

ALL IS LOST

by

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THE SCREEN IS BLACK.

We hear the sounds of gentle waves.

OUR MAN

13th of July, 4:50 pm. I'm sorry...  
I know that means little at this  
point, but I am. I tried, I think  
you would all agree that I tried.  
To be true, to be strong, to be  
kind, to love, to be right. But I  
wasn't. And I know you knew this.  
In each of your ways. And I am  
sorry. All is lost here... except  
for soul and body... that is,  
what's left of them... and a half-  
day's ration.

It's inexcusable really, I know  
that now. How it could have taken  
this long to admit that I'm not  
sure... but it did. I fought 'til  
the end, I'm not sure what that is  
worth, but know that I did. I have  
always hoped for more for you  
all... I will miss you. I'm sorry.

OVER BLACK.

The sound of water peacefully running against the bow (front)  
of a boat.

TITLE CARD #1 (over black): ALL IS LOST

TITLE CARD #2 (over black): EIGHT DAYS EARLIER

TITLE CARD #3 (over black): ACT ONE (Man vs. Man)

FADE IN:

INT. BOW SLEEPING BERTH OF A 39 FT SAILBOAT - DAWN

OUR MAN is sound asleep as the boat moves up and down through  
the small waves that we can hear through the hull of the  
boat.

A terrible crunching and ripping noise echoes through the  
small space. OUR MAN immediately opens his eyes to the sound  
of rushing water.

OUR MAN jumps out of the berth and as his feet hit the ground  
they land in several inches of water inside the cabin of the  
boat.

He jumps up. As he looks down several small white knock-off Keds kids sneakers are floating in the water.

OUR MAN rushes towards the back of the boat, as he enters the main cabin he sees a four foot long gash in the side of the boat.

There is water pouring into the cabin from the bottom of the gash.

The gash is located right at the navigation table of the boat where all the electronics are located. The water is pouring in around and through the electronics including the GPS, RADAR, RADIO, and SATELLITE PHONE.

OUR MAN jumps through the rushing water and climbs up the steps to the cockpit of the boat.

EXT. COCKPIT OF THE BOAT - MORNING

Through the early morning light he now sees what has happened.

A massive shipping container that had fallen off a cargo ship is almost completely submerged in the water and is now stuck to the boat through the gash in the side of the boat.

Thousands of the white shoes are floating in the water and emptying from a hole in the container.

OUR MAN jumps into action.

The boat is heeling (being pushed at an angle due to the pressure on the sails) towards the side of the boat that the gash is on allowing the water to flow into the boat.

But first he must get the container unhooked from the gash as it will sink the boat very soon unless he intervenes. He pushes against it with his feet, kicking. Nothing. Gets out a boat hook and tries to use that as a lever. Nothing. Tries kicking and pushing again. Nothing.

The water continues to pour into the boat.

So he turns and opens a storage locker under the cockpit seats and pulls out a long line (rope).

He jumps down onto the half sunk container, lashes a line around one end. Slips several times almost falling into the water.

He can now really see that the container is totally lodged in place.

He jumps back onto the boat and heads down the stairs into the cabin that is now filled with several feet of water. The white kids shoes are everywhere.

He wades through the water to a front storage locker. He opens it and pulls out a large case that has LIFERAFT written in red letters on it. But instead of taking the case upstairs he opens the case and lifts the raft up and grabs a yellow looking sack that is stored behind the raft.

He heads back up onto the deck.

He jumps back down onto the container and takes a metal loop that is sticking out of the yellow sack and ties the long rope to it.

He now stops and looks around and tries to calmly analyze the situation before he takes another move. He looks up at the sails and the wind direction indicator at the top of the mast.

He scans the horizon.

Finally he shakes the contents out of the yellow bag, it fills with air. It is a small parachute of some kind. (It is a SEA ANCHOR, a device that is used in extreme weather, to help stabilize a boat by dragging it under the water. The parachute holds the boat back as huge waves thrash it) He shakes out the sea anchor and holds it over the edge of storage container into the water.

The water catches in the chute and starts pulling the rope that is spooled on the deck. The rope unspools, as he jumps back onto the boat and gets behind the steering wheel waiting for the rope to run out.

The coil of rope gets shorter and shorter and finally it is all gone.

In one extremely loud and jarring move the container rips out of the hull of the boat as OUR MAN turns the wheel of the boat away from the container.

He is free.

He immediately turns the boat onto the other tack (the opposite point of sail) so that the boat is now leaning the other direction so that the gash is up in the air slightly so that water is no longer coming in through the hole.

He immediately looks back at the container that he is leaving in the distance and seems to be making a decision.

He turns around, scans the horizon. Looks down into the cabin that is filled with water, then reaches out to the lines controlling the sails and begins to turn the boat around back towards the container... what is he doing?

He sails the boat back towards the container but at this point of sail he is not always able to heel the boat enough to keep the water from coming in, so the water continues to pour in every so often.

He finally approaches the shipping container again. It sits in the water looking like every inch the destructive force that it has been.

He looks back up at the wind indicator again trying to gauge an approach strategy.

