



*SWIM FOR YOUR LIVES!*

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

A GUNSHOT. MULTIPLE SPLASHES -- a dozen freestyle swim competitors plunge underwater across an Olympic pool.

MIA WILEY (16) surfaces and propels herself forward, her arms pounding the water. Stroke-breath-stroke-breath...

She finishes third. Smacks the water, angry at herself.

EXT. MEXICAN HOTEL BALCONY - DAY

THOMAS WILEY (50's), a meticulous academic in a suit, gazes across a Mexican beach full of sunbathers and water cavorters. He peers farther out at a curious sight...

A lone male swimmer plows far out to sea with steady overhand strokes, a speck on the vast blue Pacific. The man never stops, he just keeps going and going.

Thomas squints hard to make him out, puzzled by him...

The swimmer dips behind a wave and disappears under the surface. He never comes up. Gone from existence.

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

TIGHT ON IPHONE SCREEN

A promotional photo of a seaside resort in an Indonesian paradise. Beneath it, text messages scroll across...

*U going to Bali? Kewl!*

*Yeah. So not into it.*

SHERRI (O.S.)

Mia?

Mia, pretty and athletic, her hair pinned under an Adidas cap, keeps texting as she walks through a mobbed airport. Her overstuffed backpack dangles from one arm.

SHERRI (CONT'D)

Honey c'mon, you'll miss your flight.

Mia sighs demonstratively and flips it shut.

MIA

What-ever.

SHERRI WILEY (40's), attractive and looking teen-weary, ushers her daughter toward a security checkpoint.

SHERRI

You're gonna love it there. I wish I was going.

MIA

Then why aren't you?

SHERRI

Just not a good time for me.

MIA

Maybe it's not a good time for me either. Does anyone care how I feel?

SHERRI

Mia...

MIA

This was supposed to be a family trip, y'know -- the *whole* family.

SHERRI

I know. But your dad's really looking forward to spending time with you.

MIA

He doesn't even know how to talk to me, treating me like I'm stupid. It's so totally weird that you're not going.

SHERRI

I'm sorry, sweetheart.

They reach the checkpoint gate. Mia turns to face her.

MIA

It's that lawyer, isn't it? Bri-an.

SHERRI

Brian's just a friend.

MIA

Yeah, right. Have fun, Mom.

She turns sullenly away -- Sherri stops her.

SHERRI

Mia. Say goodbye, at least.

She embraces her. Mia almost resists, then clings to her tightly. Sherri whispers to her ear...

SHERRI (CONT'D)  
Just know that your dad and I love you  
very much. Okay?

Mia nods. They separate, brave smiles between them.

SHERRI (CONT'D)  
Travel safe. I'm gonna miss you.

MIA  
Same here. Love you, too.

With mustered resilience she slings her backpack over her shoulder and heads through the security gateway.

INT. PLANE IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Outside a portal, the Pacific twinkles in the moonlight.

Curled up in a window seat, Mia rocks to an iPod while passengers sleep around her, quietly crying to herself.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN (AERIAL) - NIGHT

WE SWEEP ACROSS the undulating sea, LOW AND FAST OVER black waters, moonlit sequins zipping past, as...

TITLE FLASHES ACROSS SCREEN -- "SWIM FOR YOUR LIVES!"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NGURAH RAI AIRPORT, BALI - ARRIVAL GATE - DAY

Thomas smokes nervously in a khaki outfit. He watches arriving passengers stream through the immigration gate.

A glimpse of Mia in the crowd. Thomas quickly stubs out the cigarette underfoot.

An exhausted Mia slouches her way towards him. Father and daughter come together in an awkward hug.

THOMAS  
Hey there, sugarcakes.

Mia winces at that name but manages to restrain herself.

MIA

Hey, Thomas.

THOMAS

"Dad", please. You had a good flight?

MIA

Yeah, all twenty hours of it. How was Puerto Vallarta?

THOMAS

Six days with bickering mathematicians and no time to hit the beach. I'm just so glad to see you.

(off her wary look)

You don't have to be glad to see me.

He playfully elbows her. Mia smiles, and they move on.

EXT. SOUTH BALI ROAD - DAY

A resort bus wends down a traffic-congested road, dodging potholes, bicycles and a water buffalo.

INT. BUS (MOVING)

The two sit together. Thomas pores over a small spiral notebook. Mia flips through a gossip magazine. She glances out the window at...

Lush jungle and green rice paddies on steep terraces.

On the roadside, vendors and women beggars with children accost pedestrians. Poverty in paradise.

Mia senses her father's disapproving eyes on her.

MIA

What?

THOMAS

Why do you read that gossip crap?

Mia slaps the magazine shut, then nods at his notebook, scribbled equations all over it.

MIA

Why're you still working on your math on vacation?

Self-conscious, Thomas flips the page to a checklist.

THOMAS

Actually...I've been working on our itinerary. Today's a jetlag day, so we rest up. Noon tomorrow, I booked you a windsurfing lesson. At four, you can choose between snorkeling or kayaking.

Mia rolls her eyes, saying nothing. She glances outside as the bus stops at an intersection...

A toothless old woman approaches her bus window for a handout, begging pathetically.

Mia digs out some pocket change and tries to open the window. It's sealed tight. She looks to Dad for help.

Thomas shrugs back passively.

Frustrated, Mia gazes sadly at the old woman, as the bus lurches forward.

EXT. KUTA RESORT TOWN - DAY

Bali's Waikiki. The bus rumbles down a busy street past sleazy hotels, bars, souvenir stalls, hawkers, peddlers.

EXT. BALI BEACH RESORT - DAY

The bus turns into the security gates of an insulated resort. Immaculately manicured, palm-shaded grounds.

INT. FRONT LOBBY

Tasteful decor, crowded with international guests. Thomas waits in a check-in line. Mia wanders over to Balinese tapestries on a wall, studying them with an artistic eye. She turns to notice...

Shorts-and-bikini-clad young people, strolling in and out of a pool area. Mia turns and heads outside.

EXT. POOL AREA

She steps into sun-drenched tropical heat. Teens cavort around a giant pool that blends with the sea horizon.

Mia smiles to herself. She removes her cap and unties her hair, letting it flow free. Smoothing it out, she glimpses someone...

ARANA (20), watching her from a jacuzzi. A French-Polynesian Adonis, muscular and deeply tanned. He locks eyes with Mia and smiles.

Mia glances away self-consciously, her heart racing.

INT. FRONT LOBBY

Mia rejoins her father. He hands her a room key.

THOMAS

We're all set. Luggage in the suite.

They head toward the elevators, intercepted by...

FRENCHY (40's), a scruffy hustler with a pirate's grin, passing out brochures. A French Canadian accent...

FRENCHY

*Bon jour*, beautiful people! How would you like a scenic tour by air?

THOMAS

Uh, no thanks.

MIA

Why not? That sounds cool.

Frenchy zeros in on her and hands her a brochure.

FRENCHY

Your first time in Bali? You will fall in love. You want to see Lombok? I will give you a special price.

Thomas takes the brochure from Mia's hand, urging her on.

THOMAS

C'mon, let's go.

FRENCHY

Frenchy's Charter Tours -- I can take you anywhere you wish. Twenty years flying experience.

Ignoring him, Thomas shepherds Mia on. Frenchy gives up and pounces on other incoming guests.

FRENCHY (CONT'D)

*Bon jour*, beautiful people!

INT. RESORT SUITE - DAY

Two adjoining luxury suites, both with private balconies and a stunning beach view. Mia hastens onto the balcony that overlooks the big pool, more animated now.

MIA

I'm taking this room, okay?

THOMAS

It's all yours.

He joins her and smiles with affection.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Am I back in your good graces now, sugarcakes?

MIA

Don't call me that, please. I'm not twelve anymore.

THOMAS

Right. Sorry.

MIA

I feel like going to the pool.

THOMAS

Sure. Get changed, and I'll rustle up some lounge chairs for us.

Mia sees a mini-bar and opens it. Fully stocked.

MIA

Awesome. Four of everything...

She starts to reach for a Pepsi. Thomas stops her and gently shuts the mini-bar closed.

THOMAS

We'll get whatever you need from the local market.

INT. FRONT LOBBY - DAY

Thomas speed-dials his cell as he walks. Into phone...

THOMAS

Sherri. We're here in Bali.

INTERCUT WITH:



INT. LOS ANGELES HOUSE - NIGHT

Sherri listens on her phone in the kitchen.

SHERRI

How is Mia doing?

THOMAS

She's fine. A little awkward at first,  
but the ice seems to be melting now.

SHERRI

When are you gonna tell her?

EXT. BALI POOL AREA - DAY

Thomas emerges into daylight, wincing from the hot sun.

THOMAS

About us? I think I'll wait. Let her  
have some vacation time first.

(a sad beat)

I'm really sorry it got to this point.

He stops at a pool kiosk and glances over a display of  
sun hats.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I'm trying to re-evaluate things...  
y'know, focus on what went wrong. Every  
problem has a solution.

SHERRI

Focus on Mia. She needs you.

THOMAS

What about you? Do you need me?

SHERRI

It's a little too late for that now.

Hurt by that, Thomas avoids it and browses over the hats.

THOMAS

I need a sun hat. Y'know how easily I  
get sunburned...

SHERRI

Thomas, I have to go.

THOMAS

I...I do miss you, Sher. For what it's  
worth, I am trying to change.

SHERRI

Call me tomorrow.

The call disconnects. Thomas flips his phone shut. He picks out a hat. Stares at it in a bleak mood.

INT. WILEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sherri hangs up, pensive. Across from her...

BRIAN (40's), a good-looking attorney type, holds up a bottle of wine.

BRIAN

Is this a bad time?

SHERRI

No. I'll have some of that.

She gives him a quick kiss, seeking solace in it.

INT. BALI RESORT RESTAURANT - SUNSET

A festive atmosphere, mostly parents with their kids.

Thomas and Mia, seated before a sunset view, pore over menus. He's formally attired. She's hip casual, wearing a Southwest-Indian silver and turquoise bracelet.

THOMAS

See anything you like?

MIA

The lobster maybe.

Thomas finds it on the menu and frowns over it.

THOMAS

Why don't you try the local special... spit-roasted pork?

MIA

I don't eat land animals.

THOMAS

Since when?

MIA

Since like, a year?

THOMAS

Well, they have tofu satay...

MIA

Let's just go to a cheaper restaurant  
next time.

Thomas starts to answer, when a WAITER appears.

WAITER

Are you ready?

MIA

(blandly)

I'll have the vegetable plate--

THOMAS

She'll have the lobster.

MIA

No. I want the vegetable--

THOMAS

Bring her the lobster. The spiced duck  
for me. With a Cabernet and...

(looks at Mia)

A Pepsi?

MIA

Just water.

The Waiter nods and leaves. Mia shifts uncomfortably,  
gazing at a family laughing together as they dine.

MIA (CONT'D)

Too bad Mom couldn't come.

An awkward beat between them.

THOMAS

So how's school?

MIA

Okay. Straight A's in art. We're into  
modernism now.

THOMAS

That's great. I'm so proud of you.

MIA

You missed my swim tournament.

THOMAS

Sorry, I forgot. Business, y'know.

Mia sucks up ice cubes from her water glass and crunches  
them in her mouth.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

How's your math?

MIA

C minus in geometry.

Thomas reacts, chagrined. A patronizing sigh...

THOMAS

You really need to apply yourself, Mia.  
I mean, after all, you're--

MIA

The daughter of a Fields Medal winner  
and a mathematical genius?

(pointedly)

Sorry, I forgot.

THOMAS

Okay, I deserve that. I know I haven't  
been around much lately.

MIA

Much? You've been MIA since I was like  
nine. Half the time I don't even know  
what country you're in.

THOMAS

I'm cutting back on the travel...

Mia crunches ice harder, Thomas trying to ignore it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Things are going to be different.

MIA

Mona says I'll need two years of therapy  
for every year of child neglect.

THOMAS

Oh, that's nonsense. Who's Mona?

MIA

(sighs)

Only my *best friend*?

THOMAS

Uh-huh. So...tell me about Mona.

MIA

She's living with her mom. Her dad's  
trying to get joint custody.

THOMAS

Oh. How's she handling that?

MIA

Why? You wanna know how *I'd* handle it?

THOMAS

Handle what?

MIA

If you and Mom got divorced.

THOMAS

Mia, please...

He looks around, as if for help. The Waiter brings his wine. Thomas sips it gratefully.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Can we talk about something else?

MIA

(shrugs valiantly)

Hey, it's no big deal. Everyone's divorced these days. It's not like you and Mom are ever together any more.

Pained by that, Thomas gropes awkwardly for words...

THOMAS

It hasn't been easy of late. She's been buried in her legal career, too. We've become like, I don't know...

MIA

Like strangers?

THOMAS

Like...two parallel lines that can't ever intersect.

MIA

So it's true. You're splitting up.

She stares hard at him, her face clouding up, waiting to hear it. He sighs heavily...

THOMAS

I was planning to talk to you about it.

MIA

What, here? You flew me thousands of miles to tell me that you're getting *divorced*?

THOMAS

No, no...

MIA

So that's why Mom didn't come. Omigod.

THOMAS

That's not entirely true.

He fidgets with his napkin, so not ready for this.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

She thought it would be good for me to spend some *quality* time with you.

MIA

Oh yeah, like trying to buy me off with lobster.

THOMAS

That's not fair. I care about you.

MIA

No you don't...

(getting worked up)

Girls I know, their dads worship them. But not you. I'm just some *equation* you can't compute. I mean, gawd...

