.

I've been unconscious for 27 hours. There's no chance. Richard's drowned.

From the depths of my soul, I feel an animal roar inside me. I scream and rage at the vast sea that's torn my man from me. "NO!"

I curl into a ball, grief smothering me like a blanket. I slip in and out of consciousness, delirious, half-dead.

I'm thousands of miles from land, badly hurt and trapped on a broken boat with no engine, no sails, no equipment. There's no way I can survive.

"Yes, you can. Get the water out of the boat before you sink."

Now I'm hearing voices. If my skull is fractured, maybe I've got brain damage. I'm giving up, drifting back into a coma.

But the Voice won't go away. It's forcing me to get up. It's no use. I'm faint, dizzy. "Eat." The Voice again. "You must eat." I snap to, suddenly.

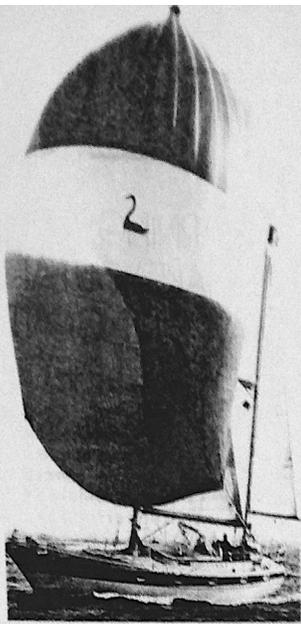
Oh yeah? Like what? Virtually everything has been swept overboard. Then I see it, floating in front of me. A jar of peanut butter. I grab it, yank the lid off, scoop out a mouthful.

It sticks to my tongue like a slug to concrete. I force it down. I need food, I must get my brain and body functioning.

"If you were meant to die, you would have - now live." The Voice again.

I stop short - it's true. To let myself die like this would be against everything I've been taught in all my years of sailing.

"Make a plan to get to land." The Voice is instructing me. But how? I need to make a sail. I've spotted the storm jib



Paradise lost ... The Hazana, left, before the hurricane hit. Tami checks her sail and the boat, top, safely moored in Hawaii



rolled up in its cover - the only sail left on board. But I have no mast. I need to make one.

The only thing left on board is the spinnaker pole and even that's broken - several feet sheared off its end. But it's all I have. If I could somehow secure it to the deck and lash it with ropes to hold up a sail, it could save my life.

I spot the anchor chain locker. If only I could wedge the pole in there, somehow. It's three-feet deep, though. I need to fill it up. I hobble round, grabbing everything I can - pillows, sodden cushions, bedding, rubble - and throw them into the hole.

I'm exhausted when it's finally full, but when I shove in the spinnaker pole, it stands firm.

Now I have to find ropes - lines - to secure the sail. It takes me all day. But as night falls, I raise the storm jib and my heart soars as I watch it slowly fill with wind.

It's a tiny sail, only 45sq feet, but I can sail the boat with it. I feel triumphant.

Now I won't just bob helplessly on the ocean, being carried powerless by the waves and current. I can sail and I can steer. Perhaps I can find land. At last, there is hope.

Day 3: I have to work out where I am, where the nearest land might be. But how, with no instruments? By some miracle, the navigation charts have survived - sodden, but usable. I figure the nearest land must be Hawaii. It's a tiny dot on the map, lost in a vast ocean of blue. It's over 1500 miles away. But I must head for it. It is my best bet. Hell, it's my only chance.

Day 4: A miracle. I find the sextant. This will help me plot a course. I know the basics of celestial navigation. With the help of the sextant and my watch, I can work out my position. By using the sun and stars, I can make sure I keep heading for Hawaii. I must trust in the sky, because I'm all alone out here in this watery wilderness.

Day 5: I need food. I wade through the sloop below decks, scrambling to collect

any floating cans - the galley supplies. All the labels have come off, but I know there were tins of beans, fruit and sardines. If I'm careful, if I open just one can a day, I can last maybe 30 or 40 days before I starve to death.

Day 6: Water is my biggest problem. If I don't drink soon, I'll die of thirst. There's a small amount stored in the solar bag, which supplied the shower. If I can ration myself to a few sips a day...

Day 9: My jury rig - makeshift - sail and mast are serving me well. Some days I manage to do between 20 and 40 nautical miles. With luck and the right winds, I might make it to Hawaii in a month or so. Unless, of course, some saviour ship finds me first.

Day 11: No ships in sight, no one answering my Maydays. No miracles. I watch the sun rise, huge and red, remember the old saying: "Red sky at morning, sailors take warning."

"Red sky in mourning," I think. Mourning the loss of the man I loved. Sure enough, there's a storm brewing. Another hurricane?

