

NYAD

Screenplay by

Julia Cox

Based on the book "Find a Way" by Diana Nyad

A MONTAGE of FOUND FOOTAGE: PHOTOS, HEADLINES, snippets of INTERVIEWS of swimmer DIANA NYAD, 20s, in her glory days. A propulsive score-- fast, frenetic and raw-- jolts us through:

--CBS. An ANCHOR, Farrah Fawcett hair, red blazer, leans in--

FEMALE ANCHOR

World champion Diana Nyad, at 25,
is believed to be the best female
long-distance swimmer in the world.

--Young Diana FREESTYLES through the choppy sea.

--HEADLINES of the 1970s. Nyad Sets Record in Swim Marathon. Nyad Dominates Bay of Naples. Nyad Finishes 89-Mile Swim. -- On the SHORE, a male REPORTER cocks his head, amazed.

MALE REPORTER

If you can believe it, her name in
Greek translates to 'water nymph.'

--Shots of Young Diana: toothy, slim, freckled, and tan, posing in her swimsuit and cap before LAKE ONTARIO. And on the white sand shore of BIMINI.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

She'll attempt to swim all the way
around the island of Manhattan. --
DOCKS. At the end of a pier,
another NEWS CREW huddles to see,
impossibly, Young Diana SWIMMING
down the Hudson.

FEMALE ANCHOR

Oh, wow, here she comes!

--DOCK WORKERS wave, hollering. Traffic is jammed as PEOPLE abandon their cars to watch her approach the Brooklyn Bridge.

--A PHOTOGRAPHER captures a photo as Young Diana's body cuts through the river, framed by silhouettes of the TWIN TOWERS. --
-GRACIE MANSION. She's pulled from the East River, wobbly, exhausted, swollen. But she GRINS at the crowd of REPORTERS.

JOHNNY CARSON (PRELAP)

And she's here, the young lady who
swam around Manhattan, 28 miles, in
seven hours, fifty-seven minutes-- -
-ON JOHNNY CARSON. Johnny holds a
blown-up version of the iconic
PHOTO: Young Diana tipping her
head, a muscular arm poised mid-
stroke, the World Trade Center
behind her.

JOHNNY CARSON

Diana Nyad!

Young Diana saunters on with swagger, like it's her set.

YOUNG DIANA

It's about time you had me on.

She flops down. Johnny blinks, surprised. The crowd laughs. --
On the TODAY SHOW with a poised JANE PAULEY.

JANE PAULEY

I guess I have to ask you the
obvious question: why?

YOUNG DIANA

I have a moment of immortality when
I get to the other side. It's
unlike any other high I know.

JANE PAULEY

So what's next?

YOUNG DIANA

(hungrily)

Cuba. It's the Everest of swims.
The hardest swim in the world.
Bimini was a kind of appetizer,
Cuba is the main course, and
retirement is the dessert. Once I
finish this one, I'm done. --DOCK.
Young Diana, in her swimsuit and
cap, all muscle, is GREASED down by
HANDLERS in Cuba Swim shirts as she
hams it up for PRESS. She takes a
BUGLE, plays REVEILLE with gravity.
Our feathered hair Anchor, front
and center--

ANCHOR

Cuba to Florida. One hundred and
ten miles of open ocean. The
world's most difficult and
dangerous swim. Nyad will follow
the rules of the Marathon Swimming
Federation. No flotation devices,
no sleep during her sixty-plus
hours in the water. That means all
day, and all night, she's awake --
and she's swimming. No hanging onto
the boat, no rest. She'll be fed by
her team over the edge of the
vessel. No one can touch her.

Beyond her, a BOAT waits in the water. Attached to its stern is a strange METAL STRUCTURE, like scaffolding: a cage.

ANCHOR

To protect against vicious sharks,
she'll swim inside of a cage. Oh!
And here she goes!

Young Diana JUMPS into the water, and we... CUT TO BLACK.

DIANE SAWYER (V.O.)

And now some disheartening news... -
-NEWS DESK. A young DIANE SAWYER,
brow furrowed, apologetic, leans
into camera. A chyron reads: August
15, 1978.

DIANE SAWYER

Diana Nyad's historic attempt ended
in failure today.

--A MAP graphic behind the news desk shows Diana's thwarted
journey, through the Florida Straits, across the Gulf Stream.

DIANE SAWYER

After forty-one hours of rough
seas, hopelessly off course, she
was pulled from the water against
her will.

(then, sadly)

The swan song of a truly remarkable
career.

--DOCK. Swollen, with a raccoon-eye sunburn, a shockingly
thin Young Diana is strapped onto a stretcher. Cameras FLASH.
She's beat and contemplative. We hover over her weary face:

REPORTER (O.S.)

Do you want to swim again? Diana?
Do you want to swim again?

YOUNG DIANA

No.

She's trance-like, hanging on by a thread. As she's loaded
into the ambulance, contorted in pain, we SMASH TO--

THE FACE OF DIANA AT 60: tan skin, crow's feet, blond hair
cropped short, and those big, expressive eyes. She's intense,
with big-hearted passion simmering behind a FROWN.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Diana's trying on a bathing suit, her cotton undies bunched up underneath. Her body looks great: fit, golden tan. But the whole tableau is depressing. The smudged mirror. The shitty Top-40 on the radio. She grimaces.

None of this feels worthy of her committed attention.

STORE. Diana's head pokes out. Beyond the racks, a teenaged girl working the register, KATIE, cranes over an US WEEKLY.

DIANA

Excuse me? I have a question.

Katie's nails drum the counter. She flips the page.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Hey... Hello... Miss?

Between them, a SHOPPING GIRL, 22, models a bikini for her BOYFRIEND, who's slumped in a chair, sipping a Jamba Juice. Diana rolls her eyes. No choice, she ventures to the middle of the store, still wearing her suit.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Katie raises her head. Diana reads her nametag and lights up.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Katie! Hi. Interesting reading material there, huh. How are you doing today, good?

Diana smiles, earnest, warm. Katie cocks her head.

DIANA (CONT'D)

So I need to know about the composition of this suit. Is it designed to give me any extra lift?

KATIE

Extra lift?

DIANA

Buoyancy. Is this traditional lycra or is it polyurethane-based? 80/20? I'm not worried about regulation-- this isn't for training-- it would just be a fashion piece, you know, for a beach bonfire or a volleyball game or I-don't-know-what, but I feel some compression here, and it doesn't say on the tag.

Katie blinks. No idea what she's talking about.

KATIE

If it doesn't say on the tag then I dunno.

DIANA

Well could you look it up or something? Don't you have a system?

KATIE

Not really.

DIANA

There's a computer right there.

KATIE

Nothing in the computer is gonna be different from what's on the tag.

Katie glances down at her magazine. And Diana cannot abide.

DIANA

That's it?

KATIE

What?

DIANA

That's all you're going to do?

Katie shrugs, silent. Diana is genuinely baffled.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Let me get this straight: you come here every day, for-- what, six, eight hours?

KATIE

Um... yes...

DIANA

And I imagine you do that because this line of work calls to you. You have a passion for the outdoors. You like helping people. Perhaps you thrive on it. And now I'm asking you to help me.

Katie trades a WTF glance with the shopping girl. Is this lady serious? But Diana is. She means every word.

DIANA (CONT'D)

So, again: that's it? That's the extent you'll go to? Don't you want more, for this establishment, but also for yourself? For your life, Katie? I mean, what kind of place is this?

KATIE

Um, it's Fun 'n the Sun?

A GIGGLE bursts from the shopping girl's throat.

Diana curls her lip, pivots, and retreats to her dressing room. INSIDE: She hears the kids cackling. They whisper--

KATIE(O.S.) (CONT'D)

What the hell?

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)

Not for training. Good to know.

SHOPPING GIRL (O.S.)

For what? The old lady Olympics?

This hits Diana. It hurts. She RIPS off her suit, fuming now.

IN THE STORE: The mechanical DING-DING of the bell as someone enters. It is BONNIE, 58, petite, fit, deadpan, with thick glasses, draped in Petco bags. She does a WOO-HOO owl cry.

Bonnie looks around, then notices the teens STARING at her.

BONNIE

Uh... hi. Was there another lady in here, taller than me, probably talking a lot?

And Diana bursts out of the dressing room, dressed now, khaki shorts, sneakers. She tosses the swimsuit on the register before Katie. The plastic hanger CLANGS against the counter.

KATIE

Jesus Christ!

Bonnie, quiet, knows there's no stopping Diana, who storms off, brushing a rack of sarongs. Diana turns back, all drama--

DIANA

Do. Better.

Diana charges off like a bat outta hell, windbreaker swish-swishing as she goes. The teens balk. ON Bonnie: a sigh.

BONNIE
Thanks so much.

11 EXT. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MALL - DAY

11

Bonnie catches up to a furious Diana: twitch-y, stewing. But Bonnie won't indulge it. She hunts for her car keys.

BONNIE
So that went well.

DIANA
It's like the entire world is asleep! And even when they're awake, they're barely there. Laziness is contagious, Bonnie, and we're supposed to nod along like it's normal that everyone's just surrendered to a banal existence?!

Diana is being loud, and a couple GUYS outside a PRETZEL PLACE turn and look at her. Bonnie keeps Diana moving.

BONNIE
Is this about sixty?

DIANA
What? No. And by the way, for tomorrow, I don't want anything. No cake. Not even, like, a small grocery store cake--

BONNIE
For someone who doesn't want anything for their birthday you do mention it frequently.

DIANA
Just quiet. Just us. Maybe Scrabble.

BONNIE
Good because I didn't plan anything since you told me not to 37 times.
(she pauses)
Shit. I forgot the doodie bags.

DIANA
Bonnie that was the whole reason you went into the Petco--

BONNIE
Come on, we'll get our steps in.

12

EXT. ARCHING PALMS ASSISTED LIVING - DAY

12

A GOLF BALL rolls toward a putt-putt hole. It teeters on the edge, and then falls with a PLINK. A hole-in-one.

DIANA

Maybe you missed your calling, Mom.

Diana's playing mini-golf with LUCY, 80s, French accent, bird-boned and frail. Bonnie supports Lucy by the arm, helping her balance as she takes tiny steps across the astroturf.

LUCY

I know. About the magnet.

DIANA

No idea what you're talking about.

LUCY

That's why you give me the ball with the yellow stripe. So I win every time!

BONNIE

(as Lucy teeters)

Careful, nice and slow. I got you.

DIANA

Are you accusing me of playing a rigged game? Please. This is me you're talking to, I reject that kind of thing on principle. You're a putt-putt queen! Own it.

Diana hams it up, and Lucy giggles.

LUCY

I miss you when you don't come.

Diana's face falls, she's stung, but before she can respond--

BONNIE

Aw, big-time sportscaster, always traveling. But we watch her on TV when she's away, right? Plus, I get you all to myself. And that way we can gossip.

Lucy smirks, gripping Bonnie's arm a little tighter.

LUCY

Ma cherie? I'm tired.

13 INT. ARCHING PALMS ASSISTED LIVING - LUCY'S ROOM - DAY 13

Diana and Bonnie return Lucy to her room, where a sweet nurse, CAROLYN, 40s, helps her into her easy chair.

CAROLYN
How you feeling, Luce?

Lucy curls up, a bit shaky. Carolyn and Diana share a moment-- a warm, honest rapport here-- as Bonnie gets Lucy settled in.

DIANA
Thanks, Carolyn. How's she been?

CAROLYN
Energy's been low lately. And her appetite...

LUCY
Diana? Come here.

Diana does. She stoops to tuck a blanket around Lucy's knees.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Was I the worst mother in the world?

Diana stops. Though this comes up often, it hits her in the gut. But she peers up at Lucy, eyes shining, passionate--

DIANA
Are you kidding? You were the best.

It's more kind than it is honest, and Carolyn melts a little. Bonnie, too. Diana lingers, perhaps wanting a hug... or wanting to say more... but Lucy just smiles and snuggles in.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Okay, Mom? We'll let you rest.

14 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - ENTRY - NIGHT 14

Diana comes inside, and drops her keys on a cluttered entry table in an alcove.

On the wall, FIND: a shrine to Diana's past life as a pro-athlete. LETTERS from supporters, tacked up. Framed ARTICLES. That iconic PHOTO of Diana in the Hudson. A huge OIL PAINTING of Diana on the Cuban shore in her swimsuit, holding a bugle. Fan art? Or perhaps... a commissioned piece?

It's all three decades old, and it looks a little weathered.

Her dog Teddy, a lab mix, pants at her feet. She reaches down to give him a scratch, and unwraps a rawhide from her bag.

DIANA

Hi, Teddy.

She trudges on, through her home... not quite hoarder status, but borderline. We follow her into...

15 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 15

Diana flops down onto her bed, face-first, jostling an embroidered pillow: Be the person your dog thinks you are.

16 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - GARAGE GYM - DAY 16

The WHISH-WHISH-WHISH of an old-model treadmill. FIND Diana power-walking, drenched in sweat. Her little TV blares but she's not watching, just staring off, restless and bored. She cranks the incline without so much as a flinch.

17 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 17

On Diana's face UNDERWATER. She's lying in the tub, eyes wide open. She holds her breath for an uncomfortably long time. Her eyelids grow weighty, about to close... until she BURSTS to the surface, gripping the tub as she sucks in air.

A18 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY A18

Diana, wrapped in a towel, leafs through her messy closet. One long-sleeved t-shirt after another, with the occasional 'fancy' Patagonia in the mix. At her yellow Wide World of Sports blazer, she pauses for a second, thinking.

She pushes it aside, and chooses a gray tee from some old 5k.

18 EXT/INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY 18

Diana, clutching her SCRABBLE box, tries the door, but it's locked, which surprises her. She does a WOO-HOO owl cry; their signal. Nothing. She KNOCKS, impatient. Finally, BONNIE appears, her dog Gus trailing. Before she can say a word--

DIANA

The door was locked. I brought my
Scrabble because though you refuse
to admit it, you're missing a G,
two Es and at least one blank tile--

BONNIE

Well happy freakin birthday to you.

DIANA

What are we making for dinner?

Diana barrels inside, and Bonnie hustles to catch up to her.

BONNIE

Hey, hold up, let's head through the living room, relax for a minute-

DIANA

Why are you talking like that?

BONNIE

Talking like what?

DIANA

You're enunciating. And you did your hair...

DIANA'S FRIENDS

SURPRISE!

To Diana's shock, dozens of FRIENDS burst out from hiding, cheering and laughing. Silver-haired CANDACE ventures from a hidden corner, holding a cake with a big wax 60.

DIANA

Bonnie... didn't I say no party?

Off Bonnie's knowing side-eye, we CUT TO:

19

INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

19

FIND Diana holding court and absolutely loving it--

DIANA

No no, sixty's nothing, I've always been aware of the brevity of life. I was in 5th grade when it hit me. I looked around at my classmates. I was like, guys. I'm already ten. You're already ten. That means we only have seventy years left, if we're lucky. So that afternoon I began writing my manifesto--

She throws an arm around Candace, pulling her into the group.

CANDACE

Oh, yeah. She's always been this crazy.

Off LAUGHTER, we PULL BACK to find the party in full swing. Gay couples, straight friends, kids. On an EASEL there's a blown-up PHOTO of Diana, mic in hand, in her gold Wide World of Sports blazer. GUESTS sign it, birthday wishes in Sharpie.

CUT TO: Diana, crossing the room. Her eyes land on this PHOTO of herself, and she stops. She takes it in. Contemplative. Perhaps a bit unsatisfied. Until... she barrels off.

And we CUT TO: Diana, with another GROUP, another story--

DIANA

And my father drops the Webster's dictionary in my lap.

(a Greek-Egyptian accent)

"Darling, I am waiting for five years 'til you are ready to show you. Your name, in black and white! It says, in Greek mythology-- my ancestors!-- the nymphs that swam in the lakes and the rivers, and the ocean." This is your destiny.

ACROSS THE ROOM: Bonnie spots Diana in full performance mode, magnetic, charming, caught up in the moment. She swoops in.

BONNIE

Okay if I steal her?

A wink, and Bonnie hooks Diana's arm, steers her off.

DIANA

I was just getting to the good part.

BONNIE

You ever heard the phrase "leave 'em wanting more?"

DIANA

Never found that applies to me.

It's true: as Bonnie leads Diana across the party, everyone's waving, rushing up to say hi, eager for her attention.

But Diana slows when she sees, ACROSS THE ROOM: NINA, her ex, her WIFE, their baby in tow. They're all so chic, even the baby is in an adorable hat. Diana waves, whispers to Bonnie--

DIANA (CONT'D)

Nina and the whole family, huh?
God. They're like an ad. But Nina
could wear a garbage bag and still
look--

BONNIE

Hey hey. That's her.

Bonnie cocks her head, and over her shoulder, Diana spies
ELISE, 50s, cute, in a blazer and colorful scarf.

DIANA

Oh, I don't know--

BONNIE

What? What's wrong with her?

DIANA

She looks a little--

BONNIE

Nice? Normal?

Diana frowns. Exactly.

DIANA

Does she know a lot about me?

BONNIE

Yeah, she's got your poster on her
wall. And your face tattooed on her
ass.

Diana huffs. Ha. And, coach-like, Bonnie turns to Diana--

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Listen to me. Ask her questions.
Get to know her. Ok? You got this.

LATER. Diana stands with Elise, who's enthralled by Diana--

DIANA

I've been everywhere from Vietnam
to Uganda to the caves of Belize to
Sydney-- covered the Olympics there
--sportscasting takes me all over.
But... my favorite place? Cuba. I'm
sure you could've guessed... I
mean, I imagine you know...

(Elise nods, sure)

Actually Cuba's loomed in my
imagination since I was a kid. That
magical place across the water.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

Forbidden land. We weren't allowed there, they weren't allowed here...

Diana's beguiling. She makes everything sound so big and exciting and sexy. Elise, captivated, fumbles for an in...

ELISE

Wow. That's amazing. I took my nephew to Disney last year. But I'd love to see... more of the world.
(struggling here)
How do you know Bonnie? I thought maybe you two were...

DIANA

Oh, no. We're best friends. I mean we dated for like a second, two hundred years ago. But I've been with half the people in this room-- well, you know.
(remembering her mandate)
Tell me something about you.

ELISE

Sure. Well... I've gotten into pottery lately...

DIANA

So you're an artist!

Elise gets nervous, it's so hard to match Diana's intensity.

ELISE

I... I mean, last week I made a citrus reamer.

DIANA

Wow. That's really hard! All those grooves.