(anguishing)

What's so wrong with me?!

Her lip quivers, her eyes tearing up.

THOMAS

Mia, there's nothing wrong with you.

MIA

Except I'm not a *genius* like you. Are we "parallel lines", too? I mean, don't you ever *feel* anything?

THOMAS

Of course I do! I'm just as broken up about this as you are--

MIA

Then show me! Cry or scream or make a scene, I dunno -- but do *something!*

THOMAS

Why would I cry or scream?

MIA

*Gawd!* I wish I could divorce you, too!

THOMAS

Mia, don't say things like that--

MIA

And don't think you can just make it up  
with some...quick-fix vacation.

She jumps up, just as the Waiter arrives with their meal.

THOMAS

Mia, please...your dinner...

MIA

Save it for tomorrow -- you won't have  
to pay for *lunch!*

She storms away with a face full of tears. Thomas sits  
there numbly. In total shock.

EXT. SUN DECK - EVENING

Mia curls up on a recliner, gazing at the sea horizon.  
Great, heaving sobs wrack her body. She spots someone...

Thomas, walking through the pool area, searching for her.

Mia jumps up and slips away out of sight.

INT. RESORT SHOPPING HALL

Mia browses absent-mindedly past window shops.

INT. RESORT SUITE

Thomas enters, in a foul, restless mood. He slumps on  
his bed and flicks on the TV. Channel surfs to...

A *Discovery Channel* special on sharks.

EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

Mia wanders along, the pool deck full of partying teens.

A group of 16-year-olds hang out in a circle of deck  
chairs. FRANK, slim and energetic...JENNIFER, cool and  
laid back...ERIC, a hulking jock.

Mia walks past, their bursts of laughter distracting her.  
A slightly drunk Frank nods her over...

FRANK

Hey, c'mere. Are you into Marvel Comic movies?

(Mia nods)

What's the name of the character with the stone in his head?

ERIC

Ultron, right?

MIA

Vision.

Frank punches Eric in triumph, taps fists with Jennifer.

FRANK

Yesss! You owe me ten bucks, dude.

ERIC

Bite me.

(to Mia)

Where ya from?

MIA

L.A.

JENNIFER

I'm Jennifer. That's Frank and Eric.

MIA

Mia. Hi.

ERIC

Like *Momma Mia*?

JENNIFER

No, you freak. Like *My-a*.

FRANK

(sings)

*Momma My-a, Momma My-a, Momma My-a!...*

JENNIFER

Just ignore them. Pull up a chair.

Mia sits beside her. Jennifer digs into an ice chest.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Wanna brew?

MIA

Sure. Thanks.

She relaxes, finally with her own age and peer group.



EXT. RESORT BEACH CLUB - LATER

A cabana-styled bar and makeshift dance arena. HOUSE MUSIC ROCKS under the stars.

Mia hits the dance floor with Jennifer. She gets into the music, letting loose for the first time.

Eric and Frank join them, both pretty drunk. Frank dances with Jennifer. Eric body-bumps Mia.

ERIC

You got any weed, Momma My-a?

Mia shakes her head. Eric bumps her aggressively. She eases away from him, but he moves right in on her.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Wanna get wasted with me?

Too close to her, annoying her...

Arana, the Polynesian stud from earlier, suddenly steps between them and takes Mia's hand. A French accent...

ARANA

Forgive me, *ma cherie*, I hope I didn't keep you waiting.

He sweeps her into a slow dance against the FAST MUSIC. Mia gapes at him. Eric scowls and moves away.

Alone with her, Arana dances Mia to his own leisurely tempo. A drop-dead gorgeous smile...

ARANA (CONT'D)

*Selamat siang*. That means "hi".

MIA

Uh...hi.

ARANA

I'm Arana.

MIA

Mia. Are you French or something?

ARANA

Half Tahitian, half Irish. Are you enjoying your stay on Bali?

MIA

Um...yeah.

ARANA

And you're here with...?

MIA

My dad. Don't remind me.

ARANA

You don't seem too happy about it.

MIA

I just found out he and my mom are splitting up.

ARANA

Ah. Don't feel bad. I haven't seen my poppa since I was born.

MIA

That sucks. Are you on vacation, too?

ARANA

I work here. I teach scuba diving.

MIA

Awesome! I'm already certified.

ARANA

And what do you do, Mia?

MIA

Me? I go to school. I'm sixteen.

ARANA

You seem older. What do you study?

MIA

Art major.

ARANA

Ahh. Are you a painter?

MIA

Mostly sculptures. I just started working with clay.

ARANA

You like Balinese art?

MIA

I haven't seen that much of it.

ARANA

Go to Ubud. Check out the moonstone sculptures. They'll inspire you.

He glances down at her silver-turquoise Indian bracelet.

ARANA (CONT'D)

I like this.

MIA

My mom got it for me in Sonoma.

ARANA

Very beautiful. Matches your eyes.

His eyes pierce hers. Mia gets lost in them.

ARANA (CONT'D)

I could take you to Ubud sometime and show you the real Bali.

MIA

I can't. I'm not allowed to leave the prison grounds. But you can take me scuba diving.

ARANA

Any time. You want to see my boat?

MIA

Um, sure. Y'mean like, right now?

EXT. RESORT BEACH - LATER

Moonlight over the ocean. Mia and Arana stroll along the surf, their bodies gently touching. Far down the shore, PERCUSSIVE TRIBAL MUSIC rocks the night.

Mia notices tall fires blazing in the darkness.

MIA

What are those? Bonfires?

ARANA

Cremation towers. They burn their dead, sometimes six bodies in each pyre.

MIA

Gawd, how awful.

ARANA

Ah no -- it's a celebration. No sorrow, no tears. Their souls have been freed forever from misery.

MIA

Wow. Death in paradise.

ARANA

Bali is like any other place. Don't be fooled by appearances.

He ushers her onto a dock and points toward an anchored 30-foot motorboat, *Lady Fujimo* painted on her bow.

ARANA (CONT'D)

My boat. I just bought her.

MIA

Sweet. "*Lady Fujimo*"?

ARANA

From the last owner. Means "Eff You, Jack, I'm Moving Out." She needs a new name. I think I found one...

He looms close, gazing into her eyes...

ARANA (CONT'D)

"Mia of the Sea."

Mia melts under his gaze. They draw closer for a kiss.

INT. RESORT SUITE - LATE NIGHT

Dozing before the TV, Thomas awakens with a start. He checks a bedside clock: 12:30 a.m.

He pads over into Mia's adjoining suite. Empty.

EXT. POOL AREA - LATER

Thomas searches the party deck, tired and aggravated. He heads for the beach, drawn to the dock light.

EXT. RESORT BEACH

He sees two vague figures making out on the moon-shadowed sand by the dock, both going at it hot and heavy.

THOMAS

Mia?!

Mia bolts up from Arana's arms.

MIA

Oh shit! It's my dad!

Thomas hurries over, the sand weighing down his shoes.

THOMAS

Mia! What the hell are you doing?!

Mia stands apart from Arana and folds her arms.

MIA

Nothing.

THOMAS

*Nothing?!* Who is this guy?

MIA

Just a friend.

THOMAS

Yeah well, the friendship's over.  
Let's go.

MIA

Would you chill? Nothing happened!

Thomas glares at Arana, who stares coolly back.

THOMAS

How old are you?

ARANA

Twenty.

THOMAS

My daughter is sixteen. You come near her again, I'll have you arrested.

MIA

Thomas, stop it!

THOMAS

Let's go! *Now!*

Totally humiliated, Mia storms off.

INT. RESORT SUITE - LATER

Thomas marches in. Mia nowhere in sight.

THOMAS

Mia!

He tries her closed adjoining-suite door. Locked.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Mia, open the door. We need to talk.

MIA (O.S.)  
 Leave me alone!

Thomas fidgets to himself, not sure what to do.

THOMAS  
 Fine then -- you're grounded! Until  
 further notice.

EXT. POOL AREA - MORNING

Mia swims laps across the pool. Strong overhand strokes like at the swim meet, working off her frustrations.

Thomas approaches in his sun hat, his face smeared with sun block. He waits impatiently by the poolside.

THOMAS  
 Mia? Mia!

Mia stops at the shallow side and glimpses him hovering over her. She avoids eye contact, visibly annoyed.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 Your windsurfing lesson's at noon.

MIA  
 I'm taking a scuba lesson.

THOMAS  
 Well, okay. At four, I was thinking  
 we could go kayaking together...

MIA  
 Would you stop trying to plan my life  
 to the second?

THOMAS  
 Hey look...I'm sorry about last night.  
 But you shouldn't hang around older  
 men like that, it's too dangerous.  
 And no more of this staying out--

Mia plunges back toward the deep end, another lap across the pool, splashing loudly.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 Did you hear me, young lady? You can't  
 just disappear like that!

She can't hear him, or won't. Thomas gives up, totally out of his element with her.

EXT. RESORT DOCK - LATER

Hotel guests board *Lady Fujimo*, her stern stacked with scuba gear. Among them, Jennifer, Frank and Eric with other couples, parents and kids. Arana takes charge...

ARANA

Wear your sun block, please. We're only eight degrees from the equator and you can get badly burned.

He's surprised to see someone running to make the boat...

Mia, breathless in a shirt thrown over a bikini. Arana smiles and helps her aboard.

ARANA (CONT'D)

*Bon jour*, Mia of the Sea. Does your poppa know you're here?

MIA

Sure, but he doesn't know who with.

ARANA

Did you bring your certificate card?

MIA

Relax, dive master, I know the drill.

ARANA

We'll see. Stay close to me.

MIA

That won't be a problem.

ARANA

I'm serious, Mia. I'm responsible for your safety.

INT. RESORT FITNESS CENTER - DAY

Thomas climbs on a stair stepper, a feeble attempt at a cardio workout. Sweating, out of breath, out of shape.

He checks his watch and gazes out a window across the spa grounds. Lonely and anxious.

EXT. CORAL REEF (UNDERWATER) - DAY

A marine wonderland along a coral ridge. Mia and Arana scuba-dive together, tourist divers around them.

Resplendent colors everywhere. Exotic scorpionfish, sunfish, pygmy seahorses.

Below a deep drop-off, Arana spots a manta ray. He dives down to it. Mia lingers back and fiddles with her regulator, her inexperience showing.

EXT. RESORT POOL AREA - AFTERNOON

Thomas sits in the pool shallows and jots computations into his notebook, staying in the shade.

Toddlers jump in, splashing his work. He shifts away from them, a bit uptight. Looks at his watch again.

RECREATION KIOSK

He approaches a female HOTEL STAFFER behind the counter.

THOMAS

Hi. Where do they do scuba lessons?

HOTEL STAFFER

Sorry, sir, our scuba boat has already gone out for a full day.

Thomas absorbs this, concerned.

THOMAS

A full day? When do they get back?

HOTEL STAFFER

Five o'clock. At that dock.

She points it out. Thomas frowns back at it.

HOTEL STAFFER (CONT'D)

Kayak lessons start in a few minutes.

THOMAS

(distracted)

Huh? Oh, right. When does that end?

HOTEL STAFFER

Four-thirty or so.

EXT. ARANA'S BOAT (OFFSHORE) - EARLY EVENING

*Lady Fujimo* motors inland toward the resort dock. Guests sit in the stern, languoring in the late sun.

Arana steers at the bow helm, Mia by his side.



Jennifer, Frank and Eric pass around a liquor flask.

FRANK

What're we doin' tonight? I'm so over  
this place.

Mia nuzzles Arana. He gives her a stern look.

ARANA

You're not certified. I could tell.

MIA

So? What's the big deal?

ARANA

I could lose my license, *cherie*.  
What if something happened to you?

MIA

You would've rescued me.

She gives him a playful kiss. Arana laughs and shakes  
his head, holding her closer.

Jennifer regards the two, impressed. Eric nudges Frank.

ERIC

I got the keys to my parents' rental  
jeep. Let's head into town.

FRANK

Word. I bet my folks will be at the  
barong show most of the night.

JENNIFER

Yeah, but what if they find out?

FRANK

My parents never know what's goin' on.  
They're totally clueless.

MIA

So's my dad.

She trades looks with Arana. He says nothing.

ERIC

Arana. Where can we go tonight?

ARANA

I know some clubs in Kuta, where the  
locals really get down.

(slyly to Mia)

I'll show you some culture.

Mia smiles at that. Frank slaps palms with Eric.

FRANK  
Awright! Kuta is on!

EXT. RESORT SHORELINE - SAME TIME

A rocky shore around a bend, the resort far out of view. Kayakers paddle through shoal boulders, having fun.

Thomas struggles with his paddling, his kayak turning haphazardly. He checks his watch and calls out to a KAYAK INSTRUCTOR...

THOMAS  
Hey, it's almost four-thirty! Aren't we supposed to be heading back?

KAYAK INSTRUCTOR  
What's the rush. There are some cool starfish over here.

Not interested, Thomas frantically back-paddles toward the resort bend. His kayak strays aside and bumps between boulders, getting stuck.

EXT. RESORT BEACH - SUNSET

*Lady Fujimo* rests at anchor. Deserted, empty of people.

Thomas stares grimly at the boat from the dock, speaking tersely into his cell phone...

THOMAS  
Mia, where are you? I've just about had it -- call me now.

EXT. SOUTH BALI ROAD - SUNSET

Volcanic peaks in the dusk. A scooter zips past.

Arana zigzags through traffic, Mia clinging to his back.

Right behind them, a careening rental jeep.