He turns the boat abruptly into the wind and comes up next to the side of the submerged container.

He stalls out his boat, the water starts coming into the boat again as the boat levels, he jumps back onto the container.

EXT. BOAT - SUBMERGED CONTAINER

He pulls out a knife from the holster on his belt loop and cuts the rope that attached the sea anchor to the container. As he is reaching out for the rope he drops his knife and it rolls off of the container into the ocean.

OUR MAN recovers and takes the rope and jumps back on his boat just as it begins to drift away.

EXT. COCKPIT OF THE BOAT

He now begins to pull the sea anchor back towards him. It is a struggle. As he is pulling, he keeps looking behind him down into the cabin at the water that is coming in through the gash.

But he must get the sea anchor back on board. He pulls and pulls and finally the large orange parachute appears from below the surface like some sort of fish net. He struggles to empty the water from it and get it into the cockpit.

The second it is completely back on board he jumps up and turns the wheel and gets the boat under way again back on the point of sail that raises the gash above the waterline.

As he sails away he turns around and takes one last look at the container.

The camera pulls back to reveal the side of the boat that was ripped open by the collision.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN OF BOAT NAVIGATION TABLE AREA

The rack of high tech equipment is dripping with water and totally dead. OUR MAN picks up the radio receiver and turns the switch, nothing.

A plastic bag of corn flakes cereal floats by him. He looks over at the food cabinet that is partially under water.

But the open gash in the hull that is next to the equipment shows the ocean flying by and he decides that is clearly the first priority.

EXT. DECK OF BOAT ABOVE GASH

OUR MAN leans over the side of the boat and looks at the ripped fiberglass hull more closely. It looks terrible.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN

OUR MAN is ripping apart a teak bench with a hammer.

He tries to cut the pieces of wood into long strips.

He digs around in a bin that is just above the water level. He pulls out three cans of fiber glass raw materials.

EXT. DECK NEAR GASH - HANGING OVER EDGE

We see our man mix up the fiberglass and hang over the side of the boat and attach the strips of wood to the boat then start fibreglassing over the strips.

It is perilous work as he is hanging over the edge of the boat as it sails along.

INT. CABIN

He does some of the same work from inside the cabin. He is starting to make some progress. There is now seven inches of new makeshift hull that is drying.

EXT. COCKPIT OF THE BOAT

OUR MAN starts in on a built in hand pump that will pump the water from the cabin. He has shoved a long mop handle into the pump for better leverage.

He checks the compass.

WE SEE SEVERAL SHOTS OF HIM PUMPING AND FIBERGLASSING.

EXT. BOW OF BOAT - SUNSET

Night is falling. OUR MAN eats a can of soup while sitting and staring out at the ocean.

EXT. COCKPIT OF THE BOAT - NIGHT

OUR MAN tries to sleep as the water in the cabin sloshes around.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BOAT - (DAY 2)

A FULL DAY OF:

Pumping.

Fiberglassing.

Eating.

Pumping.

Fiberglassing.

Eating.

Pumping.

Fiberglassing...he almost falls over the edge.

Eating.

NIGHT FALLS:

OUR MAN sits and stares out at the endless ocean. He lays down and falls asleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BOAT - MORNING

OUR MAN stands in front of the gash. The repair is completed. Although it looks like hell, it is watertight. He is pleased.

He looks down at his feet and the floor of the cabin can now be seen as the water is gone. The wooden decking is starting to warp up but there is no standing water.

His eyes drift over to the navigation and electronics table.

EXT. BOAT - DECK - BRIGHT MORNING

There is no wind, the ocean is flat. OUR MAN takes down the sails and the boat comes to a stop. As it does the repaired gash dips below the waterline and he looks on to see if it will hold water. It does.

CUT TO:

OUR MAN has laid out and secured down all of the charts, maps, navigation books, and is bringing up pieces of electronics one by one to dry in the glaring midday sun.

He zeroes in on the radio. He starts to take it apart. The salt has begun to corrode the inner parts of the radio. Our man looks around.

He grabs a container of fresh water and pours it over the radio parts. He puts it down to dry in the sun.

He goes over and starts to collect the maps. He sits down with the pile and searches through to find one that corresponds with his last coordinates.

The two electronic GPS systems sit in a pile on the deck useless.

By the look on OUR MAN'S face he has been relying on the GPS too closely in life. He is lost.

INT. BOAT - CABIN

He goes over to a shelf filled with wet books. He scans and takes out a book titled AN INTRODUCTION TO CELESTIAL NAVIGATION. He sits and begins looking at it.

RADIO VOICE  
(static noise... crackle)  
(foreign language)  
*When are you going to get here?*



OUR MAN immediately looks up like he has heard a ghost.

RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)  
(foreign language)  
*That's right.*

OUR MAN drops everything and scrambles up the stairs and just stares at the radio waiting to see if it comes to life again.

The light blinks.

RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)  
(static... static)

OUR MAN picks up the mic and presses the button.

OUR MAN  
This is the Virginia Jean, are you  
there over?

Nothing.

OUR MAN (CONT'D)  
This is the Virginia Jean with an  
S.O.S. call over?

Nothing.