Diana cranks the enthusiasm. ACROSS THE ROOM, Bonnie notices.

DIANA (PRELAP) (CONT'D)

Just because we're on a one-way street hurtling toward death...

20

INT. BONNIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

20

The party's cleared out. Bonnie rinses dishes as Diana paces--

DIANA

Doesn't mean we have to succumb to mediocrity.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

You hit sixty and the world decides
you're a bag of bones!

BONNIE

I'm fifty-eight so I wouldn't know.
That looked like it was going well.

DIANA

It was fine. She was great. She was
fine. It's just... it's not that.
Dating. I'm not sure I need that
anymore.

BONNIE

I get it. Me neither. So then what
is it, the funk? Is it work? Diana
knows she's in a funk, but can't
put her finger on it.

DIANA

No, it's... it's everything...
It's... Where's the excellence?

BONNIE

Oh my god. This again.

DIANA

I'm serious.

BONNIE

If you feel that way, then I
dunno... do something about it!

Diana takes this in. A second of vulnerability. But then--

DIANA

Want to play Scrabble?

BONNIE

I'm in the middle of these dishes.

DIANA

So you're scared to lose, noted.

BONNIE

I'm gonna whoop your butt after I
finish cleaning. Bag of bones or
not, I don't discriminate.

DIANA

Okay.

BONNIE

You're goin down, Missy.

Diana peers at Bonnie, sincere.

DIANA

Bon? It was a really good party.

Bonnie shrugs, but she's touched by this.

BONNIE

No biggie.

21 OMITTED 21

22 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - DAY 22

We track through the house, over the sound of COFFEE BREWING. In the KITCHEN: A fridge full of photos, dishes in the sink. And Diana, making coffee. Her phone RINGS, and she grabs it--

DIANA

Hey, Carolyn. On my way over--
(cut off, she listens)
Oh. Oh, shit.

23 OMITTED 23

24 INT. ARCHING PALM'S ASSISTED LIVING - LUCY'S ROOM - DAY 24

Diana and Bonnie pack Lucy's things: dozens of ballroom dancing VHS tapes, notes, books. Lingering on a framed photo, Bonnie grows teary. Diana stops, and pulls her into a hug.

DIANA

Aw, come here, Bon.

Bonnie nods, better now. Diana turns back to sorting books. She picks up a worn one, its spine cracked. A dog-eared page.

25 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 25

Bonnie paces around Diana's cluttered, messy kitchen. She resists the urge to clean as Diana reads from the book--

DIANA

"Tell me. What is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious
life?"

BONNIE

Mary Oliver.

DIANA
You know Mary Oliver?

BONNIE
It's a pretty famous line.

DIANA
See, I don't go in for poetry--

BONNIE
Because you're too impatient.
(then, breaking)
I can't-- I have to deal with this.

DIANA
Why don't they just say what they
mean?

Bonnie digs in, clearing stacks of junk mail and magazines.

BONNIE
(prattling to herself)
You really need to keep all these
New Yorkers? This one's... May
2006. Like a hoarder.

Diana's on her own orbit, wistful, her thoughts churning--

DIANA
I mean... did Lucy read this poem?
Did she dog-ear this page? It's
weird, because in her life... she
didn't do shit.

BONNIE
Your dead mother.

DIANA
You know what I mean. She wasn't a
doer. She was a pushover. Totally
bulldozed by my dad. So I'm
thinking, this poem must've meant
something to her. She held onto
this book. What was she feeling
about her own life? And did she
leave it for me? As, like, a
message? Then I realize, look--
(shows Bonnie a nameplate)
Wasn't even hers. Belongs to some
guy named Uli next door who's a
hundred and two.

BONNIE

And you kept it anyway.
(Diana shrugs, impish)
Well maybe Uli was trying to send
you a message.

Bonnie chuckles as Diana stares off, pondering this...

26 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 26

Uli's Mary Oliver book is propped by the mirror, open to The Summer Day. Diana eyes it as she brushes her teeth, spits.

LATER. In bed, Diana tosses and turns as Teddy sleeps at her feet. Something's gnawing at her. Finally, she sits up.

27 OMITTED 27

28 OMITTED 28

29 OMITTED 29

30 INT DIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 30

ON A 1978 NEWS INTERVIEW: Young Diana, in her prime, swims through the sea. She's unstoppable. Graceful and powerful.

PULL BACK TO FIND: present-day Diana, her TV illuminating her face as she watches the old VHS footage of her younger self. She relishes it. Then, she FAST FORWARDS a bit, until...

ON THE SCREEN: Young Diana sits for an interview, post-Cuba failure, at a dock by the sea. She does her best to remain poised and professional, but she's crushed by grief.

YOUNG DIANA

I've never summoned so much
willpower. I've never wanted
anything so badly.
(her voice cracks)
And I've never tried so hard.

Young Diana, heartbroken, bites back tears.

And our Diana stewes as she absorbs this...

31 EXT. SOCAL AQUATICS CENTER - DAY 31

On a LOG. A hand scrawls a name-- illegible-- under lane 4. REVEAL Diana: in a swimsuit, towel slung around her neck, a furtive, don't-fuck-with-me look on her face.

THE POOL. Diana finds her lane. Feverish with nerves, she watches a breeze ripple the water. Is she really doing this?

DIANA

It's just a swim. No big deal. Just a little swim. Thirty years. Barely anything.

She stands there, pondering the gravity of this moment, when... a DUDE, sinewy, zero body fat, JUMPS into lane five. Diana's eyes narrow, watching him. He's splash-y, but he's fast. She pulls on her swim cap, stuffs her hair in.

And-- deep breath, shoulders back-- she dives into the pool.

A SERIES OF
SHOTS:

--Diana surges through the water. It's like riding a bike, it comes back to her, and she's a natural. --ON HER PHONE, poolside, she sets a 20-minute TIMER.

--A few minutes in, her pace slows. Her strokes grow labored. This is humbling. Hard. But she keeps going. And we drift to:

32 EXT. NYAD HOME - BACKYARD POOL - 1955 - DUSK 32

A SPLASH, a SWISH, the CLAP of hands against water. We're in the POV of DIANA AT 5, in a kidney-shaped pool.

Poolside, ARIS NYAD, 40, white dinner jacket, movie star looks, holds court with a couple slick-looking BUSINESSMEN over cocktails. No one pays any mind to Diana, who, unnoticed, wriggles out of her SWIM BUOY. A deep breath, and she dips under the surface and SWIMS THE LENGTH OF THE POOL.

When her head pops up, she spots her dad, jaw dropped, drink sloshing, business forgotten. Absolutely awed by her ability.

33 INT. NYAD HOME - 1955 - NIGHT 33

A child's lap. A DICTIONARY foisted upon it. A finger pressed to a word. Diana at 5, wet bathing suit, wrapped in a towel, reads: 'NYAD.' She beams up at her dad, Aris, glass of Scotch in hand. He takes off pacing, manic, talking MOS, fired up.

34 EXT. PINE CREST SCHOOL - POOL - 1963 - DAY 34

DIANA AT 14 backstrokes across the pool. Her swimming is like a ballet... effortless and powerful. She's a bit of a show-off, smoking her TEAMMATES, but she was born for this.

She peers up to spy COACH JACK NELSON, 30s, sipping a coffee, lingering over her lane. Amazed by her, she can tell.

COACH NELSON (PRELAP)
Your talent is undeniable.

35 INT. COACH'S OFFICE - DAY 35

On the EYES of Diana at 14, listening across Coach's desk.

COACH NELSON (O.S.)
If you're receptive to coaching?
You're going to be a star.

FIND Coach Nelson, smiling. He means it. On Diana: this moment is electric. Off her face, we shift back to...

36 EXT. SOCAL AQUATICS CENTER - POOL - DAY 36

Our Diana, in the pool, pushes herself to the edge. Finally, she surfaces. Exhausted, out of breath. The TIMER is still running, but Diana rests her arms on the lip of the pool.

She dips her head, that voice inside her snarling: who the hell does she think she is? She can't possibly do this.

37 INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY 37

Bonnie sips coffee, her phone on speaker, cereal in a mug. She and Diana have breakfast "together," a morning routine.

BONNIE
This client-- no matter what she did, could not get her left glute to turn on. It's like half her butt was dead. You listening, Diana?

INTERCUT DIANA'S HOUSE: where Diana, ICE PACKS on her shoulders, devours a high-calorie FEAST. Yogurt, eggs, toast, fettuccine. She sips hot beef stew as quietly as possible.

DIANA
Yeah, yeah. Dead butt.

BONNIE

Remember in Michigan how they kept telling you lower back, lower back when you had that tight hammie? So I realized, no: deep core. I set a big-ass medicine ball on her belly, right below her diaphragm. Few minutes of breathing, her buns were on fire. So, yeah. There ya go. Felt like kind of a breakthrough.

DIANA

Totally, Bon. Major.

She dumps a jar of cold Costco marinara over her pasta. Plop.

BONNIE

What are you eating?

DIANA

Just a little breakfast.

BONNIE

Hey you missed a killer bike ride yesterday. Wanna go out this afternoon? Ballona Creek's open.

DIANA

Oh, shoot. Actually, I can't. I got a thing.

38 EXT. SOCAL AQUATICS CENTER - VARIOUS

38

--Another day, another pre-dawn sign in on the log.

--Diana kick-turns, somersaults underwater. On the edge of the pool, her phone LIGHTS UP as she swims. BONNIE calling.

--Diana sings a tune in her head, keeping rhythm with her breath as she counts strokes, full of determination:

DIANA (V.O.)

One, two, three, four.

(breath)

Un, deux, trois, quatre.

--NIGHT. Diana swims, strong. She shoots ahead and glimpses the sinewy Dude, eating her dust. Off her face, we drift to:

39 INT. NYAD HOME - 1963 - NIGHT

39

A hand grips the shoulder of Diana at 14, jolting her awake.

In her groggy POV, find Aris, manic, looming over her. He's dressed from a night out, tipsy. He drags her out of bed...

40 EXT. FT. LAUDERDALE BEACH - NIGHT 40

On the shore, Aris points to the MOON. It's stunning.

ARIS

It's like a Picasso painting. See?
Do you see now? This. This beauty.
It is important to your life!

Diana at 14 peers out. She smiles at Aris. He's softened now.

DIANA AT 14

What's out there?

ARIS

Miles of sea! The Bahamas. Cuba. Is
a magical place... You can't see
it, but it's so close you could
almost swim there.

Aris gets close, yokes her neck with his arm, and pulls her in. Off the waves, rippling in the moonlight, cut BACK TO:

41 EXT. SOCAL AQUATICS CENTER - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT 41

The shimmering surface of the POOL as Diana climbs out. A JANITOR, closing up for the evening, waves to her as she towels off. She waves back, thanks, and peers over the pool, the stillness of it beautiful. The overhead lights slowly turn off, one by one, leaving Diana alone in the darkness.

We hold on Diana's face as she allows herself a little smile.

42 I/E. BONNIE'S HOUSE - PATIO - DAY 42

The rhythmic PLINK-CRACK, PLINK-CRACK of an aggressive PING-PONG match. Find Bonnie and Diana volleying. Bonnie's in heaven-- this is her game-- but Diana holds her own. Until...

SLAM, a hit from Bonnie. Diana lunges, but Bonnie has scored.

BONNIE

Game. Made me work for it, though.

DIANA

Switch.
(to herself)
The light's better on this side.

As they cross, close, at the table, Bonnie squints. Noticing something odd: a distinctive tan-line on Diana's face.

BONNIE
What's that?

DIANA
What?

BONNIE
That. You've got raccoon eyes.
(Diana's quiet now)
Did you go swimming?

DIANA
Yes. Yes, I did.

Diana sets up to serve, her nerves ratcheting. But she hesitates, worrying the ball in her fingers.

BONNIE
Wow. Look at you. What's it been,
like, thirty years since you put on
a pair of goggles? How'd it feel?

DIANA
Great. Came right back to me...

As Bonnie mutters, Diana scrounges up her courage: BONNIE Listen, it's great exercise at your age. Low impact, good cardio, easy on the joints. Hey, are you gonna serve?

And then, before she can change her mind, Diana blurts out--

DIANA (CONT'D)
I want to do it.

BONNIE
Do what?

DIANA
Cuba to Florida. My swim.

This does not compute, and Bonnie blinks at her, stupefied.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Did you hear me?

BONNIE
Yeah. You're hilarious. Serve.

DIANA
No. I'm not kidding, Bonnie. I am going to do it.

Diana moves to Bonnie's end of the table, doe-eyed, sincere. And Bonnie realizes, in horror-- Diana is totally serious.

BONNIE

What? You tried that swim when you were twenty-eight. You--
(not 'failed' but...)
You couldn't do it when you were twenty-eight. And now you are sixty.

DIANA

I don't believe in imposed limitations. I don't believe in any limitations. And that's the reason to do it, not the other way around.

Diana hardens, pivots, and moves back to her side. She squeezes the ball, and serves it with a satisfying CRACK.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I started with twenty minutes. Then twenty more. Just to see. I'm already up to four, five hours in the pool. I can do it, Bonnie.

Bonnie can't stand this. She lets the ball SAIL past her, and she meets Diana halfway down the table. Reeling--

BONNIE

I don't know what's happening... if you're having a mental breakdown...

DIANA

My mind has never been clearer. Don't you get it? The mind. The mind! This is what I was missing when I was a kid. I have it now.

BONNIE

A mind does not swim a hundred miles across the ocean. A body does.

DIANA

That's... the other piece of it.

BONNIE

There's another piece of it?

DIANA

I need to get myself functioning at the highest level. You're gonna be my coach.

Bonnie is so floored that she bursts out LAUGHING.

BONNIE

I knew there was a reason you asked me to play ping-pong. I can never get you to play ping-pong.

DIANA

So, Bonnie...?

BONNIE

No! No. No. No. Absolutely not.

Diana curls her lip, growing frustrated.

DIANA

You told me-- you said I should do something about it, get out of my funk--

BONNIE

I meant, like, sign up for speed dating! Or get a therapist! Not come out of a thirty-year retirement for an absurd, dangerous--

DIANA

I'm doing it. I've made up my mind. I'm not done. I have more in me. And so do you.

This touches Bonnie a little. Diana seizes on it, too hard.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Don't you want to be fully engaged, fully awake, your soul ignited by a purpose-- a mission!-- bigger than--
(off her fuck no look)
What, like you have so much else going on?

Bonnie shakes her head and hunts for the ping-pong ball.

BONNIE

Yeah, actually, yes I do-- but that's not even the point--

DIANA

It would be an amazing ride. You and me. A great adventure. You were born to coach, and a coach needs an athlete, and I--

BONNIE

That's-- no--

But Diana won't stop. Bonnie serves, hard.

DIANA

I'm gonna do a test swim down in Mexico. Come. Let me show you what I got. Eight hours of serious currents on the open ocean.

BONNIE

Diana! Enough. Zip it and play.

DIANA

You'll get an a great tan...

Bonnie huffs. Off her incredulous eye roll, we SMASH TO:

43 OMITTED 43

44 OMITTED 44

45 OMITTED 45

A46 EXT. DOCKSIDE CAFE - PUERTO MORELOS - DAY A46

A chyron reads: Puerto Morelos, MX. FIND a glum Bonnie, stooped, greasing up Diana's limbs with vaseline. Diana's in her swimsuit, goggles on her forehead, staring off regally.

BONNIE

Well this... is gross. You really have to do this every single time?

(then, to herself)

God, I have a feeling I forgot something. Did I switch off the oven? I left the Milk-Bones out for the dog-walker, I'm sure I did...

DIANA

I need your undivided attention.

(Bonnie peers up)

I want to be thirty yards from the boat, with you drafting to my left so I can see you when I breathe.

BONNIE

Copy. You feeling good?

DIANA

I just told you five minutes ago. I
feel terrific.

Bristly. Off Bonnie, clocking Diana's nerves...

46

EXT. MIGUEL'S BOAT - PUERTO MORELOS - DAY

46

Bonnie rides at the stern of a PANGA, holding on tight when a gust of whipping WIND blows her hat off her head, musses her hair. She frowns. She hates this.

BONNIE

God damn freakin' ocean.

MIGUEL, a fisherman, 20s, is at the helm, trailing Diana who swims to their right. Bonnie watches Diana chug along...

DIANA'S POV: The sound of BREATH: a long SIP on an inhale, a static WHOOSH of an exhale. A SLAP as each hand hits the water. Her vision is foggy, her sense of the boat distorted. She glances down as light filters to the sea floor. FISH stream by. She sings, oddly channeling Roy Orbison--

DIANA (V.O.)

Then I saw you last night, you held
my hand so tight// As you stopped
to say hello // You wished me well,
you couldn't tell // That I'd been
crying over you // Crying over you.

When she breathes, she glimpses a blurry Bonnie, watching.

BONNIE

This way, Diana. Big, long strokes,
Reach, reach, reach--

COACH NELSON (PRELAP)

Looking good, Nyad. Elbows up--

And Orbison's own haunting, warbling version of "Crying"
drifts in, carrying us through another SWIRL OF MEMORIES...

47

EXT. PINE CREST POOL - DAY - 1963

47

DIANA AT 14 sails down the lane. Coach times her. TEAMMATES watch from the perimeter of the pool as Diana HITS the wall. Coach clicks his watch, and-- the girls CHEER! Diana preens like a football player at the end zone. Coach grins, laughs--

COACH NELSON

Let's pull it together, ladies.

48 OMITTED 48
49 OMITTED 49
50 OMITTED 50

INT. NYAD HOME- DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1963

* 51

--BEDROOM. Diana at 14 bangs out 1000 sit-ups. Her eyes are trained on a poster on the wall, "A Diamond is just a lump of coal that stuck with it." She takes this message seriously. she collapses back on the shag carpet, the endorphin release like a warm high, as her BROTHER AND SISTER, BILLY AND LIZA, BURST IN, SEEKING REFUGE. DIANA SITS UP and CORRALS THE KIDS.

INT. NYAD HOME- DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1963

* 52

--LANDING. Diana creeps out of her room. She hears FIGHTING downstairs-- Lucy and Aris screaming. At the sound of a STRUGGLE, a SMACK, a SOB, Diana winces.

From the stairs, she locks eyes with Aris as he moves to the door. We hold on Diana at 14, her face steely, as he leaves.

53 EXT. OCEAN - PUERTO MORELOS - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT 53

Bonnie wails on her WHISTLE, waving as Diana surfaces.