INT. RENTAL JEEP (MOVING)

An intoxicated Eric behind the wheel. Jennifer and Frank make out in the back.

EXT. SOUTH BALI ROAD

Arana shortcuts down a potholed alley. The jeep bumps and bounces in hot pursuit. Both hardcharge into...

EXT. KUTA RESORT TOWN

The raucous hot spot of Bali. Its main drag teems with tourists, local hustlers, dealers, hookers and massage girls on scooters.

EXT. RESORT BEACHSIDE - SAME TIME

A dying tangerine sunset. On the beach, Thomas talks urgently with two parents from the scuba trip. He looks increasingly upset.

INT. KUTA BAR - EVENING

A seedy dive with spinning ceiling fans. Pool tables, surfing videos on a wall screen.

Arana leads Mia and the teens to a rear table. Frank and Jennifer scope out the place. Eric trades look with a passing Balinese DRUG DEALER. Arana sits Mia down.

ARANA

I'll get us drinks. Don't run away.

He wends to the bar. Jennifer and Frank sit beside Mia.

JENNIFER

Maybe you should call your dad. We've been gone all day.

MIA

I left my phone in the room.

FRANK

You can use mine.

MIA

Never mind. Let him suffer a little longer.

Eric stands over them in a boozey weave, eying the Dealer across the bar.

ERIC

Can someone spot me a twenty?

FRANK

I only got plastic, no cash.

Mia plucks out a twenty-dollar bill and hands it over.

MIA

I want it back.

She notices Bali locals watching their exchange. Eric heads toward the Dealer. Mia observes Arana at the bar:

He slaps palms with BERNARD (40's), a grizzled, venal-eyed French Canadian in grubby attire.

EXT. RESORT BEACHSIDE - EVENING

Thomas paces the sand on his cell phone, frantic...

THOMAS

She took off again! I don't know what to do -- I've lost control of my own daughter. I don't know where she is, I don't know who she is...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LOS ANGELES SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Sherri sits on a bench, trying to cope on her cell...

SHERRI

Thomas...calm down. Stop panicking. This isn't like you at all.

THOMAS

Of course it's not like me -- I had everything organized. I really hate it when things don't go as planned.

SHERRI

That's always been your problem.

THOMAS

This trip's been a total fiasco.

SHERRI

Look, Mia is a smart, responsible girl. I'm sure she's just acting out.

THOMAS

She knew about the divorce, Sherri. What did you tell her?

SHERRI

Hey, don't pin that on me. I'm not  
the one who ignored this family.

THOMAS

I resent that -- I worked my ass off  
to give us a good life.

Sherri fights for composure, with an even voice...

SHERRI

Have Mia call me. I'll talk to her.

She hangs up.

Thomas turns off his cell. Kicks at sand in frustration.

INT. KUTA BAR - NIGHT

Eric exchanges words with the Drug Dealer, trying to act cool. The Dealer leads him outside.

At the table, Mia watches Jennifer and Frank dancing.

Arana rejoins her. He hands her a colorless cocktail in a plastic jug.

MIA

Thanks. What is it?

ARANA

Arak, the local jungle juice.

MIA

Are you trying to corrupt a minor?

ARANA

Do you want me to?

They share a laugh, the vibes heating up between them.

MIA

C'mon, let's dance.

ARANA

I got a better idea.

EXT. RESORT - OUTSIDE DINING AREA

An eye-bulging mask jumps out at us to BALINESE MUSIC. A lion-costumed Barong dancer flies around a clearing in a staged battle with a masked witch.

Dinner guests watch the luau-styled performance, Thomas among them. Unfocused on the show, tense and worried.

A chorus line of muscular male dancers wave Balinese daggers and leap out to startle the guests.

Guests cringe and laugh. Thomas stares at the half-naked young men with grim reserve.

EXT. KUTA STREET - NIGHT

A cockfight in an alley, bettors crowded around it.

Outside the bar, a hostile-drunk Eric haggles with the Dealer by the curbside, two twenties in hand.

ERIC

Forty's all I got, man!

DOWN THE STREET

Arana escorts Mia to an art shop near his parked scooter. Mia glances back at...

The Dealer reaching for Eric's cash. Eric yanks back the money, taunting him.

ARANA

Come here, Mia. Look at this.

He shows her a window display: colorful Balinese crafts.

ARANA (CONT'D)

Amazing, yes? All their culture is based on erotic beauty...pleasure in every form.

He points out a phallic figurine. Mia smiles over it.

MIA

So I see. It's all very Mayan...

(to his look)

Pre-Columbian art.

ARANA

I know so little. If only you could teach me. If only we had more time.

MIA

I'm here all week.

ARANA

I must go away tomorrow.

MIA

But...you'll be back, won't you?

Arana shrugs no. Mia is crushed. Thinking a beat, she removes her Southwest Indian bracelet.

MIA (CONT'D)

Then I want you to have this.

ARANA

No, no, *cherie*...

MIA

Something to remember me by...

She slips it onto his wrist...

MIA (CONT'D)

Forever.

Arana is touched. He pulls her in for a kiss...

A BOY'S ANGUISHED SCREAM spins them around.

Eric lies bleeding on the curbside -- writhing in agony. The Dealer, knife in hand, bolts away down the block.

MIA (CONT'D)

Omigod!

People gather around the fallen youth, a LOUD COMMOTION.

Frank and Jennifer burst outside, reacting with horror.

JENNIFER

*Eric!*

Mia turns toward them -- Arana quickly yanks her back.

ARANA

No Mia, don't go there. Come with me.

MIA

But he's hurt! We gotta help him--

ARANA

You can't be here when the police come! Too much trouble, believe me.

He drags her away to his scooter.

A bartender runs out with a cell phone. Frank kneels over Eric. Jennifer sobs in shock.

Arana prods Mia onto the scooter, mounts and kickstarts it. Mia tries to jump off -- Arana pulls her back.

ARANA (CONT'D)

Mia, you have to trust me! C'mon!

She stays on, clinging scared to his back. They roar away. SIRENS in the distance.

EXT. RESORT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Bali police cars outside. Officers question a pair of distraught parents. From a beat-up sedan emerges...

FAISAL (30's), a jaded police inspector exuding smug authority. He approaches the two parents.

On the parking apron, Thomas waits anxiously with another couple, JENNIFER'S DAD and MOM. Their nerves on edge.

JENNIFER'S DAD

That's Frank's parents. Eric's folks are already at the hospital.

THOMAS

Where's my daughter? Did Jennifer say anything about Mia?

JENNIFER'S DAD

Only that she left after the stabbing.

JENNIFER'S MOM

They say drugs were involved.

THOMAS

My daughter doesn't do drugs.

JENNIFER'S MOM

Neither does ours. But the drug laws here...they have the death penalty!

JENNIFER'S DAD

Not for possession, Irene. Just calm down.

JENNIFER'S MOM

But I heard an American tourist got busted with just an ounce of pot -- he died in jail.

Thomas reacts, disturbed by this. They watch the upset parents pleading with Faisal.



JENNIFER'S DAD

That's the police inspector. Know what they say about cops in Bali? "Report a stolen chicken, you'll lose a cow."

JENNIFER'S MOM

He wants to talk to us, too...  
(nods to Thomas)  
You as well.

Thomas stares at Faisal, shaken. Distracted by...

Arana's scooter, ROARING up the hotel road. It stops a distance from the entrance. Mia hops off the bike.

THOMAS

Mia!!

He runs madly toward them. Arana's scooter speeds off.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Mia!...

He hugs her, relief mixed with anger. Mia stiffens from him, pulling away.

MIA

Don't...

THOMAS

I've been worried sick! Are you okay?

Mia nods, but she's clearly not.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What the hell were you doing in Kuta?!

MIA

Nothing, just hanging out.

THOMAS

Vacation's over. We're going home.

MIA

What?! You can't be serious...

THOMAS

Let's go. We need to pack right away.

INT. RESORT LOBBY - LATER

Thomas hastens Mia into an elevator, then hangs back.

THOMAS

I'll be up in a sec. Get your stuff ready, do it fast. And *stay put!*

Mia stares baffled at him, the elevator door closing on her. Thomas rushes to the CONCIERGE's desk.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Excuse me. There's been an emergency, we have to check out tonight. I need a flight to Los Angeles.

CONCIERGE

That's not possible. All flights out of Denpasar are booked up until Monday.

THOMAS

What about Jakarta?

CONCIERGE

Well yes, a midnight flight from Jakarta. But sir, you'll need a local flight out of Bali. I'm afraid there is nothing available this weekend--

THOMAS

No! It has to be tonight. *Please.*

Thinking a beat, the Concierge leans in to him.

CONCIERGE

There *is* somebody who can help you. But...it will be expensive.

Thomas glances outside the lobby entrance...

Inspector Faisal is now talking to Jennifer's parents.

THOMAS

Money is no object.

INT. RESORT SUITE - NIGHT

Thomas packs quickly and efficiently. Mia sits glumly on the sofa, her stuffed backpack beside her.

MIA

Don't you think you're overreacting?

THOMAS

Would you prefer to be locked up in an Indonesian jail?

MIA

But I didn't *do* anything!

THOMAS

They're saying you and your friends were trying to score *drugs*. That's a capital offense here.

Mia trembles, starting to cry.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

This is a real goddamn mess...

The hotel phone RINGS. Thomas answers it quickly.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Yes? Okay -- we'll be right down.

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Inspector Faisal strolls purposefully through the lobby and steps into the elevator.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Thomas and Mia hustle down the hall with their luggage. They head for the stairs, just as...

The elevator door opens. Faisal steps out.

STAIRWELL

Father and daughter descend double time down the stairs.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Faisal knocks on their suite door and waits.

EXT. RESORT DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Thomas and Mia climb into the back of a waiting mini-van.

INT. MINI-VAN

They sit across from a young tourist couple, STEVE and ANNE (30's). An unseen driver slides the doors closed...

Then jumps into the driver's seat -- *Frenchy*, the scruffy charter pilot.

FRENCHY

*Bon soir, beautiful people!*

OVER THIS, A DEAFENING ROAR...

EXT. BALI PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - LATE NIGHT

Two propellers spin to life. An old-model twin-engine Cessna sits on the runway, its motors ROARING.

INT. CESSNA

Thomas and Mia are fastened into their seats, directly opposite Steve and Anne. Thomas speaks quickly into his cell phone...

THOMAS

Sher, it's me. Something's come up. We're catching a red-eye flight home from Jakarta. I'll try you again at the airport.

He switches off the phone, aside to Mia...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Voicemail.

Frenchy climbs into the pilot's seat...carrying a large, waterproof *diving case*. He shoves it under his seat.

EXT. AIRSTRIP RUNWAY

The Cessna gathers speed and lifts off into the darkness.

INT. CESSNA (AIRBORNE)

Thomas stares out at the lights of Bali, taking his first relaxed breath. Beside him, Mia sits in stony silence. Up front, Frenchy turns to them.

FRENCHY

There will be one stop for fuel before Jakarta. I promise you will all make your flights on time.

EXT. CESSNA IN FLIGHT

Clouds obscure the moon. The Cessna flies over the Java Sea, a foreboding expanse of inky blackness.

INT. CESSNA (AIRBORNE) - LATER

Dozing off, Thomas is jolted awake by a sharp BUMP.

In the cockpit, Frenchy JABBERS URGENTLY on the radio mike IN FRENCH.

The plane banks sharply left, then right, jostling the passengers. Thomas calls forward...

THOMAS

Excuse me? Is everything okay?

FRENCHY

*Pas de problème!* Just a bit of chop  
in the air.

Thomas stares out the portal: so dark, it's hard to tell the sky from the sea. The plane veers left again.

MIA

Why do we keep changing direction?

THOMAS

(calls louder)

Hey, pilot? *Frenchy?*

No reply, Frenchy too busy checking his maps coordinates, his brow lined with sweat. Looking confused, he peers out the pilot window...

Nothing but blackness.

EXT. ISLAND AIRSTRIP - SAME TIME

Darkness. Moonlight clears the clouds to reveal...

A dirt airfield -- with *no landing lights*. The CESSNA'S SPUTTER can be heard in the distance.

INT. ISLAND PETROL SHACK

An AIRSTRIP OPERATOR fumbles with a fuse box under a flashlight, his shack lights out.

From a battery-powered ham radio, FRENCHY'S URGENT VOICE.

The Operator peers outside at the blacked-out airfield.

Panicking, he grabs the radio mike and BABBLES IN FRENCH.

EXT. KUTA MARINA - SAME TIME

A two-way radio EMITS THEIR ANXIOUS FRENCH CHATTER.

Bernard, the French Canadian from the Kuta bar, listens tensely on an isolated dock.

FRENCHY'S VOICE FADES. Only an OPERATOR'S GALLIC CURSES.

Bernard turns to...

Arana the young French Polynesian, looking just as tense.

BERNARD

We've lost the plane.

EXT. CESSNA IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

A propeller goes dead. Then...the other one winds down. The plane noses downward, losing altitude.

INT. CESSNA (AIRBORNE)

Frenchy grips the mike and shouts into it...

FRENCHY

Mayday! Mayday! This is two zero triple nine -- mayday!

Panic in the cabin. Anne whimpers, Steve rigid. Thomas holds Mia, watching Frenchy wrestle with the controls.

FRENCHY (CONT'D)

Seat belts fastened, *s'il vous plait!*

THOMAS

What's happening?!

FRENCHY

Not enough auxiliary fuel. I must emergency land.

THOMAS

Land where?