OUR MAN (CONT'D)  
This is the Virginia Jean with an  
S.O.S. call over?

Nothing... The powerlight goes off on the radio... it's dead.

OUR MAN hears something, he looks around, the wind is starting to pick up and ripple the still water. He tries to bounce back from the near miss on the radio.

He goes and collects all the loose components from the deck and gets the boat ready to sail again.

The sails are up and he has got things going again. Spirits are up.

As dusk begins to fall OUR MAN looks out across the ocean and there is a dark cloud on the far distant horizon. He looks down at the disabled weather radio.

He has no idea if it's a small rain shower or something far worse.

INSERT TITLE CARD: ACT II (Man vs. Nature)

INT. BOAT - CABIN - EVENING

OUR MAN is down below preparing dinner when the rain starts hitting the deck above his head. It starts softly then builds to a downpour. He sticks his head out of the doorway to look at the horizon, there is no wind building, he is relieved.

He cooks some beans on the stove.

He pours himself a scotch.

Settles in to read The Introduction to Celestial Navigation as the rain falls. The boat is once again watertight and he quickly falls asleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BOAT - FRONT V BERTH - MORNING

OUR MAN is asleep. The bright sun comes into the cabin and he slowly wakes. He looks around realizing that was his first really good night of sleep in some time.

INT. BOAT - GALLEY (KITCHEN) - MORNING

OUR MAN has got the gas stove working again and is making himself a cup of coffee.

EXT. BOAT - COCKPIT - MORNING

OUR MAN is enjoying his coffee looking out across the water. He zeroes in on a small patch of wind that is dancing across the surface. It is beautiful but somehow ominous.

INT. BOAT - ENGINE COMPARTMENT

OUR MAN is on his hands and knees struggling to get behind the swamped engine to a massive bank of large capacity batteries. They are corroded and waterlogged. He struggles to bring one out and up onto the deck.

EXT. BOAT - DECK/COCKPIT

As he comes back up from below carrying the battery he looks across to the horizon and notices terrible looking storm clouds in the extreme distance. His face registers severe concern.

The thunderheads reach miles into the sky.

OUR MAN looks around at the boat to see what to do next. He is still holding the large battery. He looks down at it in his hands. He hurls it over the edge and heads back down below.

INT./EXT. STORM PREPARATION

As OUR MAN goes through these preparations he begins to sing to himself. The song starts out too low to hear, but then grows.

Loading up potable water from the sink tanks into large portable water carriers.

Changing the sails to smaller storm sails.

Looking out at the horizon as the front comes closer.

Down below stowing all loose objects away.

Checking the charts/maps to try to place himself.

Going into the bathroom and shaving.

Checking the fiberglass over the repaired spot.

Checking the placement of the life raft and repacking the sea anchor next to it.

Back up top looking out at the storm. The waves are starting to pick up.

OUR MAN stops, looks around at his little boat, checking to see what else needs to be done.

He goes over and checks the auto steering device one more time. The clouds are now blocking out the sun and it feels as though night is falling.

INT. BOAT - DARK & STORMY

He is back below prepping his foul weather gear. As he stands looking at the jacket the boat gets thrown abruptly in one direction and OUR MAN falls/gets tossed over into the navigation table.

The charts come down on top of him. He sits on the ground as the boat begins to get rocked far more violently. He can only laugh to himself as he knows things are about to get a whole lot worse.

(During a storm like this it cannot be underplayed how loud, intense, varied, and downright frightening the sounds of the storm hitting a small boat are. From the waves hitting the hull, to the wind in the sails and rigging, to the general pressures put on every element of the ship it is difficult to explain. The sound design during this sequence will be of the utmost importance and will play relentlessly through the storm sequence.)

OUR MAN stands up and the boat really starts rocking. He struggles to put on the foul weather gear. When he is fully dressed he looks up through the shut doorway out into the deck. It looks and sounds pretty nasty.

He opens the door and the fury of the storm comes into full effect.

He struggles up the stairs and out into the cockpit. Waves are starting to build from twelve to fifteen feet and the wind is gusting at thirty knots. The boat appears to be handling the storm well so far but OUR MAN looks up at the sails and clearly he has too much sail up. He is going to have to change the sails in these conditions.

Before he does that though he goes back to the auto pilot and checks the compass to make sure he is keeping course at 60 degrees North.

INT. BOAT - DARK & STORMY

Then down he goes to the cabin to get the new storm sail.

As he enters the cabin the sounds totally change but are almost more frightening as the stresses the boat is under are amplified by the hull. The cabin is now really thrashing back and forth. He struggles to the front of the boat and pulls out a small sail bag. "STORM JIB" is printed on the sail bag.

He then goes into another closet and gets out a storm harness with a large clip on it.

He puts the harness on and heads back out onto the deck.

Each time he walks back and forth through the cabin the pattern of the movements of the boat change. There is no steady flow to how the boat is handling the storm at this point.

He steadies himself one last time before going back out into the storm.

EXT. BOAT - DARK & STORMY

The weather is getting worse by the minute. He looks through the rain and spray up to the mast. The boat is almost laying on its side.