BONNIE

Diana! You are too far from us!

DIANA

Why are you so far from me?

BONNIE

Because no matter what I do, you
can't seem to follow the boat.

And Bonnie sees, now: Diana's teeth are chattering. The wind has picked up, and it's clear that Diana's really struggling.

DIANA

It's so cold. I just... don't know
if I can generate enough heat...

Suddenly, tears burn in Diana's eyes, and, frustrated, she turns on herself. She cowers, tilted away from Bonnie.

DIANA (CONT'D)

What is the matter with you?
Pathetic. Stupid stupid stupid.

Bobbing in the sea, Diana looks so small, like a child.

Bonnie's struck, unsettled by the way she's berating herself.

BONNIE

Hey hey, none of that. Don't beat yourself up, you're doing great.
(then, coach mode)
Okay, let's try something. Imagine your solar plexus, radiating warmth. Heating up the whole ocean so it's hot, like a bath. So hot!

DIANA

That's good.

TIME CUT TO: Diana fights through the pain. Her movements are stiff, labored. She wants to ignore the agony, to send her mind someplace else, but... her teeth are clanging. Her body's seizing up. She cannot move. It is simply too cold.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I can't, Bonnie! I just can't.

BONNIE

All right. Let's get you out.

Bonnie and Miguel hoist Diana onto the boat. She collapses in a shivering heap, and Bonnie wraps her in a towel, concerned.

54

EXT. DOCKSIDE CAFE - DAY

54

Diana's in a robe, her shaking hands around a mug of hot tea.

DIANA

I have to last sixty hours out there, and I could only do six.

Bonnie's mouth is a thin, serious line. Diana reads this -- shit -- and her heart sinks. She peers at Bonnie, tentative.

DIANA (CONT'D)

How long did I make it?

BONNIE

Four hours, fourteen minutes.

Diana nods and sips her tea, trying not to crumble.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Let me ask you: could there be another dream?

DIANA

Why would you say that to me?

BONNIE

I called Steve Munatones, from the Open Water Swimming--

DIANA

I know who he is, Bonnie.

BONNIE

Well he doesn't think you can do it. And he put me in touch with a doctor. Big sports medicine guy. He doesn't think you can do it either.

Hearing this, Diana's disappointment shifts to anger.

DIANA

What exactly did they say?

BONNIE

That they've been studying athletes for years, and they don't believe that Cuba to Florida is humanly possible. Especially for a woman, and especially at your age.

DIANA

Well, fuck that.

Diana straightens, fuming now, still quaking from the cold.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Let me try again tomorrow.

BONNIE

You need recovery time.

DIANA

One more swim. Let me show you.

56 EXT. MIGUEL'S BOAT - OCEAN - DAY 56

The sun is high, and Diana is a machine, gliding through the water. Bonnie peeks down at her watch, amazed at Diana's progress. She's unstoppable. Bonnie, pumped, cheers her on.

57 EXT. MIGUEL'S BOAT - OCEAN - DUSK 57

A pink-streaked sky. Diana's huddled, wrapped in a towel on the deck. She's beat, numb, swollen, chafed-- but so happy.

BONNIE

Eight hours and three minutes!

Miguel fishes a couple Modelos from a cooler. They CHEERS, two beers and Diana's big Nalgene of water. And we CUT TO:

58 EXT. MIGUEL'S BOAT - OCEAN - DUSK 58

Bonnie sits with Diana at the stern as Miguel pilots home.

DIANA

When you told me what Steve and that so-called doctor said, it just made me want to do it more.

Diana clocks Bonnie's little grin. She shakes her head.

DIANA (CONT'D)

You sneaky little-- now that's why you're gonna be a terrific coach.

BONNIE

I really don't know the first thing about training a swimmer.

DIANA

You don't need to! You'll learn.

BONNIE

And this is a whole deal. Cuba. Visas. Money. Logistics. I mean there's sharks out there--

DIANA

I'll handle all of it.

BONNIE

What about my clients?

DIANA

They'll survive.

BONNIE

What about Gus?

DIANA

Don't you want to be the person
your dog thinks you are?

Bonnie sighs, but Diana is serious.

BONNIE

And you're just gonna quit
sportscasting?

DIANA

Yeah, I'm gonna resign. I'm done
watching from the sidelines.

(then)

This is it, Bonnie. I just know I
can do it.

This lands on Bonnie as Diana stares out at the sea.

DIANA (CONT'D)

And I want to do it with you.

Bonnie sighs, tips her head back. God, what is she doing?

BONNIE

All right. Okay. I'm in.

59 EXT. LOS ANGELES - VARIOUS 59

Los Angeles. As training kicks into gear, a SERIES OF SHOTS:

-SOCAL AQUATICS CENTER. Early morning laps in the pool, and
Diana's a machine. Bonnie's posted up in a lawn chair at the
end of the lane. She sets down THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON
TATTOO and shifts to her training log, taking COPIOUS NOTES
as Diana kick-turns and shoots back down her lane.

60 OMITTED 60

61 OMITTED 61

62 INT. GYM - DAY 62

BONNIE COACHES DIANA THROUGH A SADISTIC CIRCUIT. SQUAT-JUMPS

with a medicine ball. CURLS with dumbbells. BURPEES. Diana, dripping sweat, holds a PLANK as Bonnie times her, annotating her LOG with a sideways smirk...

63 EXT. SOCAL AQUATICS CENTER - DAY

63

Bonnie's in her chair at the end of Diana's lane. A giant SUN FOIL unfolded around her neck. Suddenly a WOMAN looms over--

WOMAN

How long is she gonna be?

BONNIE

Eight hours and thirty-one minutes.

The woman balks, offended by this oddness, then stalks off. Diana finishes a lap and perks her head up from the water.

DIANA

Who was that?

BONNIE

A new fan. I think it's time to get outta dodge.

64 I/E. TAXI - ST. MAARTEN - DAY

64

A chyron reads: St. Maarten. Out the CAB windows: LOCALS walk to church. A steel drum BAND plays in a park. Pastel homes whip by. They cruise past a cemetery with above-ground tombs.

DIANA

(in French)

So this was after your parents' divorce.

JEAN-PAUL

Exactement.

Diana is engrossed in the life story of the driver, JEAN-PAUL, while Bonnie pores over a binder of TRAINING LOGS.

DIANA

(in French)

Fascinating. And when did you get into the transportation business?

BONNIE

I'm sorry to interrupt here, but I do need an answer from you.

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)

(Diana regards her)

Did you ever connect with that guy,
about the steel cage?

DIANA

Oh. Yeah. I'm not doing that.

BONNIE

Excuse me?

DIANA

The shark cage makes it an 'aided'
swim. No thanks. Just gonna be me
and the ocean, the whole way.

BONNIE

And when were you gonna tell me?

DIANA

I don't want an asterisk next to my
life's greatest achievement!

BONNIE

But no one's ever done that before.

DIANA

Exactly, I'll be the first. I'm the
swimmer. It's my call.

They've arrived outside a pink beachfront bungalow, and they
climb out of the cab as Jean-Paul grabs their luggage.

BONNIE

You do realize what's out there--

DIANA

I'm not worried, Bonnie. You are.
(then, back to French)
Do you agree with me, Jean-Paul?
Who wants to swim inside a cage?

Jean-Paul peers between Bonnie and Diana. He sets down their
bags. Finally, he nods his head, oui? He's with Diana.

DIANA (CONT'D)

See? Case closed, Bon.

Diana slams the door.

66

INT. ANNA AND NAOMI'S HOUSE - ST. MAARTEN - DAY

66

A cluttered, happy, family home. It's hot, fans whirring. Bonnie and Diana are welcomed by lovely ANNA, French, Black, 30s, her American ex-pat wife NAOMI, and their daughter MIA, 5. Mia's instantly fascinated by Diana, eyeing her...

ANNA

Oh my gosh, we're so excited to have you. I haven't seen Nina in years but she and my mom still talk every week and we're always hearing about you.

Bonnie notices Anna and Naomi as they move around the tiny space to help with luggage-- how physical they are, how touchy, so comfortable with themselves.

BONNIE

Well we are so grateful--

DIANA

Yeah, can't thank you guys enough.

ANNA

Our home is your home. Right, Mia? Anna leans into Naomi. Off Mia's mischievous smile, CUT TO:

LATER

Bonnie settles in, unpacking her training notebooks and logs. Diana barrels into the living room, evading a cackling Mia who's running around in a SHARK FIN hat. Diana flops down on the couch, exhausted. She holds up a pillow, "hiding."

BONNIE

Oh, now you're afraid of sharks.

Diana peeks over the pillow to roll her eyes at Bonnie. They watch as Mia skitters in, hunting for Diana. It's very sweet. And then Mia TEARS back the pillow, laughing. Diana's caught.

MIA

Je vais te manger, petit poisson!

67

OMITTED

67

68

OMITTED

68

69 INT. ANNA AND NAOMI'S HOUSE - DAY

69

Diana presses an old-school cordless phone to her cheek.

DIANA

See the swim is a Herculean effort, but it's also exalting. A soul-stirring emblem of the grasp for infinitude. This reach for the stars, this push beyond what seems possible to what could be. So here I am. Thirty years later. And I'd love to see Pizza Hut emblazoned on my swimsuit as I--

(she's cut off)

See, I don't subscribe to imposed limitations, I don't subscribe to--

(good-natured)

Yep, your math is correct. I am sixty-one. And that's the reason to do it, not the other way around--

(a wounded pause, then...)

Of course you're entitled to your opinion... though I can't even begin to tell you how incredibly short-sighted and wrong it is.

Off Diana, simmering in frustration.

DIANA (PRELAP) (CONT'D)

The first time was like taking candy from a baby.

70 EXT. PATIO - ANNA AND NAOMI'S HOUSE - DAY

70

A grotto dripping with hibiscus and bouganvillea. Here, they've made a workstation: notes, maps, a whiteboard detailed with crew, nutrition notes. Bonnie's marking it. Anna passes through with lemonade, and Diana hams it up--

DIANA

I strutted into Rocky Aoki's office, the Benihana guy. Heard he was into ocean stuff so I just showed up. Walked out with one of those huge, like, lottery checks for three hundred thousand dollars.

BONNIE

You realize I've heard this story.

DIANA

It's a good story.

BONNIE
But now it's a giant check...?
(then)
Think he wants to invest again?

DIANA
Actually he's dead.

BONNIE
Oh.

DIANA
Also we need 500k this time.

BONNIE
Oh.
(she thinks)
Do we need a new angle? Less men in suits. More... I dunno. Lady stuff?

Diana nods, pondering this idea.

DIANA
Lady stuff. Like tampons? Not that we need those any more, thank god.
(a nagging thought)
Also. Bon. Not that I'm worried, because I'm not, but... what are we gonna do about sharks?

71 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

71

FIND Diana and Bonnie in a Zodiac with LUKE TIPPLE, 20s, a handsome Aussie shark expert. Two KAYAKERS hover nearby, demonstrating Luke's technology. Diana looks petrified.

LUKE
To be clear, sharks don't hunt people. They don't want to eat humans. They want to eat seals.

BONNIE
But...?

LUKE
Sometimes they will test whether you are, in fact, a seal.

BONNIE
And how do they do that, exactly?

Luke smiles. And Bonnie frowns.

DIANA
(Aussie accent)
Crikey!

BONNIE
Diana. Not funny.

LUKE
That's why we have the shield. Two electrodes, each attached to a kayak, transmit an amplified signal. They hate it. Watch--

Luke dumps a bucket of CHUM. And then he JUMPS IN, treading in the bait-strewn water. Bonnie looks to Diana, freaked--

BONNIE
I mean is this really necessary?

Diana sees it first: a FIN of an approaching shark.

LUKE
Don't worry, we've tested it. Tried it with a bloody horse's leg in the South Pacific. A dinner bell for sharks. They all turned away.

Luke treads water, oily chum swirling. The FIN approaches.

BONNIE
I wanted to ask-- can we shine a light on her? I can't see her at night. Only way I know where she is is her hands slapping the water.

DIANA
Uh, guys... Helloooo...

LUKE
See, white light attracts baitfish and the sharks'll come swooping in--

DIANA
Guys.

She points to the shark, its dark silhouette closer now: it must be nine feet long, and it's headed STRAIGHT for Luke.

LUKE
Oh! He's coming in! Watch!

The water is so clear that the shark is visible in all its detail: muscular body, shiny eyes, whipping tail, and TEETH.

It glides right by Diana's kayak. Diana doesn't breathe, until... it suddenly ARCHES, BUCKS, and SWIMS AWAY. Repelled.

LUKE (CONT'D)

The Ampullae of Lorenzini! Tiny sensory organs in their snouts. The electrical current messes with 'em!

He climbs back up onto the Zodiac, wiping chum from his abs.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Me and my divers, we'll be all eyes and ears, doing our sweeps. Ready if god forbid the shield went down. It won't. But if it did.

BONNIE

So what do you use for weapons? Like... spear guns?

LUKE

Poles with tennis balls.

It's true. He lifts one to show her. ON Bonnie: fuck me.

LUKE (CONT'D)

We won't harm 'em. Just a prod on the snout. So no, uh, weapons... We'll protect you, Diana, but you gotta remember-- it's their ocean. You're just passing through.

Diana nods but Bonnie knows: this is not reassuring.

72

EXT. PATIO - ANNA AND NAOMI'S HOUSE - DAY

72

Diana paces, on the phone, as Bonnie scribbles on the whiteboard. Bonnie chuckles to herself, listening to Diana--

DIANA

That's exactly what I said, Deborah! Think of the marketing opportunities, with me at the forefront. Maybe, "Still dry." Kinda fun. Or a play on waterproof. Or just, go classic. Me on a billboard. Your iconic slogan ribboned beneath me: Strong enough for a man, made for a woman.

(a wink to Bonnie)

Of course. Talk it over. Bye, Deb.

(she hangs up the phone)

I think I just scored us a sponsor.

They high-five as Diana notices the whiteboard, packed with tiny scrawl, a crazy schematic: SUPPLIES, PRESS, TEAMMEMBERS.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Wow, Bon. It's like A Beautiful Mind. Glorious work.

BONNIE

Oh. I got a lead on a navigator, guy out of Key West.

DIANA

You show me a navigator who isn't full of shit, and I'll show you a--

BONNIE

Well you can't drive the boat, too, Diana. We need this guy. And he sounds great. They call him the King of the Gulf. I invited him down for lunch. I'll get you the fish tacos, salsa on the side. And you're gonna be your most charming self. Right?

Diana nods, of course. Off her Cheshire cat smile, we CUT TO:

73

EXT. ST. MAARTEN DOCK - MORNING

73

A gray sky over a windy harbor. Diana admires THE VOYAGER, a stunning 37-foot Catamaran tied up at a slip.

JOHN BARTLETT, 60s, appears at the stern. He's a sharp, shoeless, acerbic hippie: salt and pepper hair, shark tooth necklace, weathered skin. He spots Diana, leans over--

BARTLETT

Designed her myself.

(Diana looks up)

Took me the better part of a decade. I re-drew the lines plan, like, seventy-six times. My wife thought I was freakin' out of my mind. But she is perfect.

DIANA

Your wife or your boat?

BARTLETT

Both of them.

He smiles and reaches out for a shake.

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

John Bartlett. I used to watch you
on the Wide World of Sports.

DIANA

Yeah yeah, the thrill of victory,
the agony of defeat, all that shit.
I need to see your Navigation
Cabin.

She barrels past his outstretched hand, all business.

BARTLETT

No problemo.

74

I/E. VOYAGER - NAVIGATION CABIN - DAY

74

An enclosure filled with MAPS, CHARTS, INSTRUMENTS, STACKS of
NOTES. Bartlett's like a mad scientist, and this is his den.
Diana looks bored as he traces a map with his fingertips.

BARTLETT

The Gulf Stream is a raging dick.
It's basically a fast-moving river
in the middle of the ocean, going
East when you want to go North. If
you're not exceeding its speed,
then you're going--

DIANA

Backwards, I know. You are aware
that I've tried this before.

BARTLETT

I sure am.

DIANA

Well I don't need a primer on the
Gulf Stream. What I need to know
is: what qualifies you for this
mission? What's your pedigree?

His jaw steadies. He's thrown by her, but curious, too...

BARTLETT

I'm sorry, what is this? Do you
think I'm selling you? Or do you
just have a hair across your ass?

Diana glares at him. Then, she softens. Decides to be honest.

DIANA

What does that even mean?

(then, searing)

My last navigator screwed me. Had me slamming into the surf for fourteen hours straight. I would've made it, if he hadn't--

BARTLETT

Well that's on you.

(she blinks)

You hired the wrong person. I looked up your old navigator from '78. America's Cup preppy asshole who didn't know shit about the Straits. You can have all the pedigree in the world but if you haven't sailed here, if you haven't put in your ten thousand hours-- these eddies, these counter-currents-- it's like getting a horse trainer to install your dishwasher.

DIANA

Poetic.

BARTLETT

Step outside with me for a second. He pushes open the door, hard, and Diana follows.

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

Stick out your tongue. Taste that?

She does it. She senses something: coarse, grainy.

DIANA

Salt.

BARTLETT

Nope. That is sand. From the Sahara, seven thousand miles away. That's what this wind will do.

This lands on Diana. And he leans in, harsh, pointed.

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

What you wanna do has never been done. The course must be exact.

(MORE)

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

The axis of the Stream has to be calculated by someone who knows what the hell they're dealing with so the Stream will work for you, not against you. That means accounting for wind speed and drift and eddies against a variable current, re-computing every fifteen minutes. If you're off a fraction of a degree to the East, you're headed for Turks and Caicos. A fraction of a degree West? Texas. Or worse, you're spun into an eddy. So, choose the wrong dude again? No biggie, just might cost you your life. Sorry if that hurts your feelings, lady, but if you want a yes man? It's not gonna be me.

Diana purses her lips and squints up at him.

DIANA

Thanks for your interest in the position.

75

EXT. ST. MAARTEN DOCK - DAY

75

Diana barrels down the dock as Bonnie approaches.

BONNIE

Hey...

Diana charges on. But Bonnie clocks Bartlett, untying Voyager. He shakes his head, stewing, about to shove off.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Hey hey! Wait! What about lunch?

76

EXT. ANNA AND NAOMI'S HOUSE - ST. MAARTEN - DAY

76

Diana swims long laps in the sea, in her own world. Bonnie and Bartlett eat a picnic lunch on the lawn overlooking the beach, jerk chicken and plantains.