FRENCHY

Put your life vests on! Under your seats. Do not inflate them inside the plane -- only in the water.

MIA

Oh my gawd!

ANNE

What did he just say?!

STEVE

It's gonna be okay, Anne...

He and Thomas grapple under their seats for life vests. Thomas hands one to Mia and helps her put it on, then straps his own on. He glances forward at...

The cockpit and windshield view -- gliding along the dark ocean, closer and closer toward its surface.

Frenchy fights to keep the plane's nose up, the interior VIBRATING VIOLENTLY.

Outside, the sea skims closer...

FRENCHY

Brace yourselves!

Steve and Ann comply, their faces mirrors of terror.

Thomas gapes helplessly forward, paralyzed with fear, then sees Mia's scared eyes on him. He clutches her...

THOMAS

Put your head down on my lap!

Mia lowers to his lap. He holds her tightly, staring toward the cockpit until --

*SPLASHDOWN!*

The windshield *IMPLODES*, seawater gushes in! The cockpit *CAVES IN* -- *Frenchy crushed to death!*

Water floods the cabin. The four unbuckle themselves and struggle against the flow, toward the port door.

Steve reaches it first and shoves it open. The cabin lists hard to starboard -- hurtles him against a luggage rack. He submerges. Anne screams.

Thomas wrenches him up, Mia and Anne helping him keep a dazed Steve above water -- already up to their waists.

They try to reach the upward angled doorway.

Lights flicker. The cabin lists deeper, the doorway now above their heads, unreachable. Water keeps rising.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh jeezus! We're sinking!

Mia and Anne wail hysterically, Steve barely conscious.  
A panicking Thomas tries to think...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Your life vests! Pull the cords!

Mia and Anne search their vests, water up to their necks.

MIA

Where is it?!

THOMAS

Down by your waist! Pull it!

Mia can't find it, too disoriented. Thomas ducks under.

UNDERWATER

A hellish turmoil of debris. Thomas yanks Mia's inflator cord. Her vest expands -- she shoots upward.

Thomas pulls his own cord as a floating fire extinguisher SLAMS HARD against his head. Cabin lights go out.

BLACKNESS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAVA SEA - NIGHT

Night clouds clear. A full moon over the speckled sea.

Moonlight reveals a patch of oil-streaked water, drifting flotsam...and four human shapes in inflated vests, one astray from the others. The Cessna is nowhere in sight.

Thomas floats in a daze, his head bleeding. Recovering his senses, he sees Mia and dog-paddles over.

THOMAS

Mia!...are you all right?

MIA

I think so. You're bleeding.

THOMAS

I'm okay. Thank God you're okay...

He hugs her fiercely in the water.

MIA

Yeah, I'm okay, take it easy...



THOMAS  
I love you so much!

Mia reacts, startled by that.

Ten feet away, a floating Anne calls out hysterically...

ANNE  
Steve?! Steve!

She frantically scours the calm waters.

THOMAS  
I see him!

He gestures toward...

Steve, swimming laboriously away, one arm dragging in the water.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Steve!! Over here!

Steve just swims aimlessly. Thomas and Mia powerstroke toward him, catching up to him. He can barely raise his arm out of the water.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Steve! We have to stay together.  
(points)  
There's Anne.

Steve squints over at Anne. He stares at Thomas and Mia, disoriented, clutching his shoulder.

STEVE  
What...where's the plane?

THOMAS  
It went down. Come on back.

STEVE  
My shoulder's killing me.

They guide him back toward the crash site, side by side.

MIA  
What're we gonna do?

THOMAS  
I dunno.

They rejoin Anne, the four treading water. Ann sobs uncontrollably. Steve bobs close to her, holding her.

STEVE

I'm sorry, Anne...I wasn't thinking straight.

ANNE

Are we gonna be rescued?! Is someone gonna find us?!

STEVE

Sure sure, baby, any time now. We're alive, that's what counts...

(to Thomas)

Right?

THOMAS

Right.

MIA

Water's not even that cold.

Thomas notices a beacon on his vest, unlit and dormant.

THOMAS

Our emergency beacons, shouldn't they be on right now?

STEVE

Yeah, they're supposed to be blinking red. Probably no batteries...welcome to the Third World.

A tense beat as they absorb this, gazing out across the watery expanse.

WE PULL BACK ON the four bobbing figures in the moonlit dead of night. In the middle of dead nowhere.

EXT. KUTA BAR, BALI - NIGHT

Outside the dive bar, Bernard listens on a Bluetooth. From his earpiece, a FILTERED VOICE IN FRENCH, SHOUTING.

Arana waits anxiously, staring at Eric's dried blood on the curbside. Bernard switches off, agitated.

BERNARD

No delivery. Frenchy never landed.

ARANA

Maybe he's still in the air.

BERNARD

No. They lost him on the radar.

ARANA

*Merde.* What do we do?

BERNARD

We gotta find the goods -- or our lives  
will not be worth shit. *Comprenez?*

Arana nods with a foreboding look.

EXT. JAVA SEA - NIGHT

The four survivors tread water in the moonlight. Anne bobs close to Steve, murmuring a prayer, crossing herself over and over. She turns to him...

ANNE

How's the shoulder?

STEVE

Can't hardly move it.

ANNE

I have to pee.

STEVE

Go ahead, dear. Nobody's looking.

Thomas, close to Mia, nods up toward a galaxy of stars.

THOMAS

See that bright star there? To your  
right, about two o'clock?

MIA

I guess so.

THOMAS

Polaris, the polestar. That's North.  
If I only had my notepad, I could  
triangulate where we are.

MIA

Yeah, but with no beacons does anyone  
*else* know where we are?

STEVE

The pilot sent out a mayday. They  
*have* to know.

THOMAS

So I guess we should just wait here  
for rescue.

MIA  
Is the pilot dead?

Thomas nods. A beat, everyone lost in their thoughts.

ANNE  
I can't believe this is happening.  
Like it's all a bad dream, and I'm  
gonna wake up in San Francisco.

THOMAS  
That where you were headed?

STEVE  
(nods)  
An emergency. My dad had a coronary.

THOMAS  
I'm sorry to hear that.

STEVE  
What about you two? Why did you wanna  
take a midnight flight?

THOMAS  
Uh...

MIA  
Thomas didn't like a guy I met.

#### UNDERWATER

Some sea creature's POV of Mia's dangling legs, MOVING UP  
TOWARDS her, "Jaws" style, CLOSER and CLOSER...

#### BACK TO SURFACE

MIA (CONT'D)  
Ow! Something bit me!

THOMAS  
What?

Anne flinches in the water.

ANNE  
I felt something, too!

STEVE  
Yeah -- me, too!

Mia and Anne thrash in the water, freaking out.

MIA

Oh gawd, oh gawd, oh gawd!...

ANNE

Jesus Our Lord, protect us!...

STEVE

Don't splash! Just stay calm.

THOMAS

It could be just a dolphin.

MIA

What if it's a shark?

ANNE

Oh sweet Jesus...

She starts to sob. Steve strokes her soggy hair.

Thomas treads closer to Mia, who looks fearfully around.

THOMAS

Sharks aren't that interested in us.  
I know a few things about them...

His eyes dart around, betraying his false courage.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

As long as we stay still and close  
together, we'll be fine.

MIA

Aren't sharks more active at night?

THOMAS

Don't think about that.

EXT. KUTA DOCK - NIGHT

Arana climbs into his scuba boat with Bernard and tosses off the mooring lines. Their mood grim and tense. Arana fires up the motor. The boat speeds off into the night.

INT. ARANA'S BOAT (MOVING) - LATER

At the helm, Arana gazes into the moonlit void. Bernard emerges from the cabin.

BERNARD

I radioed the Coast Guard. No missing  
crafts, air or water.

ARANA

Maybe Frenchy made his own deal. What if he found another buyer?

BERNARD

He's not that stupid.  
(squints outward)  
No...something is very wrong.

EXT. JAVA SEA - NIGHT

The survivors drift in gently rolling waves. Thomas cradles a queasy Mia.

MIA

I think I'm gonna be sick...

She vomits away into the water. Thomas holds onto her.

ANNE

Why haven't they found us by now?!  
It's been hours.

Mia surfaces her hand. A sea snail clings to it. She picks it off disgustedly. Thomas turns to the couple...

THOMAS

You two were on vacation?

STEVE

Yeah, some vacation. What about you...  
I don't know your name.

THOMAS

Thomas. I took a break to bring my daughter to Bali.

MIA

Yeah, so we could spend quality time together. In the water.

STEVE

What's your line of work, Thomas?

THOMAS

Mathematician.

MIA

He won a Fields Medal. It's like a Nobel prize. For universal dynamics.

Thomas looks at her, surprised: no sarcasm on her face this time, only pride.

ANNE

Gosh, that's impressive. What's...?

THOMAS

Hard to explain. It's a way of using math to find order in Nature. Every action is a natural computation--

STEVE

Hey! Isn't that a ship?!

In the distance, a light winks teasingly on the horizon.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Could be a freighter...

THOMAS

Or a cruise liner.

MIA

*Sweet!*

Anne screams out, waving her arms frantically...

ANNE

Hey!! Over here!

The others join in, shouting and waving.

STEVE

Let's swim to it! C'mon...

He starts breast-stroking, in marked pain. Anne dog-paddles with him. Thomas and Mia keep pace.

THOMAS

It's too far away!

Steve struggles, no longer able to lift his shoulder. He pulls up in the water, furious with himself...

STEVE

I can't...I can't do it!

They float, gazing out at the faint flicker.

SAME SCENE - LATER

The ship light gone. The four bob in the black silence, fatigued. Anne's head rests on Steve's good shoulder. Mia floats on her back against a pensive Thomas.

THOMAS

Mia?

MIA

Yeah?

THOMAS

Am I a really bad father?

MIA

No...not *that* bad. You could use a little practice.

THOMAS

If I am, then I'm sorry.

He touches her arm, deep regret in his eyes. Mia smiles back, accepting his touch.

SKY AT DAWN

Bright streaks of red and orange pierce white cumulous clouds across a clear blue sky.

SEA LEVEL

With the first light of day...

MIA

*Land!*

Excited MURMURS, Thomas straining to scan the horizon.

THOMAS

You're right. An island, I think.

A *low, mountainous rise* beyond the waves, silhouetted against the sunrise.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Can't be more than ten miles away.

ANNE

Praise Jesus...

She splashes her face and mouth with seawater.

STEVE

Don't drink any salt water.

ANNE

I'm not. But I'm thirsty.

MIA

Me, too. My mouth's like cotton.



THOMAS

We're all thirsty. Pretty soon we'll be dehydrated. Then...

MIA

We'll die?

THOMAS

I didn't say that. But we can't just sit here.

STEVE

What d'you mean?

THOMAS

That plane was way off course. For every mile, they'd have to search...

(calculating)

Radius times pi squared...two hundred and twenty square miles. The odds are five hundred to one.

STEVE

Against us?

THOMAS

We could be here for days...or weeks.

STEVE

What d'you suggest we do?

THOMAS

I don't know. We have to do *something*.

He cranes his head high to scan the island...

A distinct outline far away, yet it seems so close.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Two of us could make a swim for it.

STEVE

*Swim?* Are you nuts?

THOMAS

It makes sense to me.

MIA

Thomas, what're you talking about?

THOMAS

I'm thinking, honey...you and me.

Mia turns her head toward the island, staring at it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The sun's low, the weather's good...  
with an early start, we could reach  
shore by the end of the day.

(to Steve)

It's a logical plan. If we make it, we  
can send a search party back to you.

STEVE

What if you *don't* make it?

The question hangs in the air.

ANNE

It's too risky. Stay here and let the  
Lord to decide. If He wants us to be  
saved, we will be.

Thomas doesn't know how to reply to that.

STEVE

We *have* to stay close to the crash site,  
so they can find us. *All* of us.

THOMAS

But this can double our odds of rescue.

He turns to his daughter, his eyes fixed on her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What do you think? Are you up for it?  
You're a champion swimmer after all.

MIA

Not really, I lost at the swim meet.  
What about you? I don't think the  
odds are in your favor.

THOMAS

We can do this, Mia.

MIA

But you're so out of shape. I mean,  
what if you can't?

THOMAS

Then we'll turn back.

Mia looks torn, doubting him, yet wanting to believe him.

ANNE

You're talking crazy!

THOMAS

It's not crazy...

(to Mia)

We'll pace ourselves. You're a far better swimmer, but I've got endurance on my side...if we stick together and rely on each other.

Mia stares back at him, uncertain.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We've got to at least try. Okay?

A long beat. Then...

MIA

Okay.

Thomas smiles, gathering strength from that.

ANNE

You can't leave us here! My husband is hurt. Who's gonna help us?

THOMAS

Nobody's gonna help you if we all die out here.

He searches his life vest. Zips open a pocket and finds a whistle, pen light, protein bar...a compass. He digs it out, aiming it as he drifts.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

South by southeast.

He repockets it, zips up and nods Mia toward the island.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

MIA

I think so.

More eager now. Thomas turns to face the others.

THOMAS

Wish us luck.

STEVE

You're making a terrible mistake.

ANNE

How could you! It's so selfish... it's just shameful!

Thomas ignores her and faces Mia, gearing himself up...

THOMAS

Let's go for it.

MIA

Yeah -- let's go.

Father and daughter plunge forward -- swimming overhand strokes, away from the floating couple. Steve shouts...

STEVE

Good luck!

The two plow on, Mia glancing back between strokes...

Steve watches them grimly, Anne nearly hysterical...