He clips the harness clip onto the rail and heads forward to change the sails.

(Changing sails in these type of conditions yet alone at night is an extremely hazardous undertaking. The boat is thrashing back and forth due to the waves and the wind is crushing the sails that he is trying to take down.)

OUR MAN struggles to take the head sail down and get it into the boat. Then he moves back to the main sail. This is a greater challenge.

Waves are now regularly coming right across the deck of the boat and risk washing him overboard. With each new wave the situation seems to worsen.

He gets the main sail down and just as he is folding it to bring it down below a massive wave comes across the deck and sweeps OUR MAN over the edge of the boat and into the water.

INT. OCEAN

The camera is now under the water with OUR MAN. A portion of the massive main sail is also under the water with him. It is strangely quiet.

Then we see OUR MAN's face and see that he is conscious but panicking to get back on board.

The storm harness is saving his life but is also risking to drown him. The boat is dragging him along in the water and he can't seem to get back aboard.

He gasps up for air as the surface comes close for a moment and then he is back down below and risking drowning.

Finally he starts to pull himself back towards the boat using the leash from the harness and when he can grabbing the sail that is now almost completely in the water.

He pulls himself back up onto the deck but must finish the original task. He folds the sail into the cabin, struggling terribly, then finally is able to install the small storm sail.

EXT. BOAT DECK

As he turns to head back into the cabin he looks for a moment out to sea into the darkness and sees the waves have grown to at least twenty-five feet high.

INT. BOAT - CABIN - NIGHT

OUR MAN comes down the stairs into the cabin and slams shut the hatch. The sound goes from total chaos to controlled chaos.

He pulls off his soaked foul weather gear and falls to the floor exhausted. Suddenly he jumps up and throws up a good gallon of sea water into the sink. He falls back down to the floor and passes out.

The storm rages on as he slides from side to side across the floor as the boat careens down the face of the waves, one after the next.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BOAT - CABIN

OUR MAN is rudely awoken by the boat feeling like it is falling off a cliff, then landing at the base of a wave with a horrifying crash. He gets thrown across the floor of the cabin and then gets sent in the other direction. He's up now.

OUR MAN realizes this situation is not improving. He gets up and gets out the sea anchor from the storage bin again. He checks through its components then prepares to head back out into the storm.

INT. BOAT - BOAT ROLL - DAWN (DAY 5)

Just as he is about to open up the hatch again he gets thrown off the steps as the boat starts to go down the face of another massive wave. Although this time, things seem different... very different.

Everything goes almost eerily silent as the boat seems to float in the air. Then it skips, then again, then total mayhem as the boat is rolled over.

The porthole windows turn blue with water, so do the skylight windows. OUR MAN is hurled to the ceiling of the cabin as it temporarily becomes the floor.

Then the horrible sound of ripping fiberglass.

The boat continues its roll and the floor becomes the floor again as OUR MAN gets thrown around like a rag doll.

The boat somewhat stabilizes and before it heads down the next wave OUR MAN goes to the skylight porthole to look up and sees through the early morning light to see what the hell just happened.

He rushes over to a side window and sees a few of the stays (cables that hold up the mast) have ripped from the deck and are whipping around.

Here comes another massive wave. He braces himself.

It's not as big but the boat is hurtling down the face and sounds as though it may start coming apart.

OUR MAN must get out and install the sea anchor.

He forgoes putting on any foul weather gear and goes over to the steps.

EXT. BOAT - COCKPIT - POV OF DAMAGED DECK - DAWN

As he comes up the steps and into the cockpit the light of the new day lets him see the size and ferocity of the waves for the first time. The rain and wind have somewhat died down but the waves are beyond belief.

Trying not to lock up completely from fear OUR MAN makes his way to the back of the cockpit, attaches the clip of the sea anchor to the back of the boat and then, just as he lets the cloth parachute go into the water, a massive wave builds behind the boat.

A second smaller cross wave comes and pushes the boat sideways and it begins a death-roll.

EXT. BOAT - COCKPIT/OCEAN

The cockpit area is now underwater and OUR MAN is doing all he can to stay attached to the boat. He did not attach the storm harness this time so he is free floating into the ocean.

The boat does a massive full flip under the water and then a noise like nothing else we have heard up to this point. It's snapping metal combined with the deep thunder of a fifty foot wave crashing around him.

The boat starts in on a second flip and miraculously he is scooped back up into the cockpit by total luck as the boat rights itself in the trough of the wave.

OUR MAN looks around and can't believe that he is back on the boat.

He immediately grabs the clip of his storm harness and clips it to the boat.

Then he looks around.

The mast of the boat is snapped like a toothpick. He looks behind him and sees the remains of the mast sinking.

He looks at the contact points where the mast was connected to the deck of the boat and sees that at each point a hole in the deck has been ripped open.

Then he looks down at the connection point and sees that the sea anchor is still connected and appears to now be working. With each oncoming wave the boat is now held back by the anchor and it doesn't speed down the face of the wave.

INT. BOAT

OUR MAN comes down the steps of the cabin and closes the hatch behind him. Sea water is now dripping and at times pouring in through the holes ripped in the hull and deck of the boat.