Without a radio, I have no way of knowing. Fear rises in me like bile. I lash myself to the helm, trying to keep on course. I'm being battered and bruised by the relentless wind and rain. Was this how it was for Richard as he was flung to his death? I feel like giving up, joining him in his watery grave.

"Stay the course." It's the Voice. "Fight for your life." Is that Richard's voice? Is he guiding me home? I cling to that thought.

Day 13: The storm's over. I'm still here. Feel strangely strong. Maybe I've just got sick of feeling sorry for myself.

Day 16: I'm half asleep on deck, munching through a can of beans, when I see it. A ship, in the distance. Am I dreaming? No! I grab the flare gun, shoot off a flare. Then another, then another - my heart in my mouth.

Unbelievably, the ship's getting smaller. They haven't seen me. Idiots! Morons!

Day 18: Every day is the same, sailing

along at a snail's pace. But the night is my friend. The stars are my companions. I can lie back, steering the helm with my foot, and let my mind float. Remembering Richard and how we would kiss under the stars. Memories - they're all I have now.

Day 20: Becalmed. The boat's not moving at all. Nothing but me and my thoughts. Will I ever see land again? Ever set eyes on another human being? I am in hell. I am shaking, hugging myself.

"Control your mind. You are your own heaven and hell. Take care of yourself." The Voice is turning out to be my saviour. When I start losing the plot, it gets me back on course.

Day 21: I go below deck. The place stinks. I must try to clean it up. I scoop up buckets of saltwater and begin to bale it out, dislodging debris as I do. Some bottles float to the surface. Incredible, they're hand-and-body lotions.

They must belong to Christine. She's a pretty woman, takes care of herself.

God, will I ever feel pretty again? I open one, the smell is pure heaven. Citrus fragrance. I squirt some on my hand, run it over my neck. It feels like the most pampering treatment in the world, so cool and soothing. My sun and wind-beaten skin soaks it up like a sponge. I slather it all over - arms, legs, between my toes. I use the whole bottle. Luxury.

Day 22: I carry on cleaning. Deep in an under-settee locker, I find treasure - metal tins of Havana cigars. I've never smoked, always disgusted by the smell of cigarettes. But the aroma now feels like a touch of humanity, gives me a sense of being in the real world.

There's another box. So heavy, I need all my strength to haul it out. It's a case of Hinano beer - Richard's favourite. Man, I could get wasted on this.

Day 23: I decide against alcohol poisoning as an easy way out. I will savour one cigar and one beer as my nightly treat. I go up on deck with my new delights. Sucking and coughing, I puff away, beer in one hand, cigar in the other. I feel like King Tut on his throne.

Day 26: Incredible. If my calculations are right, I've sailed over 1000 miles. Only 480 miles to go. And I have visitors. Two frigate birds are circling in the air above me. I watch them dive and come up with fish in their beaks. My tinned food supplies are very low, but I can't catch fish to eat. I'd have to kill them. And death has taken on a new meaning for me now.

Day 31: With no-one to talk to, sometimes I sing to myself. Silly, happy songs. Never songs about home or love, though. That would hurt too much, send me plunging back to the abyss. Must keep my spirits up.

Day 34: I'm eating my last can of sardines when suddenly, a ship looms out of nowhere. I'm so frantic to reach the flares, I trip in the cockpit and fall - almost breaking my leg. I set off three flares, bam! Then grab a mirror and, catching the sunlight, start flashing SOS signals. I don't believe it. She's going, disappearing over the horizon. Gone.

Not again. I grab a winch handle and start beating the boom in a frenzy. I'm hysterical. I've really flipped this time. "Okay, so they didn't see you," the Voice says calmly. "But hold on. You're nearly there." Only 240 miles to go. ONLY! So near - and yet so, so far.

Day 35: Fantastic. Never thought I'd love seeing rubbish in the sea, but I am. Empty fizzy drink bottles, flip-flops, a Styrofoam float. Signs of life - and land.

Day 38: I wake up and do my usual blank staring at the horizon. Then I gasp. There's a granite colour on the skyline. Land! My spine seems to melt. I hold my head in my hands and sob with joy.

Day 39: I'm scared. But of what? People? Coming back to reality? The future? All of it. How will I explain what happened? How can I tell Richard's family? And the Cromptons - their beautiful boat, dashed to bits. A barely-floating death-trap. They'll be devastated.

"I'm so sorry." I mumble, like a rehearsal. "We did our best. I swear we did." I only hope they believe me.

Day 40: I'm within a few miles of Hawaii. I can see the entrance to Hilo Harbour. But by the time I get close enough, it's nightfall and a perilous coral reef stands between me and safety. I can't risk going in until daylight.

I can't be dashed on a reef now, after all we've been through, the Hazana and me. I gaze at the twinkling harbour lights and know I'm a changed woman from my journey. I'll never be that innocent, carefree girl again. I'm crying. I miss Richard.