ANNE

Lord have mercy on you for this! May  
God FORGIVE YOU!

Mia pauses a guilty beat, she and Thomas looking back at the couple.

MIA

You sure they're gonna be okay?

THOMAS

We have to do this. C'mon!

They resume their overhand strokes. Their full attention on the island ahead, swimming southeast.

HIGH ANGLE OVER SEA

Two swimmers, inching far off from two stranded floaters. Flotsam all around.

Beneath the oily waters...the vague shadow of a sunken Cessna.

EXT. DROP-OFF ISLAND - DAY

The dirt airstrip with its dead landing lights.

INTO a dusty-screened shack window...

Inside, Bernard and Arana QUARREL IN FRENCH with the Operator. The man throws up his hands, CURSING them...

In a fury, Bernard whips out a Luger -- PISTOL-WHIPS the Operator to the floor. Arana looks on, stunned.

EXT. SHACK - DAY

Bernard storms outside, Arana following. The French Canadian opens a navigation map, fuming...

BERNARD

No fuses for landing lights?! No wonder Frenchy couldn't land.

ARANA

He said the plane flew off northwest. You could've asked him more about that--

BERNARD

(snaps back)

Well, I can't now, can I? Northwest is that way.

He points out to sea, then runs his finger over the map. Arana studies it with him.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Somewhere in this vicinity.

ARANA

Not many islands there. If his tank ran out, where would he have landed?

BERNARD

In the water. Somewhere out there.

The two gaze out over the wide Java Sea.

EXT. JAVA SEA - DAY

AERIAL VIEW, SWOOPING OVER vast waters...OVER two tiny figures, progressing slowly but steadily.

SEA LEVEL

Mia overhand-strokes with athletic strength.

Thomas, fueled by adrenaline, swims smaller strokes, laboring from the effort. He rests a beat and checks his compass, then keeps going.

SAME SCENE - LATER

Another rest period. Thomas and Mia float side by side.

MIA

Water everywhere and not a drop to drink. How d'you know about sharks?

THOMAS

Discovery Channel, while you were out cavorting with that...molester.

MIA

His name's Arana and he's not a molester. What's your hang-up with him?

THOMAS

C'mon, let's go.

He breast-strokes on. Mia back-strokes easily ahead of him, facing him...

MIA

I'm not a child anymore. He's not the first guy I ever kissed.

THOMAS

I'm sure he had more than *that* in mind.

MIA

I'm *sixteen*, for God's sake.

THOMAS

Exactly. Like your mom used to say... don't make out in a car if you're not old enough to drive it.

MIA

Obviously you didn't say it.

THOMAS

Would you have listened? You don't listen to your mother either...

MIA

Oh, I've listened plenty. Like, about the guy she's been dating.

Thomas stops and treads water, shocked by that.

THOMAS

*What?*

MIA

He's a lawyer, just like Mom.

THOMAS

What are you talking about?

Mia treads water circles around him, Thomas looking very confused.

MIA

Didn't know, did you? So busy with your *theorems* -- you don't even know what's going on in your own house.

THOMAS

It's not possible.

MIA

You're so blind to things, Thomas...

THOMAS

"Dad" please, not Thomas.

MIA

If you hadn't freaked out over Arana, we wouldn't even be here!

THOMAS

We wouldn't be here if you didn't get into all that damned *trouble*!

MIA

It's not my fault! It's not Mom's fault either -- it's you!

(turning away)

You're to blame for everything!

She plunges off, swimming full speed across the water.

THOMAS

Mia!

He swims after her. Swimming faster, Mia pulls farther and farther ahead. Thomas can't keep up.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Mia!

Totally out of breath. He stops and stretches his aching arms. Then side-strokes at a labored pace...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Mia, wait up!...Mia!...

A distance ahead, Mia plows on.

Thomas stops again, winded.

Mia's figure shrinks beyond the waves. He can't catch up, frustrated...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

MIA!

He has to rest. Flips over on his back and floats along, shutting his eyes from the harsh sun. A quiet beat...

MIA (O.S.)

*DADDY!*

Jolted, Thomas flips back over. Another SHRIEK...

MIA (CONT'D)

*Shark!*

Adrenalized, Thomas overhand-strokes with all his might. Fast and frantic, toward a tiny figure bobbing over the whitecrests. He catches up to...

Mia, flailing in the water, her face rigid with fear.

MIA (CONT'D)

I saw a fin!

Thomas treads close, spitting water, gulping for air.

THOMAS

Sit still. Don't splash around.

They wait, their eyes panning three-sixty around them. Deathly quiet, every ripple bringing tension. Then...

A *silvery blur* slices through the water.

MIA

There it is!

She clutches her dad with mounting terror.

The trace of a curved *dorsal fin* glides through a wave.

THOMAS

Doesn't look like a shark fin...it's gotta be a dolphin.

MIA

What if you're wrong?

THOMAS

I'm no expert. Sharks often mistake people for fish, especially if they're wearing bright clothes...

MIA

I *am* wearing bright clothes!

Hyperventilating, she watches him fix his eyes steadily on the water.



MIA (CONT'D)

Aren't you scared?

THOMAS

Scared shitless. But if a shark wants you, it's gotta go through me first.

(beat)

Which shouldn't be a problem. But I'll take longer to eat...while you make your getaway.

MIA

That's not funny...

A nervous laugh, her tension broken. The water is still.

THOMAS

Let's move on. From now on -- we stay together. Okay? Swear on it!

MIA

Cross my heart and hope to die.

THOMAS

C'mon...

They dog-paddle away, gearing up for overhand strokes.

MIA

Dad?

THOMAS

(smiles)

I like the sound of that.

MIA

What I said about Mom...

THOMAS

No more talk, honey. We're wasting energy and daylight. Just swim.

They're off again across the open sea. Steady strokes.

EXT. ARANA'S BOAT (MOVING) - DAY

Racing full throttle across the Java Sea.

On board, Arana steers at the helm and scours the water. Bernard scans the ocean with binoculars.

Arana glimpses something on the starboard side...

Silvery streaks in the water. *Dolphins*, the same curved fins. They glide and jump playfully.

Arana smiles at their graceful beauty and speed.

Bernard grabs a rifle from the deck. He props it on the bulwark to take a shot.

ARANA

Those are dolphins, not sharks.

BERNARD

What do I care.

He takes careful aim on one of them...

Arana locks the wheel and hurries over. He clutches his rifle arm.

ARANA

They save people -- they're not meant for sport.

Bernard jerks his arm away, the rifle leaning in Arana's direction. Tense looks between them...

BERNARD

*Putain de merde.* Don't tell me what to do -- *I'm* the boss here.

Arana eases back, his hands up, appeasing him. Bernard glowers at him...

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I gave you a chance at this deal, so you better earn your keep...

(brandishes rifle)

Or I'll take it back.

ARANA

*D'accord, d'accord.* You're the boss.

BERNARD

That's right.

He shoves him away and turns to scan the horizon...

Nothing out there, the dolphins gone.

Bernard dons a pair of aviator sunglasses.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Keep looking. We gotta find that goddamned *plane*.

EXT. JAVA SEA - DAY

Resting, Mia stretches her limbs in the water. Thomas, sunburned and queasy, licks his parched lips.

THOMAS  
You still thirsty?

MIA  
I'd kill for a Pepsi right now. I'm starving, too.

Thomas unzips his life-vest pocket and sorts through it.

THOMAS  
No desalting tablets...no sun block...

Then pulls out the protein bar.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Bingo. Check your pocket.

Mia zips opens and digs into her vest pocket, finding her own food bar. She unwraps it eagerly.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Ration it, Mia. One piece at a time.  
What else do you have in there?

MIA  
A whistle and stuff.

THOMAS  
Good. If we ever get separated again,  
you use that whistle.

They nibble on their bars, bobbing in the waves. Thomas suddenly wretches and pukes into the water with sickening heaves. Mia watches him, sharing his misery.

Thomas wades clear of the fouled water. Disgusted with himself, exhausted, at the point of tears...

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Dear God...I'm falling apart! How  
could I have been so *stupid!*  
(voice cracking)  
You're right, Mia...it's all my fault.  
The divorce, this trip, *everything...*  
(breaking down)  
I'm a pathetic excuse for a father.

MIA  
No you're not.

THOMAS

We get out of this mess, I swear, I'll make it up to you. Cross my heart...

He bursts into tears. Uncontrollable sobs. Mia wades close and caresses his burnt face.

MIA

Daddy...it's okay. I'm sorry I ragged on you. I haven't been fair at all. I'm not exactly Miss Perfecto myself.

Thomas finds solace in her touch, managing a weak smile.

THOMAS

Well, that makes two of us.

MIA

Yeah, a coupla major screw-ups. But I'm sixteen, I'm *supposed* to make mistakes.

THOMAS

I don't even remember *being* sixteen. Graduated early, straight to M.I.T. I skipped adolescence along the way.

MIA

Born a fifty-year-old man.

THOMAS

Precisely.

Sad smiles between them. They stare out over the choppy waters. Mia suddenly grabs him...

MIA

Dad, look! There's a *boat!*

She points west. Thomas follows her eyeline...

A glimmer of *white sails* far on the horizon, obscured by rippling heat waves.

THOMAS

Looks like a sailboat!

MIA

Come on! Let's swim for it!

Thomas gauges the distance, then pans his eyes around...

THOMAS

Where's that damned island? Christ, I can't even see it...there!

To the east, the outline of land. At the same distance.

Thomas pivots his head in both directions, weighing their options with indecision...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Boat's the opposite way. If we can't get to it, we may lose more time...

MIA

Dad. Forget it.

She nods westward...

The sails dwindle away, disappearing over the horizon.

The two stare out at the endless sea.

THOMAS

Well...where there's one boat, there's always another. Right?

MIA

Right.

They turn to face the island. On an unspoken cue, both paddle south by southeast, then break into a steady swim. Stroke, breath, stroke, breath...

NOONDAY SUN - LATER

A blazing fireball.

ON THOMAS AND MIA

Swimming slower, an endless ordeal in the fierce heat. Mia looks back to see Thomas lagging behind.

MIA (CONT'D)

C'mon, Dad!

THOMAS

I have to catch my breath first...

They tread together, Thomas panting hard. He peers out:

The island on the horizon, a faint silhouette.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We're getting no closer...it's like some damned mirage!

MIA

It looks farther away.

THOMAS

No, it just looks that way.

MIA

Are you sure?

THOMAS

I'm not sure of anything, hon, only that we're not moving fast enough.

He floats limply, drained of energy. Grimaces in pain.

MIA

Are you okay?

THOMAS

My leg's cramping.

He floats on his back, trying to shake out his leg. Mia reaches underwater and massages it. Thomas squints from the noonday glare.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

That sun is killing me...

(flinches)

Ow! Something just bit my butt!

He straightens up, Mia gripping him. They eye the water surface all around. No fins, nothing.

MIA

Must be lunch hour. You *do* have an awfully big butt.

They trade grins. Thomas sighs wearily...

THOMAS

Should we give up, Mia? Should we go back?

MIA

Hell no.

A long, quiet beat between them. Then...a FAINT SPATTER.

THOMAS

You hear that?

The SOUND GROWS LOUDER, the DISTANT PURR OF AN ENGINE...

A half-league away, a motorboat traverses their view.

MIA

Another boat, Dad! You see it?

THOMAS

Yeah! Don't think they can see us...

They wave and shout wildly...

THOMAS/MIA

Hey! Hey, hey -- over here! HEY!

The distant boat turns its course -- heading their way.

MIA

OMIGOD! They saw us! They're coming!

THOMAS

They are! We're gonna make it!

They embrace joyfully in the water. They wave excitedly, as the boat accelerates toward them.

Her prow comes into view...*Lady Fujimo* on the side.

EXT. ARANA'S BOAT (MOVING) - DAY

Arana steers toward the bobbing heads in the water. Bernard gazes curiously out. Arana grabs the binoculars and focuses on them. Stunned...

ARANA

*Incroyable!*

IN THE WATER

The scuba boat slows, cuts its engine and drifts closer.

Mia gapes astonished at the young man at the wheel. Her father recognizes him too, his face darkening.

ON BOARD

Arana pulls the water-soaked pair aboard from the stern diving steps. Mia throws her arms around him...

MIA

Arana! I can't believe it!...

ARANA

How did you get out here?!

MIA

Water, please...

ARANA

Yes, yes, of course...

He grabs a canteen and hands it over. She drinks from it ravenously. Arana pulls off her life vest and wraps her in a blanket. During this...

Thomas tosses off his life vest and collapses on a bench. Bernard hands him a blanket. Thomas nods thanks and looks him over...

A grizzled, expressionless face, his eyes hidden behind the mirrored shades.

Mia offers the canteen to her dad. He takes a long gulp and gives it back, eying the two men...

THOMAS

Thank you. Thank you for our lives.

MIA

Really! We almost died out there.

ARANA

What happened?

MIA

Our plane crashed...it was awful!

THOMAS

There are two other passengers we left behind in the water. They're still alive, I hope.

Bernard steps forward with a hard-set face...

BERNARD

Who was the pilot?

THOMAS

Some tour operator. He didn't make it.

BERNARD

What was his name?

THOMAS

I don't know, I can't remember...

ARANA

Did he speak French?

THOMAS

Yes. "Frenchy", that was his name.

Bernard and Arana trade quick looks. Mia plunks down beside her dad, exhausted.



MIA

Feels good just to walk and sit...

ARANA

Where did the plane go down?

MIA

Way back there somewhere.

BERNARD

Which direction?