BONNIE

I know, I know. She's a character. She can rub people the wrong way. She's exhausting. But she is unreal.

Bartlett's quiet, sizing Bonnie up. She scrambles a little.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Incredible. You've seen the training logs. It's talent, but it's also will. Her mind. She's a crazy person. Got a huge heart, though. And if anyone in the world can do this? It's her.

He looks at her. He likes Bonnie, but he's unmoved.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

You must see it. A little bit. Or you wouldn't be sitting here--

BARTLETT

You bought me lunch.

(then, serious)

I'll be honest with you-- I dunno. I really don't. There's only a few days each year when the wind direction and Stream will maybe let a swimmer cross. Maybe. It's a tiny window, and even then, she may not finish. And your deal is all volunteer, no comp, we train for months and may not get a green light.

Bonnie fishes a couple beers from the cooler, passes him one.

BONNIE

You know my favorite feeling, ever? When I was thirty, playing racquetball at my peak. Me and the girls, goofing off all over the country. Then there's game day. That rush. Am I gonna win? The closest I'm gonna get to that magic? At this age? Is through her. Life only goes one direction, ya know? And how many more chances are we gonna get to do heart-pumping shit?

BARTLETT

That's why you're here.

BONNIE

That. And she needs me. Don't ask me why.

(then)

But we really need you.

ON Bartlett: a serious nod. Quiet but for Diana's SWISH and SLAP. Bonnie lets him mull on this for a moment. Then...

BONNIE (CONT'D)

I can promise it won't be boring.

BARTLETT

Some people say boring is underrated.

BONNIE

Wild guess? You're not one of them.

He chuckles, shakes his head. Bonnie steals a look at him. His eyes on Diana. And Bonnie just knows: he's in.

77

INT. ANNA AND NAOMI'S HOUSE - DIANA'S GUEST ROOM - DAY 77

CLOSE ON: CHAFE. Skin marred with bloody wounds. Bonnie tends to Diana's neck, where her swimsuit has rubbed her skin raw. Diana's leaned back, in a towel, as Bonnie applies lanolin.

BONNIE

Yikes, these are bad. I'll call around, see what people are using. And we're working on ideas to help you stay with the boat. How you feeling? Ready for an overnight?

Diana winces at the skin burn, but she nods, yep.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

You look great. Hardening up. How's the shoulder? Still seizing on you?

DIANA

Not too bad.

BONNIE

Remember to manipulate the bicep when you hit the water. Turn.
(then, off Diana's quiet)
And... how's your mind... on the long swims?

DIANA

It's good. Got my playlist up to about eighty-five songs. Neil Young, Janis Joplin, The Beatles. If I sing No Reply one thousand times in a row, that's nine hours and forty-five minutes to the beat.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

Might need to add one more, gotta be 4:4 so I can count my strokes-- do not suggest Jimmy Buffett, Bon, I won't entertain it--

BONNIE

I just want you to know, if you find yourself going someplace dark, or being hard on yourself--

DIANA

I said I'm fine.

Diana grabs the tin of lanolin.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Let me do that.

Bonnie reads Diana's ratcheting nerves, so she lets it go.

DIANA (PRELAP) (CONT'D)

The first question everybody asks is: when do you sleep? You have to sleep, right? Wrong.

78

INT. ANNA AND NAOMI'S HOUSE - ST. MAARTEN - DAY

78

Find MIA, sitting on the floor with Anna, Naomi, and a bunch of little FRIENDS. The kids are rapt as Diana addresses them.

DIANA

It's a hundred miles, or sixty hours, of constant swimming. Now I can stop to receive medical care, to get nourishment from my handlers, to vomit up saltwater, to stretch my back, switch out my goggles. Even to float and marvel at the dazzling universe above. It's so cool. I'm a tiny speck gliding under the stars! But I can't touch the boat, or get out, even to poop or to pee. So I don't really get any rest.

GIRL

You poop in the water?

DIANA

Yes, we'll come back to that. First I should tell you about the cold... the risk of hypothermia. Though that's not what I'm most afraid of.

BOY

What... are you most afraid of?

DIANA

Sea creatures. In these very waters live some of the deadliest marine animals on earth. Forty-nine varieties of sharks. Stingrays. Man of War. These things paralyze you. And then you drown.

(the kids REACT)

They're right out there. Just waiting for us.

GASPS. The kids, petrified, have a thousand questions. The little boy starts to CRY. Naomi peers at Bonnie-- what the fuck? Bonnie shrugs, apologetic, then stifles a chuckle.

79

EXT. ST. MAARTEN DOCK - DAY

79

The CREW bustles, preparing Voyager on the dock, adorned in a Secret banner and full of CNN journalists. Our crew is ever-growing: alongside Bartlett, Bonnie introduces a grizzled seamstress DEE, 50, thousand-yard stare, the driver--

BONNIE

Okay, 24-hour training swim. We all know the protocol with press and sponsors. And, everyone, this is the lovely Dee, our captain. Now listen, no one talks to Dee when she's at the helm. You got a question for Dee, you come to me.

Bartlett leans over and whispers to a HANDLER.

BARTLETT

I have never heard her speak. But she's the best in the biz.

BONNIE

Same goes for the swimmer while we're underway-- no talking, no joking with her. This is serious.

DOWN THE DOCK, a new kayaker, NICO, 19, Cuban descent, baseball cap, shy but strikingly attractive, stands with Luke and Diana as she tests a headlamp with a blinking RED light.

LUKE

The red light was Nico's idea. We can't train a spotlight on you, that'd send all kinds of creatures after ya, but they don't like red!

DIANA

This'll really make Bonnie feel a lot better. She's petrified of sharks. Thank you, Nico.

CUT TO VOYAGER: Bonnie and Bartlett sidebar, quiet.

BONNIE

As we get close to 24 hours, you stop worrying about her overheating and start worrying about hypothermia. She needs calories, even if she doesn't want them. In '78, she lost 29 pounds in 41 hours. That is not normal. Ten pounds, fine, but... She's burning so much, if we can't get something into her gut, her body will start eating itself. So feedings every 90 minutes. But never tell her what time it is. And don't bump up against the ego. And don't yell at her. She doesn't respond well to tough love. But don't baby her, either. When she starts to hallucinate, go with it.

BARTLETT

Hey, should we show her?

CUT TO: Diana approaches the stern, where Bartlett has rigged a 20-ft pole off his boat. A streamer dips into the water.

BONNIE

Check it out. Bartlett made you a lane. To help you stay close to us.

Diana looks at Bartlett, touched. An olive branch. We CUT TO:

80

EXT. OCEAN - ST. MAARTEN - DAY

80

Diana SWIMS, her headlamp blinking red. Below: the streamer unfurls, weighted so that Diana can swim over it. It's studded with LEDs, glowing RED. It's her guide.

DIANA'S POV: she swims through the morning light, the thrum of her breath in her ears. And we drift back to...

81 EXT. POOL - PINE CREST SCHOOL - DAY 81

Poolside, Diana at 14 doodles in her notebook. We glimpse, in ballpoint pen: a heart drawn around the words 'Coach Nelson.'

82 INT. COACH NELSON'S OFFICE - DAY 82

Diana at 14 sits across Nelson's desk taking copious notes.

COACH NELSON

After you turn I want to see you
increase that stroke rate...

She nods, then flips her notebook to turn to a new page. For a fraction of a second, her "Coach Nelson" heart doodle is visible, and she tries to cover, to turn the page quickly--

COACH NELSON (CONT'D)

What's that?

DIANA AT 14

Oh, I was just kidding around...

His hands graze hers as he pulls the notebook toward him. When he sees it, he laughs-- not at her-- more like a friend, brushing it off. But he doesn't pass the notebook back, and she feels hot, prickly, uncomfortable. Off her FACE, CUT TO:

83 INT. ANNA AND NAOMI'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - PRESENT - DAY 83

Diana RETCHES violently into the toilet. Little Mia, eyes wide, perched on the edge of the tub, watches Diana intently.

DIANA

Please stop staring at me.

Mia immediately turns away as Diana continues to heave.

MIA

Why are you throwing up?

DIANA

Because I just swam for twenty-four
hours.

MIA

Why?

DIANA

Because I want to achieve my goal.

MIA

Why?

Diana pauses at this question, considering for a beat.

DIANA

Because I'm a badass, Mia.

Mia takes this in as Diana YAKS again. Bonnie bursts in, no knock, phone cradled in her shoulder, she's got big news--

BONNIE

The visas came through! We're cleared for Cuba.

Diana reaches up for a HIGH FIVE, her face in the toilet. Bonnie gives an excited Mia a high-five, too. Bonnie grins.

84 EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - DAY

84

A chyron reads: Havana, Cuba. A SERIES OF ARCHIVAL SHOTS:

--The Cuban flag hangs over a narrow street. Old American cars roll by. From a balcony, a WOMAN hoists a basket of fresh fruit on a rope pulley. Kids play STICKBALL below. -- Music spills through the streets. A small parade: PEOPLE on stilts with trumpets clamor through a park, past OLD MEN playing dominoes, past a mural: Todo por la revolucion!

--On the Malecon promenade, the surf slams the huge sea wall.

85 OMITTED

85

86 INT. PRESSROOM - HEMINGWAY MARINA - DAY

86

A room packed with REPORTERS and CUBAN OFFICIALS. Diana's front and center, answering in flawless, impassioned Spanish--

DIANA

I hope my swim can encourage unity and good relations between our two countries, a sense of connection.

ON Bonnie: she suppresses an eye-roll as Diana trills her Rs. Bartlett, beside her, pores over a weather CHART, concerned.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I grew up in Florida, and have such affection for the Cuban people... and I cannot wait to set off, just as soon as we have our window.

Nerves simmer beneath her big, charming smile.

87

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT

87

Havana. A team party at their pastel-hued rental house, their HQ. The gang is huddled at a table, lots of food and drink--

LUKE

Diana, what are you gonna do after you get to Florida? For a treat?
(she doesn't get it)
To, like, reward yourself...?

BARTLETT

Hot little sports car? Trip to Thailand?

NICO

You could get a tattoo.

LUKE

What about Disney World?

BONNIE

No no, she "despises" Disney World.

BARTLETT

What do you think, Dee?

She just glares at him and chews her food, silent.

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

Okay then.
(back to Diana)
How about a nice spa vacation?

DIANA

Oh... I don't know...
(then, an idea)
No. Wait. I do know. I will order a banana split and eat the entire thing by myself.

BARTLETT

It's never what you think it's gonna be.

Everyone laughs. Diana peers around. She pipes up, sincere--

DIANA

I'll get one for each of you as well!

More LAUGHTER. Maybe Diana feels a little judged, embarrassed at the response, or just plain nervous, but she jolts up.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I want to say something to you all.
As we await the signal from Mother
Nature, I sign a contract with my
soul. To never, ever give up.

Bonnie locks eyes with Bartlett.

DIANA (CONT'D)

You are all sacrificing a great
deal. John, Nico, Luke, everyone.
No money, no perks, no guarantees.
But I can think of no worthier
cause for such sacrifice. My life's
mission. Dare I say, my destiny. To
fight the wildly unpredictable
conditions. To tango with the
elements. I will be the first. N-Y-
A-D. If you look up my name in the
dictionary-- you'll see, literally,
water nymph--

Bonnie scoots up, throws an arm around Diana, brings it home.

BONNIE

That is great, thanks Diana, to
destiny! To you all! And to Cuba!

BARTLETT

(curmudgeonly)
To waiting for the weather.

As a few plinks of RAIN hit the palm fronds overhead...

88 OMITTED

88

89 INT. HAVANA RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

89

Diana peers through a window, glaring out at a STORM.

BARTLETT (PRELAP)

We need three days of flat calm, in
a pretty freaking unprecedented
year for Atlantic hurricanes.

INSIDE. Bartlett's at the kitchen island, surrounded by
charts and laptops. Tracking the storm. Bonnie hovers--

BONNIE

If we don't get out in the next
couple weeks-- if the temp drops--

BARTLETT

A year. Down the drain.

Diana comes in from the porch, in a mood. They grow quiet.

DIANA

How's it looking?

BARTLETT

I've got three different
forecasters, both for weather and
the axis of the stream. One in
Maryland, one in Washington, and
one at the Miami Hurricane Center.
I'm comparing their models--

DIANA

And...

BARTLETT

And... it's Russian Roulette. We
might have a window when this
clears. Might. I'd put our chances
at marginal to fair.

Diana takes this in, and then turns and heads upstairs.

90

INT. HAVANA RENTAL HOUSE - DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

90

As rain pounds the windows, Diana works out on a mat, her jaw
clenched. The door opens a crack. It's Bonnie, checking in.

DIANA

I'm gonna go for a run.

BONNIE

Have you... looked outside?

DIANA

I have to stay ready.

BONNIE

You are ready. I bumped into you in
the kitchen and it was like walking
into a brick wall. You don't want
to burn out. Just sit still. Be
patient. I know it's hard--

DIANA

You have no idea. You're not the one who has to do it--

BONNIE

Hey. Cut the shit. All this me-me-me crap. I re-mortgaged my house.

DIANA

And so did I.

BONNIE

Yeah, see, the correct response is thank you.

Diana doubles down, starts banging out burpees. And Bonnie just shakes her head and heads to the door.

DIANA

That's it? You're just gonna leave? Fine, go smoke a joint or something. See ya--

BONNIE

Do some yoga.

Diana huffs. She waits for the click of the door, then folds in on herself. She sinks down to her yoga mat, her head in her hands. For all her bluster, she is fucking terrified.

NIGHT. Bonnie peeks in. Diana's asleep in her bed. Bonnie tiptoes, lays a blanket over her, quietly shuts the door.

91 INT. HAVANA RENTAL HOUSE - DIANA'S BEDROOM - MORNING 91

ON DIANA, SLEEPING: Light dances over her face. It's the sun.

BARTLETT (O.S.)

The storm's over. It's our window.

Diana stirs. Bartlett's standing there, in the doorway.

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

This is it, Diana. It's go time.

92 EXT. HEMINGWAY MARINA - VOYAGER - DAY 92

In a crowd of PRESS, a REPORTER interviews STEVE MUNATONES.

REPORTER

I'm here with Steve Munatones of the World Open Water Swimming Association. Steve, you've said this kind of feat is like running ten New York City Marathons back to back... in the dark, with all sound drowned out. Total sensory deprivation.

STEVE MUNATONES

To put Nyad's swim into context: there are 16 million people who do open water swimming. There are 116 people who have actually swum over twenty-four hours straight. But to go over 48 hours? That's only twelve people in the history of the world. Of those twelve, Nyad's in a venue with jellyfish, sharks, and the largest, fastest moving body of water in the world. And she needs to go 52 hours plus.

REPORTER

Would it be safe to say for Nyad to succeed everything has to go right?

STEVE MUNATONES

No. For Nyad to succeed, everything has to go perfectly.

93 INT. RENTAL HOUSE - DIANA'S BEDROOM - DAY

93

Diana, a robe around her swimsuit, looks in the mirror. Her adrenaline skyrocketing. She breathes. Whispers to herself--

DIANA

You can do this. You have this in you. You have this in your soul.

94 EXT. ACCESS ROAD TO MARINA - GOLF CART - DAY

94

A Cuban DRIVER shuttles Diana and Bonnie down a winding road.

DIANA

Sorry about last night, Bon. I didn't mean to be so...

She searches for the sentiment, grappling to understand her own nature. But Bonnie gets it, and she puts it to bed.

BONNIE

I know. Don't even mention it.

As they approach the pier, Bonnie and Diana see the waiting THROG. So many people. They share a look. Wow. This is real.

95

EXT. HAVANA - HARBOR - DAY

95

A CROWD of press, families, fans. Professional photographers and kids with cell phone cameras. A huge Cuban flag stretches overhead. Voyager waits offshore, its Secret banner unfurled.

Bartlett's up in his Nav cabin, Luke and another shark diver, MARCUS, are perched on the roof. Nico and a second KAYAKER watch from the water.

Diana takes off her robe: Fearless Nyad printed on the back.

DIANA

Thank you so much, everyone.

Diana, usually a ham, is so nervous that she doesn't have any more words. She locks eyes with Bonnie, a signal.

BONNIE

She's ready. Let's move.

Bonnie passes Diana her BUGLE. She plays "Reveille" as Bonnie greases her body, applies chapstick to her lips. A tight hug--

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Okay. We're doing this, Diana. And you're going to crush it. Onward!

DIANA

Onward. Courage!

Diana pulls down her goggles from atop her swim cap. A SPLASH and she swims through the harbor to the cheers of the crowd.

96

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

96

A chyron reads: August 7, 2011. Diana freestyles between the kayaks. Nico, grins, ready to paddle in time with her.

DIANA

Nico, stay with me now, close--

NICO

Ms. Nyad, I will never leave your side.

He says it with such warm sincerity, and Diana's touched.

DIANA'S POV: from behind her eyes, we peer through the crystal-clear water... where light filters down in shimmering shafts... where a school of fish weave by... she's weightless as she soars over the sand bar. Awed by the beauty. She tips her head for a breath, and we glimpse the TEAM cheering: Nico beside her in his kayak... Bonnie on the transom. She finds her groove... and the team is with her.

ON VOYAGER: ON VOYAGER, the crew has found their flow, too: they're cranking, adrenaline pumping, together in harmony, as they head into the challenge of the long night.

BONNIE

She looks like she could go
forever! How's it looking up there?

BARTLETT

Good... for now.

Typically grim. Bonnie rolls her eyes. But once she turns, Bartlett cracks a smile. Even he gets a kick out of this.

IN THE WATER: Diana swims on, effortless and happy. Drift to:

97 OMITTED 97

98 EXT. PINE CREST SCHOOL - POOL - DAY 98

A chicken-fight in the pool after practice. Diana at 14 is on her TEAMMATE'S shoulders. She topples the OPPOSING GIRL, and Diana jumps down. Underwater, her teammate grabs her hand. Squeezes it. Neither one lets go. A pulse shoots through Diana: a shiver of euphoria.

INT. NYAD HOUSE - DIANA'S ROOM - NIGHT

* 99

A needle DROPS on a record. Diana at 14 turns to Billy and Liza, leading them in a silly, ecstatic dance party. The kids go wild, Diana tips back her head and laughs. We CUT BACK TO:

100 EXT. OCEAN - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT 100

Diana chugs on as the sun dips, day giving way to night.

101 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT 101

Blackness surrounds Diana. She's immersed in the void, the static roll and swish of the sea, eyes trained on the red LEDs below. But something's bothering her. She grimaces.