OUR MAN looks around the cabin and starts to prepare for the possibility that he may have to abandon ship.

His movements around the cabin are made very difficult by each new wave throwing the boat about.

After collecting a few things another massive wave comes and the sea anchor seems to snap, because the boat is suddenly jolted forward.

This causes OUR MAN to be thrown across the cabin and against the wall in the front V sleeping berth from the opening shot. He is knocked unconscious and blood starts flowing from his head.

FADE TO BLACK.



INT. BOAT - CABIN

OUR MAN comes to and he is laying in a significant pool of blood. He is up on the raised bunk but every so often a splash of water is heard.

His eyes open and he now sees that the boat is officially sinking.

He gets up, but he is pretty messed up so he is not in the hurry he should be in.

There is a gash on his forehead.

The water is now a solid four feet deep in the cabin.

He wades through the main cabin and the storm seems to be calming down some, the boat isn't quite flying around like it was and the noise has laid off some.

OUR MAN methodically goes to the food closet and grabs what he can.

Water is now just pouring in through an enlarged gash on the side of the deck.

He goes over and pulls out the large liferaft case from the closet and pulls it through the water and tries with all the effort he can muster to get it up onto the deck.

EXT. BOAT - DECK/OCEAN

OUR MAN struggles to get the liferaft over towards the edge of the cockpit.

He takes a large security clip and attaches the liferaft to the boat.

He then hurls it over the edge into the water. The second it hits the water the raft explodes open and fills with air exactly as it was designed to do.

The waves and wind have definitely lessened in intensity but are still making this transfer from the boat to the raft an extremely dangerous maneuver.

OUR MAN takes one last look around at his sinking ship.

He takes the sea anchor clip from the hook on the back of the boat and clips it to the liferaft.

He looks out into the ocean and does his best to time his leap with the oncoming waves and finally dives into the opening of the raft.

INT. LIFERAFT

He lets out a good 25 yards of line and looks out from the relative safety of the liferaft back towards his boat. He is about to disconnect the rope that connects him to the boat but he looks around the raft at the few items he was able to bring with him in the rush. It was not much.

He looks out again at the boat and it is riding very low in the water but does not seem to be sinking.

As he turns around and lays down to think about what to do next he closes his eyes and falls asleep.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BOAT - LIFERAFT - MORNING

OUR MAN wakes up and the raft is very calm. The storm has passed and the waves have almost completely settled.

It is quiet.

He suddenly realizes he never unhooked himself from the boat.

He turns and looks out through the entrance flap and his boat is still floating... barely. The water has come almost up to the deck. He's not quite sure how it is still staying above the surface.

He looks around the raft and decides he needs to get back into the boat as he may be here for awhile.

He begins pulling in the rope that is still connecting him to the boat.

The raft bumps up against the side of the boat and as he looks into the cabin he sees that the water is almost all the way up to the ceiling of the cabin.

EXT. BOAT - COCKPIT

He climbs into the submerged cockpit and makes his way down into the cabin.

## INT. BOAT - CABIN

There is just about a foot of air at the top of the cabin as the water has taken over everything else. OUR MAN starts going around the boat and collecting things that could be useful. Each time he goes for a new item he has to dive down below the water and search for it.

Remaining canned and packaged foods.

An extra water jug.

Charts.

The Introduction to Celestial Navigation book.

A sextant.

An expandable boat hook.

A small portable gas camping stove.

Clothes.

A first-aid kit.

As he loads the first aid kit into the bag he remembers the nasty gash on his forehead. He reaches up and touches it, there is still a large gash open, and winces.

He thinks about it for a second and with the risk for infection about as high as it could possibly be he decides to take some action.

He gets the kit and wades back through the boat towards the bathroom.

He opens the door and looks into the mirror.

He sees the extent of the gash. He takes out a bottle of hydrogen peroxide and pours it into the cut. It bubbles.

The water is up to his shoulders.

He then is about to apply a butterfly bandage to the wound, but as he is doing so the boat makes a severe groan and lurch as if it is about to go under.

He looks around. The boat groans again then settles.

OUR MAN finishes putting the bandage on his head and then hurries through the water to get the hell out of the boat.

He grabs the bag with all the stuff he has collected. Takes one last look around and heads up and off the boat.

One last look around.

EXT. BOAT - LIFERAFT

OUR MAN settles into the tiny raft and looks back at the boat. It still refuses to go down.

Finally, what sounds like a very large balloon popping. The boat begins to roll over and then turns to go under.

OUR MAN reaches out and unclips the raft from the boat. The boat finally goes under.

EXT. VIEW OF THE LIFERAFT

An extreme pull back wide shot of the tiny liferaft totally alone in the middle of the impossibly vast ocean.

ACT III (Man vs. Self)

INT. OCEAN

(This will be the first of a series of more abstract shots placed throughout the final act.)

The camera is in the water looking back up at the liferaft towards the surface. The shot will move in to a close up of the bottom of the raft. There is a small amount of algae starting to grow on the bottom of the raft. As the camera gets very close on the algae out of the corner of the frame comes a tiny small fish, no larger than a minnow, that swims up to the algae and starts to eat it.