THOMAS

East. A few degrees northeast.

Arana rushes over to the controls and fires up the motor. The boat chugs a U-turn and guns forward.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We're going back for the others?

ARANA

*Bien sûr.* And for Frenchy's body.

Thomas regards Bernard, unsettled by his deadened face.

THOMAS

Are you friends of Frenchy?

ARANA

We've been looking for him.

THOMAS

He sank with the Cessna. You may not find him--

BERNARD

Let us worry about that.

An edge to his tone. Thomas frowns back, watching Bernard pick up their life vests and toss them onto a coach roof near the helm.

Recovering a bit, Mia rises and joins Arana at the wheel.

ARANA

You feel better, *ma chérie*?

Mia nods, drawing closer to him for comfort. Thomas eyes them tensely.

THOMAS

So you knew Frenchy was missing? Did you alert the authorities?

No reply from either of them.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Where are the rescue people?

An uneasy silence. Thomas looks between the two men, then at Mia close beside Arana.

MIA  
Dad, what's the big deal? We're  
alive, aren't we? Now we can save  
Steve and Anne, too.  
(to Arana)  
You have anything to eat?

ARANA  
Of course. You must be very hungry.

He drapes a sympathetic arm around her shoulder...

THOMAS  
Hey! Don't you touch her!

He lunges toward the helm, almost at Arana's throat...

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Keep your hands off her--

He freezes -- to a *gun barrel* pressed into the side of his neck. An AUDIBLE CLICK, Bernard's cocked Luger at Thomas' throat. Mia gasps.

ARANA  
Bernard -- *arretez!*

Thomas backs off warily, staring at the gun. Bernard belts it. He whips off his shades and leans close into him with a piercing stare...

BERNARD  
Don't do that again.

He turns away to the side, looking out. Arana shrugs apologetically...

ARANA  
My friend is very touchy. He's  
very...upset about Frenchy.

THOMAS  
Mia, come over here.

Mia quickly obeys and glues herself to his side, scared. Thomas locks eyes with Arana...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

No rescue people. Just you two.

ARANA

Look, *monsieur*...there is something on that plane we must find. It belongs to us. It is very important.

THOMAS

More important than survivors?

ARANA

Don't worry, we will get you home.  
*Pas de problème.*

THOMAS

Yeah, that's what Frenchy said.

MIA

Dad, what's going on?

THOMAS

They're not here to rescue us.

Mia frowns shocked at Arana, who avoids her look.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We need to get to Jakarta. Just deliver us to a safe place and I'll find that plane for you.

Bernard turns back, into his face again...

BERNARD

How do you know where it is?

THOMAS

I had a compass.

Pondering him and Mia, Bernard glances over at Arana...

BERNARD

How do you know this girl?

ARANA

At the resort.

BERNARD

I see.

(smiles to Thomas)

Since we are all friends here, you have nothing to worry about...

(his smile hardens)

Just get us to that plane.

He turns his back. An ugly tension on the boat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sherri sits rigidly on a bedside, listening on her phone.  
Brian walks in, half dressed.

SHERRI

But I haven't heard from them since  
yesterday. When did they check out?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BALI RESORT - LOBBY DESK - DAY

The Concierge on the phone...

CONCIERGE

Late last night, Mrs. Wiley. They took  
a local flight to Jakarta.

SHERRI

The airline said they never boarded  
in Jakarta. My husband would have  
called me, he always does.

CONCIERGE

Well, that *is* odd...it seems the other  
family has a similar problem.

SHERRI

Other family?

CONCIERGE

The family of the other couple.

SHERRI

What couple?

CONCIERGE

On the same flight as your husband  
and your daughter. They have been  
reported missing.

Sherri hangs up and bolts to the closet, punching another  
number on the phone.

Brian watches her grab a travel bag and throw it on the  
bed. On the phone...

SHERRI

Yes, I need to book a flight to Jakarta.  
Tonight, please. Yes, I'll hold.  
(to Brian)  
I'm sorry. I'll call you later.

BRIAN

Let me drive you to the airport.

SHERRI

No. I have to do this alone.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Sherri's car screeches out the driveway, burning rubber.  
It speeds away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAVA SEA - DAY

HIGH OVER the ocean, the scuba boat racing across its  
emerald expanse. Toward the...

CRASH SITE

The origin point. The oil patch has nearly faded, only  
the remnants of flotsam left.

Under the clear, shallow waters...the shadowy outline of  
the sunken Cessna.

EXT. ARANA'S BOAT - LATER

Anchored, her engine turned off. The four gaze over the  
vestiges of floating debris. Not a sign of human life.  
Father and daughter scan the site, their faces grim.

THOMAS

They're not here.

MIA

(calling out)  
Steve! Anne! Steve! You think  
they were rescued?

THOMAS

I don't know, honey.

Arana, wearing a wet suit and scuba tanks, climbs down  
the stern's diving steps. He plunges over.

## UNDERWATER

Arana descends into the deep, his fins paddling fast.

## ON BOARD

The three wait over the stern, tensions running high.

Arana surfaces in the water and rips off his mask.

ARANA

I can't get inside! The cockpit is crushed. I found a hole underneath, but I can't get through it.

BERNARD

*Merde!*

ARANA

I need help. Another diver.

BERNARD

Don't look at me. I can't even swim.

ARANA

No, someone *smaller* who can squeeze through that hole.

He nods toward Mia. She reacts aghast, Thomas outraged.

THOMAS

*Not a goddamned chance!*

(to Bernard)

I won't let you risk my daughter's life for this.

Bernard glowers back, his silence deadly.

MIA

Dad, I think I better go...

THOMAS

No! Absolutely no way.

MIA

We have no choice! If we help them, they'll get us to land. Right?

She looks to Bernard, who says nothing. Then leans over the side toward Arana in the water...

MIA (CONT'D)

You'll take us to a safe port?

ARANA

Yes, I swear! C'mon!

Mia grabs up scuba gear and straps on a pair of tanks.

THOMAS

Wait, I'll go. Show me what to do.

MIA

You can't, you don't have a clue.

THOMAS

I can't let you do this.

MIA

You have to.

THOMAS

What if something happens to you?

MIA

Nothing'll happen. I know what I'm doing, okay?

Fully loaded, she beelines to the stern, sits on the diving steps and pulls on her flippers. Thomas hurries over in a panic...

THOMAS

Mia, wait...

Bernard blocks his path.

BERNARD

Better to let her go, no?

THOMAS

Go to hell.

MIA

It's okay, Dad. I love you.

With that, she plunges overboard.

IN THE WATER

She surfaces and cleans her goggles, glaring at Arana.

ARANA

I'm sorry about this.

MIA

I'll bet. Am I still supposed to trust you?

ARANA

You must. I will make sure you're both safe.

MIA

We'll see about that. What are we looking for?

ARANA

A diving case, under the pilot seat. Stay close to me.

MIA

I know the drill.

Their masks in place, they disappear under the surface.

UNDERWATER

A long, bubbling descent into aquamarine depths. Toward the plane wreckage on a flat, sandy floor.

ON BOARD

From the stern, Thomas and Bernard stare down at...

The two divers receding into the blue abyss.

Thomas fixes on them with heart-pounding apprehension.

Their figures dwindle away and vanish.

UNDERWATER

The dead Cessna lies askew on her side.

The two divers swim beneath her exposed belly toward...

A jagged hole behind the fuselage into the cockpit.

Arana points Mia through the hole and signs what to do.

Mia nods and shimmies carefully into the hole, avoiding sharp, protruding shards of ripped metal.

Arana drifts and waits behind.

INSIDE PLANE

Mia squirms up through narrow space and pokes her head into the collapsed cockpit. She scans it and spots...

The diving case, snug under the pilot seat between dead Frenchy's legs, the rest of his body unseen.



Mia grips the case handle and tugs at it, but it's wedged in tight. She pulls harder to dislodge it...

A SEVERED HEAD floats into view -- *Frenchy's bloated death face stares at her.*

BUBBLED SCREAMS. Mia yanks out the case with all her might. Drops back down, hastened by sheer terror.

ON BOARD

Thomas paces frantically by the stern, his eyes glued to the water. Bernard peers down, just as nervous.

UNDERWATER

Arana waits by the fuselage hole. The diving case pops out, Mia behind it. Arana grabs it and signals her to follow him. He swims upward.

Mia squirms out the hole too fast -- her air hose snags on a shard. Bubbles escape. She struggles with the torn hose, trapped halfway out the hole, losing air fast.

On the ascent, Arana turns to see Mia in trouble and stops. A moment of indecision behind his mask, looking between her and the diving case in his grip.

ON BOARD

Bernard waits, on edge. Thomas starts to freak...

THOMAS

Where the hell are they?!

BERNARD

*Je ne sais quoi!*

IN THE WATER

Arana finally surfaces. Alone for a beat...

Then Mia surfaces. She yanks off her mouthpiece, gasping and sucking in breath.

THOMAS

Mia! Are you all right?!

The two divers swim towards the stern.

ON BOARD

Mia grapples onto the diving steps. Thomas hoists her up and hugs her tight.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Mia clings desperately to him, too shaken to speak.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Don't worry...I'm right here.

Arana climbs up, needing both hands. Thomas takes the diving case from him, helping him aboard...

Then he hangs back on the steps and pulls Mia behind him, clutching the case to his chest. Arana turns...

ARANA

What are you doing?

THOMAS

You're not gonna hurt my daughter.

He edges back, his and Mia's feet submerged on the steps.

Bernard wrenches out his Luger.

ARANA

Monsieur...don't be foolish. Just give me the case.

Thomas struggles to open the case's latches...

THOMAS

Let us go or...I'll dump whatever's in here into the water.

MIA

Dad?

She stares amazed. Hard as Thomas tries, the latches won't open. Bernard levels the pistol dead on him.

ARANA

Sir, I beg you! He will kill you!

THOMAS

Then -- I'll take this with me!

ARANA

I promise you she won't be harmed. Please. Give me the case.

MIA

(really scared)

Daddy...

Her voice brings Thomas to his senses. It's a no-win situation. He tosses the case over to Arana.

Bernard keeps his gun pointed. Arana prods him toward the coachroof...

ARANA

C'mon, let's take a look.

Bernard belts his firearm. Arana lays the case flat and tries to open it. It's jammed. Bernard flips open a switchblade.

Thomas watches them, rooted to the stern steps. Mia pulls off her scuba gear and tosses them onto the deck, staying close to him.

Bernard pries hard at the case lock with the knife. It finally snaps open, revealing...

*Plastine white packets* crammed inside, perfectly dry.

Bernard stabs a slit into a packet and tastes the powder. He nods to Arana, who takes a relieved breath.

Thomas stiffens at the sight of a case full of narcotics. Mia's expression reflects his fear.

Arana ushers Bernard aside to the bow side. They ARGUE IN INDISCERNIBLE FRENCH.

Tense glances between Thomas and Mia.

MIA

Arana promised he would help us.

THOMAS

He won't. Just do what I say.

He edges her back on the steps, closer to the water.

Bernard snatches up his rifle. Arana hastens over...

ARANA

*S'il te plait!* There is no need for this...

BERNARD

It's about the girl, isn't it?  
*Toujour les femmes!* That's always been your problem...

Thomas leans into Mia and whispers quickly...

THOMAS

*Jump. Right now!*

Bernard checks the ammo in the rifle chamber, all his attention angrily on Arana...

BERNARD

I don't need a weak punk for a partner.  
Always thinking with your dick...

He cocks the rifle's action, raise it and turns around...

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I have to do everything myself--

SPLASH! Mia is gone.

Bernard reacts. He points the rifle at Thomas -- who flips backwards into the stern water. SPLASH!

The rifle FIRES, a second too late. Bernard dashes to the stern and glimpses Thomas's figure sinking below. He cocks his rifle, aims and FIRES.

The bullet ZIPS underwater, Thomas no longer in range. Bernard recocks and SHOOTS REPEATEDLY into the water.

ARANA

*C'est assez!*

He tries to wrench the barrel away. Bernard swings it around -- WHACKS it across his head. Arana topples onto the deck. Bernard trains it close into his face...

BERNARD

*Tu con! You wanna die, too?*

Arana touches the blood on his head, glaring up at him...

ARANA

*Est-tu fou?! Use your brain!*

BERNARD

We don't need any witnesses!

ARANA

We don't need any murders on our hands!  
Let the sea finish them!

He staggers up and points down over the water...

ARANA (CONT'D)

*Voila!*

No sign of survivors.

ARANA (CONT'D)  
They've drowned already. Death by  
natural causes. *C'est fini!*

WATER LEVEL

Thomas and Mia float in hiding, clinging to the boat's  
rudder in breathless silence.

ARANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We got what we came for. Let's just  
deliver the goods.

ON BOARD

Bernard considers that, as Arana hastens to the helm.

ARANA (CONT'D)  
Let's get the hell out of here.

WATER LEVEL

The boat revs up -- the propeller spins too close to  
Thomas and Mia. They jump clear and dive underwater.

ON BOARD

Arana mans the wheel, his tense eyes on Bernard scanning  
the water with his rifle. He glances over at...

The *two life vests* on the coach roof, close to him.

Bernard stares out over the empty sea, as the boat motors  
away. He makes one last scan of the water.

IN THE WATER

The boat speeds off toward the horizon and dwindles away.

Thomas and Mia surface, catching their breaths.

THOMAS  
They're gone.

MIA  
Yeah and we're still here -- with  
no life jackets.

A desperate tone, as she struggles to tread above water.

THOMAS  
Look!