102 INT/EXT. VOYAGER - OCEAN - DAY 102

On Bartlett's console, we see: we're 24 hours in.

At the transom, Bonnie feeds Diana pasta through a funnel. Diana's brow furrows, she's in pain. Rubbing her shoulder--

BONNIE

Your shoulder. Scale of one to ten?

DIANA

Six.

BONNIE

So a normal person's eight. Jesus. You gotta communicate with me, don't just fight through it. Okay?
(into her radio)
Med team, I need Tylenol now.

A MEDIC sidles up to Bonnie, passes her several pills.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

You know she can't take Aleve or Advil, right? She's allergic--

MEDIC

Paracetamol. It's French. Like Tylenol.

Diana tips back her head, and Bonnie feeds her the pills.

LATER. Diana's moving slower now, but she's going. Reaching, trying to soften her gaze... to be hypnotized by the quiet...

But suddenly, Diana grinds to a halt. Her face crumples. She lifts her head from the water. Gasps. Her chest is tight.

DIANA

Bon-- Bonnie--

It's hard to speak. It takes all her strength not to panic.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Bonnie.

ON VOYAGER: Bonnie snaps to awareness.

DIANA (CONT'D)

It's hard to... breathe.

Bonnie clocks Diana's flushed face, her heaving chest. Somehow she attempts to swim on. Bonnie's beginning to panic.

BONNIE

What's happening, Diana? Are you--

DIANA

I'm okay. I... can keep... swim...

BONNIE

Diana. Stop! Look at me.

When Diana turns to Bonnie, her REACTION intensifies. Diana's trembling. Disoriented. She SUCKS in air. She CANNOT BREATHE.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Holy Shit. She's having an allergic reaction! What the hell did you give her?

Bonnie scowls at the Medic, who shrugs, helpless, totally shocked. Bonnie fumes. Off Diana GASPING FOR AIR we SMASH TO:

103 DAY. DIANA SWIMS ON. PAINFULLY SLOW. HER BODY IS FAILING ~~HER~~.

104 DAY. ON VOYAGER: BARTLETT COMES DOWN FROM THE NAV DECK. HE ~~HE~~ 04

LOCKS EYES WITH BONNIE. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD. HER HEART SINKS.

BARTLETT

She's been swimming twenty hours. This is where we're supposed to be. When we stop for more than three or four minutes the currents screw us--

BONNIE

So we're getting pushed East.

BARTLETT

Toward freaking Africa. She'd have to swim double-time to make it up.

BONNIE

But maybe she can.

BARTLETT

No. Any west vector I set us on...
it's not gonna happen. We gotta
call it.

BONNIE

Shit.

Bonnie sips on this uncomfortable truth. She watches Diana suffer, pause, fight for breath. She will never quit. But Bonnie has no choice. She blows her WHISTLE.

WITH DIANA: pickled and weary, she paddles toward the boat. She spots Bonnie on the transom. Diana reads Bonnie's face. Her lips tremble. Fuck. She knows. This is bad. Closer now...

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Take off your goggles.
(Diana hesitates)
Take 'em off and look at me.

Diana does, but her focus is all wonky, her eyes are cloudy.

DIANA

Is it over?

Bonnie freezes up, suddenly rendered speechless by the raw pain on Diana's face. She doesn't want to crush her friend.

DIANA (CONT'D)

No. No no no no. Don't say it.

Bonnie wrestles with how to put it as Diana turns her back to the boat. Bonnie's stuck. And, seeing this, Bartlett rushes over. He crouches down, addresses Diana, serious and tough.

BARTLETT

Listen to me. Diana. Do you want to
go to the Bahamas?

DIANA

No, I don't want to go to the
Bahamas--

BARTLETT

Well that's where you're heading.
Not Florida, okay? You're swimming,
but we're not going anywhere. It's
two steps forward, fifteen steps
back. It's impossible. We gotta get
you out. You can't fight the
currents.

Bonnie sweeps back in, softer, on Diana's side.

BONNIE

We all hate it. We're all mad. And
I know you're suffering, but you
did everything humanly possible.

Diana hovers, silent. She's heartbroken. Pissed. Off her
anger, we CUT TO:

105 EXT. VOYAGER - OCEAN - DAY 105

CLOSE ON: a notebook page. 28 hours, 42 minutes. PULL BACK to
reveal Bonnie's training log. Diana lies beside her, hooked
up to an IV, oxygen mask over her face. Diana's covered in
blankets, absolutely seething.

BONNIE

French Tylenol. Gimme a break.

DIANA

I never wanted anything so badly.

BONNIE

I know.

A long, quiet beat, and then, incredulous, Diana pipes up.

DIANA

Honestly, I'm not even sore. I'm
not kidding.

Bonnie looks at Diana, reading what she's thinking. Agape,
Bonnie lets out a sharp HA! Holy shit. And we CUT TO:

106 OMITTED 106

107 EXT. HAVANA - HARBOR - DAY 107

A chyron reads: Havana, Cuba. September 23, 2011 Here we go,
again. At the launch, Diana hugs Bonnie.

DIANA

Onward!

BONNIE

Onward!

108 EXT. VOYAGER - DAY 108

We're underway. Voyager trails Diana, kayaks at her side.
Bonnie shows around JON ROSE, 30s, buff, tall, all business.

BONNIE

Bartlett, did you say hi to Jon
Rose, new lead medic?

Bartlett leans over from the Nav Cabin, above. Stirring his
instant oatmeal, he gives Jon Rose a little wave.

BARTLETT

Welcome to the Titanic.

BONNIE

Don't listen to him, he's
chronically defeatist.

As Bartlett and Jon Rose shake hands--

BARTLETT

Low expectations are the key to
happiness.

BONNIE

You better not let the swimmer hear
you say that.

But it makes her laugh as she turns to Diana, in the water.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Slow the pace! You're at 58 strokes
a minute, bring it down a little.

Diana shoots Bonnie a thumbs up and keeps trucking.

JON ROSE

Wait... are you timing her?

BONNIE

I can hear it. The slap of her
strokes. That is how psychotic I've
become.

(then, a little proud)

I gave her some of that coffee gel
and she's off like a rocket.

BARTLETT

Hold her back as long as you can.
My stick readings say the current's
gonna be roaring in a couple hours.

(into radio)

Just hit hour ten, folks. Looking
good. But watch out for icebergs.

Bonnie rolls her eyes.

NIGHT. DIANA'S POV: underwater, a void of darkness tinged red by the eerie light of her LED lead. She peeks up at the moon and the billions of stars sprawled out. The milky way PULSES, like it's BREATHING. She takes this in, singing to herself, a slow, trippy rendition of "Save the Last Dance for Me."

DIANA (V.O.)

You can smile// Every smile for the
man who held your hand// 'Neath the
pale moon light// But don't forget
who's takin' you home// And in
whose arms you're gonna be...

Suddenly the STARS tumble down, falling into the sea.

PLOP PLOP PLOP-- diamond raindrops! The sky has become the sea and the sea is the sky, and she's one with planet earth.

She swims on, surrounded by diamond-stars. They start to undulate and breathe, too... iridescent pouches suspended in the water... translucent and glistening. There must be hundreds of them. The sight is mesmerizing. Diana smiles. IN REALITY: we see what Diana does not: this is not a poetic fantasy-- Diana is surrounded by THOUSANDS OF TINY JELLYFISH UNDER THE WATER. She's just too tripped-out to realize it.

ON VOYAGER: Bonnie's at the transom, making nutrition notes in her log, when Diana's piercing SCREAM breaks her focus.

DIANA

Whoaaaaaa! Fire fire fire!

Her blood-curdling CRY reverberates across the water. Bonnie and the HANDLERS rush to the stern. Diana is FLAILING.

BONNIE

Stop! Stop. Dee. We're stopping.

Various CREW echo Bonnie's command so the word spreads as Diana fights her way to the boat, jerky, jaunty, desperate.

DIANA

I'm on fire! Oh god. Oh god. Help!

BONNIE

Jon Rose!

(then, calm, for Diana)

I'm right here, Diana. Easy. Easy.

Jon Rose SPLASHES into the water. His headlamp illuminates the sea in staccato flashes of red. Then... he notices them. Strange sparkling pods, like sugar cubes... everywhere.

JON ROSE

Holy shit.

Jon Rose is chilled-- he's never seen anything like this-- and now he registers: on Diana's face, clear TENTACLES stuck to her. Little twitching threads reaching over her LIPS.

JON ROSE (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

BONNIE

What is it? Some kind of jellyfish?

DIANA

Yes!

Jon Rose RILES in pain. Fuuuck. It got him too.

JON ROSE

Ahh! JESUS! I dunno what-- it's not a Man of War--

BONNIE

Luke. Call the UMiami lady and describe it.

(to Jon Rose)

Get her in closer!

Jon Rose reaches for Diana, but she bucks away.

DIANA

No! Don't touch me!

BONNIE

Okay. We won't touch you. Just come a little closer to the boat, babe.

As Diana labors to tread toward Bonnie...

CUT TO: Diana floats on her back near the transom, now. Her body's limp; she's slack-jawed. Shapes swirl around her. A cacophony of sounds. Bonnie's FACE. HANDLERS on a Zodiac. A STETHOSCOPE. Her eyes want to close, her head lolls.

DIANA

Chills. Chills. I can't feel my spine!!!

ON VOYAGER: Luke's on the SAT phone with UMiami as Marcus preps Epipens. Bonnie leans over from the transom.

She stares at Diana, who can't hear them. Diana's eyes are frozen, eerily calm, fixated on something only she can see...

DIANA'S POV: a whipping BLADE, like a boat's propeller.

IN THE WATER: Jon's wind is knocked out of him, but he sees that Diana is slipping away, and he barks to the Medics.

JON ROSE

Give her the first shot. Save her--

Marcus passes Bonnie an Epi pen.

BONNIE

Roll on your side, babe.

(calling out)

And get me the oxygen.

Bonnie stabs Diana's thigh with EPINEPHERINE. Marcus passes Jon a pen and he injects himself, twice. But he's fading...

LUKE

(calling out to Bonnie)

UMiami says it sounds like a box jellyfish. They shouldn't be here. These things can kill you.

This lands on Bonnie like a gut-punch. She turns to Diana.

BONNIE

I'm gonna pull you out. You can do a staged swim. It still counts.

DIANA

No! No... staged... swim.

NAVIGATION CABIN: Bartlett clocks the chaos as Diana refuses to get out. He comes down--

BARTLETT

Holy hell. Shit. Let's get 'em out of the water...

Marcus and Bartlett hoist a shaking Jon Rose onto the boat.

ON THE TRANSOM: Bonnie's pleading with Diana--

BONNIE

Diana, this is your life.

DIANA

Yeah. It's my life. My... life!

Ever-cool Bonnie is LOSING IT as Diana glares, fierce, her face swelling. Luke rushes over, stoops to take Jon's pulse.

MARCUS

He's down to three breaths a minute.

BONNIE

Jesus Christ.

DIANA

Needles in my back... my spine...

JON ROSE

Same here. It's the toxin... getting into the nervous system.

Jon's splayed on the deck. Marcus gives him an oxygen mask.

DIANA

Chills... Chills... Whoa.

BONNIE

Just try not to talk.

Bonnie watches Diana tread water, withering, miserable. She's both awed and disturbed by Diana's insane perseverance.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Deep breaths. In through your nose. Out. In... Hey, hey, blink. Good. Now blow it out.

Bonnie takes big, deep breaths, and Diana copies her.

DIANA

Don't... want to give up.

Bonnie absorbs this as the oxygen mask arrives...

CUT TO: Bonnie in the Nav cabin with Bartlett, looking beat.

BONNIE

She wants to keep going. And she's stable. So tell me, how's our position?

BARTLETT

Are you serious?

Bonnie glares at him, deadpan.

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

She could die at any second and you want to know our position? What the hell are we doing here?

BONNIE

It's her dream, Bartlett. It's her call.

BARTLETT

If you can live with it...

BONNIE

Just read me our position. Speechless, he tears himself away to look at the charts.

109

INT/EXT - VOYAGER - OCEAN - DAY

109

24 hours in. From Bonnie's perch on the transom, Diana is drinking fluids through a straw, now wearing a thin non-neoprene rash-guard top.

BONNIE

The UMiami folks think the box jellyfish came up off the shallow reef when we left Cuba, so they're behind us now. And Bartlett says we haven't drifted too badly since you were making such good time before.

DIANA

Bon. I can do it.

BONNIE

Listen. We can try. But you have to take it easy, okay? Slow. See how you do, one stroke at a time.

DIANA

Okay.

Diana's warped, in an altered state. She puts on her goggles.

BONNIE

Here we go, everyone!

Bonnie looks around at the sullen, tense crew. They're exhausted and a little disturbed as Diana starts the crawl.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Hey hey. Come on!

She CLAPS, and spurred by her, the others join in. APPLAUSE as Bonnie, heart in her throat, watches Diana go...

DAY. A few hours in, Diana is clipping along. She's got her stroke back. The weather is clear, and she moves-- fast.

ON THE DECK: Jon Rose sits, a wreck. Ruddy, bleary-eyed. He watches Diana swim, and turns to a grave-faced Bonnie.

JON ROSE

Swear to God, that's the toughest person I've ever met in my life. IN THE NAVIGATION CABIN: Bartlett checks a chart marking Voyager's position. He does a double-take, then re-calculates, verifies his work. He shakes his head in disbelief, watching Diana push through.

BARTLETT

Un-freakin-believable.

ON THE TRANSOM: Luke's got a SWIM CAP he's sliced up, with slits for eye holes. He scoots over to Bonnie to show her.

LUKE

For tonight. For the jellyfish. Just in case.

He stretches it over his face. It's a bad Spiderman costume.

BONNIE

Fantastic.

Bartlett leans out from up the Nav Cabin.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Did the stop kill us, Bartlett?

BARTLETT

I'm trying to make a correction for a little north-easterly drift, but... I... I like our position.

BONNIE

You never like our position.

BARTLETT

I know. Bon-- I gotta tell you-- (like it's a secret) She's making up time. We're 45.2 Statute miles from the marina. If she keeps going like this, we're gonna see Florida before sunrise.

He holds up his hands and pivots away. On Bonnie: Holy Shit.

110 EXT - VOYAGER - OCEAN - LATE DAY

110

Diana chews a peanut butter banana. Bonnie leans in--

BONNIE

One goal. The next stoppage. That's all you think about, nothing else.

(Diana nods)

Oh... and try this on. Diana pulls on the makeshift jellyfish mask. It's pathetic.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

You look great. One sec.

Bonnie reaches for a roll of DUCT TAPE. In her teeth, she tears a long piece with a RIPPP and then sticks it to Diana's head, so her mask is connected to her collar and cap.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Good.

111 EXT - VOYAGER - OCEAN - NIGHT

111

Diana's swimming, slow and steady, when suddenly-- she WAILS. She's been stung again. On Voyager, Bonnie lurches up.

DIANA

My face!! My face!!

The team springs into action-- the medical Zodiac zooming out to her, Bonnie SCREAMING into the radio--

BONNIE

I don't care what she says. Get her out!

DIANA

I can feel it-- its tentacles!

The paralysis comes on faster this time. With more venom in her system, Diana's limbs slow. She SCREAMS, but her jaw hangs open, her cheeks flush, eyes stare straight ahead. HER FACE IS PARALYZED. As her eyes roll back, and we drift TO:

112 EXT. POOL - DAY - 1963

112

A banner reads: State Championship Prelims. A huge pool, bleachers FULL of spectators and serious-faced judges. The Pine Crest girls huddle around Coach Nelson who gives them a MOS pep-talk. ON Diana at 14: he plays his words to her, their eyes locked; she feels so special. CUT TO:

IN THE WATER: Diana's off like a bullet, backstroking down her lane. She destroys her opponent, THE BUZZER sounds. Coach cheers like crazy. Her TEAM goes wild. She has won her trial!

113 INT. COACH NELSON'S HOUSE - DAY 113

Through the eyes of Diana at 14, lounging in a big recliner, we take in a team party at Coach's plush McMansion. GIRLS play Parcheesi with Coach's TWINS on the carpet, others watch TV. His pretty WIFE replenishes a huge spread of food. Coach notices that Diana's nodding off, spent after her trial.

COACH NELSON

Hey, Nyad, if you want to catch a nap, guest room's upstairs.

114 INT. COACH NELSON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 114

Diana's POV: we head down the hall and peer in at a pristine guest room. A silky duvet, a bunch of decorative pillows.

115 INT. COACH NELSON'S - GUEST ROOM - DAY 115

Diana lies sideways across the bottom of the bed, resting on the comforter. Her body's drained. Her eyelids flutter closed. A CREAK. The door opens, then closes with a CLICK.

It LOCKS. Diana turns to see Coach Nelson standing over her.

Before she knows what's happening, he's on top of her. She GASPS, horrified and betrayed, and we CUT TO:

116 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT 116

Our Diana lies motionless on Voyager's deck, unconscious.

Bonnie's knelt over her, panicked. Bartlett stoops, terrified, as Jon Rose forces an oxygen mask on Diana, presses a stethoscope to her chest. But Bonnie doesn't move.

Because she sees... Diana's LIPS ARE TURNING BLUE.

BONNIE

Diana. Diana. Diana.

Searching for a heartbeat, Jon Rose looks to Bonnie.

JON ROSE

Nothing.

ON BONNIE: holy fucking shit. She grabs Diana's wrist, her eyes dart to her watch. But... nothing. No heartbeat, no pulse, just this limp wrist in her lap... Diana is gone.

BONNIE

No. No no no no no. You're not--
Breathe, Diana! Breathe! Jon Rose
begins chest compressions, still
pumping the O2. And Bartlett,
stricken, watches Bonnie melt down.
In sheer desperation, Bonnie leans
close to Diana's cheek. She forces,
despite every impulse in her body,
her voice to stay calm, steady.
Praying that somehow she'll reach
her...

BONNIE (CONT'D)

You gotta breathe for me, Diana,
you gotta breathe deep. Diana-- in.
(nothing)
I know you have another breath in
you. Don't you? Come on, come on.
(a jolt of anger)
Don't mess with me Diana! Breathe!

And shockingly, mid-compression, Diana draws in air but HOLDS IT. She doesn't exhale. Diana is so still. It's BIZARRE.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

What is happening!
(back to trainer mode)
Blow it out. Blow it out. Now.

Finally, the oxygen mask fogs with Diana's breath.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Oh my god.