INT. LIFERAFT

(A few specifics about the liferaft. It is an octagon. The base, or floor is filled with air but is quite flexible. As the days go on it will become more so as it starts to deflate. There is a tent over the whole thing that protects from the extreme sun during the day and the cold and wind at night. This tent is held up by inflated supports.)

OUR MAN is sitting in the liferaft looking around at the clutter. What to do?

He sifts through the bag and takes out the charts, the sextant, and the book about celestial navigation. Now he has some time, and he finally better figure out where the hell in the world he is.

Eating canned beans.

Drinking a small amount of water from the jug.

Reading the book and trying to take a few rudimentary readings with the sextant.

The sun is setting.

OUR MAN looks out the doorway of the liferaft at the horizon.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LIFERAFT

OUR MAN wakes up and his face is displeased. He looks and feels around and he sees that there is a couple of inches of water in the raft at the low points, which are of course where his body is. We begin to realize life in this raft is going to be pretty miserable.

Reading the book some more.

Looking at his watch. It's almost noon.

Doing a reading with the sextant using the sun at exactly noon. He writes down the numbers then checks in the book and does some fairly simple calculations. He gets excited as it seems like he may be finally for the first time in his life be figuring this out. He scrambles through the mess in one of the bags and takes out a stack of charts. He rifles through them and pulls out one. He checks the compass points, then gets out a pen and makes a mark. This is where he is.

The camera pulls back from that mark and gets wider till we see that he is literally in the middle of the Indian Ocean.

OUR MAN zeroes in on several lines that are around him on the chart, marks for shipping lanes, and he tries to figure out what direction he is traveling in with his compass.

He looks around, back at the chart, and jumps to action.

He shimmies around the edge of the raft and begins to pull in the sea anchor. He brings it into the raft. He is heading in the correct direction and wants to get going at greater speed.

INT. OCEAN

The camera is again below the raft coming into a close-up on the algae on the bottom of the raft. There are now ten or so small fish eating the algae. The plants have grown larger as well.

As the camera gets closer and closer to one of the minnows a much larger fish comes darting in from the edge of frame and eats the smaller fish.

This is startling and cuts into.

INT. LIFERAFT

OUR MAN is awoken from a nap by something hitting his back, the fish bumping into the bottom of the raft as it ate the little guy.

OUR MAN looks around and doesn't know what it was.

Drinks water.

Eats.

Gets out a small mirror and a razor and shaves. This seems an odd choice but OUR MAN seems to be wanting to keep up some level of appearances for his own mental state if nothing else.

As he is finishing shaving he hears something.

Then again.

Oh fuck.

He looks out the door across the horizon and it is a perfect sunny day.

Then the rumbling again.

He stands and turns around and looks behind him, across at the far horizon there is a massive thunder head and very dark skies. Here we go again.

OUR MAN looks around the raft and tries to decide what to do next.

He grabs the sea anchor and launches it back into the water.

(A quick note about OUR MAN's physical condition at this point in the film. He has lost significant weight since the start of the film.)

The gash on his forehead does not seem to be healing well, but it also isn't infected. He has been trying to stay shaven so we can see his face.)

OUR MAN also starts battening down everything in the raft as he knows it will be getting rough.

When all is as prepared as it can be he takes out the chart and does one last reading with the sextant on the sun just as it is getting covered up by the incoming clouds.

He does some calculations, cross references the book and marks his progress on the chart. He is moving closer to the marked shipping lanes.

INT. OCEAN

The camera starts on an extreme close up of the algae on the bottom of the raft and begins to pull back. We now see hundreds of the small minnows eating the algae. Then we see thirty of the larger fish that are eating the minnows circling below. Then below them there are five or six fish probably two or three feet long circling below at the bottom of the chain. As the camera pulls down further away from this little ecosystem we see more and more of the oceans' surface from below and we can see that it is darkening and becoming very stormy.

INT. LIFERAFT - NIGHT

OUR MAN is about to get the shit beat out of him and he knows it. He has done everything he can to prepare for the worst and now he is just sitting on the windward side of the raft listening as the sounds of the storm start picking up.

He looks out the window and you can't see much but what you can see is not good.

OUR MAN hangs on as the tent starts to buckle down on him from the force of the wind. Then in between the gusts of the wind the raft starts getting thrown at some pretty crazy angles as the waves start to build.

INT. OCEAN

Back at our ocean view the fish seem to have disappeared but the raft and sea anchor look stark against the thrash of the storm. The sound underwater is silent though, which is a very pleasant contrast to the storm above.

INT. LIFERAFT

This isn't good. The tent is now about to give way and is being blown down almost on top of OUR MAN.

The waves seem to be coming around and over the raft.

Then without notice the raft gets flipped over and everything starts to fill with water as all of his supplies fall on top of him and tumble around the raft like a washing machine.

The side walls to the raft now crumple and OUR MAN is lost in the mayhem.

The raft finally comes to the bottom of the wave and settles back right side up.

It is filled with water.

OUR MAN immediately starts bailing out the water using an empty can.