A short distance away -- their two life vests, drifting in the water. They swim hard toward them.

Reaching them, Thomas helps Mia strap on her vest, then dons his own. The two bob safely for a beat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We would've drowned for sure without these. I guess your boyfriend had a change of heart.

MIA

My *boyfriend*?! No way!

(angry at herself)

Oh gawd...I'm such a jerk! It's all my fault, Dad, I'm so sorry.

Thomas wraps a consoling arm around her...

THOMAS

Shh, don't -- it's *nobody's* fault.

It's just what it is...

(looks around)

Universal dynamics.

The two stare around at the vestiges of flotsam.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We're right back where we started.

MIA

The sun's going down. It's all so... pointless.

THOMAS

No it's not, Mia. We're gonna make it.

We just have to persevere.

They scan the horizon, until they see the faraway rise of mountains. The same island, farther away.

SUNSET

A sinking, blood-red globe. Storm clouds on the horizon.

Two figures inch across the orange-streaked sea toward land that seems forever out of reach.

IN THE WATER

Mia in the lead, swimming steadily. Thomas behind her at a slow, dogged pace, stroke after belabored stroke.

He stops, too enervated to go on. He looks all around...

Thunderheads blacken the sky, the island barely visible.  
The sunset is gone, the sea shrouded in dusk.

Mia swims on, unaware of her father lagging behind.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Mia!

Mia turns. She power-strokes back to him and catches her  
breath. Thomas struggles for his, completely winded.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The high tide's pulling us out.

MIA

Shouldn't it be taking us *in*?

THOMAS

I don't think we should keep going in  
the dark. There's a storm out there.

MIA

What do we do then?

THOMAS

We need to conserve our energy. Maybe  
just float and try to sleep. We can  
start out again at daybreak.

MIA

But the island seems closer.

THOMAS

It's not.

MIA

We have to keep trying. I'll swim  
slower at your own pace.

THOMAS

I don't think I can...

Lightning flashes on the horizon, a RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I don't think I can swim at all.

MIA

Sure you can, you're Mr. Endurance.

THOMAS

I might have been wrong about that...  
about this whole mad scheme.

MIA  
Don't say that.

Thomas removes the compass and presses it into her hand.

THOMAS  
Here. Hang onto this. Always point  
the needle north...

MIA  
I know how to use a compass.

THOMAS  
You'll need it if anything happens  
to me--

MIA  
No! I don't want it!

She shoves the compass back into his hand and tugs him on  
desperately...

MIA (CONT'D)  
C'mon, Dad! Let's just go!

Thomas doesn't move. Beyond fatigue, he can't move.

THOMAS  
I'm sorry.

MIA  
Don't give up on me now.

Nearby, a distinct SPLASH in the darkness.

MIA (CONT'D)  
What was that?

MORE SPLASHES, closer now, sounding vaguely aggressive.

THOMAS  
Keep your legs and arms still.

MIA  
Please tell me they're dolphins.

THOMAS  
Just don't move.

It's so dark now that they can barely see each other.  
Another SPLASH -- much closer.

MIA  
Jeezus! Dad! Where are you?!



THOMAS

I'm right next to you.

Distant lightning reveals Mia groping toward him. And a horde of pointy fins surrounding them -- *shark fins*.

Mia sees them and recoils, splashing in a scared panic.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Don't splash! Just stay still!

Their dim figures bob, tight together, Mia whimpering...

MIA

Daddy...

THOMAS

Shhh...shhh, baby. I'm right here.

Overhead, the DRONE of an aircraft. They glance up...

Faraway jet lights in the night sky.

CUTAWAY TO:

INT. PLANE IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Sherri sits by a port window, tormented with worry. She stares down at the ocean below...

A myriad of moonlit sequins across its endless expanse.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. JAVA SEA - NIGHT

Ominous fin shapes break the surface, then submerge.

Thomas takes a penlight out of his vest, beaming it on...

*Dozens of shark fins* swarming in chaotic circles, slicing the water all around them.

MIA

No, no, no, no, no, no!...

More distant lightning. Thomas glimpses something ahead:

A *floating buoy*. Not that far away, big enough for two.

THOMAS

Mia -- you see that?! It's a marine buoy. We need to get to that.

MIA

Omigod, yeah -- I'm so there.

THOMAS

Let's take it slow and easy...don't do anything to attract them.

The two paddle slowly forward.

More fins surface in a frenzy, the circles tightening.

Unnerved by them, Mia paddles faster.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

No splashing. Keep it slow...

Shark fins streak past at close range. At the breaking point, Mia breast-strokes faster still...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Mia, don't...*Mia!*

Terror seizes hold -- Mia launches forward with powerful overhand strokes. Thomas swims frantically to keep up with her, both of them splashing all out.

A long, adrenalized swim, accentuated by lightning bolts and ROLLING THUNDER.

Closer to the buoy, Mia surges madly forward.

UNDERWATER

Her pumping arms and legs churn up a cauldron of bubbles.

ABOVE WATER

Thomas plows behind her, his arms slapping the surface.

The fins swarm tighter around them, swift and sleek, too many to count. Closer and closer...

They reach the buoy. Desperate hands grip rusty rungs...

Mia launches herself out of the water onto the buoy rim.

Thomas struggles futilely to hoist himself up...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I can't do it!

Mia jumps back into the sea. Clinging to a rung, she tries to hoist her dad up by his seat. Thomas scrambles toward the rim inch by inch, grunting and gasping.

Shark fins swish back and forth, harrowingly close. One of them grazes Mia. Fighting panic, she zips open her vest pocket and snatches out the whistle...

A huge fin torpedoes toward them...

MIA

Dad, hold on! Don't move!

Thomas clings frozen to the rung, as Mia ducks down.

UNDERWATER

Infested with *countless sharks* -- a nightmarish city of them. Mia gapes at a Great White closing in...

She blows hard on the whistle -- a BUBBLED TWEET! The giant shark veers off, distracted by the sound. But not for long. It turns and circles back.

ABOVE WATER

Mia surfaces and pushes her dad up, shoving his buttocks with herculean strength.

Thomas manages to climb onto the rim. He seizes Mia's arm -- hauls her up in a shot.

ABOARD THE BUOY

Huddled together on the metal landing, Mia peers out at the sea of shadowy fins.

MIA (CONT'D)

There are *thousands* of them!

She shudders at the sight. Collecting his breath, Thomas sits up and pulls her close to him.

THOMAS

It's all right. We're safe here.

Mia shivers, holding him tight. A silent beat together, rocking to the buoy's sway.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's a sign. God's giving us a break.

MIA

I'm not going back in that water.

THOMAS

We can wait here for rescue if we can stick it out. How are you doing?

MIA

Scared shitless. Been swimming so long,  
I forgot how scared I really am.

THOMAS

We've earned the right to be scared.  
Hey...why is six afraid of seven?

MIA

Because seven eight nine. I almost  
forgot that one.

THOMAS

You were four years old.

MIA

I thought you never remembered stuff  
like that.

THOMAS

Sometimes, sure. Like the day you were  
born, our first night at home...

The faraway storm lights up their faces. A squall picks  
up into a strong breeze, buffeting them.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Your mom and I put Christmas lights  
around the crib, singing songs to  
our new baby girl...

He sings an off-key lyric from "*Born Free*"...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

*"Born free... As free as the wind  
blows"...*

Lightning illuminates the deep regret on his face.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What happened to me? So damn wrapped  
up in my math, not being there for you.  
You deserved better than that.

MIA

It's okay, Dad. Even Einstein had a  
screwed-up family life, right?

THOMAS

(chuckles)

Yeah, that's true. His marriage was  
a disaster, right about the same time  
he beat the theory of relativity.

MIA

His kids were probably messed up, too.

THOMAS

What makes you think that?

MIA

You don't know how hard it is to measure up to a genius. I never felt smart enough for you.

THOMAS

(saddened)

Oh Mia...

MIA

Like I'm always letting you down.

THOMAS

Honey no, don't ever think that. I'm so proud of you.

He hugs her tight with all the strength he can muster...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I've been lousy at showing it...but not a day has gone by that I didn't have good thoughts about you.

MIA

Really?

THOMAS

Cross my heart and hope to die. Don't give up on me just yet.

MIA

I won't. I just wanna be close... like this.

They drift together on the buoy, drained by exhaustion, gazing across the restless sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NGURAH RAI AIRPORT, BALI - NIGHT

Sherri exits Customs into a teeming mass of passengers, searching the terminal.

Inspector Faisal follows close by, observing the woman... her pricey travel bag, her conservative-chic attire.

He approaches her with a smarmy smile.

FAISAL

Mrs. Wiley?

Sherri turns and assesses him guardedly.

FAISAL (CONT'D)

Police Inspector Faisal.

SHERRI

Oh yes -- thank you for coming. Is there any news?

FAISAL

The Coast Guard is still searching. Please, allow me...

He takes her travel bag and walks her out.

SHERRI

Thanks. Are you sure they got on that charter plane?

FAISAL

Positive.

SHERRI

What if they were kidnapped?

FAISAL

It's my job to find out. I'll take you to your hotel and we'll start in the morning.

SHERRI

Why not tonight?

FAISAL

Not the right time, madam.

EXT. AIRPORT ENTRANCE - LATER

The beat-up sedan waits at a no-parking curb. Faisal ushers Sherri to it and opens the passenger door.

FAISAL

Mr. Wiley seemed to be in a hurry to get out of Bali. Would you happen to know why?

SHERRI

No. I just want to find them.

She climbs into the front, waiting impatiently.

INT. FAISAL'S CAR

Faisal squeezes in behind the wheel. He appraises Sherri with a cross-examining look...

FAISAL

I think your husband and daughter were running away from something.

SHERRI

What? What d'you mean?

Faisal lights a cigarette and gazes out, taking his time.

FAISAL

There was an incident in Kuta. A boy was stabbed, an American teenager. He was trying to buy drugs. Your daughter was with him. She gave him money.

SHERRI

Oh my God...

FAISAL

She left with a drug dealer who works with an international trafficker.  
(turns to her)  
Your daughter is in a bit of trouble.

SHERRI

Mia doesn't do drugs. She certainly wouldn't buy them.

FAISAL

That's what all parents say.

Sherri fights off a creeping fear, on the defensive...

SHERRI

Just so you know, I'm a lawyer.

FAISAL

You know the penalty for possession in Indonesia? Five years, if you're lucky. American tourists are no exception.

He takes another drag, watching Sherri absorb that.

FAISAL (CONT'D)

You wouldn't want that to happen to your daughter.

SHERRI

In my country, a person is innocent  
until proven guilty.

Faisal's eyes penetrate hers. Sherri holds his gaze...

SHERRI (CONT'D)

Please take me to the U.S. Embassy.

FAISAL

They're closed for the night.

SHERRI

Tomorrow then.

FAISAL

I'm afraid they can't help you. But  
there are ways to work things out...  
for a price.

SHERRI

Are you asking for a *bribe*?

FAISAL

Think of it as...a contribution. Like  
your American policemen's fund.

Sherri regards him with utter disbelief.

SHERRI

And if I don't pay?

FAISAL

Well. Good luck.

A beat, Sherri outraged by that. Steeling herself, she  
slips her shoulder purse to her lap. Starts to unclasp  
it, then stops and burns Faisal with a glare...

SHERRI

How do I know you'll find them?

FAISAL

Dead or alive, I'll find them.

Sighing angrily to herself, Sherri opens her purse.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAVA SEA - FLOATING BUOY - SUNRISE

BOOMING THUNDER and lighting. In the dawn light, the sea  
becomes a roiling cauldron. High winds HOWL.



The buoy tosses and dips wildly in the rolling waves.

Crouched together on the landing, Thomas and Mia cling tight to its mast, battered by wind. Their tiny perch bobs up and down.

MIA

I'm getting seasick!

THOMAS

Just hang on!

A wall of rain sweeps over them, pelting them. Bigger waves taunt the marine buoy, higher and higher.

CUTAWAY TO:

EXT. KUTA STREET - MORNING

Faisal's sedan navigates fast through a labyrinth of fish markets and fruit stands.

INT. FAISAL'S CAR (MOVING)

Sherri stares out at the colorful bazaar. Faisal drives hard, HONKING, pedestrians scrambling out of his way.

FAISAL

I know from reliable sources that your husband's pilot was delivering heroin for the trafficker...a French Canadian named Bernard.

SHERRI

Is that why their plane never made it to Jakarta?

FAISAL

Possibly. An informant tells me the shipment came back to Kuta. It's here.

His sedan slows before the same Kuta bar. Sherri peers out at...

Drunks, beggars, massage girls, slumming tourists, the proverbial corner cockfight.

FAISAL (CONT'D)

If I find this trafficker Bernard, he may know something about your family.

He pulls over, a short distance from the bar. Cuts the engine and nods toward it.

FAISAL (CONT'D)

Your daughter was seen here on her  
last night in Kuta.

Sherri stares at the seedy dive, appalled.

SHERRI

How will you find this Bernard?

FAISAL

I already have.

An enigmatic smile, his steely eyes trained on the bar.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. JAVA SEA - FLOATING BUOY - MORNING

Rolling waves carry the dwarfed buoy like surly giants.  
One wave sweeps it high to a mountainous crest.

Thomas and Mia cling to the mast for dear life. The wave  
sweeps them steeply downhill.

THOMAS

Hold on!...

Water CRASHES over them -- tearing Mia away from the  
landing. Thomas reaches out for her, losing his grip on  
the mast --

Both fly off into the angry sea!

They surface amidst foam and spray. A distance apart.