She's alive. Sort of. Her cloudy, far-off gaze on Bonnie. Bartlett notices her shoulder muscles TWITCHING in rhythm.

BARTLETT

Feel this, Bon. She still thinks
she's swimming.

Off Bonnie, shell-shocked, spirit ripped to shreds.

117

EXT. VOYAGER - DAY

117

Diana, draped in towels, is still totally fucked up. Her face is disfigured by the jellyfish stings.

Like her flesh has been eaten by acid. Bonnie grips her hand as Jon Rose applies iodine to Diana's wounds. She twitches.

BONNIE
I thought she was dead. I did.

BARTLETT
She was.

BONNIE
I should've pulled her out sooner.
I should've said, no, we're done.

On Bonnie, shaken, as Diana mutters, trance-like--

DIANA
I am just a lump of coal. I am just
a lump of coal.

BONNIE
(tender)
I don't know what that means,
Diana.

118 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

118

Diana's sitting in a hospital bed, face swollen, IV, but well enough to devour a jello pudding while arguing with Bonnie.

DIANA
Why am I not allowed to say that it
pisses me off. To be felled by sea
creatures. To be rendered powerless
by a stupid jellyfish. It's just so
beneath me.

Diana chucks her empty pudding cup at the trashcan in the corner. It bounces off the rim. A muscle tics in her neck.

BONNIE
When you say it's beneath you, that
demeans all of us. Bartlett, Luke,
Dee, Jon Rose, me. We worked hard--

DIANA
I know you did.

BONNIE
And we were scared shitless! Do you
know what that was like, for me?

DIANA
I know, I know.

BONNIE

No, you don't! I watched you die, Diana. For fifteen seconds, I thought you were dead. Because I said "okay, sure." I can't do that again.

DIANA

But I wasn't. I didn't. I'm here.
(sincere, meaningful)
I'm here. I'm okay. And I'm not quitting.

Bonnie's head falls to her hands, and Diana grows desperate.

DIANA (CONT'D)

We've learned so much each time.
And I'm learning about myself, too.

BONNIE

Oh yeah, what have you learned?
Tell me one thing.

DIANA

Well... I don't want to look back
and feel like I could've fought
harder. I hate that feeling.

BONNIE

I know you do, but--

DIANA

One more. One more. That's it. What
if we spend the next year training,
but also fixing the jellyfish
problem. I actually got a lead on a
box jellyfish expert.

BONNIE

How do you already have a lead on a
box jellyfish expert?

DIANA

It's called the internet, Bonnie.
She's a doctor, seems like a cool
lady.

BONNIE

I can't believe this is my life.
This is my life. What the hell is
wrong with me?

DIANA

Would you just meet her? Please?

Diana looks at Bonnie, a glimmer in her eye. ON Bonnie:

BONNIE

You have no idea how utterly
exhausting it is to be your friend.

119

EXT. SOCAL AQUATICS CENTER - POOL - DAY

119

A chyron reads: Los Angeles. And Diana's back in the pool,
struggling to wriggle into a FULL PROTECTIVE SUIT while
treading water. Kicking, wrestling, it's tight, cumbersome--

ANGEL (O.S.)

In the future? Never let them give
her an Epi injection.

REVEAL Bonnie, standing poolside with DR. ANGEL YANAGIHARA,
30s, chic glasses, the world's leading authority on the box.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Box stings cause epinephrine to
spike. She's lucky she didn't
overdose.

BONNIE

I told her I'd only keep going if
we can protect her from the box. So
what do you think? Is this crazy?

ANGEL

Here's the thing. She can't get
stung again. You don't build up
immunity to the venom, it works the
opposite way. So there cannot be a
next time.

(Bonnie roils)

The suit-- I designed it expressly
for this purpose. It'll help. But,
yeah, I'd say this is pretty crazy.

Bonnie shudders, agonized, watching Diana thrash in the
water. Angel cocks her head, eyeing these two women. Then--

ANGEL (CONT'D)

But it's also very punk rock.

DIANA

This is brutal! Bonnie!

BONNIE

We can't help you put it on-- it's
regulation!

DIANA

I can't do it!

ANGEL

Then don't. But you will die. The gravity of this lands on all of them. Diana, treading water, looks to Bonnie, then peers up at Angel, doe-eyed.

DIANA

Will you come with us? Please?
(worth a try)
It'll be a great adventure.

Bonnie, hopeful, doesn't breathe. Angel's eyes narrow. Then--

ANGEL

I'll check my schedule.

Diana, ecstatic, determined, goes back to wrestling with the suit. And Angel leans in, toward a grateful Bonnie.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I'm also gonna design her a full face mask. She will hate it.

BONNIE

Perfect.

120

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - GARAGE GYM - DAY

120

Diana's walking on her treadmill when her garage door rattles up. Reveal: Bonnie. She charges in, her face grim, beelining straight to the little TV in the corner. She turns it on.

DIANA

What's going on?

BONNIE

Where's the remote? Where's the remote?

As Bonnie scrambles to find it, Diana reads her anxiety.

DIANA

What is it? What is it? Just tell me.

ON CNN: A reporter tells us about another Cuba-Florida swim.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me?

Diana stands straddling the moving treadmill as it runs, eyes glued to the screen. Bonnie cranks up the volume.

ON THE TV: CHLOE MCCARDELL, a gorgeous, blonde, Aussie swimmer, 20s, arrives at Hemingway Marina in a pink Cadillac, waving. She's met by a jubilant press-- they love her.

Diana's heart sinks to her stomach.

BONNIE

Jesus, she's a baby. The CNN REPORT cuts to Chloe's pre-swim press conference.

CHLOE

It's the hardest swim in the world. No one has been able to do it. It's like winning the World Cup, or getting a gold medal at the Olympics, possibly harder, because no one's been able to do it!

DIANA

We know no one's been able to do it, that's the whole goddamn--

Bonnie waves her hand, shushing Diana, who's losing her mind.

BONNIE

Shhh, no talking. I wanna hear--

CHLOE

We have the strongest team with the best expertise... that's ever been put together. And that's our biggest advantage.

This makes Bonnie's blood boil. Diana roils, too.

DIANA

I can't believe this. This is my window. She's stealing my swim.

CHLOE

I'd love to encourage great relations between Cuba and the US.

DIANA

That's-- no! That's what I want to do! God. Where's a box jellyfish when you need one.

Bonnie shoots her a glare. But she also kind of gets it.

BONNIE

I'm gonna pretend you didn't say
that.

We watch as beautiful young Chloe JUMPS into the water...

A121 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - DEN - DAY

A121

QUICK CUTS of Diana and Bonnie, camped out by the TV, as they await news of Chloe's swim: They watch CNN, eager. They play a game of Scrabble.

They stress-eat ice cream, straight from the carton. Bonnie takes a power nap as Diana remains vigilant, eyes on the TV.

121 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - DEN - LATER THAT DAY

121

Takeout boxes litter the coffee table. The Scrabble game has been finished and forgotten. CNN blares, and Diana's laptop is open to Chloe's WEBSITE. She surveils it as Bonnie grabs a snack from the kitchen.

DIANA

It stopped. Her tracker stopped.

Bonnie races over. Diana tilts her screen so she can see.

BONNIE

No way. Where? Where did it stop?

DIANA

Instrument failure? Or. Wait-- Did they pull her out?

Bonnie's jaw drops as the possibility dawns on her. And then--

BONNIE

Look look look--

She notices that CNN has cut back to their Chloe coverage.

REPORTER ON CNN

We're getting word that Chloe McCardell's swim has just been aborted-- more detail to come--

They look at each other. And they can't help but CHEER!

BONNIE AND DIANA

YES!!!!!!

BONNIE

Not that we want anything bad to happen to her--

DIANA

Right, right, sure, whatever.

122 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - DEN - THE NEXT DAY

122

Bonnie dozes with Teddy, but Diana hasn't slept a wink, she's glued to the news. Waiting for this moment. ON CNN: A REPORTER interviews a traumatized Chloe from her boat.

CHLOE

The jellyfish... It was the worst pain of my whole entire life.

On Diana: eek.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

More started hitting me... I had one coming out of my mouth! This tentacle... I was pulling it out of my mouth... I don't even remember it, my

kayaker told me... I was begging

them, I needed to get out. At this

point I was paralyzed, in a ball.

And it was sundown... it was just

the start. It was only going to get

worse. (disturbed)

I'm not coming back. That's it. Anxiety sets in. She jostles Bonnie, tries to wake her up.

DIANA

Bonnie. We have to go to Cuba. Now.

123 INT. RENTAL HOUSE - HAVANA, CUBA - DAY

123

A chyron reads: Havana. HQ is up and running again, and the whole team is back together. Angel has joined, too, though everyone's quiet, tense, because a heated debate is underway--

BARTLETT

All of my models say: no. We've got the Atlantic gyre stalled above the 17th Parallel, storm systems coming off the coast of Africa not to mention the Gulf-- we'll have nothing but huge peaks if we bump up against that damn east wind. This is not our window.

DIANA

Check your models again.

BARTLETT

My models are good. I'm sorry, do you like the idea of a full-tilt current? Walls of seawater smacking you in the face? Puking your guts up as you get sucked east to the Bahamas? Does that sound like fun to you?

DIANA

If we wait any longer, the season will end. It'll be too cold.

BARTLETT

I'm aware.

(he breathes, softens)

Look, it's not the only swim in the world. We could go someplace else. Guam is nice this time of year.

DIANA

Guam? Fuck Guam.

BARTLETT

What's wrong with Guam?

DIANA

It's not Cuba.

And now Bartlett has had enough of Diana's attitude.

BARTLETT

When are you gonna respect my expertise. Oh, that's right, you know everything--

DIANA

You're the expert, fine. But I am the CEO of this operation.

BARTLETT

The CEO?

DIANA

We're going. I'm not waiting a year
and training again--

BARTLETT

It's too dangerous, Diana.

DIANA

Dee agrees with me. I can tell.

Dee shoots Diana a searing look. Don't drag me into this.

And at this moment, Bonnie comes in from outside, hauling
supplies. She's playing catchup as the argument roars on--

DIANA (CONT'D)

I pinged my weather guy in Atlanta
and Greg says we are good to go--

BARTLETT

Oh, well if Greg says so! Who the
hell is Greg, I've never even heard
of him, and this isn't his call--

DIANA

You're right, it's not. It's mine.
(a lethal glare)
I'm in charge. That's the deal. And
guess what? I say: we're going.

Bartlett throws his hands up, this is absurd, storms off. And
Bonnie darts a look to Diana-- whoa.

BONNIE

What the hell was that?

Diana pivots and tears away, leaving Bonnie at a loss.
HALLWAY. Bonnie hunts for Bartlett. She hears him behind a
door: is he crying? No, she realizes he's COUGHING, muffled.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Bartlett? It's me.

He bursts out, his face flushed. His eyes a little watery.

BARTLETT

I can't-- Does she think I don't
want to get out there? Elke and I
cancelled seven charters this month
so I could do this. I'm just trying
to look out for people's lives!

BONNIE

I know. I know.

BARTLETT

Jesus. And I mean, look at you. I watched you stand on that transom for forty hours straight, peeing over the side of the boat so you didn't have to leave her for a second. Does she get that? Does she ever say thank you?

BONNIE

She does. In her own way.

BARTLETT

She plays you like a fiddle.

BONNIE

Hey-- that's-- you don't know the--

BARTLETT

Come on Bonnie. You choose her over your own better judgment. Every single time.

Bonnie sighs, weary. He's not wrong, but it's complicated.

BONNIE

Look. I know we're taking a risk here. But shit. There's always gonna be some risk. And we've come this far. We gotta let her try.

(then, a plea)

What're you gonna do, go home, sail tourists around for the rest of the season? Come on. We're so close.

Off Bartlett's withering stare, we CUT TO:

124

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

124

August 20, 2012. A full-on TROPICAL STORM rages. On Voyager, the crew scrambles to institute Storm Protocol. Bartlett leans over and shouts down to a freaked Bonnie--

BARTLETT

I told her this wasn't our window!

Bonnie cringes. She knows.

WITH DIANA: Five-foot waves crest around her, swell after swell... she's smacked by the force...

she's pummeled by rain... she's wrapped too tight in her nighttime jellyfish-proof SUIT.... a tangle of LIGHTNING lights up the sky. Diana fights through it, deep in the recesses of her mind:

125 OMITTED 125

126 INT. COACH NELSON'S HOUSE - DAY 126

A shell-shocked Diana pads down the hall in a stupor.

KITCHEN. Diana sinks down at the table, surrounded by her chattering teammates. There's a huge BANANA SPLIT, her favorite. She picks up a spoon, but she can't eat a thing.

Diana feels eyes on her. It's her teammate, SUZANNE, 15. Diana quickly looks away.

Suddenly: hands grip Diana's shoulders. A squeeze. It's Coach, behind her. Diana, frozen, stares down at the banana split. Her POV fills with rage, which drags us BACK TO:

127 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT 127

Booms of thunder. Roaring wind. The storm has gotten worse... waves SMASH around Diana... the chop is extreme, the current pulling and pushing on her body like a leaf in the wind... Diana's vision is saturated with RED light... She opens her lips to breathe and is choked with seawater. She GAGS.

ON VOYAGER: Bonnie strains to spot Diana as she dips in the churn, her red light DISAPPEARING for a long stretch...

Voyager's Secret banner whips, wind-battered. The boat rocks. The kayaks thrash like toys. On the stern, Bonnie and Jon Rose HOLD ON as they porpoise up and down. Thunder CRACKLES.

JON ROSE

That's two seconds apart.

BONNIE

We gotta pull the kayakers. Shit.
She's 49 hours in.

Bonnie WHISTLES hard. And now an alarm sounds, a SIREN.

IN THE NAV CABIN: Bartlett's shouting through a window to Dee-

BARTLETT

Christ, we're taking on water! Hold north. Shit shit shit! Dee! Dee!

AT THE WHEEL: Dee, steely, ignores Bartlett's spinning. She grits her teeth and drives on amidst the chaos.

ON THE TRANSOM: A KAYAKER rushes in, exhausted and freaked. But Diana refuses to get out, and Nico stays with her.

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

Bonnie! Get them out. Get her out.

BONNIE

I know! I'm trying!

Bonnie SCREAMS into the storm. But suddenly-- Diana's gone.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Diana! Nico? Do you see her?

NICO

I can't!

BONNIE

(into radio)

Send a Zodiac for her. Pull her out. I don't care what she says.

(screaming)

Nico! I need you to come in, now.

NICO

I'm not leaving her!

He's so loyal and devoted. Bonnie could kill him.

WITH DIANA: she finds her stroke and FIGHTS the current, desperate to get closer to Voyager. She battles the waves, kicking and punching and pressing with everything she's got. Finally, over the white-tips, she spots Voyager. She's exhausted, but she has made it back.

128 - 134

OMITTED

128 - 134

OMITTED

135

EXT. VOYAGER - OCEAN - NIGHT

135

On Voyager: find Bonnie, flooded with relief when she sees Diana's blinking red light in the darkness. There she is.

BONNIE

Diana, hold there, they're coming.

Over her shoulder, Diana she sees the Zodiac gunning for her.

DIANA

No! I'm staying in! I can swim on.

BONNIE

Are you out of your mind? No.

DIANA

I can do it, Bonnie. I swear to god. The storm will pass.

BONNIE

Bartlett's boat is flooding--

DIANA

Bonnie, listen, I--

BONNIE

I'm not risking human life--

DIANA

That's up to me--

BONNIE

Fine! Then look at Nico!

Diana turns to see sweet Nico, soaked, in his kayak.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

You tell Nico you don't care about his life. Tell that to everyone! To Bartlett, to me. Tell me I should die for this!

This stops Diana cold. She suddenly looks so tiny, bobbing in the waves. After a moment, she softens, she nods. Okay.

And here's the Zodiac, ten yards away, now five. Diana moves to it, surrendering. On her FACE as the grief sets in...

CLOSE ON: a pen gliding across a paper. 51 HOURS 5 MINUTES. 55.4 miles. PULL BACK: Bonnie peers out. The sky is bright, the water calm. Diana's splayed out on the deck, getting treated. And Bonnie's eyes close. She's spent, just done.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (PRELAP)
Well, it was intended to be our
feel-good story this week...

CLOSE ON A
TELEVISION
SCREEN:

Brian Williams frowns, kind, genuinely sorry.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
But it didn't turn out that way.

137 OMITTED 137

138 OMITTED 138

139 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM 139

DIANA wakes up at five a.m. with a start. Forgetting where she is, she realizes that she's home, by herself. She sags.

A chyron reads: Los Angeles.

WOLF BLITZER (O.S.)
Nyad abandoned her latest attempt.

--Diana stands at her kitchen window as it rains, sipping a cup of coffee. A couple of forgotten wind chimes clink together. A trio of flags -- US, Cuba, Pride-- hang outside.

DIANE SAWYER (O.S.)
Her attempt to be the first to swim
from Cuba to Florida has ended.

DIANA (PRELAP)
The only one who gets to decide if
I'm through is me.

140 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - DAY 140

Bonnie leans into Diana's gym, calm, as Diana exercises. Bonnie's trying to deliver news, gently but clearly.

BONNIE
Maybe you're not done, but
everyone's exhausted. And you
majorly offended Bartlett. Nico
needs to go back to work. He got a
gig repairing A/Cs and he--

DIANA

Nico said it's the adventure of his lifetime.

Bonnie bristles. Diana's refusing to hear her.

BONNIE

You really don't get it, do you? What this is like for us. The cost, the time, the emotional toll-- this has been years, Diana--

DIANA

Well, suck it up. We're a team, right?

Diana barrels into the kitchen. Bonnie follows-- now she's getting pissed.

BONNIE

You know your superiority complex is really screwed up.

DIANA

Everyone should have a superiority complex! Everyone should feel like the star of their own damn life--

BONNIE

Exactly. My life! Which is why I'm done. I can't give any more to this.

(quiet but firm)

I have things I want to do.

Diana curls her lip.

DIANA

Like what?

BONNIE

I... I don't know! That's the crazy thing, I still don't know. What do I want? What do I want to do. But guess what? I get to decide. Not you.

Diana stops and stares out the window, shaking her head. Just when Bonnie thinks she may have gotten through to her...

DIANA

I just think you need to make peace with the possibility of my death.

BONNIE

What? What does that have to do--

DIANA

I would do it for you. If it made you happy.

BONNIE

Oh, would you?

Diana blows past that and seizes the air.