After bailing and bailing OUR MAN finally lays into an almost fetal position and tries to close his eyes.

He opens them and the nightmare continues.

They close.

Open.

Finally close.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. OCEAN

An extreme wide shot of the raft and sea anchor alone at sea. The camera gets closer and closer to the raft but there are no fish to be seen. As the camera goes by the raft:

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN/RAFT-BRIGHT SUNNY MORNING

OUR MAN is laying looking like a battered fighter across the raft. The tent has been ripped and almost completely destroyed by the storm. OUR MAN has now lost his protection from the sun. Also most of his provisions have been either swamped, destroyed, or lost overboard. He is clinging to the chart and sextant.



He opens and eats a food ration packet from the emergency survival kit.

He pulls in the sea anchor to try to speed his process towards the shipping lane. He also uses it as a blanket to protect his legs from the sun.

He takes the large water jug, tries a sip, and spits it out. Salt. Somehow saltwater has made its way into the water jug?

He looks around the lost horizon. He's totally fucked.

He breaks down.

Then pulls himself together. He looks up at the glaring sun. Inspiration.

He is now moving quickly again.

He takes out his small knife. He leans the large plastic water jug (think a plastic version of one of those auxiliary gas cans that were attached to the back of the jeeps in the Korean war like in M.A.S.H.) on its side and begins cutting out the top side to the corners. Essentially making a very large dish. He fills it with sea water. He takes another much smaller container and places it in the center of the larger water jug.

He then cuts out a large piece of clear plastic from a window panel in the ripped tent. He places that over the whole top of the open side of the water jug. His last move is to put a small weight of some kind in the middle of the plastic right over the open top of the smaller container in the middle.

He then lies down next to the contraption and looks at the underside of the plastic.

Over a minute or so in extreme close up we see condensation starting to form on the underside of the clear plastic from the heat from the sun. The water droplets then run towards the middle low point and when they hit where the lowest point is they fall down into the smaller container in the middle with a pleasant dropping noise.

OUR MAN lets out a small smile.

He has built the most basic form of a desalination plant. It will be a brutal process to monitor, but it should be enough to keep him alive.

As OUR MAN lays down on the boiling hot yet wet and fetid floor of the raft he closes his eyes. He (we) then hear the sound of something below him.

He opens his eyes. Looks around then goes back to listening. He hears it again.

He sits up and looks around, nothing.

Then he goes over to the edge of the raft and looks down below him into the water. He sees several of the larger fish circling below him.

He has one thought... food.

OUR man looks around the raft. He looks through what is left of the emergency kit and finds some string and fish hooks. He takes a small piece of some of the food ration and puts it on the end of the hook.

He lowers it into the water below him and waits.

He takes a very small drink of water from the cup in the middle of the water contraption. It almost makes him more thirsty.

OUR MAN looks at his watch, it's almost noon.

He takes out the chart and sextant and does a reading. He marks his course on the chart.

The camera comes in on the chart. He is in the shipping lane. He looks up from the chart and scans the horizon.

Nothing.

He throws the sea anchor back out into the water to now try to stop his progress and stay in the shipping lane for as long as possible.

The fishing line starts moving ever so slightly. Then more so. He picks up the spool and starts pulling it in.

Into the boat comes a two-foot long fish.

He bashes it over the head.

Then fillets it and eats it raw.

EXT. RAFT

OUR MAN is sitting on the edge of the raft trying to bail out some of the water when his face registers something.

He stares out into the distance.

All the way across to the horizon he sees a tiny black spec.

What is it?

His eyes are stuck on the horizon, he does not look well.

The black dot gets larger and larger. It is a ship.

As it gets closer we see that it is a very, very, very, large ship. In fact it is a cargo ship that has shipping containers, like the one that first punctured his boat, stacked a hundred and fifty feet above the deck.

As it gets closer we see that it is on a pretty direct path for OUR MAN which seems a good thing although as it gets closer we realize it could be a really bad thing.

OUR MAN starts waving his hands and yelling. His voice is hoarse and mostly useless at this point.

The ship is so massive that there is no way to see the bridge from OUR MAN'S vantage point.

The ship comes right up on top of him. He shoots off one of his remaining rescue flares, but it is bright daylight so it does very little to register anything.

The ship almost runs him down. It looks like a skyscraper next to him, then it goes racing by moving much faster than you would think.

OUR MAN is now staring at the back of the massive ship still waving and yelling.

Nothing.

It steams off into the distance til it disappears.

OUR MAN is despondent.

He lays back down, and as the sun sets he falls asleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. RAFT

OUR MAN is awoken by another massive ship, this one an oil tanker larger than can be imagined, steaming by, right on top of him. It is too late to shoot off the flare in front of the ship, so he waits.

Once the ship has passed he shoots the flare into the night sky.

It creates a bright light but as the ship continues to steam into the distance it becomes painfully clear that they have not seen the flare.

INT. RAFT - MORNING

OUR MAN wakes up and looks out across the horizon.

Nothing.

He looks over the edge to see if the fish are still there. He drops his line over the edge.

He stares out into the emptiness as he waits for the line to move.

Finally it starts to jiggle a little bit, then more.