"You'll always miss him, but life goes on, Tami. Yours will. You survived because you're you. Few would have made it. Feel joy, be proud, believe in your heart. Remember, I will always be with you."

I have to ask: "Are you God? Or are you Richard guiding me to safety?" For the first time, the Voice does not reply.

Maybe there is no answer. But as dawn breaks and the rescue ship is steaming towards me, I know my incredible journey against all the odds had surely taught me one thing.

Even in our darkest hours, even in the wilderness, truly, we are never alone.

Tami Oldham is now married with a family in America. She has written a book about her ordeal as a kind of therapy.

● Red Sky In Mourning, £15.99, is published by Simon & Schuster.

As told to Ingrid Millar

KEPT ME ALIVE

Girl Whose Fiance Was Drowned in Hurricane Tells of Her 40-Day Ordeal

A joyous sailing adventure turned into bitter tragedy for 23-year-old Tami Lee Oldham of San Diego, Calif., when her British fiance, Richard Sharp, 34, was swept to a watery grave by Hurricane Raymond. Alone and terrified on the storm-damaged 43-foot yacht, Tami

managed to rig a makeshift sail — and 40 days and 1,600 miles later, she was rescued off the coast of Hawaii. Said Coast Guard Petty Officer Chris Rodenhurst — “It’s a miracle she survived.” Here, in her own words, Tami relives her frightening ordeal at sea.

I Was Terrified & Alone — Drifting Helplessly on a Battered Boat

By TAMI LEE OLDHAM

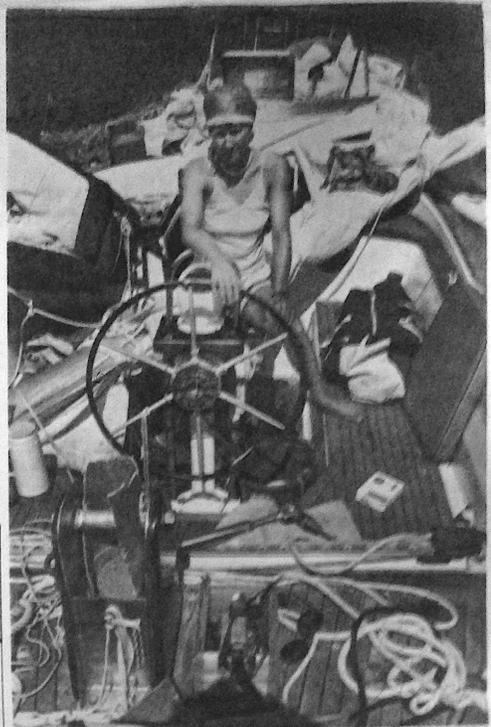
“Please, God . . . please . . . let us live!” I shrieked into the howling winds of the raging killer hurricane.

But my words were swept away as a giant 40-foot wave crashed onto our yacht. The entire boat disappeared under the devil’s flood — and I desperately clung to the rigging as the sea tried to bury me.

I couldn’t breathe or see . . . but I could hear the crashing waves, the screaming winds, the agonized creaking of our tortured boat.

I just held on tight. And I prayed, “Dear God, don’t let us die! Give my darling fiance Richard the strength to fight this storm . . .”

The yacht shot up from beneath the waves, and I could see my Richard wrestling with the wheel. He looked so brave. A feel-



SURVIVOR Tami Lee Oldham at the wheel of boat she sailed to Hawaii (see map, left) after hurricane broke off the masts and killed her boyfriend.

The Daily Telegraph

It was a blissful voyage — then Tami Ashcraft’s fiancé was swept overboard, leaving her alone on the ocean. Cassandra.

‘A voice told me I had to survive’

For the first few days after they set sail from Tahiti, Tami Ashcraft and her British fiancé, Richard Sharp, were so happy that all they wrote in the log most days was one word: Bliss.