DIANA

Imagine knowing in your bones that you could do something, that only you could do it, like fate--

BONNIE

No, I'm not-- enough with the fate--

DIANA

Nyad.

BONNIE

I know what your name means--

DIANA

My father--

BONNIE

He was an asshole!

DIANA

You're right, he was an asshole. But he understood my destiny!

Bonnie's kept her cool, but now, furious, she SHOUTS--

BONNIE

This is not about you! This is about me, okay? You don't own my life! You don't even think about me. I can't just tag along with you--

DIANA

Of course I think about you. I know what you're capable of better than you do. I know what's worthy of you--

BONNIE

You see! Listen to yourself. That is so patronizing.

Diana's muttering now, not hearing Bonnie.

DIANA

I know the world wants me to shut my mouth and sit down and wait to die-- but I didn't think you did--

BONNIE

Stop.

DIANA

I can't. I won't. I'm not just gonna admit defeat. No thank you.

Bonnie watches how trapped Diana is, caught in her own loop.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Are you with me?

Gauntlet laid. It's heartbreaking and infuriating, but Bonnie takes a moment to make sure she's absolutely clear:

BONNIE

No.

Bonnie lets this land, and she turns on her heels and leaves.

141 EXT. LOS ANGELES - VARIOUS - DAY 141

A SERIES OF SHOTS AS DIANA TRAINS ALL OVER AGAIN:

--POOL. She swims laps. When she surfaces at the end of the lane, she half-expects Bonnie to be there. But she's alone.

142 INT. GYM- DAY 142

Diana dead-lifts weights. Moves through a vinyasa on a mat. Jumping jacks. Reveal a hot trainer, RYAN, 20s, egging her on. She complies, but he bores her to tears.

143 OMITTED 143

144 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 144

--BEDROOM. DIANA bangs out pushups and crunches on the floor. Exhausted, she lies back on the carpet, panting.

145 OMITTED 145

146 OMITTED 146

147 INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY 147

A POSTER OF DIANA, "keynote speaker," hangs in a mid-range hotel. Diana stalks past it, down the hall to her room, where she tries her keycard. The reader won't work. She grows frustrated. With each try, angrier at herself, rage bubbling--

DIANA

Come on. What is wrong with you?
Why does everything have to be so
hard. Stupid. Dumb little bitch.

Her head snaps up. A COUPLE dentists have just witnessed this. They stand there, uncomfortable. Diana's mortified. She tries the key again-- and it works. Of fucking course.

148 INT. HOTEL - CONVENTION ROOM - DAY 148

At a PODIUM, Diana speaks fervently to a DENTAL CONVENTION.

A SLIDESHOW is projected on the wall. A click, a PHOTO: Diana suited up at the Hemingway Marina, preparing to dive in.

DIANA

Attempt number four. Here I am at
the launch. Nerves screaming. No
idea what lies ahead of me, but
resolved by sheer will. Compelled
by the power of the human spirit.
(a photo: Diana's jump)
"Courage!"
(a photo: Diana swimming)
That sunset was like melted butter.
Before the storm hit.

Click. Diana lands on a photo of Bonnie feeding her from the transom. It stops her. A pang. But she keeps it moving--

DIANA (CONT'D)

Bonnie, making sure I get my
calories and my electrolytes...

Click. ANOTHER Bonnie photo, Jesus. Bonnie stands sentry on Voyager, watching Diana as the sky turns dark. Always there.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Bonnie again.

Diana blinks. She misses Bonnie so much. CLICK.

The next PHOTO: post-storm, Diana's been pulled from the sea, swollen and exhausted. She lingers here, struck by the image. She stares at it. And when she speaks, it's softer, honest...

DIANA (CONT'D)

You don't leave room for imagining defeat. You really believe you're gonna make it. Every single time.

She peers out at the sparsely populated room, the faces of the ATTENDEES, half-listening to her. A hitch in her chest.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I mean... four tries... four failures...

Emotion is creeping up on her. If she's not careful, she might cry. So she tries to deflect with humor--

DIANA (CONT'D)

God, can you believe you're paying for this?

A few laughs, and then, she can't help it, her facade drops.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I'm about to be sixty-four. And people say it's impossible. And for some reason I won't listen. Is there something wrong with me? I can't let it go. I can't.

(raw, nearly breaking)

Maybe I want to be better than I am. And maybe I'm just... not.

(something gnawing at her)

I don't want to be the crazy old lady chasing an absurd dream. But... that ocean. Damn. It's still out there.

Diana's churning. Off her steely gaze as she peers out...

A149 INT. COACH'S OFFICE - DAY - 1963

A149

A hand flicks Venetian blinds CLOSED.

ON DIANA AT 14. We stay CLOSE on her face as she's jostled. Her head bumps against the back of the wall ever so slightly.

B149 INT. HALL OUTSIDE COACH'S OFFICE - DAY - 1963 B149

Diana at 14 walks out of Coach's office, in a daze. She nearly slams into Suzanne, her teammate, who is headed in.

DIANA AT 14
Oh, sorry, Suzanne.

SUZANNE
It's okay. Uh. Your shirt...

Diana looks-- her uniform is untucked in back, rumped at the waistband of her skirt. She panics. About to deflect, but... she sees recognition in Suzanne's eyes. Sadness. Her own pain, mirrored.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
I'll fix it for you.

Suzanne reaches over to straighten it for Diana.

149 EXT. NYAD HOUSE - POOL - DAY 149

Diana at 14 stands at the edge of the pool, peering into the water. She peels off her clothes, and DIVES IN. She hugs her knees to her chest and lets herself drop, sinking like a stone. She holds herself here, at the bottom of the pool, and then she SWIMS to the surface, and bursts through powerfully.

150 INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 150

Tucked in bed with Teddy, Diana presses her phone to her cheek. She looks a little nervous as it RINGS. INTERCUT:

151 INT. JOHN BARTLETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 151

Bartlett dozes in bed, stacks of detailed maritime blueprints rest on his chest. He stirs, reaches for his ringing phone--

BARTLETT
Yep?

DIANA
Are you still mad at me? Because
I'm sorry.

He's surprised to hear her voice. He sits up. His wife ELKE, reading beside him, senses the tenor of the call. She gives his shoulder a squeeze as she rises, sweetly, and slips out. We see: on his nightstand, a pharmacy worth of PILL BOTTLES.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Some of the things I said... my attitude was... out of proportion.

BARTLETT

Thank you. And no, I'm not mad.

He takes a long, labored breath.

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

But if you're calling to see if I'd go again... I just can't. I got shit going on. Mortgage to pay, gotta get back to work. You know, life catches up at some point.

DIANA

I understand.

Quiet on the line. Bartlett reads her. He ventures...

BARTLETT

Maybe it just can't be done, you know?

DIANA

What, I'm just supposed to accept everyone's denigrating and mediocre standards of what's possible?

The way she says it is a bit fatigued, spiritless, not full-throttle Diana. Still, it makes him laugh.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Bonnie's done with me, too.

BARTLETT

Oh, cut the shit. Bonnie loves you. You two are family.

Diana's quiet, taking this in. Processing that...

DIANA

It's not like I don't know I'm this way. That I'm so...

BARTLETT

Radical?

DIANA

That's a nice way to say it.
(then, soft)
Why is it so hard?

Bartlett laughs, which becomes a cough. He covers it.

BARTLETT

Why is it so hard? Damn, it is so hard, isn't it? To be a person.

This simple truth lands on Diana. For some reason, it makes her want to cry.

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

I'll tell ya, there was nothing like that feeling, the adrenaline rush of being out there on those days when we were just jamming, when you were going strong and the dolphins would start following you, and me and Bon and the team onboard were super in sync, thinking hell yeah, we can pull this off. This crazy thing we all believed in. That high. It was good shit.

DIANA

I never got to see that. But I felt it.

BARTLETT

That's true. You were underwater.

DIANA

Singing Bob Dylan to myself in the dark.

BARTLETT

Kinda badass, Diana. Very much so.

Diana takes this in for a long, wistful moment. Bartlett, too. They're quiet together. Then, as if catching themselves--

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

Well, I better...

DIANA

Yeah, yeah. Goodnight, John.

Diana waits and listens for the click of the phone. We stay with her, all alone in her bed, her heart aching...

152

EXT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

152

Bonnie returns home to find Diana, sitting on her stoop. Diana's slumped, resting her head in her hands, oddly humble. Seeing Bonnie, she perks up, assumes her usual posture.

DIANA

Hey. I've been calling. I left messages.

BONNIE

I'm not gonna get into this again--

DIANA

No, I know. I just wanted to see you. Talk to you.

Bonnie's unconvinced, anticipating the sales pitch at any moment. But she sinks down beside Diana, testing this. A long, silent beat. And then, tentative...

BONNIE

You know, I saw in the paper-- Jack Nelson died.

DIANA

Oh. Yeah. Good fucking riddance.

Bonnie really looks at Diana. Reading her. There's more here.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I hate victim shit.

BONNIE

I know you do--

DIANA

But he's still in the Swimming Hall of Fame, even after a bunch of us came forward and said we were abused by him. Said it in public! Can you believe that?

BONNIE

Wish I could've killed him myself. I would've, if I had the chance.

DIANA

Yeah? How would you have done it?

BONNIE

I'd chop his dick off. Real slow. Dull knife. Granite cutting board. Let him bleed to death.

DIANA

Why granite?

BONNIE

I don't know! That's just how I
always picture it.

Diana laughs. She loves that Bonnie's thought of this.

DIANA

He didn't damage me. He didn't
throw me off course. I'm good. I'm
fine. But then there are moments
when all of a sudden I'm fourteen
again. And it's like his voice is
coming out of me. I get so mad at
myself. Why didn't I fight harder?
I was so strong then! I could do
thirty chin-ups! I was a force--

BONNIE

Oh, sweetie. You know that's not
how it works--

DIANA

I know. I do, I know that.

But tears burn behind her eyes. Diana drops her guard.

DIANA (CONT'D)

He was so nice to me. I had a crush
on him. I wrote "I love Coach
Nelson" in my notebook, and he saw
it. I never told anyone that.

Diana breaks, and Bonnie wraps her arms around her. Tight.

BONNIE

Hey. You are a force. Swim or no
swim. You are a force.

Diana takes this in. It's so kind, and she believes it.

DIANA

I know. I am. And I'm not going to
stop. Because I'm free. I'm free to
keep trying.

BONNIE

You're right, Diana. You are.

Relief settles over them as they separate and regroup. Diana
rises, dusts herself off, and offers Bonnie a hand.

DIANA

I'm off to train. To crew up.

Bonnie stops, braces herself. She waits for it, the ask. But--

DIANA (CONT'D)
So dinner when I get back?

BONNIE
Sure. You know I'm always rooting
for you.

Diana smiles. She waves as she takes off. Off Bonnie, moved
by the modest humanity of this.

153 EXT. HAVANA - BEACH - DAY

153

A chyron reads: Havana. Diana greases her own body down with
Vaseline, instructing a FISHERMAN at his panga on the sand.

DIANA
I'll want you drafting to my left
so I can see you when I breathe.
And every ninety minutes, if you
could grab from the cooler, one of
those packs of goo? Bonnie, my
handler, she usually squirts it
right into my mouth.

He understands, but he shoots her a look: seriously, lady?

DIANA (CONT'D)
Oh, you know, nevermind.

154 INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

154

Bonnie's reading the paper, eating cereal from a mug. She
reaches for the phone to call Diana, but then... she
remembers. She deflates a little. She looks to her dog--

BONNIE
Wanna go to the beach, Gus?

I/E. BONNIE'S CAR - FREEWAY - LOS ANGELES

155 - DAY

155

Bonnie drives, scanning the radio. On NPR, a WOMAN's gravelly
voice. Something about her words grip Bonnie, quasi-familiar.

MARY OLIVER
Tell me, what else should I have
done?

(MORE)

MARY OLIVER (CONT'D)

// Doesn't everything die at last,
and too soon? // Tell me, what is
it you plan to do...

BONNIE

(realizing what it is)
Oh, Jesus Christ. Mary
Oliver. Will you give me a
break with this--

MARY OLIVER (CONT'D)

With your one wild and
precious life?

That poem, go figure. Bonnie reaches, about to twist the
radio dial-- to just turn this shit off-- but...

REPORTER

In the interview to follow, Mary
Oliver will tell us about her
childhood, a dark one, marred by
abuse, as well as her happier adult
life, much of which has been spent
on the beaches of Provincetown and
in the forests of Upstate New York
with her partner Molly Cook. She'll
speak to the dichotomy of her
poetry: how it contemplates both
how to die, and, inextricably, how
to live.

BONNIE

God damnit.

Despite herself, Bonnie hits her blinker, exits the freeway.

156 INT. RENTAL HOUSE - HAVANA - DAY

156

Diana's at the kitchen sink, gulping down water after a
workout. A KNOCK on the door stops her. She goes to it.

On Diana's face, shocked, as she sees: Bonnie's standing
outside with a suitcase. Before Diana can utter a word--

BONNIE

I'm gonna say a few things. I'm
here on my terms, okay? I'm here
because I've thought about it, and
you know-- you've been my person
since we were, what, thirty,
running around like idiots. We do
things together. The fun shit. And
the hard shit, too.

(a shrug)

I tried to do my own thing. Just
wasn't the same.

DIANA

You're not a quitter.

Bonnie holds up her hand, she's not done. And Diana quiets.

BONNIE

We're getting old together whether
we like it or not. And if you die,
I wanna be the last person you see.
Don't die. But if you do, I'm gonna
be there with you.

At this, Diana bursts forth and HUGS Bonnie, hard.

157 I/E. BAR - HAVANA, CUBA - DAY

157

The team is back together. Nico, Jon Rose, Luke, Dee, Bonnie,
Diana, all reunited, celebrating. Then, Diana turns to see...

Impossibly, it's Bartlett, sauntering in. He waves. Diana's
mouth falls open in disbelief.

OUTSIDE: beautiful Voyager is tied up at a slip on the dock.

DIANA

Did you do this? You convinced him?

Diana turns to Bonnie, who shakes her head, just as shocked
as Diana is. Diana smiles to herself, amazed.

BARTLETT

Elke says we're already so broke,
what's a little more broke?! But
the greenlight is my call, capeesh?

DIANA

Your call!

Ecstatic, Diana pulls Bartlett into a hug, surprising him.

158 INT. HAVANA RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

158

Diana dons her new gear from Angel: an improved mask, a
connected retainer-like mouthpiece, goggles and cap, and a
full body suit. She faces Bonnie. Bonnie gapes: Um, wow.

DIANA

What?

BONNIE

You look remarkably like a seal.

DIANA

What's with this new mask? It's somehow even worse.

BONNIE

Yeah... Angel insisted. Someone swallowed a box.

DIANA

What happened?

BONNIE

What do you think happened? They died.

At this moment, Bartlett barrels in. Diana braces herself.

BARTLETT

Diana, everyone. We're officially on red alert. I think we have our window. Tomorrow, we go for it.

Everyone CHEERS! Off Diana, thrilled, but also terrified.

159 OMITTED

159

160 EXT. PIER - HAVANA, CUBA - DAY

160

Very little press this time, just some scattered fans. Diana eyes the water, where Voyager waits offshore, the whole team. As Bonnie greases down Diana's limbs, she hypes her up--

BONNIE

Okay. Here we go. Nyad. Water nymph. Destiny.

But Diana's a bit pensive, her facade has dropped...

DIANA

Ah. You know the whole thing with Aris. How he's not my biological dad. So, I mean, if we're being technical, Bonnie, I'm not even...

BONNIE

Oh, please. Stop. There's no one more 'Nyad' than you.

Diana straightens, touched by this, buoyed by it. And Bonnie comes in for a quick hug.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

All right. Let's do this. Onward!

A chyron reads: Havana, Cuba. August 31, 2013

161 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

161

Diana swims, cranking along. Not a cloud in the sky. Bonnie sits on the transom, tense. From above, Bartlett calls--

BARTLETT

You think maybe Mother Nature just said, "Screw it, let's let her go?"

Bonnie crosses her fingers and looks to the sky. LATER. On Voyager's roof, Luke and Marcus sit in beach chairs, warm in the sun, their wet suits pulled off their shoulders. Shooting the shit as Diana cruises...

But Luke goes silent. His chair creaks. He straightens. Marcus sees what he sees: a FIN slicing through the surf. And then ANOTHER. Headed straight toward Diana.

MARCUS

The shield couldn't have... gone down, right? That would be bad.

Luke watches the shark hesitate, but then it sails on, undisturbed... PAST THE SHIELD. And Luke's face falls.

LUKE

Fuck.

IN THE WATER. Diana chugs along, none the wiser, Nico to her side. No sense of the impending threat behind her.

DIANA'S POV: she catches a blurry sense of Bonnie standing sentry on the transom, the rock of the waves, the dip of Nico's oar in the water. She swims on, counting strokes.

DIANA (V.O.)

One, two, three four...

ON THE NAV DECK. Bonnie uses binoculars while Luke and Marcus suit up: pulling on MASKS and huge four-foot FLIPPERS.

BONNIE

Hammerheads?

BARTLETT

Oceanic white tips. Look.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS: the SHARKS are HUGE. Fifteen feet long. Their MUSCULAR bodies, compact and fierce.

BONNIE
Jesus Christ.

BARTLETT
Why are they so close? What about the freaking state-of-the-art, high tech shield? Should you pull her?

SPLASH, SPLASH! Luke and Marcus plunge into the sea.

BONNIE
Not yet. Let them do their thing.

IN THE WATER: Luke bobs up between Diana and the sharks, thirty feet away now. He's holding PVC pipe with a hard ball affixed to it. His shark-abatement tool-- Bonnie frowns--

LUKE
Bonnie, get her as close to the boat as possible!

BONNIE
Diana, come in closer. Diana!!
(then, to Bartlett)
Poles with tennis balls. Fuck me.

Bonnie pulls on her whistle, HARD. She signals Diana in.

Diana clocks the tension in ever-cool Bonnie. She turns--

DIANA
What's going--?

And sees THE SHARKS. Their meaty fins, their dark bodies just below the surface. Big and moving in fast. Diana's jaw drops.

BONNIE
Okay. Diana, baby breast stroke over here to the boat. No no no, no splashing. Stay calm.

LUKE
We're fixing the shark shield, Diana. Don't you worry.

DIANA
Fixing the shark shield?

Diana's eyes are wide. She doesn't breathe. She starts to paddle over, but she kicks on instinct, freaked, FLAILING--

BONNIE

No! No splashing. Legs up high...