OUR MAN gets up on his knees and starts to pull the fish up. As he is looking over the edge of the raft a massive shark jumps up through the surface of the water and eats the fish that was at the end of his line.

As the shark breaks the surface of the water it's tail knocks into our man throwing him to the other side of the raft.

It scares the shit out of him.

Worse yet, the massive shark seems to like the easy pickings around this little floating island and it is now circling his raft as it floats along.

He tries to convince himself that it is only interested in the fish but as he sits there a battered and almost defeated man it is not a promising sign.

INT. OCEAN - MORNING

The wide shot view back up to the raft on the surface now has the minnows at the top of the ecosystem and towards the edges and at the bottom closest to the camera several massive sharks.

INT. LIFERAFT - HIGH NOON

OUR MAN looks at his watch, then up at the sun.

He looks terrible.

Twenty-five pounds lighter than when we first saw him.

Large boils from the sun and sitting around in salt water.

The nasty cut on his forehead that now is starting to look infected.

And he has started to get very dehydrated. All he really wants to do is lay down and watch the water evaporate against the plastic.

But he tries to fight on.

OUR MAN gets out the sextant and takes a reading. He does his math and plots the course on the chart...

We don't see where the mark is but his face tells us it's not where he wants it to be.

He holds up the sextant again and does the reading a second time.

Then he does his math again.

Plots the course, and now the camera comes up on the chart...

We see his current location is now through the other side of the shipping lane.

There must be a significant current that has sent him through the shipping lane in just a day and a half.

The next land on the chart appears to be weeks away, it's all the way at the edge of the map.

OUR MAN is fucked.

EXT. LIFERAFT - DAY

He pulls in the sea anchor to use as a blanket.

He looks around the raft. The side panels are getting partially deflated, the whole thing looks like it certainly wouldn't make it through another storm.

But at this point he wouldn't mind a little storm as he would do anything for some rain for a bath and to drink.

But it couldn't be sunnier.

He takes the small cup from the middle of the rig and drinks the inch of water that is in it. There is a ton of crusty salt that has built up in the larger outer pan that gets left there as the water evaporates.

He trips out for a minute staring into the salt crust landscape.

Then a shark jumps up right next to the raft eating another fish.

OUR MAN barely notices, he is so out of it.

INT. LIFERAFT - SUNSET

OUR MAN looks around the raft and gets out a pen from the small emergency bag. He takes out a small piece of paper and begins writing the letter that we heard at the beginning of the film.

He finishes the letter and puts it into a small plastic jar. He closes it up and then releases it into the ocean.

He goes back to the container in the middle of the rig and tries to drink the water, but only a tiny amount has collected in such a short amount of time.

OUR MAN lays his head down in the water at the floor of the raft. He closes his eyes as the sun sets.

FADE OUT.

INT. RAFT - FULL MOON - NIGHT

OUR MAN wakes up with a start. His legs are cramping. He tries to comfort them then sits up.

As he does he looks up at the moon and then over across the flat sea.

About a half mile away there is the clear outline of a small ship.

OUR MAN shakes his head to wake up.

The ship is still there.

He stands up.

Looks around.

Tries to yell but has no voice left at all.

Tries to yell again.

He is out of flares.

Is this a mirage?

He can hear the ships engines. But it is not coming closer to him, it is sailing alongside of him but will soon be getting further away.

He looks around the boat.

He rifles through the emergency kit and takes out a small box. We can't quite see what it is. He piles up some of his dry garbage into the water tray. Then we see the box is storm matches as he lights one. He starts the small fire and looks out across the water to see if the ship is turning around.

It isn't.

He looks around the raft for anything left to add. He is desperate as the ship is passing.

He puts the sea anchor in a ball and tries to light it on fire.

It catches, soon the massive frayed parachute is burning.

Then it is really burning and starts to take over the whole raft.

OUR MAN is now having to get next to edge because of the flames.

Then the flames catch one of the sides of the raft on fire and OUR MAN starts to panic.

For a second he tries to splash water on the flames but that is pointless.

The good news is there is a massive ball of flames reflecting off the water and must be visible from miles.

The bad news is it is a full moon.

OUR MAN tries to turn and look to see if the ship is turning around.

Now most of the raft is on fire.

Finally OUR MAN has to jump into the water to get away from the flames.

He is treading water knowing that there are probably sharks around.

After a long beat he says his peace.

INT. OCEAN - FULL MOON

The view from under the raft is beautiful.

The flames and the full moon and OUR MAN'S silhouette are something to look at.

From this view we see out of the corner of the frame a object floating into the frame. We are not sure what it is.

INT. SURFACE OF THE OCEAN

OUR MAN is treading water barely keeping his head above water looking at his raft burning.

What has he done?

His head drops below the water level.

Then pops back up.

Then, from behind him we see a dinghy with some fishermen in it motoring up to him.

He turns around and can't believe what he is seeing.

He tries to wave his arm.

They circle him.

In the distance we see the larger fishing vessel coming towards them.

The young man at the front of the dingy reaches out his hand towards OUR MAN.

Their hands meet.

FADE TO BLACK.