Each swims frantically toward the other, battling surge  
after surge of waves. The force of Nature's fury pulls  
them farther apart...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

*Mia!*

MIA

*Daddy!!*

A forty-foot swell widens the distance between them.

THOMAS

*MIA!!*

Mia's head pops up over a distant crest, then lowers out  
of sight. Thomas swims madly toward her -- a monster  
wave PUMMELS him underwater.

Surfacing, he gasps for air, spindrift raking his face. He blinks it away, peering back out...

No sign of Mia at all. Nothing but churning turmoil...

And the FADING CHIRP OF A WHISTLE.

CUTAWAY TO:

EXT. KUTA BAR STREET - DAY

Bernard hustles down the block toward the bar, carrying the diving case. He passes the parked sedan.

Faisal jumps out, his eyes tracking him. He checks his service revolver in a holster and leans into the car.

FAISAL

Stay here!

He trots off through the crowd. Sherri climbs out of the sedan and witnesses the pursuit...

Faisal runs toward the suspect's back, revolver in hand.

Bernard looks behind him. He stops and hastily draws his belted Luger. Raises it to fire on Faisal --

POP! A BULLET PIERCES his leg -- he topples. SCREAMS around the street, pedestrians running clear.

Sherri gapes from the sedan, aghast.

Bernard writhes in agony in the sidewalk gutter, the blood-splattered diving case lying beside him.

Faisal ambles over like some Indonesian Dirty Harry. He picks up the case and smiles over his catch -- then savagely KICKS Bernard's leg wound. Bernard howls.

The Inspector kneels and brushes his gun barrel along Bernard's cheek, a cat toying with a canary.

FAISAL (CONT'D)

Your partner. Where is he?

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. JAVA SEA - DAY

A boiling, raging tempest. Titanic waves wage war, sweeping and tossing Thomas mercilessly about, his life vest barely keeping him afloat.

A massive wave hits. He goes under. Pops up, gasping and spitting seawater. Half-drowned, fighting for his life, only one thought on his mind...

THOMAS

*Mia!...Mia!...*

A mountain of water AVALANCHES over him -- POUNDING him back down. He disappears under.

CUTAWAY TO:

EXT. KUTA STREET - DAY

TIGHT ON Arana's face, running toward us, fueled by fear.

A running figure behind him -- Faisal, his arms pumping, his gun in hand.

Arana plows through a crowded alley bazaar, hurdling a fruit stand, body-slamming a pedestrian.

Hard on his heels, Faisal raises his revolver but can't get a clear shot in this mob.

A pedi-cab crosses Arana's path. He dodges it -- slams into an artist's portrait easel, collapsing it. Falls off balance and lands hard on his back.

Winded, splattered with paint, he looks up...

Into the muzzle of a gun. Faisal's grin behind it. The Inspector shoves him over on his belly and handcuffs him.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. JAVA SEA, OFFSHORE - DAY

Sunny and quiet. Blue skies, fleecy clouds. A calm sea.

Under the beating sun, Thomas floats limply in his life vest, his eyes closed. Dehydrated, ravaged by exposure, his face a mess of peeled skin and ulcerated sores.

MIA (O.S.)

Daddy?

His eyes squint open. Nearby, Mia floats in the water, perfectly preserved. Thomas gasps, his voice cracked...

THOMAS

Mia!...I thought I'd lost you.

MIA  
Daddy, what's that?

Thomas turns and glances over, some leagues away...

A towering *iceberg* floats in the sea.

MIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
That's not logical, is it?

THOMAS  
No...it's not.

He turns back...

Empty water all around him. No Mia.

He's alone, staring back at the "iceberg"...

A *tropical mountain* on the island of their destination,  
closer than ever before.

Thomas tries feebly to swim toward it, but he's too  
spent of energy. He gazes at it, wheezing for breath...

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
An error in probability, Mia...I  
think an iceberg is there, therefore  
it *is* there. It's cold in the Arctic.  
I feel cold...therefore I must be in  
the Arctic.

He floats on his back and closes his eyes...

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Universal dynamics sucks.

And promptly passes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KUTA JAIL - DAY

A sullen, paint-speckled Arana sits alone in a cramped  
jail cell. He run his finger over Mia's Southwest-Indian  
bracelet on his wrist. He looks up...

Sherri stands outside the cell bars, her pained eyes on  
the bracelet. A desperate, determined woman...

SHERRI  
I'm looking for Mia. I'm her mother.

Arana rises and stares blankly at her, dumbfounded.

SHERRI (CONT'D)  
Can you help me?

Arana looks nervously around. He shakes his head.

SHERRI (CONT'D)  
If you know anything, anything at all...  
please help me find her. I *beg* you.

Arana stares at the floor, conflicted. Sherri senses it.

SHERRI (CONT'D)  
I know you liked Mia. She liked you,  
too. Do it for *her*.

Arana wrestles with his conscience. He draws closer to the cell bars, glancing around, making no eye contact with her...

Their faces close together, his voice low...

ARANA  
They're still in the sea.

Sherri stiffens, gripping the bars.

SHERRI  
Oh dear God...*both* of them? Alive?

ARANA  
I think so.

He pulls off Mia's bracelet and slips it through the bars into her hand. His face etched with guilt...

ARANA (CONT'D)  
This doesn't belong to me.

SHERRI  
Where are they?! *Please!*

Their eyes connect through the bars. Arana leans in...

ARANA  
Can you remember map coordinates?

Sherri nods quickly.

ARANA (CONT'D)  
If anyone asks...I told you *nothing*.  
I know nothing.

SHERRI

I understand. You can trust me.

Arana beckons her closer, his lips almost touching her ear. He whispers into it.

SMASH-CUT TO:

EXT. BALI HELIPAD - DAY

A flurry of activity. American faces, Coast Guardsmen. Sherri boards a U.S. Coast Guard chopper. It lifts off.

EXT. JAVA SEA, OFFSHORE - DAY

AERIAL VIEW of a lone, floating body. Drifting into a discolored patch of water...

Thomas jolts awake -- from a stab of burning pain. He flails weakly, stung again and again.

UNDERWATER

*Jellyfish* all around his squirming torso, a gelatinous swarm of sea nettles.

ABOVE WATER

Thomas paddles frantically away, babbling...

THOMAS

*Swim, Mia! Get away!*

He swims clear of the horde, sobbing in agonizing pain, glancing away toward...

The island, clearly visible in the noonday sun. So close, yet so far away.

EXT. OUTWARD JAVA SEA - SAME TIME

AERIAL VIEW of another lone, floating body. Seen from...

INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER (IN FLIGHT)

Sherri peers down from the cockpit, a PILOT beside her. Behind them in the cargo bay, a Coast Guard rescue team.

The Pilot speaks into a headset radio...

PILOT

Got a visual on a possible survivor.

They circle down, low over the water. Over...

The figure of a young female in a life vest. Bobbing listlessly, unresponsive to the LOUD CHOP-CHOP.

Sherri watches with mixed hope and dread.

EXT. OUTWARD JAVA SEA

From the hovering chopper, a Coast Guard diver rappels down a rope to the floating figure. He hooks her into a rescue cradle, her head turning in the water...

The dead, desiccated face of Anne.

All around her, no sign of Steve. Nothing but sea.

The rope cranks up, raising her high, exposing her full corpse -- *half of it missing*, eaten away to the waist.

INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER (IN FLIGHT)

Sherri looks away with a grimace. She shakes her head to the Pilot. Into his headset mike...

PILOT

Negative on the I.D.

EXT. JAVA SEA, OFFSHORE - SAME TIME

Thomas drifts in the current with closed eyes, conscious but delirious. He groans in pain, his breath labored.

Behind him, the island looms large. Very close now.

MIA (O.S.)

Daddy?

The voice of a little girl. He opens swollen eyelids, squinting over at...

EXT. HOME POOL (FLASHBACK) - DAY

A YOUNGER MIA (9), treading water in the deep side of a swimming pool. A hyperactive cherub bobbing in brightly reflected sequins, calling out to us...



YOUNGER MIA

Daddy! Come swim with me!

YOUNGER THOMAS (O.S.)

Not right now, sugarcakes. I gotta finish these notes.

EXT. JAVA SEA, OFFSHORE

Thomas splashes forward with all his meagre strength...

THOMAS

No...no, I've got time for you! I'm coming, baby!

EXT. HOME POOL (FLASHBACK)

A younger Thomas swims athletically across the shallow side, plowing forward. The pool DISSOLVES INTO...

INT. AQUARIUM (HALLUCINATION)

A giant glass water cage. Inside, Thomas floats immobile and helpless, wires running in and out of his life vest.

Outside the aquarium, three lab-coated MATHEMATICIANS peer in at him and jot into their notepads.

MATHEMATICIAN 1

Well, he's clearly delusional.

MATHEMATICIAN 2

We should take back his Fields Medal. He doesn't deserve it.

MATHEMATICIAN 3

The man's a total failure.

A water-trapped Thomas wriggles and splashes furiously...

THOMAS

No, I'm not! I love my daughter!

The scientists chuckle at that, shaking their heads...

MATHEMATICIAN 1

C'mon, Wiley. You know you're a fraud.

THOMAS

Nooooo!

He splashes and splashes to no avail -- suddenly blinded by a burning white sun. The aquarium DISSOLVES TO...

EXT. JAVA SEA, OFFSHORE

Sobbing, out of his mind. He suddenly stops splashing, his eyes fixed on...

*Dorsal fins*, streaking around him. The circle of fins draws closer. Thomas rasps out at them...

THOMAS

Go ahead -- c'mon, you sons of bitches!  
But you're not gonna get *Mia*!

He pummels the water, madly challenging them, ready to die. One fin surfaces...and SQUEAKS. Then...

VOICES SHOUT IN A FOREIGN TONGUE...

An Indonesian canoe drifts beside Thomas, manned by ISLAND NATIVES.

Fins run alongside, guiding the boatmen to the survivor. Dolphins nose out of the water, CHIRPING AND SQUEAKING. One of them jumps up in a somersault.

Overhead, the CHOP-CHOP of a helicopter.

The Natives haul Thomas out of the water into the canoe. His body limp as jelly, but his mind in overdrive...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Mia...Mia...

EXT. ISLAND SHORE - LATER

A tropical paradise by the cruel sea, the canoe banked in the surf. Natives carry Thomas up the beach on a thatched stretcher toward...

A waiting crowd of islanders and Coast Guardsmen, the landed helicopter in b.g. The crowd parts to reveal...

Sherri. She rushes to the stretcher.

SHERRI

*Thomas!*

She embraces him with cathartic relief. Thomas squints up at her, weak and sea-ravaged, barely recognizing her. Sherri agonizes over his condition...

SHERRI (CONT'D)

Oh, Thomas...Thomas. Where is--

Thomas suddenly grips her hard -- a man obsessed.

THOMAS

*MIA!*

EXT. JAVA SEA - DAY

WIDE ON a life-vested girl's figure, drifting alone in the calm sea. Still and lifeless. Then...

A leg kicks feebly out. One arm reaches out in a weak overhand stroke, then the other. The futile movements of a swimmer too far gone to swim.

CLOSE ON Mia. Her raw, sun-blistered face stares at the sky, her bedraggled hair bleached out. She just floats, half delirious, waiting for death.

A long beat. DISTANT SOUNDS around her...

The EGG-BEATING CHOP-CHOP of helicopters...the RUMBLING of boat motors. DRAWING CLOSER...

HER POV - SEA

The FUZZY IMAGE of a watercraft speeds toward her. Its hull slows close beside her, its ENGINE CHUGGING.

Barely registering it, Mia squints up toward...

An UNFOCUSED FIGURE on a boarding ladder, reaching out to her. A BLURRED FACE RACKS INTO FOCUS...

Arana's face, beckoning her aboard with a devilish grin.

ARANA

C'mon! C'mon, Mia of the Sea!

In the water, Mia recoils back in weak protest...

MIA

No!...No!...No!...

Arana persists with an outstretched hand...

ARANA

C'mon, baby!

Mia paddles frantically backwards, using every last ounce of strength to get away from him.

The boat putters closer. The hand reaches down to her.  
Mia resists, wild-eyed. A different voice cries out...

THOMAS (O.S.)  
C'mon, sugarcakes!

Her father's face looms over her.

Gaping up, stunned, Mia reaches out a desperate hand.

From a boarding ladder, other hands extend to grab her,  
Thomas the closest. His hand stretches out to her...

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
C'mon! I've got you...

Their fingers touch, Mia's clutching his -- their hands  
lock in a clench. Thomas pulls her aboard...

EXT. NAVY PATROL BOAT

An Indonesian patroller, her deck crowded with local navy  
officers. EXCITED CHEERS.

Thomas hoists a frail Mia onto the deck.

Right beside him, Sherri throws her arms around her...

SHERRI  
Mia!

Mia stares agog, then her emotions gush forth...

MIA  
Mom!

She hugs her hard, bursting with sobs. Sherri holds her  
tight, tears streaming. Mia reaches out for...

MIA (CONT'D)  
Dad!

Thomas encircles them both with his arms. A deep embrace  
between the three...

MIA (CONT'D)  
Daddy...Daddy...

THOMAS  
I'm right here, baby.

The family together at last.

WE CRANE UP FROM the deck of CHEERING onlookers, OVER the Navy boat that's surrounded by...

Fishing boats, patrollers, yachts, island canoes mobbing the waters, helicopters flying overhead...

HIGH OVER the Java Sea, crowded with human activity...

Suddenly full of life.

FADE OUT.