It's excruciating to achieve this slow swim, not disturbing the water with any churn. Diana's eyes are locked on Bonnie.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Diana. Listen to me. Do not look.

But of course, she can't resist now, Diana turns her head to see: those FINS, slick and rippling, closer now. UNDERWATER: Luke adjusts the cable connecting the kayaks. But he struggles, and the cord SLIPS THROUGH HIS FINGERS... no choice, he must POP up for air.

ABOVE WATER: Nico grips his paddle as Luke surfaces.

LUKE

I need one more try. Marcus, get in formation, now! Scare em off just in case!

Luke takes a huge gulp of air and goes down again. UNDERWATER: Marcus STRETCHES his body. Arms up, legs spread. With his four-foot flippers, he's like a giant X, positioning his form to appear as large as possible.

Behind him: Luke works on the cable. Terror in his eyes as...

A SHARK CHARGES STRAIGHT TOWARD THEM. Luke wills his hands to move faster, to connect the wires... fuck fuck fuck... As Marcus poises his pole, ready to bump the shark on the snout... finally, Luke fixes the cord...

And, at the last possible second... the shark VEERS off. The other shark follows. The shield must have worked.

Luke SURFACES, chest heaving. He watches the tails flick as the sharks disappear. Everyone's CHEERS as Marcus bursts to the surface. Nico is drenched in sweat. Bonnie is frozen. Bartlett looks like he was hit by a truck. And Diana hangs close to Voyager, treading water, her eyes wide as moons.

DIANA

Thank you. Thanks everyone.

The applause continues. Luke shares a grim look with Bonnie.

LUKE

We'll keep you safe tonight, Diana.

She nods, desperate to believe him.

A SERIES OF
SHOTS:

162 --DUSK. DIANA IS CRANKING. IT'S PRETTY GLORIOUS. SHE DOESN'T

HAVE THE JELLYFISH SUIT OR MASK ON YET, JUST HER CAP, GOGGLES

AND SWIMSUIT. ON BARTLETT'S DASHBOARD: WE ARE 15 HOURS IN.

--ON VOYAGER. The TEAM is back in flow: a quiet, adrenaline-fueled harmony. Bonnie's calling plays, MOS, eyes on Diana. Bartlett pores over his course, calculating, in the zone. Everyone's in sync. Bonnie drinks in this feeling. It's what she lives for.

--Bonnie looks up and catches Bartlett's gaze. He's feeling good, too, but she senses something behind his smile...

--TRANSOM. Bonnie whistles Diana in for a meal.

BONNIE

Diana, come in for a feeding! Hot chocolate to warm you right up.

163 --NIGHT. DIANA WRESTLES HER BODY INTO THE JELLYFISH SUIT 163

AS ANGEL TREADS WATER BESIDE HER. SHE PUTS ON THE NEW FACE

MASK, WHICH LOCKS IN WITH A MOUTH PLATE SO SHE'S PROTECTED.

DIANA

It's cutting up my mouth.

BONNIE

Hey. Don't talk.

ANGEL

You have to wear it. Just til dawn, then we'll be out of the woods.

--LATER. It's choppy, the waves are sharp, but Diana swims over the LED streamer, focused. Nico keeps an eye on her.

--NAV CABIN. Bonnie brings Bartlett a cup of coffee. He looks exhausted, a bit worse for the wear, but content.

BONNIE

I never asked. How'd she rope you
back in?

He takes the cup of coffee. He sips it. He ponders. Then...

BARTLETT

We had a nice chat.

Something changes in Bartlett's eyes, something softens.

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

And... I'm sick, Bonnie.

This knocks Bonnie off her feet. He can't quite look at her.

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

Not good. She doesn't know.

BONNIE

Jesus. Oh, John--

BARTLETT

Trying to take it on the chin. But
don't tell her, okay? Not now.

She nods. She can tell he wants to keep it moving, so she
tempers her emotion. And then they lock eyes, a smile...

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

Anyway. Figured I had one last
adventure in me.

And Bonnie gives Bartlett a hug-- quick, fierce. He lets her.

164 --DAWN. THE MASK HAS BEEN KILLING DIANA, SHE RIPS IT OFF, 164

TRIUMPHANT! SHE PASSES IT TO ANGEL.

165 --NAV CABIN. AS BARTLETT PORES OVER HIS CALCULATIONS, THE 165

AXIS OF THE STREAM, THEIR ROUTE AND DIANA'S POSITION, HE IS

EXCITED. AMAZED. FUCK YES. HEART POUNDING, HE CALLS TO BONNIE--

BARTLETT

Finally, we hit the Stream just
right. It's sweeping her North. We
just gotta keep her cranking.

166 --DAY. 32 HOURS IN. A FEEDING, BUT DIANA'S BODY RESISTS. ~~166~~

RHINO-NECK CHAFE IS BASICALLY AN OPEN WOUND, AND HER MOUTH IS

SO ABRADED BY THE SALT AND THE MOUTH SHIELD SHE WINCES, GAGS--

BONNIE

I won't make you eat anything, but we gotta get some fluid down. Just four more ounces, okay? You're swallowing a lot of sea water.

--NAV CABIN: Bartlett checks his charts. Double checks. He lurches up from his chair, whispers down to Bonnie.

BARTLETT

We just hit 75 miles. This is as far as we've ever made it before.

--IN THE WATER: Diana is plodding along. The longest slog of her life. She hasn't slept in days, and she's exhausted.

--DIANA'S POV: suddenly, a great STRUCTURE before her. THE TAJ MAHAL, rising from the water! It's so majestic. She's astounded by it, she stops, treads water.

DIANA

I didn't think I'd see it here. The Taj Mahal! It's stupendous.

At this, Nico blinks, puzzled. From Voyager, Bonnie and Bartlett have heard, as well. Bartlett looks freaked.

BONNIE

Just head straight towards it, Diana! That-a-way--

DIANA

So down the Yellow Brick Road?

BONNIE

Uhh, yup. Yellow Brick Road to the Taj Mahal. Just keep moving.

Resolved, Diana swims on. Bonnie looks at Bartlett, a shrug. NIGHT. Diana's got her mask and jellyfish suit on again, and she is struggling with the drag and the way the mask abrades her lips. She's spent. She swims slowly, she's drained.

She lets herself roll onto her back, and from here she spots: THE MOON. It looks like a Picasso painting.

VOICE

Hey! // Yeah, you! // You got it!

Diana looks down and sees: a young woman, swimming below her. Diana squints and realizes it's DIANA at 14, in her PJs. The two lock eyes, fierce, and Diana at 14 reaches out...

DIANA AT 14

(soft, like a secret)

Keep going.

Diana at 14 drifts on, as our Diana swims forward with pep.

167 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

167

Bonnie stands on the transom, eyes trained on Diana in the water. Suddenly, a VOICE we've never heard before--

DEE

Holy Shit.

Bonnie startles, surprised. Even Bartlett, in his Nav Cabin, lifts his head with curiosity. Dee, at the helm, points to the horizon.

Bonnie moves to the bow, where she sees what Dee means. STRAIGHT AHEAD: a thin beam of light, a glow in the darkness.

BONNIE

Oh my god. Bartlett!

From the Nav Cabin, he sees it, too. He GASPS. And we hold on Bonnie, awed...

168 SUNRISE. TENDRILS OF SUNLIGHT ARE REACHING OVER THE HORIZON 168

WITH DIANA: in the water. She swims slowly, slogging along. At Bonnie's WHISTLE, she lifts her head. Bonnie's stance, the way Bartlett hovers by her, it's familiar. And it's not good.

DIANA

Can I take the mask off now?

BONNIE

Yes!

Once Diana has pulled it off--

BONNIE (CONT'D)

You're never going to put that mask on again.

Diana's heart sinks. She knows: this is how it ends.

DIANA

No no no no no. I'm not-- did we drift? I can make it up! Bonnie, I'm not getting out of the water--

BONNIE

Diana. Stop. Look over there, at the horizon. Do you see that?

DIANA

The sun.

BONNIE

No. That's not the sun, babe. Those are the lights of Key West. Diana. What I'm telling you is there's not gonna be another night. One more big push-- if you can really bring it-- you'll reach Florida today.

Diana brings her hands to her face as this lands on her.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

But there's still a long way to go. You understand? At least twelve hours. I need you to dig deep.

Diana nods, thrilled, but also... frighteningly out-of-it. DAY--. SLAP. SLAP. Diana strokes, but she's swimming in a zig-A169 zag, AWAY FROM THE BOAT. She's mentally whacked, exhausted, her form is a mess, the sleep-deprivation and the calorie deficit and the mind-fuck of it all are ravaging her.

Bonnie blows her whistle. Diana takes a painfully long time to lift her head. Watching her unravel, Bonnie's stricken.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Diana, I need you to stay against the boat. Okay? We're not done. DIANA'S POV: everything's distorted. The boat is a BLUR, Bonnie is indiscernible, the swish of the water sounds like cosmic static. And she cannot see a thing. It's destabilizing, overwhelming, and strangely lonely... ON VOYAGER: Bonnie turns to Bartlett. A heavy LOOK. She's never seen Diana so unreachable. She feels the eyes of the crew, gripped by panic-- this is slipping away from them.

BARTLETT

She's going the wrong direction.
And she's wasting strokes.

BONNIE

I know.

BARTLETT

I need another tenth of a knot, or--

Or it's over.

BONNIE

I know. Shit.

Then: an idea. Bonnie sheds her windbreaker. And she throws her legs over Voyager's transom, casual. Bartlett's perplexed...

BARTLETT

What are you...?

Bonnie JUMPS INTO THE WATER.

IN THE WATER: Bonnie bursts to the surface, drawing in air.

She looks to her right-- she's parallel to Diana, a good five yards away. She cups her hands and does her WOO-HOO owl cry--

ON DIANA: at this sound, the SPLASHING, she perks up. Through her murky POV: a foggy shape, and... impossibly, there's Bonnie, treading water beside her. Closer than the boat, and at her eye-level. It's almost like a hallucination at first.

DIANA

(child-like, amazed)

Bon? You're in the water with me?

Bonnie stretches her neck as she treads, hating the feeling.

BONNIE

This is a fact. Now listen, all I need you to do is swim a little--

DIANA

Don't touch me. You can't touch me.

BONNIE

I'm not gonna touch you. Hey, we're in this together. We do everything together, right?

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Forget what's going on-- all you have to worry about is taking a few more strokes, here with me. That's it. You think you can show me five good strokes?

Diana hesitates, overwhelmed and depleted.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

The thing is-- I know you can. Because I know what a beast you are. I'm not gonna let you give up. You never let us give up, right?
(then)
How about one good stroke? Let's see. Just one stroke.

Eyes locked on Bonnie, Diana gives her a stroke.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

There you go. You got one more? Hey! I think you have one more.

And suddenly Diana's swimming again. Slow, like a baby taking their first steps, but building the tiniest bit of momentum.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Beautiful. Let's see one more.

Bonnie eggs her on, coaxes her-- and it's working. They're so in it, so connected. Bonnie paddles to keep up with Diana, and it's tiring but she sticks with her--

BONNIE (CONT'D)

One more!

DIANA

Bonnie--

BONNIE

No talking, Diana! Save that breath.

But Diana has to get this out, though it takes great effort--

DIANA

Bonnie-- I love you. This hits Bonnie and rolls through her like a wave. She didn't know how much she needed it.

BONNIE
I love you too, Diana.
(her voice cracking)
Now one more stroke.

Maybe Diana sees what she's just given Bonnie, because from somewhere deep in her soul, she gets a BURST OF ENERGY--

BONNIE (CONT'D)
That's what I'm talking about!

169 EXT. VOYAGER - DAY

169

Bonnie climbs aboard, sopping wet. Bartlett peers down, shaking his head. She just saved them. He throws her a towel.

BARTLETT
Show off.

Bonnie catches it, smirks, starts wringing out her shorts.

BONNIE
Are we moving?

BARTLETT
We are moving, Bon.

Bonnie calls out to the whole team--

BONNIE
We are SO CLOSE you guys!

When she looks back to Bartlett, she catches him dabbing his eyes with his shirtsleeve. Seeing him, she could cry, too.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
John Bartlett... we are doing it.

BARTLETT
For the record I got sand in my eyes.

Bonnie glances out to see Diana, who has her groove back. Still a messy stroke, but, hey, she's in the game.

BONNIE
You got this, Diana! LATER - WITH
DIANA: Her arms are so heavy, and pulling herself through the surf is excruciating. But Bonnie's voice stays with her... and when she lifts her head... she sees...

170 THE SHORE. SMATHERS BEACH IS IN SIGHT. BOATS CROWD THE COAST,
AND THE SAND IS FULL OF PEOPLE. THOUSANDS. THERE TO SEE HER.
AND NOW HER HEART IS POUNDING HARD. LIKE SHE'S BREAKING
THROUGH A BRICK WALL, WE'RE WITH DIANA AS SHE SWIMS--

171 UNDERWATER: THE WAVES LAP AT HER BODY, THE SEA CHURNS. SHE'S
PUMPING. HER SKIN IS CHAPPED AND RAW, BUT SHE RIPPLES WITH
MUSCLE, AND SUDDENLY, SHE'S AS FORCEFUL AS EVER. HOME FREE.
ON HER FACE: that unbridled intensity. The thing that trips
her up and gets in her way and makes life hard but lets her
do THIS like no one else. She is a force. She is unstoppable.

172 ON VOYAGER: BONNIE SEES HOW CLOSE THEY ARE. SHE CAN TASTE
And we PULL BACK on the boat. Through CAR RADIOS, TVs, and
over Voyager's own CB, we hear snippets--

BRIAN WILLIAMS (O.S.)
History being made.

WOLF BLITZER (O.S.)
Diana Nyad, just a few miles shy of
setting a record that's eluded her
for decades.

DIANE SAWYER (O.S.)
Breaking this morning, victory
ahead as Nyad finishes her 111-mile
swim. A dream, really, that was 35
years in the making.

As Diana swims and swims and swims...

173 EXT. KEY WEST - BEACH - DAY 173

Smathers Beach, Key West. The sand is full of press and fans
waiting for Diana. People wave American flags, Cuban flags,
rainbow Pride flags. They chant and cheer as she approaches.
A BLOW-HORN blares. A group of LADIES hold up a sign that
reads "She Freaking Did It!" They go WILD.

WITH DIANA: Closer now, she lifts her head in the water, hearing the din of the crowd. And she sees, at the shore, a corral of boats. People standing in the water and filling the beach. Nico smiles at her from his kayak.

She is almost there. It's surreal-- and emotion bubbles up inside her-- this sense of pride and disbelief. She is almost there.

She doesn't stop. She swims on. Toward BONNIE.

WITH BONNIE: She rushes up to her knees in the water.

BONNIE

Nobody can touch her til she's out!
She'll be disqualified!

A female COP wades into the water, uniform and all, to keep people at bay, as Diana swims closer. Bonnie waves her on.

WITH DIANA: It's time. She can stand now, except that her legs won't hold up. She swims a little more, then tries again to get to her footing on the shallow sand bar.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

We can't touch you, this is all
you! Both ankles out of the water!
Nobody touch her! Nobody touch her!

Diana staggers to her feet, eyes locked on Bonnie. She stands shakily, and takes a tiny step. Her legs are so heavy, but she just has to make it to shore. Just a few yards away!

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Come on, Diana!

The fans and press are so excited, they come dangerously close to touching wobbly Diana. Bonnie blows her whistle, SUMMONS THE TEAM. Everyone locks arms to form a HUMAN CIRCLE. Bartlett, Nico, Luke, and Bonnie-- directly across from Diana-- walk backwards as they steer her... baby steps... until... DIANA's FEET hit the sand. Both ankles out of the water. And she collapses into Bonnie's arms. Bonnie's crying, hugging Diana so hard. Diana whispers in her ear--

DIANA

We did it.

The crowd goes NUTS. As PRESS descend, Diana, blinking back tears, so swollen, turns to address them. All eyes on her. ON DIANA as she takes in this moment... the PEOPLE surrounding her... the roar of the crowd... it's incredible.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I just want to say three things.

As Diana speaks simply, from the heart, A SERIES OF SHOTS: -- THE FACES of women in the throng. GIRLS in bikinis with a big Pride flag. A female REPORTER, jeans rolled up, feet in the sand, holding a mic. The female COP in the water.

DIANA (V.O.)

One, never, ever give up.

INT.

174 ASSISTED LIVING HOME - DAY

174

IN AN ASSISTED LIVING HOME. A group of OLD LADIES huddled at a TV, watching Diana live, hanging on her every word...

DIANA (V.O.)

Two, you're never too old to chase your dreams.

175 EXT. BEACHSIDE KEY WEST - DAY

175

The whole group crammed around a table. Diana, Bonnie, Bartlett, Luke, Dee, Nico, et al. A glorious BANANA SPLIT is set down, Diana's favorite.

DIANA (V.O.)

And three. It may look like a solitary sport...

Diana lifts her spoon and DIGS IN. She lets herself enjoy it, and it's so good. Everyone laughs, and they grab spoons, too. No fucking way she gets this all to herself. They devour it.

DIANA (V.O.)

But it takes a team.

Bonnie and Bartlett share a look: loaded, sweet. This triumph belongs to all of them-- this motley crew, this family. And they eat their banana split in silence. It is perfect.

BARTLETT

Did it feel like you thought it was going to feel?

Diana peers up at him, her eyes glistening.

DIANA

It was a thousand times better.

And we CUT TO:

LATER ON A DOCK.

Diana and Bonnie walk along, then pause to absorb the view. Diana relishes it: it's like the sea is there just for her.

DIANA

Well. There we have it. The culmination of my wild and precious life. For now.

BONNIE

You know what's funny-- that poem. We've been reading it wrong. I heard a thing on NPR. It's not about living life to the fullest or whatever, it's about finding pleasure in tiny, mundane things--

DIANA

Yeah, no, I don't think so.

BONNIE

That's what they said-- that's what Mary Oliver said--

DIANA

Well I get to decide.

BONNIE

Why do you get to decide?

DIANA

Because that's how poetry works!

Bonnie shakes her head. As they walk on, something hits her--

BONNIE

Wait. Why'd you say, "for now?"

DIANA

Oh. I have an idea. Just a little idea. For next year--

BONNIE

Nope.

DIANA

You're gonna want to hear this. It's not swimming, Bon. Walking.

BONNIE

Diana!

Off their patter as they stride along, onto the rest of the
day, the rest of their lives, we... CUT TO BLACK.

OMITTED

176

176

176