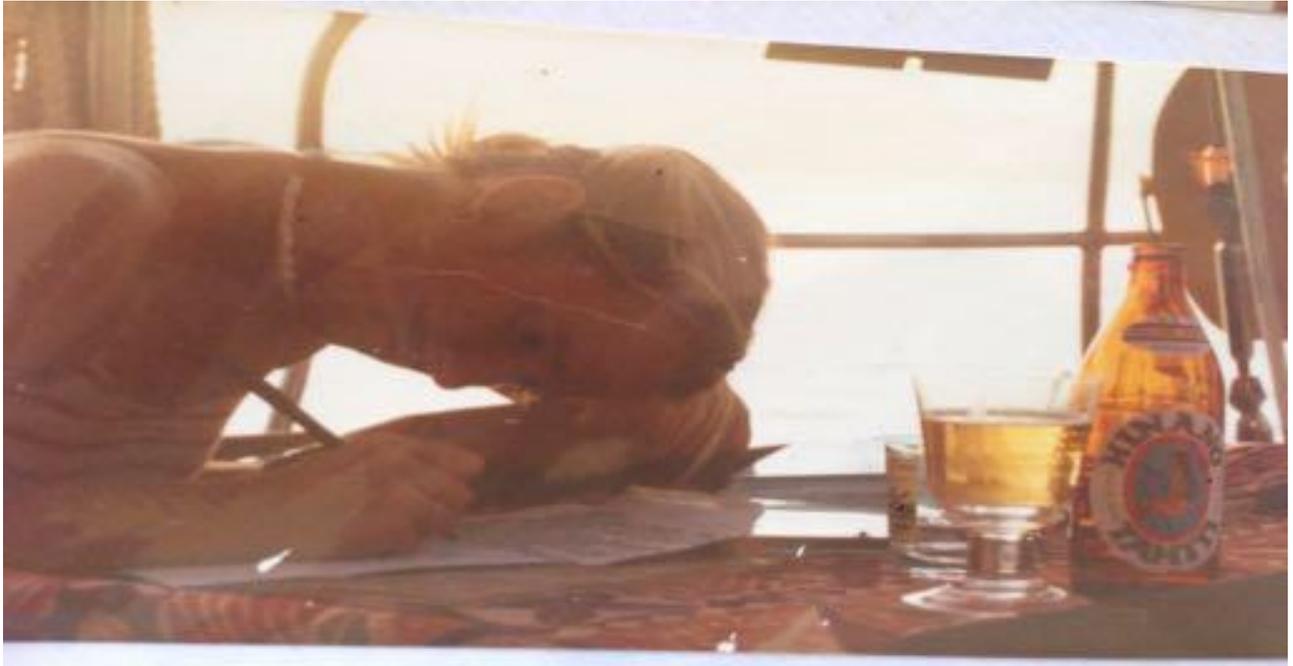
They were aboard a 44ft luxury yacht, Hazana, with hot showers and a “gourmet” kitchen, and were being

paid \$10,000 to take it to San Diego for the desolation she had felt as a child when her parents divorced and she lived with her grandparents.

Richard, at 34, was 10 years her senior and the more experienced sailor; though no “boat bunny”, Tami had worked to his orders. Now, she was on her own in a useless vessel. Hawaii, the nearest land, was at least 1,500 miles away. She thought about throwing herself



WRITING IN THE REAL SHIP'S LOG



DAILY REMARKS

CREW TUES 11 OCT 20th DAY OF RAYMOND!

0930 Forecast gives RAYMOND @ 13 N now travelling
WNW - WERE IN THE FIRING LINE
A/C Ship at risk on all side (Spring U.S.) hope to
run into S hurricane within 24 HRS.

(21st day)
Wed 12th Oct - Hit by Hurricane Raymone
at about 12:30 pm. Richard told us to go
below - Waves were 30-40 feet wind up
to 100k. Had motor on and that's all just
to keep her bow into the waves. I went
below and about 10 min later I heard
Richard say Oh my God and we rolled.
I was blocked on conscience. When I
came to, I went up top and Richard
was gone. I screamed and looked but
I had been out for about an hour^{or so}.
I thought there was no chance. I

THURS 13th Set up jury rig and have a storm up on it. Haven't gone very far. Have been throwing heavy things overboard to lighten the boat. Also trying to get my cabin in some sort of order. I have a keel pad cut on my forehead and left leg. My hands + feet a full of cuts and I can hardly move. I want to die!

Nov 7 - Becalmed this morning. Nothing makes me more depressed. 480 miles to go at the noon sight. It's gonna be the longest 480 miles of my life!

Nov 14 240 miles to go. 151 W 19 11 N. Seeing all kinds of floating things. Two more frigates have joined me. Not much wind but out of NE. Not a hot day. Saw ship. Let off whole box of gun flares + 2 parachute flares. I thought he saw me. But he steamed off into the distance. Very, very upsetting. Wind very slack - doesn't help matters.

Fri 14th have run out of water.

Nov 18 I DON'T BELIEVE IT HAWAII ON THE HORIZON. Now the problems getting there without hitting it. Dark clouds coming. No wind. Bee can't believe it there sits Hawaii so close yet so far. Going in circles if only the birds could talk. No fix today. Sun hasn't shown its face. I wish Richman could have been with me to experience the relief of seeing the island.



HAZANA BEFORE THE HURRICANE



HAZANA & TAMI AFTER THE HURRICANE





FATU HIVA - THE MARQUESAS



RICHARD SHARP



TAMI OLDHAM ASHCRAFT (WITH SEXTANT)



WAVE KING SWINGING IN BOSUN CHAIR



SONG TO THE SIREN



ON DECK OF HAZANA



INSIDE THE CABIN

